

JOURNAL

OF THE

SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

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NEW MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES.

MEMBER.

PARKER, EDWARD W., Little Rock, Arkansas, U.S.A.

ASSOCIATES.

BEVAN, MRS., 56, Hans Place, London, S.W.

CHRISTOPHER, H. CARNICHAEL, 50, Romola Road, Herne Hill, London, S.E.

CLISSOLD, EDWARD MORTIMER, M.A., United University Club, Suffolk Street, London, S.W.

FAGAN, MRS., 26, Manchester Square, London, W.

HARRIS, J. CHANTREY, *New Zealand Times* Office, Wellington, New Zealand.

HARRISON, MISS J. E. 45 (D), Colville Gardens, London, W.

JOYCE, T. HEATH, 21, Camden Square, London, N.W.

LA TOUR, MISS JULIET, Broadlands, Romsey, Hants.

MARTEN, MISS A. R., 30, Woodland Villas, Blackheath, S.E.

RICHARDSON, MISS G., Moyallen House, Gilford, Co. Down.

ROSS, JOSEPH CARNE, M.D., Shian, Penzance.

STEPNEY, HON. LADY, 3, Chesham Street, London, S.W.

WHITLEY, EDWARD FORBES, Penarth House, Truro.

YOUNG, MRS., Les Combournaises, Dinan, Côtes du Nord, France.

MEETING OF COUNCIL.

At a Council Meeting held on the 27th November, the following Members were present:—Messrs. Alexander Calder, Edmund Gurney, Richard Hodgson, C. C. Massey, F. W. H. Myers, Frank Podmore, J. Herbert Stack, and Hensleigh Wedgwood. Mr. Wedgwood, as Vice-President, took the chair.

The Minutes of the previous Meeting were read and signed as correct.

One new Member and fourteen new Associates were duly elected; their names and addresses are given on the previous page.

The death of Professor John Smith, of Sydney University, Australia, a Corresponding Member of the Society, was recorded with regret.

Some presents to the Library were on the table, which are acknowledged in the Supplementary Catalogue.

The usual statements of account, made up to date, were presented and passed.

A grant of £10 was authorised to the Library Committee, for the purchase of books.

In response to an application from the "London Library" for a set of the Society's *Proceedings*, which stated that "not infrequent application is made" for them, it was agreed that two complete copies be presented.

It was resolved that the next General Meeting of the Society be held on Saturday, the 2nd of January, 1886, the chair to be taken at 8.30 p.m.

The following dates for future General Meetings were also agreed upon, viz. :—Saturday, the 6th of March; Monday, the 3rd of May; and Monday, the 5th of July.

The Annual Business Meeting of the Members of the Society was fixed to be held at the Society's Rooms, 14, Dean's Yard, S.W., on Friday, the 29th of January, at 4 p.m.

The next Meeting of the Council was fixed for Saturday, the 2nd of January.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF GENERAL MEETING.

The Next General Meeting of the Society will be held at the Rooms of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W., on Saturday, the 2nd of January. The chair will be taken at 8.30 p.m.

FURTHER NOTES ON THE UNCONSCIOUS SELF.

It may be within the recollection of readers of this *Journal* that on January 30th, 1885, I submitted to the Society a paper on "Automatic Writing," in which I endeavoured to explain certain phenomena—too often ignored (as I thought) by one school, too hastily referred to extra-human agencies by another—by the hypothesis of a second centre of *Ventation* potentially existing within our own brains, and called into action by some underlying energy of our own.

I did not assert, and I do not suppose, that this hypothesis would explain all the reported cases of automatic writing. On the contrary, I am still endeavouring to collect instances which clearly go *beyond* my hypothesis, for discussion in another paper. My appeal for such cases—especially for anything which may tend to establish the identity of a

communicating intelligence—has received a very scanty response. I can only repeat it, with a renewed assurance of the profound interest which these more advanced cases, if really provable, must possess.

But in the meantime the hypothesis of an unconscious self has shown itself, at any rate, so far appropriate to the present state of our knowledge, that it has been independently urged by several German writers of high repute, and has received illustration and corroboration from a great number of French experiments undertaken with other objects in view. In England, too, such criticisms as have appeared from non-Spiritualistic quarters have been for the most part favourable, a feeling having apparently gained ground that the abnormal phenomena of which I have treated do really exist, and that the hypothesis suggested is worth discussion. The Spiritualistic organs, on the other hand, have been dissatisfied with a view which at any rate much narrows the field in which the operation of disembodied intelligences can plausibly be invoked.

Such dissatisfaction is perhaps natural; yet I cannot help hoping that reflection may convince Spiritualists that, if their theory be in the main true, it cannot but gain by such discussion as I have attempted. For no theory so important and novel has ever acquired a hold on the educated world without full and frank debate, without the strenuous attention of minds numerous and different enough to view the facts in dispute in every possible light. If Spiritualism be regarded merely as an additional dogma designed to win emotional credence from chosen souls, then a disturbance of that, as of other religious dogmas, will be met with resentment and alarm. But if it be regarded—as surely its esteemed leaders do regard it—as a system of facts possessing not only a high emotional but a high scientific value,—then the desire must be to see it built up as other sciences have been built and are now building, by the shock of many theories, and as the outcome of many divergent lines of experimentation. For my part, the thing that seems to me surest is, that however the strange mass of supernatural phenomena may be ultimately explained, any theory which the wisest of us could suggest at this incipient stage of the long inquiry will be seen to have been but a rude and shallow approximation to the truth.

Some earnestly-written papers by the Hon. Roden Noel, in *Light* for October 24th and succeeding numbers, give expression to the feeling of dissatisfaction above mentioned; and my respect for Mr. Noel naturally suggests the selection of these papers, from amongst others by critics of less note, as a first text for my reply.

I find myself, however, much embarrassed by a want which is daily becoming more conspicuous; the absence, namely, of any recognised English text-book embracing all abnormal conditions of mind, to which reference may be made in such discussions as this.

The valuable works of Drs. Carpenter and Maudsley are somewhat smaller in scope, and hardly abreast of recent investigation; the light-bringing tractates of Dr. Hughlings Jackson are scattered and not popularly known; and M. Ribot's admirable monographs on the maladies of the memory, the will, the personality, cover only a portion of the wide field. Yet some knowledge of these and similar works must necessarily be presupposed if our discussion is to be more than a merely verbal controversy. In this branch of psychology, at any rate, we cannot afford to ignore physiological data. If we attempt to take a "high priori road," we shall be in danger of finding ourselves not above, but below, the current physiological conceptions of the day,—of reverting to the cruder explanations of a pre-scientific age.

When Mr. Noel, for instance, suggests that madness may be "due to converse with genii or dæmons" (*Light*, p. 530), or that ordinary hallucinations and dreams involve "spiritual action from without upon the individual" (p. 530), or that "the dream-personages who converse with the sleepers are verily spirits"* (p. 530), one begins to see the dangers of a too resolute avoidance of any contaminating knowledge of the labours of the materialistic school. "*Non ragionam di lor,*" exclaims Mr. Noel (p. 516), "*ma guarda e passa!*" but the single glance of disdain with which the mediæval poet contented himself will scarcely equip the modern disputant for a triumphant course of polemic.

Thus, again, I note that Mr. Noel, though it appears (p. 587) that he is cognisant of the class of actions commonly known as "secondarily automatic," has hardly realised of what such actions consist. For, whereas it is a well-known fact that (for instance) a girl playing on the piano can often remember the tune better with her fingers than with her head, Mr. Noel considers it a grotesque notion (p. 515) that "I inform myself through the muscles of my hand of what I did not know—and yet I did know—only without consciousness." Somewhat similarly, but with a more complicated confusion, he supposes (p. 516) that experiences which "enter the current of normal consciousness through our brain," are necessarily first apprehended as central and not as peripheral sensations. Again, he asks the question, "At what limit of feet or inches does one identity stop and another begin?" as though it were a *reductio ad absurdum* of views which could make the question

* In one respect Mr. Noel certainly concedes more to the unconscious self than I should be disposed to claim for it. For he holds (p. 556) that "if I dream of a person in a position in which he is not, so far as his normal consciousness is concerned," "it is difficult to account for the appearance," without some such hypothesis as that of an actual secondary self of that person's, which is where I dream of him. Thus, if I dream that Mr. Bradlaugh is seated on the woolsock, and he is not there corporally, his spiritual self is there nevertheless. At this rate I can only hope that my friends will not dream that I am in—well, say in Texas.

possible; not knowing, apparently, that, whether absurd or not, this is a recognised form of medico-legal inquiry in cases of monstrous birth. Still more surprisingly, Mr. Noel supposes (p. 556)—or, rather, states that he has “shown elsewhere”—that “the very fact of one’s remembering a person at all proves his transcendent reality—the transcendent reality of his past, out of which he influences us to remember him”: so that, by analogy, my recollection of a squib which I let off as a boy shows that the transcendent reality of that squib is still influencing me to remember it.

I might greatly extend this list of what my readers will, perhaps, consider as misapprehensions of a somewhat rudimentary kind. But I am by no means anxious to do this; for I do not do Mr. Noel the injustice of accusing him of pretending to a knowledge which he does not possess. My argument is rather that *without* some endeavour to bring our theories into harmony with established physiological facts our discourse on these perplexing topics will be equally facile and barren. Nothing is easier or more attractive than to wander over the psychical field, supporting our favourite theories, whenever we desire it, by an appeal to the convenient authority of “intuition.” “Such an inspiration as that referred to,” says Mr. Noel, speaking of the somnambulist’s “guides” (p. 543), “is more probably what intuition discerns, the inflowing of the Holy Spirit, which, while we are still earth-bound, is rather primarily the influence of more elevated or advanced souls or angels, than that of our own holier consciousness, though assuredly this also may be aroused into momentary glow and fervour by their exalted ministrations.” “Assuredly,” to use Mr. Noel’s word, it will be very agreeable if this is the case; but one would like to feel rather more certain as to his special source of information.

“Surely, surely,” exclaims Mr. Noel again (p. 588), remonstrating against the too physiological aspect of our *Proceedings*; “surely, surely we are on the wrong tack! Physiology is a blind alley, an unreliable ally. Must we, indeed, throw this sop to the *Veitgeist* Cerberus, or won’t he let us pass?”

Now, in reply to this earnest utterance I would venture to say that physiology (whether Mr. Noel decides to call it an alley or an ally) is, at any rate, an indispensable factor in every one of the problems which we are here discussing. I do not mean that we Psychical Researchers ought all of us to be able to pass a stiff examination in physiology, though I think that a special training like Mr. Gurney’s is a very great advantage; but I mean that, *ὀψιμαθῆς* and half-instructed though we may be, we are bound to use our very best endeavours to master the physiological side of each phenomenon before we attempt to assign its psychical value. Most fortunately for us, physiological conceptions are not, for the most part, expressed in algebraical formulæ, and a layman of

ordinary education and care can at least avoid gross error, and follow the best thought of his time.

Nor does this reverence for actual physical fact imply any defection from an idealistic standpoint. Speculatively—if my speculative opinions are to be alluded to—I am as pure an idealist as Mr. Noel himself. I, too, suppose—if we are to indulge in supposition—that this visible universe itself only exists in the minds which perceive it, and that some intelligence wrought otherwise than ours might swoop from end to end of our thronged galaxy, unhindered and unknowing, and heedlessly as a sea-mew winging above the bones of sunken men.

“ There the sunlit ocean tosses,
O'er them mouldering,
And the lonely seabird crosses
With one waft of the wing.”

But neither Mr. Noel nor I are likely to *prove* this interesting thesis, and in the meantime we are surely bound to remember (what I fear that Mr. Noel sometimes forgets) that although the physical laws which regulate phenomena are as *unreal* as anything else, yet they are also as *real* as anything else, and we cannot get any nearer to the truth by only looking at the phenomena and shutting our eyes to the laws. “Some men have said,” remarked the cautious divine, “that things in general are dangerous. But on the other hand, my brethren, we must remember that there is no safety in anything in particular.”

Thus much it seems needful to say, in general answer to Mr. Noel's method of argument. But in the present state of the inquiry, in which we are all groping somewhat blindly among theories whose complete purport we can scarcely seize, it would be undesirable to spend much space on smaller points of controversy. To some of Mr. Noel's difficulties he must already have seen my reply—if I am right in interpreting his words “see *Nineteenth Century*,” (p. 575) to mean that he has read a paper of mine which appeared in the *Contemporary Review*. For some other points I would have referred him to an article on “Human Personality,” in the *Fortnightly* for November, 1885, but that I observe that he cites it (p. 556) in defence of a “transcendental self which is in Providential, intuitive harmony with that of the mesmeriser,” from which I gather that he interprets that essay in some occult manner, to which I can as yet find no clue. This slight *malentendu*, however, is more than compensated by the admirable candour with which Mr. Noel states (p. 587) that “circumstances had prevented [his] reading till now” the paper of mine in *Proceedings VIII.*, whose conclusions his own five previous articles have been engaged in refuting. It is a solid satisfaction in controversy to feel assured that one's critic, after actual perusal of one's work, sees no reason to alter the judgment on it which he has already expressed.

Considering, then, how unfamiliar is this whole tract of thought, how slight are the clues which any of us possess to guide us through its mazes, I think that what I ought first to attempt is to give some sort of precision to the terms which we have constantly to use, and which it is evident that we interpret in many different ways.

The process may, perhaps, be a tedious one, but I must say once for all that if one inch of assured ground is gained in these matters—at whatever cost of tedious elaboration or minute analysis—there will be no need of any apology. What *does* need apology is just the opposite defect—namely, the inevitable slightness and sketchiness of the work which any of us can do at present in an inquiry whose data are as yet so scanty and obscure.

And first, as to the words “conscious” and “consciousness,” which are among the most difficult and important of all.

“The terms consciousness and automatism,” justly remarks Dr. Ireland,* “are terms which in medical treatises are used with various meanings, sometimes by the same authors on different pages. Though I cannot define consciousness, I can surely make the reader understand what I mean by being conscious. I feel, I touch, I smell, I hear, I see, I desire, I love, I suffer, I fear, I hope, I think, I imagine, I will; all this means that I am conscious.”

Before attempting to give something more of definiteness to our notion of what consciousness is, I may just indicate the way in which Mr. Noel employs this difficult term.

“An unconscious self,” says Mr. Noel (p. 515), “could not possibly be thus identified with a conscious.” “It must always remain alien, and outside consciousness,” he continues, “and therefore it cannot belong to the same self at all. . . . The unconscious cannot identify itself with the conscious, nor *vice versa*.”

This last sentence seems to me a typical illustration of the danger of using words as metaphysical counters, not as definite representations of observed facts. I do not mean merely that it is a *highly abstract* sentence; highly abstract sentences are, of course, necessary in their place; but they should fulfil this test:—they should be capable of being translated or expanded into concrete terms. But this sentence, I think, can only seem true so long as “the conscious” and “the unconscious” are kept as mere symbols—like the “A and not-A” of the abstract logician. As soon as we endeavour to attach a concrete definite meaning to the two terms here used, we find that the whole difficulty lies in knowing what really is A and what is not A, and what kind of relations the two do in fact bear to one another.

Let us, then, look at the problem a little more closely. Agreeing with Dr. Ireland that a satisfactory definition of consciousness is almost

* “The Blot upon the Brain,” p. 235.

impossible, let us try to get, at least, to sufficiently close quarters with the idea to avoid such constantly recurring misapprehensions as disguise substantial agreement, and impede systematic advance.

It is commonly said that *consciousness* is a notion so simple and ultimate that no description thereof can be offered, which is not obscure than the word itself. This may be so; but nevertheless there must be some expression which is nearly equivalent; there must be some test which we apply when we are asked whether any cerebral action, of our own or other people's, is accompanied by consciousness or not.

A little consideration shows that we do in fact apply two tests. We ask whether the cerebral action is *complex*, and we ask whether it is capable of being *remembered*.

For instance: the question has been discussed whether the acts which a hypnotised subject performs under suggestion, and which he has completely forgotten when he wakes, are to be considered as accompanied with consciousness. It is then argued that the acts are *complex*—that they resemble acts which in our waking selves are always accompanied by consciousness, and that therefore they must be classed as conscious. And this argument is strengthened by the remark, that in a second hypnotic trance the subject remembers the acts done in the first.

Again, the same question is mooted as regards *post-epileptic* states. After an attack of epilepsy, a man may remain for some minutes, hours, or even days,* in a state in which ordinary consciousness is completely interrupted, while, nevertheless, he is able to perform complex acts, as speaking, eating, climbing, &c. Now there is not as yet (so far as I know), any case where a series of post-epileptic acts have been provably remembered in a succeeding post-epileptic period. We feel, therefore, that the argument for *consciousness* as accompanying these acts is at present incomplete. Yet the analogy of the remembrance of *hypnotic* memories—and, in one often cited case, of *drunken* memories—as well as the observed identity of recurrent epileptic *hallucinations* in the same subject, may lead us to anticipate that these post-epileptic states may have a thread of inter-connection, and may be all of them conceivably rememberable after each fresh fit.

I cite this instance here, however, only to show the kind of considerations to which we have to resort if we are called on to describe any cerebral operations as accompanied by consciousness or the reverse. It seems that the *complexity* of an act alone does not suffice to convince us that the act has been conscious. We keep recurring to the question whether

*The most marked case of this kind with which I am acquainted, is cited by Dr. Ireland ("Blot upon the Brain," p. 347) from the *American Journal of Insanity*, July, 1873. In this case the patient, though a landsman, shipped as a sailor in the post-epileptic state, and was several days before returning to normal consciousness.

the act is ever *remembered*. And, indeed, is not this the best description of our own conscious acts and sensations? They are acts which we *remember*. Even to realise them at all in consciousness requires, as psycho-physiologists have shown us, a certain measurable period. When my hand is pinched, and I feel it, a longer neural process takes place than if my hand were pinched while I was under chloroform. And if I become what is called *fully conscious* that someone is pinching my hand—that is, if I not only feel the sensation, but *attend* to it, a still longer time is necessary. And one result or concomitant of this expenditure of time is that I can recollect the sensation afterwards. My consciousness has itself been a sort of remembrance, and it has then transformed itself into another sort of remembrance.

Let us give some common name to all acts or sensations which have reached a pitch of intensity such as to enable them at some future time to reappear in memory. We will not call them *rememberable*; for that word has acquired a narrower, but useful, meaning. By *rememberable* we usually mean *recollectable*; capable of being voluntarily brought back into memory. Let us take *memorable* for our wider word; for the special connotation of “*memorable*,”—i.e., *deserving* of being remembered,—is not germane to these discussions, nor likely to confuse us.

And let us, by way of an experiment in definition, say that *conscious* means *memorable*, and describe those operations as conscious which have reached a sufficient pitch of intensity to be capable of reappearing in the field of memory if a favourable occasion recurs. We will return to this definition when we have glanced at some of the facts which may test its usefulness. Meantime, and taking this as a provisional definition of consciousness, my contention is, *not*, as some of my critics seem to suppose, that a man (say Socrates) has within him a conscious and an unconscious self, which lie side by side, but apart, and find expression alternately, but rather that Socrates' mind is capable of concentrating itself round more than one focus, either simultaneously or successively. I do not limit the number of the *foci* to two, and I do not suppose that the division of the brain into two hemispheres is the *only* neural fact corresponding to the psychical fact alleged. I do not venture to localise my hypothetical *foci* to any extent beyond the limits which the localisations of cerebral faculty (as of speech and writing), otherwise established, may be held to justify.

The position which I have ultimately to defend is this: That one focus of potential (not necessarily of actual) consciousness in Socrates may acquire knowledge or perform operations not acquired or performed by another focus, and may communicate such knowledge or the result of such operations thereto in ways to which we can at present assign no definite limit; and with varying degrees of subjective fusion between the more or less separated centres of mentation.

This thesis is unavoidably cumbrous; I will support it by illustrations, as brief and easy as I can make them, from familiar cerebral phenomena.

Let us take, in the first place, what are called the *inspirations of genius*. I conceive that these inspirations may be best understood as hidden transferences, from the unconscious to the conscious mind, of ideas which have already attained an unusual degree of force or elaboration. When the words "*Martemque accendere cantu*" (the unique and long-sought completion of a majestic but truncated hexameter) flashed into Virgil's mind (as tradition tells us) at a stroke, I conceive that it was a phenomenon of the same kind as the Calculating Boy's sudden perception of the cube root of some high number. In each case the unconscious brain was able to pour, if I may so say, a stream more than usually nutritious into the conscious channel, to supply results of completed excellence without any perceptible effort of discovery or choice. Genius thus in a certain sense illustrates the rule that all nervous action tends to become reflex—is, at any rate, more exactly efficient as it approaches the reflex type. Just as the spinal centres of a great skater are better organised than mine, and enable him to balance himself without conscious effort in attitudes where my whole attention would not suffice to keep me erect, even so Virgil's brain, or Mr. Bidder's, accomplished automatically and without attention what, perhaps, no other human being could have rivalled by any amount of conscious strain. The man of genius is *inspired*, no doubt, but he is inspired by his own unconscious self.

And here, perhaps, lies the real alliance between "great wits and madness." The madman, like the man of genius, feels the inrush of ideas which have acquired a high degree of concentration and energy before they enter the conscious stream of existence. They burst upon him as though they were the promptings of an angel or a devil, while they are really the product of a morbid excitement in part of his own brain. Or, similarly, he walks rapidly and without fatigue because the centres which govern this movement do not report themselves properly to any one presiding authority,—have *pro tanto* dissociated themselves from his conscious self. Thus the ordinary man is like the master of a small business, who governs his subordinates thoroughly, but has all the trouble of thinking out what each of them is to do. The madman has not this trouble; but his subordinates rush wildly about and his business goes to ruin. The man of genius again is spared this trouble; for his subordinates are highly trained persons who go about their work of their own motion, and bring him elaborate reports which make his decisions easy. The hypnotised subject again occupies a kind of intermediate position. He is a master who concerns himself less than anyone with the doings of his servants, but his difficulty is in

getting more than one servant to attend to him at a time. Still he affords us our best chance of doing what we must plainly desire; that is of placing the threshold of consciousness just where we want it to be, so that we may be unconscious not only of our aches and pains, but of our first blundering misapprehensions and distressing efforts at thought, while we retain the conscious control and disposition of all the material which these back-shops of our brain have worked up.

I do not wish, however, in the present paper, to go beyond the discussion of normal waking life. And I contend that the normal waking life of imaginative minds—the poet, the inventor, the orator, the gifted mathematician—already illustrates, although, of course, in an obscurer manner, that concurrence of conscious and unconscious streams of thought which becomes more conspicuous in various supernormal, abnormal, and morbid states. In the man of genius the two factors are concordant and collaborative; they fuse into the highest service of the one identity. But then—since the ascription to me of unproved hypotheses which are *not* mine compels me to mention the unproved hypothesis which *is*—I conceive that precisely the same concordance and collaboration underlies all the supernormal partitions of a primary and a secondary self. I conceive that one transcendent self in each of us, behind the phenomenal, works with manifold hindrance and imperfection through the nerve-centres which are as the looms which express and specialise its informing power, and weaves our being's varying tapestry with the unity of a single impulse, and of a design from long ago.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

(*To be continued.*)

CASES RECEIVED BY THE LITERARY COMMITTEE.

(*Continued.*)

In discussing cases of so-called haunted houses in the paper on "Phantasms of the Dead," which appeared in the *Proceedings*, Part VIII., I mentioned that besides the narratives I had selected, there were in the collection made by the Society perhaps half-a-dozen other well-attested narratives of similar apparitions, in the same house to different persons, who cannot easily be supposed to have been in a state of excited expectation, but that, for various reasons, they did not seem to me quite on a par, from an evidential point of view, with those which I gave; though they certainly ought not to be left out of account in estimating the whole evidence. As many of the Members and Associates of the Society do not live in London and have not, therefore, easy access to the collection of narratives printed on slips, it seems worth while to reprint in the *Journal* most of the stories which I should be disposed to place in the second class; especially as my selection represents only the judgment of a single individual, and it is quite possible that others might estimate the evidential value of the different stories

differently. The names of places and witnesses are in all cases known to the Committee.

ELEANOR MILDRED SIDGWICK.

G. II.—16.

R— NUNNERY.

Related by Madame — to us, 12th July, 1882. She is clear and exact in her statements, and seems a credible witness.—F. P., E. R. P.

In June, 1880, Mrs. B., widow of General B., now living at The —, —, took the lease of R— Nunnery, near H—, from the Hon. Mrs. R., who herself held it on lease from the owner—. The house, which is an old one, having actually been a convent, had, as I knew, the reputation of being haunted.

In July or August of that year I went down to stay in the house. I occupied the brown room. On the evening of my arrival, it being then bright twilight, I left my room to fetch some hot water. I went along the passage and down the three steps leading to the new part of the house. The door at the end of the passage leading into Mrs. Ormerod's room stood open, and there is also a skylight in the new part of the house, so that both the passage and the steps were fairly light. On the steps I passed a figure, which I took to be the housemaid, tall, slender, dressed in black, and white hair, and, I think, a cap on her head. As the steps were very narrow, I thought it rather rude of the housemaid to pass me, and not rather to stand aside and make way for me. I made a remark to this effect to Mrs. Fletcher, the housekeeper. The next morning, however, I saw the housemaid—a short, dumpy person—and felt convinced that hers was not the figure I had met.

On thinking the matter over afterwards, it struck me as odd that I could not recollect that the figure had touched me as it passed me. Afterwards I heard from Mrs. B. particulars of the figure seen by Mrs. Ormerod in the autumn of the same year, and I came to the conclusion that I had seen the same figure. In confirmation of this Mrs. B. told me that the figure was reported to have been seen more than once on those same stairs.

In the autumn of 1881 Mrs. Ormerod, an old lady of between 60 and 70, the widow of a Welsh clergyman, who was stopping in the house, was sitting in her bedroom one afternoon, in broad daylight, when she heard the door opened, and turning round, saw a tall, slender figure, dressed all in black, with snowy hair, and, apparently, a cap on the head. The figure disappeared, and Mrs. Ormerod went in to Mrs. B. to ask her why she had come in in that odd way and frightened her. Mrs. B. had not been in the room.

This same figure is said to have been seen also by some of the servants. All this I heard from Mrs. B., in the autumn of 1881.

One very hot Sunday in July (or perhaps, August) of 1881, I was again stopping at R— Nunnery. I was lying on my bed in the afternoon, some time between three and five p.m., and I had just closed my book, feeling my eyes rather tired. The door was open, and looking up, I saw a figure going up the three steps outside the door, and proceeding in the direction of one of the spare bedrooms. The figure was that of a short lady of a springy figure, in an old-fashioned dress, high-waisted, with bib, and short puff sleeves, and long mittens on the arms. The dress was of a dark, old-fashioned

sage green figured cotton, the pattern such as we see in the old-fashioned bed-hangings. I saw the figure in profile. I followed it at once into the room, into which it must have gone, and from which there was no other outlet, and searched the room thoroughly, but could find no trace of anyone.

I have not heard of this figure having been seen by anyone else : but I have heard from Mrs. B. that several figures have been seen at different times by the servants.

In September or October, 1881, I was sitting in my room—the brown room—at about six p.m. one afternoon, with my head resting on my hand, as I felt very tired. It was still broad daylight. I turned round, and saw standing about two yards from me, a tall, slender figure, dressed entirely in black, with snow white hair, and a cap on the head. But the face was what struck me particularly. It was pale, with an expression which I can hardly describe—and which I do not now like to recall—an expression of extreme grief or despair. The figure vanished immediately. From the dress and general appearance I recognised the figure as the same I had seen on the stairs about a year before.

Most extraordinary noises were heard at various times both by myself and others in the house.

Mrs. B. left the house in March, 1882. It is now sublet to a Mr. L., who intends to vacate it in October of this year.

JANE —.

The corrections in the above were made by me at Madame ——'s dictation : the whole (as above written and corrected), was carefully read over by me to her, and after a promise that it should not be made public, was signed by her in my presence, this fourth day of August, 1882.—W. DONE BUSHELL, Assistant Master Harrow School.

Madame ——'s objection to publicity is founded on the difficulty Mrs. B. might experience in letting the house. She thinks that Mrs. B. would be angry with her did she know that she talked about the hauntings, and requests that if any application be made to view the house, her name be in no way mentioned. Madame —— describes the first figure as stately in appearance, the second as "springy"—springing up two steps at a time—short and slight. She details at length the careful way in which, on the occasion referred to in July, 1881, she thoroughly searched the room.—W. DONE BUSHELL, August 4th, 1882.

Madame ——'s position is that of a confidential upper servant. She attends to the *hair*, having considerable influence by her manipulations in curing and preventing headaches. She has been known for many years to many of the residents here, also to the Dean of Llandaff, who employs her, and many others.—W. D. B.

G. II.—24.

The following narrative sent to us by Mrs. B——, relates to a house in Wales.

F—— Hall, 15th December, 1882.

GENTLEMEN.—Observing your letter in yesterday's paper, I send some facts which have mystified me and my husband. We took this house last September, 1881, situated on a hill, quarter of a mile from the village of

G— The first night I was kept awake by the spars of an iron bedstead, which were loose in the passage, being taken up, and then dropped, ending in a great rustling of papers and some one moving. Having a large dog in the bedroom, I thought he was lying on paper, but the next morning I found him lying on a piece of carpet, no paper near him. We laid the disturbance to the elderly couple in charge of the place, not liking the house to be let. One morning, last spring, Mr. B— told me a woman was by the bedside last night.—“I did not tell you then, because I knew you were uneasy about a sick sister.”

I inquired of the woman who had lived there 15 years, and she said her husband—a God-fearing man—had seen the apparition of a woman four times. I spoke to a servant we had brought with us, and he said “Quite true, twice I have been awoke by a hand on my head and face.” Then two months ago my husband again saw the same figure. Had we heard the reports of the neighbourhood, imagination might have misled us both in hearing and seeing. The second time my husband saw her she was standing further from the bed, and a bright light danced over the wall in which she seemed to figure twice. He has been awoke by some hand on his head as if playing with his hair, and, the room being dark, we heard as if some one was walking with creaking shoes.

We are singularly free from ghostly fear. We have no one sleeping in the house, but the cook, her husband, and the groom. No effort of imagination could wake our stout old cook. The apparition as what my husband saw and what the gardener described, was a slight delicate figure; both say they would know her anywhere. I will answer any questions. * * *

Our parlour-maid sleeps at home; she would not sleep in this house if it was given to her.

F— Hall, 2nd March, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Many causes have prevented my answering your letter earlier; we have had much sickness. You wish to know—

1st. If we have seen or heard anything since the date of my letter.

Two keepers and a policeman looking for poachers, passed through our garden about half-past 8 one evening, the latter end of January, and they told our cook that some one in a light dress moved before them, and was lost at the bottom of some steps. I asked them if it was a woman; they said it was too dark to distinguish anything but a moving figure in a light coat or dress. The men thought it was some one setting snares; but no one in this neighbourhood would venture into our garden after dark.

2nd. My husband signs this letter.

3rd. The gardener cannot speak any English. He is well-known as a religious man, and would not tell a falsehood.

Charles Jones saw a woman in a light dress walking before him in our garden; he lost sight of her at the bottom of some steps. He told his wife to see if any of the ladies were out, and she immediately went to the drawing-room and inquired. All were in; none had been out. He was looking for some tools one evening, and saw the same figure standing by him. One night, by himself in the kitchen, he again saw her, and another night in his bedroom. Hough, now living with a gentleman at Brixton, and who lived three-and-a-half years with me, a most respectable man, told me twice

he was awoke by the same figure. Mr. B—— was talking to me, and turning round he saw a figure by the bed. He has good sight, is 32 years of age, and was quite ignorant of any story respecting this apparition. I cannot hear of any legend. The old people cannot speak English, or they may throw some light on the subject which has been talked of for years. The owner * * * would be most indignant were we to injure her house by mentioning such a thing. After her days it would make no difference.—Faithfully yours, ANNA AND CHARLES E. B——.

F—— HALL.

On Thursday, January 10th, 1884, I went by appointment to see Edwin Hough, now residing at 330, Brixton Road, S.W. He is an intelligent man, writes a good letter, and told his story clearly.

He informed me that he should regard Mrs. B—— as a good witness. He had lived with Mr. and Mrs. B—— previously, and went with them to F—— Hall, arriving there in September, 1881, a fortnight later than they did. In October, 1882, he left their service.

E. R. PEASE.

I had been coachman for some years to Mrs. B——, and in September, 1881, I went with the family to this place, where I remained till October, 1882.

On two occasions I was awakened by feeling the pressure of a cold hand, first on my shoulder, and then on my head. Looking up, on each occasion I saw the figure of a woman standing looking at me. She was of medium height, dressed in light garments, perhaps cream coloured, not a "print," made like a dressing-gown, with a girdle or waist-band. She seemed to be about 30 years old; she had a pleasant rather thin face, and a "wild" expression. I tried to speak to her, but failed to do so, and she moved away and vanished. I was not frightened, but agitated, and lay awake the rest of the night. On each occasion the moon was full, and this is the usual time for the appearances. She made no noise, nor was any light apparent. Having heard of the ghost, I at once knew what it was. The two appearances were not in the same room, and one was more distinct than the other, but in other respects they were similar.

I have heard noises of a person walking, and loud bangs as of a hammer.

I know Charles Jones, who has often seen the ghost, and have heard him and others speak of it.

This is to certify that the above statement made by me is true in every respect.

EDWIN HOUGH,

Late Coachman at F—— Hall.

From Mrs. B——.

January 10th, 1884.

Since writing to you Mr. B—— saw the apparition sitting beside him in bed. He had closed his book and was turning round to sleep—a bright fire burning—when he saw this figure by his side. He looked steadily at her, noticing her peculiar head-gear; after putting his head under the bed-clothes for some minutes he found she was gone.

I can tell many very curious and interesting things on this subject, but cannot do so in writing.

G. II.—163.

B—FIELDS.

I. Account written by Mrs. H., *née* C.

In the year 1877, my mother, the widow of Admiral R. C., with her two daughters, went to live at a place called "B—fields" * * * in the lease. * * * It was an old house, 1611 cut somewhere in the roof. The rent seemed extraordinarily small—£80 a year with taxes—especially as there were about seven acres of fine grass fields. * * *

After they were settled and a little building done and a great deal of money spent—the lease was for 7, 14, 21 years—I heard a whisper that the house was haunted.

I knew a young lawyer, Mr. S., who had managed all the business of B—fields, and I asked him to dinner to question him. He said a black figure haunted the house, that he had seen it, and that it appeared only in the months of November and January. I was very angry at his telling my sister, *who had to live there*, this, and I tried to persuade myself and her it was all a giddy young man's invention.

The following Christmas, 1877, I went to stay at B—fields; the house had been painted and papered with the most cheerful tints, the weather sunny, sparkling with hoar frost; we were a merry party. It didn't seem the least like a haunted place, and ghosts seemed quite impossible.

When the month of January came I remembered the story, and I confess I peeped about in a great fright, expecting some awful shape in every fold of drapery, every corner, every shadow; but 10 days passed, the whole month passed, and I made up my mind it was all nonsense, and I had *completely forgotten it*. One night, the last of January, I was coming out of my room to wish my mother good-night in her room, near. It was nearly 11, the landing on which my door opened was lit with two large spirit lamps, flooded with light. Opposite to me, *against the brightly lit up wall*, stood a huge black figure. It is difficult to describe, it was *larger than life*, almost touched the ceiling, an *awfully stiff* thing, covered with black mantle over head and all; I could see no face. I felt as if it warned me away: don't come near, don't touch me!! I did not feel *the least* fear, only a sort of breathless surprise, an intense anxiety to look at it before it was gone. While I looked one might have counted 20; it disappeared from the feet upwards, and was gone into the air. I could see again the light wall, and the pictures that had been *hidden* by the huge, solid black figure.

I did not feel the least afraid. I passed the place where it had stood, went to my mother's room, talked to her a little. I only felt I must tell no one; but when I got to my room a terror fell upon me. The maid slept in the room, but I did not tell her anything. I thought they *have to live here*, and if they know they will all run out of the house.

The next day I went on a visit to Mrs. S., W— Hall, Shrewsbury. She can testify to my telling her all this directly—of the nervous state I was in, could not be left alone, and for months I could not wear my black velvet dress

(my favourite dress, too) because it reminded me of the awful blackness of the figure.

I have been to B—fields many times since, and often passed the place and wondered *could I have imagined it*. There was an angle in the wall near that made a sort of high-shouldered shadow, but no—what I saw was quite in a different place; it hid the picture of *the girl holding her hat on in the wind*; it was much bigger, black, quite different, and *vanished*. I mention this only because I am so very anxious to be *quite sincere* and *accurate* in this extraordinary story.

The following November, 1878, I went again to B—fields. I had till then kept my resolution not to tell my family. I found the house much excited—such an extraordinary thing had happened in my sister Anna's room. When the maid came in the morning the *large* looking-glass was thrown on the floor, her necklace, three rows of *large* jet beads, was on the floor, broken to pieces, and a scent bottle; the chair on which her clothes were hung neatly over the back, had been knocked back into the grate, and her clothes were half-way up the chimney! You will say my sister might have done all this in her sleep, but she had the peculiarity of being tucked very tightly in bed, so that she could not move without disarranging the bed-clothes. All was smooth and tight—she appeared not to have stirred. A chair close to the bed, with glass of water and very high candlestick, was not moved. She could not have got out of bed without pushing it away. She is a remarkably light sleeper, but *had heard no sound*. My mother had been awake all night till 6 o'clock, and *had heard no sound*. The fall of the very large glass and breaking the necklace must have awakened all—anyone would think so.

Knockings were heard about the house and a peculiar shriek. The young maids, who slept in a room inside the cook's room, saw a wonderfully bright light through the door; they screamed to the cook, who did not answer. The next morning she told them she had been held down in bed and could not move or speak.

These servants went away one after the other, giving no reason.

The next January, Hannah Lilley, lady'smaid, who had been with my mother seven years, and was much trusted by her, was coming through a lumber room about a dozen yards long, leading from the back staircase to the front staircase landing (the one above where I had seen the figure); it was the same hour, just when all had gone to their rooms, 11 o'clock, and the lamps were still lit and all quite light.

She saw a tall black figure leaning over the bannisters, looking down upon the staircase and other landings; it had a long train trailing on the ground. She thought, "It is only those girls (maids), playing me a trick!" She came nearer and nearer, seeing the figure all the time; when she was quite close, it *crouched* along the bannisters, away from her, and hid behind a curtain drawn over the door of my sister's room. She followed, drew aside the curtain, and *there was nothing!* She opened the door into the room and *there was nothing*, only my little sister sitting by the fire reading her book of devotions, undisturbed and peaceful. She said to Lilley, "Why do you

shake so ? are you cold ?" Lilley could not tell her ; like me, she thought, " If I tell, everyone will run out of the house !"

The next morning, also the last day of January, the young housemaid (Ada), going to light the fire in my mother's room very early, saw a tall, black figure standing by my sister Anna's door. When she came near it slid along to the next room (my mother's), and, as she thought, went in, but the door was locked as usual. At breakfast Ada said to Lilley, who was a very tall woman, " How early you were up this morning ; it must have been you I saw at the door of Mrs. C.'s room, and I thought you went in, but when I got there the door was locked." This made Lilley feel she had seen it, too.

My eldest sister is an associate sister of All Saints' Home. She told her confessor, one of the Cowley Fathers (I think Father B.), about this " appearance." He said that perhaps it was some poor suffering creature, and said, " If you see it try not to be afraid, but ask it if you can help it."

One evening, after dinner, Henrietta was sitting in the drawing-room where she could see through the door into the hall. My mother was sitting in another part where she could not see through the door, playing bezique with my brother. She saw Henrietta staring with a fixed and terrified look through the door, and called out, " What is the matter ? what do you see ?" My sister did not answer, and went out of the room. The next morning she said, " Mother, last night I saw that mysterious thing ; it passed the door with a long train. I thought of what Father B. said, and followed it, and when it got to the piano it vanished."

My mother spoke to Mr. E., of St. Mary's, connected with * * * about it in my presence, soon after, being very uneasy, and told him of H.'s fixed look and what she said the next morning.

Mary F.'s Story.

Christmas, 1880, I took Mary F. with me to B—fields. She slept in my room. I should describe her as a person very straightforward, rather too fond of the plain and unpleasant truth !! (if that is possible). She had lived 19 years with * * * On Christmas morning we all got up to the early celebration. I noticed Mrs. F. was pale and put out. A few days afterwards she told me she had been so frightened ! She did not go to sleep directly, but was wide awake (I was asleep), when she was startled by a brilliant light in the room, she saw like a chandelier or candlestick, with drops of crystal light, so bright, like the light of 40 candles. It passed through the room, though she saw no one carrying it. Then out of a great cupboard in the wall came a black figure with a sort of hood and long black pleated train hanging from the very high shoulders. (It is curious that in the village the story is it has no head ; we none of us can say, only all speak of the hunched-up shoulders.) It ran eagerly almost into the light, then both passed through the locked door and were gone.

This room was certainly peculiar. One evening I was standing by the fire, and something fell from the ceiling, and went *crash* into the fender. Mrs. F. and I, both much startled, looked everywhere, but could find nothing.

Another time I wanted to be quiet, and locked my door. Something came and rattled at the lock, and shook the door *so violently* that when I opened it my mother had come out of her room, and said, "What on earth is that shaking your door?" The servants were all downstairs at their tea. A blow on the ceiling as if it *must crash through*. It was under the roof, and it could not be accounted for. My sister Henrietta, whose room it was, says what she suffered there from terror no words can tell. Something used to *stamp* at the foot of her bed *violently*, and a dreadful voice screech her name in her ear. She was so good. She bore it all rather than the mother should be distressed.

The night we were at the S— (hunt) ball, Lilley saw a *huge man's* hand come from behind the screen. She looked behind. There was nothing. Some six or seven of the servants were round the fire together. *They all heard* a voice call Lilley three times. They searched—nothing to be found. As soon as they went back they heard the voice again.

The story is nearly over now. In 1882, November, we lost our sweet mother. All was broken up, and the family scattered. I went to London with my brother after all the sorrow and agitation; and my sisters were to follow with the companion, Miss J., as soon as possible. Henrietta was coming to dinner a few days after, and passing Anna's room she saw the dreadful figure standing by her bed. Tall, black, taller than life, nearly touching the ceiling. She could not go in, and she *fairly fled*. Something made her look back. *She made quite sure to herself that she saw it*. Yes, and she saw it reflected in the glass—the great tall black figure.

* * * * *

Last summer, at Malvern, I met Miss H. She belongs to that part of * * * She told me the house, B—fields, was always known to be haunted, and that the people who lived there before us had constantly seen it. She told me this before she knew I had been there. I said I am very glad, for some of my family say that I *invented* the ghost, and that if I hadn't seen it and put it into everybody's head, it would never have appeared at all.

E. M. T. H.

February, 1884.

II. From Mrs. H.

March 27th.

I have not been able before to send you the three enclosed statements, they seem a little *bald* by the side of the story they each told me *at the time*, and which I related, I believe, quite accurately. Hannah Lilley and Mrs. F— would find *writing a statement* an effort, and not noting down little details, which in speaking they would be *profuse* with. But you will see that the facts are substantially the same.

(Signed) E. M. T. H.

P.S.—I ought to explain that Hannah Lilley is now Mrs. Mills, having married a friend's butler, also that my second sister has been out of health, but is now quite restored.

III. From Miss H. R. C., * * *

March 27th.

In the year 1880, I was living at B—fields with my mother, and one evening the maid Lilley told me she saw a black figure, which was supposed

to haunt the house, standing outside my bedroom door. It was much on my mind, so I spoke to Father B— about it. He told me "If I saw it, to speak to it, as it was an unhappy spirit," he supposed, "that wanted to be spoken to." One evening, about the middle of January, I was sitting in the drawing-room opposite the door opening into the hall, when I saw a long black train slowly pass along as if the figure had just passed and was dragging the train after it. I remembered what Father B— said, and got up and looked out into the hall, but it was gone. My mother called out to me: "What are you looking at?" I did not tell her then for fear of frightening my brother, but the next morning I told her what I had seen.

In December, 1882, after my dear mother's death, I was running downstairs about 7.30, being late for dinner; and passing my sister's room I saw through the open door a tall black figure by the bed, very tall, very straight, all black. I did not dare go into the room, but turning the corner, looking back, I saw it reflected in the glass. I frequently heard three heavy stamps, like a heavy boot, outside my bedroom door; and it used to wake me up out of my sleep at all hours in the night, stamping in my room by the window. A large cupboard I frequently locked over night used to be found burst open in the morning. Also I heard a fierce screech in my ear one night, which called me by my name three times, a very dreadful unearthly voice.

HENRIETTA R. C.

IV. From Mrs. F.

March 23rd.

Mary F. presents her duty to Mrs. H., and I beg to say that I was with Mrs. H. in Mrs. C.'s house at B—fields. I was sleeping in the same bedroom as Mrs. H., and one night after Mrs. H. had gone to bed, I saw a lady dressed in black, and a bright light, like 40 candles, come from the wall and walk across the room, and vanished under the door. Before I could recover my fright the lady in black and the bright lights had vanished under the door, and the room was in darkness. One evening I was in the kitchen with four of the servants, and we all heard a voice calling Lilley several times, on the back stairs. Knowing that the family had all gone out, me and Mary went and searched the house, but we found all the windows and doors fast, and only us five servants in the house at the time. I do remember something falling from the ceiling into the fender, one evening in your bedroom, but you nor me could find anything in the fender. I often heard footsteps on the top landing, when I have been there alone. I believe the house was haunted.

MARY F—.

V. From Mrs. Hannah Mills (née Lilley).

March 26th, 1884.

MADAM,—In answer to your letter, I have written all out as well as I can remember. I do not remember the date. If you have dear Mrs. C.'s old diary—when we told her anything, she used to put it down. It was all very strange at B—fields; we used to hear such noises. I remember once I was sleeping in dear Mrs. C.'s room. She suddenly called me and asked me if I had not been standing by her bedside. I had never been up. I sometimes thought it was the figure. You will remember Mary, that was parlour-

maid at B—fields, three years. She used to sleep in your room, the spare room. She has been staying with me. She and I was talking about it. She told me there was such noises in the room, and one night you could not sleep, and got up, looked all round the room. After you was in bed, she could not sleep. Something came and pulled all the clothes off her (I think she told me she was afraid to tell you). Mary and Ada was sleeping in their own room; they both was awoke by the noise; they *both* saw a light under the door and expected to see someone go in. No one went or knew anything about it. The looking-glass, too, being put under Miss Anna's dressing-table, too; that was odd. I can't believe Miss Anna did it.

It was about 10 o'clock at night, in the month of November, 1880, I was going through a long passage-room facing Miss C.'s room door. Standing by the door I saw a long black figure with a plain long skirt on. I never saw the head; it seemed to me to be looking over the stairs or bannisters; it suddenly disappeared.

On another evening I was going into Miss Anna's room, the fire was burning brightly; I had no light in my hand; the door was open; the bed was behind the door, at the side a screen. When I got to the door I saw a hand come round the screen, only the hand, the fingers long and white. The same evening, the ladies were all out, we was all at supper when we heard some one call Lilley, quite loud. Two of us got up to see. I quite expected to see the front door open. It was all fast, and no one came home for an hour after. I have often heard my name called when no one has been there, and heard the rustle of some one coming—no footsteps.

H. MILLS,

Maid to the late Mrs. R. C.

G. II.—328.

From Mr. R. Gibson.

Limerick, 9th February, 1884.

Before I do as you request, let me say I am a Free-mason since 1866, and one who got a good deal of credit at his initiation for perfect coolness, and was made master of his lodge in 1869, and very few Masons can say that they were master of a lodge three years after being initiated. Next I am a man who rides *straight* to hounds, and have done so for past 26 years, and am well known here and in Cork as a man who can ride and drive any sort of horse that was ever foaled. This not as a boast at all, but simply to show you that God, in His goodness, has endowed me with pretty strong nerves. I could give you a score of other proofs from my life that election crowds, strikes of workmen who swore to kill me, Land League threats, &c., &c., never could turn me a hair's breadth from what I considered I had a right to do; my answer always being, "You may kill me, that is easy enough, but you can't frighten me for I have no fear of death."

In spite of all this, I am going to tell you a story that would be fitter for a fanciful girl to tell than for a teetotaler of many years' standing to pen.

I am a bad hand at trying to draw, but I have done my best to give you the ground plan of the cottage. The * marks where the doors were. There was no upstairs, except over the kitchen.

Before I was married in 1866, my servant man and I lived alone in the cottage.

One night, when I was out at a Masonic dinner, the man was standing at the small gate, waiting for my return. He was quietly smoking; the time was about 1 a.m.; he declares he looked up and down the road and no one was in sight; the next moment a man walked in through the gateway, passing right through my servant man, who immediately dropped down fainting.

Very shortly after I was married, a single sharp rap used to come on the parlour door at some time during the evening, it might be 8 p.m. one night, and 11 p.m. next; no regularity of time at all; and sometimes it would come every night in succession for a week, or more, and then it might be a week, or only a couple of nights before it came again. At first I used to jump up, open the door, find nothing; search the whole cottage for a cause, always fail to find any clue whatever; then I stopped bothering about it, and used to just call out "Come in," and take no further notice. The rap never came more than once during the night.

We slept in the bedroom next the parlour. I have marked where the bedstead stood, and marked the foot of the bedstead. On that bedroom floor was a very thick old carpet, which made the door very difficult to open, in fact, it never used to be open more than an angle of 45 degrees; you could not push it open to a right angle at all. One night I had been very sound asleep; suddenly without any cause, I awoke, as broad awake as ever I was in my whole life; the thought just had time to flash through my mind, "This is very queer, what has awakened me like this?" when the handle of the door was turned, and the door flew open to its full extent; quick as it happened, I was out of bed, and out through that doorway almost before the door had ceased to turn on its hinges. There was nothing to be seen; I darted down the hall into the kitchen; the servant was snoring in her room; my brother-in-law was so fast asleep in the bedroom next mine that my going in did not disturb him. I tried the three doors, they were fast locked, so was the drawing-room door, and there was no one in the parlour, w.c., or greenhouse. I gave up the riddle, and went back to my room and had a regular hard job to shut the door. When I got into bed my wife asked, "What caused the door to open?" I replied, "I can't tell; but when did you wake?" "The moment before the door opened, and I think I should have died with fright, only you were so quick out of bed," was the reply.

I had a habit of smoking before going to bed; I used to stand at the corner of the greenhouse, where I have put a mark,* and I used to stand my book against a flower-pot on one shelf of the flower-stand, and my candle on the shelf above, and so read and smoke. One fine lightsome night, I saw a man coolly walk past, as if going for the coach-house door. I darted for the door at the end of the greenhouse; it was locked, and took a couple of seconds to open. When I got out there was no one there; I ran into the kitchen and scullery; no one visible but the servant; I took down the keys of the coach-house, and of the old mill, took my candle and carefully examined both places; could find no one.

I was disgusted; I went in fairly furious; told my wife, and vowed if I caught whoever was up to those pranks, I would give him six months' in hospital. I watched night after night in the same place, taking good care

* A plan accompanied this communication.—E. G.

always to have the door on the latch, and I can't tell you how often I saw that man walk in there, coolly as you please, and yet when I got out there was no one.

One day, in the middle of the day, my wife and the servant were standing near my brother-in-law's bedroom door, settling something about clothes for the wash, I think, and my brother-in-law stepped to his room door with something in his hand ; as he did, the servant's eyes dilated in horror, she turned white as a sheet, and gasped out, "Oh Master Lill, he is after walking in through you." Her terror was so evident that she quite frightened the others for a couple of moments ; then my wife demanded what she meant ? and the girl gasped out, " A man, ma'am ; a man walked right into Master Lill's room ; right through Master Lill as he stood in the doorway."

As we could make neither head nor tail of it, we left the place shortly after, as it was not nice to have people going about your place that you could not collar and turn out. Besides, the whole thing seemed so very absurd and without any show of reason about it.

The place passed then to — and I never heard of his seeing any spirits

Then another man got the place by purchase, pulled down the old mill, and has built a very nice modern house there, and I have not heard his ever being troubled either, so, of course, 99 people out of every 100 would dub me as either a fanciful fool or an outlawed liar.

The only answer I can give is, why don't I fancy such things anywhere else ? and why can't I invent lies about other places if I could about that ?

They are neither fancies nor lies, and they were going on for about *two years and a-half* ; so I had a fair chance of finding out who ever was trying it on if it was a trick. If it was a trick, I fail to see what it was done for.

R. GIBSON.

In answer to inquiries, Mr. Gibson says :—

The servant girl is dead long ago, and my poor wife has also passed away, and I have entirely lost sight of the servant man ; he left me years ago. These things happened in 1866 and 1867. Since I left the Windmill Cottage I have never heard or seen anything that could not be accounted for ; but once, before I came to Limerick, I met, or fancied I met, a person whom I knew to be long dead. But there was some reason for that—there was none about the cottage business.

G. II.—358.

From Miss Rosa Frizelle, 2, The Terrace, Farquhar Road, Upper Norwood.

May 12th, 1884.

My grandmother, in the winter of 1879, took apartments in a house in London. She had the drawing-room floor, consisting of two large rooms and a small dressing-room, in which I slept when I joined the family later. This room opened on to the flat roof of the basement offices. On Monday, 21st December, I went out shopping, returning home about 4 o'clock, while still quite daylight. Going towards my room, I noticed on the stairs the figure of an old and feeble woman, dressed in black, with grey shawl and poke bonnet. I saw her come downstairs. At the foot our clothes brushed, there was so little space. She went along a passage which overlooks the

tilled hall, and down another stairway. Up this a maid was coming with a tray; they passed, and suddenly the old woman vanished. Much astonished, I questioned the maid, who totally denied having seen anyone. By this time I was in the hall. The hall-door had positively not opened. The maid, fearing burglars, had instituted a grand search, with no result. Although in constant fear of doing so, I did not see the old woman again. In April we left. Then I learned that I was not the only one who had seen "her," for previous to my joining the family the nurse had two or three times been terrified by the appearance of something identical in the nursery; also, that my aunt and grandmother, who slept in the room adjoining mine, had frequently been disturbed by the sound of footsteps crossing and recrossing the room, a window being then opened, more footsteps and a door hastily closed in a part of the room where the door had been blocked up (a fact not then known). A medical man, and very sceptical, who once witnessed this, said he never "before had felt inclined to admit the supernatural." At an afternoon tea, several months later, a gentleman volunteered some curious information to me, respecting friends of his who had taken apartments in the very same street as we had. They left because of an old woman who appeared on the stairs. I never heard as a positive fact that the house was the same, but it was at the same end of the street. Unfortunately, I have never succeeded in identifying this gentleman, though most anxious to do so.

Whatever occurred in this house evidently took place on the flat roof I have alluded to, and possibly in the month of December.

The nurse was Minna Horlock; she has left us. Miss N.'s servant we only knew as Gertrude; she intended leaving to be married.

ROSA FRIZELLE.

[The address of the house and the names of the ladies who keep it have been given to me.—E. G.]

In answer to inquiries, Miss Frizelle says:—

2, The Terrace, Farquhar Road, Upper Norwood.

June 5th.

SIR,—The statement already sent you was a first-hand statement, inasmuch as only the handwriting was mine, the words being the actual words used by my aunt. However, the enclosed has been taken down by me from the aunt who had the greatest experience of the noises, and signed by her; if needful her mother could give the same testimony.

Unfortunately the "friend" is quite unknown to any of us, even his name is doubtful, but probably was "Cox." Our conversation was the briefest possible; the acquaintance who introduced me has left Upper Norwood some time, therefore, it is impossible to even identify him. So far as I can remember the house was described to me as being on the left-hand side, between — Road and the church, one of the large houses. The gentleman was not aware of my experiences, and as I had been forbidden to mention the subject and fearing ridicule, I let the matter rest until it is now too late for evidence from that quarter. It was only a few hours previously to my statement being written that I became aware of our nurse having previously seen what I saw. I can most solemnly declare I did see what I have described, and that no idea of anything "uncanny," in connection with

that house, had crossed my brain. I was in the best health and spirits, and singing an air from "Pinafore," when it occurred. R. FRIZELLE.

The medical gentleman's testimony is unobtainable, as he died 15 months ago. He would have been a most valuable witness, as far as the noises were concerned; for I believe he heard them frequently, and was much puzzled by them. R. FRIZELLE.

During our residence in — Street, I heard frequently, from 11 o'clock to 12 o'clock, footsteps, as if of an agitated person, accompanied by heavy sighs, a window being opened and then shut; slowly and gently the footsteps always died away in one corner of the room, where it afterwards transpired there had been a door. The noise of a woman's garments rustling was also heard, and apparently there were two persons, one following the other. I had no previous suspicion of such a thing.

(Signed) ROSIE DARRACOTT.

ELIZA DARRACOTT.

The above are the signatures of my grandmother and her daughter. The most "noisy" night was the 14th December, 1879. I have written this from dictation. R. FRIZELLE.

G. II.—388.

From Mrs. Preston, Grammar School, Chester.

September 13th, 1883.

Early in the year 1872 my husband and myself, with our only child, a boy of two years old, were residing in a town of N. Wales. A part of the house we occupied was very old, and the rooms we chiefly used were in that part. I must premise by saying that, when we went to the house, nothing had been told us of any noises heard in it, nor did there seem to be any story or tradition attached to the place. About March, in 1872, our nurse grew very nervous; repeatedly she asserted that her sleep was disturbed by the appearances of sometimes a woman and child, sometimes two women. She slept with the boy in a large room (near to our bedroom), which was divided by a wooden partition into a day and night nursery. One spring evening, my husband and I came home about 6.30 p.m., and found the servants considerably excited. The nurse had gone to the kitchen tea about 5 p.m., leaving our boy with a little under-nurse of 16. She stated that, coming with her charge out of the night nursery, she had seen sitting on the rug in front of the fire a woman in white, with long black hair, moaning and sobbing; the girl caught up the child and rushed down in terror to the kitchen. It was broad daylight. This ended the troubles of that first year, but the head-nurse fell into such bad health that her mind became affected, and she had to go away for some months. After this last affair we made another nursery. All this time we sincerely believed that some of the Welsh servants who had been dismissed had been playing tricks on the English girls, and that one or two Welsh women, still in the house, were in collusion with them. Strange to say, we were never troubled with either sights or noises from the beginning of June to the end of the year.

The next distinct incident that I call to mind occurred in the year 1873, about May. I was away from home, and having to engage a sewing maid, I found one to suit me in Shrewsbury, and sent her home a few days.

before I returned myself. I received a few days after a letter from my husband, saying that the new maid had arrived. He was awakened by a shriek between 11 and 12 p.m., and on getting up found the poor girl in a state of terror, declaring that she had seen, standing between her bed and the window, the figures of a man and woman. She was sleeping in the room that had been the old night-nursery. She had fastened the only door in the room, which was a very small one and without a fireplace. The door opened into the day-nursery, and being next to our bedroom was convenient. She solemnly assured me that she had heard nothing about the former occurrences in the room.

Again the interval of peace came, and we almost forgot the matter, when 1874 began. Up to this time I had been exempt from these troubles, and thought but lightly of the subject. One day in March I had been suffering from a bad attack of neuralgia. I went to bed soon after 10 p.m., but could not sleep from the pain. I sat up in bed waiting as patiently as I could for the pain to abate. Soon after the church clock tolled the quarter after midnight, I felt a strange shudder come over me, and though all my faculties were alert I could not move. I heard a knocking at the door of the old nursery, repeated three times, and a voice calling aloud for help. The call was repeated several times, yet I could not stretch out a finger to wake my husband, or find any voice to speak to him, I seemed to be in a trance; then another shudder came over me and I was free, and roused my husband, who got up and searched the house. I ought to say that I had taken no opiate, or, in fact, anything to eat or drink since our dinner that evening. I believe that I had rubbed a few drops of "Bunter's Nervine" on my teeth, but that was all.

The May succeeding I was again alarmed, but in a different manner. One of the last Sundays after Easter, I think it was,—at any rate, about the third in May—I had been to evening church in company with my husband and a friend of his, and returned home to supper about 8 p.m.; it was broad daylight, the windows of our dining-room open, tea on the table. I was standing with my back to one window, facing the open door, just taking off my bonnet, our friend was standing by the fireplace, when I was conscious of a woman's figure standing in the doorway. I just heard my friend say, "What's the matter, Mrs. —, you look as if you saw a ghost?" and he came to my side, and the figure vanished away. When I could speak, I left the room, and called my husband, and described the appearance of the figure to him. The woman was very short, and thick set, not stout, dark hair, and a very flat head; the hair grew in a peak on the forehead: the dress was of a greyish green, the style reminded me of the way my old nurse wore her dresses, long-waisted, gathered in a peak, and a short full skirt. This was the last experience I underwent, and shortly after we left the neighbourhood. There were many minor alarms among servants and boys during these years, but the one I have related I can vouch for the truth of.

G. PRESTON.

This account is both substantially, and, so far as my own memory of particulars goes, exactly correct.

GEORGE PRESTON, M.A.,
Clerk in Holy Orders.

G. II.—427.

From Mrs. Mackenzie, Lamington House, Tain, Ross-shire.

June 18th, 1884.

Among my papers I have found a paper which I wrote some 18 years ago, when I lived in the old Castle. Since that time I have twice seen the "old grey man." I left the house seven years ago, and the people who succeeded us there have been frightened away by the footsteps.—Yours truly,

J. W. MACKENZIE.

August, 1866.

In the North of Scotland is a house built on the site of a Bishop's Palace, and forming part of the house is an old tower, quite entire, and the ancient vaults form the basement story of the more modern mansion. The tower and vaults are supposed to have been built in the 13th century. The house has always had the reputation of being haunted, and many, myself amongst the number, can tell of a footstep which is often heard, like the footstep of an old man promenading along a passage at the top of the house.

The peasants in the neighbourhood, when asked to relate the story of the haunted house, seem to shirk the question, and their reply invariably is, "Oh, it is an old grey man." Many families have resided in the house, and in almost all of them could be found some one who has either seen or heard something. The footstep I have heard and shuddered at, but the visible presence of the "grey man" I did not credit, when the following facts came to my knowledge, the truth of which I can vouch for.

The gentleman referred to in the following narrative was one who had never heard that the house in which he was at that time a visitor had the reputation of being haunted; moreover, he was a decided sceptic as regarded anything supernatural; he was a Doctor of Divinity, and a man of high classical attainments.

This gentleman, as I have before remarked, was a visitor in the haunted house, and was assigned the bedroom which report said was the favourite resort of "the grey man." Before retiring to rest not a word of warning, either in joke or otherwise, was said about the possibility of anything supernatural being seen by our friend. This fact I wish to be understood clearly, to show that the Reverend Doctor's imagination was in no way acted upon.

After falling asleep he awoke with the feeling that some one was in his bedroom, and feeling a heavy weight on one side of his bed. My friend sat up quite awake; of this he is sure, as he heard the clock of the neighbouring Cathedral strike the hour, and he also remarked that the wind was high. Seated on the side of his bed was an old man, who he first imagined must be an old servant, and he examined the figure closely; it was the figure of an old man, dressed in a thread-bare grey coat, with long white beard and hair, the latter placed behind the ear, in a style one sometimes sees in an old picture. Motionless it sat for some minutes, when it rose, walked round by the bottom of the bed, until reaching the wall beside the fire it turned and gazed intently on my friend. Then, and not till then, did he imagine that what he beheld was anything supernatural. The fiendish face seemed to express the worst passions that could reach a tormented soul, rendered still more hideous as the dying firelight cast fitful shadows on it. The chest and

arms seemed much out of proportion with the rest of the body, in fact the upper portion seemed to denote the frame of a giant, which was belied by the small shrunken limbs. Spreading its huge hands on the wall, and still looking at the bed, it vanished, having been in the room for half-an-hour. This my friend ascertained by consulting his watch.

It has been alleged that persons who have seen a ghost are most chary of speaking on the subject; this was the case of the Reverend Doctor, who not till months afterwards related the story I have given above, and he added that no wealth would have tempted him to have slept another night in the same room. Many tried to make the worthy divine confess that he *might* have been mistaken, but his answer invariably was, "I never believed in ghosts, but I could place my hand on my Bible and swear that I saw what I have told you, and that I was as conscious and as awake as I am at present."

Since hearing of the above I made many inquiries, and succeeded in hearing of some who had also seen a grey man, but who was he? And what did he want? I must confess I built many *châteaux en Espagne*, and felt sure that in some turret or wall would be found a chest of gold, plate, dazzling jewels, and—a skeleton.

In a magazine published many years ago I have become acquainted with the history of the "Grey Man," the substance of which is as follows:—

In the 16th century, when the palace was in its glory and a Bishop held almost regal sway within its walls, a Highland chieftain caused much disturbance in the country, coming with his lawless band from his fortress in the hills and carrying off cattle, provender, in fact anything he could lay his hands on.

The peasantry complained to the Bishop, and he, arming his retainers, sent them in pursuit of the free-booter, who was caught in some Highland glen and brought in chains to the Bishop's palace. No fate was thought too cruel for one who had shown himself so merciless to others, and he was condemned to be confined in one of the vaults of the palace, chained by the neck to the wall.

In this state he was kept for three years, when death put an end to his sufferings, and his bones were allowed to whiten in his prison house, bound by the chains which had defied the mighty chieftain's strength.

No wonder then that after his death many alleged that they had seen the robber chieftain's spirit haunting the scene of his degradation and misery, stealing along with its fiendish face and revengeful eyes.

Years passed on, and large parts of the palace falling to decay, a new house was built on the old vaults, and attached to one of the towers of the Bishop's residence, and even in the new house does the "Grey Man" appear.

J. W. MACKENZIE.

In answer to inquiries, Mrs. Mackenzie writes:—

June 23rd, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR,—The gentleman was my own uncle, the Rev. Dr. Gibson, of Avoch, and a man beyond doubt, a most truthful witness. He did not tell us what he had seen, but left our house very hurriedly next day. Several months after, he had a large gathering of people in his house, many of them clergymen, and some talk there was about Spiritualism, when one gentleman said, "Doctor, I wonder you are not finding fault with this

talk, as you will not tolerate such things." The Doctor answered, "I have quite altered my opinions," and related what I have written to you in the MS. His daughter came to visit me soon after, but alas! her father had died, but so impressed was she with what she had heard that she repeated word for word what her father had told her, and this I have done. The castle is — Castle, —, and I lived there almost 19 years. After we left it seven years ago, it was uninhabited until the Duke of — laid out a good deal of money on it, and it ranks now as a shooting lodge. It was taken by General Warrond, of the Bright Inverness, and Mrs. Warrond told us that she had been frightened with the feeling of some one in the room with her, so much that they gave up the place in disgust. The Duke told me that the Warronds had been terrified by what he called *my ghost*. I can only say what my uncle said, "I can lay my hand on my Bible and swear by the living God that it is true." Of course it would be better not to publish names, especially as his Grace lets the castle; as he has always been courteous to us I should not like to injure his interests in any way. I was told that last year a young man, a visitor, had begged his bedroom to be changed, and he seemed quite ill with fright, but I did not know him, so this is hearsay. When the footstep was coming I heard it first, or felt it, and would bid others listen; it gave me a most uncomfortable feeling, and when it passed me I felt as if I was enveloped in a cold, damp mist. We had at least two other visitors, who said they saw the old grey man, but they were much disinclined to speak on the subject. An old lady, Mrs. Houstoun, told me that when she was a girl, which must have been fully 80 years ago, she was visiting in the castle and that many a time she lay shivering with terror at hearing the footstep. My husband* who is a sheriff of the county, does not believe in ghosts, but he has heard the footstep and followed it over the house, thinking some trick was being played. I have noticed that a Scotch terrier pricked up its ears and followed the steps, and I did so also. They seemed to lead us into a large room, and the dog sniffed about, looked up in my face, and gave a howl. I was once very ill, in fact, at the point of death; a Highland nurse, who was a long time with me, told me that the figure came into the nursery and bent over her. She was so impressed that for years after, while in my service, she slept with her Bible under her pillow!—Believe me, very truly yours,

J. W. MACKENZIE.

The first time I saw the "old grey man" was on a fine Sunday in July, about 6 o'clock in the evening. I was passing along a long lobby past the library, which had a window exactly opposite the door, thus forming a cross-light and making any figure in the room doubly visible. I stopped to speak, thinking it was my husband, when the most dreadful feeling came over me as if my heart had turned to ice. I stood powerless to move for some minutes, staring at the figure, which was seated at a table in the middle of the room with its arms crossed on a desk. I saw the grey coat, brass buttons, long

* Mr. Mackenzie confirms this, though sceptical as to any "ghostly" cause. When pressed, however, he cannot give any explanation which will hold water. He talks of loose slates; but admits that the noise made by them could not have seemed to move about, and also that it is impossible that loose slates should have remained for years unnoticed and unattended to.—E.G.

grey hair stuck behind the ears, grey worsted stockings; the shoes I did not notice *then* as having buckles, but the legs were spread at length under the table and the shoes were very coarse highlow. A broad blue Scotch bonnet was on the head. When I recovered enough to stagger downstairs I told what I had seen. A search was made, but no one was found upstairs, and if anyone had played a trick they had no way of getting out of the house but by coming downstairs. At the time I had no thought of the "grey man," nor had we been talking of it in any way. The second time I saw it was in early spring, February, I think. There was a concert in D—, an amateur affair, and I sent all the servants to it, seeing doors locked and the house cleared myself. My husband brought his papers to the dining-room, which was on the same flat or storey as the nursery where I intended sitting. I was coming out of the dining-room door when I saw something grey go up the staircase towards the drawing-room and library storey. I imagined at first, "How did anyone get back?" thinking it was one of the maids, when the same feeling came over me as if my heart had become ice, and I was deathly cold. The staircase was well lighted and I distinctly saw the same grey figure and the same dress as my uncle had described, and I noticed the light shining on the brass buttons and the metal shoe-buckles. I even saw the rough worsted stockings and noticed the very broad ribbing in them. When the figure got to the top of two storeys every door and window banged and seemed to be shut with violence. I had not called out to my husband, as I wished to see if I could make out where the figure went to and induce him to go after it. He heard the noises I did, and remarked that the servants must have left windows open, and that the wind must have risen. I suggested he should go and close them, and he went upstairs but soon returned, saying that every door and window was shut, and the night was clear and calm. I then told him what I had seen. The footstep is like that of an old man with rather a shuffling gait, as if one foot was a little lame. I would not have occupied *alone* any room in the castle if I had got the whole county of Sutherland as a reward. Often I have heard the footstep come along the passage into my room, and I had always the same feeling, even in warm weather, of being enveloped in a cold damp mist, and I felt ill after it, so much so that I used to say I felt I should die if I ever met the grey man again. I have no more superstition than any average Highlander. I have never seen any Spiritualism experiments, or any séance, in fact, I should describe myself as being "a plain practical Scotch woman," who is rather given to believe in some dreams, and who has had some remarkable ones, and who is very keenly alive to sight and sound.

J. W. MACKENZIE.

Mrs. Mackenzie thinks the first appearance to her occurred about 1870, and the second about 1872.

Mrs. Mackenzie is known to me; a good witness. The first account was written before she herself saw the figure.—E. GURNEY.

Lamington House, Tain, 8th July, 1884.

I have never had, before or since, an hallucination of any kind, or seen anything that could be called a ghost.—(Signed) J. W. MACKENZIE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SLATE-WRITING.

I have had some eight sésances with Mr. Eglinton, the medium, and obtained tolerably satisfactory results at four out of the series. The last two were negative. On all these occasions I took with me my folding-slate, secured by a brass padlock. On one occasion I obtained writing in this slate. At the last sitting I prepared the following question, which was thus written on the left-hand flap of the slate: "Does every man, after death, live again in the spirit world with intelligence?" As before said, nothing was obtained, either on this slate or on those of the medium. This was about the second week in August of this year. Since that date it has been my practice to hold private sittings with the slate, quite alone, placing both hands on the slate after the manner of psychographers. These trials took place three or four times weekly, and lasted about half-an-hour each time. On the last Sunday of last month I took up the slate, and feeling somewhat annoyed at my failures, I sat for a few minutes only, being too impatient to sit any longer, and placed it in its hiding-place *without opening it*, feeling sceptical as to there being anything within. On the following Thursday I unlocked it, feeling some impulse so to do, and was startled to find the word "No" written in flowing, somewhat bold, characters on the right-hand flap of the slate, opposite to my question. As there was certainly no writing on this side of the slate when last unlocked, I felt sure that it must have been produced on the occasion when I felt impatient and placed it back without opening.

As to the answer, I expected, or rather my pre-conceived notions were, that it should be *Yes* rather than *No*, but I now see that the word "every" of course qualifies the answer, there being fools in the Spirit world as well as in the Material world. There are four methods by which this writing might have been obtained.

1st. By means of some person tampering with the slate. This is, to my knowledge, impossible, the key being in my possession, and the slate concealed in a room which is locked up from ten in the morning till nine at night, the key being in the custody of a servant. The latter, I may add, has never seen this slate.

2nd. That it was done at the last sésance with Mr. Eglinton. This is out of the question as the slate has been opened fifty times since that event.

3rd. That I wrote it myself automatically. I must say as to this that the slate is always kept locked, and is not easy to open, the key being in one part of the room at night and the slate in the other. I am not a somnambulist. I cannot reconcile myself to the theory that I mechanically wrote an answer to a question of a nature contrary to what I expected to get. Further, all writing on the right-hand side of the slate is carefully abstained from, this being the side on which psychography is obtained, and, of course, is kept carefully clean. Further, I do not believe in the planchette, having frequently tried it, nor do I believe in the intrinsic value of so-called automatic writing. This latter I have never attempted, and am not likely to practise the same on my scrupulously clean slate.

4th. That the writing was produced *Mediumistically*. I may describe my

state of mind on the evening when I believe the writing occurred as one of scepticism. I had experienced several failures with Mr. Eglinton, one following after another, concluding the series. As I said before, I was evidently too sceptical to think it worth while to go through the form of unlocking the slate to see if there was any writing. I feel therefore compelled to adopt this fourth theory as the true explanation of the phenomenon. I heard no sound of writing, as is often heard when psychography is active, but this is by no means necessary, as on a former occasion when Mr. Eglinton obtained writing in my slate, we heard nothing. The writing might have taken place as I was carrying it back to its concealment. Doubtless the facts I have now recorded will be received with scepticism in some quarters, even as I have been varyingly sceptical as to the slate-writing I have experienced. I have received encouragement to persevere in the endeavour to obtain further results, and hope to be able to offer some more substantial evidence at some future period, when the power will become stronger. As to the physical or psychical agency producing these phenomena, I can only say that the energies at work must be intelligent and external to ourselves, the replies being frequently contrary to those which we hoped for and confidently believed to be the correct ones.

GEORGE RAYLEIGH VICARS,

Member of Society for Psychical Research.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIBRARY CATALOGUE.

The following additions have been made since last month.

- BLUNDELL (Walter) Painless Tooth-extraction without Chloroform
London, 1854
- HARTMANN (Eduard von) Spiritism. From the GermanLondon, 1885*
- HERON-ALLEN (Ed.) A Manual of CheirographyLondon, 1885†
- KERNER (Justinus) The Seeress of Prevorst. Translated from
the German by Mrs. Crowe... ..London, 1845
- MESMERIC HOSPITAL (Record of Cases treated in the).....Calcutta, 1847
- NEWNHAM (W.) Human MagnetismLondon, 1845
- THEOBALD (F. J.) Spirit Messages relating to the Nature of Christ's
PersonLondon, 1884‡
- THEOBALD (F. J.) Homes and Work in the Future LifeLondon, 1885‡
- DOFFELLEBEN, Das GeistigeLeipzig, 1856
- VON ERK (Dr. Vincenz) Ueber den unterschied von Traum und
WachenPrag, 1874
- GÖRWITZ (Dr. Hermann) IdiosomnambulismusLeipzig, 1851
- HEMMINGS, Von den Ahnungen und VisionenLeipzig, 1777
- KRITISCHE ANALYSE der anti-spiritistischen Erklärungsweise sogenannter spiritistische Phänomene von einem Nicht-Spiritisten
Leipzig, 1884§
- WIRTH (Worith) Die Mediumistische Frage, ihre Lage und Lösung
Leipzig, 1885§

* Presented by the Translator.

† Presented by the Author.

‡ Presented by a Member of the S.P.R.

§ Presented by Herr Max Dessoir.