

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GENERAL MEETING ON

March 25th, 1889.

The thirty-first General Meeting was held at the Westminster Town Hall, on March 18th, 1889.

Mr. Myers read the latter part of the following paper:—

II.

ON APPARITIONS OCCURRING SOON AFTER DEATH.

*By the late EDMUND GURNEY; completed by F. W. H. MYERS.*¹

Those who have followed the records and discussions printed in the *Proceedings* and the *Journal* of this Society will not need to be informed how little the evidence which has not infrequently led even educated persons to believe in the actual reappearance of dead friends really justifies any such belief. The reason can be given in a single sentence. In most of the cases where persons have professed to have seen or to have held communication with deceased friends and relatives, there is nothing to distinguish the phenomenon which their senses have encountered from purely subjective hallucination. Simple as this statement seems, the truth which it embodies remained for centuries unguessed. It is only in comparatively modern days that the facts of sensory hallucination have been at all understood, and that the extreme definiteness which the delusive object may take has been recognised; and even now the truth of the matter has not had time to penetrate to the popular mind. The reply of average common-sense to any account of an apparition is usually either that the witness is lying or grossly exaggerating, or that he was mad or drunk or emotionally excited at the time; or at the very most that his experience was an illusion—a misinterpretation of some sight or sound which was of an entirely objective kind. A very little careful study of the subject will, however, show that all these hypotheses must often be rejected; that the witness

¹ The first part of the following paper — to p. 426—was read by the late Mr. Edmund Gurney, at a meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, January 28th, 1888. As it would doubtless have received further corrections, as well as additions, from the author's hand before publication, it ought not to be taken as containing the final and deliberate statement of his opinion on the subject to which it relates. It should also be explained that his object in writing the paper was not to express any conclusion on the momentous question whether the dead survive in such a state as to be able, under favourable conditions, to affect the (physically) living: his wish was rather to remove the impression that the authors of *Phantasms of the Living* were unwilling to face, or to treat fairly, the evidence that they had collected tending to support a positive answer to this question. I have thought it right to complete Mr. Gurney's paper by adding some further cases and remarks; but the reader must understand that these remarks are made entirely from my own point of view, and that the responsibility for them is not in any way shared by Mr. Gurney,—nor, I may add, by my colleagues on the Literary Committee.—F.W.H.M.

may be in good health, and in no exceptional state of nervousness or excitement, and that what he sees or hears may still be of purely subjective origin—the projection of his own brain. And among the objects thus fictitiously presented, it is only natural to expect that a certain percentage will take the form of a human figure or voice which the percipient recognises as that of a deceased person; for the memory of such figures and voices is part of his mental store, and the latent images are ready to supply the material of waking hallucination, just as they are ready to supply the material of dream.

It is further evident that in alleged cases of apparitions of the dead, the point which we have held to distinguish certain apparitions of *living* persons from purely subjective hallucinations is necessarily lacking. That point is *coincidence* between the apparition and some critical or exceptional condition of the person who seems to appear; but with regard to the dead, we have no independent knowledge of their condition, and therefore never have the opportunity of observing any such coincidences.

There remain three, and I think only three, conditions which might establish a presumption that an apparition or other immediate manifestation¹ of a dead person is something more than a mere subjective hallucination of the percipient's senses. Either (1) more persons than one might be independently affected by the phenomenon; or (2) the phantasm might convey information, afterwards discovered to be true, of something which the percipient had never known; or (3) the appearance might be that of a person whom the percipient himself had never seen, and of whose aspect he was ignorant, and yet his description of it might be sufficiently definite for identification. But though one or more of these conditions would have to be fully satisfied before we could be convinced that any particular apparition of the dead had some cause external to the percipient's own mind, there is one more general characteristic of the class which is sufficiently suggestive of such a cause to be worth considering. I mean the disproportionate number of cases which occur *shortly after* the death of the person represented. Such a time-relation, if frequently enough encountered, might enable us to argue for the objective origin of the phenomenon in a manner analogous to that which leads us to conclude that many phantasms of the living have an objective (a telepathic) origin. For, according to the doctrines of probabilities, a hallucination representing a known person would not *by chance* present a definite time-relation to a special cognate event—viz., the death of that person—in more than a certain percentage of the whole number of similar hallucinations that occur; and if that

¹ I am not here considering *mediate* manifestations, as where evidence of "spirit identity" is alleged to have been given through, e.g., the writing of a medium under "control."

percentage is decidedly exceeded, there is reason to surmise that some other cause than chance—in other words, some objective origin for the phantasm—is present.

Supposing the peculiarity which I have mentioned to be established, the *significance* of the time-relation would of course be quite a different question. The popular mind naturally leaps to explanations of an exciting fact, before the fact itself is at all established. Thus it is said that the deceased person comes to say farewell, or to cheer the hearts of mourners while their grief is fresh; or that his "spirit" is "earth-bound," and can only gradually free itself. Or, again, there is the elaborate theory of "shells" propounded by M. D'Assier, who holds that, though consciousness and individuality have died, some basis of physical manifestation is still left, which fades away by slow degrees. I do not propose now to discuss any of these hypotheses. Our business at present is wholly with the *facts* of *post-mortem* appearances. The question for science is simply whether those facts point to any external cause at all; and it is as bearing on this great primary question that the inquiry as to the relative frequency of the phenomena near the time of death assumes importance.

It was in the formation of a large collection of first-hand testimony on the subject of sensory hallucination, that I was first struck by the large proportion of cases where the phantasm represented a friend or relative recently dead. Out of 231 hallucinations representing recognised human beings, 28, or nearly an eighth part, occurred within a few weeks of the death of the person represented. There are two reasons, however, why little weight can be allowed to this fact. In the first place a phantasm representing a person whose death is recent is specially likely to excite interest, and so to be noted and remembered; and this might easily swell the percentage of this class of cases in such a collection as mine. And in the second place, the fact of the death was in every instance known to the percipient. It is, therefore, natural to conclude that the emotional state of the percipient was the sufficient cause of the hallucination; and that is the explanation which the large majority of psychological and medical experts would at once adopt. I should myself feel more completely satisfied with it if we had any record of the phantasmal appearance of a person whom the friend who saw the appearance believed to be dead, but who was really safe and sound. Still, false alarms of death are not so common as to make it certain, or perhaps even likely, that we should have encountered such a case. And meanwhile I think that grief, and the sense of awe commonly connected with death, ought to be held as the sufficient cause of abnormal sensory experiences connected with persons whose recent death is being mourned, until the objective reality of phantasms of the dead in certain cases is established by some independent line of proof.

If, then, we are to draw any probable conclusion as to the objective nature of *post-mortem* appearances and communications (or of some of them) from the fact of their special frequency soon after death, we must confine ourselves to cases where the fact of death has been unknown to the percipient at the time of his experience. Now, in these days of letters and telegrams, people for the most part hear of the deaths of friends and relatives within a very few days, sometimes within a very few hours, after the death occurs; so that appearances of the sort required would, as a rule, have to follow very closely indeed on the death. Have we evidence of any considerable number of such cases?

Readers of *Phantasms of the Living* will know that we have. In a number of cases which were treated in that book as examples of telepathic transference from a dying person, the person was actually dead at the time that the percipient's experience occurred; and the inclusion of such cases under the title of *Phantasms of the Living* naturally occasioned a certain amount of adverse criticism. Their inclusion, it will be remembered, required an assumption which cannot by any means be regarded as certain. We had to suppose that the telepathic transfer took place just before, or exactly at, the moment of death; but that the impression remained latent in the percipient's mind, and only after an interval emerged into his consciousness, whether as waking vision or as dream or in some other form. Now, as a provisional hypothesis, I think that this assumption was justified. For, in the first place, the moment of death is, in time, the central point of a cluster of abnormal experiences occurring to percipients at a distance, of which some *precede*, while others follow, the death; it is natural therefore to surmise that the same explanation will cover the whole group, and that the motive force in each of its divisions lies in a state of the "agent" prior to bodily death. In the second place, some of the facts of experimental thought-transference countenance the view that "transferred impressions" may be latent for a time before the recipient becomes aware of them; and recent discoveries with respect to the whole subject of automatism and "secondary intelligence" make it seem far less improbable than it would otherwise have seemed that telepathy may take effect first on the "unconscious" part of the mind.¹ And in the third place, the period of supposed latency has in a good many instances been a period when the person affected was in activity, and when his mind and senses were being solicited by other things; and in such cases it is specially easy to suppose that the telepathic impression did not get the right conditions for rising into consciousness

¹ In some experimental cases, it will be remembered, the impression takes effect through the *motor*, not the *sensory*, system of the recipient, as by automatic writing, so that he is never directly aware of it at all.

until a season of silence and *recueillement* arrived.¹ But though the theory of latency has thus a good deal to be said for it, my colleagues and I are most anxious not to be supposed to be putting forward as a dogma what must be regarded at present merely as a working hypothesis. Psychical research is of all subjects the one where it is most important to avoid this error, and to keep the mind open for new interpretations of the facts. And in the present instance there are certain definite objections which may fairly be made to the hypothesis that a telepathic impression derived from a dying person may emerge after hours of latency. The experimental cases to which I have referred as analogous are few and uncertain, and moreover in them the period of latency has been measured by seconds or minutes, not by hours. And though, as I have said, some of the instances of apparent delay among the death-cases might be accounted for by the fact that the percipient's mind or senses needed to be withdrawn from other occupations before the manifestation could take place, there are other instances where this is not so, and where no ground at all appears for connecting the delay with the percipient's condition. On the whole, then, the alternative hypothesis—that the condition of the phenomenon on the "agent's" side (be it psychical or be it physical) is one which only comes into existence at a distinct interval after death, and that the percipient really is impressed at the moment, and not before the moment, when he is conscious of the impression—is one which must be steadily kept in view.

So far I have been speaking of cases where the interval between the death and the manifestation was so short as to make the theory of latency possible. The rule adopted in *Phantasms of the Living* was that this interval must not exceed 12 hours. But we have records of a few cases where this interval has been greatly exceeded, and yet where the fact of the death was still unknown to the percipient at the time of his experience. The theory of latency cannot reasonably be applied to cases where weeks or months divide the vision (or whatever it may be) from the moment of death, which is the latest at which an ordinary² telepathically transferred idea could have obtained access to the percipient. And the existence of such cases—so far as it tends to establish the reality of objectively-caused apparitions of the dead—diminishes the objection to conceiving that the appearances, &c., which

¹ See for instance, case 500, *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. II., p. 462.

² I mean by "ordinary" the classes which are recognised and treated of in *Phantasms of the Living*. But if the departed survive, the possibility of thought-transference between them and those who remain is of course a perfectly tenable hypothesis. "As our telepathic theory is a psychical one, and makes no physical assumptions, it would be perfectly applicable (though the name perhaps would be inappropriate) to the conditions of disembodied existence."—*Phantasms*, Vol. I., p. 512.

have very shortly *followed* death have had a different causation from those which have coincided with or very shortly *preceded* it. For we shall not be inventing a wholly new class for the former cases, but only provisionally shifting them from one class to another—to a much smaller and much less well-evidenced class, it is true, but one nevertheless for which we have evidence enough to justify us in expecting more.

The statistics drawn from the first-hand records in *Phantasms of the Living* as to the time-relation of appearances, &c., occurring in close proximity to deaths, are as follows. In 134 cases the coincidence is represented as having been exact, or, when times are specifically stated, close to within an hour. In 104 cases it is not known whether the percipient's experience preceded or followed the death; such cases cannot be taken account of for our present purpose. There remain 78 cases where it appears that there was an interval of more than an hour; and of these 38 preceded and 40 followed the death. Of the 38 cases where the percipient's experience preceded the death (all of which, of course, took place during a time when the "agent" was seriously ill), 19 fell within 24 hours of the death. Of the 40 cases where the percipient's experience followed the death, all followed within an interval of 24 hours, and in only one (included by mistake) was the 12 hours' interval certainly exceeded, though there are one or two others where it is possible that it was slightly exceeded.¹

The cases where the appearance or impression shortly followed the death (like all other cases where the percipient of a phantasm has recognised in it some dead person) fall under two heads, which we may distinguish as the *personal* and the *local*. That is to say, this experience either befalls some person who has been linked with the deceased by close ties, or it befalls someone in a place in which the deceased, when alive, was strongly interested. Sometimes, as might be expected, the two characteristics are combined. An excellent specimen of the *personal* class was given at length by Mrs. Sidgwick, in her paper "On the Evidence, collected by the Society, for Phantasms of the Dead," (*Proceedings*, Vol. III., p. 95), where a young man who had died at Glasgow, through accidentally taking poison, appeared in a dream to his employer in London, before the news of the catastrophe arrived, and cautioned him against supposing that the suicide was intentional.

Some other specimens of this class are given here.

I.—From the Rev. G. M. Tandy, Vicar of West-Ward, near Wigton, Cumberland, formerly of Loweswater.

[We owe this case to the kindness of our Vice-President, the Bishop of Carlisle.]

¹ For example, in case 500 the experience probably followed the death by 16 hours, but possibly preceded it by four hours.

When at Loweswater, I one day called upon a friend, who said, "You do not see many newspapers; take one of those lying there." I accordingly took up a newspaper, bound with a wrapper, put it into my pocket and walked home.

In the evening I was writing, and, wanting to refer to a book, went into another room where my books were. I placed the candle on a ledge of the bookcase, took down a book and found the passage I wanted, when, happening to look towards the window, which was opposite to the bookcase, I saw through the window the face of an old friend whom I had known well at Cambridge, but had not seen for 10 years or more, Canon Robinson (of the Charity and School Commission). I was so sure I saw him that I went out to look for him, but could find no trace of him.

I went back into the house and thought I would take a look at my newspaper. I tore off the wrapper, unfolded the paper, and the first piece of news that I saw was the death of Canon Robinson!¹

Mr. Tandy further writes:—

In reply to your note October 6th, I may state, with regard to the narrative I detailed to the Bishop of Carlisle, that I saw the face looking through the window, by the light of a single Ozokerit candle, placed on a ledge of the bookcase, which stood opposite the window; that I was standing, with the candle by my side, reading from a book to which I had occasion to refer, and raising my eyes as I read, I saw the face clearly and distinctly, ghastly pale, but with the features so marked and so distinct that I recognised it at once as the face of my most dear and intimate friend, the late Canon Robinson, who was with me at school and college, and whom I had not seen for many years past (10 or 11 at the very least). Almost immediately after, fully persuaded that my old friend had come to pay me a surprise visit, I rushed to the door, but seeing nothing I called aloud, searched the premises most carefully, and made inquiry as to whether any stranger had been seen near my house, but no one had been heard of or seen. When last I saw Canon Robinson he was apparently in perfect health, much more likely to out-live me than I him, and before I opened the newspaper announcing his death (which I did about an hour or so after seeing the face) I had not heard or read of his illness, or death, and there was nothing in the passage of the book I was reading to lead me to think of him.

The time at which I saw the face was between 10 and 11 o'clock p.m., the night dark, and while I was reading in a room where no shutter was closed or blind drawn.

I may answer in reply to your question "whether I have ever had any other vision or hallucination of any kind?" that though I never saw any apparition, I have heard mysterious noises which neither my friends nor I were able satisfactorily to account for.

II.—From Mrs. Clark, 8, South View, Forest Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

January 6th, 1885.

I send you a short account, describing what I experienced at the time

¹ As we do not know what newspaper this was, it is not possible to ascertain the precise interval which had elapsed since the death.—F.W.H.M.

of the apparition of my friend, who was a young gentleman much attached to myself, and who would willingly (had I loved him well enough) have made me his wife. I became engaged to be married, and did not see my friend (Mr. Akhurst) for some months, until within a week of my marriage (June, 1878), when in the presence of my husband he wished me every happiness, and regretted he had not been able to win me.

Time passed on. I had been married about two years and had never seen Mr. Akhurst, when one day my husband told me he (Mr. Akhurst) was in Newcastle and was coming to supper and was going to stay the night. When my husband and he were talking, he said my husband had been the more fortunate of the two, but he added if anything happened to my husband he could leave his money to whom he liked and his widow to him, and he would be quite content. I mention this to show he was still interested in me.

Three months passed and baby was born. When she was about a week old, very early one morning I was feeding her, when I felt a cold waft of air through the room and a feeling as though some one touched my shoulder; my hair seemed to bristle all over my head and I shuddered. Raising my eyes to the door (which faced me), I saw Akhurst standing in his shirt and trousers looking at me, when he seemed to pass through the door. In the morning I mentioned it to my husband. I did not hear of Mr. Akhurst's death for some weeks after, when I found it corresponded with that of the apparition, and though my father knew of it before, he thought in my weak state of health it were better I should not be told.

He was found lying on the bed with his shirt and trousers on, just as he had thrown himself down after taking a sleeping draught.¹

I myself am quite convinced that Mr. Akhurst's thoughts had been so concentrated upon me, before the draught proved fatal, that his spirit visited me on its way to that glorious land where it shall dwell in the presence of Him Who said "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

To me the memory of Mr. Akhurst will always be as of a dear brother, greatly esteemed and deeply regretted.

EMILY CLARK.

May 13th, 1885.

My husband will certify as to my mentioning to him seeing the apparition before I heard of Mr. Akhurst's death, but I am sorry I cannot tell you where it happened, nor the exact date of the death, but I remember when we heard about it my husband and I traced it to about the time of my "vision."

I will ask my husband to write you a few lines, and I am sorry I cannot give the time and place of death: it is nearly five years ago, and on account of my not knowing personally any of his family I am not in a position to ascertain.

July 23rd, 1885.

I never experienced anything of the kind before. I think Mr. Akhurst's

¹ This, as will be seen, was probably a mistake, and it seems possible that the reminiscence of the *Corseican Brothers* may have helped to shape the hallucination.—F.W.H.M.

death happened somewhere in Yorkshire. What makes me think the time corresponded with his death, was, my asking how long ago it was from my hearing of his death, and the actual occurrence; and then knowing the time of my little girl's birth, I came to the conclusion it was about the same time. I think this is all the information I can give you. I shall ask my husband to send you a few lines to-morrow.

From Edward Clark, Solicitor, County Chambers, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

July 24th, 1885.

At the request of my wife, Mrs. Clark, of 9, South View, Forest Hall, I beg to inform you of my knowledge of the supposed apparition of Mr. Akhurst. Shortly after my wife had been confined of my second daughter, about the end of September, 1880, my wife one morning informed me she had seen Akhurst about one o'clock that morning. I of course told her it was nonsense, but she persisted, and said he appeared to her with only his trousers and a shirt on, and the remark she made was that he was dressed just as she had seen him in the *Corsican Brothers* (he was an actor). She also described her feelings at the time. I tried to persuade her it was a dream, but she insisted that it was an apparition.

As near as I can remember, about six months after, I met a mutual friend of Akhurst's and my own, and in conversation I inquired after Akhurst. He said, "Don't you know he is dead?" I said, "No, when did he die?" He said, "I don't know the exact date, but it was about six months ago"; and further informed me that he died about one o'clock in the morning in the dress as my wife described him, from an overdose of chloral. I have endeavoured to see my friend to find out the place (Bradford, I think), but he is now in America. His name is John Brown, and he is the son of the leader writer to the *Chronicle* here. If I meet him again I will try to get accurate particulars and forward them to you.

August 21st, 1885.

. . . . My wife has, I find, no reason to think she has been mistaken as to the time when she supposed she saw W. J. Akhurst, as the date is fixed by the birth of my second little girl, which took place in September, 1880.

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Era Almanac for 1881. Obituary for 1880, p. 93.

"Akhurst, Walter James, Actor, aged 24, July 12th."

The *Era* newspaper of July 18th, 1880, gives an account of the inquest. Mr. H. W. Akhurst gave evidence to the effect that he and his deceased brother went to the chemist's on Saturday (i.e., 10th), and procured a sleeping draught. Deceased complained of pains in his body, and of feeling lonely. The next day, Sunday, he only got up to have his bed made; Monday he died. W. H. Cope, Surgeon, attributed death to suffocation caused by heart disease. The verdict returned was "Death from natural causes."

III.—The following, obtained through the kindness of Miss Porter, is from a lady who does not wish her name mentioned.

August 8th, 1885.

On the 2nd November, 1876, I arrived at my brother's house. My journey had been a long one—from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. I sat up late talking to my sister-in-law, and about 12 o'clock went to my room. There I spent some time arranging my belongings. I found I had left something I wanted down in the hall, and feeling restless, I suppose, thought I must get it then, and not wait until the morning. So downstairs I went. The house is a large one; the passages long. My room was in the third story, and I had to go to the entrance hall. It took me some time. On returning and entering the corridor in which my room was, I saw, standing *beyond* my doorway, a figure. It looked misty, as if, had there been a light behind it, I should have seen through the mist. This misty figure was the likeness of a friend of ours whom I knew to have been on a voyage to Australia. I stood and looked at "It." I put my hand over my eyes and looked again. Still it was there. Then it seemed to pass away, how I cannot say. I went on and into my room. I said to myself, My brain was tired out; and I hurried to bed so as to get rest.

Next day I told my sister-in-law what I had seen. We laughed about my ghost.

I was away from my home three weeks. On my return, my mother showed me the account in a newspaper of our poor friend's body having been cast on shore at Orfordness and buried as an unknown castaway the very time that I saw this figure. We were the only friends he had in England, but why I saw him I cannot tell. It did no good to anyone. One thing I should tell you, I had not been thinking or speaking of him.

The following is from the Parish Clerk of Orford, near Wickham, Suffolk.

January 23rd, 1886.

SIR,—In reply to your inquiries I send you a copy of the head-stone:—

"In memory of Fredrick Gluyas Le Maistre, 2nd Officer of the barque *Gauntlet*, of London, native of Jersey, Channel Islands, aged 24 years and 5 months, whose body was found near Orfordness Harbour, October the 22nd, 1876, his death having been occasioned by falling from on board the above-named vessel in the Downs on the 27th of September of the same year."

JAMES LING.

[I have seen the percipient (January 21st, 1886), and she tells me she has never had any other hallucination whatever. She is a sensible and practical person.—E. G.]

IV.—From Colonel H. (known to E. G.)

February 13th, 1886.

I am not a believer in ghosts, spirit manifestations, or Esoteric Buddhism. It has been my lot—a lot sought by myself over and over again, and never falling to me by chance—to sleep in well-known, or rather well-believed-to-be haunted rooms. I have endeavoured to encounter ghosts, spirits, or beings (if you like) from another world, but like other good things that one seeks for in life, without success. When I least expected it, however, I experienced a visitation so remarkable in its phenomena, so realistic

in its nature, so supported by actual facts, that I am constrained, at the request of my friends, to put my experience into writing.

The narrator then describes how, nearly 23 years before, he had formed a friendship with two brother subalterns, J.P. and J.S., and how his intercourse with J.P. had been continued at intervals up to the time of the Transvaal war, when J.P. was ordered out on the staff. J.S. was already on the scene of action. Both had now attained major's rank; the narrator himself had left the service some years previously.

On the morning that J.P. was leaving London, to embark for the Cape, he invited the narrator to breakfast with him at the club, and they finally parted at the club-door.

"Good-bye, old fellow," I said, "we shall meet again, I hope."

"Yes," he said, "we shall meet again."

I can see him now, as he stood, smart and erect, with his bright black eyes looking intently into mine. A wave of the hand, as the hansom whirled him off, and he was gone.

The Transvaal war was at its height. One night, after reading for some time in the library of the club, I had gone to my rooms late. It must have been nearly one o'clock before I turned into bed. I had slept, perhaps, some three hours or so when I awoke with a start. The grey dawn was stealing in through the windows, and the light fell sharply and distinctly on the military chest of drawers which stood at the further end of the room, and which I had carried about with me everywhere during my service. Standing by my bed, between me and the chest of drawers, I saw a figure, which, in spite of the unwonted dress—unwonted, at least, to me—and of a full black beard, I at once recognised as that of my old brother-officer. He had on the usual kharki coat, worn by officers on active service in eastern climates. A brown leather strap, which might have been the strap of his field service glass, crossed his breast. A brown leather girdle, with sword attached on the left side, and revolver case on the right, passed round his waist. On his head he wore the ordinary white pith helmet of service. I noted all these particulars in the moment that I started from sleep, and sat up in bed looking at him. His face was pale, but his bright black eyes shone as keenly as when, a year and a-half before, they had looked upon me as he stood with one foot on the hansom, bidding me adieu.

Fully impressed for the brief moment that we were stationed together at C—in Ireland or somewhere, and thinking I was in my barrack-room, I said, "Hallo! P., am I late for parade?" P. looked at me steadily, and replied, "I'm shot."

"Shot!" I exclaimed. "Good God! how and where?"

"Through the lungs," replied P., and as he spoke his right hand moved slowly up the breast, until the fingers rested over the right lung.

"What were you doing?" I asked.

"The General sent me forward," he answered, and the right hand left the breast to move slowly to the front, pointing over my head to the window, and at the same moment the figure melted away. I rubbed my eyes, to

make sure I was not dreaming, and sprang out of bed. It was then 4.10 a.m. by the clock on my mantelpiece.

I felt sure that my old friend was no more, and what I had seen was only an apparition. But yet how account for the voice? the ready and distinct answers? That I had seen a spirit, certainly something that was not flesh and blood, and that I had conversed with it, were alike indisputable facts. But how to reconcile these apparent impossibilities? The thought disquieted me, and I longed for the hour when the club would open, and I could get a chance of learning from the papers any news from the seat of war in the Transvaal. The hours passed feverishly. I was first at the club that morning, and snatched greedily at the first paper. No news of the war whatever.

I passed the day in a more or less unquiet mood, and talked over the whole circumstance to an old brother officer, Colonel W.¹ He was as fully impressed as I was with the story of the appearance. The following morning I was again a solitary member at the club, and seized with avidity the first paper that came to hand. This time my anxiety was painfully set at rest, for my eye fell at once on the brief lines that told of the battle of Lang's Neck, and on the list of killed, foremost among them all being poor J.P. I noted the time the battle was fought, calculated it with the hour at which I had seen the figure, and found that it almost coincided. From this simple fact I could only surmise that the figure had appeared to me in London almost at the very moment that the fatal bullet had done its work in the Transvaal.

Two questions now arose to my mind, First, as to proof that poor P. happened to wear that particular uniform at the time of his death, and whether he carried a beard—which I myself had never seen him wear. Second, whether he met his death in the manner indicated, viz., by a bullet through the right lung. The first facts I established beyond dispute about six months afterwards, through an officer who was at the battle of Lang's Neck, and who had been invalided home. He confirmed every detail. The second fact, strangely enough, was confirmed by no less a person than J.S., more than a year after the occurrence, he having also left the Cape, the war being over. On my asking J.S. if he had heard how poor P., our old brother-officer, was shot, he replied, "Just here," and his fingers travelled up his breast, exactly as the fingers of the figure had done, until they rested on the very spot over the right lung.

I have set down the foregoing, without any attempt at embellishment, exactly as everything occurred.

We find from the *London Gazette* that the battle in which Major P. was killed began (according to General Elley's despatch) at 9.30 a.m. on January 28th, 1881. Major P. was probably killed between 11 and 12 a.m., which would be between 9 and 10 a.m. in London, the difference of time being a little under two hours. I drew Colonel H.'s attention to this point, and to the impossibility that the

¹ We have endeavoured in vain to trace this officer.

dawn should be beginning at 4.10 a.m. at that time of year, and he sent the following reply.

February 20th, 1886.

It may have been 7.10 and not 4.10 a.m. The impression, writing now after some years' interval, is that it was 4.10 a.m., but I may be wrong.

All I know is that I calculated the time at the time, with the hour at which the battle was fought, and it was to all practical purposes the same time.

It was a winter morning; and the blinds were down over the window. The morning light at 7 a.m. in a winter month, coming through the blinds, would not be much stronger than the morning light at 4 a.m. in a summer month under the same circumstances. Hence I may have been mistaken in the hour, or the clock might have stopped, unknown to me, at 4.10 a.m. that day or even the day before.

The first account of the battle of Lang's Neck appeared in the *Times*, *Telegraph*, and *Daily News*, of Saturday, January 29th, 1881. "No list of casualties." The first announcement of Major Poole's death was in a telegraphic dispatch from the Transvaal, dated January 28th, and received by the Secretary of State for War in London on the 29th. "Killed:—Major Poole, Royal Artillery," and it appeared in the *Observer* of Sunday, January 30th, and in the three above-named morning papers on the 31st (Monday).

[The precise date of this vision is now irrecoverable; but Mr. Gurney, who discussed the matter with Colonel H., concluded that the apparition probably occurred after the death, and certainly occurred before the death was announced in England.]

Of the *local* class a very interesting specimen occurs in *Phantasms of the Living* (Case 29, Vol. I., p. 212), where an Essex gardener, returning from work, saw a lady, whom he recognised, standing by a tomb or mausoleum which belonged to her, and which he imagined that she had come to visit. The lady had died on that day in London. In the printed account the death is represented as having preceded the appearance by less than two hours, but I have recently found that this is incorrect; the lady was found dead at about 2 p.m., and the appearance was seen at 9.20. Fortunately, the percipient at once mentioned his experience, and the news of the death did not arrive in the place till next morning, so that the case is evidentially a strong one. And it certainly tells, as far as a single case can tell, in favour of the theory of independent *post mortem* appearance as opposed to that of telepathy, or thought-transference, in the ordinary sense. For, on the one hand, the hypothesis of a transferred impression from the mind of a dying person seems strained to the uttermost when (as in this case) the dying person and the

percipient have been connected by no tie of blood or friendship; and, moreover, it would have been an extremely odd coincidence that an impression, which we should have to suppose to have lain latent for seven hours in the percipient's mind, should suddenly externalise itself in bodily form at the very moment when he was approaching a spot in which the deceased was specially interested. And, on the other hand, the spot in which the phantasm appeared is specially suggestive of a local cause for it; for the deceased lady, as we learn from the vicar of the parish, was "specially morbid on the subject of tombs," and she was in the habit of sometimes having the mausoleum opened and entering it.

In the following cases the interval after death was longer, and the percipient was an absolute stranger to the deceased. This condition must, of course, usually involve the disadvantage that the identification of the appearance with a particular person can be based only on the percipient's subsequent description of what he had seen. But in the first case which I shall quote, this sort of identification was reinforced by the percipient's recognition of a photograph of the deceased.

V.—From Mr. John E. Husbands, of Melbourne House, Town Hall-square, Grimsby.

September 15th, 1886.

DEAR SIR.—The facts are simply these. I was sleeping in a hotel in Madeira in January, 1885. It was a bright moonlight night. The windows were open and the blinds up. I felt some one was in my room. On opening my eyes, I saw a young fellow about 25, dressed in flannels, standing at the side of my bed and pointing with the first finger of his right hand to the place I was lying. I lay for some seconds to convince myself of some one being really there. I then sat up and looked at him. I saw his features so plainly that I recognised them in a photograph which was shown me some days after. I asked him what he wanted; he did not speak, but his eyes and hand seemed to tell me I was in his place. As he did not answer, I struck out at him with my fist as I sat up, but did not reach him, and as I was going to spring out of bed he slowly vanished through the door, which was shut, keeping his eyes upon me all the time.

Upon inquiry I found that the young fellow who appeared to me died in that room I was occupying.

If I can tell you anything more I shall be glad to, if it interests you.

JOHN E. HUSBANDS.

The following letters are from Miss Falkner, of Church-terrace, Wisbech, who was resident at the hotel when the above incident happened.

October 8th, 1886.

The figure that Mr. Husbands saw while in Madeira was that of a young fellow who died unexpectedly months previously, in the room which Mr.

Husbands was occupying. Curiously enough, Mr. H. had never heard of him or his death. He told me the story the morning after he had seen the figure, and I recognised the young fellow from the description. It impressed me very much, but I did not mention it to him or anyone. I loitered about until I heard Mr. Husbands tell the same tale to my brother; we left Mr. H. and said simultaneously: "He has seen Mr. D."

No more was said on the subject for days; then I abruptly showed the photograph.

Mr. Husbands said at once, "That is the young fellow who appeared to me the other night, but he was dressed differently"—describing a dress he often wore—"cricket suit (or tennis) fastened at the neck with sailor knot." I must say that that Mr. Husbands is a most practical man, and the very last one would expect "a spirit" to visit.

K. FALKNER.

October 20th, 1886.

I enclose you photograph and an extract from my sister-in-law's letter, which I received this morning, as it will verify my statement. Mr. Husbands saw the figure either the 3rd or 4th of February, 1885.

The people who had occupied the rooms had never told us if they had seen anything, so we may conclude they had not.

K. FALKNER.

The following is Miss Falkner's copy of the passage in the letter:—

"You will see at back of Mr. du F——'s photo the date of his decease [January 29th, 1884]; and if you recollect 'the Motta Marques' had his rooms from the February till the May or June of 1884, then Major Money at the commencement of 1885 season. Mr. Husbands had to take the room on February 2nd, 1885, as his was wanted.

"I am clear on all this, and remember his telling me the incident when he came to see my baby."

I have received a full account of this case, *vidæ voce*, from both Mr. Husbands and Miss Falkner. They are both thoroughly practical, and as far removed as possible from a superstitious love of marvels; nor had they any previous interest in this or any other class of abnormal experiences. So far as I could judge, Mr. Husbands' view of himself is entirely correct—that he is the last person to give a spurious importance to anything that might befall him, or to allow facts to be distorted by imagination. As will be seen, his account of his vision preceded any knowledge on his part of the death which had occurred in the room. He has never had any other hallucination of the senses.

The next case is remarkable for the frequent repetition of the percipient's experience. It is a specially baffling case; suggesting not so much anything associated with the popular idea of "haunting," or any continuing local interest on the part of the deceased person, as the survival of a mere image, impressed, we cannot guess how, on we cannot

guess what, by that person's physical organism, and perceptible at times to those endowed with some cognate form of sensitiveness.

VI.—From Mr. D. M. Tyre, 157, St. Andrew's-road, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

October 9th, 1885.

In the summer of 1874, my sister and I went during our holidays to stay with a gardener and his wife, in a house which was built far up, fully three-quarters of a mile, on the face of a hill overlooking one of the most beautiful lochs in Dumbartonshire, just on the boundary of the Highlands. A charming spot indeed, although far off the main roadway. We never wearied, and so delighted were we with the place that my people took a lease of the house for the following three years. From this point my narrative begins. Being connected in business with the city, we could not get down to Glen M. altogether, so that my two sisters and myself were sent away early in May to have the house put in order, and attend to the garden, &c., &c., for the coming holidays, when we would be all down together. We had lots of work to do, and as the nearest village was five miles distant, and our nearest neighbours, the people at the shore, nearly a mile away, we were pretty quiet on the hill and left to our own resources.

One day, my elder sister J. required to go to the village for something or other, leaving us alone; and as the afternoon came on, I went part of the way to meet her, leaving my other sister L. all alone. When we returned, about 6 p.m., we found L. down the hill to meet us in a rather excited state, saying that an old woman had taken up her quarters in the kitchen, and was lying in the bed. We asked if she knew who she was. She said no, that the old wife was lying on the bed with her clothes on, and that possibly she was a tinker body (a gypsy), therefore she was afraid to go in without us. We went up to the house with L.; my younger sister L. going in first said, on going into the kitchen, "There she is," pointing to the bed, and turning to us expecting that we would wake her up and ask what she was there for. I looked in the bed and so did my elder sister, but the clothes were flat and unruffled, and when we said that there was nothing there she was quite surprised, and pointing with her finger said, "Look, why there's the old wife with her clothes on and lying with her head towards the window"; but we could not see anything. Then for the first time it seemed to dawn upon her that she was seeing something that was not natural to us all, and she became very much afraid, and we took her to the other room and tried to soothe her, for she was trembling all over. Ghost! why the thought never entered our minds for a second; but we started chopping wood and making a fire for the evening meal. The very idea of anyone being in the bed was ridiculous, so we attributed it to imagination, and life at the house went on as usual for about two days, when one afternoon, as we were sitting in the kitchen round the fire, it being a cold, wet day outside, L. startled us by exclaiming, "There is the old woman again, and lying the same way." L. did not seem to be so much afraid this time, so we asked her to describe the figure; and with her eyes fixed on the bed and with motion of the finger, she went on to tell us how that the old wife was not lying under the blankets, but on top, with her clothes and boots on, and her legs drawn up as though she were cold; her

face was turned to the wall, and she had on what is known in the Highlands as a "sow-backed mutch," that is, a white cap which only old women wear; it has a frill round the front, and sticks out at the back, thus.¹ She also wore a drab coloured petticoat, and a checked shawl round her shoulders drawn tight. Such was the description given; she could not see her face, but her right hand was hugging her left arm, and she saw that the hand was yellow and thin, and wrinkled like the hands of old people who have done a lot of hard work in their day.

We sat looking at the bed for a long time, with an occasional bit of information from L., who was the only one who saw the figure.

This happened often—very often, indeed so frequently that we got used to it, and used to talk about it among ourselves as "L.'s old woman."

Midsummer came, and the rest of our people from the city, and then for the first time we became intimate with our neighbours, and two or three families at the shore. One one occasion my elder sister brought up the subject before a Mrs. M'P., our nearest neighbour, and when she described the figure to her, Mrs. M'P. well-nigh swooned away, and said that it really was the case; the description was the same as the first wife of the man, who lived in the house before us, and that he cruelly ill-used his wife, to the extent that the last beating she never recovered from. The story Mrs. M'P. told runs somewhat like this, of which I can only give you the gist:—

Malcolm, the man of the house, and his wife Kate (the old woman), lived a cat and dog life; she was hard-working, and he got tipsy whenever he could. They went one day to market with some fowls and pigs, &c., and on their way back he purchased a half-gallon of whisky. He carried it part of the way, and when he got tired gave it to her; while he took frequent rests by the wayside, she managed to get home before him, and when he came home late he accused her of drinking the contents of the jar. He gave her such a beating that he was afraid, and went down to this Mrs. M'P., saying that his wife was very ill. When Mrs. M'P. went up to the house she found Kate, as my sister described, with her clothes on, and lying with her face to the wall for the purpose, as Mrs. M'P. said, of concealing her face, which was very badly coloured by the ill-treatment of her husband. The finish-up was her death, she having never recovered.

The foregoing is as nearly a complete compendium of the facts as I, with the help of my sister J., can remember.

My sister L. is now dead, but we often go back to the house, when we are any way near the locality, because it is a bright spot in our memory.

(Signed), D. M. TYRE.

Mr. Tyre adds, in a letter to Mr. David Stewart, of Kincaid House, Milton of Campsie, N.B., who procured this account for us:—

I was at the house last month; there is no one in it just now; the last tenant has gone abroad, and the house is somewhat dilapidated, and the garden a ruin. We had a look through the window at the old kitchen, and saw our own grate still remaining.

¹ A sketch of the profile was here given.

Mr. Stewart wrote to us on August 13th, 1885:—

I know how valuable the actual names and localities would be, as well as Mrs. M'P.'s independent account, but I have asked so repeatedly, and been told that Mrs. M'P. had great objections to publicity, in case it would rake up old stories connected with the case, that I do not like to ask again.

In this connection I may cite a case which was admitted to *Phantasms of the Living* by mistake. (Case 138, Vol. I., p. 375.) The death took place at the Antipodes, and the coincidence between it and the percipient's experience was represented by the narrator as exact, through the not very uncommon error of reckoning the difference of time made by difference of longitude the wrong way. I did not discover this error till the first edition of the book had been published. In fact, the percipient's experience followed the death by more than 12 hours, and the case falls properly in our present class. But the nature of the experience was remarkable.

VII.—From Miss Richardson, 47, Bedford-gardens, Kensington, W.

The writer is a very worthy wife of a shopkeeper, who told me the occurrence some years ago, then with more detail, as it was fresh in her memory, and her husband can vouch for the facts told him at the time, and the strange "uncanny" effect of the dream on her mind for some time after.

From Mrs. Green to Miss Richardson.

Newry, 21st First Month, 1885.

DEAR FRIEND,—In compliance with thy request, I give thee the particulars of my dream.

I saw two respectably-dressed females driving alone in a vehicle like a mineral water cart. Their horse stopped at a water to drink; but as there was no footing, he lost his balance, and in trying to recover it he plunged right in. With the shock, the women stood up and shouted for help, and their hats rose off their heads, and as all were going down I turned away crying, and saying, "Was there no one at all to help them?" upon which I awoke, and my husband asked me what was the matter. I related the above dream to him, and he asked me if I knew them. I said I did not, and thought I had never seen either of them. The impression of the dream and the trouble it brought was over me all day. I remarked to my son it was the anniversary of his birthday and my own also—the 10th of First Month, and this is why I remember the date.

The following Third Month I got a letter and newspaper from my brother in Australia, named Allen, letting me know the sad trouble which had befallen him in the loss, by drowning, of one of his daughters and her companion. Thou will see by the description given of it in the paper how the event corresponded with my dream. My niece was born in Australia, and I never saw her.

Please return the paper at thy convenience. Considering that our night is their day, I must have been in sympathy with the sufferers at the time of the accident, on the Tenth of First Month, 1878.

It is referred to in two separate places in the newspaper.

From the *Inglewood Advertiser*.

Friday evening, *January 11th, 1878.*

A dreadful accident occurred in the neighbourhood of Wedderburn, on Wednesday last, resulting in the death of two women, named Lehey and Allen. It appears that the deceased were driving into Wedderburn in a spring cart from the direction of Kinypanial, when they attempted to water their horse at a dam on the boundary of Torpichen Station. The dam was 10 or 12 feet deep in one spot, and into this deep hole they must have inadvertently driven, for Mr. W. McKechnie, manager of Torpichen Station, upon going to the dam some hours afterwards, discovered the spring cart and horse under the water, and two women's hats floating on the surface The dam was searched, and the bodies of the two women, clasped in each other's arms, recovered.

Extract from Evidence given at the Inquest.

Joseph John Allen, farmer, deposed : I identify one of the bodies as that of my sister. I saw her about 11 a.m. yesterday . . . The horse had broken away and I caught it for her. Mrs. Lehey and my sister met me when I caught the horse . . . They then took the horse and went to Mr. Clarke's. I did not see them afterwards alive. William McKechnie deposed . . . About 4 p.m. yesterday, I was riding by the dam when I observed the legs of a horse and the chest above the water.

From Mr. Green, Newry.

15th Second Month, 1885.

DEAR FRIEND, EDITH RICHARDSON,—In reference to the dream that my wife had of seeing two women thrown out of a spring cart by their horse stopping to drink out of some deep water, I remember she was greatly distressed about it, and seemed to feel great sympathy for them. It occurred on the night of the 9th of January.

The reason I can remember the date so well is that the 10th was the anniversary of my wife and our son's birthday. As the day advanced she seemed to get worse, and I advised her to go out for a drive; when she returned she told me she was no better, and also said she had told the driver not to go near water, lest some accident should happen, as she had had such a dreadful dream the night before, at the same time telling him the nature of it. As my wife's niece did not live with her father, he was not told of it until the next morning, which would be our evening of the 10th, and which we think accounted for the increased trouble she felt in sympathy with him.

THOS. GREEN.

Mrs. Green has had no other experience of the sort.

Inglewood is in Queensland, on the border of New South Wales.

Here the correspondence, if faithfully recorded, as we may fairly suppose that it is, seems too close to be accidental; yet I am totally at a loss how to account for it. Had the coincidence been exact, we might have taken refuge in the convenient word clairvoyance—though

it must never be forgotten that the hypotheses which that term covers involve difficulties as great as they can ever be called on to solve. But a clairvoyant vision of a scene, following that scene by many hours! Here, again, the most natural analogy seems to be that of a picture or reflection which survives after the reality has vanished. But of course such a description brings us not one whit nearer to an explanation.¹

I have kept to the last a very abnormal case which belongs to the personal class, but where the person in whom the original of the phantasm which appeared might be supposed to be interested was not the percipient, but someone else in the same house.

VIII.—From Mrs. Bacchus, of Sherbourne Villa, Leamington.

August, 1886.

On Saturday, October 18th [really 24th], 1868, we left some friends (the Marquis and Madame de Lys) with whom we had been staying at Malvern Wells, and went to Cheltenham. The reason for going to Cheltenham was that a brother-in-law of my husband, Mr. George Copeland, was living there; he was a great invalid, suffering from paralysis and quite unable to move, but in full mental vigour, so his friends were anxious to see him as often as possible to relieve the dreariness of his long illness, and we did not like to be so near without paying him a visit. We knew that he had friends staying in the house at the time, so determined to go to Cheltenham without letting him know, to take lodgings near, and then tell him we had done so, that he might not feel he ought to invite us to his house. We soon found some rooms in York-terrace, close to Bay's Hill, Mr. Copeland's house. After we had taken the rooms—the usual lodging-house kind—drawing-room and bedroom at the back, and were going out, we noticed some medicine bottles on the hall table, asked if any one were ill in the house, and were told that an old lady, a Mrs. R., and her daughter were in the dining-room, that Mrs. R. had been ill for some time, that her illness was not serious and that there was no immediate danger of her dying, in fact it was made quite light of, and we thought no more about it. We just mentioned in the course of the evening the name of the people lodging in the same house, and Mr. Copeland said he knew who Mrs. R. was; she was the widow of a physician who formerly practised in Cheltenham, that one of her daughters was married to a master of the College, a Mr. N. Then I remembered having seen Mrs. N. at a garden-party at Dr. Barry's the year before, and had noticed her talking to Mrs. Barry, and thought her very pretty. This was all I knew or ever heard of the people. On Sunday morning, when I came into the drawing-room for breakfast, I thought my husband looked a little uncomfortable; however, he said nothing till I had finished breakfast, then asked, "Did you hear a noise of a chair in the hall a little while ago? The old lady downstairs died in her chair last night, and they were wheeling

¹ It may be observed that it was not till the evening of the 9th that Mr. Allen, the percipient's brother, knew of his daughter's death. His mind may have supplied the link between the actual scene and the dream in England, and the scene would be vividly present to him at the time when the dream occurred.—F. W. H. M.

her into the bedroom at the back." I was very uncomfortable and frightened, I had never been in a house with anyone dead before, and wanted to go, and several friends who heard of it asked me to stay with them, but my husband did not wish to move; he said it was a great deal of trouble, was really foolish of me to wish it, that he did not like moving on Sunday, also that he did not think it right or kind to go away because someone had died, that we should think it unkind if the case had been our own, and other people had rushed off in a hurry; so we decided to stay. I spent the day with my brother-in-law and nieces, and only returned to the lodgings in time to go to bed. I went to sleep quickly as usual, but woke, I suppose, in the middle of the night, not frightened by any noise, and for no reason, and saw distinctly at the foot of the bed an old gentleman with a round rosy face, smiling, his hat in his hand, dressed in an old-fashioned coat (blue) with brass buttons, light waistcoat, and trousers. The longer I looked at him, the more distinctly I saw every feature and particular of his dress, &c. I did not feel much frightened, and after a time shut my eyes for a minute or two, and when I looked again, the old gentleman was gone. After a time I went to sleep, and in the morning, while dressing, made up my mind that I would say nothing of what I had seen till I saw one of my nieces, and would then describe the old gentleman, and ask if Dr. R. could be like him, although the idea seemed absurd. I met my niece, Mary Copeland (now Mrs. Brandling), coming out of church, and said, "Was Dr. R. like an old gentleman with a round rosy face," &c., &c., describing what I had seen. She stopped at once on the pavement, looking astonished. "Who could have told you, aunt? We always said he looked more like a country farmer than a doctor, and how odd it was that such a common looking man should have had such pretty daughters."

This is an exact account of what I saw. I am quite sure I should know the old gentleman again, his face is clearly before me when I think of it now, as at the time Miss de Lys had a letter from me with the story, and sent it to a relation in France; she heard me tell it again some years after, and said there was no variation whatever in it. My two nieces are still living, and can remember exactly everything that happened as I told it to them. Of course I cannot explain it in any way; the old lady who was dead was in the room directly under the one I was sleeping in. The part of the whole thing that surprised me the most was, that I was so very little frightened as to be able to sleep afterwards, and did not wish to disturb anyone else.

Mr. Bacchus writes:—

Leamington, *September 27th, 1886.*

I have read my wife's account of what happened at Cheltenham when we were staying there in October, 1868; it is exactly what she told me at the time, and I remember it all perfectly, also her telling my niece about it in the morning.

HENRY BACCHUS.

In answer to further questions, Mrs. Bacchus replied as follows:—

September 4th, 1886.

1. I have never seen anything of the kind before or since.
2. I gave the date from memory. The day was Saturday, and it was Sunday night, or early on Monday morning, that I saw Dr. R.

3. I do not remember the number in York-terrace ; probably the *Times* of October, 1868, would give Mrs. R.'s death and where it took place. [The *Times* gives the death at 7, York-terrace, Sunday, October 25th, 1868.]

4. The letter to Miss de Lys cannot be found ; all my letters to her were burnt after she died in 1883.

5. Mr. Bacchus and Mrs. Henry Berkeley have given their account. Mrs. Brandling has not yet written.

6. I am quite sure I never saw any picture of any kind of Dr. R.

7. I do not know when he died : probably three or four years before I saw him. His death was spoken of in that way. I can find out if necessary from an old servant of Mr. Copeland's, who lives at Cheltenham, and who would remember him, and be able to inquire.

8. I do not remember anything about the light, if there was a night-light in the room or not ; I think not. When I say, "do not remember," I mean that being asked puzzles me ; my impression of the whole thing is that it was like a magic lantern, all dark round, and the figure, colour, and, clothes, quite light and bright. I always see the whole thing when I speak of it.

ISABELLE BACCHUS.

Mrs. Bacchus adds :—

I enclose Mrs. Brandling's paper, signed. As you say, her account is different from mine. My decided impression is that I first described Dr. R. to her, and Mrs. Berkeley says she is sure of this too. I have always been convinced it was so for several reasons, one in particular, that I remember the exclamation of surprise, and the question, "Who could have told you ?" which would have meant nothing if I had been first told myself, and in an odd way Mrs. Brandling has a sort of recollection of that too. Still she wrote the account as well as she could, without seeing mine or talking to me, and it would be worthless in any other way. Dr. R. died some years before I saw him ; he lived in a house of his own, and in another part of Cheltenham. I shall have the exact date of his death soon, and will send it to you.

ISABELLE BACCHUS.

From Mrs. Berkeley, of Northcote Villa, Torrs Park, Ilfracombe.

I remember well your staying in Cheltenham at Queen's-parade, and that after sleeping one night you told us that in the middle of the night, when you were lying awake, and Uncle Henry asleep (I think), you saw a light, and a little old man, whom you described as very rosy and very smiling, seemed to come up through the floor and pass on through the ceiling ; and next day you found someone had lately died there. You told us about it, and we said a Dr. R. had died there, and that, strangely enough, he was a particularly rosy, smiling-looking, little old man. We asked you how he was dressed, and I believe you said in ordinary clothes with brass buttons, and that we said that was how he dressed too, in dark blue cloth, with brass buttons. We knew him very well by sight, and knew one of his daughters to speak to. He had two. This is all I really recollect myself about it ; you know my memory is not good now. I somehow think Missie was the first to

go up to see you the next morning, and I feel quite sure that you described the little old man's face to her first. As to his dress, I do not know whether she described it to you or you to her afterwards.

M. CATHERINE BERKELEY.

Mrs. Berkeley further writes to Mrs. Bacchus:—

I have done what you wished at last; that is, I have written a very short account of the occurrence you refer to myself before reading yours at all. Now I have just read yours, and I remember, of course, more.

1, York-terrace and not Queen's-parade was the place most certainly. I meant that row of houses, but put the wrong name. I had forgotten Mrs. R.'s' death altogether, as you will see. I thought it was he who had died there. He had given up practice a long time, I think. We used to see him about Lansdowne perpetually. He lived there. His daughter certainly is Mrs. N., and that is the one we knew a little of, and we did often remark on the contrast between father and daughters. So much for that part of your letter. Missie, I think, has not lost her memory at all, and she would tell you correctly, and most likely confirm more of your story. I have not corrected anything in my account, so that you should see it exactly as I first wrote it.

Mrs. Bacchus further writes:—

October 5th, 1886.

Here is Mrs. Brandling's account. Like her sister, she wrote as she remembered before reading what I had said.

From Mrs. Brandling (niece of Mrs. Bacchus).

October, 1886.

Once, when you and Uncle Henry came to Cheltenham you took rooms at York or Bay's-terrace, I forget which. In the same house were Mrs. R. and her daughter. She was a widow. I think she died a day or two after you came to the house. The morning after she died, I met you coming from early Mass, and I think I asked you how you had passed the night. I know you said that in the night Mr. R. had come to see his wife, and that you had seen him, and you asked me what he was like. (He died some time before.) I told you he had cheeks like rosy apples, and was always smiling. I think I said a little more about him, but I cannot remember. You said "Yes, that was he, and that he was just what I said." I think you said that he stood at the foot of your bed, and that he had come to the wrong room. I know you rather laughed over it; I asked you if you were frightened, and you said "No." I asked you if Uncle Henry had seen Mr. R. also, and I am almost sure you said yes. You spoke quite quietly, but I was sure you had been frightened, and I thought it frightened you to be in the house where she had died, and I thought you ought not to stay in the house. I told Uncle Henry I thought it was very uncomfortable for you to be there, and I asked if you might not sleep at our house, but I don't think Uncle Henry answered anything, and you stayed at least one night more there—I think longer.

MARY E. BRANDLING.

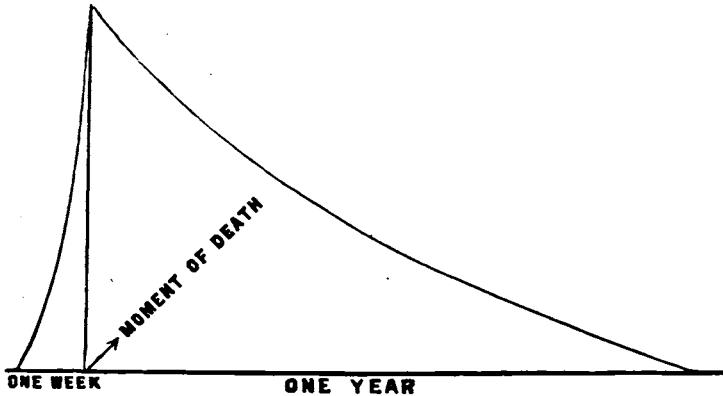
Mr. R. died (as Mrs. Bacchus has ascertained for us), August 30th, 1865.

* * * * *

Thus far Mr. Gurney had written when he read the above paper at the General Meeting of the Society for Psychical Research in January, 1888. The paper was not yet, in his eyes, complete; and two of the cases which he quotes (the Tyre case and Mrs. Bacchus' case) will suggest to the reader that he had not as yet decided over *how long a period* after death he should allow his examples to range. For in Mrs. Bacchus' case the decedent had been dead for three years when an apparition resembling him was seen, and in the Scotch case the precise date of death is unknown. In editing and supplementing this paper, therefore, it has been necessary to consider what limit of time we should adopt in defining an apparition "occurring soon after death." It is, indeed, manifest that if once we face the supposition that an apparition may be the result of some kind of energy exercised by a decedent whose body is unquestionably dead, we have no logical ground for denying that he may exert a similar energy many years after death. We might therefore include in one and the same class all cases where the proof that a hallucination was not merely subjective depends in some way or other upon the *recognition* of the figure seen; when such recognition satisfies at least one of the three conditions given by Mr. Gurney on page 404. And we might broadly distinguish this class from another main class of Phantasms of the Dead, where there is no recognition of the figure seen, and where, therefore, its evidential quality depends not on its own characteristics, but on the fact of its being seen by several persons, simultaneously or successively (or on certain cognate arguments which need not be here discussed). But if we were in this way to expand the above paper, we should run the risk of losing sight of one of its principal contentions, namely, that "the moment of death is, in time, the central point of a cluster of abnormal experiences occurring at a distance, of which some precede, while others follow the death." And this observation is so important that it seems best to dwell on it here almost exclusively, and to avoid the danger of obscuring it with other matter.

It might conduce to a clearer view of the facts if we could draw a curve, showing the proportionate number of apparitions observed at various periods before and after death. It would then be seen that they increase very rapidly for the few hours which precede death, and decrease gradually during the hours and days which follow. In the present state of our evidence, however, and considering all the problems involved, there would perhaps be an affectation of more exactness than we can actually attain, were we to set forth such a curve, embodying the dates, in reference to death, of all the cases as yet received by us.

It may be enough to say, generally, that if the length of the base-line represents a year, and the point with the highest ordinate the moment of death, the comparative frequency of veridical apparitions might be somewhat as follows :—



That is to say, the recognised apparitions decrease rapidly in the few days after death, then more slowly; and after about a year's time they become so sporadic that we can no longer include them in a steadily descending line. It may be convenient, therefore, to restrict our additional examples to cases occurring less than a year after death; and we may arrange them, as far as possible, in an order determined by the progressive length of the interval between the death and the apparition.

Yet one more point must first be touched on, to avoid misconception of the phrase just cited, that "the moment of death is the centre of a cluster of abnormal experiences, of which some precede, while others follow the death." Mr. Gurney, of course, did not mean to assume that the act of death itself was the cause of all these experiences. Those which occur before death may be caused or conditioned, not by the death itself, but by the abnormal state, as of coma, delirium, &c., which preceded the death. This we say because we have many instances where veridical phantasms have coincided with moments of *crisis*,—carriage-accidents and the like,—occurring to distant agents, but not followed by death. Accordingly we find that in almost all cases where a phantasm, apparently veridical, has *preceded* the agent's death, that death was the result of disease and not of accident. To this rule there are very few exceptions. There is a case given in *Phantasms of the Living* [Vol. II. p. 52] where the phantasm seems on the evidence to have preceded by about half an hour (longitude allowed for) a sudden death by drowning. In this case the percipient was in a Norfolk farm-

house, the drowning man—or agent—was in a storm off the island of Tristan d'Acunha ; and we have suggested that an error of clocks or of observation may account for the discrepancy. In another case the death was in a sense a violent one, for it was a suicide ; but the morbidly excited state of the girl a few hours before death—when her phantasm was seen—was in itself a state of crisis. But there are also a few recorded cases (none of which were cited in *Phantasms of the Living*), where a phantasm or double of some person has been observed some days previous to that person's accidental death. The cases of this sort as yet received have been too few to enable me to deal with them here ; but if such "doubles" should be held to bear any real relation to the impending death, an alteration would have to be made in the curve above suggested.

Thus much it has seemed needful to say in order to explain the difficulty of representing by any one curved line the true time-relations involved in this complex matter. We now proceed briefly to review some of the cases where the interval between death and phantasm has been measurable by minutes or hours.

It is not easy to get definite cases where the interval has been measurable by *minutes* ; for if the percipient is at a distance from the agent we can seldom be sure that the clocks at both places have been correct, and correctly observed ; while if he is *present* with the agent we can rarely be sure that the phantasm observed is more than a mere subjective hallucination. Thus we have several accounts of a rushing sound heard by the watcher of a dying man just after his apparent death, or of some kind of luminosity observed near his person ; but this is just the moment when we may suppose some subjective hallucination likely to occur, and if one person's senses alone are affected we cannot allow much evidential weight to the occurrence. I may add that one of our cases [II., p. 639] is remarkable in that the auditory hallucination—a sound as of female voices gently singing—was heard by five persons,—by four of them, as it seems, independently,—and in two places, on different sides of the house. At the same time, one person,—the Eton master whose mother had just died, and who was therefore presumably in a frame of mind more prone to hallucination than the physician, matron, friend, or servants who actually did hear the singing,—himself heard nothing at all. In this case the physician felt no doubt that Mrs. L. was actually dead ; and in fact it was during the laying out of the body that the sounds occurred. In including this case and similar ones in *Phantasms of the Living*, Mr. Gurney expressly stated [II., pp. 190-2], that he did so because in his view they involved at least an element of thought-transference between the living minds of the percipients, whatever other influence may or may not have proceeded from the deceased person. But if

we are finding reason to suppose that the decedent's power of influencing other minds may persist after death, it seems reasonable to dwell on that aspect of such an incident as this.¹

There are some other circumstances also in which, in spite of the fact that the death is already known, a hallucination occurring shortly afterwards may have some slight evidential value. Thus we have a case where a lady who knew that her sister had died a few hours previously, but who was not herself in any morbidly excited condition, seemed to see someone enter her own dining-room, opening and shutting the door. The percipient (who had never had any other hallucination) was much astonished when she found no one in the dining-room, but it did not till some time afterwards occur to her that the incident could be in any way connected with her recent loss. This reminds us of a case [II., p. 694], where the Rev. R. M. Hill sees a tall figure rush into the room, which alarms and surprises him, then vanishes before he has time to recognise it. An uncle, a tall man, dies about that moment, and it is remarked that although Mr. Hill knew his uncle to

¹ The *Proceedings* of the American Society for Psychical Research (Part IV., p. 406) contain a case where a physician and his wife, sleeping in separate but adjoining rooms, are both of them awakened by a bright light. The physician sees a figure standing in the light; his wife, who gets up to see what the light in her husband's room may be, does not reach that room till the figure has disappeared. The figure is not clearly identified, but has some resemblance to a patient of the physician's, who has died suddenly (from hemorrhage) about 3 hours, before calling for her doctor, who did not anticipate this sudden end. Even this resemblance did not strike the percipient until after he knew of the death, and the defect in *recognition* has prevented me from quoting this case at length.

In the same volume (p. 443) is another case, which, although remote and uncorroborated, possesses considerable interest. I will summarise it here; but readers interested in the subject should read the *Report on Phantasms and Presentiments and Appendix*, a group of narratives which abundantly testify to the zeal of Mr. Hodgson and his coadjutors in the task of collection:—

Mr. Ira Sayles, of Washington, D.C., Geologist U.S. Geological Survey, states that one day in the spring of 1857 his near neighbour and intimate friend, Mrs. Stewart (now dead) told him that on the night previous she had awoke her husband (now dead) with a scream. "What is the matter?" said he. "Why don't you see Johnny there? He says to me, 'Mother, they've shot me. The bullet entered right here;'" and he pointed to a hole right over his right eye." Mr. Stewart replied, "I don't see anything—you've been dreaming." "No, I have not been dreaming. I was as wide awake as I am now." This Johnny was a son who had gone with a friend to Kansas—"then in a state of belligerent excitement over the status of the incipient State on the Slavery and Free-soil issue." The mother was consequently very anxious about him, but the young man himself wrote in a sanguine tone. A fortnight after the vision Johnny's friend returned from Kansas, and told Mrs. Stewart "that on a certain day, at 4 p.m., a Missourian shot Johnny, the ball entering his head just above his right eye. Moreover, the day of the shooting proved to be the very day on which Mrs. Stewart had her vision, at night, about six hours after the shooting."

Mr. Sayles' evidence, it will be seen, is equal to first-hand; but an independent corroboration of the date and manner of death is much to be desired.

be ill, the anxiety which he may have felt would hardly have given rise to an unrecognised and formidable apparition.

There are cases also where a percipient who has had an apparition of a friend shortly after that friend's known death has had *veridical* hallucinations at other times, and has never had any hallucination of purely subjective origin. Such a percipient may naturally suppose that his apparition of the departed friend possessed the same veridical character which was common to the rest—although it was not *per se* evidential, since the fact of the death was already known.

For the present, however, it will be better to return to the cases which are free from this important *primâ facie* drawback—cases where the percipient was at any rate unaware that the death, which the phantasm seemed to indicate, had in fact taken place.

In the first place, there are a few cases where a percipient is informed of a death by a veridical phantasm, and then, some hours afterwards, a similar phantasm—differing perhaps in detail—recurs.

Such was the case of Archdeacon Farler [I., p. 414], who *twice* during one night saw the dripping figure of a friend who, as it turned out, had been drowned during the previous day. Even the first appearance was several hours after the death, but this we might explain by the latency of the impression till a season of quiet. The second appearance may have been a kind of recrudescence of the first; but if the theory of latency be discarded, so that the *first* appearance (if more than a mere chance-coincidence) is held to depend upon some energy excited by the decedent after death, it would afford some ground for regarding the *second* appearance as also veridical. The figure in this case was once more seen, a fortnight later; and on this occasion, as Archdeacon Farler informs me, in ordinary garb, with no special trace of accident.

A similar repetition occurs (as noted by Mr. Gurney, Vol. I., p. 237, note) in the cases of Major Moncrieff [I., p. 414]; of Mr. Keulemans [I., p. 444] (where the second phantasm was held by the percipient to convey a fresh veridical picture); of Mr. Hernaman [I., p. 561], where, however, the agent is *alive*, though dying, at the time of each appearance; in the case of Mrs. Ellis, [II., p. 59]; in the case of Mrs. D., [II., p. 467]; of Mrs. Fairman, [II., p. 482], and of Mr. F. J. Jones, [II., p. 500], where the death was again due to drowning, and the act of dying cannot, therefore, have been very prolonged. We may note also Mrs. Reed's case, [II., p. 237], where a phantom is seen three times, the first two visions being apparently about the time of death, the third, (occurring to a different percipient, whether *independently* or not is not clear,) a few hours later. And in Captain Ayre's case, [II., p. 256], a phantom seen by one percipient at about the time of the agent's death,

is followed by hallucinatory *sounds* heard by the same and by another percipient for some three hours longer, till the news of the death arrives. In the case of Mrs. Cox, again, [II., p. 235], a child sees a phantom at about 9 p.m. and Mrs. Cox sees the same figure, but in a different attitude, at about midnight; the exact hour of the corresponding death being unknown. In the case of Miss Harriss, [II., p. 117], a hallucinatory *voice*, about the time of the death, but not suggesting the decedent, is followed by a *dream* the next night, which presents the dead person as in the act of dying. One or two other cases might be added to this list; and it is plain that the matter is one towards which observation should be specially directed.

Turning now to the cases where the phantasm is not repeated, but occurs some hours after death, let us take a few narratives where the interval of time is pretty certain, and consider how far the hypothesis of *latency* looks probable in each instance.

Where there is no actual hallucination, but only a feeling of unique malaise or distress, following at a few hours' interval on a friend's death at a distance,—as in the Rev. J. M. Wilson's case, [I., p. 280]—it is very hard to picture to ourselves what has taken place. Some injurious shock communicated to the percipient's brain at the moment of the agent's death may conceivably have slowly worked itself into consciousness. The delay may have been due (so to say) to physiological rather than to psychical causes.

Next take a case like that of Captain Wheatcroft, [I., p. 420], or of Mrs. Evens, [II., p. 690], or Mr. Wingfield Baker, [I., p. 199], or Sister Bertha, [I., p. 522, note], where a definite hallucination of sight or sound occurs some hours after the death, but in the middle of the night. It is in a case of this sort that we can most readily suppose that a "telepathic impact" received during the day has lain dormant until other excitations were hushed, and has externalised itself as a hallucination after the first sleep, just as when we wake from a first sleep some subject of interest or anxiety, which has been thrust out of our thoughts during the day, will often well upwards into consciousness with quite a new distinctness and force. But on the other hand, in the case (for instance) of Mrs. Teale, [II. p. 693], there is a deferment of some eight hours, and then the hallucination occurs while the percipient is sitting wide awake, in the middle of her family. And in one of the most remarkable dream-cases in our collection, [I., p. 370], Mrs. Storie's experience does not resemble the mere emergence of a latent impression. It is long and complex, and suggests some sort of clairvoyance;—but if it be "telepathic clairvoyance"—that is, a picture transferred from the decedent's mind,—then it almost requires us to suppose that a *post-mortem* picture was thus transferred;—a view of the accident and its consequences *fuller* than any which could have flashed through the dying

man's mind during his moment of sudden and violent death from "the striking off of the top of the skull" by a railway-train.

If once we assume that the decedent's mind could continue to act on living persons after his bodily death, then the confused horror of the series of pictures which were presented to Mrs. Storie's view,—mixed, it should be said, with an element of *fresh departure* which there was nothing in the accident itself to suggest,—would correspond well enough to what one can imagine a man's feelings a few hours after such a death to be. This is trespassing, no doubt, on hazardous ground; but if once we admit communication from the other side of death as a working hypothesis, we must allow ourselves to imagine something as to the attitude of the communicating mind; and the least violent supposition will be that that mind is still in part at least occupied with the same thoughts which last occupied it on earth. The case, cited by Mr. Gurney, of the gardener Bard and Mrs. de Freville well illustrates this view. And it is possible that there may be some interpretation of this kind for some of the cases where a funeral scene, or a dead body, is what the phantasm presents. In the remarkable case [I., p. 265] where a lady—about ten hours after the death—sees the body of a well-known London physician lying in a bare unfurnished room (a cottage-hospital abroad), the description, as we have it, would certainly fit best with some kind of telepathic clairvoyance, prolonged after death;—some power on the decedent's part to cause the percipient to share the picture which might at that moment be occupying his own mind.

This view will sometimes be hardly distinguishable from the view taken in *Phantasms of the Living*—that the coffin and other signs of death form a symbolism, in which the *percipient's* mind may embody the obscure and painful shock. It is not quite clear whether in any of our cases a coffin was seen before the body can possibly have been placed in a coffin. In Colonel Jones's incident, however [I., p. 551], this probably happened. I subjoin a narrative, which we owe to the kindness of Colonel Crealock, C.B., in which the origin of the phantom's dramatic action—whether in the agent's or in the percipient's mind—may be fairly debated.

IX.—The following account is extracted from Vol. I., No. 4 (April, 1885), of *I'm Ninety-Five*, the Regimental newspaper of the 2nd Battalion, Derbyshire Regiment. The account is by Colonel J. N. Crealock, C.B., who has supplemented it by letters cited below.

The incident occurred on the night after the battle of Ulundi, July, 1879:—

As we approached the river (Umvobosi) the two Zulu servants of Mr. D. came to ask me where their master was. I told them I had not seen him since the close of the battle, but that he would no doubt soon turn up. I

imagined then that he was seeking for information from the wounded Zulus. That evening I dined with Sir Evelyn Wood, and about 10 retired to our part of the bivouac. . . .

Light were my slumbers in those days. About midnight something wakened me up. From habit, one used to wake up with every sense alive, so I am convinced I was not in any half-sleeping state. Rising, I looked towards figures near me, and fifth in the row of sleeping forms I saw Mr. D. stooping down and rolling up his bedding, which his two native servants then removed. I thought it odd his taking his bed away, but I lay down again and slept undisturbed until daybreak.

As we were starting the next morning the Adjutant-General asked me if I knew that Mr. D. had passed the previous night in Colonel Buller's camp. [This, as it turned out, was a mere mistake.] I said I had heard nothing of him or his doings, but had seen him during the night come and take his bed away from our resting-place.

On arriving at our camping ground, Mr. D.'s servants came to ask where their master's tent was to be pitched; they also inquired if I knew where he was. I felt rather astonished at this, and said, "Why ask me? I have not seen him to speak to for 24 hours, and you were with him when he took his bed away." Longeast, our interpreter, here explained that they had not seen him since the battle, and had never touched his bed or visited his usual sleeping-place as I had described. I now wrote to Colonel Buller to ask him if he had been in his lines, as believed by the Adjutant-General. The answer came, "He has not been seen since the battle."

I was now fairly puzzled, and went to report the matter to Lord Chelmsford. His servants, with some Basutos, were now sent back to the scene of the fight to search for any traces of him. Nothing was heard of him; until a few days later the natives in one or two kraals, some 50 miles away from Ulundi, told Lord Chelmsford that a fair white man without hair on his face, and in a blue coat, had been killed beyond the kraal of Ulundi, and that he had ridden a chestnut horse. His lordship now recalled to me that I had reported to him I had seen a white man, on a chestnut horse, riding in that direction. We felt sure this must be D., and six weeks later, when Sir Garnet Wolseley visited Ulundi, his body was found as described. There cannot be any sort of doubt but that he met his death about noon the day of Ulundi, and that he had been dead 12 hours when I saw him come to his usual resting-place at headquarters. The absolute belief I had in having seen him that night prevented his being searched for for 18 hours.

Colonel Crealock adds:—

A. Q. M. General's Hut, North Camp, Aldershot.

July 21st, 1888.

I had gone through 20 months of dangers and hard work, and was not by any means an overstrung or over-excited person, and the poor fellow who was killed (a son of Lord —) was no friend of mine, although, I verily believe, he had more feeling for me than for any other man in South Africa, excepting Lord Chelmsford.

And again, November 6th, 1888, in answer to inquiries :—

The camp was moved at daybreak. I know nothing of the bedding. There was not the least reason why I should notice it, and no trace of a suspicion that there was trouble about this gentleman. I have no sort of reason to think the bedding was removed. I have never had any sort of hallucination, and am rather a sceptic in such matters.

I have no proof that he died at any particular time. I have ocular proof he was riding into danger at noon ; we know he fell into the hands of the Zulus, and we know his body was found not above a mile from where I saw him, but whether he lived up to midnight—tortured or not—we have no proof.

The introduction of the subordinate figures here does not, I think, tell strongly for one interpretation rather than another. They form part of a dream-imagery which may have originated either with Colonel Crealock or with the decedent himself. There is nothing improbable in the supposition that after so sudden a change of condition as death must involve the thoughts of the departed may long remain confused ; or, on the other hand, his communications with the world which he has quitted may perhaps themselves be necessarily of a dream-like character.

X.—It may be remembered that in *Phantasms of the Living* a case of Dr. Liébeault's was given where planchette-writing announced a death which seems to have occurred almost at the moment of the writing. As a parallel to that case I here introduce one where the message—as we are told—was written some five hours after the death. The message, no doubt, comes ostensibly from an intelligence other than that of the decedent ; but I need hardly here repeat that the authorship which automatic messages claim for themselves is by no means to be taken for granted. Our best means of judging whence such messages come is by scrutinising the information which they contain.

PSYCHISCHE STUDIEN, *February*, 1889. Pp. 67-69.

Under the heading of "Communications of Facts unknown to the Medium and to the Sitters," the Editor (M. Alexander Aksakow, well known to me) gives the following case, which he has recommended to me as carefully established.

On January 19th, 1887, I received a visit from the engineer officer Kaigorodow, who resides in Wilna. He narrated to me the following circumstances. He had as governess for his children, Mademoiselle Emma Stramm, a Swiss, from the town of Neufchatel, who possessed the gift of automatic writing. At a séance held at nine o'clock on the evening of January 15th at the house of Colonel Kaigorodow at Wilna, the following communication was given in French in his presence. I have been shown the original, and quote this from a copy of it. The medium, who was in her normal state, asked :—

"Is Lydia here ?" (This was a personality which had manifested itself at previous sittings.)

“No, Louis is here, and wishes to impart a piece of news (*Neuigkeit*) to his sister.” [Louis was the name of a deceased brother.]

“What is it?”

“A person of thy acquaintance passed away (*ist fort*) about three o'clock to-day.”

“What am I to understand by this?”

“That is to say,—he is dead.”

“Who?”

“August Duvanel.”

“What was his illness?”

“The formation of a clot of blood (*Blutstockung*). Pray for the redemption of his soul.”

Two weeks later, Colonel Kaigorodow, who was again in Petersburg, showed me a letter from David Stramm, the father of the medium, dated from Neufchatel, on January 18th, 1887 (new style); thus written three days after the death of Duvanel. This letter was received at Wilna on January 23rd. In it her father informs her of the event in the following words. I copy them literally from the original:—

“My much loved daughter. . . . I will now tell thee a great piece of news (*Neuigkeit*). August Duvanel died on January 15th, about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was, so to speak, a sudden death, for he had only been ill a few hours. He was attacked by blood-clotting when he was at the bank. He spoke very little, and everything that he said was for thee. . . . He commended himself to thy prayers. These were his last words.”

The difference in time between Wilna and Switzerland is about an hour. It would thus be four o'clock in Wilna when Duvanel's death occurred, and five hours later this piece of news was communicated by automatic writing.

But who was Duvanel? And why should his death be “a great piece of news” for Mademoiselle Emma Stramm? In reply to questions which I put to him in writing, Colonel Kaigorodow gave me the following explanation:—“When Mademoiselle Emma Stramm lived with her parents in Neufchatel, this Herr Duvanel wanted to marry her. But he was met with a decided refusal on the part of the young lady. As her parents, on the other hand, were in favour of the marriage, and endeavoured to persuade her to consent to it, she resolved to leave her fatherland and take a situation as a governess. The last communication she had with Duvanel was some time before her departure in the year 1881. She did not keep up any correspondence with him. She had seen Duvanel's family only two or three times in all. A year after her departure he left Neufchatel, and remained in Canton Zurich until his death.”¹

We may now pass on to cases where the interval between the death and the phantasms seems gradually extended beyond what the *possible latency* of the impression could explain.

In Mr. Grant's case [II., p. 688], we get an interval after death probably of some 18 hours, and after that interval not a phantom but a mere impression of presence, though a very definite impression. In Mr.

¹ As we go to press, we receive further particulars corroborating this case, but introducing fresh perplexity into its interpretation.

H. E. M.'s case [II., p. 702], a dream which comes a few hours after the death is followed some 20 hours later by a phantom seen with waking eyes. The *reinforcement* of the impression here is a notable feature, and would be at least consistent with continued activity on the decedent's part.

We next find one or two cases where a figure has appeared shortly after death to some person who did not know the decedent when alive. In such cases there can seldom be anything approaching certainty as to the recognition; but when the hallucination is a unique event in the percipient's experience, and the figure is described by him without suggestion from persons who knew the decedent, the coincidence seems strong. In the following case (though it is somewhat remote, and corroboration is not now attainable), there is a coincidence sufficiently marked to deserve record. The writer (who wishes his name reserved) is a friend of Mr. Howe, a barrister, of Devereux-court, Strand, to whom we owe this case:—

22nd February, 1882.

XI.—MY DEAR HOWE,—Here are the facts. They are quite at your service. I should, however, prefer that my name was not mentioned.

It is now 15 years or more ago I went to visit a friend living with his sisters near Kilburn. Being very hot weather, I went in a hansom, without top coat. The young ladies went early to bed, and I and my friend, a young barrister, since dead, sat up till about midnight. We then found it was raining terrifically. As no cab could be got I reluctantly availed myself of the invitation to stay all night. A bed, I was told, was ready. This I took, and went to bed, and leaving alight a small bead of gas, and, having locked my door, went to sleep. Shortly afterwards I awoke, and saw in the dim light a girl brushing her hair. I coughed—no result. I jumped out in a little of a fright, and caught nothing. Turning up the gas, I tossed about until daylight. In the morning I told F——, expecting to be laughed at. He, however, whistled low, and said, "For God's sake don't tell my sisters. Their governess and companion slept in that room, and her body was removed by her friends the day of your arrival. They, of course, will assume you have seen her." My description, of course, seemed to fit. An optical illusion probably. Still it is curious that my only optical delusion should occur on the only occasion when I slept under such conditions. I had drunk one or two glasses of sherry, nothing more, and I was absolutely ignorant of the existence of a governess or companion. I knew nothing whatever concerning the young ladies to whom I was that night introduced. Here is all the story. It impressed me a good deal.

We cannot, of course, insist on the details in an uncorroborated account like this. It is possible, for instance, that the death may not have been quite so recent as represented.

The case of the Rev. G. Lewis (quoted in *Proceedings* III., p. 93) somewhat resembles this; but presents the new feature that, although

the percipient was not acquainted with the decedent, the decedent on his part had died in a state of anxiety to see the percipient.

Curiously similar is the case of the Rev. A. Bellamy [II., p. 216, note], where again the percipient was not acquainted with the decedent, but the decedent on her part had made a "compact" to appear if possible to the percipient's *wife*, who was, in fact, in the same room with the percipient, but asleep.

Again, there are a few cases where a vision of a person known to be dead has been shared by more than one percipient. A singular case of this kind is that of Captain Towns [I., p. 213], where seven persons perceived the same phantasmal figure. A similar one may be added here, where there were two percipients. It must be remembered, however, that in such cases Mr. Gurney thought it possible that a merely subjective hallucination might be communicated, by a species of *infection*, from one percipient to another.

XII.—From Mrs. Judd, sister to Miss Harris, Associate S. P. R., through whose kindness the account is obtained.

August 6th, 1885.

My grandmother was a tall, stately, and handsome woman, even at an advanced age. She was one of the Gastrells, an old and aristocratic family. Her latter years were spent with my mother (her daughter), and in her 84th year she died. She had suffered long; she had attained a great age; therefore, though we missed her, our grief was not of that poignant and excessive kind which produces hallucination.

My sister and myself had always slept in a room adjoining hers, and—for want of space in her apartment—there stood by our bedside a large old-fashioned clock, which had been presented to our grandmother on her wedding-day. More precious than gold was this old clock to her heart; "by it," she often said, "have I hundreds of times watched the slow hours pass in my early married days when my husband had to leave me; by it have I timed the children's return from school"; and she begged us, her grandchildren, to leave our bedroom door unlocked at night that she might consult the old clock when she rose each morning. We have often opened our sleepy eyes at four on a summer morning and smiled to see the stately figure already there. For up to the last illness she retained the habits of her youth, and rose at what we deemed fearfully primitive hours.

About three weeks after her death I awoke one morning in October, and saw distinctly the well-known tall figure, the calm old face, the large dark eyes uplifted as usual to the face of the old clock. I closed my eyes for some seconds, and then slowly reopened them. She stood there still. A second time I closed my eyes, a second time opened them. She was gone.

I was looked upon by my family in those days, and particularly by the sister who shared my room, as romantic. Therefore I carefully kept to myself the vision of the morning and pondered over it alone.

At night, however, when we were once more preparing for rest, my sister—my eminently practical and unromantic sister—spoke to me. "I

cannot go to bed without telling you something, only don't laugh, for I am really frightened; I saw grandmamma this morning!" I was amazed. I inquired of her the hour, what the vision was like, where it stood, what it was doing, &c., and I found that in every respect her experience was similar to mine. She had preserved silence all day for fear of ridicule.

I may add that we even now speak of this incident with awe, though 20 long years have since passed over our heads, and we invariably end by saying, each of us, "It was very strange; it is impossible to understand it."

CAROLINE JUDD.

In reply to our request for an account of the incident from the other percipient, Mrs. Judd wrote:—

72, Upper Gloucester-place, Dorset-square.

I send you herewith all that my sister, Mrs. Dear, recalls of the vision, doubly seen, of our late grandmother. She objects to the weariness of composition, therefore I took down her reminiscences, and she signed it as true.

CAROLINE JUDD.

Some years ago, a few months after the death of my grandmother, I awoke in the dim light just before dawn, to see an appearance exactly like her standing in the old accustomed place from whence, when alive, she was wont to consult an old clock, her own property, at very early hours. I said nothing to anyone till we retired again for the night, when I found to my surprise, my sister, who slept with me, had seen the same appearance at the same time.

MARY DEAR.

Miss Harris confirms the above account as follows:—

Bewel, Alfrick, near Worcester.

August 20th [1885].

Both sisters mentioned seeing my grandmother the day of the apparition before father and mother, then alive, and myself. I think she must have died about 1866, but I was then very young, and can't remember exactly. I will find out if it is important, but my sisters have often mentioned it since.

ANNIE HARRIS.

Somewhat similar is the following case, where a dream of one percipient's seems to have coincided with a hallucination seen by the other in a waking state. The *recognition*, however, by the waking percipient was rather one of impression than of actual vision.

XIII.—This case was received on April 10th, 1889, by Mrs. Sidgwick, from a lady known to her, and who had previously given her the same account *vidæ voce*.

The following circumstance happened in the autumn of 1874:—

A near relation of mine had been engaged to an officer, who died abroad in the summer of that year under rather painful circumstances, and the lady in question was for long afterwards in a very low state of health and

spirits. That winter especially her nervousness and depression caused much anxiety to her friends, and was the reason why the incident which I am about to relate was never mentioned to her, and therefore makes it impossible for me to give the names of the persons concerned in it now.

I was sharing her room, and one night we had gone to bed as usual. Her bed was beside mine and opposite both was the fireplace. She had been asleep some time, but I was still lying awake, the room being lighted by the fire only, when I became conscious of a figure standing at the foot of her bed. I am very short-sighted, and do not see well even at a short distance, but I received at the time the distinct impression that this was the figure of her *fiancé*, dressed in uniform.

I have no remembrance of being startled or surprised, only of the distinct impression that this figure stood there, and was that of this gentleman. It seemed to fade away, and I should have thought no more of the occurrence except as a half-dream or fancy, when my companion suddenly woke up, crying bitterly, and said, "Oh, A., I thought I saw M. standing at the foot of my bed." I endeavoured to soothe her, and carefully refrained from telling her what I had myself seen, fearing the effect upon her in her nervous state, but the impression at the time and since has always been most distinct, that I saw exactly what I have described.

The narrative next to be given is curious in more than one respect. In the first place, it shows on what a mere chance the evidential quality of any case may depend. Here we have a child of eight, who, in the midst of her grief for her mother's death, sees that mother's form standing by her bedside. Had this been all, we should, of course, have classed the hallucination as purely subjective. But it chanced that the child's scream was heard by two other persons, and that those persons, rushing to the room, shared, as it appears, in the vision. And the evidence of one of these witnesses—coming to us at second-hand, indeed, but through a second channel, as well as through the child herself—gives to the child's first-hand evidence a value which it could never have possessed but for the accident that the scream was so quickly heard and answered.

In the second place, we have here another case where a *compact* was made by the decedent to appear, if possible, to a friend (Lady E.) who is still living.¹ That compact was not, strictly speaking, fulfilled (though Lady E. eagerly expected it); but the decedent appeared to others, two of whom at least were wholly unaware that any such compact had been made. This resembles the case already mentioned in the present paper, where the decedent, who appeared to the Rev. A. Bellamy, had made a compact,—not with himself, to whom she was a stranger, but with his wife.

We have already remarked several times that cases where an apparition follows on a compact (the death not being known to the percipient) are commoner than mere chance (so far as we can judge)

¹ It is not certain whether the decedent made a similar promise to her husband.

could account for; and it seems possible that such a compact, suggesting to the decedent the wish to cause some apparition, may sometimes induce an apparition seen by some percipient other than the friend with whom the compact was made.

XIV.—The following account comes from a lady known to me, who prefers that her name should not be given.

March, 1889.

My mother died on the 24th of June, 1874, at a house called The Hunter's Palace, Silima, Malta, where we were then residing for her health. She had always a great fear of being buried alive, and extracted a promise from my father that wherever she died he should not allow her to be buried for a week, and I remember we had to get special permission, as it is the custom to bury within three days in a hot climate. The third day after death was the last time I saw her, and I then went into the room with my father, and we cut off all her hair, which was very long and curly. I have no remembrance of being at all nervous or in the least frightened. On the seventh day after death she was buried, and it was on that night she appeared to me. I slept in a little dressing-room opening out of the larger nursery, which, like many old houses, had two steps leading into it. The smoking-room, where my father generally spent his evenings, was across the hall, and my little room also had a door opening on to the hall, so that it was not necessary for me to go through the nursery, where my two little brothers slept, to get out. On this particular evening the weather was stiflingly hot, and intensely still. I had been put to bed earlier than usual, and had no light in the room; the Venetian shutters were open as far as they would go, and the night was so beautiful that the room was quite light. The door into the nursery was only partially closed, and I could see the nurse's shadow as she leaned over her work, and I gazed at the shadow of her hand moving up and down with an irritating regularity until I fell asleep. I seemed to have been sleeping some time when I woke, and turning over on the other side towards the window saw my mother standing by my bedside crying and wringing her hands. I had not been awake long enough to remember that she was dead and exclaimed quite naturally (for she often came in when I was asleep) "Why, dear, what's the matter?" and then suddenly remembering I screamed. The nurse sprang up from the next room, but on the top step flung herself on her knees, and began to tell her beads and cry. My father at the same moment arrived at the opposite door, and I heard his sudden exclamation of "Julia, darling!" My mother turned towards him, and then to me, and wringing her hands again retreated towards the nursery and was lost. The nurse afterwards declared that she distinctly felt something pass her, but she was in such a state of abject terror that her testimony is quite worthless. My father then ordered her out of the room, and telling me that I had only been dreaming stayed until I fell asleep. The next day, however, he told me that he too had seen the vision, and that he hoped to do so again, and that if ever she came to see me again I was not to be frightened, but to tell her that "papa wanted to speak to her," which I faithfully promised to do, but I need scarcely say that she never appeared again.

What has struck me as curious since then is that I saw her as she usually came to see me the last thing at night, dressed in a white flannel dressing-gown trimmed with a band of scarlet braid and her long hair loose and flowing. She was *not* buried in that dressing-gown, and we had cut off all her hair. Years afterwards, when we were speaking of it, my father told me that she had always promised to come back after death if such a thing were possible. That being the case it is curious that she should have appeared to me. The nurse from that time forward refused to sit alone in the nursery, and predicted no end of dreadful things as likely to happen, but when a few weeks afterwards I sickened for a long and serious illness she was quite satisfied. She was a Maltese and when we left the island we quite lost sight of her. My father died just three years ago, so that I am now the only eye-witness left. My father's second wife has, however, heard the story from him, and will sign this.

L. H.

M. S. H.

In reply to further inquiries, Miss H. adds :—

March 11th, 1889.

1. I have no newspaper cutting which has the notice of my mother's death in it, or a memorial card. I have a photograph of her tomb, which bears the date of death, June 24th, 1874, and I enclose you an envelope containing some of her hair, which my father fastened up on the morning of the funeral, and which I found among his papers after his death, and have never opened.¹

2. I was eight years old on the 13th of June, 1874.

3. I have never had any hallucination of any kind, nor am I in the very least nervous. My father never had any other hallucination that I know of, that is, I never heard him mention any.

4. Neither my father nor nurse ever hinted at such an idea [as that of a possible re-appearance of the dead]. My nurse indeed was a Roman Catholic, uneducated, and very superstitious. But, of course, any mention of my mother at that time resulted in tears, which both my nurse and father naturally wished to avoid, so that I am *quite sure* such an idea was never suggested to me.

5. I have no contemporary evidence of any kind. My father never mentioned the story to anyone out of the family, and quite his favourite motto was : "If no one would keep a diary, and if every one would burn their letters, there would be nothing for the lawyers to do."

Lady E. (also known to me) writes as follows :—

March, 1889.

Mrs. H. was one of my most intimate friends for many years, and she and I made a compact that whoever died first should, if possible, appear to the survivor. When I heard of her death (by telegraph on the very day) I sat up all night hoping to see her, but saw and heard nothing. Years afterwards her daughter told me that she and a Maltese nurse and her father had all three seen my departed friend, in the child's bedroom,—she seeing the figure first, then the nurse and father rushing in at her scream and seeing it also.

¹ This packet is dated June 30th 1874.

XV.—The following case has reached me since the rest of this paper was in print, and is as yet somewhat incomplete. The initials given are not the true ones.

It will be seen that the evidential value of the case depends on the fact that there were at least four independent percipients, as well as certain phenomena observed by more than one person simultaneously. The experience of each percipient severally might have been explained as a merely subjective hallucination,—the view very naturally taken by Miss A., whose account is placed first below. But such a collection of independent subjective hallucinations, all suggesting the same decedent (partly by aspect and partly by locality), would be, so far as I know, an unparalleled group of coincidences. The first appearance was a few weeks after the death; the others followed at more than a year's interval. Mrs. X. died in the town of Z., at 4 p.m., September 18th, 1886.

The first person to observe any unusual appearance was Miss A. a cousin of the decedent's), who writes as follows, under date March 4th, 1889:—

I have always put down what I saw to shaken nerves and debility [induced partly by the shock of being present at her cousin's sudden death]. It was about six weeks after her death that I woke up with a feeling of some one being in the room with me, and looking across the room I saw [Mrs. X.] sitting upon the rocking-chair in the window, in a white dressing gown, with ruffles round the neck. She had her face turned towards me and I saw her distinctly; the fright made me close my eyes, and when I opened them again she was gone. About a fortnight after that I again woke at 4 a.m. with the same feeling, and there was [Mrs. X.] sitting in the same chair. I looked hard at her this time, and she rose, crossed the room to the side of the bed, and with one hand (the left) drew back the curtain. I sat up in bed in terror, and cried out, "Oh—! what do you want?" She bent down and said quite distinctly, "Three days, only three days." And then she vanished. I rose in terror and lighted the gas and searched all round, but found nothing. It made me quite ill and hysterical, and, at last, I got the doctor, but I have never seen her since. Of course, I have heard all the talk in the family about her being constantly seen lately, but I have never said a word.

These apparitions—the only ones where the figure has been recognised—occurred in a house at a little distance from that where Mrs. X. died. The other manifestations have all been in Mr. X.'s house.

The next percipient was Mr. X. himself, who writes under date March 5th, 1889:—

About 12 months ago [March, 1888] I retired to rest as customary about 11 to 11.30. I sleep next to the door, and with my son, four years old, I locked my door, which is my custom to do, and extinguished my light. I was awakened by an unusual knocking, which appeared not very far distant from me. I opened my eyes, which were turned towards the door, and to my

surprise saw distinctly a figure which appeared to be a woman in night attire (I could not distinguish anything like features); it was standing erect close to the bedside, when I saw it. I appeared to be quite paralysed, and quite cold. I closed my eyes and opened them several times, seeing the same apparition in the same position, without any alteration, again closing my eyes and when opening saw the apparition had vanished. I remained still very cold (which appeared to me a few minutes) before I felt a glow of warmth, which gave me strength and confidence to move myself on my back to think over what I had seen, when my clock struck three. I then got out of bed and lit my gas, keeping it low (which ever since I always make a practice of doing), and have not seen any such apparition since myself, and it was about three months after this that Miss X. was surprised. Again about five months ago I was awakened out of a sound sleep, by a terrible smashing noise in my room, which sounded as if the globe had fallen off the gas bracket on to the marble-top washstand, and broken to pieces, but as the gas was lit I could see it was not the globe. My little son sleeping with me was also awakened by the same noise, and he inquired from me, "What was that noise, papa?" After a few minutes' lying in silence to consider what it could be, I got out of bed to try and discover what had been broken, turned up the gas, but could not discover anything; the clock showed it was 2.27. I then retired to rest again. The first thing I inquired from Miss B., who occupied the adjoining room, was if she heard any noise in the night, or if anything was broken in her room, and she said no, and I have never yet discovered the cause.

Since this we hear continually footsteps going up and down-stairs, creaking stairs, dining-room door opening slowly from closed to half-way, without any apparitions.

Asked whether the opening of the dining-room door might not be explained by wind or defective fastening, Mr. X. replies:—

"We have never seen such [opening of the door] before or since, and I don't think the wind could effect it in such a manner." "The door was closed 'close to,' but not fastened, and Miss B. and myself, with a lady friend, were sitting in the room, and we were attracted by the door creaking, and we watched it open slowly to about one-third, and it remained so."

There was no light in the room when the figure appeared to Mr. X.

The crashing of glass occurred at 2.27 a.m. on a night in November, 1888. [In this same month Mr. X's elder son, aged ten, who sleeps in a room alone, said that he "had been visited by a figure all in black, which disappeared." This, however, may have been a purely subjective hallucination, as the appearances had probably by this time been much discussed.]

Mr. X. has had no other hallucination of the senses.

The next percipient after Mr. X. was Miss X., sister of the widower, who gives her account as follows:—

February, 1889.

My sister-in-law died in September 1886, and a week after I went to keep house for my brother. I occupied the room she died in, and continued to do so for 13 months, when I returned to my home in Clifton for four months.

During my absence my place was filled by a young lady friend. She left and I returned to my brother's house, and had been there three months. One evening we had been sitting talking downstairs for a long time when I wished good night, and went to bed; sleeping in the room alone. I had just gone to bed, 12.15 o'clock, when a few minutes after I heard a sudden noise which made me open my eyes, and I saw standing by my bed a figure enveloped in white; the hand was put forward, as if attempting to move back the bed-clothes.

In my fright I screamed and threw out my arm towards it, and said, "Who is it? what is it?" It moved back about half a yard; it was then advancing again, when my loud screams brought my brother (who was in the next room) to me. Upon his opening the door and entering the room it disappeared, and I never saw it any more.

My brother then told me he had (during my absence at home) been awakened one night with a cold feeling, and there was a white figure standing by his side which remained some time, then disappeared, and he was very much frightened.

Miss X. has never experienced any other hallucination.

The next person to see the figure was Miss B., who succeeded Miss X. in keeping house for Mr. X. in the spring of 1888. Miss B.'s experiences were in the summer of 1888, but she has not preserved accurate dates.

March 4th, 1889.

I shall feel happy in giving a full account of the apparition I have seen three times in my bedroom, but am afraid it will not be very well explained. The first time the figure, dressed in white, came to the bottom of my bed and stood for a short time; it seemed to me like a woman, rather tall, but was so covered in this white dress that I could not see the head, and during the time it stayed I never took my eyes off, but at last could not tell where it had gone; it went quite quickly. The three times it has appeared to me it has always looked the same, only the last time it came and stood by my side, and although I looked at this figure, and never moved, I could not explain to anyone what it was like. It is now many weeks since I saw it. The other night at the usual time, about 12 o'clock, I heard my door make a noise, but saw nothing. I am not in the least nervous about these things, and should much like to know what it wants.

A figure (it will be perceived) has appeared seven times, to four different persons, excluding the boy of ten. And most of these appearances were so long after the death that it would scarcely be possible to attribute them to the pre-occupation of recent grief. The crashing noise may be compared with General Campbell's experiences, given in the appendix.

XVI.—In another case (where two somewhat similar incidents occurred to the same percipient) her experience on one occasion was to a certain extent shared—though with differences—by a second percipient.

We received the narrative from Miss Lister, whose address is

suppressed only because its publication in the present connection might lead to difficulties, should she ever desire to let her house.

March 8th, 1888.

Some time ago a friend of mine had the misfortune to lose her husband.¹ They had only been married about five years, and she expressed great grief at his loss, and asked me to go and reside with her. . . . I went to her, and stayed six months. One evening, towards the end of that summer, I remarked that I would go upstairs and have a bath. "Do," she replied, "but first I wish you would fetch me that little book I left on the drawing-room table last night." I started without a light (having been naturally fearless all my life, I am accustomed to go about in the dark), opened the drawing-room door, and stood for a minute, thinking where she had placed it, when I saw, to my amazement, her husband, sitting by the table; his elbow was resting on the table close to the book. My first thought was to pretend forgetfulness, my second to tell her what I had seen and return without the book. However, having boasted that I did not know the meaning of fear, I determined to get it, and advanced to the table. He seemed to be smiling, as if he knew my thoughts. I picked up the book and took it to her without saying anything about it; then, going into the bathroom, I soon forgot it. But after being there about 20 minutes I heard my friend go up and open the drawing-room door. I laughed, and listened to hear if he was still there, and very soon heard her run out of the room, and downstairs about four at a time, and ring the dining-room bell furiously. One of the maids came running up. I dressed as quickly as possible and went down to her, and found her looking very white and trembling. "Whatever is the matter?" I said. "I have seen my husband," she replied. "What nonsense," I answered. "Oh, but I have," she continued,— "at least, I didn't actually see him, but he spoke twice to me; I ran out of the room, and he followed and put his cold hand on my shoulder."

Now this seems to me a very strange thing, because I had only seen the gentleman about two or three times, therefore cannot understand his appearing to me, and I certainly was not thinking of him at the time.

The other apparition was of an old lady whom I had never seen, and I only discovered for whom it was intended by describing her to someone who knew her. She appeared to me on several occasions, and I happened to relate this to the gentleman alluded to, who informed me that it was my imagination, and added that if it had been a spirit I should have been too frightened to look long enough to describe its appearance. I told him in reply that I wished someone who had heard the tale would appear to me after their death and see if they could frighten me; and I thought of it when he appeared, and wondered if it had anything to do with my seeing him.

L. A. LISTER.

In reply to inquiries, the narrator says :—

March 13th, 1888.

My reasons for not mentioning the gentleman's name were two-fold.

¹ I have seen his memorial card. His age was 53, and he died April 17th, 1884.—
E. G.

First, because I wrote without the sanction, or, indeed, knowledge, of his wife; secondly, because a family of the name of—now reside there,¹ and they are a very nervous family; if they heard about the apparition they would probably remove. Mr. — died in April, 1884. His appearance was not before the beginning of October. I took no notice of the date, but I had been with his wife to Lowestoft for six weeks. We went on the 19th of August, and returned after Michaelmas Day. This occurred soon after our return.

The old lady's appearance was here. My father purchased the house in June, 1883, from Mrs. —, whose aunt had died here—being found dead in bed one day, having died the night before, all alone. The lodger forced the door, fearing something was the matter; but I was not aware of this till a long time after. This appearance occurred on a special *fête* day at the "Fisheries"—the proceeds of which were, I believe, intended to build a church. Some friends of mine were going, and had tried to persuade me to accompany them, but the house would have been left with no one in it if I had gone. In the afternoon I had been sewing, and drawing my chair close to the window overlooking the garden at the back, I intended working as long as I could see. I sat for a few minutes looking out, and trying to imagine how the exhibition looked, and, upon turning, saw the old lady standing looking at me. "Who can that be?" I thought (and looked out again); "some one must have come here by mistake—possibly a neighbour." I looked at her again, long enough to take in all the details of her costume. Again I turned to the window, wondering whether I had left any of the doors open, and how it was I had not heard her come in. Then thinking how stupid not to ask her, I got up to put the question—but she had gone, as noiselessly as she came. I looked all over the house—in cupboards, under bedsteads, &c., but not a trace of anyone or anything could be found.

The servant I had at that time had been a servant at the house before, I knew; so I resolved (of course without telling her why) to describe the old lady. I made several casual remarks about her, then I said, "I fancy I saw her one day, Phoebe, let me describe her. She was rather short, thin, had brown eyes, a long nose, and wore a black cap with a flower or red bow at the side, a black dress, black mittens, and a white neckerchief, edged with lace, folded cornerways and fastened with a brooch." Phoebe interrupted me several times by saying 'That was her, miss!' and ended by saying she always wore one of those kerchiefs.

About three weeks after, I happened to be again alone, and was hurrying out of the breakfast-room into the room where I had seen her, when, glancing up the staircase, I beheld my old lady coming down. This time she was attired in a lavender dress. I stood at the foot of the stairs, thinking as she passed I would take hold of her. We seemed to be looking at one another for 10 minutes, when she went backwards up the stairs like a human being. I now felt certain someone was playing me a trick (though I had heard no sound); I ran up quickly, but at the turn in the stairs, she vanished. I searched the house as before, with the same result. When Phoebe returned, I said, "Did Miss S— ever wear a lavender-coloured

¹ The name and address were given.—E. G.

dress?" "Yes, miss, she did; she never wore the same twice running," said Phoebe. I have never seen the old lady since. I was enjoying perfect health at the time.

Laura Lister.

The next three paragraphs are by Mr. Gurney, who investigated this case.

"Miss Lister, with whom I have had a long interview, is, as far as I can judge, an accurate witness. She is certainly the very opposite of a nervous or superstitious person. She has had no other hallucinations. She felt some dread at the appearance of Mr. —, but this did not prevent her from advancing to the table where he seemed to be sitting. He was dressed in black. The light on this occasion was bright moonlight, and he was clearly seen. Miss Lister's conversation with him had been some months before his sudden death, at a time when he was quite well. Unfortunately, we have so far been unable to discover the present address of Mr. —'s widow, who has married again.

As regards the first appearance of the old lady, Miss Lister holds that it is quite impossible that it could have been a real person who got back into the street. The hall door makes a considerable noise in opening and shutting, which she must have heard; and moreover it could not be opened from the outside. She was struck by the absence of footsteps. She went in search of the visitor immediately on looking up, and finding that the figure had disappeared.

Phoebe has married, and Miss Lister does not know her address. The niece of Miss —, who was requested to supply a description of her aunt's personal appearance and dress, has not replied."

Mr. Cowley's case [II., p. 213] and Mr. Jupp's [I., p. 322] belong to this category. Somewhat similar is a case communicated by the late General Campbell, where noises and other phenomena were observed by several persons, but one percipient only—a child, who had not known the decedent—witnessed an apparition which others recognised from her description. His account, which is long and minute, is printed as an appendix to this paper.

To this category also may perhaps belong a case summarised in a note to *Phantasms of the Living*, but which may be given at length here.

XVII.—From the *Life and Correspondence of Charles Matthews*, by Mrs. Mathews. (pp. 94, 95.)

At the close of the summer a very remarkable instance occurred of a coincidence of dreams, befalling Mr. Mathews and myself, a circumstance which I am induced to relate, since it was attested by witnesses who severally and apart were informed of it, before the dreamers had power to

communicate with each other, or their mutual friends.¹ Mr. Mathews' account of his impressions was as follows :—He had gone to rest, after a very late night's performance at the theatre, finding himself too fatigued to sit up to his usual hour to read ; but after he was in bed he discovered—as will happen when persons attempt to sleep before their accustomed time—that to close his eyes was an impossibility. He had no light, nor the means of getting one, all the family being in bed ; but the night was not absolutely dark—it was only too dark for the purpose of reading ; indeed, every object was visible. Still he endeavoured to go to sleep, but his eyes refused to close, and in this state of restlessness he remained, when suddenly a slight rustling, as if of a hasty approach of something, induced him to turn his head to that side of the bed whence the noise seemed to proceed ; and there he clearly beheld the figure of his late wife, “in her habit as she lived,” who, smiling sweetly upon him, put forth her hand as if to take his, as she bent forward. This was all he could relate ; for, in shrinking from the contact with the figure he beheld, he threw himself out of bed upon the floor, where (the fall having alarmed his landlord) he was found in one of those dreadful fits to which I have alluded. On his recovery from it he related the cause of the accident, and the whole of the following day he remained extremely ill, and unable to quit his room.

There is nothing surprising in all this ; for, admitting it not to be a dream, but one of those cases called nightmare, so frequently experienced (when the sufferer always believes himself under real influences), it was not a case to excite astonishment. The circumstance which rendered it remarkable was that at the exact hour when this scene was taking place at a remote distance, a vision of the same kind caused me to be discovered precisely in the same situation. The same sleepless effect, the same cause of terror, had occasioned me to seize the bell-rope, in order to summon the people of the house, which, giving way at the moment with it I fell, my hand upon the ground. My impression of this visitation (as I persisted it was) were exactly similar to those of Mr. Mathews. The parties with whom we resided at the time were perfect strangers to each other, and living widely apart, and they recounted severally to those about them the extraordinary dream, for such I must call it, though my entire belief will never be shaken that I was as perfectly awake as at this moment. These persons repeated the story to many, before they were requested to meet and compare accounts ; there could consequently be no doubt of the facts, and the circumstance became a matter of much general interest amongst all those who knew us.

That the scene at the bedside of the dying woman simultaneously recurred to the dreamers when awake was natural enough, and was afterwards confessed. How far the facts which I have here related tended to the serious result of our continued intimacy I will not determine ; but it is certain that neither of us regarded it as an impediment at a future period, or a just reason why we should not at last fulfil the desire of her whose wishes were made known to us at a time when it would have been discreditable to both,

¹ Many of our familiar friends in London will remember with what earnestness and solemnity my husband related this account long after the period of its occurrence, when he thought his listeners were not disposed to scoff at such details, or be sceptical of their truth.

had we supposed ourselves able to comply with it at any future period of our lives.¹

It will be seen that in this case there is assumed to have been an important motive for the appearance, and a motive indicating some continued knowledge on the part of the decedent of the condition of her friends on earth. It will perhaps have been already observed that in the best-attested cases evidence of definite *motive* is rarely found; our cases presenting in this respect a marked difference from the traditional type of ghost-story, where the discovery of wills or of other secrets, and the working out of poetical justice by "supernatural agency," is wont to be a prominent feature. There is, however, a small and puzzling group of cases, where the phantom is perceived just before news of the death reaches the percipient, which may possibly indicate a continued knowledge on the decedent's part of what is going on among his friends on earth. Such was the case of Mr. Tandy, and the case of Mackenzie, cited above by Mr. Gurney. Such was the

¹ In the American Society for Psychical Research *Proceedings* (IV., p. 446), will be found a somewhat similar case of two apparently synchronous "visions of consolation," representing the same decedent. In this case the two percipients were the mother and the husband of a lady who had been dead five months. The widower dreamt that his wife came to him in his bedroom—a dream so vivid that he wrote in the morning to describe its incidents to his mother-in-law. A letter from her crossed his letter (so we are told, both letters having unfortunately been destroyed), in which she on her part recounted a "clairvoyant vision" in which she had entered her son-in-law's room, and witnessed a visit to him from his deceased wife. "After lying down to rest," writes Mrs. Crans, "I remember feeling a drifting sensation, of seeming almost as if I was going out of the body. My eyes were closed; soon I realised that I was, or seemed to be, going fast somewhere. All seemed dark to me; suddenly I realised that I was in a room; then I saw Charlie lying in a bed asleep; then I took a look at the furniture of the room, and distinctly saw every article—even to a chair at the head of the bed, which had one of the pieces broken in the back. In a moment the door opened and my spirit-daughter Allie came into the room and stooped down and kissed Charlie. He seemed to at once realise her presence, and tried to hold her, but she passed right out of the room about like a feather blown by the wind; and then, after a moment, she came back again [several further incidents are here described]. Then I thought I would open my eyes, and with difficulty I got my eyes open. They seemed so heavy to me, but when I succeeded in opening them I received a sudden shock, such as if I had fallen from the ceiling to the floor. It frightened and woke up both Mrs. B. and my daughter, [but Mrs. B. has been lost sight of, and the daughter was a child at the time], who asked what was the matter. Of course I told them my experience, and the following Sunday I wrote, as was always my custom, to my son-in-law, Charlie, [who remembers the letter, but has destroyed it], telling him of all my experience, describing the room as I saw it furnished. [This letter was crossed by one from the son-in-law, Mr. C. A. Kernochan, written on the same morning as Mrs. Crans' letter, and describing a vision of his late wife on the same Friday night, with details which the two correspondents now believe to have been identical. Mrs. Crans gives a number of details of the vision, and Mr. Kernochan writes to Mr. Hodgson, July 4th, 1888, "The facts written you this day by Mrs. Crans in regard to a letter written to me one Sunday morning in the year 1880, and one written by me on the same date to her, are correct in every particular."]

case of Mrs. Haly (cited *Proceedings*, Vol. III., p. 91), where a very long coffin and a phantasmal figure of an absent nephew were seen an hour or two before the percipient received a letter from Australia, announcing her nephew's death.

XVIII.—The next case—I have given the percipients the name of Adie—is a curiously complicated one; but its evidential value rests mainly on the similarity between a recognised phantom seen by a mourner (and therefore not in itself evidential) and an unrecognisable appearance observed by a near relation, also aware of the death.

This latter phenomenon—a segment of illumination in a room otherwise dark, and closed against light—is, I think, unique in our collection. Retinal hyperæsthesia will sometimes make a room look light for a moment or two when the eyes are first opened, but the limitation of area seems to make this explanation improbable here.

Miss C. A. writes :—

July 12th, 1888.

About two months before the death of my dear father, which occurred on December 10th, 1887, one night about from 12 to 1 a.m., when I was in bed in a perfectly waking condition, he came to my bedside, and led me right through the cemetery at Kensal Green, stopping at the spot where his grave was afterwards made.

He was very ill at that time and in a helpless condition—so far as his ability to walk up three flights of stairs to my room was concerned. I had at that time never been in that cemetery, but when I went there after his interment the scene was perfectly familiar to me.

He led me beyond his grave to a large iron gate, but my recollection of this part is confused. I there lost sight of him.

In a later letter Miss C. A. adds :—

It was just like a panorama. I cannot say if my eyes were closed or open.

Again, a day or two before his death, somewhere between the 4th and the 10th of December (the day of his decease), when he was lying in an unconscious state in a room on the ground floor, and I sleeping on the second floor, I was awoke suddenly by seeing a bright light in my bedroom—the whole room was flooded with a radiance quite indescribable—and my father was standing by my bedside, an etherealised semi-transparent figure, but yet his voice and his aspect were normal. His voice seemed a far-off sound, and yet it was his same voice as in life. All he said was, "Take care of mother." He then disappeared, floating in the air as it were, and the light also vanished.

About a week afterwards, that is to say, between the 12th and the 17th of December, the same apparition came to me again, and repeated the same words. An aunt, to whom I related these three experiences, suggested to me that possibly something was troubling his spirit, and I then promised her that should my dear father visit me again I would answer him. This occurred a short time afterwards. On this, the fourth, occasion he repeated the same

words, and I replied, "Yes, father." He then added, "I am in perfect peace."

Apparently he was satisfied with this my assurance. Since that time I have neither seen nor heard any more.

I have never before or since had any such experience.

(Signed) C. A.

Mrs. Adie writes:—

March, 1889.

Towards the middle of the month of October, 1887 [since fixed by letters of that year as Sunday, October 23rd, 1887], in fact, as nearly as I can recall, about the time when C.'s father first appeared to her in a spiritualised form, I had a singular and most vivid impression that the post would bring me bad news. We were then in Switzerland. I could daily from my window, at 11.20 a. m. to a moment, see the train arrive which brought our English letters. These were taken to the post-office close by and sorted; and about 20 minutes after the train came in my letters (if any) were placed upon my table. On Sunday mornings the English Church service began at 10.30, so that by 11.40 the chaplain was well advanced in his sermon. On that one particular Sunday it was, as nearly as I can tell, exactly at that moment of time I suddenly felt much distressed and mentally disturbed, feeling convinced that bad news was awaiting me on my return to the hotel. I had to put considerable force upon myself to refrain from rising from my seat and leaving the church.

My presentiment was only too true; on my writing-table I found a most agonising letter from T. (C.'s elder sister) telling me that their father had had a most alarming attack of illness (this was the first of the three seizures which resulted in his decease on December 10th). One point I would especially notice—apparently this letter conveyed no impression to my mind so long as it was in the train or at the post-office, but took effect upon me so soon as it was put upon my writing-table—came within my surroundings, as it were.

We returned to England on December 1st. After C.'s father's death—during the night of December 12th-13th—I was sleeping in a small back room on the ground floor of a lodging in London, a room which had only one window, closed by shutters and a thick curtain. The gas in the passage was put out when I went to bed, so that, after I had extinguished my candle, the room was shrouded in impenetrable darkness—darkness that could be felt. About 3 a. m. on the morning of the 13th I awoke *en sursaut*, as the French expression has it (that is to say, I was wide awake, not in a half dreamy condition), to see the room up to the ceiling, for about the width of my bed, and extending to the fireplace opposite, flooded with a pale golden radiance, an unearthly light—quite unlike any we are acquainted with; it seemed to come from behind the bed; so bright was it that I could distinctly see the design on the wall-paper opposite me, and over the fireplace. This paper was a very pale French grey, of two tints, outlined here and there with a thin line of colour. This effect lasted, as nearly as I can tell, about five minutes, during which I opened and shut my eyes several times, clasped and unclasped my hands, and hit myself to be certain that I was not dreaming. When the light went I was in total darkness as before.

That same day I confided the circumstance to T. (Clara's sister),

begging her not to tell her about it, since C. was feeling her father's death most acutely; but when a day or two later C. told me of his three appearances to her, and of this same remarkable golden light which accompanied them, I related to her what I had myself seen, expressing my regret that awe or astonishment had prevented me from speaking or making some sign; though, unlike herself, I had seen no shadowy form approach me. The thought then occurred to me that there might be something regarding which the deceased wished to be satisfied—something which prevented his spirit from obtaining perfect rest, and I suggested to her that should this experience be repeated to either of us we should answer him. The result is stated in C.'s account.

My own impression is that his spirit tried to communicate with me, but in my great amazement at the vision I was unable to receive his message. C. was prepared.¹

Later on—viz., in a letter, dated February 27th, 1888, C., when writing to me, says: "When I told you in my last letter, dear auntie, that I had *spoken*, it was from your advice, for you told me to do so. Now, I must try and explain to you just what happened. It was about 4 o'clock in the morning, or even earlier. A bright light suddenly came into my room—not a light like from a fire or a candle, but a glow of *golden light*. Then I saw a form, quite white, bend over me, and in my darling father's voice I heard these words: 'Take care of mother—I am in perfect peace.' I said: 'Yes, father.' And then the light by degrees disappeared. Since this, I have not seen or heard anything more, and I have a *feeling* that I shall never again, as I feel sure that all he wanted to say he has said, and is at rest since I answered him. What you tell me as having happened to you on the night of December 12th is, indeed, passing strange. I should so like to know what was meant to tell you. Have you any idea? It is strange that both you and I should see the same light. You see I told you first, so it could not have been a dream, as I might possibly have fancied if you had told of your strange light (for I do sometimes dream of things which I hear and read of). If anything should happen again I will write it down, and let you know at once; but, somehow, I feel I shall not."

In further letters Mrs. Adie says:—

April 1st, 1889.

I must now add to my statement in my last (so positively put), as to only a segment of my room being illumined, what I then omitted, viz., that

¹ Curiously enough, Mrs. Adie has had another experience connected with the same family—an experience recalling Mr. Goodall's in type (see Case XIX., below).

"Probably, in 1862," she writes, "I was staying with my mother in a lodging in London. One morning, about 3 a.m. (I looked at the clock directly afterwards), I found myself suddenly wide awake, and heard a voice say, 'One of your name is dead.' My husband was away—staying with his parents in the country; you may imagine my anxiety for the post to arrive. I went many times into my little sitting-room, next door to my bedroom, hoping to find a letter. When the post did arrive it brought me one from my husband, saying that a little nephew of his had died quite suddenly of croup, when on the march in India. The father was a military man—in fact, C.'s father also. We had only heard of this child as a fine, healthy boy."

I give this case only in a note, for it is remote, and depends on an uncorroborated memory.

what made me so certain of this fact was—that neither the white muslin-covered dressing-table on my right hand, nor the wardrobe standing against the wall on my left hand, were visible to me on that occasion! No; when I saw this luminosity I had heard nothing of my niece's experiences up to that date.

I have occupied the same room again in the interval which has since elapsed, and found that the room was so obscure that even in winter daylight (no fog) when lying on the bed I could not make out the design on the wall-paper opposite me, although on the occasion I there mention every little detail of form and colour was sharply defined.

My husband had to pass through my room to get to his, and when he left our sitting-room the whole house was in bed. It was his business to extinguish the feeble little gas-jet which was left burning. Had he forgotten to do this, the light from the burner could not have resembled what I saw. My niece has more than once assured me positively "that she at no other time has ever had any hallucination of the senses." I cannot recall ever having had any hallucinations which did not mean anything, or rather which have not come true,—if I except [a vision which may or may not have corresponded to reality, but which cannot at present be tested.]

XIX.—In our next case the form which the impression took was an auditory one,—mixed, perhaps, with an impulse to *utterance*. The following narrative was communicated by Mr. Edward A. Goodall, of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, London.

May, 1888.

At Midsummer, 1869, I left London for Naples. The heat being excessive, people were leaving for Ischia, and I thought it best to go there myself.

Crossing by steamer, I slept one night at Casamicciola, on the coast, and walked next morning into the town of Ischia.

Liking the hotel there better than my quarters of the previous night, I fetched my small amount of luggage by help of a man, who returned with me on foot beside an animal which I rode—one of the fine, sure-footed, big donkeys of the country. Arrived at the hotel, and while sitting perfectly still in my saddle talking to the landlady, the donkey went down upon his knees as if he had been shot or struck by lightning, throwing me over his head upon the lava pavement.

In endeavouring to save myself my right hand was badly injured. It soon became much swollen and very painful. A Neapolitan doctor on the spot said no bones were broken, but perfect rest would be needful, with my arm in a sling.

Sketching, of course, was impossible, and with neither books, newspapers, nor letters I felt my inactivity keenly.

It must have been on my third or fourth night, and about the middle of it, when I awoke, as it seemed, at the sound of my own voice, saying: "I know I have lost my dearest little May." Another voice, which I in no way recognised, answered: "No, not May, but your *youngest boy*."

The distinctness and solemnity of the voice made such a distressing

impression upon me that I slept no more. I got up at daybreak, and went out, noticing for the first time telegraph-poles and wires.

Without delay I communicated with the postmaster at Naples, and by next boat received two letters from home. I opened them according to dates outside. The first told me that my youngest boy was taken suddenly ill; the second, that he was dead.

Neither on his account nor on that of any of my family had I any cause for uneasiness. All were quite well on my taking leave of them so lately. My impression ever since has been that the time of the death coincided as nearly as we could judge with the time of my accident.¹

In writing to Mrs. Goodall, I called the incident of the voice a dream, as less likely perhaps to disturb her than the details which I gave on reaching home, and which I have now repeated.

My letters happen to have been preserved.

I have never had any hallucination of any kind, nor am I in the habit of talking in my sleep. I do remember once waking with some words of mere nonsense upon my lips, but the experience of the voice speaking to me was absolutely unique.

EDWARD A. GOODALL.

Extracts from letters to Mrs. E. A. Goodall from Ischia:—

Wednesday, August 11th, 1869.

The postman brought me two letters containing sad news indeed. Poor little Percy! I dreamt some nights since the poor little fellow was taken from us. . . .

¹ Mr. Goodall thinks that the mule's sudden fall—otherwise inexplicable—may have been due to terror at some apparition of the dying child. When this paper was read to the Society for Psychological Research, Mr. Pearsall Smith gave the following apparently parallel instance:—

Mr. R. Pearsall Smith said that among the illustrations of the claim that animals have a perception of these extraordinary alleged apparitions after death, might be mentioned one occurring to a neighbour of his own, a prominent barrister at Philadelphia. He had parted, under painful circumstances of controversy, with a friend who had later gone to Italy for his health. Afterwards, while camping out in the wilds of the Adirondacks, one day his horse became excited and refused to advance when urged. While engaged in the contest with the horse, the barrister saw before him the apparition of his friend with blood pouring from his mouth, and in an interval of the effusion he heard him say, '*I have nothing against you.*' Soon afterwards he heard that his friend had at that time died during a discharge of blood from the lungs. Mr. Pearsall Smith was prevented from procuring a statement directly from the barrister, by the fact that, after relating it to his friends, the recollection of the incident had become so painful to him that he declined to converse again on the subject. He added that it may be easily conceived that the barrister, under painful recollections of the parting interview with his friend, and with the knowledge of his ill-health, might picture his friend forgiving any supposed injury, and also his dying scene. The extraordinary features are the coincidence of time and manner between the vision and the death, with the added circumstance of the alarm of the horse previous to the apparition.

We have an odd case where a horse, standing in a carriage at the door of a house where a lady was dying, screamed at the moment of death. But see Mrs. Sidgwick's remarks on the supposed "psychical" terrors of horses. (*Proceedings*, Vol. III., p. 85.)

August 14th.

I did not tell you, dear, the particulars of my dream about poor little Percy.

I had been for several days very fidgety and wretched at getting no letters from home, and had gone to bed in worse spirits than usual, and in my dream I fancied I said: "I have lost my dearest little May." A strange voice seemed to say: "No, *not* May, but your youngest boy," not mentioning his name."

Mr. Goodall has given me verbally a concordant account of the affair, and several members of his family, who were present at our interview, recollected the strong impression made on him and them at the time.

In a case already published, (*Proceedings* III., p. 90), Mr. Wambey *heard* the friend's voice as though in colloquy with his own thought. He was planning a congratulatory letter to a friend, when the words "What! write to a dead man? write to a *dead* man?" sounded clearly in his ears. The friend had been dead for some days. Here also we may add a case where a message seemed to be given by the decedent's voice in a dream.

XX.—From Mr. George King, of 12, Sunderland-terrace, Westbourne Park, W. :—

November 8th, 1885.

The following is a brief account of an occurrence that took place 11 years ago. I repeat the facts exactly as they happened, and make no attempt at comment or explanation. It is necessary to give a few words of prefatory narrative.

My brother D., a few years my junior, was a handsome, powerful young man, 21 years of age at the time of his death, and he was an unusually vigorous swimmer. He had greatly distinguished himself at school and college, and he was enthusiastically devoted to scientific pursuits. On leaving the Scottish University where he had studied, he adopted telegraphic engineering for a profession, and as all his tastes were in that direction his progress was rapid. His more especial department was the construction and laying of deep sea cables, and when only 20 years of age he was appointed to the responsible post of superintendent of the scientific department in laying a cable for the Brazilian Government. In the performance of his duties on the stormy Atlantic coast of South America he had to encounter many perils; and finally the steamer *Gornos*, on which he was, was totally wrecked, and the cable was lost. All lives were saved, though for many hours the danger had been extreme. My brother returned immediately by mail to London, and throughout the summer months of 1874 was engaged in superintending the manufacture of fresh cable to replace that which had become lost in the *Gornos*. During these few months D. and I had much affectionate intercourse, and the bonds between us (he was my only brother) were drawn even closer than before.

In November, 1874, the cable was finished and shipped on board the *La Plata*, a magnificent steamship, carrying with her every appliance that could be required to render the expedition safe. By the wreck of the

Gornos much valuable time had been lost, and for six months a huge sum of capital had been lying idle. Only a small section of cable was required to complete the line, and the contractors, Siemens Brothers, spared no expense to make certain of success on the second attempt. While, therefore, we might fear for my brother the unhealthy climate of some parts of the coast of Brazil, we had no anxiety as regards the perils of the sea.

I bid D. farewell on Wednesday, November 2nd, 1874. I had a lecture to deliver that afternoon, and I could not go to see him off, and we parted at the door of my office. He was the picture of health and strength, and we spoke cheerfully of meeting again in a few months' time, when his work should be completed. The next morning I had a line from him, written at the docks, and on Saturday a happy little letter, which was posted by the pilot when he landed at the Isle of Wight. Everything tended to reassure me, and I had no sense of impending calamity.

Next Wednesday evening, December 2nd, I attended a *conversazione* at King's College, given by Sir W. Thomson, President of the Society of Telegraphic Engineers, and, taking myself a keen interest in science, my mind was intensely occupied with all that I saw and heard. While examining the beautiful instruments exhibited, I often wished that my brother had been there to explain them to me, and the many friends that I met spoke to me of him. He was thus pleasantly in my thoughts, but my mind was not brooding or concentrated on him. On the contrary, it was disturbed by the multitude of objects, and only casual glances were cast towards D. Rather excited, I went home to my solitary chambers, and retired to bed shortly after midnight. I was soon asleep, but how long I remained so I know not. So far as recollection goes, I had not been dreaming, but suddenly I found myself in the midst of a brilliant assembly, such as that I had recently left at King's College. I stood in evening dress on the steps at the entrance to a great and crowded hall. I was looking towards the garden, brightly lighted with a multitude of lamps. Illuminated fountains were playing in front of me, and groups of gentlemen and ladies sauntered up and down the paths. The cool night air was blowing on my face, and I had a delicious feeling of pleasure and peace. Two gentlemen, strangers to me, stood talking on the gravel a few paces from me. I heard their voices, and could almost catch their conversation. Suddenly my brother stepped out from behind them, and advanced towards me. He was in evening dress, like all the rest, and was the very image of buoyant health. I was much surprised to see him, and, going forward to meet him, I said: "Hallo! D., how are you here?" He shook me warmly by the hand, and replied: "Did you not know I have been wrecked again?" At these words a deadly faintness came over me. I seemed to swim away and sink to the ground. After momentary unconsciousness I awoke, and found myself in my bed. I was in a cold perspiration, and had paroxysms of trembling, which would not be controlled. I argued with myself on the absurdity of getting into a panic over a dream, but all to no purpose, and for long I could not sleep. Towards morning I again lumbered, and the fear passed off from me. On Thursday, December 3rd, I was to breakfast with a friend, at his hotel, before he started for Scotland, and I went to Euston by the Metropolitan Railway. The bookstalls on my side of the station were not yet opened, but across the line the boys were arranging the papers, and they spread out the placard of the *Daily Telegraph*. In large

letters on it were the words : "Terrible disaster at sea. Loss of a steamship and 60 lives." I felt as if iced water had been poured over me, and the dread of the night before returned ; but my train glided up to the platform, and I could not get a paper. The gentleman next me in the carriage was reading the *Daily Telegraph*, and I looked over his shoulder, and saw, under a sensational heading, the words : "By the arrival in the Thames, yesterday, of the *Antenor*, &c." ; but the motion of the train prevented me from reading properly, and I thought the sentence ran : "By the arrival of the Thames, news of the *Antenor*, &c., &c." I therefore gathered that the *Antenor* had been lost. On arriving at my destination I got the *Times*, and looked it over from the beginning to the end, but it contained no mention of the shipwreck. Later on I went to my office and began my work, but presently one of the messengers, with a strange look in his face, came to me and said : "Is it true, sir, that your brother has been lost in the *La Plata* ?" I started up and ran to the Marine Company next door, and there the very worst fears were confirmed. The *La Plata* foundered in the Bay of Biscay at about noon on Sunday, November 24th, 1874, after being exposed for only a few hours to a terrific gale. No satisfactory reason for the catastrophe was ever forthcoming. Why a well-found and powerful steamer should have gone down in open sea, when a common rowing boat should have survived, is a mystery which remains unsolved. The event created a great sensation at the time, and a long Board of Trade inquiry was held, but the riddle was never answered.

I saw some of the survivors of the crew, and learned from them about my brother. Although the weather had been rough, danger was not feared until Sunday morning, when water began to rush into the engine-room, and quickly put out the fires. My brother toiled with the sailors to get steam up in the donkey engine on deck so as to work the pumps, and he nobly encouraged the men. This, however, proved useless, and when the boat pushed off from the ship, the last seen of my brother was that he was helping to launch the life-raft.

The *La Plata* foundered at about noon on Sunday, November 29th, and possibly D. perished then and there. But he may have possibly survived for several days. He was of strong constitution ; he was a powerful swimmer ; he had on an air-belt, and he was beside the life-raft when the ship went down. On December 2nd, two sailors were picked up alive. Half-immersed in the ice-cold water, they had clung to the life-raft and drifted about the Atlantic for three whole days. I add this last note to show that it is just possible that I had the vision of my brother near the morning of his death, although more probably he died three days before.

In conclusion I must say that I speak of a "vision" because the whole of my sensations while the scene was passing before me, and subsequently, were quite different from those that accompany an ordinary dream. Also I can see everything now in my mind as clearly as at the moment when I awoke, whereas with me even the most vivid dreams always gradually fade away.

In answer to inquiries, Mr. King says :—

November 15th, 1885.

The vision of my brother was quite unique. I never before or since had

a vision of a person whom I believed to be in the flesh, and never had an external event such as the shipwreck thus conveyed to me. Much less have I ever had a vision which was falsified by the event. Also never before or since have I had sensations similar to those that accompanied the vision of my brother.

GEORGE KING.

The first announcement of the wreck of the *La Plata* appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, December 3rd, 1874, and in the same issue an account appears of a conversazione given the night before at King's College, Strand, by Sir Wm. Thomson, President of the Society of Telegraph Engineers.

On December 10th, in the same paper, a telegram is printed giving an account of the rescue of the boatswain and quartermaster of the *La Plata*, who were found clinging to some wreckage by a Dutch cutter. It is stated that the steamer foundered on November 29th, and that those two men clung to the wreckage until picked up at 10 a.m. on December 2nd.

The *La Plata* left Gravesend for Rio Janeiro on November 26th, 1874, and foundered in the Bay of Biscay, as we learn from the Marine Department, Board of Trade, on the 29th. The survivors were picked up by the *Gare Loch*, and transferred to the homeward-bound ss. *Antenor*, which arrived with them and the first news in the Thames on December 2nd.¹

¹ I may give here in a note the following narrative, which was amongst Mr. Gurney's papers, though, as the coincidence depends only on a dream, without details, he had not included it in his selected cases.

From Lady Sudeley, Toddington, Winchcombe, Cheltenham.

January 6th, 1887.

"For about four years before my marriage C. W. was a friend of mine, though never a very intimate one. I married early, and a few years afterwards she became a Clewer Sister. Though it was always a pleasure to us to be together, we very rarely met during the fourteen and a half years that elapsed between my marriage and her death. I think I only saw her once in her sister's dress. In July, 1882, I heard she was ill, but I had many things to occupy me just then, and she was never in my thoughts. On the night of September 27th, 1882, I dreamt that she stood by my bedside in her sister's dress, and said, "Why do you never come to see me?" I answered, "You are such a way off." She replied, "I am much nearer to you than you think." This dream made such an impression on me that I told my eldest girl in the morning, and wrote the same day to C. W.'s sister to inquire about her. I enclose the reply. I ought perhaps to mention that I did not in the least share her religious opinions, and the only link between us was the friendship of our girlhood.

ADA SUDELEY."

With this account Lady Sudeley enclosed a letter from her friend (dated September 30th, Middleton Lodge, Bournemouth), beginning:—"I got your letter yesterday afternoon, and wonder if now you have heard that C. was taken from us last Monday (25th). It seems so strange your dreaming of her Wednesday night." The letter proceeds to say that the death "came so very quickly and unexpectedly that they were unable to write, and we only had a telegram when all was over," though C. W. was known to be ill. Miss Hanbury Tracy (Lady Sudeley's eldest daughter) told me [E.G.] (December 17th, 1887) that she perfectly remembers her mother describing the dream to her on the morning after it occurred.

I remember my mother telling me, when she awoke in the morning, that she had

And here, perhaps, is the fittest place to mention the appearance of Mrs. Webley, (printed *Proceedings* III., p. 92), where it seems as though the percipient's own nearness to death had brought her into some closer relation with a friend who some days before had passed away.¹

been dreaming so much about her friend Miss W., she felt she must write and inquire how she was.

EVA H. TRACY."

February 18th, 1887.

Another somewhat similar case may be added, also from Mr. Gurney's papers.

May 14th, 1888.

"A somewhat curious case of thought-travelling occurred to me a few weeks since. Early one morning I seemed to be present amongst a large party sorting quantities of pure white flowers, whilst near to me, shadowy, yet quite distinct, a tall young man watched us. At once I recognised him as an old friend, though much altered. He was only a boy when I last saw him, ten years ago.

The same morning I told some members of my family that H.S.* was dead; and that I had been arranging flowers for his funeral.

The next week I heard from his sister that H.S. was dead, and was buried the day that I had seen him. I had heard six weeks before that he had returned from India, and they feared his lungs were affected.

I mention this case as it is very recent, and also one of my sons, and my sister-in-law, who was staying with me at the time, can corroborate my statement.

M. C. B.

I enclose a letter from my son. Another son also distinctly remembers the incident, though none of us can give the exact date. The letter announcing the death and funeral was read at the breakfast table, and we all commented on the curious coincidence."

June 9th, 1888.

"DEAR SIR,—I quite remember my mother one morning at breakfast mentioning a dream she had had about H.S., and two or three days after receiving news of his death, when we found that the funeral took place on the day of the dream.

C. H. B."

From Mrs. Alexander Thompson (Post Office, Sidcup, Kent).

June 15th, 1888.

"I remember during my stay at B—in March, 1888, M. C. B. saying at breakfast she had had a *sort* of dream. I do not recollect all the particulars, but they all appeared very vivid to her in this dream. She was in a room with a great quantity of white flowers, which she was tying in bunches, when she saw a young friend of hers, H. S., but only as a shadowy figure, in the room. She said she was afraid he was dead. A few days later a letter came telling her of his death; and comparing dates M. C. B. found her dream had occurred on the day of the funeral of H. S.

M. T."

¹ Miss Cobbe has collected two or three cases of this type in a little work entitled *The Peak of Darien*.

I add two instances. The first, from a clergyman, who does not wish his name published, was received through the Rev. C. J. Taylor, a member of the Society for Psychical Research.

November 2nd, 1885.

"On November 2nd and 3rd, 1870, I lost my two eldest boys, David Edward and Harry, in scarlet fever, they being then three and four years old respectively.

Harry died at Abbot's Langley on November 2nd, 14 miles from my vicarage at Apsley; David the following day at Apsley. About an hour before the death of this latter child, he sat up in bed, and pointing to the bottom of the bed, said distinctly, 'There is little Harry calling to me.' It has been said that the child said, 'He has

* The name and address have been given in confidence.

XXI.—The following case is from a lady who does not at present wish her name to be published. She hopes to revisit the convent, and to obtain corroborative evidence. Her recollection, however, is very distinct, and she adds :—

“You may safely vouch for the truth to the letter of the statement. I could never in my life forget one incident of this visitation.”

February, 1889.

During my visit to the convent at St. Quay, Pontrioux (August, 1882) with my two daughters and son, the good sisters had only one good room for me and my two girls. It was the room set apart for the Bishop of St. Brieuc when he visited the convent, and was in the priest's house. On the morning after our arrival I did not go out with my children, but being very tired I lay down on a little bed. The sun was shining, and it was very hot, but before I lay down I placed a chair against the bedroom door, as there was only a latch on the door, and no bolt or key. I went to sleep only for a few minutes, and was suddenly awakened by a soft touch on my chest. On opening my eyes, I saw a venerable old man, with something of a white and black dress on, kneeling by the side of the bed on which I lay, with hands clasped in prayer, and looking up to the wall over the bed. I looked at him silently, and he rose, and when going to the door he raised his two hands and said “Te béni” [je te bénis ?] three times quite distinctly, and I lost him. I got up instantly and went to the door, thinking he was some old priest who had come to pray before the crucifix which I then saw for the first time on the wall over the bed ; but to my surprise I found the door shut, and the chair

a crown on his head,’ but I do not remember this myself ; but I was so overcome with grief and weariness from long watching that I may have let it escape me. But of the truth of this first fact I am sure, and it was heard also by the nurse.

Signed X. Z., Vicar of H.”

In letters and conversation with Mr. Podmore, Mr. Taylor adds the following details :—

“Mr. Z. tells me that care was taken to keep David from knowing that Harry was dead, and that he feels sure that David did not know it. Mr. Z. was himself present, and heard what the boy said. The boy was not delirious at the time.

CHARLES TAYLOR.”

The next case was received from Miss Ogle, through the Rev. J. A. Macdonald, who has for some years been our careful helper in the collection of evidence.

Manchester, November 9th, 1884.

“My brother, John Alkin Ogle, died at Leeds, July 17th, 1879. About an hour before he expired he saw his brother, who had died about 16 years before, and looking up with fixed interest, said, ‘Joe ! Joe !’ and immediately after exclaimed with ardent surprise, ‘George Hanley !’ My mother, who had come from Melbourne, a distance of about 40 miles, where George Hanley resided, was astonished at this, and said, ‘How strange he should see George Hanley. He died only 10 days ago !’ Then, turning to my sister-in-law, asked if anybody had told John of George Hanley's death. She said, ‘No one,’ and my mother was the only person present who was aware of the fact. I was present and witnessed this.

HARRIET H. OGLE.”

In answer to inquiries, Miss Ogle states :—

“J. A. Ogle was neither delirious nor unconscious when he uttered the words recorded. George Hanley was an acquaintance of John A. Ogle, not a particularly familiar friend. The death of Hanley was not mentioned in his hearing.”

before it, as I had placed it before I lay down. The old sister who waited on us had her room close to ours ; so I called her and told her that an old priest had come into my room to pray before the crucifix. The old nun said that there was not a man on all the premises, nor a priest, as they were all gone to the funeral of the Bishop of St. Brieuç, 16 miles away, which was being performed at that time. I described the appearance and dress, and what he said to me. She immediately went down on her knees to me and said, 'You are blessed indeed, for it was the Bishop himself.' He had come to his accustomed place of prayer for the last time on earth."

The writer has never had any other hallucination of the senses, and refuses to regard this vision as a hallucination.

Her daughter writes, under date April 18th, 1889 :—

My sister and I have the liveliest recollection of our mother telling us about seeing the Bishop, directly we came in from a walk.

We learn from the French official records that Mgr. Augustin David, Bishop of St. Brieuç, died July 27th, 1882, and was buried at St. Brieuç, Tuesday, August 1st, at 10 a.m., which so far confirms the account given above.

We may conclude our list of apparitions a few days after death (the death being unknown) by the following narrative, procured for us through the kindness of Lord Charles Beresford.

XXII.—Mr. K. writes to Lord C. Beresford, April 22nd, 1888 :—

Teston, Maidstone.

It was in the spring of 1864, whilst on board H.M.S. *Racoon*, between Gibraltar and Marseilles, that I went into my office on the main deck to get my pipe ; as I opened the door I saw my father lying in his coffin as plainly as I could. It gave me an awful jerk, and I immediately told some of the fellows who were smoking just outside in the usual place between the guns, and I also told dear old Onslow, our chaplain, a few days after we arrived at Marseilles, and I heard of my father's death and that he had been buried that very day and at that time, half-past 12 in the day. I may add that at the time it was a bright sunny day, and I had not been fretting about my father, as the latest news I had of him was that although very ill he was better. My dear old father and I were great chums, more so than is usual between a man of 72 and a boy of 20, our respective ages then.

In reply to inquiries Mr. K. adds :—

I have ascertained that my father died at Kensington, on April 29th, 1864, and was buried on May 4th, 1864. I don't know if the late Mr. Onslow made any note of the circumstance as narrated in my letter to Lord C. Beresford. He has been dead some years now. [Mr. K. remembered one other officer who might have been present at the time, but this gentleman did not recollect the incident.]

I may further state that I have never experienced any other hallucination, and am not at all emotional, in fact, very matter-of-fact.

This case is too remote to allow of certainty as to the number of days

elapsed after death ; but it seems pretty certain that the apparition must have been very decidedly after the death, or the ordinary tendency to improve the exactitude of a coincidence would probably have brought the two dates together.

And here, as a transition between cases with a few *days'* interval and cases with an interval of *months*, I may mention our single case (*Proceedings*, III., p. 99) of what looks like the old-fashioned *haunting* of a survivor who thwarts the wishes of the decedent. A peculiar feature here is that the haunted man does not realise that he is being haunted, but yields to the importunity of living persons, and then finds himself no longer troubled by visions of the dead. The case, however, is isolated, and admits of being interpreted as a subjective result of a sub-conscious state of antagonism to the deceased.

As we recede further from the moment of death, we find the records of recognised apparitions becoming rarer ; and few of these records can be used as evidential, since the death is by this time almost always known to surviving friends. In two cases cited by Mr. Gurney—the Akhurst case and the le Maistre case—it so happened that the death was *not* known to the friends till long after it occurred ; so that these cases are strictly evidential as far as they go. If, indeed, the reality of any post-mortem apparitions should come to be generally admitted, it will be desirable to collect and compare *all* such apparitions. But for the present we must confine ourselves to cases where the percipient was unaware that anyone had died whose aspect corresponded to the figure seen. This reduces us (apart from cases where the decedent was known by sight to the percipient) to recognitions of the phantasmal figures from photographs, pictures, or descriptions ; and it further limits us to cases where there is some obvious connection of *place*, which puts the percipient on the right road, so to say, for the identification of the phantom. Such cases will naturally be very rare ;—Mr. Gurney has cited three such,—Mr. Husbands' case, Mrs. Bacchus', and the Tyre case. A case cited by Mrs. Sidgwick (*Proceedings*, III., p. 101), falls under the same category. I have very few to add which fall within the limit of one year after death, to which, as above explained, these supplementary cases will be confined. But I may quote a case so singularly resembling the Husbands case that, although the identification of the figure is weaker, there is much interest in the narrative. The narrator is the wife of Colonel Lewin ; she has never experienced any other hallucinations.

St. Leonards, 1883.

XXIII.—In January, 1868, one of my little children having been delicate through the winter, was ordered to St. Leonards, and I took a house there on the Marine Parade, close to the arch dividing St. Leonards from Hastings. I was young, strong, and in perfect health and spirits ; I rented the whole

house, bringing my own servants; the rooms were furnished and arranged in the usual sea-side lodging-house manner, back and front dining-room, and back and front drawing-room; above the latter was a bedroom and dressing-room which I occupied; over the back drawing-room was another bedroom, occupied by my eldest sister, some nine years older than myself, and a clever sensible woman not given to phantasies; over this again were the servants and the nurseries.

One night there was a heavy storm, the weather was bitterly cold, and a fire was burning in my bedroom when I went to bed at 10.30. My sister and I had spent the evening together, quietly talking, reading, and dwelling on no sensational theories of any sort; I went to bed quickly, locking securely the doors of both rooms as was my habit, but I could get no rest on account of the noise of the sea and the wind. At last the noise of the rain bubbling up under the ill-fitting window sash was so annoying, that I got up to try and stop it by laying towels across; while doing so I noticed that the fire had gone out, and I poked it and tried in vain to re-animate it; failing to do so I extinguished my light and again tried to sleep; it was no use, the noise of the sea and wind was too great. I must have been lying like this for a couple of hours, very cross and tired, when I became conscious of what seemed like a light in the room; the bed I was sleeping in was an old-fashioned wooden one, with high mahogany head and foot; on the left hand side was the wall, on the right the door, close to the foot, the fire-place. At the foot of the bed I seemed to see a light. I thought the fire must have re-kindled itself, and crawled along on my knees to look at the fire over the high wooden foot of the bed to see how this might be. I had no thought of anything but the fire, and was not nervous in the slightest degree. As I raised myself on my knees and looked over the foot of the bed, I found myself face to face, at a distance of about three feet, with the semblance of a man. I never for a moment thought he was a man, but was struck with the feeling that this was one from the dead.

The light seemed to emanate from and round this figure, but the only portions which I saw clearly were the head and shoulders. The face I shall never forget; it was pale, emaciated, with a thin high-bridged nose, the eyes deeply sunk and glowing in the sockets with a sort of glare. A long beard was seemingly rolled in under a white comforter, and on the head was a slouched felt hat. I had a nervous shock, I felt a dead person was looking upon *me*—a living one, but had no sensation of being actually frightened, until the figure moved slowly as if interposing between me and the door, then a horror overcame me and I fell back in a dead faint. How long I remained unconscious I know not, but I came to myself cold and cramped, having fallen backwards as I knelt with my legs under me; the room was quite dark, and, although strongly impressed by the ghostly nature of my experience I struck a light, and to make quite sure, I carefully examined the room, looking under the bed, into the wardrobe and under the dressing-table. I tried both doors, and they were locked as I had left them. At the window lay my towels undisturbed; the chimney was too small, neither were there any signs on the hearth. Then, thoroughly tired out, I got into bed and slept soundly till morning.

When I came down to breakfast, my sister, before I had said a word,

remarked: "Why, what is the matter? you look as if you had seen a ghost," to which I replied, "That is just what I have done," and related what is set down here. I was anxious not to frighten the servants or make a disturbance, and so could not make so many inquiries as I otherwise should have done, but from the house-agent I learnt that the house had been last inhabited during the past winter, by a young man in rapid consumption. He had a great fancy for trying experiments with collapsible boats, and in blowing up the air compartments of one of these he broke a blood vessel, was carried into my room, and died there.

I could not ascertain anything more without making more fuss than I cared to do.

It is probable or possible that I may have been dreaming, but I can only say, that I was conscious of no sleep, and that the faint was a very real one, and a very unusual circumstance for me, who had not fainted more than perhaps twice in my life. I believed firmly that I saw an apparition.

(Signed) MARGARET LEWIN.

I add a case where both the date of the death and the recognition are uncertain; but where the hallucination apparently exercised a more powerful effect on the percipient than in almost any other of our cases.

XXIV.—From Miss Jessie Walker, Botanic View, Smithdown-lane, Liverpool.

1884.

About three years ago, I and a lady friend engaged apartments in the house of a widow lady with whom we resided about eight months, when the following incident occurred. One evening, we had been sitting up reading rather later than usual, and did not rise to retire until within a few minutes to 12 o'clock. We went upstairs together, I being perhaps a couple of steps behind my friend, when, on reaching the topmost step, I felt something suddenly slip behind me from an unoccupied room to the left of the stairs. Thinking it must be imagination, no one being in the house except the widow and servant, who occupied rooms on another landing, I did not speak to my friend, who turned off to a room on the right, but walked quickly into my own room which faced the staircase, still feeling as though a tall figure were behind and bending over me. I turned on the gas, struck a light and was in the act of applying it, when I felt a heavy grasp on my arm of a hand minus the middle finger. Upon this I uttered a loud cry, which brought my friend, the widow lady, and the servant girl into the room, to inquire the cause of my alarm. The two latter turned very pale on hearing the story. The house was thoroughly searched, but nothing was discovered.

Some weeks passed and I had ceased to be alarmed at the occurrence, when I chanced to mention it whilst out spending the afternoon with some friends. A gentleman present inquired if I had ever heard a description or seen a "carte" of the lady's late husband. On receiving a reply in the negative, he said that singularly enough he was tall, had a slight stoop, and had lost the middle finger of his right hand. On my return I inquired of the servant, who had been in the family from childhood, if such were the case, and learned that it was quite correct, and that she (the girl) had once, when

sleeping in the same room, been awakened by feeling some one pressing down her knees, and on opening her eyes saw her late master at the bedside, on which she fainted, and had never dared to enter the room after dusk since. I did not see anything. I may say I am not in the least nervous or superstitious, had been reading nothing of an excitable character, and whilst walking upstairs had my mind occupied in conjectures as to whether the key of my watch was upstairs or down. I had slept in the room for eight months, and never before experienced anything of the kind.

J. WALKER.

In answer to inquiries, Miss Walker adds :—

I did not hear of the lady's husband being short of a finger until a short time after the occurrence, and mentioned at the time that the hand I felt had lost one. I have written to my friend asking her to send you her recollections of the affair. She came into my room immediately after the event, was present when I heard from the acquaintance that the widow's husband had been tall and lost a finger, and also heard the servant confirm the fact and give her account of her fright in the same room ; so I think she will be able to confirm each point of the case.

I never had anything of the kind before or since. I am not in the least superstitious.

The servant married some two years ago and left. It would not be possible to get any account from her. I should not like to ask the landlady, nor do I think she would give an account if I did. She is an elderly lady and was very sensitive about it being mentioned, so that I never said anything before her after the first evening. You can well understand her being so.

It would not, under ordinary circumstances, be easy to be certain that a hand suddenly grasping one's arm lacked the middle finger. But here, of course, the grasp is itself a hallucination ; and assuming that this hallucination was caused in some way by the decedent, the sense of the lack of a finger may have been, so to say, of the very essence of the hallucinatory impression produced. I may add that the date of the husband's death remains uncertain, and Miss Walker tells me that it was spoken of as though it had occurred more than a year before the hallucination.

I subjoin an independent account from Miss Clara A. Spink, Park Gate, Rotherham.

March 28th, 1884.

As far as I can remember the circumstances were as follows :—About three years ago Miss Walker and myself took apartments at the house of a widow lady, and upon the night in question we retired about 12 p.m., going upstairs in the darkness, Miss Walker directly before me. Her room lay quite opposite to the staircase, another to the left, and mine to the right. As she passed the door to the left, which was slightly opened, she described the feeling of a tall form slipping through the open door and following closely after her, and bending over her so that the breath was quite perceptible.

Her first impulse was to rush to her room for a light, and whilst in the act of striking a match she felt a hand, minus the middle finger, grasp her arm so tightly that afterwards, when her fright had subsided, she looked to see whether any impression had been made. Upon hearing the screams I went to her room, only to find her upon the floor in an hysteria of fright, and her shrieks soon roused the other inmates of the house. As you may imagine we were both very much alarmed, and though I neither saw nor felt anything of it I shall always remember the occurrence, and during our stay in the house we always experienced a feeling of great timidity in passing the room. Strange to say it was not the first time that a fright had been witnessed in the same room, though our landlady seemed to scorn the idea. Shortly after the event we were spending the evening at the house of a friend, and during the conversation the story was related, upon the conclusion of which a gentleman remarked that the "late husband of the landlady had only three fingers on the one hand." I leave you to imagine our dismay and horror, for to describe it would only give you a faint idea. I have often expressed a desire to have the mystery solved, and should be greatly obliged if, at your convenience, you would let me have your opinion on the subject. No doubt my friend would tell you what a shock it proved to her; in fact for months afterwards she was a martyr to it.

CLARA A. SPINK.

In the following case it is possible that a real person may have been mistaken for an apparition, but the details, as reported, tell strongly against this view.

XXV. — From Mrs. Clerke, 68, Redcliffe-square, S.W.

1884.

In the autumn of 1872, I stayed at Sorrento with my two daughters, and established myself for some months at the Hotel Columella, which stands on the high road, within half-a-mile of the town. My suite of apartments consisted of a large drawing-room, ante-room, and three bedrooms; it was shaped like the letter U, and each end opened on a large terrace. The hotel was kept by two men, Rafaele and Angelo, and the service of the rooms was conducted by their wives, a family arrangement which worked harmoniously for the guests.

On the evening in question we left the dining-room before the tea was finished, anxious, after the heat of the day, to enjoy the freshness and beauty of the terrace.

After a few moments, I returned to my bedroom to fetch a candlestick and a shawl, and so much disliked going that I loitered unreasonably after I said I would go. I entered the ante-room and passed through the long drawing-room, its porcelain tiling echoing my steps with a sharp creak, till I reached my bedroom door. One side of the door stood open, it was a doorway divided in two, or, as the French say, *à deux battants*, and I resolved not to close it, as I perceived everything had been put in order for the night.

I got my shawl and my candlestick, and was preparing to return through the drawing-room, when, on turning towards the half-open door, I saw it filled by the figure of an old woman. She stood motionless, silent,

immovable, framed by the doorway, with an expression of despairing sadness, such as I had never seen before.

I don't know why I was frightened, but some idea of its being an imbecile or mad woman flashed through my mind, and in an unreasoning panic I turned from the drawing-room door, with its melancholy figure, and fled through the bedrooms to the terrace.

My daughter, on hearing of my fright, returned to the rooms, but all was in its wonted stillness ; nothing was to be seen.

The next morning I spoke to the women of the house of the old woman who had come to my room, as I thought she might be in some way connected with the establishment, and they were dismayed at my account of her, and assured me that there was no one answering the description in the house. I perceived there was much consternation caused by my narration, but paid little attention to it at the time.

A fortnight afterwards we had a visit from the parish priest, a friend of our landlord, and the spiritual adviser of the family. At a loss for conversation, I told him of my visitor, who arrived punctually at 8 o'clock, "*l'ora dei defunti.*"

The padre listened to me with the greatest gravity, and said, after a pause :—

"Madam, you have accurately described the old mistress of this house, who died, six months before you came, in the room over yours. The people of the hotel have been already with me about it ; it has caused them much anxiety lest you should leave, and they recognised in your description the old padrona, as she was called."

This explained to me various presents of fruit and special attentions I had received. Nothing more came of it, and I saw the apparition no more. In our walks we looked for even some semblance of the dress in which the woman appeared, but never saw it. Short as my glance towards her was, I could have painted her likeness had I been an artist. She was pale, of the thick pallor of age, cold grey eyes, straight nose, thick bands of yellowish grey hair crossing her forehead. She wore a lace cap with the border closely quilted all round, a white handkerchief crossed over her chest, and a long white apron. Her face was expressionless, but fixed and sad. I could not think she had any knowledge of where she was, or who stood before her, and certainly, for breaking through the barrier of the unseen, it was a most objectless visit.

I ought to mention that I had no knowledge of there having been such a person in existence until her likeness stood at my bedroom door.

KATE M. CLERKE.

Mrs. Clerke further writes :—

68, Redcliffe-square, S. W.

July 29th, 1884.

I can give you no more accurate date for the ghost than July, 1872.

Up to the time of my leaving Sorrento, which was in two or three months after I saw the woman, I think I may safely affirm no one in the house had ever seen her. There was great dismay and consternation, and they were reticent on the subject. After my first remonstrances to the women of the

house who performed the service, against strangers coming to my room, I never alluded to the subject, but we perceived that the one who arranged the rooms never again entered mine *alone*, but brought with her her little daughter.

I never, at any other time, or under any circumstances, saw or imagined forms, or heard voices, and I disbelieved in ghosts. I never dreamed anything particular, and even after the appearance at Sorrento I more imagined it to be a weak-minded person kept in concealment.

The peculiarity of it is my literally describing a person whom I had never seen or known about. Everyone was overwhelmed by the portraiture, even a lady who had seen the old mistress.

KATE M. CLERKE.

Mr. Podmore adds the following notes of an interview with Mrs. Clerke.

August 15th, 1884.

Called on Mrs. Clerke to-day. She told me that she had never believed in ghosts before, and now believed in very few besides her own. She was quite sure that the description she gave of the figure was detailed enough to be recognised. Indeed, the dress as she saw it, though like that actually worn by the old mistress, was not a common one in the district. Mrs. Clerke never saw one at all like it in Italy. When she saw the figure, the dress struck her as being like that of an old Irish nurse of hers, and she told her daughter so, when she rejoined them, adding that the face was quite unlike the nurse's. Miss Clerke confirmed this statement to me.

Mrs. Clerke admitted that it would have been quite possible for the figure which she saw, had it been that of a real woman, to have escaped. She is, however, quite convinced that she saw a ghost; partly because of the resemblance, partly because of the unreasonable terror which seized her when she saw the figure, for she is not a nervous woman naturally.

There were no noises or other disturbances in the house during their stay.

(Signed) F. P.

XXVI.—I will conclude with a case which we owe to the kindness of General Barter, C.B.

This case presents some interesting features. In the first place, we may remark that, although the incident is remote, the testimony is remarkably concordant. We have three streams of evidence:—(1) General Barter himself, corroborated by Mrs. Barter; (2) Mr. Steuart, with whom General Barter had held no communication on the matter for many years, when (as he informs me) he asked his old friend, in writing, at my request, simply what he remembered of the incident; (3) Major Bond, with whom General Barter is not acquainted, and who gives a merely hearsay account (not here reproduced). Now we find that Mr. Steuart's evidence is practically identical with General Barter's, and that Major Bond's—while inaccurate as to a minor point,

viz., the precise place where the apparition was seen—has preserved an important item which Mr. Steuart omitted, viz., the repeated hearing of *sounds* of a horseman galloping down the haunted pathway.

In the second place, this narrative strongly exemplifies the *dream-like* character of many of these post-mortem apparitions. I do not mean that they resemble dreams dreamt by the living percipient, but dreams—if one may so say—dreamt by the dead. The group and the action which General Barter saw was like a scene reproduced or prolonged from the fevered fancies of the man who had now been some months in the grave. In the third place, the dogs' behaviour is noticeable. In every case which I can recall where a dog or other animal is stated to have been in a position to see or hear phantasmal sights or sounds, it has been alarmed thereby. But, of course, animals may have been present—though we have not been informed of it—on other occasions, and may not have shown alarm.

From General Barter, C.B., of Careystown, Whitegate, Co. Cork.

April 28th, 1888.

In the year 1854, I, then a subaltern in the 75th Regiment, was doing duty at the hill station of Murree in the Punjab. The sanatorium had not been long in being, and our men were in temporary huts perched on the crest of a hill some 7,000 feet above sea level, and the officers were living in tents pitched in sheltered spots on the hillside, except three or four who had been fortunate enough to rent houses, such as they were, which had been built by their predecessors. I rented a house built a year or two before by a Lieutenant B., who had died the previous year at Peshawur.¹ This house was built on a spur jutting out from the side of the mountain, and about 200 or 300 yards under the Mall, as the only road then made which ran round the hill was called. A bridle-path led to my house from the Mall, and this was scooped out of the hillside, the earth, &c., being shovelled over the side next my house. The bridle-path ended at a precipice, but a few yards from there a footpath led to my hut.

Shortly after I had occupied my hut an officer named D. came down one evening with his wife and stayed with us until near 11 p.m. It was a lovely night, with the moon at the full, and I walked with them to where my path joined the bridle-road, and remained standing there while they toiled up the zig-zag footpath to the Mall, from which they called down to me good-night. I had two dogs with me, and remained on the spot while I finished the cigar which I was smoking, the dogs meanwhile hunting about in the brushwood jungle which covered the hill. I had just turned to return home when I heard the ring of a horse's hoof as the shoe struck the stones coming along the bridle-path before it takes the sharp bend [marked in a plan which General Barter encloses], and presently I could see a tall hat appear, evidently worn by the rider of the animal. The steps came nearer, and in a few seconds round the corner appeared a man mounted on

¹ We learn from the War Office that Lieutenant B. died at Peshawur, January 2nd, 1854.

a pony with two syces or grooms. At this time the two dogs came, and crouching at my side, gave low frightened whimpers. The moon was at the full, a tropical moon, so bright that you could see to read a newspaper by its light, and I saw the party before me advance as plainly as if it were noon-day; they were above me some eight or ten feet on the bridle-road, the earth thrown down from which sloped to within a pace or two of my feet. On the party came until almost in front of me; and now I had better describe them. The rider was in full dinner dress, with white waist-coat, and wearing a tall chimney-pot hat, and he sat a powerful hill pony (dark brown, with black mane and tail) in a listless sort of way, the reins hanging loosely from both hands. A syce led the pony at each side, but their faces I couldn't see, the one next to me having his back to me, and the one farthest off being hidden by the pony's head; each held the bridle close up by the bit, the man next me with his right, the other with his left hand, and the other hands were on the thighs of the rider as if to steady him in his seat. As they approached I, knowing that they couldn't get to any place other than my own, called out in Hindustani, "Quon hai?" (who is it?). There was no answer, and on they came till right in front of me, when I said in English, "Hallo, what the d——l do you want here?" Instantly the group came to a halt, the rider gathering the bridle-reins up with both hands, turned his face, which had hitherto been looking away from me, towards me and looked down upon me. The group was still as in a tableau, with the bright moon shining full upon it, and I at once recognised the rider as Lieutenant B., whom I had formerly known. The face, however, was different from what it used to be; in place of being clean-shaved as when I knew it, it was now surrounded by a fringe (what used to be known as a Newgate fringe), and it was the face of a dead man, the ghastly waxen pallor of it brought out more distinctly in the moonlight by the fringe of dark hair by which it was encircled; the body, too, was far stouter than when I had known it in life.

I marked all this in a moment, and then resolved to lay hold of the thing whatever it was. I dashed up the bank, and the earth which had been thrown on the side giving under my feet I fell forward up the bank on my hands; recovering myself instantly, I gained the road, and stood in the exact spot where the group had been, but which was now vacant; there wasn't a trace of anything; it was impossible for them to go on, the road stopped at a precipice about 20 yards beyond, and it was impossible to turn and go back in a second. All this flashed through my mind, and I then ran along the road for about 100 yards, along which they had come, until I had to stop for want of breath, but there was no trace of anything, and not a sound to be heard. I then returned home, where I found my dogs, who, on all other occasions my most faithful companions, had not come with me along the road.

Next morning I went up to D., who belonged to the same regiment as B., and gradually induced him to talk of him. I said: "How very stout he had become lately, and what possessed him to allow his beard to grow into that horrid fringe?" D. replied: "Yes, he became very bloated before his death; you know he led a very fast life, and while on the sick list he allowed the fringe to grow in spite of all we could say to him, and I believe he was buried with it." I then asked where he got the pony I had seen, describing it minutely. "Why," said D., "how do you know anything about all this?"

You hadn't seen B. for two or three years, and the pony you never saw. He bought him at Peshawur, and killed him one day riding in his reckless fashion down the hill to Trete."

I then told him what I had seen the night before.

R. BARTER, Major-General, C.B.

In conversation, on October 12th, 1888, General Barter gave me some further details, which I put down next day, and which he has kindly revised and corrected :—

October 13th, 1888.

When I saw the apparition I had been about a week in Uncle Tom's Cabin. I heard that B. had built the house; but that fact did not interest me. I never talked about B. He was never in my thoughts. I am positive that I had not heard about his change of appearance before death.

When I saw the rider and syces approaching me down the hill I noticed that, as the path was narrow as well as rough, sometimes one syce and sometimes the other would have to leave the path, and walk on the hillside above or below it, still holding the rider. When I rushed up the hill to accost the rider he was only some four yards from me, but the intervening space was a bank of soft earth (thrown from the path when it was made), so that I stumbled in it when almost close on the horse.

We remained about six weeks in Uncle Tom's Cabin [*i.e.*, as afterwards explained, in June and July]. During that time my wife and I repeatedly heard the sound of a man riding rapidly down the path to the house. There was never anyone really there; and in fact, except B., I doubt whether anyone had ever ridden down that path. B. was a reckless rider, and eventually rode to death the very pony whose image I saw. I say the very pony, for Lieutenant Deane recognised the pony as well as the rider from my description.

Once when the galloping sound was very distinct, I rushed to the door of the house. There I found my Hindoo bearer, standing with a tattie in his hand. I asked him what he was there for. He said that there came a sound of riding down the hill, and "passed him like a typhoon," and went round the corner of the house, and he was determined to waylay whatever it was. He added : "*Thitan ka ghur hai*," (It is a devil's house).

R. BARTER, Major-General, C.B.

Asked whether Lieutenant B. could ever have ridden that pony during his last illness, General Barter says :—

Trete is the first march down the hill from Murree to the plains, and it was on the road between Murree and Trete that he killed the pony by reckless riding,—so I understood. I don't believe he was ill when he killed the pony, and I have no reason to think that the scene I saw had ever existed in reality.

The attitude of the rider held on to the horse suggested intoxication rather than illness.

Mr. Adam Steuart, formerly Lieutenant 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, writes to General Barter, September, 1888, as follows :—

I well remember your coming into my hut at Murree, when I was still in bed, one morning, and telling me you had seen the ghost of J. B. the night before. Deane of the 22nd had, you told me, been to dinner with you, and when he and his wife left you walked with them a bit of the way, and then you sat down to finish your pipe at the side of the path before going home. While thus sitting you heard the sound of horses' hoofs behind you, and the path they were apparently in only led down to your house. You jumped up to see who it could be. You then saw a European on a black pony, with two native servants, apparently holding him on. You called out, asking who it was, and receiving no reply sprang up the hill to give him a lesson in politeness. Doing so, you caught your foot and fell, and when you recovered your feet the apparition had vanished.

On this account General Barter comments as follows :—

I was not sitting down, but was standing up, finishing a cheroot, and the sound of the hoofs was in front of me, and I could see the man's hat for some time before the entire group came into view on my left front.

I asked Mr. Steuart "whether he remembered anything as to Lieutenant B.'s aspect or hair." He replied as follows :—

16, Crookham-road, Fulham, S.W.

September 24th, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favour of 21st inst., and in reply have to state that when General (then Lieutenant) Barter told me of what he had seen he said to me, in almost these words, "I would have said it was J. B. but that it was so stout, and that he had what is commonly called a Newgate frill" (viz., the hair of the beard growing under the chin). I had not myself seen Mr. B. for some time before his death, but I believe he did get bloated before he died, and for some time previously he had from some freak or other grown the hair under his chin.—I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

ADAM STEUART.

Finally, Mrs. Barter confirms as follows :—

October 18th, 1888.

During the summer of 1854 my husband, then a lieutenant in 75th Regiment, was doing duty at the Murree Depôt, in the Punjaub, and one night when Mr. and Mrs. Deane, 22nd Regiment, had been spending the evening with us, he accompanied them part of the way home. On his return, seeing him very pale and with a troubled expression, I questioned him, and he told me that when the Deanes had left him, as he was about returning home, he was surprised to hear the sound of a horse's hoofs, on the little road leading to our house, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as it was called, and that when the horse came in view he saw that he was ridden by a European, who was held on by two syces, that they came close to him, on the roadway, under which he was standing, and on his challenging them the rider stopped the pony and looked down on him, and he, by the light of the full moon, at once recognised him as Lieutenant B.,

22nd Regiment, who had died some time before in Peshawur. My husband said that he made a dash up the bank to get at the party, but the earth thrown down from the road gave under his feet, and he slipped forward on his hands, and when he recovered himself the whole thing had disappeared.

We lived at "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for about six weeks after, and several times heard a horse gallop down the path and round our house, at break-neck speed, during the night, the panting of the horse being quite audible, and once my husband, hearing it approaching, threw open the door as it passed and ran into the verandah, where stood our old bearer, named "Bola," armed with a tattie, who said he often heard it go past like a whirlwind, and that it was the devil's house. I may add that our house, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," had been built by Lieutenant B.

(Signed) M. D. BARTER.

The above narrative is interesting from yet another point of view. It affords a marked example of what we have termed "local cases,"—cases where the appearance of the phantom seems to have borne relation rather to the place where it was seen than to the percipients who saw it. Such cases were briefly touched upon, both by Mr. Gurney and by myself, in *Phantasms of the Living*;¹ but in this fresh collection of phantasms of persons recently dead they occur in decidedly larger proportion, and seem to call for renewed notice.

The 27 cases quoted at length in this paper (of which cases XV., XVI., XVIII., XXVII., contain more than one separate incident) may be divided thus. Five were dreams or "borderland" cases (VII., XVII., XIX., XX., XXI.), and four of these were *personal* rather than *local*, while in case XXI. dream-communication—if we account it a dream—was apparently caused by a fact of locality. Let us go on to the developed waking hallucinations which our paper contains. Seven of these were purely *personal* in character (I., II., III., IV., XIII., XVIII., XXII.); that is to say, the phantom appeared to a surviving friend, in that surviving friend's own *entourage*. In six cases (IX., XII., XIV., XV., XVI., XXVII.) the phantom was in some sense both *personal* and *local*; it appeared to known persons, but also in a familiar place. In one of these narratives—Colonel Crealock's—the connection between the decedent and the percipient was slight; but the percipient was in a sense brought nearer to the decedent by the fact that both were immersed in the same absorbing train of ideas, viz., the Zulu War.

Finally, in ten cases (V., VI., VIII., XI., XVI., XXI., XXIII., XXIV., XXV., XXVI.) the connection seems to have been purely *local*. In only one of these cases—General Barter's—had the percipient ever seen the decedent when in life, and in this case a part of the

¹ See Vol. II., pp. 268 (where the cases below mentioned are referred to) and 301-2, where locality, as an attractive cause independent of personal reasons, is suggested.

impression was shared by others, to whom Lieutenant B. had been a stranger. In four of these cases (V., VI., XI., XXIII.) the figure appears actually in the room where the death occurred. In three (XVIb., XXIV., XXV.) the figure appears in the house, but not in the room where death occurred. In one—General Barter's—the figure appears a few hundred yards from a house where the decedent had lived. In one—(VIII.)—the decedent's figure appears, not in the room or the house where he himself died, but in the house where his wife has just died, and in the room above that in which her body lay; and in one (XXI.) the figure is in a room occasionally occupied by the decedent.

Turning back to *Phantasms of the Living*, we note that there were a good many cases where there may have been a local as well as a personal attracting cause for the phantasm,—as when a man dying away from home appears to his family at home. But besides and beyond these cases, there are a few (as pointed out by Mr. Gurney, II., p. 268) where the local cause may fairly be supposed to have been predominant. Such, eminently, was the Bard and de-Freville case, which now finds its more suitable place among cases occurring shortly *after* death. And such was the case of the maltster (II., p. 57), who saw his employer standing on the steps leading to the kiln door. Such, too (if not a case of mistaken identity), was the appearance of Professor Conington to Mr. Andrew Lang in Oriellane (II., p. 70). Such was the case where the phantom of a servant, absent in hospital, appeared to a fellow-servant, by no means her friend, at Troston Hall. Both *personal* and *local*, again, was the case (II., p. 230) where the steps of a butler seemed to be heard in his mistress' house, as though he were extinguishing the gas, at the moment of his death in hospital at Ventnor. This case, indeed, pretty closely resembles that which Colonel Crealock has reported, where the phantom of Mr. D., killed at some distance, was seen removing his bedding from the camp. Another case where the attraction must have been *local* is that (II., p. 541) where the young girl just about to commit suicide by hanging herself on a tree was seen by a stranger apparently going towards the grove, at a moment when she was provably within doors. This last-mentioned case (unfortunately very remote) resembles a "haunting" *before* death, while at the same time it reminds us of the cases where a man's phantom has been seen returning home, &c., a short time before he actually arrives.

Once more. General Campbell's case is, in a certain sense, local as well as personal. That is to say, the phantasmal phenomena occurred in the deceased lady's intended home,—unfinished at her death—and mainly in the presence of her husband. But it will be noted that one of the most marked phenomena—the visual hallucination—occurred not

to General Campbell, but to a child who had never seen the decedent. Are we therefore to class this case as predominantly a *local* one? or may we suppose that the effort at self-manifestation was made for General Campbell's benefit, but was, as it happened, more easily perceptible by the child-guest than by the widower himself?

There are several cases in *Phantasms of the Living* which suggest this latter interpretation;—cases, that is to say, where the apparition seems to be conditioned or attracted by the presence, or expected presence, of some one other than the person who actually does perceive it. Such is the case [I., p. 524] where Mrs. Ranking's face appears, at the moment of death, not to her daughter, but to her daughter's father-in-law, who is sitting in the same room. Such is the case [II., p. 40] where Louisa B.'s phantom is seen in the house of her old friend Mr. D.; yet not by Mr. D. himself, but by his sister, to whom the decedent was almost a stranger. Such was a case [I., p. 559] where a lady, sitting in the drawing-room of her father's rectory, saw the phantom of a dying relation, who much desired to see her father, but had no special interest in herself. Such was a case [II., p. 613] where the apparition of a dying lady was seen in the house of a Mr. Robertson, to whom she was engaged to be married, but seen not by Mr. Robertson, who was away from home, but by his sons. Such, too, was the very singular case [II., p. 61] where the phantom of Mr. J. H. de la Poer Beresford appeared, not to his sister, Mrs. Clerke, but to a black nurse who was near, and who saw the figure apparently leaning over Mrs. Clerke's chair.¹

And while the *personal* character of the apparitions thus tends to give way, in post-mortem apparitions, to the *local*, we observe also (so far as our small collection of cases permits of generalisation), that the

¹ Cases have sometimes been reported (though we have hardly any in our own collection) where a phantom appears to a stranger, expressing a desire that a near friend shall be informed of the appearance. Such is a narrative printed by the American Society for Psychical Research (*Proceedings* IV., p. 507), where a Mr. N. X., of New Jersey, says: "My wife, residing with relatives in a remote town in South-Western Virginia, died suddenly of apoplexy on a Thursday, and was buried on the Saturday following. Remoteness made the telegraph useless as a summons to me, and on the Monday morning following I received two letters,—one announcing her death, and one from a lady, a school-teacher, a principal [living near the Delaware Water Gap], with whom I corresponded much on the educational matters affecting her, in which she informed me that a spirit had appeared to her and desired her to inform me of her identity as my wife, and of her death. Neither party had ever met; one was ignorant of the existence of the other. The sudden death of my wife, a few hours' illness, her ignorance of the existence of my correspondent, preclude all physical communication."

The lady referred to writes to Mr. Hodgson: "I cannot recall the details of my interview with Mrs. X. I only remember that I seemed to be at her home in Virginia, and in conversation with her, in which she requested me to inform Mr. X., who was then in New York, of her sudden 'transition,' which I did immediately."

recognition manifested by the apparition,—its apparent attention to the percipient—tends to become less.

In these respects these “transitional ghosts” occupy a midway position between the phantoms which appear at the moment of death and the “haunting” figures of which Mrs. Sidgwick and others have published several records. In few of those narratives of “haunting” has it been thus far possible to establish a clear connection between the haunting figure and any deceased person.

Nevertheless there are a few instances where there seems to have been a recognition after the lapse of more than a year from the date of death; and these are deferred for review on a future occasion.

Meantime, the evidence given in this paper for veridical phantasms occurring shortly after death is manifestly much weaker than the evidence already published for veridical phantasms occurring at or about the time of death. Even were we to add to the list in this paper all the non-evidential “visions of consolation”—where the bereaved husband, for instance, sees the figure of his wife, for whom he is then mourning—we should not raise the total to anything like the number of cases which roughly *coincide* with the death. This discrepancy, however,—if the cases be indeed veridical—need not surprise us. On any theory—except that of direct providential intervention—we should think it antecedently likely that any power of communication with living persons must lessen as the decedent becomes more remote from earthly life. This need not lead us to suppose, with the Platonic Cebes, that the departed person is gradually extinguished altogether. If indeed there be a life beyond that of earth, it would ill become us to assume to track its progress or to assign its limitation.

I must conclude by an earnest request for accounts of further cases resembling those given in the above paper.¹ No part of our inquiry bears more directly upon problems of the utmost importance to all of us.

F.W.H.M.

APPENDIX.

The following account is tedious and the recorded phenomena are of an inconclusive type. We have, however, thought it right to print the narrative as a specimen of care and accuracy in observation and description. Mr. Gurney and I went over the house with General Campbell, and were satisfied that no more candid or painstaking informant could be found. Unfortunately he died not

¹ The present collection is not a complete one. Several cases of great interest were published in a little volume called *Spirit Identity*, by “M. A. (Oxon)” (London, 1879.) But as I understand that there is a prospect that this work (now out of print) may be re-issued with further details, I defer notice of its contents.

long after this interview; and we believed that there had been few further phenomena to record. We have not thought it needful to print the plan of the house. Mr. Gurney and I saw the principal servant; and from the disposition of rooms and the character of the household, we agreed with General Campbell that the hypothesis of practical joking on the part of servants was quite untenable. It may be observed that the actual ringing of a bell (if not due to ordinary causes) would take us among a class of physical phenomena which lie outside the scope of this paper.

XXVII.—From General Campbell, Gwalior House, Southgate, N.

April 27th, 1884.

Statement of apparently ultra-mundane occurrences, at times and places seemingly guided by intelligence, from September 15th, 1882, to April 5th, 1884, in my large, isolated house above quoted.

The above quoted is a large two-storied building, having an area of 58 by 71 feet, the lower floor raised five feet from the ground level, which is concreted throughout. The house is a very solid one, with no lath and plaster to convey sounds, thoroughly lighted in every part, and consequently not only very dry, but quite free from rats or mice. There are two cats, which are invariably turned out at night, with no possibility of getting in again. No dogs, except one, a long way off in the yard. The house is surrounded by fields to a distance of 300 yards to the nearest cottage, situated on a private road, not metalled (having scarcely any wheeled traffic, and very rarely any at night), distant 40 yards from the house. It was completed in August, 1882, and the only ordinary residents are myself on the S.E. side, and three servants on the N.W. side, having only one doorway between the body of the house and the servants' quarters on each floor. See sketch accompanying, in which the particular rooms referred to are within red lines, with all needful details marked thereon. It is naturally a particularly quiet house, and I seldom hear a sound, not made by myself. The servants are always in their bedroom C (see sketch) by 10.30 p.m., and I almost invariably enter my distant bedroom A about 11 p.m.

I have explained all this in great detail to show that every sound is heard among perfect quietness, particularly at night.

The rest of this statement refers to about 30 inexplicable sounds, as if inviting my attention specially, and two apparitions or visions, apparently of a carefully calculated nature, seen by a child visitor, being a blood relation of my late wife, who died in July, 1882, and whom this child had never seen, nor yet any likeness of her.

Having now cleared the way for a general view of the whole case, I will give the details, premising that I am much the reverse of a nervous or fanciful temperament, rather cautious, at my present advanced age, as to believing anything without the "Q. E. D."; also of very regular and temperate habits, having always been so, never drinking wine or beer, and only an ounce and a half of spirits in three-quarters of a pint of water in 24 hours; and that the child quoted does not yet understand what the word "ghost" means.

As before mentioned, my wife died in July, 1882. At that time I had never given the subject of ultra-mundane indications any consideration what

ever, beyond what I had heard of the experiences of two of my relatives in a vague sort of way, several years ago (within 10 years), and it was not till about the middle of the occurrences under notice that I read the books of Dale Owen, D. D. Home, and Serjeant Cox.

The inexplicable phenomena quoted have only been in my own bedroom, A (chiefly); the visitors' room, B; and the servants' bedroom (twice), and kitchen below the latter (once); also once in my day-room, below my bedroom, A. With so much variation in quality of sound, there must have been quite as many inexplicable natural causes, if natural (mundane) causes have existed.

The first few indications I did not record at all, but note them now as between the 15th and 30th September, 1882, being six weeks from the date of my wife's death—i.e., the former date. (1) At 3 a.m., while asleep in my bedroom A, amid perfect quietness, I was awoken by loud and prolonged knocking, as by knuckles of a man. Went to the door with night-light; nothing to be seen or heard: thought it must have been fancy. I may add that my late wife was much in my mind, but I had not the wildest idea of any ultra-mundane communication, having given no thought to the subject. (2) About 1.30 p.m. Servants at dinner in kitchen below C. Heard a loud and continuous rapping; part rap, part rattle, apparently on or outside the room window in front. Thought it might be an intimate friend rapping with his umbrella, as no bell had then been put up. Looked through every window on the lower floor, then round the house outside in both directions. Saw and heard nothing. Returned to my room by the kitchen door (below C); found the servants at dinner too far off (over 60ft., with two closed doors) to hear the rapping. A part of the sound was that of the soft part of the doubled fist striking the side frame of the window, and fingers tapping on the glass, all combined. I note here that the hour (between 1 and 2 p.m.) was the most favourable possible to avoid confusion with other sounds, and as if—as I now think—the rapping by day came after the unsuccessful knocking at my bedroom door at night. (3) At 11 p.m. Servants all quiet in their bedroom, and self just got into bed, a night-light burning as usual. Heard two clear single raps on the door X. The door also seemed to open about a foot. The sound was the hollow sound of knocking with knuckles, not the creaking of a door. Got up and saw nothing; all dark outside. (4) About 11 p.m. again, and (as before) just after getting into bed. Servants in bed at 9.30. All quiet, without a sound of any kind. Heard more rappings near the head of my bed, where some relics are kept. On the two last occasions, I was thinking of the departed one. All this from 15th to 30th September, 1882, and I think chiefly (as subsequently) between Saturday nights and sunrise on Mondays, which seems curious. The two apparitions, hereafter detailed, were also at daybreak of a Saturday (Sunday being Christmas Day) and Monday. After 30th September, 1882, the rappings, &c., were regularly recorded on the day following the night of the occurrence.

22nd October, 1882 (Sunday), at (note that by "at" I mean about, but will keep to the exact records) 6.30 a.m. I had been previously out of bed for half-an-hour. Servants just gone down to the kitchen below their bedroom C. I seem to hear quite distinctly the Christian name of my late wife about three feet from my ear; it was not in her natural voice, the sound was moderately low (not a whisper), with each syllable given at equidistant

intervals and at the same pitch as is pronounced by a speaking machine ; it was hardly in a natural voice at all. There is a servant of the same name in the house, then far from my room ; but it was no familiar voice that I heard, and, on inquiry, her name had not been called by anyone about that hour. I have never imagined or heard a name in the same manner. After this I obtained the two books by Dale Owen and read them.

November 9th, 1882 (same year), time about 7 a.m.—Heard two consecutive sets of sounds, like blows on my under pillow, too loud for heart pulsations, which followed (just felt). I wrote and placed on my chest of drawers (see sketch) "Give three raps if from my late wife."

November 13th, 1882.—At 11.30 p.m. had just got into bed about a minute. Servants all retired at 10 p.m., and perfect quietness inside and outside of the house. No strong wind. Heard three very loud crashes apparently through the wall (14in. wall), just above the chest of drawers marked in sketch in my bedroom A. The sound was indescribable—something between the blasting of a tree-trunk by lightning, the sudden breaking of a 3in. plank across a fixed fulcrum, and the report of a rifle, but more prolonged—nearly as loud as the report of a large-bored pistol in a room (which I have heard before). This, considering my repeated request for three raps, startled me much. There was an interval of some four seconds between each report. Having lighted a candle, I examined the wall closely to seek for any crack or fissure in it or the colour wash (no wall-paper), but could see nothing, or up to this date. Looked over the long corridor (see sketch), then examined the wall in the empty room adjoining at S, but could detect nothing—no sounds of any kind, nor sign of failure in any wall, roof, or other part of the house. The servants (who sleep soundly) were not informed, and made no remark—having 60ft. of distance and three closed doors between us. On hearing these crashes, I knew nothing about repeating the alphabet, or did not think of it ; but I took a pencil, held at the end by two fingers lightly, to see if a precedent quoted by Dale Owen might again occur—no results. I now requested, as before, that further rappings might be either on the door or on the thin panel-door of the hanging wardrobe. (See sketch.)

Up to December 23rd, 1882, there were no further indications of the same kind, but on the 24th December, 1882, I had as visitors a lady and two children, aged 7 and 10, both girls. They were blood relatives of my late wife, and the mother a special favourite of hers. The mother and eldest child slept on the "double bed" (see sketch) in bedroom B, while the younger child, a very delicate, clever child, slept in the "child's" bed, near the fire-place (see sketch), looking full on the "easy chair," so marked on the other side of the fire-place.

In the grey, early morning light of the 24th December, the younger child, on the "child's" bed, awoke her mother saying, "Who is that lady sitting in the arm-chair?" (The chair was usually empty, without any antimacassar.) The mother, seeing nothing but the empty chair in its usual position and state, intervened between the child and chair, and succeeded in soothing her. Nothing further was said, that day, either to myself or others.

Same date, about midnight, I heard a sudden and loud tap in my bedroom A which awoke me from a half dozing state. The lady in bedroom B also heard a loud tap apparently in her room ; whether at the same moment

could not be ascertained. (Curiously enough, one of the servants dreamed that the lady had mentioned this tap to her, which was not the case till next morning, astonishing the lady by replying, "You told me of this last night, or I must have dreamed it.")

26th December, 1882.—At daybreak, as before—a grey morning, the same child, being wide awake (as usual with her at early morning), saw the figure of a "tall lady in a long grey dress, a tall hat with a feather in it; the face was very thin and white" (the child shuddered when repeating this two days afterwards). "I heard the sweep of the long dress on the floor and the sound of slippers feet—the heels—as the lady came by the door. She went to the side of your bed," the mother's, (see double bed on sketch) "and seemed to smooth down the clothes and tuck you in comfortably, then went round the bed to the table on the other side, near the head of the bed" (see sketch), "then took up some books, opened them, and put them down again." A Bible, Prayer-book and others lay there. "Then she turned round and was coming to me, when I put my head under the bed-clothes. I was so frightened that I could not speak." This was stated by the mother to be usual with her, though far from being a timid child. She slept in August following in the spare room E with her sister, before mentioned, and a younger brother of five years, requiring no night-light. (The room was chosen as being nearest to the servants in the absence of the mother.) There is no guessing the motives of a child, but strangely enough she said nothing about it till about to be put to bed at night, when she said to a young servant girl, "I don't want to sleep alone in this bed again." Then the whole story came out. The servant girl told the mother, who came at once to my room with it—stating also for the first time what the child had seen on the Saturday morning, the 24th. I may mention here that there had been no Christmas amusements or mummery of any kind to affect the child's nerves, and she was in her usual health. Her veracity is beyond suspicion, and she may have been afraid of displeasing her mother in consequence of what occurred on the 24th. The whole story is too circumstantial and complete for such a child, and she does not, as before stated, understand the meaning of the word "ghost" (having been entirely brought up by the mother). We did not like to question so young a child much in the matter; but during the remainder of her visit here (some two weeks) she adhered exactly to the same account, telling the servant that she would not sleep again in the same bed, or without a light (which was given), because "that woman would come back." Child-like, she did not object to sleeping alone in room E, in July following. (See ante.) The child continued so very positive as to what she had seen that her mother made the best of it by saying that perhaps she had seen a good angel. The mother is far from being a Spiritualist, and is a lady of strong common-sense and nerves. Her opinion was—quoting her knowledge of the child—that the latter "must have seen *something*," as there had been no previous visions of any kind, nor have there been since.

As regards my own view of the case, I cannot help remarking the intelligently cautious course of the two appearances or visions, so as not to frighten the child, and the similarity between the description given by the child, and the ordinary appearance of my late wife—never seen by the child

nor any such likeness—in her forenoon dress, &c., when on her regular daily visits to the damp garden, stables, and poultry-yard. The similarity stands thus :—

The figure “was tall” (my late wife was 5ft. 5in. in house shoes, without heels, and must have appeared taller to the child in consequence of the rest of the description, being also taller than her mother and other people usually about her).

“In a long grey dress.” The dress—still with me—is not what a painter would call grey; being made of “pooshmèna,” an Indian cloth, of a light brownish earth colour, sometimes called a “brown grey” by milliners, and what the child (according to the mother) would call “grey,” particularly in the grey light of early morning. The dress (an outer garment like a cloak) seems to myself to be of a grey colour in the grey light of the early morning. I do not think that the child saw anything with her natural eyes; but as somnambulists or mesmerised persons see and hear; else the mother would have seen the first or (apparently) preparatory apparition or vision.

The “long dress,” described corresponds with the dress just described—being usually looped up, as is often done with “half-trains,” when out of doors.

“With a tall hat and feather in it.” The garden hat was a high-crowned soft felt, of the wide-awake kind, with a gauze or muslin band round the crown, with dropping end hanging down on one side—always worn with the dress described. Long dresses were always worn.

“Heard the trail of the dress on the floor,” or “rustling sound” of the same. This I have never heard; but sharper ears might have done so. “And the sound of heels on the floor.” This corresponds, as rather loose goloshes were invariably worn with the same general dress, when leaving or entering the house. A light stick, not quoted by the child, but making a tapping noise in the house, was always carried. The quoting of the rustling sound of the dress and of the heels, seems, however, to give an objective character to the apparition.

“Went round the large bed (occupied by the mother and elder sister), “smoothing down and tucking in the bed-clothes.” This apparently affectionate procedure seems as if intended to prevent alarm to the seer, as also the taking up and laying down of books before passing the seer's bed in returning round the large bed. The return towards the child (see route dotted on the sketch) was too much for the child, who “covered up her head with the bed-clothes.” The child stated that she “could not speak.” (This, according to the mother, was usual with her, when frightened.) The detailed description of the two appearances, and of the whole procedure on this second occasion, which must have taken some minutes, seems, as before stated, far too much for so young a child, and particularly this child, who is not at all given to long narratives. The fact of covering up her head shows that she was quite awake, and her exact repetition of the same details for many days shows that all the details must have been impressed upon her mind, and more so than most ordinary occurrences, in such detail. The child changed beds with her sister on the night of the 26th December (1882), and by burning a night-light, and leaving the door wide open (myself being just on the outside), pending her mother entering the room for the night, she did

not repeat "that woman will come back again. My idea is that this child was the only "sensitive" (like D. D. Home) in the house, and made use of to supplement the indications which I and the servants could hear. It seems to be admitted (see *Mechanism of Man*, Vol. II.) that a few people have the power of inducing artificial somnambulism or trance, with full power over the thoughts and even words of some sensitives. It is evidently neither a mechanical nor persuasive power. Who can say that a departed spirit in another stage of existence has not the same power?

January 12th, 1883; time, about 2 a.m.—I had just been out of bed, and downstairs, to see to a sound of footsteps outside, and in a few seconds, after getting into bed again, I heard a distinct continuous knocking on the wardrobe panel at the foot of my bed, apparently in compliance with my previous requests, (supposing ultra-mundane agency,) since the last indications—as if by soft knuckles, about four feet above the floor, in the centre of the panel, which forms, practically, a sounding-board. All servants in their distant bedroom c, and the rooms adjoining mine both empty. All quiet inside and outside the house. There were three distinct raps at intervals of a second, followed by a long continuous and extremely rapid tapping, at nearly double the pace of a needle in a sewing machine, and yet each tap quite distinct, without any resonance from the thin panel as a sounding-board; thus, for some four seconds:

o o o

I do not see how all this could be effected by natural or artificial mechanical means, unless by elaborate machinery, with a damper behind the point struck. I repeated the alphabet, but no results. At the time of hearing I was looking straight at the wardrobe, and the locality of the sound seemed to be quite unmistakable, and equally inexplicable from any natural cause.

January 14th, 1883: 5 a.m.—Rapping near my bedroom window (not loud, and not like the rattling of a window).

February 24th; 4 a.m.—Awakened by a clapping sound near table of relics. Again at 6 a.m. five loud knocks at my door. Called out, "Come-in," but no one there. Servants did not leave their distant rooms till 7.30 a.m. that day.

March 11th, 1883; 5 a.m.—Knocking near the head of my bed.

March 15th, 1883; 6 a.m.—Awoke as if by a small hand pressing my foot very firmly. Same day, at 6.30 a.m., a thumping at my bedroom door as if by the soft part of a doubled fist. No clue.

From March 25th till May 15th I was very ill from a purely physical cause, and mostly in a semi-conscious or unconscious state. Heard nothing, except once something like the sound of crying in a corner of the room, but not very distinct.

June 13th, 1883.—Three loud crashes on the wall at "s," the last of which seemed to travel with the rapidity of lightning through the wall to the front of the house. The crashes were as if given by blows of a heavy hammer, quite unlike any failure of masonry, and not a trace of anything of the kind.

June 30th, 1883; 6.30 a.m.—Seemed to hear my own Christian name, exactly in my late wife's natural voice, when in good spirits—not loud.

August 2nd, 1883.—Early morning (hour not noted). Four knocking sounds.

August 11th, 1883.—Three knocks as above, quite distinct, in same bed room.

August 13th, 1883; 5 a.m.—Heard again my own shortened name, as on 30th June previous.

June 25th, 1883; 5 a.m.—Heard the clapping sounds again.

September 1st, 1883; 5 a.m.—Heard three dull knocks near front windows and table of relics.

September 4th, 1883; early morning.—Heard three soft raps near the head of the bed. (It is remarkable how often three raps—specially asked for—have been heard.)

September 28th, 1883; 3.30 a.m.—When quite awake—having just previously looked at my watch—heard six distinct raps on the bedroom door, rather slowly given, exactly like knuckle raps, at the usual height of such knockings, and on a panel quite inexplicable by any possible natural cause.

November 6th, 1883; 10.30 p.m.—Had just got into bed. Servants retired at 10. Heard three soft raps on a spare wardrobe, being exactly the sound that would be produced on such a panel.

February 4th, 1884.—Remarkable bell ringing, repeated second time, within a few minutes of the only times when I and all the servants could hear it. About 5 p.m. I entered the “wash-room” D, being the only room from which I could hear a bell hung at the corner of the passage to the servants’ room C, having the wire bell-pull in a brass groove, just outside my bedroom door. It has only two bent levers, with very strong springs, the wire being in sight along the roof the whole way, except through the wall near the bell itself (see sketch). This bell rang quite unaccountably and strongly about 15 seconds after I had entered the “wash-room.” It could not have happened from the usual gentle closing of the door (15 seconds before), nor from any gust of wind, as the day was a pretty still one, and no windows open anywhere. Two of the servants were in their bedroom C, and one of them came at once, looking alarmed at the suddenness and loudness of the ringing at so unusual an hour, and fancying sudden illness on my part (in fact, I seldom ring any bell at all, and this one had not been rung for the previous 10 days or so). On my suggesting it must be the front door bell, the servant took me to the bell near their bedroom, where we found the tongue or clapper still vibrating. Knowing that there were no rats in the house, nor any such being able to touch the wire, I thought it possible that the bent levers, or one of them, might have been left at “half-cock,” as it were, even for 10 days, from the knob-puller not having gone up quite home, but found it impossible to arrange it that way, the springs being too strong. I found also that the bell would not ring at all unless pulled down nearly the whole way. I then pushed the knob-puller home and left it.

Again at 9.30 p.m. on the same evening, I entered the same wash-room, accompanied by a servant (the same who answered the first ringing), with hot water; and again, in about 15 seconds, we both heard the bell, finding, as before, the clapper still moving with nearly full vibrations. Two servants in the kitchen below also heard it, and one came up. These have been the only instances of inexplicable bell-ringing in the house. The two ringings could not have been better timed if some one had been watching an opportunity of letting every one in the house hear them as well as myself, and

the repetition, exactly under the same circumstances, seemed intended to intimate that the first was no accident. Any trickery in the matter is out of the question. They (the servants) could not even get at the bell—being 12ft. above floor—to ring in that way, and are not inclined to ascribe the ringing to ultra-mundane causes, without any further attempt at explanation, beyond asking if I had slammed the door and looking unsuccessfully for open windows.

As to any illusions or hallucination on all these indications, coupled with every appearance of intelligent choice of times, varying localities, and quality of sounds—it seems most unlikely that six people out of seven, who have been mostly in the house, should be subject to illusions, and only in this house, or that I should have been subject to so many illusions (about 30) during more than 20 months, and with nothing to induce any suspicion of the kind in my past or present life. Taking all the indications together, they seem to have been of a mutually supplementary character. (a) The sense of hearing by one person chiefly in one room—A. (b) Hearing (one loud rap) by three persons, and one of them twice seeing an apparition, in apparently very intelligent sequence, as if from an ultra-mundane source—in room B. (c) Exact timing of bell-ringing—twice—in apparently intelligent sequence, as if intended chiefly for myself, with three other persons also hearing the same.

Assuming a fair share of reason and common-sense on my own part, and going from effects to a possible cause, I do not see that my late wife (or possibly some other, except for the description given by the child, and what I seemed to hear of names), having certain limited powers, could have employed them more intelligently than has been done, [i.e., by a general comparison of the whole], for my particular conviction and comfort, particularly as regards choice of times and variety of indications, all naturally inexplicable. I have only the choice between this view and “inexplicable”—dismissing the idea of illusion through so many months. I feel as sure of having heard all I have stated as that I am now writing with pen and ink. I have never felt doubtful as to the sounds heard (specially the crashes and rappings), while the child mentioned felt quite as fully the fear, several times repeated, that “that woman will come back.”

If there are any further indications I will record and mention them in continuation—say half-yearly.

I look upon the Psychic Society as a most important one, setting a common-sense example, on quite sufficiently good grounds, and the more so, considering the evidently great want of moral courage among many who keep silent, including, of course, many who cannot afford to risk their professional prospects in the present state of opinion of many people, with a further disinclination to give their houses a kind of character which interferes with rental and sale.

J. D. CAMPBELL.

P.S.—I have forgotten to record that the “crashes” quoted under 13th June, 1883, also occurred two or three times just before that date, i.e., on previous nights, soon after I got into bed. More hammer-like—not so loud—and at *no other time*. I only wondered then. Also a case mentioned by the servants as follows:—“We were sitting at dinner in the kitchen about

1.30 p.m. when we were fairly startled by hearing a loud sound, as if a lot of gravel had been violently thrown up against one of the windows (a high one, some seven feet above ground level). We all went out, but could see nothing; groom and workmen had left the premises for dinner."

These are old servants who saw the last of my late wife, attending the funeral.

In this case also the time seems to have been chosen with intelligence.

I have purposely omitted some knockings heard when people were moving about the house and premises.

J. D. C.

E. G. wrote to ask General Campbell whether it was possible that one or more of the servants might have seen the paper which he wrote on November 9th, 1882, asking for three raps; and also whether the child might not have previously seen his late wife's dress, hanging up perhaps in some wardrobe. The reply is as follows:—

(1) The written paper (in pencil) was written just before I got into bed, about 11 p.m., and burnt about 5 a.m. next morning, before any one could enter the room, to avoid remarks by the servants. Anyhow, they could not have made the loud crashing sounds by any means in their power, nor knocked on the wardrobe at foot of my bed and in the room, without waking me up, having a night-light burning all night. I am sure also that my servants would never think of taking such liberties. I was always awake on each occasion before the sounds came, except once as quoted.

(2) The particular dress and hat (kept as relics) were under lock in my bedroom (which the children never entered, or had any object in entering), with the key always in my pocket. The children were only on the bedroom floor to sleep, and always accompanied by the mother (chiefly) or the nurse, or my own servants, both day and night. I asked the mother whether the child could have seen any dress and hat like the unusual ones I had, and the answer was "No. She must have seen something," *i.e.*, as a vision—twice and differently. There was a steady intelligent consistency (not on the surface), showing affectionate intention and caution, which the child herself was not aware of, in the two consecutive statements, and which no child of seven could have put together.

J. D. CAMPBELL.

Mr. Gurney and I had a long interview with General Campbell, Oct. 4, 1884, and we carefully inspected the premises. The house is an exceptionally solidly-built one, with extremely thick walls inside; and General Campbell assured us that, since he built the house some few years back, he had never known the wood to crack or start.