



SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

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NEW MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES.

MEMBERS.

DOBBIE, A. W., Gawler Place, Adelaide, Australia.

GOODHART, REV. CHARLES A., M.A., St. Barnabas Vicarage, Sheffield.

ASSOCIATES.

BECKET, MISS MARIA, Hotel Vendôme, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

HARRIS, MISS, 40, Lothrop Street, Queen's Park, Harrow Road,
London, W.

LEWIS, MRS. W. B., Weybridge Heath, Surrey.

WETHERED, F. J., M.R.C.S., London Hospital, London, E.C.

MEETING OF COUNCIL.

At a Council Meeting, held on the 7th inst., the following Members were present:—Messrs. Alexander Calder, Edmund Gurney, Charles C. Massey, Edward R. Pease, Professor H. Sidgwick, and Mr. Frank Podmore. The chair was taken by Professor Sidgwick.

The Minutes of the previous Meeting having been read and signed as correct, two new Members and four new Associates were elected, whose names and addresses are given above.

Presents to the Library were on the table, including two of Miss Frances Power Cobbe's works, presented by herself. The thanks of the Council were directed to be given to the donors. The books are specially acknowledged in another page.

The usual Cash Account for the previous month was presented, and various payments authorised.

The next Meeting of the Council was fixed for Friday, the 2nd of October, at 4.45 p.m.

RETRACTATIONS AND ALTERATIONS OF VIEW.

The following are the remarks which Mr. E. Gurney made on this subject at the last General Meeting:—

Something was said at the last Meeting implying that the Committee appointed to investigate phenomena connected with the Theosophical Society had, in their conclusions, to some extent retracted what had been said in their First Report. But I think it must be clear to any candid reader of the First Report that what the Committee did in it was this—to define, on their then imperfect knowledge, what were the questions which further knowledge might enable them to determine, and which, as they think, they have now on their further knowledge determined. The only point where they expressed a definite view which they have altered was in connection with Colonel Olcott, as so fully explained in Mr. Hodgson's Report.

I say this not from any desire to make out or imply an invariable consistency in our published Reports. Psychical research is eminently a department in which workers have to learn as they proceed. And I may take the present opportunity of mentioning that there are several points in which we think that the increase of our stock of information has led us to a more correct view as to what can be properly put forward as evidence for telepathy, and what cannot; with the result that several cases which we have no reason to suppose inaccurately reported, and which we have published as supporting the telepathic argument, do not now seem to us fairly to do so. I may mention especially the cases where the percipient, at the time of seeing the phantasmal figure or hearing the phantasmal voice, has been in a state of *anxiety* with regard to the person whom we regarded as the agent. In some of these cases we have not made sufficient allowance for the possibility that the state of the percipient might have generated a purely subjective phantasm. That mere anxiety is a condition adequate to produce a definite visual hallucination in a waking person is, it is true, very far from being a self-evident proposition. The assertion has often been loosely made; just so has the assertion that cold lobster is an adequate condition often been loosely made; but in neither case have proofs been forthcoming. Now this illustrates the importance of making a very large collection of purely subjective or pathologic hallucinations, as well as of alleged telepathic cases. A very large collection has been gradually amassed, and in it I do not find a single case of hallucination due to indigestion; but I do find material from which it may, I think, fairly be argued that the nervous strain of anxiety is occasionally able to generate hallucination of the senses. Consequently we shall feel bound in future to exclude from the evidence for telepathy all, or nearly all, the cases where this condition is shown or may fairly be inferred to

have been present. If the effect on the senses of the percipient *can* be due to a subjective emotion such as anxiety, we should not feel justified (unless in very exceptional circumstances) in seeking or assuming any further cause for it in the state of an absent person.

There are, however, two (and only two) of our published accounts where we have to acknowledge error of a different sort. In these, it is no longer a matter of our own misinterpretation of facts; but we have learnt, since publishing the cases, that the facts were misreported to begin with—that there has been exaggeration or inaccuracy on the part of our informants, of a sort that (in one case, at any rate) fundamentally affects the evidence.

The first instance is that of Sir E. Hornby, who told us of a certain death as having occurred coincidentally with a vision of his own; whereas the death was afterwards asserted, by a person apparently acquainted with the facts, to have occurred at least three months previously. Sir E. Hornby at once admitted—with complete candour—that if this assertion turned out to be true, his memory must have played him the most extraordinary trick. We then did what I take blame to myself for not thinking of before the case was published—searched the files of Chinese newspapers at the British Museum; we found that the critic's assertion was correct, and that the man did die three months before Sir E. Hornby supposed. And the case, as recorded, thus completely breaks down.

The second instance is that of Mr. X. Z. (*Proceedings*, Vol. I., p. 106.) The account of his examining the parish register, and finding there the record of the two deaths—the murder and the suicide—as having occurred in 179—, is entirely wrong. We have now done what we ought to have done before—had the register searched; and we find no record of the sort at all. We have ascertained otherwise that a former owner of the house did commit suicide, but not in this house, and, moreover, not till 1809, and in May instead of September. Mr. X. Z. further told us that he went with a friend to call on the landlord in London, on which occasion the portrait of the apparition was recognised; but he proves to have been wrong as to the friend with whom he went; and the friend who, as he now tells us, accompanied him, is dead. These inaccuracies do not, it is true, affect the account of the apparition itself, but they greatly weaken the evidence for its objective origin. Moreover, a narrative which is so far proved inaccurate is clearly not one that could properly be used for evidential purposes.

In cases of this sort, where flaws are discovered in accounts which have been given us in perfect good faith, what we have done and what we propose to do in future, is this—to withdraw the narrative, with an admission of its incorrectness. For instance, in the second edition of

the number of the *Proceedings* where Sir E. Hornby's story appeared, another case was substituted, with a note to state that the rejected evidence had broken down on the fundamental point of dates; and a similar explanation was given in the *Journal*. The same course will be pursued with regard to Mr. X. Z.'s story, as to which the facts just mentioned have only been ascertained within the last few weeks. We think that this treatment answers the requirements of the position, without causing unnecessary annoyance to a perfectly *bonâ fide* witness. It is, of course, otherwise in cases of fraud.

MARGINS.

I fear that the apparent difference of opinion between my courteous critic "C. C. M." and myself must be due to defective expression on my part, for I entirely agree with him that if a phenomenon can be shown to lie in the margin between what is known to be possible and what is clearly impossible, so far as recognised causes are concerned, we have an unexplained fact—more or less unexplained according to the extent to which it goes beyond known possibilities. But such an unexplained fact, in my view, is the starting-point of psychical research, not the conclusion at which it seeks to arrive: to prove the presence of a new agency it must, I contend, go further; it must go beyond the unexplained to the inexplicable.

No rule can, however, be laid down for determining the reasonable margin, and the task is especially difficult when we cannot reduce the question to an alternative between a definitely known cause and the unknown, but are in doubt as to what known agencies may have operated unperceived.

An illustration of what I mean is afforded by our study of the "willing-game." Before it was known from experience that muscular indications could be given and taken unconsciously to the extent required to explain the willing-game, it was recognised by our inquirers that this might be possible, and that consequently experiments in thought-transference with contact between agent and percipient, could not prove telepathy. And their caution was soon justified; for Mr. Sugden and others showed that such unconscious muscular indications *are* given, and can be consciously interpreted.

E. M. S.

COUNT GONEMYS' CASE OF MONITION
AND MESMERIC CURE.

In the *Journal* for March, 1885, we published an interesting case sent to us by Dr. Nicolas, Count Gonémys, of Corfu, a member of the Society for Psychical Research. We are now able to add an important confirmation of part of that account. The following is a slightly abridged translation of a letter written in Italian by Demetrio Volterra, Count Crissoplevri, to Dr. Nicolas, Count Gonémys, and dated, Zante 7th (19th) June, 1885.

Honoured Sir and Doctor,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 3rd (15th), and hasten to reply thereto. My wife, my son Anastasio, and I can all testify that the mesmeric cure which you effected of my son in the year 1869 appeared no less than a miracle, and made a great sensation in our country, since the nervous malady under which my son suffered was so violent that all the doctors in Zante, called into consultation, were unable to understand or relieve it, and absolutely despaired of a recovery. At that time you arrived at Zante as officer of health (*medico militare*), and I begged you to come and visit my son. You declared at your first visit, in the presence of other physicians, that his condition was most desperate, but that nevertheless you felt sure that he would be restored to health by a mesmeric (magnetic) cure.

Although all your colleagues opposed this opinion, since they had no belief in mesmerism, we relied on you, and you began your cure, by means of which my son was completely saved.

Of those who were present at the cure, Dr. Carvellas and both Verikios are dead, Dr. Cokinakis is established elsewhere, and Dr. Margaris is now at Naples. My daughter (Madame Couzoujannopoulos) is also living in Naples. But I have obtained the signatures of my wife, my son, M. Vassopoulos, and M. Xanthopoulos, who were always present, and are cognisant of all the facts which I am about to narrate.

And first of all, before you reached Zante, and up to a few hours before your actual visit to my house, we had never thought of you, nor desired your arrival in order to consult you about our boy, nor had the patient himself, in his moments of relative calm, ever expressed such a desire.

On your arrival in Zante, however, I called on you in my distress, conducted you to my house, and entrusted to you the care of my son.

He had long been suffering from a very strange nervous disease, affecting his whole cerebro-spinal axis (*tutte le energie del suo assi cerebro-spinale*), which many doctors in Zante had vainly endeavoured to cure.

You suggested the use of animal magnetism; you magnetised him during his crises, and he became clairvoyant. During his cure, which lasted about three months, he prescribed for himself different remedies, which never failed to benefit him. He succeeded in foretelling the day and hour when a specially violent nervous attack would come on, and the number of hours that it would last, which happened according to prediction.

On one occasion he directed you to mesmerise him and leave him asleep for eight consecutive days and nights, which was actually done, nor did he take

any food during that time except a little *orgeat* with biscuit and liquorice-juice.

On two occasions you sent him to sleep from your own house, at a distance.

Sometimes when in the sleep he rebelled against your magnetic influence, and mesmerised his own pillow in order to free himself from your impulse, but you always succeeded in overcoming him in the conflict. Sometimes he spat in your face, and afterwards bitterly repented, and said that he was not himself when he committed such an act. He foretold the day and the hour of his recovery a month and a-half before-hand. He said that on that day you would have to struggle with him with all your magnetic power, and that if you conquered in the struggle he would be completely cured. All this took place to the letter. As soon as the hour of that struggle had been traversed he fell into a magnetic sleep, and declared himself to be perfectly cured, as in fact he has remained ever since.

Before your arrival at Zante I had no acquaintance with you whatever, although I have been many years at Corfu as Deputy to the Legislative Assembly, nor had we ever spoken together, nor had I ever said a word to you about my son. As I before said, we had never thought of you, nor desired your assistance until I called on you on your arrival as officer of health, and begged you to save my son.

We owe his life first to you and then to mesmerism.

I hold it my duty to declare to you my sincere gratitude, and to subscribe myself affectionately and sincerely yours,

DEMETRIO VOLTERRA, Count Crissoplevri.

(Additional signatures) LAURA VOLTERRA.

DIONISIO D. VOLTERRA, Count Crissoplevri.

‘Ο θεραπευθείς Αναστάσιος Βολτέρρα.

(Anastasio Volterra, the cured patient.)

C. VASSOPOULOS (*come testimonio*).

DEMETRIO, COMTE GUERINO (*confermo*).

LORENZO T. MERCATI.

It will be observed that M. Volterra does *not* seem to have been consciously thinking of Dr. Nicolas at the time when the latter heard the monitory voice “Go to Volterra.” This fact certainly makes against a telepathic explanation, and if we exclude the hypothesis of chance coincidence, places the case more decidedly in the class of *premonitions*, with which we have not yet dealt. *Premonition*, it need not be said, involves difficulties even more serious than those which a theory of *telepathy* has to surmount. We have received a number of curious cases of this kind; but our collection needs to be much enlarged before any decided opinion can safely be formed on the subject. *Premonitions of trifling*, but definite and unexpected, events are particularly asked for, as necessary elements in the formation of any general judgment.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

CASES RECEIVED BY THE LITERARY COMMITTEE.

*(Continued.)*L—2307.—Ad Pⁿ

The following case was sent to us by Miss Scott Moncrieff, of 44, Shooter's Hill-road, Blackheath, who is intimately acquainted with the narrator. The percipient's knowledge that Major F. G. was in a critical state, is, of course, an element of weakness; but it remains a remarkable coincidence that she should have had her one experience of an apparition at the exact hour of his death.

Cheltenham,

May, 1885.

An attack of rheumatism and nervous prostration left me far from well for some weeks last spring, and one night I had a strange unaccountable vision which has left a vivid impression upon my memory. I had gone to bed early and was lying awake alone with a night light burning in order in some degree to dispel the gloom. Suddenly across the lower end of the room passed Major F. G.'s figure, dressed in his usual everyday costume, neither his features nor his figure any whit altered. It was no dream, nor was I in the least delirious or wandering, therefore a conviction seized me that something must have occurred; in consequence I particularly marked the hour, when the clock struck 11 shortly afterwards. The next morning I was not the least surprised when my sister handed me a note from Miss F. G. announcing her brother's death, and was fully prepared before reading it to find that he had passed away before 11 the previous evening, which presentiment, strange to say, was fully verified; Major F. G. having died at a quarter to 11. Major F. G. had returned in a bad state of health from Egypt, where he had been serving in the campaign of 1883. For some time he appeared to recover and was able to go about and enter into society during the winter, but during the last month the old symptoms had returned, and gradually he grew worse and worse, until no hopes of his recovery were entertained. Though not personally intimate with him, we were well acquainted with his family, and naturally his case formed a topic of conversation among us. We had also received bad accounts a few days before and were aware that he was in a critical condition; nevertheless at the time of his death he had been quite out of my thoughts and mind. I had never before had any apparition of any description whatsoever, nor has this one been followed by any other.

C. P.

[Major F. G.'s name has been given to us in confidence.]

In answer to inquiries, Miss P. says:—

“As it is some time since I related the vision to my sister, she feels now unable to add her testimony.”

Miss Scott Moncrieff says:—

“As I was at Cheltenham at the time, I can myself so far confirm the story as to mention that on the day after it occurred we heard that the young lady had been so shaken in her nerves by her illness that she had

been seeing what you would call a 'hallucination,' and was going to Malvern for change of air." She adds that Miss P. was staying with her when the above account was written, and that as to the date: "Both she and I remembered that it was on a Thursday near the end of March or beginning of April."

We find from an obituary notice that Major F. G. died on *Thursday*, April 3rd, 1884.

L.—2316.—Ad Pn

From Colonel Swiney (Duke of Cornwall's Regiment.)

Richmond Barracks, Dublin.

July 14th, 1885.

I have not been successful in obtaining corroborative evidence with regard to the occurrences mentioned in yours of July 1st, but briefly the facts were as follows as far I can remember:—

It was some time the latter end of September, 1864, when quartered at Shorncliffe Camp, I thought I saw my eldest brother (whom at the time I believed to be in India where he was serving in the Royal Engineers) walking towards me, and before I could recover from my astonishment the figure had disappeared. I perfectly well remember mentioning the fact to some of my brother officers, and saying how curious it was, but never thought much about it until I received news of his death, which had occurred about (as near as I can recollect, without having made any note) the time I had imagined I had seen him, viz., September 24th, 1864, at Nagpore, East Indies, and but for the fact of his death, I should never probably have recalled the circumstance. I do not attach much importance to this, it might have been a coincidence, remarkable certainly, but nothing more. I am afraid it will not be of much use to you in your inquiries as half its value is gone by my not being able to bring corroborative evidence to prove that I had mentioned the facts prior to hearing of his death, although in my own mind I am perfectly certain I did so. Richard Edgcumbe was quartered at Shorncliffe at the very time this occurred.

S. C. SWINEY.

[It was from Mr. R. Edgcumbe that we first heard of this incident.]

In answer to enquiries Colonel Swiney adds:—

(1) Years afterwards, in 1871, at the Cape of Good Hope, I wrote a long account of it to a Yorkshire gentleman who was collecting data on the subject of hallucination.

(2) The 24th September, 1864, was a Sunday. I cannot say whether that was the day I mentioned it. My brother died some time, as far as I can recollect, after the family with whom he was stopping had returned from church; for I remember the letter saying: "He was so much better, and asleep, that we thought it safe to leave him for an hour or so. On our return," it went on to say, "we found he was very feverish, and he died that afternoon." Now the time I saw the hallucination could not have been later than 2 p.m. Allowing for the five hours difference of longitude, that would be

about 9 a.m., and would not tally. [Colonel Swiney seems to have reckoned the difference the wrong way. At any moment the time of day in India is four or five hours *later* than the time of day in England; and thus the coincidence may have been exact.]

(3) I have had a personal interview with Colonel Schwabe, who was a sub- with me in the Carabineers, and he cannot recall the circumstances at all, indeed, has no recollection whatever about it. This may be accounted for by the fact of his having gone abroad very shortly afterwards, and we did not meet for some months after I had heard of my brother's death. At the time I heard of his death I was stopping with Charles Gurney, shooting, near Norwich, some time the latter end of October, if not the beginning of November. When I received the letter I knew what was in it, and if I only knew Charles Gurney's address, I should have liked to ask him if he ever remembers the morning I received the bad news before I left for London, saying "How curious; I thought I saw him coming towards me at Shorncliffe a few weeks ago."

L.—2317.—A Pa

From Mr. Joseph A. Chamberlain, High Garrett, Braintree, Essex.

December, 1884.

About 12 or 14 years ago a little scholar in my school, named James Harrington, was very ill with diphtheria. I had been to a village about three miles off to give a lesson on the pianoforte, and was returning on a dark night about 7 o'clock. I was walking in a narrow footpath between two hedges, and on coming to a stile I saw a luminous figure float over the stile, meeting me, and gradually disappear at my left hand. I started and said to myself, "That's Jimmie," then stamped my foot on the ground and said, "How foolish I am to-night." I reached home about 7.30 to attend to my evening school, and judge of my surprise, on entering the school, the caretaker met me at the door, saying, "Jimmie is dead." "When?" I said. He answered, "About half-an-hour ago."

I am almost sure it was on the same night, on coming downstairs for something for our sick child, I distinctly saw a tall female figure as if for a muffled up journey, come out of our drawing-room door and glide out of the front door. I must say it rather startled me.

In answer to questions Mr. Chamberlain says:—

(1) The vision in a general way resembled James, especially as to size. The features were not clearly defined, but more like a magic-lantern view not properly focussed.

(2) I knew that he was ill, but *not* that he was likely to die.

(3) I was attached to him, but I cannot say I was particularly anxious about him. As far as I remember, I went to the house every evening, as his father and mother kept the coffee-room of which I had the superintendence; so my mind was occupied with his condition; but he was not in my thoughts before I saw the luminous figure.

(4) I did mention it to our minister, the Rev. A. Macdougall, but I

cannot say whether it was at the time or near the time—certainly not on the same evening. The fact is, I was rather afraid of being laughed at.

I only wish I had been more careful in recording the facts. I shall never forget the shock I received on entering my evening school half-an-hour afterwards, and learning from the caretaker that James had died about half-an-hour before.

L.—2318.—Aⁿ Pⁿ

From Miss Paget.

130, Fulham-road, S.W.

July 17th, 1885.

The following is the exact account of the curious appearance to me of my brother. It was either in 1874 or 1875. My brother was third mate on board one of Wigram's large ships. I knew he was somewhere on the coast of Australia, but I have no recollection of my having been thinking of him in any special way; though as he was my only brother, and we were great friends, there was a very close bond always between us. My father was living in the country, and one evening I went into the kitchen by myself soon after 10, to get some hot water from the boiler. There was a large Duplex lamp in the kitchen, so it was quite light; the servants had gone to bed, and I was to turn out the lamp. As I was drawing the water, I looked up, and, to my astonishment, saw my brother coming towards me from the outside door of the kitchen. I did not see the door open, as it was in a deep recess, and he was crossing the kitchen. The table was between us, and he sat down on the corner of the table furthest away from me. I noticed he was in his sailor uniform with a monkey jacket on, and the wet was shining on his jacket and cap. I exclaimed, "Miles! Where have you come from?" He answered in his natural voice, though very quickly, "For God's sake, don't say I'm here." This was all over in a few seconds, and as I jumped towards him he was gone. I was very much frightened, for I had really thought it was my brother himself; and it was only when he vanished that I realised it was only an appearance. I went up to my room and wrote down the date on a sheet of paper, which I put away in my writing-table, and did not mention the circumstance to any one. About three months afterwards my brother came home, and the night of his arrival I sat with him in the kitchen, while he smoked. I asked him in a casual manner if he had had any adventures, and he said, "I was nearly drowned at Melbourne." He then told me he was ashore without leave, and on returning to the ship after midnight he slipped off the gangway between the side of the ship and the dock. There was very little space, and if he had not been hauled up at once, he must have been drowned. He remembered thinking he was drowning, and then became unconscious. His absence without leave was not found out, so he escaped the punishment he expected. I then told him of how he had appeared to me, and I asked him the date. He was able to fix it exactly, as the ship sailed from Melbourne the same morning, which was the reason of his fear of being punished, as all hands were due to be on board the evening before. The date was the same as the date of his appearance to me, but the hours did not agree, as I saw him soon

after 10 p.m., and his accident was after midnight. He had no recollection of thinking specially of me at the time, but he was much struck by the coincidence, and often referred to it. He did not like it, and often when he went away said, "Well, I hope I shan't go dodging about as I did that time."

I was about 22 at the time, and he was 20. I was always rather afraid I might see him or others after this, but I have never, before or since, had any hallucination of the sense of sight. My brother died abroad three years ago, and I had no warning then, nor do I imagine I shall ever see anything again. I am never on the look-out for things of that kind, but if I ever saw anything again I would make a note of it. I destroyed the note I made of the date as soon as I had verified it, not thinking it could interest or concern anyone else.

RUTH PAGET.

[I received an account of this incident two years before the above was written, from a friend of Miss Paget's, to whom it had been related by a lady with whom Miss Paget lives. This older account completely agreed with the present more recent one; which shows, at any rate, that the incidents stand out distinctly in Miss Paget's memory. In conversation, Miss Paget told me that at the moment when she mistook the apparition for her brother himself, she accounted for the *wetness*, which she so distinctly remarked, by supposing that he had got wet through with rain. There seems to be no doubt that the coincidence of date was clearly made out, when the brother and sister talked the matter over. But if longitude be allowed for, the impression must have followed the accident by about 10 hours.—E. G.]

The following case, if accurately reported, is of interest as a collective hallucination, whatever view be taken as to the connection of the figure seen with Miss Stewart.

L.—2319.—Ad Pa (Collective, "Borderland")

From Miss Edith Farquharson (sent by her relative, Mrs. Murray Aynsley, 25, Saumarez-street, Guernsey.)

In the year 1868, No. 9, Drummond-place, Edinburgh, was in the occupation of Mr. Farquharson, formerly a Judge of the High Court in Jamaica. On the night of Good Friday in that year, two of his daughters, Miss Edith Farquharson, her sister Marianne [now Mrs. Henry Murray], and a little cousin Agnes Spalding, aged six years, were sleeping in a room at the top of the house. About 11.45 p.m., the two sisters were awakened by hearing loud screams from the child, who was sleeping on a mattress placed on the floor beside their bed. The mattress was against a door leading into a dressing-room; this door was locked and sealed with white tapes and black wax; it had been thus closed by a member of the family to whom the house belonged before Mr. Farquharson entered upon his tenancy. The death of the head of the family and the delicacy of health of one of the daughters, had caused them to wish to leave Edinburgh, and spend the winter in Torquay.

On hearing the child's screams of terror, Miss M. F. touched her sister

and said, "Do you hear the child screaming?" Miss E. F. replied that she did, and turned her head round to listen better. When the child was asked what she was screaming about, she said, "I am wide awake, and I have seen a figure which was leaning over me," and when further questioned where the figure went to, said "Round the side of your bed."

Miss E. F., when she turned round, saw a figure glide from near the child's bed and pass along the foot of the bed whereon she and her sister were. (At the first moment she thought it was a thief.) The latter, on hearing her say in French, "*Il y a quelqu'un*," was so terrified that she hid her head under the bedclothes.

Miss E. F. describes the figure as being dressed in a rough brown shawl held tightly round the bust, a wide brimmed hat, and a veil. When the child was questioned afterwards she gave the same account of the costume.

Miss E. F. says that after passing along the foot of the bed with a noiseless gliding motion, the figure disappeared into the darkness.

Except the door which was locked and sealed, the only door of exit to the room was one which was quite close to the bed; at right angles with the door and with the head of the bed was a large hanging cupboard.

Both the ladies got up instantly. They found the door of their room closed, as they had left it. Their brother's room was next to theirs; they knocked at his door to rouse him, at the same time keeping a sharp look-out on the door of their own room to see that no one escaped. The whole party then made a thorough search in the room and cupboard, found nothing disturbed, and once more retired to rest. The next morning the page-boy said that he had been unable to sleep all night on account of the sounds he heard of someone scratching at his window. He declared that he had shied all his boots and everything he could lay hold of in the direction whence the noise came, but without effect. He could stand it no longer, and went to the room where some of the women-servants slept, begging to be let in. They had heard nothing, however, though they, like himself, slept in the basement of the house.

Miss Farquharson adds:—

The whole family were hardly assembled on the Saturday morning, when the son-in-law of the late owner of the house arrived, and asked to see Mr Farquharson. He wished particularly to know exactly what day this gentleman and his family intended leaving the house (their term would expire the following week), for he had just received a telegram informing him that his sister-in-law had died that night, and they were anxious to bring her body there immediately for burial.

With respect to this last paragraph, the narrator's father writes:—

The above is a correct statement of the occurrence.

C. M. FARQUHARSON.

Miss Farquharson continues:—

The possible solution of what we presume to have been an apparition of this lady is, that the bedroom occupied by the Misses Farquharson being the one she habitually used, in her dying moments she desired to visit it once more, or else that there was something in the dressing-room which she particularly wished for.

EDITH A. FARQUHARSON.

Mrs. Murray writes :—

Cobo, Guernsey.

June 24th, 1885.

Our home was in Perthshire ; but in the winter of 1868 my father took a house for four months in Drummond-place, No. 8,* in Edinburgh, in order to give us a change. The house belonged to General Stewart, who had a delicate daughter, and he let it, to take the daughter to Torquay for the winter. We did not know the Stewarts, so our imagination could not have assisted in any way to account for the curious apparition that was seen. I myself did not see it, but I was in the room with my sister and little cousin, who both did. My belief is that Providence prevented my seeing it as I am of a very nervous temperament, and it might have had a very bad effect upon me if I had. Well, the apparition took place on Good Friday night at about 12 o'clock. This little cousin, who was only about six years old, had come into town from the country, and as our house was very full she had a shake-down beside our bed on my side. I was the first to be awakened by hearing her calling out in a frightened way. So I said, "What is the matter, Addie?" "Oh," she said, "Cousin Marianne, I am so frightened. A figure has been leaning over me, and whenever I put out my hands to push it off it leant back on your bed!" At this I was alarmed and awoke my sister, who lifted her head from her pillow and looked up, when she saw a figure gliding across the foot of our bed wrapped in a shawl, with a hat and a veil on. She whispered to me in French "*Il y a quelqu'un*," thinking it was a thief, whereat we both jumped out of bed together and went to the next room to get our brother, Captain Farquharson. His bedroom door had a shaky lock which made a noise, so he had barricaded it with a portmanteau. While he was coming to our help, we kept our eyes fixed on our door in case anyone should have escaped, but we saw nothing, and after our all searching every corner of the bedroom we came to the conclusion that no one had been there, for everything was intact. We then questioned little Addie as to what she had seen and what the figure was like. She described it as that of a lady with a shawl on and a hat, and a veil over her face, and said that as I spoke she had gone across the foot of the bed in the same direction that my sister had seen her go. This child, I must tell you, had been most carefully brought up by her mother, and was not allowed to read even fairy tales for fear of having foolish ideas in her head, which makes the thing more remarkable, for she had certainly never heard of a ghost. I don't know even now whether she knows anything about it, for we had to pretend that it must have been my eldest sister who had come in to play us a trick, for fear of frightening her.

Then the next morning we were relating our adventures when a ring came to the door, and the servant said a gentleman wanted to speak to my father. This gentleman was a Mr. Findlay, who had married a Miss Stewart. He came to ask when we were to leave for he knew it was about the time, as he had received a telegram that morning to say that Miss Stewart had died in Torquay during the night and they wanted to bring her body to Edinburgh. We heard afterwards from friends of the Stewarts, that the bedroom we had, had been hers. I forgot to mention that the

*The other account gave 9 as the number ; but the point is wholly unimportant.

child's bed lay across the door of a small room which had been locked up by the Stewarts and they had put tapes across and sealed them with black wax.

We have none of us ever had any hallucinations either before or after this strange affair.

MARIANNE MURRAY.

L.—2320.—Aⁿ Pⁿ

The following case from Dr. Campbell Morfit, of 132, Alexandra-road, N.W., seems to fall into the class mentioned in our last number, where persons are phantasmally seen or heard very soon before their unexpected appearance in the flesh. We cannot be certain that this is a genuine telepathic type; but the cases are well worth recording.

Dr. Morfit writes on July 4th, 1885 :—

The following narrative I now report to you for whatever of interest and suggestion it may be worth.

CAMPBELL MORFIT.

About the year 1853 I was engaged during 18 months in scientific work for the Ordnance Department of the United States, at one of the Arsenals; and my father's country house being conveniently near, I lived there most of that period. The building, though one of irregular plan, had certain constructional arrangements which made it an exceptionally comfortable domicile, and these advantages, together with the natural beauties of the place, inspired my father to distinguish it by the uncommon name of its builder and original owner. Hence, it became known by that designation, which, let me say for the purpose of this narrative, was *Metarko*.

The room occupied by me, in this house, was an isolated one in which the builder and original owner died some years previously, and was said to be haunted by him. His ghost, however, never showed itself to any member of our household.

At the end of my term of residence there I lived in a city; and several years later, after a period of professional duty at the University of Maryland, moved to New York for the purpose of engaging in private practice as a consulting chemist; and the very first client who presented himself was a gentleman of eccentric appearance and manner, bearing the name of *Metarko*. Its peculiarity prompted me to ask him if he was a relative of the builder of our family homestead, and he replied, "Yes, I am his son." This odd coincidence interested me, but the professional work which he wished me to undertake did not promise successful results, and therefore I declined it. He then left but without taking away the sample of waste material which he had brought to me for experiment, and there it rested, obtrusively in sight, until after several days a moment of leisure determined me to look into it more closely. Having subjected it to tentatives I soon found, despite first impressions to the contrary, that it could be given commercial value as required, and notified him to that effect. He responded in person, received

my report gratefully, and asked the amount of my fee, but went away without paying it, though he sent it in a letter a month afterwards upon the eve of his departure homewards, to one of the Western States.

For a time that disappearance took him entirely out of my world; but one evening nearly two years subsequently I had been passing an hour or two at a friend's, listening to some fine music. On my return in good health and spirits I felt unusually wide awake as recurs to mind even at this moment, and in fact quite free from any susceptibility to hallucination. Nevertheless, scarcely had I got into bed than there at the side stood Metarko looking as when he last was with me, but having two new features, one a kind of excrescence on the cheek, and the other a neck-tie of striking pattern. At first this sudden presence amused me as a freak of the imagination, but became an annoyance when it would not leave on my trying to dismiss it. The good part done him forbade the idea that he had come to haunt me reproachfully, yet I was somewhat disquieted, and as my brother slept in a distant room upon the same floor I called to him through the open doors of the intermediate sitting-room, without receiving any answer. The apparition persisted, and I turned my face from it to the wall, by way of exorcism; and a few minutes later, seemingly, though actually, perhaps, only seconds, found that it had vanished.

Seeking an explanation of the occurrence by reflecting upon it, I arrived at the conclusion that Metarko had died that night at his distant home, and the apparition was a psychological incident to announce the fact to me, though for what reason was beyond my imagination. The circumstances, however, so absorbed my thoughts all the next day, that when evening set in I felt the need of diverting influences, and went out visiting. On re-entering about bedtime I was greeted by my housekeeper with the information that a stranger gentleman had called in my absence to request that I would allow him a consultation at 9 o'clock the following morning. His name, she said, was on the slate, and there I found it,—to be that of Metarko!—in his own unmistakable handwriting!! This fact, astounding for the moment, recalled, vividly, the apparition of the previous evening, so as to render me impatient for the actual interview, and when, at the appointed hour next day he came in the flesh, profound was my astonishment to find him then exactly as he appeared in the vision of 34 hours previously.

At a loss what to think of this concatenation of mysterious events, and having pre-engagements for the whole day, after listening to the statement of his case I asked him to call again in the evening upon the excuse that an interval was desirable for the consideration of his business confided to my charge. He agreed to this arrangement, and left but did not return as promised; and from that moment to the present I have never seen or heard of him. Heralded by a spectre, like itself he departed.

In answer to inquiries, Dr. Morfit writes :—

July 12th, 1885.

In reply to yours of yesterday, the narrative sent, through Mr. Crookes, comprises all the particulars of the incident that I can remember at this distance from its occurrence, which is about 26 years. Doubtless I mentioned it, at the moment, to my brother and my housekeeper, but am not positive. I am even unable to recollect what was the business that brought

Metarko to me in the second instance. But he was an eccentricity if not a mystery from the first, very little known in New York, as far as I could ascertain; and never informed me of his stopping place while there, nor yet told me his address when at home. I heard subsequently, however, from some source now forgotten, that he then lived in Cincinnati, Ohio.

The incident noted was the only one of a psychical character that ever occurred to me, and soon after happening it passed out of mind for several years. I admit that it is lame as it stands, but being at least interesting, I determined that your Society should hear of it; more particularly as it has been cropping up in my reminiscences and reflections repeatedly during the last 10 years without inspiring a solution of its obscurities.

My brother being an unimpressionable man, and not sharing my interest in the matter, has forgotten, most probably, all that I may have told him about it at the time. But my housekeeper, a woman of considerable intelligence and sympathetic nature, might remember. She was even then, however, 20 years my senior, and if not now dead is a very old woman, whose whereabouts has dropped out of my knowledge, and it would be difficult to find her at present.

CAMPBELL MORFIT.

L.—2321.—An P^a

The following record is very similar to the last, but has the advantage of having been written immediately after the occurrence.

The narrator, Colonel Bigge, of 2, Morpeth-terrace, S.W., took the account out of a sealed envelope, in my presence, for the first time since it was written.—E. G.

An account of a circumstance which occurred to me when quartered at Templemore, Co. Tipperary, on 20th February, 1847.

This afternoon, about 3 o'clock p.m., I was walking from my quarters towards the mess-room to put some letters into the letter-box, when I distinctly saw Lieut.-Colonel Reed, 70th Regiment, walking from the corner of the range of buildings occupied by the officers towards the mess-room door; and I saw him go into the passage. He was dressed in a brown shooting jacket, with grey summer regulation tweed trousers, and had a fishing-rod and a landing-net in his hand. Although at the time I saw him he was about 15 or 20 yards from me, and although anxious to speak to him at the moment, I did not do so, but followed him into the passage and turned into the ante-room on the left-hand side, where I expected to find him. On opening the door, to my great surprise, he was not there; the only person in the room was Quartermaster Nolan, 70th Regiment, and I immediately asked him if he had seen the colonel, and he replied he had not. Upon which I said, "I suppose he has gone upstairs," and I immediately left the room. Thinking he might have gone upstairs to one of the officer's rooms, I listened at the bottom of the stairs and then went up to the first landing place; but not hearing anything I went downstairs again and tried to open the bedroom door, which is opposite to the ante-room, thinking he might have gone there; but I found the door locked, as it

usually is in the middle of the day. I was very much surprised at not finding the colonel, and I walked into the barrack yard and joined Lieutenant Caulfield, 66th Regiment, who was walking there; and I told the story to him, and particularly described the dress in which I had seen the colonel. We walked up and down the barrack yard talking about it for about 10 minutes, when, to my great surprise, never having kept my eye from the door leading to the mess-room (there is only one outlet from it), I saw the colonel walk into the barracks through the front gate—which is in the opposite direction—accompanied by Ensign Willington, 70th Regiment, in precisely the same dress in which I had seen him, and with a fishing-rod and a landing-net in his hand. Lieutenant Caulfield and I immediately walked to them, and we were joined by Lieut.-Colonel Goldie, 66th Regiment, and Captain Hartford, and I asked Colonel Reed if he had not gone into the mess-room about 10 minutes before. He replied that he certainly had not, for that he had been out fishing for more than two hours at some ponds about a mile from the barracks, and that he had not been near the mess-room at all since the morning.

At the time I saw Colonel Reed going into the mess-room I was not aware that he had gone out fishing—a very unusual thing to do at this time of the year; neither had I seen him before in the dress I have described during that day. I had seen him in uniform in the morning at parade, but not afterwards at all until 3 o'clock—having been engaged in my room writing letters, and upon other business. My eyesight being very good, and the colonel's figure and general appearance somewhat remarkable, it is morally impossible that I could have mistaken any other person in the world for him. That I *did* see him I shall continue to believe until the last day of my existence.

WILLIAM MATTHEW BIGGE,
Major, 70th Regiment.

On July 17th, 1885, before this account was taken from the envelope and read, Colonel Bigge was good enough to dictate the following remarks to E. G. :—

(1) I had not seen Colonel Reed for a week, having been away at Dublin.

(2) I had never seen him in that fishing-dress—in which he turned out afterwards to have been. When Colonel R. got off the car, about a couple of hours afterwards, Colonel Goldie and other officers said to me, “Why that's the very dress you described.” They had not known where he was or how he was engaged. The month, February, was a most unlikely one to be fishing in.

(3) The quartermaster, sitting at the window, would have been bound to see a real figure; he denied having seen anything.

(4) I have never had the slightest hallucination of the senses on any other occasion.

(5) Colonel Reed was much alarmed when told what I had seen.

There are several discrepancies in these two accounts, as is natural enough considering the interval of time between them. Of these dis-

crepancies, one has no bearing at all on the evidence; it is quite unimportant whether Colonel Reed was seen walking in through the front gate or getting off the car. Two other points in the later account alter the evidence in the direction of making the incident seem slightly more marvelous than it was. The fishing-dress may be taken as practically a proof that the case was one of *hallucination*, and not of mistaken identity; but had it been the case that the percipient had not seen Colonel Reed at all *for a week*, and *never* in his fishing-dress, the hypothesis of a *purely subjective* hallucination would be harder to maintain than it is, when we realise that he had certainly that morning had Colonel Reed's figure before his eyes; and had almost certainly seen him on *some* former occasion in the dress of the vision. In the remaining point, on the other hand, the later account unduly *weakens* the evidence for the telepathic origin of the hallucination. It says that the interval between the vision and Colonel Reed's return was 2 hours, whereas it was really little more than 10 minutes. Now, if there is any justification at all for the provisional hypothesis that the sense of impending arrival is a condition favourable for the emission of a telepathic influence, it is of importance that, at the time when the phantasmal form was seen, Colonel Reed was not busy with his fishing, but was rapidly approaching his destination. For thus the incident, at any rate, gets the benefit of analogy with other cases.

L.—2322.—A^d Pⁿ

From Mrs. Bettany, 2, Eckington Villa, Ashbourne Grove, Dulwich.

On the evening of, I think, March 23rd, 1883, I was seized with an unaccountable anxiety about a neighbour, whose name I just knew, but with whom I was not on visiting terms. She was a lady who appeared to be in very good health. I tried to shake off the feeling, but I could not, and after a sleepless night, in which I constantly thought of her as dying, I decided to send a servant to the house to ask if all were well. The answer I received was, "Mrs. T. died last night."

Her daughter afterwards told me that the mother had startled her by saying, "Mrs Bettany knows I shall die."

I had never felt an interest in the lady before that memorable night.

After the death the family left the neighbourhood, and I have not seen any of them since.

JEANIE GWYNNE BETTANY.

My cook, to whom I had not mentioned my presentiment, remarked to me on the same morning: "I have had such a horrible dream about Mrs. T., I think she must be going to die."

I will get her to sign this.

M. WENT.

L.—2323

The following seems a case of sporadic thought-transference :—

From Mrs. Mainwaring, Knowles, Ardingley, Hayward's Heath.

March 14th, 1885.

During the Mutiny, I was staying with a friend dreadfully ill—too ill to be told what was going on. A baby was born, and a day or two after my friend's wife, sitting on my bed, received a letter. I said, "You need not read it, I know every word," and I told her. It was to say she must not drive that afternoon to the Fort as usual, for some men were going to be hanged on the road. I had not heard a word of the discovery of the plot, or of the plot, or of what was to be ; but I said every word in the letter, and I remember my friend's face of astonishment, as she said, "Why how did you know it?" It didn't seem at all odd to me.

E. L. MAINWARING.

June 18th, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request, I wrote to my old friend, but I have not had a line in reply. I do not know what can have become of her, as it would have been very little trouble to say if she recollected the facts I told you of. I do not like to write again, and I am sorry, therefore, I cannot add her testimony. If she has forgotten the affair she might as well say so, but it is possible she may be ill. I wish I could help you ; everything that seems to prove the workings of our minds without reference to our bodies seems to me so full of desperate interest.

ELLEN MAINWARING.

L.—2324.—A^s P^s

Mr. Merrifield, of 24, Vernon Terrace, Brighton, tells us that about 1865 he had a most distressing dream, in its vividness (with one exception) unlike any other that he can recall, in which his death was foretold to him as about to happen within 24 hours. The impression was so painfully acute that he could not shake it off during the ensuing day ; and he actually had an irrational feeling of relief when he woke on the second morning, and realised that the 24 hours were over. He then told the whole story to his wife. "She immediately said, 'I noticed that you woke up the night before last, and I had awakened from the same cause. I had dreamed most vividly that I was a widow ; and the pillow was actually wet with my tears. I never had such a vivid dream before, and it has troubled me ever since. I would not tell you, but it was a relief to me when I saw you coming home to dinner last night.'"

Mrs. Merrifield adds :—"I saw myself dressed in weeds."

M. A. M.

Mr. Merrifield adds that this was the only occasion on which either he or his wife has dreamt of his death.

L.—1059.—Aⁿ Pⁿ

From Mrs. L., a friend of Mr. Heaton, Associate S.P.R.

January, 1885.

Some years ago, the writer, when recovering from an illness, had a remarkable experience of "second-sight." It was thus :—

A friend had been invited to dinner, whom the writer was most anxious to consult on a subject of grave anxiety. At 7 o'clock the servant came to ask, "If dinner should be served or not, as the guest had not arrived."

The writer said at once and without hesitation, "No, put off the dinner till 8 o'clock. Mr. A. will arrive at — Station by 7.45 train; send the carriage there to meet him."

The writer's husband, surprised at this announcement, said, "Why did you not tell us this before, and when did Mr. A. let you know of the delay in his arrival?"

The writer then explained that there had been no intimation from Mr. A., but that as she had been lying there, on the couch, and anxiously hoping to see her guest, she had had a distinct vision of him, at a certain place (mentioning the name of the town); that she had seen him going over a "House to Let"; that, having missed the train and also the ferry, he had crossed the river in a small boat and scrambled up the steep bank, tripping in doing so, and that he had then run across a ploughed field, taking up the train at a side station, which would arrive at — at a quarter to 8 p.m.

The writer gave all these particulars without any sort of mental effort, and felt surprised herself at the time that they should arise to her mind and tongue.

Presently Mr. A. arrived full of apologies, and surprised beyond measure to find his friend's carriage awaiting him at the station. He then went on to explain that he had that morning quite suddenly taken it into his head to leave town for —, and finding it so fresh and healthy a place, he had been tempted to look over some houses to let, hoping to be able to get one for a few weeks in the season; that he had lost time in doing this, and missed both train and ferry; that he had bribed a small boat to row him over; that in getting up the side bank, he fell, which delayed him again, but that he had just contrived to catch the train at a siding, by running breathless over a field; that he had intended to telegraph on arriving at the station, but meeting the carriage there, he had felt bound to come on, to explain and apologise, in spite of delay, and "morning dress," &c., &c.

From Mr. A.

16th February, 1885.

DEAR MRS. L.,—Anent that Indian incident, your seeing me, and what I was doing at Barrackpore one evening, you yourself being in Calcutta at the time.

It is now so long ago, 13 years, I think, that I cannot recall all the circumstances, but I do remember generally.

I left home one morning without the intention of going from Calcutta during the day, but I did go from Calcutta to Barrackpore and spent some time in looking through bungalows to let.

I remember I crossed in a small boat—not by the ferry, and my impression is that I did not land at the usual jetty, but, instead, at the bank opposite the houses which I wished to see.

I missed the train by which I would ordinarily have travelled, and consequently arrived in Calcutta considerably later than your usual dinner-hour.

I cannot remember distinctly that I found any gharry at the Barrackpore train, Calcutta Station, but you may probably remember whether you sent the gharry; but I do remember my astonishment that you had put back dinner against my return from Barrackpore by that particular train, you having had no previous direct knowledge of my having gone to Barrackpore at all.

I remember, too, your telling me generally what I had been doing at Barrackpore, and how I had missed the earlier train. And on my inquiry, "How on earth do you know these things?" you said, "I saw you." Expecting me by that train I can quite understand your having sent the carriage for me, although that particular item is not clearly on my memory.

I can well remember that at the time of the incident you were in a very delicate state of health.

Do you remember that other occasion in Calcutta, a holiday, when Mrs. L. called, I being out, and on her inquiring for me your informing her that I had gone to the bootmakers and the hatters, you having had no previous intimation from me of any such intention on my part? and our astonishment and amusement when I did a little later turn up, a new hat in my hand, and fresh from registering an order at the bootmakers?

These have always appeared to me very extraordinary incidents, and the first, especially, incapable of explanation in an ordinary way.

Mrs. L. tells Mr. Heaton that she recollects the other incident referred to, but that she is not inclined to think it of much importance.

Mrs. L. says:—

The river crossed was the Hooghly from Serampore to Barrackpore, where the house was situated which Mr. A. looked over. The station he arrived at was in Calcutta, I think called the South Eastern, but of this I am not sure.

April 24th, 1885.

[I saw Mrs. L. to-day. She could not give her name—for special reasons, she told me. She has had other similar experiences, but the details are too indistinctly remembered for them to be of any use.—F. P.]

L.—1062.—A^c P.

The two first of the following three dreams, are, to say the least, curious coincidences. The third is much less striking, and by itself would hardly be worth recording. But this third dream, together with Mr. Phibb's statements about his dreams generally, should be taken into consideration in estimating the probability of there being a real connection between the first two dreams and external events.

From Mr. E. W. Phibbs, 84, Pembroke-road, Clifton, Bristol. The account was written down, from Mr. Phibbs' dictation, by Mr. L. G. Fry, Goldney House, Clifton, and was signed by Mr. Phibbs.

A.

February 10th, 1885.

On the first Monday (Bank Holiday) in August, 1883, I was staying with my family at Ilfracombe. About 10 p.m. I went to bed, fell asleep, was awaked about half-past 10 by my wife coming into the room, and told her that I had just had a dream, in which I had seen my dog "Fox" lying wounded and dying at the bottom of a wall. The spot and surroundings I did not know, but the wall was one of the usual Gloucestershire dry-walls. I at once inferred that he had fallen off the wall, he being fond of climbing. On the following Thursday came a letter from one of my servants, left at home, at Barton End Grange, Nailsworth, saying that Fox had not been seen for two days. On the same day I wrote to say she must make every inquiry about the matter.

She replied on Saturday with a letter which I received on Sunday, saying the dog had been worried by two bull-dogs on the previous Monday evening.

About a fortnight afterwards I returned home, and made my inquiries most carefully, and found that about 5 o'clock on Monday afternoon a lady had seen the two bull-dogs worrying my dog, and cruelly tearing him. A woman near this place stated that she saw the dog about 9 p.m. dying under a wall, which she pointed out to me, and which I had not before seen. It was near her cottage. The next morning the dog was not there. But I heard from one or another that the owner of these dogs, on his return on this Bank Holiday, hearing what had happened, and fearing consequences, at about 10 to 10.30 p.m., had secretly buried it, a time thus agreeing with my dream.

E. W. PHIBBS.

February 24th, 1885.

I do not remember my husband telling me his dream till the following morning (Tuesday).

The rest of the statement, so far as I know, is correct.—JESSIE PHIBBS.

B.

February 10th, 1885.

In 1856, living in Manchester, where I carried on the business of silk and cotton manufacturer, I dreamed one night I saw a sheet of paper with a written order upon it, unimportant in itself, from a house which was in the daily habit of sending me orders—A. and S. Henry and Co. As I saw it, it looked like a sheet of wet paper without any surroundings, covered with writing. When I got to my place of business, about half-past 9, my partner, who was always there before me, remarked that he had a curious (from its insignificance) order from A. and S. Henry and Co. I said, "Before showing it me, give me a sheet of paper," on which I wrote out a part of the order—the upper portion—and remarked, "I can't repeat what is below, because it is smeared in the copying-press." He looked at

me very much surprised, and produced the original, showing that it was identical with my description.

Thinking over the matter for some weeks, a difficulty presented itself in the thought that at the moment when I dreamed I saw it the order would be folded in an envelope and not be an open sheet. Also, why should the sheet appear wet? At last I questioned the writer of the order, without giving him my reasons, and on asking him to describe the daily procedure of the business of writing such orders out, he answered that when he had written a number of such orders the last thing at night he gave them to the copying clerk, who was in the unusual practice of leaving all these orders in the copying-book in the press all night. At the first thing the following morning, these would be put in envelopes and distributed through the town. This at once explains the open and damp sheet of my dream.

E. W. PHIBBS.

The order began in the ordinary form—"Order for (500) pieces," &c. The words written down (before seeing the actual order), contained *all* that was extraordinary in it. The smeared portion only contained further particulars.—E. W. PHIBBS.

Mr. Phibbs said nothing to his wife about it beforehand.

[Mr. Phibbs' partner is dead; but the writer of the order is alive and Mr. Fry is taking steps to find out whether he retains any recollection of the incident.]

C.

February 25th, 1885.

On the night, in 1870, when the Hotel de Ville was burnt during the Paris Commune, I dreamed that I stood in the suburbs of a great city in the dark, in a damp and murky atmosphere. I saw in the distance the bleared lights of a conflagration, and heard what I took to be the firing of cannon. I seemed unable to get near, on account of the bad weather. When the newspapers came out, narrating the events of that night, they mentioned the fact that a great thunderstorm was going on whilst the Commune was at work. I had been strongly impressed with the idea that the light was not all due to the conflagration nor the noise to the cannon.

This combination of the storm with the disturbances of the Commune was the remarkable point of the coincidence.

Next morning I told my wife that I had been to Paris in the night.

E. W. PHIBBS.

I believe the above to be correct.—JESSIE PHIBBS.

Mr. Fry tells us that Mr. Phibbs was not distinctly aware, at the time of his dream, that the city he saw was Paris.

It seems that the idea of the town being Paris was an immediate inference on waking from his recollection of the dream, but did not properly form part of that recollection.

The inference, however, was drawn *before* the news of the Commune arrived.

Mr. Phibbs writes to Mr. Fry on April 8th, 1885 :—

Regarding your questions about my dreams, those which I mentioned to you were not more vivid than some others which were of no consequence, but they were vivid, and on awaking I had an impression which amounted to conviction that *I had witnessed what I had dreamed.*

Perhaps I ought to add that I dream frequently and vividly, but they rarely affect me because I can discern that whatever of revelation there may be in them (and as I believe exists in *all* cases in some degree) they get so mixed up with intermixture and transposition in the act of awaking as to make them valueless.—E. W. PHIBBS.

L.—1063.—A^d P^s (Borderland.)

The following account of a dream or vision is unfortunately at second-hand only, the percipient being dead. We have received it from his daughter, Miss J. Connolly, of 21, Wickham-road, New Cross, S.E., head mistress of a high school for girls.

April 4th, 1885.

One Christmas my father was invited to spend his college vacation with a very dear and valued friend, a Mrs. Brown. However, as he was also invited by my grandfather, he preferred to accept that invitation, glad of the opportunity of meeting my mother. The house was a large one, and full of Christmas guests. One night there was a dinner party of friends from the neighbourhood. After dinner such a storm arose that my grandmother found herself obliged to provide everyone with beds for the night. . . . My grandmother, to arrange for her unexpected company, gave up the young men's bedroom to the ladies, and turned the library into a sort of barrack room for the night.

At 3 o'clock my Uncle William spoke to my father, who was sleeping near him, and said "James, who are you talking to; what are you saying?"

My father raised himself up, looked at his watch, and replied, "I have seen a vision. Mrs. Brown has been standing at my feet, and she said, 'Good-bye, James! I wished greatly to see you, to say good-bye to you before I left this world, and I have now come to you. Serve God and be a good man, and He will prosper and bless you. I have loved you so dearly from the time you were a boy, that I had to say good-bye. But let us meet again.' She waved her hand and disappeared."

Both the young men were much impressed, and in the morning my father told my grandmother of the dream or vision. She advised him to write an ordinary letter just inquiring about Mrs. Brown and her daughters. Letters then cost tenpence, and were not written on slight occasions.

My father did write, but a letter crossed his saying, that at 3 o'clock on the very night of his dream, Mrs. Brown had died, and her last conscious words were regrets that she had not been able to see him to say good-bye.

My father never much liked telling this story. He firmly believed he had seen a vision. I have heard it from his lips, and I have seen the two letters which crossed each other in the post. My father was the Rev. James Campbell Connolly, Chaplain of Woolwich Dockyard.

In reply to inquiries Miss Connolly writes on April 9th, 1885:—

(1) The two letters that crossed in the post were among my mother's papers, and I have failed to find them. She died when I was quite a child, and I heard her tell the story and show the letters, not thinking that I was listening. My dear father died just two years ago in the full possession of his faculties, and I heard it twice from his own lips. (2) The date is difficult. My father married in 1840, and I should say, judging from his ordination, &c., that it must have been between 1830 and 1835. Mrs. Brown's daughters are both dead—Mrs. Daly, who married the last Warden of Galway, and Mrs. Foley. Both these ladies told me the story. They were present at their mother's deathbed. (3) I am certain my father described the apparition as speaking directly to him.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ON THE METHOD OF RESEARCH PURSUED BY THE SOCIETY.

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

SIR,—The Society for Psychical Research having been now three years in existence it may be useful to consider what fruit it has borne, and how far it has been successful. In such an arduous enterprise as this—in its nature so occult and mysterious—there may be great energy but small progress. It is no secret that a sense of weariness is beginning to be felt by many of the most earnest members of the Society, and by those who have had most experience in this region of mystery and marvels, at the merely negative and abortive results at present arrived at, and at the diminishing hopes of better results for the future.

Those who have conducted these researches—and two or three members are mainly responsible for the whole of them—will no doubt demur to this description, and may even represent that their labours have been most fruitful. The quantity of writing has indeed been enormous, almost equal to that of a Department of State. The correspondence has been voluminous. We are told that “over 10,000 letters were written during 1883, in the course of the collection and verification of evidence.” The number written during 1884 was somewhat less, but not very much less, and although now the work of arranging and commenting is occupying a larger proportion of time, from 15 to 20 letters *per diem* are still going forth in quest of further and better particulars. Mr. Myers speaks of “their writing for the fifth time to ask for a date.” He and his colleagues may well cry for more help, and complain of being overburdened. There is, therefore, no lack of energy, but many of us believe that it is misdirected. There is such a thing as “all action and no go,” and here we have it in perfection. For what have we got as the outcome of all this interminable correspondence? A vast variety of cases reported of phantasms of the living, of phantasms of the dead, of apparitions, haunted houses, extraordinary sounds, automatic writing, &c., &c., with a haze of doubt resting on all of them—defects of evidence pointed out, but no clear judgment delivered.

It will be replied that it is no fault of theirs if the evidence remains doubtful. The error lies in expecting conclusive and legal evidence in such cases. In a very few instances would it be obtainable. Nor is it worth while to invite and overhaul a vast correspondence in the hope of finding such cases, when much more direct, more accessible, and more tangible results may be obtained by another method. Instead of evoking shadowy reminiscences of what occurred many years ago, why not test the alleged intervention of the spiritual universe in occurrences of to-day? If such things ever occurred, why may they not occur at the present time? And a multitude of honest, disinterested, and intelligent persons, not in one country only, but in many countries allege that they do occur. How is it that these "modern instances" are not inquired into? How is it that they are not *primarily* resorted to for a reply to the question—Do persons who once lived on this earth, but who now exist in the Unseen, ever communicate with us here by dream, by apparition, by felt and sensible presence and contact, by signs and wonders utterly beyond our mortal powers?

There seems a perversity in selecting the more remote, ambiguous and circuitous method of inquiry in preference to the immediate, the more direct and definite method of procedure. The question of the reality or the delusion of "spiritual agency" is presented in a much more manageable shape in asserted instances of to-day than in stories of what occurred 20 or more years ago, where the agents are dead or inaccessible, and where there is no power of cross-examination. In one word, a definite conclusion arrived at as to the pretensions of Mr. Eglinton would be much more valuable than the heap of doubtful cases, and more doubtful comments, which we find in the *Proceedings* of your Society.

It would seem as if the "cases" were chiefly valued for the sake of the comment, and as if the principal aim of the Society was to invent theories, and not to investigate facts. Two such theories are presented to us as covering all the cases of reported spiritual agency. "Telepathy" is one, and "Unconscious cerebration" is the other. The former is really only the invention of a term or phrase, for there is undeniable evidence of the fact. There is no attempt made to solve the mystery, or to explain the *modus operandi* of this power. But it is brought forward in order to show that "spiritual agency" need not be resorted to to account for any of these cases; in the hope, indeed, of excluding the thought of it. If there be such a power it must clearly be of an electrical or magnetic kind. And if so, it is much more credible, or in other words, less mysterious if wielded by "a spirit" than by a mortal. A spirit's mode of existence, and more refined vehicle of consciousness must be more favourable to the exertion of telepathic influence than the coarser organs and tissues of mortality. Must we not conceive it in the case of the former to act at much longer distances? Yet Mr. Myers propounds it as an easy and all-sufficient solution of mysterious cases, though all the while he is talking about he knows not what, for he must acknowledge that his mind is in a state of profound darkness as to the *modus operandi*. Nevertheless he extends this power, at his arbitrary will, to any case wherein it appears necessary to exclude the intervention of "a spirit."

We may observe the same process in the case of "Cerebration." That

also has been wantonly and gratuitously enlarged until, in Mr. Myers' hands, it threatens to annihilate all moral responsibility, and, if it be true, to render the administration of justice a mere haphazard affair. A crime might after all be only a case of "unconscious cerebration." He has raised Dr. Carpenter's theory to a higher and most dangerous power. So in regard to telepathy he naively remarks that he has only raised what all admit to be true in some small extent "to a higher power." It would be just as good an argument to assert that man has the power of flying, if he would only exert it, for that to suppose him to have that power is only raising his acknowledged faculty of locomotion "to a higher power." This is not science, either physical or metaphysical; it is mere and wanton assumption, adopted for convenience sake, and prompted by a predetermination, however unconscious, to exclude spirit agency at all hazards. Anything is to be believed, anything is to be assumed rather than that. Telepathy is much more credible in the case of a spirit and a mortal, than between two mortals. I will defy Mr. Myers to controvert that argument. Is it not certain that a spirit can administer "the telepathic impact" more readily and powerfully than a mere mortal "clad in this muddy vesture of decay"?

Let any one run through the cases presented in the pages of the *Journal*, and note the comments on them, and he will find that in nearly every case the evidence is reported as defective—that further particulars, dates, fuller details and more corroborative testimony is required. One ingenious gentleman suggests that "the antecedents of the servants" who reported a case ought to be investigated. They pursue the inquiry like a firm of solicitors preparing a case for a trial. Mr. Myers complains that the evidence is very far indeed from reaching the point which will satisfy science. But he is sanguine that, by accumulating more cases and more and further testimony, this point will at last be reached. He will then triumphantly adduce his cases and be able to exclaim, "Find a flaw in this evidence if you can!"

Our physical scientists would laugh at this as childish bravado. They would coolly reply, "We know the laws of the physical universe—the only universe which we have any knowledge of, or believe, and we know that your reported marvels are clean contrary to those laws; therefore we know in advance that the things you allege are impossible, and that you are the victims of delusion. Therefore, we scorn your evidence, and will not waste our time in examining it." Such is the reply of physical science, of which the delegates of the Society are in such mortal terror, and which they are vainly attempting to propitiate. True Spiritualists view the visible universe as the universe of *effects*, and believe that beyond it, and inside of it, is the unseen universe of *causes*, and that the latter sometimes flows into the former and controls it by finer elements and agencies; even as the mind, working by faith, sometimes dominates the mortal body and changes its working. You cannot compel assent by sheer force of evidence. The mind must first accept principles, and be guided by them. Hence this accumulation of more cases and ampler details, and this ransacking narratives of long past times, is all labour in vain and will never produce conviction.

But why take such pains to rummage out cases in auld lang syne, when equal and far greater wonders are said by respectable witnesses to be at this day occurring among us in lavish abundance? The cases are more decisive,

the evidence that of eye-witnesses and easily come-at-able, and every point is open to investigation. To adopt the other mode of treatment is unnatural and perverse. There is a latent motive; an *arrière pensée* to account for this preference of the obscure and remote, and this neglect of the present and the near.

The Society sends an envoy to India to investigate the question of the Mahatmas and of Madame Blavatsky, but scantily notices or slurs over the case of Mr. Eglinton in London! Anything more flippant than the conduct they pursued in their first encounter with him cannot be imagined. They would not give him a fair chance. Pleading a negative result at the first few trials, they gave him up. It looks as if they were eager to find a pretext for abandoning him, lest subsequent séances might prove more fruitful. In the *Journal*, however, of May last, we find an account of a séance with Mr. Eglinton, sent by a gentleman—*propria motu* as it appears—"whom," they say, "we have reason to regard as an acute and careful observer." And that report is most favourable as recording a positive result. Two numbers of the *Journal* have since appeared, and I, and doubtless many others, expected a comment on the above. But none has appeared!! They are forward to offer comments on reported cases of dreams and apparitions and haunted houses of 20 years ago, but not a word have they to remark on this marvel occurring to-day in the heart of London! Do they intend to follow it up, having received so great an encouragement, by further experiments? No such intention is announced, and it seems too probable that Mr. Eglinton is once more dropped. They seem apprehensive that their verdict might be called for, and they are determined not to give it. Meanwhile they prefer to occupy themselves with Madame Blavatsky and her trickeries, and to prosecute their researches in the remote Indies. Why do they not send envoys to America, and investigate the alleged wonders there?

There is, however, quite enough to interest and engage them at home, if their hearts are in the cause. Why do they not investigate the case of Mr. Barkas, of Newcastle? He is a credible witness—the people of Newcastle know him well; his antecedents would satisfy even Mr. Davies. Now I want to know why the Barkas case and the source of the replies made by an indifferently educated person to the abstruse questions propounded, as recorded in the columns of *Light*, is not thoroughly and exhaustively examined. I suspect that a similar motive rules here as in the Eglinton case. Is it not, at all events, apparent that the Society is evading difficulties, not meeting them?

Then there is the Wyld-Husk case, for which the Society has found no adequate solution, either in the way of fraud or of reality.

Nor is the Morell Theobald case—*pace* Mr. Podmore—at all satisfactorily accounted for, nor a genuine endeavour made to do it. If there is fraud or lying in the case, why not track it home? or why feel any compunction in exposing it?

There are, moreover, the instances, credibly attested, of the mysterious movements of tables and other pieces of furniture—of the playing of bells, pianos, and other musical instruments, by invisible performers—all these await investigation, and either confirmation or exposure. Why rummage the past, while all these things are reported as occurring to-day?

Let it be borne in mind that these cases, in whatever way adjudicated upon, reflect light upon the past. If wonders are proved to occur now, they might have occurred then.

If, on the other hand, they are disproved now, in spite of plausible evidence and sincere believers, then a strong doubt rests upon all such narratives in the past, however attested. For the witnesses are neither as well known, nor can they be questioned as present ones can.

Here then, in our very midst, and at the present hour, is the fruitful field on which so many of us wish the Society to expend its energies. Let them rest awhile from speculations on "the telepathic impact," and their endeavours to raise it to a higher power, and turn their attention to these nearer and more soluble problems. Let Mr. Myers pause in his efforts to establish the complete duality of the soul of man, and its separation into conscious and unconscious spheres—the latter of these irresponsible—and let him address himself to the cases I have mentioned. Let us have facts first, and theories afterwards.

G. D. HAUGHTON.

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

SIR,—Since my name occurs repeatedly in Mr. Haughton's letter, which you have shown to me before its insertion in the *Journal*, you will, perhaps, allow me to make some reply to such part of it as concerns myself and my friends on the Literary Committee. The old Committee on Physical Phenomena will, doubtless, answer for themselves, and I must confess that I to some extent share Mr. Haughton's curiosity as to the exact explanation which they may give of their prolonged silence. The fact of their non-presentation of any Report has several times been alluded to with disappointment at meetings of the Council, and some of us might have ventured on more direct appeal to them had we not shrunk from putting pressure on a committee of volunteers engaged in a field of inquiry which, as I know from experience, is a very toilsome one; and also from appearing to bring into contrasted relief the activity of the Committee of which Mr. Gurney and myself have the honour to be secretaries. Mr. Haughton has brought that contrast into view; but he seems to draw the inference that the sight of our Committee working vigorously at its own tasks has actually prevented other Committees from prosecuting theirs. We could scarcely have anticipated this result, which seems depressingly at variance with the usual teaching of moralists as to the force of example.

As to my own relation to Spiritualism, I shall have something to say further on. But I shall best consult the reader's convenience by taking some of Mr. Haughton's topics in order.

Mr. Haughton makes various strictures on the cases of apparitions, &c., which we have collected, and on our treatment of them, which strictures I find some little difficulty in harmonising. First, he complains that we present a vast variety of cases," but deliver "no clear judgment;" then that the cases "are chiefly valued for the sake of the comment." He smiles at our "interminable correspondence in the collection of evidence," yet adds that "it would seem as if the principal aim of the Society was to invent theories and not to investigate facts." He points out the evidential weakness of remote cases (assuming, what a little attention will show to be a mistake, that our

cases are usually remote ones), yet at the same time he seems to think that we ought not ourselves to indicate what we think weak points in the evidence which we collect. "They pursue the inquiry," he exclaims, "like a firm of solicitors preparing a case for a trial." I cannot help being pleased that we produce this impression, at any rate, on one critic's mind, inasmuch as the last letter of criticism which I had occasion to answer in this *Journal* (in May last), was actually from a solicitor, who objected, in effect, that we did not pursue the inquiry in a way which his firm would consider as sufficiently stringent.

I gather, however, that Mr. Haughton's real objection is to our use of the theory of telepathy, of a transference of impressions from one mind to another without the agency of the recognised organs of sense. Not that he disputes the fact of such transference, of which he says that there is "undeniable evidence," but he seems (if I may so say) to grudge our wasting good telepathy on mere mortal minds, instead of using it to demonstrate the influence of spiritual beings.

"A spirit's mode of existence and more refined vehicle of consciousness must be more favourable," he says, "to the exertions of telepathic influence than the coarser organs and tissues of mortality. Telepathy is much more possible in the case of a spirit and a mortal than between two mortals. I will defy Mr. Myers to controvert that argument."

As it so happens that I have already said something very like this myself in print, I am happy to join Mr. Haughton in defying, not myself only, but the whole world, to controvert it.

In a Report written by Mr. Gurney and myself, *Proceedings VI.*, p. 184, these words will be found.

"We have found [in discussing certain evidence] no need to postulate the existence of any intelligences except human minds, and human minds, not in hell or heaven, but on earth as we know them. But nevertheless, if other intelligent beings besides those visible to us do in fact exist—if man's own soul survives the tomb—then, no doubt, our telepathic experiments or our collected cases of apparitions, interpreted as we interpret them, do suggest analogies of influence, modes of operation, which (it is hardly too much to say) would throw a quite novel light over the long controversy between Science and Faith. It is only in some form of idealism that that controversy can find a close."

I am far, indeed, from complaining that Mr. Haughton has not remembered this passage. It is only natural that on seeing the too frequently recurring names of Messrs. Gurney and Myers at the bottom of an article, he should exclaim *Toujours perdrix!* and pass on to the next. But I think that the reader will see that, allowing for what I may call the superior decisiveness of Mr. Haughton's style, our words and his express much the same conviction; namely, that this supernormal transmission of thought may naturally be supposed to be facilitated by the conditions of spiritual, as opposed to carnal, existence. The main difference is that we still feel bound to speak of communication with spiritual existences in a *hypothetical* tone; though we almost go out of our way to assert that if we should be fortunate enough to attain conviction on the point as to which Mr. Haughton is already convinced, we should at once draw the very corollary which he defies us to controvert.

It cannot, however, be said that Mr. Haughton ignores the fact that the majority of *sarants* at present deny that this crucial point has actually been proved. On the contrary he represents "the reply of physical science" a consisting of such remarks as "We scorn your evidence and will not waste time in examining it." I am sorry if any *sarants* have spoken in this tone to Mr. Haughton or his friends, and if my own experience has been less disagreeable, I am inclined to refer this to the less lofty air which I have felt justified in taking towards men whom I regard—not, I hope, with "mortal terror," as Mr. Haughton suggests,—but with a respect and admiration which make me feel that if (as is the case) I believe in certain marvellous things which many men with more knowledge and sagacity than I can boast treat as mere figments and delusions, it behoves me at any rate to be moderate in stating my novel views, and to take all possible pains to justify and support them. Considering that in Cambridge alone a past and a present Professor of Experimental Physics, a Professor of Astronomy, and a Professor of Anatomy have already joined our Society, I hardly feel tempted to change my style to the more "triumphant" phraseology which Mr. Haughton puts into my mouth, with the kind warning that "our physical scientists would laugh at this as childish bravado."

But, putting controversy aside, let me say at once that I heartily concur with Mr. Haughton in desiring an immediate and thorough investigation by members of our Society of any Spiritualistic phenomena which may be accessible to us. Let us see what specific lines of inquiry he suggests:—

(1) The automatic writing of an indifferently-educated person (otherwise known as Mrs. Esperance), said to be inspired by "Humnur Stafford," and recorded by Mr. Barkas. I have known Mr. Barkas since January, 1875, and through his introduction sat with this medium on October 16th, 17th, and 18th, 1875. I have also studied all her printed answers. I consider the case curious and interesting, and I am not surprised at Mr. Barkas' view of it, but unfortunately the gross want of comprehension of the subjects inquired about, and the palpable blunders which the replies contain, seem to me to preclude us from regarding the case as affording evidence of the guidance of a scientific spirit.

The fact, moreover, that the same medium, under the name of Mrs. Esperance, was afterwards detected in personating a materialised spirit, tended to discourage me from seeking further evidence through that channel.

(2) The ring on Mr. Husk's arm, which Dr. Wyld considers as a conclusive proof of spirit agency, has been examined by two committees of our Society. The first of these reported unfavourably; but as it was then urged that this Committee was not strong enough, a second was appointed, including Mr. Crookes, Mr. Victor Horsley, the well-known surgeon, and other men of scientific training. Their Report is to appear, I believe, in the next number of our *Proceedings*, having been delayed by the Committee's desire to make it as complete as might be, and to support it, if possible, by actual surgical experiments.

(3) The case of Mr. Morell Theobald. I quite agree with Mr. Haughton that some further investigation of this case is to be desired. Mr. Theobald kindly offered to allow some delegate of our Society to join his circle, "if

the spirits would allow it"; but this condition does not as yet seem to have been fulfilled. We can, therefore, do nothing more in the matter at present.

(4) "Cases of movements of tables, ringing of bells by invisible performers," &c. Where are these cases to be found, actually going on? If only Mr. Haughton will let me know, I, for one, will grudge no trouble to see and investigate them. We cannot hear of any such; will not those who may be more fortunate help us?

(5) Mr. Eglinton. As for myself, I have sat with Mr. Eglinton at intervals since 1875 or earlier; the first séance of which I can find a note at this moment being on April 25th, 1875. I have never got any noteworthy phenomena with him except on the very last occasion on which I sat, viz., at Cambridge on June 3rd, 1885. On one other occasion, February 16th, 1885, a very striking phenomenon occurred, but unfortunately I was requested to leave the room immediately before it. Without expressing any doubt as to the genuineness of this phenomenon, I feel that my absence from the room would prevent my description of it from carrying weight. I hope to continue sitting with Mr. Eglinton whenever occasion offers, but I do not seem to be the best possible person for that particular task.

Mr. Gurney has sat nine or ten times with Mr. Eglinton, and has, I believe, obtained some interesting though inconclusive phenomena. Others of my friends have sat repeatedly; but some member of the Committee on Physical Phenomena may be able to give fuller details.

My letter is already too long, but I am obliged to add one more point. Mr. Haughton complains of "a latent motive, an *arrière pensée*," "a pre-determination," apparently on my part especially, "to exclude spirit agency."

Now, I have already said in *Light*, in very explicit terms, that I have no such *arrière pensée*, no such pre-determination. And I may here add that I have for many years regarded the problems involved in Spiritualism as of the very highest importance; and that in joining the Society for Psychical Research I was actuated in great measure by my hope that I should thus gain some opportunities of witnessing phenomena of this kind obtained in private circles, without the presence of a paid medium. Interesting though the other branches of our work may be, any phenomenon which authentically proved the intervention of the spirits of the dead would, to my mind, far surpass in interest the "telepathy" and "unconscious cerebration" to which Mr. Haughton supposes me to be so closely wedded.

But I can only say, in Mr. Haughton's own words, "Let us have facts first, and theories afterwards." Before we venture to utter an opinion on a topic so difficult and momentous let us have more, *much* more, of competent observation and careful experiment. Once again I repeat the earnest appeal which I have already made both in *Light* and in our *Proceedings* to the Spiritualistic world—to suggest to us the means, to offer to us the opportunities, of attaining those assured convictions on this great matter which should surely inspire those who already hold them with a zealous readiness to labour for their wider diffusion among open-minded men.

I am, sir, &c.,

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.