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M. GOMALÉZ ON THE EXPERIMENTS OF M. CHARLES RICHET.

We have received from M. Theodore Bruhns, a Russian member of the Society, an account of an article by M. Gomález, published in a well-known Russian weekly medical paper *Vratch* ("The Physician") for May 9/21 and 16/28, 1885, which offers some criticisms on M. Richet's experiments as detailed in our *Proceedings*, vol. II., p. 247. M. Gomález contends that much more than M. Charles Richet would admit may be learnt and acted upon unconsciously by the person who is trying to guess the thought, or perform the action desired. The source of knowledge is imagined to be the slight involuntary alterations in the respiratory motions of the operator; these are very slight certainly, and cannot be in general perceived *consciously* even when attention is directed to them. M. Gomález himself has not been able to perceive them when himself playing the *rôle* of the percipient, but conceives that they may be perceived by other percipients who are in a state of *rapport* with the agent; and show in this way an auditory hyperæsthesia such as is often attested. That the respiratory movements are slightly affected by many emotions is undoubted. It will be remembered that M. Richet brought forward some experiments in which A sat at one table, pointing to one letter after another, of an alphabet, with B watching him, and three other persons, C, D, and E, at a second table, quite out of sight of the alphabet; C, D, and E engaged in conversation, but occasionally their table tilted, and B marked the letter to which A's pen was then pointing. These letters were found to produce approximations which could not be attributed to accident to words M. Richet was thinking of. M. Gomález, if we understand him correctly, assumes that M. Richet was aware of what letter A was pointing to, and could not avoid revealing it to C, D, and E by the changes in his respiratory movements, which, though

unconsciously produced and unconsciously perceived, yet induced C, D, and E to tilt the table. M. Gomaléz suggests that this hypothesis might be tested by plugging the ears of those who sit at the tilting table, whereby the "respiratory impulses" might be cut off.

[The case, as M. Richet presented it, did not seem to us to be open to this criticism, for in his original essay he gave no indication that he was aware of what letter A was pointing to; if he was, his description is seriously incomplete; if he was not, there could have been no timely emotion to cause him to alter his respiratory movements.]

THOUGHT-READING WITH AND WITHOUT CONTACT.

I was glad to see in the July number of the *Journal* that the President had directed the special attention of the Society to the consideration of the phenomena connected with Thought-transference. Acting upon this suggestion, I have ventured to write the few remarks which follow, on the subject of Thought-transference, *with* and *without* contact.

I think there is a tendency, somewhat to confuse actual Thought-transference *with* contact, and muscle-reading; and too often to assign scientific explanations as elaborate as they are improbable to facts of the simplest kind. Whenever experiments are performed with any kind of contact, we are always sure to find some person coming forward with explanations far harder to accept than the actual phenomena themselves. I feel sure many will bear me out in saying that there is a large class of good and trustworthy percipients, from whom excellent results have been obtained, who are never able to succeed without contact. It has been said that by continually experimenting, such persons would in time become able to thought-read *without* contact, but I have never yet heard of such a case, and am inclined to believe that there is always a large proportion of percipients who can only successfully experiment *with* contact. This brings me directly to the point I wish to discuss in this paper. .

Are all experiments in Thought-transference made *with* contact evidentially valueless? To this, I think, we must reply that, when made under certain stringent conditions, such experiments are of the highest value. It will, of course, be always exceedingly important to distinguish carefully between a case of *muscle-reading*, and a genuine case of Thought-transference, but, if the experiments be performed under the conditions I shall presently describe, I think there will be little difficulty in doing so. It seems to me that, in their zeal to

place their results beyond the possibility of suspicion, many have gone into the other extreme and have refused credence to really genuine and truly valuable experiments. Again, the tests which are applied to experiments *with contact* are often unnecessarily severe, and, indeed, often ludicrously so. People who have seen a clever man like Mr. Irving Bishop perform most wonderful feats when he is allowed contact immediately jump to the conclusion that every other person who performs experiments in which there is any sort of contact must be a *muscle-reader*, not a *thought-reader*, simply because Mr. Bishop's experiments have been shown to be merely muscle-reading. They forget, first of all, that the conditions, under which contact is permitted, and the entire method of arriving at the result, are quite different; and also that it is not fair to apply the same tests to the experiments of a public performer, who has probably given years to practising and acquiring every species of trickery, and to those of private individuals, whose ordinary avocations would render it impossible for them to have acquired the knowledge and skill necessary for performing the most difficult muscle-reading feats.

Besides these experiments are often made with children, whose tender age is sufficient guarantee of the impossibility of their succeeding by means of intricate systems of signalling, and the other ways in which such phenomena are explained. Imagine a child of 8 or 9, for instance, telling the number of a bank-note by muscle-reading! Which is most extraordinary? that the number should have been actually transferred to his mind from that of the agent, or that, at so early an age, the child should have acquired the necessary skill to accomplish the feat by means of muscle-reading? Besides, it is remarkable that the number of successes in the reading of numbers by genuine thought-reading exceeds those attained by muscle-reading. Mr. Bishop often failed at the bank-note test. Again, I should think it would be of very little use to most people who have other things to occupy their minds, to spend their time in learning a long system of deception, in order to make people believe that they possess a genuine power of thought-reading; especially now, when it is pretty generally admitted that thoughts can be transferred from mind to mind. We may well ask, *cui bono?* and are not likely to get a reasonable reply.

And now for the condition necessary to obtain accurate results from experiments made *with contact*. The percipient should first be taken out of the room and blindfolded. During his absence, a number should be written down, or a card selected from the pack, or an object thought of, as the case may be; only *one* person, the agent, should know what is chosen. The percipient should then be brought in and seated at a table, and if he desires contact it should be permitted, care being taken that in no case shall the percipient be allowed to grasp the agent's

hand, and then, while holding it, write down the number gradually, for this would be muscle-reading. The percipient, after a short time, should be asked if he knows what has been selected; contact should be withdrawn and then he should at once tell the object chosen. The carrying out of these conditions will, I think, be sufficient to ensure results of real value, but of course any person can make such alterations as they may wish if they are inclined to be extra careful. I have experimented with friends *with contact* somewhat in the way I have described, and have obtained very successful results, even words of 3 letters being read by the percipients, and I have found from 30 to 50 seconds generally sufficient. Of course there were failures, but sometimes of a remarkable kind, as 564 instead of 465. In conclusion, I think that I have shown the value of experiments even *with contact*, though I cannot but admit that those *without contact* are more satisfactory. I hope that we may have further accounts from members who have found, like myself, that a large number of percipients can only be successful *with contact*.

OCTAVIUS BEATTY.

Exeter College, Oxford.

We agree with Mr. Beatty that there is some reason to suppose that contact may assist genuine thought-transference, and to prove this would itself distinctly advance our knowledge of the subject. We agree with him, too, that it is not always, and for all purposes, necessary, to impose conditions intended to exclude either codes or conscious muscle-reading. But he scarcely seems to us to attach enough importance to the difficulty of guarding against muscle-reading of which *both* agent and percipient are unconscious. And this is what we think usually occurs in the willing game; the impulse which the percipient receives, he knows not how, to perform some action, having really come to him through slight unconscious motions of the agent quite unconsciously perceived.

For example, we witnessed on one occasion the remarkable success in the willing game of two ladies, sisters, whose *bona fides* was beyond suspicion, and who were themselves convinced that the process was entirely mental. The lady who acted as agent tried to influence another person, but failed. It then occurred to this gentleman instead of waiting for an impulse, to try to follow any lead that might be given him through the agent's hands. He succeeded at once, slowly it is true, but he was without practice. The agent had no idea that she had given any indications, but as they were given on this occasion it seems probable that they were always given, and that her sister was unconsciously influenced by them. It seems not unlikely that children,

being less self-conscious and less accustomed to analyse their impulses while more accustomed to act on them than their elders, might be good muscle-readers of this unconscious sort.

The indications in the case described consisted in slight and almost indefinable changes in the way the hands rested on the percipient's shoulders, according as the agent was satisfied or dissatisfied with what the percipient was doing ; but indications of another kind may be unconsciously given. A lady we know was trying as percipient to reproduce diagrams in the manner which has several times been described in the *Proceedings* ; but thinking it might be easier at first with contact, the agent put his hand on her head. She presently perceived that he was moving his hand slightly but without letting it slip on her head, in such a way as to indicate the figure, and she reproduced it with great success. A less self-conscious, and very likely therefore better, percipient might perhaps have become aware what the figure was without knowing how.

We hope that Mr. Beatty and all other members of the Society who have opportunities of trying systematic and careful experiments will do so, and send a full account of them, describing the conditions observed, and noting all the results—failures as well as successes. All our own experience tends to show that the persons able to obtain clearly successful results in genuine thought-transference are few, and more experiments and records of them are very much wanted, both to convince the world that thought-transference is a reality and further to elucidate the whole subject.—[Ed.]

PHANTASMS OF THE DEAD.

We have received the following remarks on the paper which appeared under the above title in the *Proceedings*, Part VIII., from Mr. C. A. Goodhart, a Member of the Society.

“ On p. 99 Mrs. Sidgwick says ‘ there is some reason to think that a telepathic impression may remain latent for a time, &c.’ This had already occurred to me as a possible explanation of the cases cited in the immediately preceding context. P. Junior's desire to see Mr. Lewis seems sufficient to have produced a mental transfer which might only have affected the field of consciousness, through sub-conscious associations suggested by the sight of the closed house. The transfer would be like the impression on a sensitive photographic plate, which is only recognisable under suitable conditions resulting from after manipulation. Mr. D.'s experience I should be inclined to explain in the same way. If an unconscious transfer was produced by young Mackenzie at the time of death, it might possibly become recognisable through transferred

suggestion from Mrs. D., when she opened and read the letter ; which must have been when her husband had the dream.

“As regards the Haunted House question, what has occurred to me is this :—May it not be possible that, at the point of death, the energy which results in some cases in the mental transfer of an apparition, may in others secure a transfer which produces an increase in the ‘permanent possibilities of sensation’ in the material surroundings? The effect would be that, to a sensitive observer, suggestions would be given, unintelligible to others, related to the past intelligence which had at first effected their production. It is, of course, pure hypothesis, but it seems tentatively to fit the facts, and even such a case as Mr. Browning’s studs—which seems naturally explicable by direct thought-transference—might possibly be found to come under it. Haunted studs are not *à priori*, more impossible than haunted houses. So far as I can see, in the evidence there is but little to favour the view that the dead, *quâ* dead, can or do communicate with the living. At the same time it seems very much as though we had traces of persistent energy which may have been released during life, and can still be recognised under favourable conditions.

“You will pardon me for writing this, but, in a subject which is involved in so much obscurity, the wildest guesses may be worth considering as suggesting lines for experiment and observation.”

CASES RECEIVED BY THE LITERARY COMMITTEE.

(Continued.)

L.—815.—Ad Pn

[The following account was received from a gentleman of good position, whom I must term Mr. A. Z. He has given me the full names of all persons concerned, but is unwilling that they should be published on account of the painful character of the event recorded.—F. W. H. M.]

May, 1885.

In 1876, I was living in a small agricultural parish in the East of England, one of my neighbours at the time being a young man, S. B.,* who had recently come into the occupation of a large farm in the place. Pending the alteration of his house he lodged and boarded with his groom at the other end of the village furthest removed from my own residence, which was half a mile distant and separated by many houses, gardens, a plantation and farm buildings. He was fond of field sports and spent much of his spare time during the season in hunting. He was not a personal friend of mine, only an acquaintance, and I felt no interest in him except as a tenant on the estate. I have asked him occasionally to my house as a matter of civility, but to the best of my recollection was never inside his lodgings.

One afternoon in March, 1876, when leaving, along with my wife, our

* These are not the proper initials of his name.

railway station to walk home, I was accosted by S.B.; he accompanied us as far as my front gate, where he kept us in conversation for some time, but on no special subject. I may now state that the distance from this gate, going along the carriage drive, to the dining and breakfast-room windows is about 60 yards, both the windows of these rooms face the north-east and are parallel with the carriage drive. On S.B. taking leave of us my wife remarked, "Young B. evidently wished to be asked in, but I thought you would not care to be troubled with him." Subsequently—about half-an-hour later—I again met him, and, as I was then on my way to look at some work at a distant part of the estate, asked him to walk with me, which he did. His conversation was of the ordinary character; if anything, he seemed somewhat depressed at the bad times and the low prices of farming produce. I remember he asked me to give him some wire rope to make a fence on his farm, which I consented to do. Returning from our walk, and on entering the village, I pulled up at the cross-roads to say good evening, the road to his lodgings taking him at right angles to mine. I was surprised to hear him say, "Come and smoke a cigar with me to-night?" To which I replied, "I cannot very well, I am engaged this evening." "Do come," he said. "No," I replied "I will look in another evening." And with this we parted. We had separated about 40 yards when he turned around and exclaimed, "Then if you will not come, good-bye." This was the last time I saw him alive.

I spent the evening in my dining-room in writing, and for some hours I may say that probably no thought of young B. passed through my mind; the night was bright and clear, full or nearly full moon, still and without wind. Since I had come in slight snow had fallen, just sufficient to make the ground show white.

At about 5 minutes to 10 o'clock I got up and left the room, taking up a lamp from the hall table and replacing it on a small table standing in a recess of the window in the breakfast-room. The curtains were not drawn across the window. I had just taken down from the nearest bookcase a volume of "Macgillivray's British Birds" for reference, and was in the act of reading the passage, the book held close to the lamp, and my shoulder touching the window shutter, and in a position in which almost the slightest outside sound would be heard, when I distinctly heard the front gate opened and shut again with a clap, and footsteps advancing at a run up the drive; when opposite the window the steps changed from sharp and distinct on gravel to dull and less clear on the grass slip below the window, and at the same time I was conscious that someone or something stood close to me outside, only the thin shutter and a sheet of glass dividing us. I could hear the quick panting laboured breathing of the messenger, or whatever it was, as if trying to recover breath before speaking. Had he been attracted by the light through the shutter? Suddenly, like a gunshot, inside, outside, and all around, there broke out the most appalling shriek—a prolonged wail of horror, which seemed to freeze the blood. It was not a single shriek, but more prolonged, commencing in a high key and then less and less, wailing away towards the north, and becoming weaker and weaker as it receded in sobbing pulsations of intense agony. Of my fright and horror I can say nothing—increased tenfold when I walked into the dining-room and found my wife sitting quietly at her work close to the window, in the same line and

distant only 10 or 12 feet from the corresponding window in the breakfast-room. She *had heard nothing*. I could see that at once; and from the position in which she was sitting I knew she could not have failed to hear any noise outside and any footstep on the gravel. Perceiving I was alarmed about something, she asked, "What is the matter?" "Only someone outside," I said. "Then why do you not go out and see? You always do when you hear any unusual noise." I said, "there is something so queer and dreadful about the noise. I dare not face it. It must have been the Banshee shrieking."

Young S. B., on leaving me, went home to his lodgings. He spent most of the evening on the sofa, reading one of Whyte Melville's novels. Saw his groom at 9 o'clock and gave him orders for the following day. The groom and his wife, who were the only people in the house besides S. B., then went to bed.

At the inquest the groom stated that when about falling asleep, he was suddenly aroused by a shriek, and on running into his master's room found him expiring on the floor. It appeared that young B. had undressed upstairs, and then came down to his sitting-room in trousers and nightshirt, had poured out half-a-glass of water, into which he emptied a small bottle of prussic acid (procured that morning under the plea of poisoning a dog, which he did not possess). He walked upstairs, and on entering his room drank off the glass, and with a scream fell dead on the floor. All this happened, as near as I can ascertain, at the *exact time* when I had been so much alarmed at my own house. It is utterly impossible that any sound short of a cannon shot could have reached me from B.'s lodgings, through closed windows and doors, and the many intervening obstacles of houses and gardens, farmsteads and plantations, &c.

Having to leave home by the early train, I was out very soon on the following morning, and on going to examine the ground beneath the window found *no footsteps* on grass or drive, still covered with the slight sprinkling of snow which had fallen on the previous evening.

The whole thing had been a dream of the moment—an imagination, call it what you will; I simply state these facts as they occurred, without attempting any explanation, which, indeed, I am totally unable to give. The entire incident is a mystery, and will ever remain a mystery to me. I did not hear the particulars of the tragedy till the following afternoon, having left home by an early train. The motive of suicide was said to be a love affair.

In a subsequent letter dated June 12th, 1885, Mr. A. Z. says:—

I have no objection to the publication of the narrative on the terms you mention (*i.e.*, avoiding all chance of recognition) and omitting my name. The suicide took place in this parish on Thursday night, March 9th, 1876, at or about 10 p.m. The inquest was held on Saturday, 11th, by —, the then coroner. He has been dead some years, or I might perhaps have been able to obtain a copy of his notes then taken. You will probably find some notice of the inquest in the — of March 17th. As far as I can recollect, nothing except the bare fact appeared in print, as the family made every effort to suppress details. I did not myself hear any particulars of the event till my

return home on Friday afternoon, 17 hours afterwards. The slight snow fell about 8 o'clock—*not later*. After this the night was bright and fine, and very still. There was also a rather sharp frost. I have evidence of all this to satisfy any lawyer.

I went early the next morning under the window to look for footsteps just before leaving home for the day. Perhaps it is not quite correct to call it snow; it was small frozen sleet and hail, and the grass blades just peeped through, but there was quite enough to have shown any steps had there been any.

I was not myself at the inquest, so in that case only speak from hearsay. In my narrative I say the groom was awake by "a shriek." I have asked the man [name given], and cross-questioned him closely on this point; and it is more correct to say by "a series of noises ending in a crash" or "heavy fall." This is most probably correct, as the son of the tenant [name given] living in the next house was aroused by the same *sort of sound* coming through the wall of the house into the adjoining bedroom in which he was sleeping.

I do not, however, wish it to be understood that any *material* noises heard in that house or the next had any connection with the peculiar noises and scream which frightened me so much, as anyone knowing the locality must admit at once the *impossibility* of such sounds travelling under any conditions through intervening obstacles. I only say that the scene enacted in the one was coincident with my alarm and the phenomena attending it in the other.

I find by reference to the book of [name given], chemist, of —, that the poison was purchased by young S. B., on March 8th. I enclose a note from Mrs. A. Z., according to your request.

The enclosed note, signed by Mrs. A. Z., also dated June 12th, 1885, is as follows:—

I am able to testify that on the night of March 9th, 1876, about 10 o'clock, my husband, who had gone into the adjoining room to consult a book, was greatly alarmed by sounds which he heard, and described as the gate clapping, footsteps on the drive and grass, and heavy breathing close to the window—then a fearful screaming.

I did not hear anything.

He did not go to look round the house, as he would have done at any other time, and when I *afterwards* asked him why he did not go out, he replied, "Because I felt I could not."

On going to bed he took his gun upstairs; and when I asked him why, said, "Because there must be someone about."

He left home early in the morning, and did not hear of the suicide of Mr. S. B. until the afternoon of that day.

An article which we have seen in a local newspaper, narrating the suicide and inquest, confirms the above account of them.

L.—1064.—A^d P^a

Of the occurrence about to be narrated, we have received three independent accounts, all at second hand, of which one differs very con-

siderably from the others. They agree, indeed, in little except the fact that an apparition of fishermen was seen by Colonel Campbell. The first has the advantage of corroboration, but even apart from this the reader will, we think, at once judge it to be the more trustworthy. The second account is very like the first, but adds an incident which, from the fact that we have never met with it in first hand narratives, we should judge to be improbable, namely, that the apparition was seen again at the same spot on returning to it. If this really occurred, it would suggest that either the real men were seen or some real object was mistaken for them. Mrs. Ricardo and Mr. Loring are both under the impression that the apparitions were seen *before* the death, but in the absence of evidence as to when the boat capsized, this seems an unnecessary assumption. On the whole, we may probably take it as certain that Colonel Campbell had good reason to believe that he saw apparitions of the two men on the night on which they were drowned, but beyond this we cannot now go.

From Mrs. Ricardo.

8, Chesham Street, S.W.

April 6th, 1885.

Mrs. Campbell died three months ago. I can only recollect the story you refer to, rather imperfectly, though I have often heard my father, the late Colonel Campbell, of Skipness, tell it. The facts were these:—

On a fine summer's evening, between 8 and 9 o'clock (still quite light in the Highlands), about 40 years ago or more, my father was walking to the old ruined castle of Skipness, which was a short distance from the more modern house. He had fitted up a turning lathe and workshop in one of the old rooms, and was going to fetch some tool which he had forgotten in the day. As he approached the gate of the courtyard he saw two of the fishermen (brothers), Walter and John Cook, leaning against the wall rather stiffly. Being in a hurry he merely nodded, said something about its being a fine evening, and went in. He was surprised that they did not answer him, which was very unlike the usual custom, but being in a hurry did not think much of it, and when he returned they were gone. That night a sudden gale sprang up in the middle of the night. Next morning, when my father went out to see what damage had been done, he met some fishermen carrying up a dead body from the beach. He inquired, "Who is it?" They said, "Walter Cook, and they are just bringing his brother John's body, too. Their boat capsized when they were out with the herring fleet last night, and they were both drowned." My father said, "It can't be, they never went to the fishing, for I saw them and spoke to them between 8 and 9 last night." "Impossible, laird! for they both sailed with the rest of the fleet between 3 and 4 in the afternoon, and never returned." My father never believed in second-sight or wraiths, but said this completely puzzled him. It must have been second-sight, as the men were not yet dead when he saw them, though it was absolutely impossible that they could have been on land at the

time. This, as far as I can remember, is the story, but I cannot be quite exact as to date and hours.

ANNETTE RICARDO.

In answer to our questions, Mrs. Ricardo writes :—

1. Colonel Campbell never had any other experiences of the kind, and always laughed at any superstitions or fancies of the kind.
2. His sight was remarkably keen and long ; a splendid shot, &c.
3. He was always quite certain that the men were the Cooks, and recognised and spoke to them by name.
4. It was well known that the Cooks went with the rest between 3 and 4 o'clock ; every boat is seen and recognised as it leaves the bay, and they could not possibly return without its being also known.
5. The place was not a usual one for the fishermen to lounge, being the walls of our old castle, in the grounds, and the men's attitude was so stiff that Colonel Campbell imagined they had been drinking.

I have just been talking to an elder relation of the family, who had heard my father tell the story, and he corroborates these facts, only not quite sure whether the fleet went at 3 or 4, and thinks the apparition was seen about 9 in the evening.

My brother-in-law (Captain Macneal, of Ugdale, Losset Park, Campbelltown, Argyllshire) encloses his statement. There are many others who have heard the story from Colonel Campbell. I do not know if the accident was seen to happen, or if only the boat and dead bodies were found. I have always believed that the accident occurred between 12 and 1, or 1 and 2 in the morning.

From Captain Macneal.

April 18th, 1885.

I have heard Colonel Campbell frequently relate the story regarding the Channel fishermen, just as his daughter has stated it to you.

H. MACNEAL.

We have received from Mrs. Loring the following independent account:—

Montagu Street, Portman Square,

August 15th, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to find your inquiry about a story of second-sight has remained so long unanswered.

You say you "have received from Mrs. David Ricardo and from Captain Macneal an account of a second-sight story, which they had heard from the late Colonel Campbell. Can I, remember having heard him tell the story in question ? which is briefly that he saw the wreaths of two fishermen at the time they were drowned at sea."

I perfectly remember asking Colonel Campbell if he could tell me that he had himself ever seen a second-sight, when he told me the following story. He was one evening walking from his dwelling-house at Skipness to the ruins of the old castle which were at a little distance. He saw, leaning against the old wall, two of his men who were fishermen. He greeted them, but received no reply. On his return shortly from the ruins, he found them

still in the same position and again bid them good evening without receiving response. This seemed strange to him, for he was from childhood on friendly terms with all his people. As he went on his way he asked himself why those two fishermen had not gone out as usual with the fishing fleet at sunset. Next morning he was awakened by the information that there had been a storm in the night; the boat of those very men was upset, and they were both drowned.

He answered it could not be those two men for they had not gone out with the fleet that night; he had seen them leaning against the wall of the old castle some time after the fleet had sailed. He alluded also to their old mother having seen lights in her cottage, but stopped himself, saying he could only answer for what he had himself seen. I understood that certainly the storm had not occurred and the men were not yet drowned at the time Colonel Campbell saw them, or, as he afterwards believed, *their wraiths*, leaning against the wall. He looked upon it as true Highland second-sight, a warning of that which was about to happen.—Yours faithfully,

FRANCES LOUISA LORING.

The following version of this incident is from a lady who writes in 1884 that Colonel Campbell "related to me the story about 35 years ago, just as I repeat it."

Captain Campbell, of Skipness, is well known as a spirited writer on Indian field sports. He and his wife were staying with me in the Highlands of Argyllshire, when he related the following circumstance. Skipness Castle, his family castle, stands on the coast of Kintyre, that wild part of Argyllshire facing the sea. It is a regular feudal stronghold, small, square-turreted place, on a pile of rocks, lapped by the sea.

Behind, rise barren hills in long, monotonous lines, broken below into grass fields divided by walls, or dykes, as they are called in Scotland. There are no trees, nothing but the clouds and hills and the sea. Under the old castle, along the shore, nestle a few grey hovels. These, with the grey castle above, form the village of Skipness, a place which, even in summer, chills one with its suggestive look of wintry blasts and nearing sea storms. One special autumn morning, Captain Campbell started to shoot grouse on the moors far away beyond the hills. His path lay along the shore, by a little pier and a low wall, raised as a barrier to the waves. Under this wall lay moored the fishing boats of his tenants, who, on the borders of Loch Fyne, look to the famous herrings of those waters for their support. As he passed the low wall, he saw four men, well known to him, preparing their nets for a start. The day was boisterous, the wind moaned along the shore, and the white-crested waves rolled in angrily, striking against the wall. Captain Campbell halted for a few moments to speak to the men and wish them a good haul. All day he was out on the moors inland; the wind had risen, and stormy gusts of rain swept over the water and the land as he returned. Again he took the coast road, although it was further round; he felt, he said, a strange necessity to do so, which he could not explain to himself at the time. The sea was now very rough, and lashing furiously against the low wall. The sun was setting on a bank of lurid clouds opposite. Leaning against the wall, as if resting, the

sickly sunshine lighting up their forms and faces (which he fully recognised), he saw the same four men with whom he had spoken in the morning. Being late, he did not stop, but merely bade them good-night in passing, and scarcely noticed at the time they neither raised their caps nor replied to him. As he entered the enclosed court of the castle his wife ran to meet him, exclaiming, "Oh, Campbell, how thankful I am you are returned. The most dreadful accident has happened, the boat with so-and-so on board" (naming the four men he had seen) "has capsized in a sudden squall near the shore, lower down, and they are all drowned, and their poor wives are almost mad with grief." "Impossible, my dear," replied Captain Campbell, "I have this instant seen those very men by the low wall at the jetty." "Seen them," she cried, "it is but an hour ago their bodies began to drift on the beach and one is still missing, but the morning tide is expected to bring it in, as the boat capsized in the bay, and all were distinctly seen by the watchers." Then did Captain Campbell understand that the forms he had seen were the wraiths of the drowned men standing to bid good-bye to the laird, and he went down to the village to comfort the widows.

L.—2325.—A^d P^a and A^e P^a

From Lieut.-Colonel Fane Sewell, care of Messrs. H. S. King and Co.,
45, Pall Mall, S.W.

Wolfelee, Hawick, N.B.

August 4th, 1885.

My mother and Anne Hervey were schoolfellows together at a Madame Audibert's, in Kensington, and they were bosom friends, and, as was not unusual in those days with young girls, they exchanged rings with the promise that whichever of the two died first she was to send back to the other her ring.

During the following holidays, for which my mother went to her home, North Berwick, Anne Hervey remaining at Madame Audibert's in Kensington, the following incident occurred :

My mother suddenly awoke in the night to find Anne Hervey standing by her bedside holding out the ring she had given her. The apparition lasted a few seconds and then faded away. My mother was much frightened, and in the morning told her mother what had happened to her in the night, adding that she was quite convinced Anne Hervey was dead, although she had left her perfectly well a fortnight before at Madame Audibert's.

The event proved my mother to be right, for in course of post (not so rapid as in these days) a letter reached her from Madame Audibert telling her of Anne Hervey's death from scarlet fever, and enclosing the ring which she said Anne Hervey had begged, on her deathbed, might be sent to my mother.

The above is exactly as I have received it from my mother's lips. The ring referred to was in my own possession for many years.

FANE SEWELL

August 4th, 1885.

My mother, when at Bangalore, as nearly as I can remember about the year 1845, was one night awakened by the feeling of something unusual happening, and saw as she thought a very favourite sister of my father's, my Aunt Fanny (Mrs. John Hamilton Gray) standing in her nightdress at the foot of the bed, with her hair falling loosely round her. There was a peculiar light upon her though no light of any kind in the room. Another peculiarity about my aunt that my mother noticed was, that a large lock of my aunt's hair had been cut straight off close to the temple. The apparition appeared to gaze steadily at my mother for some little time, and then gradually disappeared.

My mother, to whom such appearances were not altogether unknown, felt so convinced something serious had happened to my Aunt Fanny, that, fearing a shock to my father, she took measures to intercept the letters to my father which she was satisfied must bring him sad news of some sort relating to my aunt. The event proved her right, for in due course of post from home came the letter bearing intelligence of my aunt's unexpected death at sea (Mrs. Gray was journeying from the Cape of Good Hope to England when she died), on the night above mentioned, and in the letter was enclosed a large lock of my aunt Fanny's hair which had been cut off to send to my father.

I was a child of 5 or 6 years of age when the above took place, and I remember the circumstance distinctly, though not the particulars, which are, however, exactly as I have often heard my mother relate them to different people.

FANE SEWELL.

In sending the above two narratives, Colonel Sewell writes :—

I have been delayed by an endeavour, if possible, to get exact dates. In this, I am sorry to say, I have not been successful, and I have thought it best not to give any dates at all.

I have often heard my mother relate both the experiences given in the enclosed, as nearly as my memory will serve me, in the exact words I have used.

In a later letter Colonel Sewell adds :—

In writing out the two accounts I sent you, I purposely excluded from the second anything of my own personal recollections of the occurrence which took place at Bangalore, that you might have the story exactly as related to me by my mother.

Let me reply to your questions as given.

(1) Did my mother always speak of the incidents as *waking* experiences, not mere dreams ?

My mother never spoke of either but as "*waking* experiences." She was very distinct upon that point. She was quite sure of having been, in both cases, wide awake when she saw what she described.

(2) Was I old enough to recollect whether I heard of the *second* experience before the news of death arrived ?

I have a distinct recollection (for the scenes made a great impression upon me) of the news of my Aunt Fauny's death being taken and broken to

my father by my mother ; his great grief ; and of my mother's anxiety before and about the coming of the letters, and of her depression (she was naturally of a bright, cheerful disposition) before the letters came, which I could not at the time understand, but which I have since felt was due to her anticipation of coming sorrow. I was seldom away from either my father's or mother's side in those days, and must have been about 5 years old, and could well recollect things of a striking character which took place then. My earliest recollection is of the death of my eldest and, then, only sister, which took place when I was a child of between 2 and 3 years of age. Of this I can of course only dimly remember the circumstances, and merely mention it here to show that I was very impressionable as a child, and began to remember much earlier than the date of my Aunt Fanny's death. I have no doubt in my own mind, therefore, of the phenomenon having occurred to my mother as described by her.

(3) (a) Am I aware as to whether my mother was in the habit of having similar visitations or visions which did not correspond with anything? or (b), of her being subject to hallucinations?

(a) I am not aware of any such. I do know, however, of one occurrence which took place in February or March, 1857, whilst I was staying, en route to India, with my father and mother at Pisa. I was then a young man of nineteen.

I remember my mother came down to breakfast one morning greatly agitated, and told us (my father and me) that she had been awakened during the night by something unusual occurring, and saw distinctly a curious flame-like light at the end of her bed, which took no definite shape but faded away and left the room again dark. She said she was quite sure that something had happened to a near relative who was then in London. My father tried to reassure my mother, but she was not to be dissuaded from her presentiment of evil. (I should mention that my father and mother occupied separate rooms in those days.) A few days afterwards we received letters from England informing us that the relative in question had had a sudden and dangerous illness—in fact, a dangerous miscarriage—on the night in question.

(b) I never heard of any other cases of vision, or otherwise, occurring to my mother, nor am I aware of my mother having been subject in any way to hallucinations of the senses.

The occurrences I have mentioned were wide apart as regards time. The first when my mother was a girl of about sixteen or seventeen ; next, as a woman of about thirty-three ; and last when she was forty-seven years of age.

FANE SEWELL.

L.—2326.—Ad Pⁿ

From Mr. John Hickman Heather, Postmaster of Retford.

Post Office, Retford,

18th February, 1885.

In my early boyhood I have frequently heard the following story from both my parents. I may preface the story by saying that, at the

time, my father was a miller, occupying a windmill in Westhorpe Field, in the parish of Southwell, his house being at Westhorpe, about 1 mile distant from the mill. My grandfather occupied a farm under the late Sir Richard Sutton, at Goverton, in the parish of Bleasby, about 3 miles distant. My father, who had been working his mill until past midnight, locked up his mill and went home; on his way the apparition of his mother crossed his path, and was so clearly seen that he marked the dress, one which had been commonly worn, and on his arrival at home he at once reported the circumstance to [his wife] my mother, saying that "he had never seen his mother more plainly in his life." Early next morning a man rode in with the sad news that my grandmother had been found dead in her bed.

A second case occurred under my own notice although the apparition was not seen by me. It is about 30 years ago, my age is now 54. My father who then lived at Goverton, Bleasby, was building a house and a yard for pigs. The building and the yard were on a slope. My father was standing at the lower end with his arms resting upon the wall, with the entrance to the house into the yard directly opposite; the outer entrance was open, the door not having been hung. I was in the farmyard at some little distance, but having a clear full view of my father and the building, when I was startled by my father exclaiming, "Jack, just see what your Uncle Ned is doing in the pigsty." I at once went, although I knew it to be impossible that my Uncle Ned could be there, he being seriously ill at the time. Having searched the place my father told me that he had distinctly seen my uncle cross the doorway, and would scarcely believe that he was not to be found inside. In about a couple of hours a messenger brought the tidings that my uncle had died.

I beg to add that in the case of my grandmother there was no previous illness, she having gone to bed in apparently perfect health.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN HICKMAN HEATHER.

L.—2327.

From Mr. J. T. Milward Pierce, Frettons, Danbury, Chelmsford.

Of Bow Ranche, Blyville Post Office, Knox County, Nebraska, U.S.A.

January 5th, 1885.

I live in Nebraska, U.S., where I have a cattle ranche, &c. I am engaged to be married to a young lady living in Yankton, Dakota, 25 miles north.

About the end of October, 1884, while trying to catch a horse, I was kicked in the face, and only escaped being brained by an inch or two; as it was I had two teeth split and a severe rap on the chest. There were several men standing near. I did not faint nor was I insensible for a moment, as I had to get out of the way of the next kick. There was a moment's pause before any one spoke. I was standing leaning against the stable wall, when I saw on my left, apparently quite close, the young lady I have mentioned.

She looked pale. I did not notice what she wore; but I distinctly noticed her eyes, which appeared troubled and anxious. There was not merely a face, but the whole form, looking perfectly material and natural. At that moment my bailiff asked me if I was hurt. I turned my head to answer him, and when I looked again she had gone. I was not much hurt by the horse; my mind was perfectly clear, for directly afterwards I went to my office and drew the plans and prepared specifications for a new house, a work which requires a clear and concentrated mind.

I was so haunted by the appearance that next morning I started for Yankton. The first words the young lady said when I met her were, "Why, I expected you all yesterday afternoon. I thought I saw you looking so pale and your face all bleeding." (I may say the injuries had made no visible scars.) I was very much struck by this and asked her when this was. She said, "Immediately after lunch." It was just after my lunch that the accident occurred. I took the particulars down at the time. I may say that before I went into Yankton, I was afraid that something had happened to the young lady. I shall be happy to send you any further particulars you may desire.

JNO. T. MILWARD PIERCE.

[I have had a long interview with Mr. Pierce, who is as good a witness as can be imagined.—E. G. *January 9th, 1885.*]

In answer to inquiries, Mr. Pierce says:—

"I think the vision lasted as long as a quarter of a minute." He has had no other visual hallucination, except that once, when lying shot through the jaw by an Indian, he thought he saw an Indian standing over him, and infers that it was not a real one or he would have been scalped.

Mr. Pierce writes on *May 27th, 1885*:—

I sent your letter to the lady, but did not get an answer before leaving England, and upon arriving here found her very ill, and it is only recently I have been able to get the information you wished for. She now wishes me to say that she recollects the afternoon in question, and remembers expecting me, and being afraid something had happened, though it was not my usual day for coming, but although at the time she told me that she saw me with a face bleeding, she does not now appear to recollect this, and I have not suggested it, not wishing to prompt her in any way.

In another letter of July 13th, 1885, Mr. Pierce says:—

I am sorry I can do no better for you than the enclosed letter. The fact seems to be that events of absorbing interest and illness appear to have driven nearly all remembrance of the incident from Miss MacGregor's mind, attaching no particular importance to it at first. I have prompted her memory, but she only says "No doubt I am right, but that she can't now recollect it."

The letter enclosed from Miss MacGregor is as follows:—

Yankton, D.T., *July 13th, 1885.*

I have read the letter you sent to Mr. Pierce. I am afraid I cannot now recall the time you mention clearly enough to give you any distinct recollection.

I remember feeling sure some accident had happened, but I told Mr.

Pierce at the time everything unusual I felt, and events that have since occurred have, I am afraid, completely effaced all clear recollection of the facts.

ANNIE MACGREGOR.

[We hope to obtain more information from Mr. Pierce as to his recollection of what Miss Macgregor told him at the time about what she felt.]

L.—2328—A^d Pⁿ (Borderland)

From Mrs. Coote, 28, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

July 29th 1885.

On Easter Wednesday, 1872, my sister-in-law, Mrs. V., sailed with her husband and three young children from Liverpool in the steamer "Sarmatian," for Boston, U.S., where they arrived in due course and settled. In the following November she was seized with, and died from suppressed small-pox, at that time raging in Boston. About the end of November, or the beginning of December in the same year, I was disturbed one morning before it was light, as near as may be between 5 and 6 a.m., by the appearance of a tall figure, in a long nightdress, bending over the bed. I distinctly recognised this figure to be no other than my sister-in-law, Mrs. W., who, as I felt distinctly touched me. My husband, who was beside me asleep at the time, neither saw nor felt anything. This appearance was also made to an aged aunt, residing at this time at Theydon Bower, near Epping, Essex. She is now alive, aged over 80 years, and residing at Hextable, near Dartford, in Kent. She is still in full possession of all her faculties. She told my husband as recently as the 4th inst. that the appearance came to her in the form of a bright light from a dark corner of her bedroom in the early morning. It was so distinct that she not only recognised her niece Mrs. W., but she actually noticed the needlework on her long nightdress! This appearance was also made to my husband's half-sister, at that time unmarried and residing at Stanhope Gardens. The last named was the first to receive the announcement of the death of Mrs. W., in a letter from the widower dated December (day omitted), 1872, from 156, Eighth-street, South Boston, still preserved. The death was announced, among other papers (as my husband has recently learned) in the *Boston Herald*. A comparison of dates, as far as they could be made in two of the cases, served to show the appearance occurred after the same manner, and about the same time, i.e., at the time or shortly after the death of the deceased. Neither myself nor the aged Mrs. B—, nor my husband's half-sister, have experienced any appearance of the kind before or since. It is only recently, when my husband applied to his half-sister, to hunt up the Boston letter that we learnt for the first time of this third appearance.

(Signed) C.H.C. for L.C.

The following is from Mr. Coote, 28, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W.
August 7th, 1885.

That Mrs. Coote's "vision" occurred within a week of the death of Mrs. W., in Boston, U.S., is undoubted, and without any effort to make our memories more precise, I may add, that from the first I have always thought that the most marked feature in the case was (judging, of course,

from an opinion formed at the time when the circumstances were fresh in my memory) that it occurred within the 24 hours after death. I am afraid after this lapse of time that nothing conclusive can be arrived at as to "times" in the other two cases, beyond the general idea that still obtains in the minds of both the aged Mrs. B. and Mrs. — that the visions occurred about the same time as that of Mrs. Coote, and after the same manner. Mrs. Coote desires me to add that to this hour she has never exchanged ideas upon this vision, even with the aged Mrs. B., which precludes all possibility of collusion in the matter.

You are at liberty to make any use of Mrs. Coote's name or mine you may think proper.—I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

C. H. COOTE.

Miss Porter has called on Mrs. Coote, and conversed with her on the subject. It is not possible to obtain a firsthand account of the vision from Mr. Coote's half-sister at present.

L.—2329—A^d P^s

Obtained through the kindness of Mr. J. B. Johnston, M.A., of 17, Pilrig-street, Edinburgh, from Herr Heinrich von Struve (son of the late Russian Minister at Carlsruhe.)

25, Pilrig-street, Edinburgh,

July 10th, 1885.

[*Translation from the German of Herr von Struve.*]

In 1838, I was on terms of friendship with a captain of the 2nd Hussars, Herr von R., his company being quartered in a little town in Silesia, in the neighbourhood of which I was residing on my property. Early one morning I had ridden into the town, and visited Von R., whom I found taking coffee with his wife. While we were sitting chatting together, Von R. said to his wife, "Lina, our friend Pogerell died last night." "What a thing to say, Albert!" his wife replied; "Pogerell was here only the day before yesterday, well and happy." "Very likely," said Von R.; "but the fact is as I have said. Last night he stood by my bed, and said, 'Farewell, R.; I am departing to the great army. Greet my cousin G. from me, and ask him not to be angry that I have not mentioned him in my will, as he is well off, and my other relatives are poor and need support.'" Some minutes after Von R. had told us this, a messenger was announced, who entered, bringing from the commanding officer of both of them in W—, where the company of Captain Von Pogerell was stationed, the announcement that "Captain von Pogerell had a paralytic stroke last night, and died." The town of W—, where Von Pogerell was, was 4 German miles [about 12 English miles] distant from the place where we were; the road was bad, and there was no ordinary means of communication. It was, therefore, inconceivable that any earlier news than that which this messenger brought could have reached Von R. He was a sober man, completely honest and truthful, who, except among very intimate friends, never spoke of his gift of seeing apparitions—a gift which he took no pride in. He would mention such experiences casually to his wife in the morning, or when his friends pressed him on the subject.

Von R. related to me some other highly interesting cases of the sort ; but I do not add them, as I myself was not a party to them, as I was to the one which I have narrated.

H. VON STRUVE.

[In an English account which Herr von Struve has signed as correct, it appears that Pogorell was not an *intimate* friend, and that there had been no special reason for thinking of him.]

L.—2330.—A^d P^s

From Mr. W. Brooks, 5, Wallace Road, N.

May 27th, 1885.

SIR,—Referring to your letter to the *Times*, I give you an instance :—

On the 15th November, 1875, whilst at the above address, at 7.45 a.m., or thereabouts, I saw my late brother as a spirit, but when I spoke to “him,” he gradually disappeared. I then woke up.

On arriving at Hastings the following morning I learnt from my sister that the above was the time my brother died there. This was the only time I ever saw him in the form of a “ghost.”

W. R. BROOKS.

The following is a more detailed account of his dream, sent by Mr. Brooks, on June 14th, 1885 :—

The “appearance” was : There was a long room or gallery, and several of my friends there, including my brother. He was like “Pepper’s Ghost” as regards substance, or rather want of substance. He advanced gradually towards me, which made me feel a little nervous and looked kindly at me. I advanced a little and said, “James, why do you not speak ?” which utterance seemed to make him recede. He retired a little down the room and gradually became more indistinct and disappeared. None of the friends seemed to take any decided notice, and did not speak. I then woke.

I do not think I can afford any corroboration. On the afternoon of the same day, I mentioned the matter to my aunt and her husband. She is now dead, and I do not think my uncle would recollect the account. I did not make much of it, as I was a disbeliever in ghosts.

I dared not mention the occurrence to my mother as she would have grieved all day about my brother if I had.

I have never had any other similar instance. I have had relations die but have been near them at the time of the death.

W. H. BROOKS.

In later letters Mr. Brooks writes from Brooksby House, 87, Petherton Road, Highbury New Park, N. :—

Please note my change of address which must be my excuse for so delaying of late.

I have communicated with my uncle as I promised, but he does not recollect any of the circumstances.

In reply to your further queries :—

1. The dream did not make a *particularly* unpleasant impression, it was certainly unpleasant and unusual, and on waking I felt nervous, but the occurrence faded from my memory slowly, so far as the *sharp* impression was

concerned. All day Sunday, however, I was wondering how my brother was and when I saw my sister on the Monday I thought of the strange coincidence.

2. None of the other friends had a hazy appearance. They were in ordinary attire as I should see them in a room. My brother was the only "ghostly" figure.

3. My sister recollects when she informed me (of the "time" of the death) on the Monday that I remarked "How strange! that is the time I saw James at my bedside."

I had no reason to expect my brother's death at the time it did take place, except an expectation that one's worst fears might at any time be realised in a case where consumption had taken hold.

My brother in his vision was not attired but appeared only as a misty or ghostly figure. The term "Pepper's Ghost," has always struck me as the most applicable. There was nothing like the appearance of any ordinarily dressed being in my brother's case, although, as to the other beings apparently in the room, it was otherwise. It was, as it were, my brother's face with a film of drapery to support it in the shape of a human figure, or sufficiently near to the shape that drapery would give. To have supposed attire was an existent would have almost brought with it the power or idea of walking, but when—as it were—I insisted upon the "ghost" speaking there was a slight movement backward and a gradual disappearance by absorption as a mist or cloud sometimes disappears when the sun comes forth.

I have not kept any copy of my letters but I think that I mentioned that my forcing or insisting upon a reply seemed to be the cause of my waking and I had to look round to gather myself together and ascertain that I was in bed when I so awoke.

The following is from Mr. Brooks' sister, Mrs. Plaistowe.

August 4th, 1885.

In answer to your letter I have to state that my brother William on his arriving at Hastings in November, 1875, and being informed by me of the hour of my late Brother James's death (viz., a quarter to 8 a.m.) said that it exactly coincided with the time that he, my brother William, saw James in a spirit or vision.

I may remark that the death was unexpected by the members of the family, as James was away from home with me at Hastings and although he had been suffering from consumption for three or four years no intimation of his becoming worse had been received by any one in the family, so that my brother's statement to you is corroborated by me.

M. PLAISTOWE.

L.—2331.—A° P

From Rev. J. Hunter, Cockburnspath, N.B.

December 31st, 1884.

I am the parish minister or clergyman, of Cockburnspath, near Dunbar. Two years ago, my sister-in-law, wife of Dr. Hunter, in whose house I am at present writing, dreamt at about 3 in the morning that my wife was being confined, and that no doctor was at hand, and that the child was dead.

She lay awake some time reflecting on the matter, and then fell asleep and dreamt the same thing again. At breakfast she said to her husband she hoped there was nothing wrong at Cockburnspath, as she had had these vivid dreams.

It so happened that my wife on that *very morning at the same hour* was prematurely confined, and that the baby lived only a minute or two. That occurred on the 17th December, 1882—a Sunday morning. As I was here, I asked my sister-in-law about it afresh, a few minutes ago, and she has confirmed it in every particular, telling us about the doctor not being at hand, and about the child being dead, which we had not heard before, as she communicated only briefly by letter at the time, mentioning the fact of her dream and the confinement. This can be attested in the strongest form, as my sister-in-law is extremely intelligent, and my brother the principal medical man in this town of Linlithgow.

It may further be mentioned in explanation that when my wife had her *first* child in Edinburgh, a year before that, my sister-in-law, the doctor's wife, stayed with her for about a month, and was present at the birth. Thus she took a warm interest in us.

The following is from Mrs. Hunter :—

St. Catherine's, Linlithgow,

July 23rd, 1885.

DEAR SIR.—My brother-in-law forwarded your letter and asked me to reply to it.

I am almost afraid to give particulars about the dream I had, as it is now some time ago, and I had not been remembering it much. I wrote to Mr. Hunter at the time, and he has unfortunately not kept my letter, so I must trust to my memory.

The date I do not recollect. The time was 2 o'clock I think. I knew then, as I looked at my watch when I awoke, and Mr. Hunter told me it was just the hour at which the event took place.

I thought I was at the Manse Cockburnspath, where he lives, and I saw Mrs. Hunter evidently ill. She went to her room. I heard the doctor's trap pass the house, and every one was rushing to get him, but he was gone. My sister-in-law kept calling for me, but I could not reach her. By-and-bye a doctor arrived, and the nurse, a stranger to me, came to my room with an infant.

She was putting white satin on the dress, and I remonstrated, saying that was only for dead infants. She replied, "and isn't it right to do it to this one?" and I looked and saw the child was dead, and I knew it was a boy. I awoke, felt anxious, fell asleep, and again dreamt the same, except, I *think*, the first part, that of seeing Mrs. Hunter. I did not dream three times as Mr. Hunter fancied.

When I awoke I just remarked to my husband I hoped nothing had gone wrong, and told him my dream during breakfast.

Not hearing anything for two days I had almost dismissed all thought of it from my mind, but I was a little surprised to find I had been dreaming a fact.

I knew quite well that my sister-in-law expected her confinement, but I had no misgivings, as she had been so strong before.

I had engaged a nurse for her, and she was not the woman I saw in my dream. I knew the assistant who was with the doctor then, but I did not see him in my dream, only I knew he was not Dr. Black.

I believe I never fall asleep for any time, however short, without dreaming something or other, consequently I seldom let my dreams trouble me.

I *have* dreamt the same thing more than once, but very rarely, and *never* in the same night as I did this one.

The only reliable dream I know is that when I see my brother, who died abroad some years ago, I always hear of the death of a friend.

I was once very unwell suddenly, and wished very much for a friend who just left me a few hours previously. I repeated the name of the person twice aloud. The post, two days later, brought me a letter asking if, at a certain hour I had been ill and had called for them, as my voice had been clearly heard repeating the name three times. The time was correct, but I had only spoken twice. I was awake, but my friend heard during sleep. I never sleep in the daytime, not even after sleepless nights or during illness, and I cannot sleep in light.

I have troubled you with a long explanation. but I am anxious to prevent undue importance being given to my dreams, as I don't think I ever had one of the kind before, and certainly not since.

A. HUNTER.

The following is Dr. Hunter's corroboration.

St. Catherine's, Linlithgow,

July 30th, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—I have only now, while taking a brief holiday, found time to give you confirmation of the curious dream my wife had on the night of my sister-in-law's illness.

When she awoke in the morning her first remark was "I hope nothing serious has happened to Jessie. I have had such a horrid dream about her, I dreamt she had miscarried, and the child was dead." This she repeated more than once.

GEORGE HUNTER, M.D.

In later letters Mr. Hunter adds.

The Manse, Cockburnspath, N.B.,

Friday July, 24th, 1885.

You ask if I can recall the fact of receiving a note from my sister-in-law making mention of her dream. We usually hear from her on the Monday evenings, and it is very possible that she might have mentioned it in such a note; but I am sorry that I cannot definitely recall it, as the letters are almost always addressed to my wife, and not to myself. I find from my diary, however, that I met Mrs. Hunter of Linlithgow on the Tuesday following, in Edinburgh, and went out with her to Linlithgow; and I am perfectly positive that I heard of it on that Tuesday, if not on the night before. I have always regarded it as a strange occurrence, and have no manner of doubt that her dream corresponded, in a large measure, with the actual event. The event took place about 1 o'clock in the morning. I understand that my sister-in-law dreamt three times over that morning that my wife was ill. It is possible that one of the times would agree with the hour. If not, there could not be a great difference. I have only heard my sister-in-law give the particulars once I think, and I do not know what account she

may have written to you. But I noticed in that description that she dreamt the doctor was not at hand or not to be had. Well, the doctor was certainly not present, but he lives quite near us, and was got in a few minutes, and to that extent there was a discrepancy, if the meaning of that part of the dream, is not that the doctor was not in immediate attendance. But that of course is a very slight point, and can, on the above interpretation, be easily reconciled.

July 30th, 1885.

I mentioned in my last, as a sort of discrepancy to one thing I had heard, that the doctor was not far away, Mrs. Hunter tells me that was not her meaning, but that she saw Dr. Black, our medical practitioner, drive past her window, and that he was not at home. True enough, Dr. Black was not at home at the time, but on a short holiday in Fife and elsewhere. He had an assistant in his place and it was the assistant, Dr. Basil, now at Melrose Asylum, who came after the confinement was about over.

I think I mentioned when writing at first that the confinement was premature and not expected for about two months. Mrs. Hunter, of Linlithgow, had arranged with my wife to come here during the confinement, but there was no expectation of it at the time.

L.—2332.—A^d P*

The following account of a dream is from the German nurse of Mrs. Balgarnie, of 9, Filey Road, Scarborough. She has been in her service for 22 years.

July 9th, 1885.

In February, 1871, I dreamed one night that I received a letter, on the envelope of which was written in my father's handwriting, "*Oh! Death, where is thy sting?*"

Next morning I went in great trouble to my mistress, saying I felt perfectly sure my father must be dead, and related my dream. This fact was immediately written down, but the paper cannot now be found. Three days after the news came that my father had died that Sunday night, quite suddenly. During the day of the night on which he died he had evidently wished to tell me something, for he twice said, "Tell Marie, tell Marie!" He soon became unconscious, and died in his sleep. I had not seen him for eight years, and though I knew he was not well, I had no idea that death was expected. My father lived and died in Germany, while I was, and am, in England.

(Signed) MARIE LAUTIER.

From Mrs. Balgarnie.

July 28th, 1885.

In answer to yours, I can only say that the nurse told me her dream on my entering the nursery one morning, adding, "I am sure my father is dead." And so it proved; in three days the letter announced the fact, and that he died with her name on his lips.

I do not think I can give you any more particulars, except that I can't find the memorandum of the incident.

M. BALGARNIE.