

III.

A RECORD OF TELEPATHIC AND OTHER EXPERIENCES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A RECORD OF RECENT EXPERIMENTS IN CRYSTAL VISION."

[The writer of the following paper, who last year gave us the result of her observations on Crystal Vision, still desires to maintain her anonymity for reasons which appear to me to be adequate. On this account alone I think it well to preface her paper by stating that she publishes this record of her experiences at my request, and that I believe it to have been composed with a scrupulous desire to avoid anything like exaggeration of the marvellous element in the experiences which it records.—H. SIDGWICK.]

Throughout the whole of my life I have, as I believe, possessed some power of telepathic percipience, or susceptibility to the action of other minds, and at the same time some power of influencing them in a similar way. This power seems to me to be a thing quite apart, not implying either any special strength of intellect or of will in its possessor, and, at least in its present state of development, of very little practical use. Nor did I know, until accident led to my becoming acquainted with some of the work of the Society for Psychical Research in the winter of 1887-88, that any scientific interest attached to the question. Consequently I kept no proper record, and only occasionally made a note in my diary when any very striking instance occurred. I think that my susceptibility has on the whole become less acute since childhood, but on the other hand I have, during the last few years, had the advantage of the intimate friendship of a lady, here named D., between whose mind and my own, telepathic communications have seemed to occur with sufficient frequency to lead us to regard them as almost a matter of course.

When, therefore, I was asked to furnish such a record as might be useful in the discussion of telepathy, the most obvious thing seemed to be, in the first place, to *experiment* with D. in that definite manner, with numbers, diagrams, &c., which is most in favour with the investigators of the Society for Psychical Research; and, in the second place, to keep note-books in which incidents which might possibly be telepathic, should be recorded *before* the event had shown whether the supposed thought-transference was a hit or a miss.

The note-books will be submitted to the reader's judgment at the end of this paper. As regards my definite experiments on numbers, &c., with D., I have simply to say that they hardly ever succeeded. A few successes will be cited below; but in most cases these experiments

were failures, and were, moreover, felt by both of us to be such while they were actually in progress. This is quite in harmony with my experience as regards telepathic communications in general. Whether referring to matters of interest and importance, or not, they seem to belong to the spontaneous current of my being, and to be incapable of being summoned by conscious effort. This is to be regretted from a scientific point of view, but it is what I should have expected from my knowledge of the way in which my own mind works. To be able at a given moment to conjure up a strong excitement, to create a powerful current of thought or feeling, is, no doubt, a most valuable power, but it is one which I, unfortunately for such a purpose, do not possess. My deficiency in this respect is brought home to me by a trait with which I think some readers will sympathise. I am extremely fond of music, and playing on the pianoforte has been, from childhood, one of my greatest pleasures. But the accomplishment, so far as its *general* application goes, seems to depend for its real value—to myself certainly and, my friends tell me, to others as well—on the conditions of its exercise. In the society of a few friends so intimate that I can forget their presence in the room, or of real musicians who themselves supply both incentive and support, my enjoyment in the music is deep and real, and can reach to others; but if strangers only are present, or if, from some adverse influence, the music is not the expression of a spontaneous mood or desire, I feel the mere act of playing to be a thing apart from myself, comparatively lifeless and uninteresting—a performance, in fact, and nothing more.

In giving accounts of some of my experiences, I shall resort to the sort of classification I found convenient in my paper on Crystal Vision. It is observable, however, that a larger proportion of the experiences here recorded than of those in the crystal visions may be regarded as telepathic, though in their main features the two types of hallucination are closely parallel, and the analogy seems to afford a clue to their explanation. As in the case of the crystal visions, it seems as if a good many of the phenomena are to be regarded as messages sent from the inner to the normal self. Such messages are sometimes, though very rarely, fantastic. Sometimes they are revivals of memory, sometimes advice founded, as it were, on a somewhat wider purview than my ordinary senses comprehend. I do not, of course, venture to compare such warnings with the "divine sign" of Socrates, but Plutarch's tradition as to the warning voice and the drove of pigs, quoted by Mr. Myers in the last volume of the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, is perhaps not too lofty a story to be referred to as a pretty close parallel to the bulk of my own experiences.

To such monitions I have from a very early age been subject. One, which was recorded at the time by a member of the family, occurred

when I was less than three years old. The note of the fact merely mentions that I cried without reason, and afterwards asked if my mother were ill, she being at the time about 150 miles away. It was not till 20 years later that I ascertained that she was indeed taken suddenly and very seriously ill on that day.

Sometimes, as in the case of acute antipathy, it may be supposed that slight traits which escaped the conscious observation had nevertheless a powerful influence on the inner judgment. I can remember two children at different times among my casual play-fellows, whose neighbourhood, for no reason that I could assign, was to me always the occasion of intense distress. Of their after history I know nothing, but in other cases of my antipathy, quite a different sensation from dislike based upon experience, my friends now agree that the instinct was justified by subsequent events.

I can remember as a child of six, spending long lonely afternoons in a hay-loft, as the only place where I was insured against the presence of a frequent visitor, whose advent was always hailed with delight by the rest of the household, and who was ready to extend to me the gifts and notice which the other children gladly accepted, but whose very neighbourhood was a source of distress, amounting to physical misery which at that period could only express itself in tears. A time came when his name became, for very sufficient reasons, a forbidden word in the family. One such example would prove nothing, but like experiences extending over a life-time, incline me to think, though I say it with diffidence and humility, that, from whatever cause, I may aspire to some such power of discrimination as that possessed by my friend the dog.

I add a more recent example. My friend, Mrs. T. (whose name will appear again in this paper), had often spoken to me in terms of affection and admiration of her friend, Mrs. Z. All I knew of her from other sources contributed to make me desire her acquaintance, and I was disappointed that for some months I had no opportunity of meeting her. One afternoon, calling on Mrs. T., I found myself in the presence of a lady, of what most would consider attractive appearance, but who instantly inspired me with a painful sensation, with the meaning of which I am but too familiar, and who, to my surprise, was introduced to me as Mrs. Z. I could not recover from the shock, and left the room almost immediately.

Mrs. T. writes :—

“ *January 17th [1888].*

“ You ask if I remember any example of your expressed antipathy ? I do distinctly, and at the time was surprised and did not think your dislike reasonable, but since then have had cause to know that your feeling was perfectly justified.”

I should add that the conduct which has afforded the alleged justification was of a nature as to which there could be no difference of opinion.

Sometimes, however, such monitions referred to facts of which I could not possibly be aware, as for example :—

When quite a child I was returning home from the classes I attended, and by some accident was alone. On arriving at a certain point in my walk, a very strong impression seized me that I must not return by the usual way, and, accustomed to such directions, I turned into a very inferior street, which was the more unpleasant to me in that, as I have said, I was, contrary to habit, alone. I heard on the following morning that at the hour of my return a man had committed suicide by throwing himself under the steam roller, and that had I passed along my usual route, I must have been a spectator of the horrible incident.

Many cases of monition, as, for instance, the being aware of the approach of friends while still out of sight, or of their presence in a crowd in which it is impossible that they should be distinguished, may, perhaps, as in the case of antipathy, be referred to some slight circumstance which escapes one's conscious observation. As a child, I was conscious of having, in certain cases, an advantage in games requiring forethought, in that I could sometimes foresee my opponent's intentions; and I remember abandoning my favourite amusement of chess, on discovering that a schoolboy friend, who knew of my occasional power of thought-reading, had, in this particular instance, observed to whom it applied, and would bet upon my success, sometimes with players very superior to myself.

Many cases also which are associated with someone with whom I am *en rapport*, or who is thinking of me at the time, glide apparently into telepathy, and the discovery of this fact makes a landmark in my psychical recollections. It is, perhaps, not surprising that all reference to experiences apparently supernormal should have been discouraged by my friends, and that I should in consequence have come to regard them as indicating a discreditable condition of things, to be minimised and concealed as far as possible. However, when about 15 years old, it happened that in a time of childish trouble in which I had no one to share, my thoughts turned earnestly, though involuntarily, to an older friend, then at a distance (of about 80 miles), who would, I thought, have given me the sympathy and advice of which I stood in need. Within a few hours my friend arrived, having found it impossible to resist a conviction, apparently causeless, that I was in need of help. With, I think, more wisdom than was shown by others who had before advised me in this connection, the same friend impressed upon me the conviction that, whatever might be its source, such a means of influencing others was one to be neither lightly used, nor lightly disregarded.

This changed my attitude in regard to the matter. I learned that what had seemed only a kind of mental deformity might be at once a privilege and a responsibility. I began to feel a greater interest in its manifestations, and, as I grew older, to accept it among other conditions of life, as something external to myself, not of my own choosing, a source neither of shame nor of self-congratulation, mine to use, but seldom mine to control.

To no one can such things be a greater puzzle than to myself. Their conditions are so uncertain, their mode of operation at times so unexpected, their chances so complex, their duration so transitory, that one hesitates to form conclusions.

Only on one or two lesser points, and so far as my own experience goes, can I speak with any degree of certainty. I would say that such experiences, though sometimes the occasion, are never the cause, of any distress; the message conveyed may be painful, but it has seldom happened that it has been presented in a manner to startle or annoy; it is not followed by physical exhaustion, nor preceded by any special conditions; it is most to be looked for when my health is normal, and my mind at rest. If of what is brought before one's consciousness in this manner we may say that it is in fact recollection, the recovering of knowledge which is already ours, if one may apply the very great to the very small, I would venture to say—

Hence in a season of *calm* weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of the immortal sea.

I have often sought for any condition, beyond that of quiet receptiveness, which shall promote such experiences. The result has been mainly negative. The only occasion when I absolutely lost the power for any length of time (about 14 months) was when I was exceptionally anxious for its exercise; after which, having ceased to look for any messages, they returned suddenly, with perhaps greater vividness and frequency than ever before.

I have been congratulated on having found among my friends several who fulfilled whatever unknown conditions are necessary for the interchange of messages assumed to be telepathic. What those conditions may be, or how far they are dependent on myself, I cannot guess. As I have already said, such interchange has been mainly spontaneous. It has existed not only with intimate friends but with mere acquaintances, and even with those whose acquaintance I did not desire. The most numerous among the instances quoted in this paper are with my friend, D., but as D. has had scarcely any similar psychical experience apart from myself, it may be asked how far their frequency may have depended on propinquity and common interests.

D. writes in answer to questions from Mr. Myers:—

“January 17th, 1888.

“I am generally the recipient of impressions, rarely, if ever, the active power, and even in the cases in which X. has become conscious of actions or intentions of mine, it has been without any recognised exertion of will on my part that she should know of them, so much so that it often seems to me that her knowledge of much that I do has preceded my action, being, indeed, an exertion of power *willing* that I should do it. This I notice particularly in various instances when I have called upon X. at, as I supposed, quite unexpected times, often at a late hour when on my way home from a dinner party, or early in the morning before the usual breakfast time. At such times her greeting has generally been, ‘I knew you were coming and left the door open for you,’ or ‘I have been playing for you.’ So often has this occurred that I have given up hope of a surprise visit, and have frequently said to others that I know I am ‘expected,’ as an excuse for apparently unseasonable visits to my friend’s house.

“Especially I would notice X.’s power to call me by her music, ‘playing for’ me, as I always call it. I am no musician, but as long as I can remember, music has been associated with all I cared for most, and its power over me is a very real though perhaps only sentimental one.”

The discovery that the possibility of such interchange of thought existed has always been made by accident rather than experiment. I quote in connection with names which will appear again in my note-book one or two early examples. When a child of 13 I was taken to see a college to which it was proposed to send me at a later date for the completion of my studies. It was during the vacation, and the lecture rooms were all silent and deserted. In one room, in an out of the way corner, I saw a girl seated, looking directly towards me. I noticed her dress, the way in which her hair was arranged, and even a very slight scar upon her face, when the figure vanished. An unforeseen circumstance resulted in my entering the college as a pupil within a few weeks. At the first class I attended, in the very room already mentioned, I recognised the subject of my vision, and though she did not for some weeks vouchsafe to make my acquaintance she became to me at once an object of interest. A change in the arrangement of the class led after a time to our sitting side by side, at the very desk at which I had in vision seen her, and in the end we established a friendship which has never changed. She is referred to in the note-book as my friend N.

N. writes:—

“I perfectly remember your appearance at — College, some weeks after the opening of term. In common with the whole class I not unnaturally resented the unexpected advent of a probable rival, who, notwithstanding the inferiority of years, seemed to threaten my hitherto assured position in the school. For this reason, and no other, we for some weeks

remained strangers, and I was much interested when, almost in our first conversation, you told me that some weeks before your arrival you had had a prevision of my appearance. I also remember the singular power you seemed to possess over certain of our companions—over two in particular, the one addicted to elocution, the other to giggling; you appeared to be able to reduce them to silence by the apparently simple process of fixing your eyes upon them from behind.”

In another case, Mrs. T., mentioned above, whose name also occurs in my note-book, permits me to quote her own version of the matter. I have known her as a kind friend from my earliest childhood. She writes :—

“*January 17th* [1888].

“It is only, so far as I can remember, since then (about five years) that I can call to mind your seeming influence with regard to my visits to you. I must say, at the outset, that at no time have I encouraged myself in thinking of you as wanting me, but usually the impulse to come and see you has come suddenly, even without my so much as having you in my mind. You know how much amused I used to be when you greeted me with, ‘Oh, here is Mrs. T., I knew you were coming. . . .’ Several times when I have been in — and felt I would not call, and have gone in an opposite direction, I have turned about and come to see you, and usually found I was expected.”

Mrs. T. then gives an instance of having resisted a sudden impulse to come to me, when, after starting in an omnibus in an opposite direction, she felt compelled to get out and drive to my house, where she found that a letter had been already written desiring her to call. Her husband, a well-known professional man, testifies to his remembrance of her having frequently said that she had been to see me, and “of course found” I expected her.

Another incident to which Mrs. T. refers was as follows :—

I was staying with an invalid relative in a country town about six miles from the village where Mrs. T. then lived. On September 6th, 1887, I left rather suddenly, so that I was unable to arrange various matters to my satisfaction, and directed my thoughts to Mrs. T. as a person more likely than any other friend to be of use to me. Just as I was leaving, she arrived, in time to receive my parting instructions. Her own account of the matter is as follows :— “I did not know you were going, but in spite of wind and rain, I felt I must see you . . . I am sure that I had no previous intention of coming . . . and was, indeed . . . unwilling to undertake the walk to the station in such unsettled weather.”

As Mrs. T. is now but seldom within such distance of me as makes an unpremeditated visit possible, I have had but few opportunities lately of attempting to summon her. I have examined my diary for the early part of 1888 with a view to ascertain the proportion of her spontaneous visits to those in obedience to summons. It appears that

during four months (January 13th-April 27th, 1888) she called at the house eight times, out of which two visits were in consequence of a special desire on my part, one of which was noted beforehand.

I am, unfortunately, obliged to confess again my inability to summon her simply as an experiment. The spontaneous desire for her presence must be, as in other instances, the motive force.

In regard to another friend, H., the story of the discovery of our mutual psychical relation will be found below. I think that every case of the kind as it occurs, impresses upon my mind more and more strongly the difficulty of foreseeing its possibility, the greater, perhaps, in my case, on the ground, already referred to, of the wholly spontaneous nature of most of my experiences.

As I have already said, directly I become occupied with an experiment *as such* I am usually conscious of failure. However, two or three cases of deliberate attempts to read the thoughts of another may be given here, most of them instances in which the question of experiment was not that uppermost in my mind.

On January 5th, 1889, D. and I were reading letters which had just arrived by the post, when D. remarked as she was returning one to its envelope, "You would never guess what Miss R.'s Christian name is! you may ask 20 questions and try." I was not particularly interested, but having asked two,—whether it were classical or modern, English or foreign,—I looked up accidentally at a recess in shadow, by the side of the fire-place, and read, in letters of light on the dark background, the name "Wilhelmina," which was correct, and was then anxious to try again. "You are not likely to know Miss E.'s name," suggested D. "I'll think of her," and in the same way, after perhaps two minutes' concentration of thought, and without any false shots, "Edith" was supplied. In a similar manner followed "James," "George," and "Charlotte"—of George only, was it at all likely that I should have heard the name before. Of the next that was thought of—"Dora"—I could supply only the final letters, and asked if it were "Clara," and the attempt was given up. When D. thought of names, instead of the owners of the names, I had no success at all. In the same way, when D. one day drew a mouse in my presence, but not within sight and without making any sound with her pencil, I at once perceived a long oval with a smaller one at the left extremity; but out of three drawings, deliberately made as experiments on the same day, I saw the first correctly, but it was not distinct as was the mouse—the original being

a cross-potent , which in my reproduction appeared as a cross within

a square , the terminal crossings having been extended till they met;

the second—a pillar with its capital—in part only, and after much hesitation; and the third after an interval of two hours, during which the drawing had been seen by others, and so possibly the opportunities of thought-transference multiplied.

My various experiences, as will be seen by the diary, are largely unspecialised. However, as I have already said, some such provisional classification as served in the case of the Crystal Visions may be offered here. I shall illustrate each by examples, taken from the note-book, with the object of showing that the note-book cases, insignificant as they are, relating only to a short space of time and to a limited circle of friends, correspond, nevertheless, in their main features and general outline with the wider results of at least 20 years' experience. It is obvious that at this distance of time many of the friends concerned are scattered, and many circumstances forgotten or imperfectly remembered; I can, therefore, only offer such corroboration as remains possible, and trust that the better attested instances may serve to create a belief in my veracity which may extend to others, as to which none could more desire than do I myself better evidence or further corroboration.

It is evident also that for obvious reasons I can draw for illustration on part only of my recollections and experience.

These I divide into three groups.

1. The externalisation of a revival of memory.
2. Monitions, possibly telepathic in their origin, which may or may not be accompanied by sensory impression.
3. Hallucinations of a kind for which telepathy does not seem to afford an adequate explanation.

Examples of the first class, though very frequently presented in the Crystal experiments, are of rare occurrence among the cases now under consideration. I can quote one only in addition to that (No. 44) which will be found in my note-book. This presents one exceptional feature in that it is the only experience in my record which has been frequently repeated.

From childhood I have been continually aware of the presence of a little old woman, appearing usually to my right, and rather behind me, so that I have never seen her actually face to face. She never presents herself except on occasions of bodily fatigue or mental worry, and indeed has often served as a useful warning against the continuance of some occupation of which I am already weary.

Just as in my childhood she would assist at the conjugation of French irregular verbs or the disentanglement of a German nominative, so now she stands at my elbow after long-continued mental effort, or accompanies me to the breakfast-table after a sleepless night. Once when I was ill she discarded the large blue bonnet with which I had previously been familiar, and rather prematurely went into mourning, which she still wears. Similar cases are quoted by all writers on morbid psychology, but there is perhaps reason to believe that this figure may have been in the first instance the creation of memory and association.

I had at one time an alternative vision still more unpleasant, which

I have now happily lost, and which I know to have been produced by the thoughtless teasing of an elder play-fellow.

It therefore seems possible that some early shock connected with an old woman of disagreeable appearance may have remained in my memory, to be revived in association with the sensations of anxiety or exhaustion, such as those of which she had originally been the cause. Her antitype was, I believe, a certain villager, to whose cottage I was frequently taken as a child, and of whom, though I can recall no special occasion of shock, my general impression is one of dislike and repugnance.

The second class presents naturally many sub-divisions. The simplest kind of monition is that without sensory impression, of which I have already given examples and which occurs in the note-book more often than any other. The instance I now quote presents some special features.

On the night of December 13th, 1887, I was just going to bed when I was seized with so strong an impression that D. was thinking of me and that something was going to happen, that I decided to sit up over the fire and await events. I have had occasional warnings of visits from D.—of which instances will be found in my note-book—when some emergency has sent her to me at untimely hours, sometimes before the house was opened in the morning, or after I have retired for the night, and my immediate conclusion was that something might have occurred to cause her to pay me a late visit on her way home from a concert which I knew her to be attending that evening. While I waited, a sudden noise startled me, and a heavy picture fell from the wall on to my bed, the shivered glass alighting on the pillow, so that had I gone to bed as usual, I could hardly have escaped injury. This was about 10.15 p.m. D. supplies the following account: "On December 13th I was singing in the chorus of an oratorio at a concert. I found my thoughts drawn to my friend X. and seemed to be singing with her, so that all surroundings were lost to me. During the whole of the first part this feeling was strong upon me, so much so, that others noticed my strange absorption, and remarked upon it then and afterwards. The first part closed about 10.15, and during the second, which began some 10 minutes later, I found myself free from anything but my usual interest in the music." One of those present, who remarked upon D.'s preoccupation, testifies in writing to her recollection of the fact.

In the next example, the telepathic impression, if such it were, was more completely externalised. As my friend D. may be considered the agent, I quote her own account of the matter.

"April 13th, 1888.

"In the spring of 1881, in the evening after dinner, I accidentally set fire to the curtains of a sitting-room, and put myself and several others into some danger. The next morning, on visiting X., I heard from her that she had been much disturbed over-night by an unaccountable smell of fire, which she could not trace, but which seemed to follow her

wherever she went." [I took considerable trouble to discover the cause, and was quieted only by the assurance that it was imperceptible to the rest of the household.] "I was led to discover the fire, and so probably to save the house by what seemed a chance thought of X. I had left the room, unconscious of anything wrong, and had settled to my work elsewhere, when I suddenly remembered I had not put away some papers I had been looking at, and which I had thought might wait for daylight, but a strong feeling that X. would insist upon order, had she been there, induced me to go back, when I found the whole place in flames."

I proceed now to quote four cases, all of visual hallucination, but differing in type,—the first a vision of a friend actually watching me at the moment; the second of one at a distance but whom I know to have been thinking of me at the time; the third of one in whose thoughts I may have been, though this is by no means certain; and the last of a friend in supreme danger, whose actual thoughts at the moment we are not likely to ascertain.

One morning I was walking in some public gardens when, just as we reached the point where the path slopes down to the high road, I remarked that Mr. L. was in front of us. My companion, whose sight is longer than mine, assured me I was mistaken, but for once I was quite certain of my own powers of vision, and the hallucination persisted till we reached the crossing, when the figure disappeared, so suddenly that I could only suppose he had entered one of the opposite shops. [I would point out that had the image been caused by a reflection in the shop windows, which the distance renders unlikely, I should have seen the face, not the back of my friend, as the sequel will show.]

The same afternoon we met Mr. L. at a garden party [D. remembers and confirms the conversation] when I mentioned having seen him before, but that he had not waited to be spoken to. "It was you who wouldn't wait," he replied, and we at length discovered that he had been walking at some distance behind us, had tried to make me look round, and had finally given up the attempt as we crossed the road.

I quote the next case from my private diary of February 20th, 1888.

While paying a visit this afternoon, and talking to friends who do not know M., and where nothing could remind me of her, I was suddenly seized with the conviction that she wanted me, and at once determined to call upon her (though at some inconvenience) on my way home. . . . Just as I arrived, my resolution was altered, as the scrap scribbled on the spot will show.

This, written on the back of a letter, is as follows:—"Monday, Feb. 20th, 1888. I was about to call on M., but having reached her door am so certain that she is at mine, that I do not even inquire, though I particularly desire to meet her. I write in the carriage, 10 past 4." [I had a momentary but distinct vision of M. standing against the background of my own front door.]

When I reached home the servant told me that M. had called "about four, or a little after." A note from her, received the next morning, says,

"I was so sorry to miss you this afternoon. I couldn't come to see you before, I've been rather ill lately," and proceeds to suggest arrangements as to a scheme of some interest to both of us, and which she was anxious to carry out immediately. I afterwards discovered that she had left her room, in order to call upon me, in defiance of her doctor's direct injunctions.

I quote again from my private diary, February 17th, 1888 :—"Saw J. crossing the road." A more detailed account from which I quote was written on July 7th, five months later :—

"I was on my way to D., and told her on my arrival that I knew J. was coming, as I had seen him carrying a parcel, which I described, but that he had taken no notice of me. She said I must be mistaken, as he was unlikely to be free on this particular morning. About half an hour later he arrived with the package in question, having been actually, at the time I saw him, in the railway carriage. D. remembers and corroborates this. I am clear that it was not a case of mistaken identity ; there was no one else in sight, and the figure which seemed to be, like myself, directing its steps towards the garden gate became fainter as the distance lessened between us, till it faded entirely away."

The next case was communicated in writing to the secretary of the Society for Psychical Research some months before I knew whether there had been any coincidence at all.

On December 14th, 1885, I went about 11 o'clock in the morning to visit a friend. While waiting for her, alone in the library, I became suddenly conscious of a presence in the room, and looking up met the fixed gaze of my friend M., whom I knew to be in the East. The face, which I knew as one more than ordinarily calm and bright in expression, bore a terrible look of pain and apprehension. I recorded it in my diary the same day thus :—"To —11 o'clock. Saw M. Write to [her mother] when can." I was so startled as to be for the moment unable to control my agitation when immediately after my friend entered the room, and she was somewhat perplexed when, in answer to her inquiry, I replied that I had seen M., of whom she had never heard. To this she has testified in writing as follows :—

"January 9th, 1888.

"I do not of course remember the date, but I perfectly remember that one morning when X. was here and my sister and I came into the room she said she had seen M."

My diary for the next few days shows that I took all possible opportunity of inquiring after M. among her relatives, but I heard only that she was, so far as was known, in her usual health and spirits. A few weeks later I received a few pencilled lines from M. saying that she was recovering from a severe accident in the hunting-field, but naming no hour nor date. She had been thrown in such a manner that her head was for some minutes between the horse's hoofs, while the animal was kicking so violently that it seemed almost impossible she should escape a blow which must have caused her death. My friend kept no diary, and was unable, when afterwards asked to do so, to furnish me with the date ; however, when,

in January, 1888, I communicated the case in this imperfect form to Mr. Myers, he urged me to endeavour to ascertain the exact date of the accident by reference to the owner of the horse which M. happened to be riding. From him we learned that it occurred on December 14th, 1885, the date of my impression. The time was, at M.'s home, about nine o'clock a.m., and, therefore, taking it as five and a-half hours in advance of English time, the accident preceded my vision by more than seven hours. My friend was in a condition of acute suffering for many hours after removal to her own house, but was never unconscious at all.

The next case is the only one I can at present offer of visual hallucination shared with another percipient :—

I was somewhat annoyed, some five years ago, to discover, and to find that others had observed, that some unexplained influence from myself affected a lady of whom I may now speak as my friend H., but whom at that time I knew by sight only. If I were behind her in the street she would leave her companions to turn and face me; if I drove past her, leaning back in the carriage and out of sight, she would stop and look round with an air of bewilderment, as though someone had called her; if she entered a crowded room where I was already seated she would make her way at once to my side and then retreat, as much annoyed probably as I was myself. She has independently recorded and her friends have testified to many such instances. I knew of her as an active, useful woman of unusually strong common-sense, but the impression that a rapport had, unsought, been established between us, made me chary of improving an acquaintance which might add to its power. The circumstances under which our friendship was established may be considered to justify my early conclusions.

On May 16th, 1888, we met at an evening entertainment at the house of a friend. Late in the evening, the room being very hot, H. was seized with sudden faintness, and was assisted into another room. I followed, in the hope of being of use, and H. was soon placed upon the floor in an unconscious condition, her head resting on my knee. After some minutes of unconsciousness she seized my hand and uttered a sudden exclamation. Following the direction of her eyes, I saw a figure—standing a few feet distant, directly facing us and looking down at H.—which, not being in evening dress, could not be any of our fellow-guests. The vision was only momentary, but I believed that H. had also seen it, and from the tenacity with which, after again becoming unconscious, she clung to my hand, I supposed she was aware that I had shared in it. Nothing, however, was said at the time by either H. or myself, and the subject was not even alluded to, until some months later, when I narrated the above facts in her presence (but after she also had independently done so) to the Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research.

H., after describing the same vision, writes :—

“I then found I was in the dining-room, on the floor, holding your hand, and with a sort of vague feeling that you knew what I had seen. On the 9th of November following, without any remark I handed you a portrait (of

the subject of the vision) and you immediately exclaimed, 'Just so, the broad forehead.' I wondered what you meant, but said nothing. Some few weeks later you in my presence were giving Mr. Myers your account of the evening of May 16th. You, too, had seen the figure, which you then described, saying 'the broad forehead especially struck me,' and then at once your remark was explained."

Later, we each independently drew a plan of the room, showing the position of the figure to have been exactly the same in both visions.

My diary shows a good many subsequent cases of rapport with the same friend. They are all, I believe, telepathic in origin and are similar in kind to those with other friends,—obedience to my summons, the hearing of my music at a distance, or the perception by one of something which is in any unusual degree affecting the other.

The cases hitherto given as telepathic hallucinations have occurred during the lifetime of the person who was presumably the agent. However, there are in my memoranda a few cases of sensory hallucination coincident with the death of the agent, which circumstances or the lapse of time make it possible for me to describe, for in dealing with what concerns the more serious side of life, one cannot disregard that respect for the natural reticence of oneself and others, the suppression of which alone makes possible the publication of private experiences, however trivial.

In the following case, as I was but a little child at the time, and the lady who appeared to me had no particular interest in my existence, I can only suppose the attraction to have been of that local kind of which, in *Phantasms of the Living*, we have some striking examples.

I was staying in a country vicarage in the North. The children of the house were my constant play-fellows. I was accustomed to share their nursery, as they mine, and was not likely to be impressed by the fact that my hostess was from home, nursing a cousin whom I had never known but as a chronic invalid. I had seen her but seldom, though the idea of her was very familiar to me, for she was often spoken of by my companions as a frequent visitor to the house, which, I believe, she regarded as almost a second home.

One morning as I was passing, from a room beyond, through the spare room of the house, which Miss H. would naturally occupy if she were there on a visit, I perceived to my left a lady in walking dress, standing between the dressing table and the window, and looking intently into the garden below. I saw her face in profile, but had not an instant's doubt that it was Miss H., and, too shy to speak when not addressed, I hastened downstairs to report her arrival.

As I passed the front door, which may have been open, but at any rate was partly glazed, I was utterly perplexed to see her again in the same position, on the lawn in front of the house. The next day we heard of her death.

I remember that my childish interpretation of what I had seen was that she had been saying "Good-bye" to the sunny garden where probably

many happy hours had been spent, and which, it seemed to me then, it would be very hard to leave for ever. It may be worth while to mention that the house had long been reputed to be "haunted," and that various stories (difficult to corroborate) are told of the return after death of some of its various occupants. I am, however, sure that this had no influence upon my mind at the time I speak of.

In August, 1875, I was visiting at a country house in the Midland counties. I slept alone in a room on the ground floor, the house being an old one, and oddly arranged. At dawn on Tuesday, 31st, I was awakened by hearing a good deal of noise at the window which seemed like the rattling of Venetian blinds. I could see nothing, as the bed curtains obscured my view of the window, and concluded that it was some foolish joke of the boys, who sometimes passed my windows at an early hour when they were going out to fish. I therefore took a book, and read quietly till the noise ceased, which was, I should think, after about 10 minutes, during which it recurred several times, at intervals.

I had looked forward to the pleasure of disappointing those who had hoped to frighten me, by asserting at breakfast that I had slept particularly well, and was myself disappointed at no inquiry being made, and at finding that the boys had risen late for breakfast. When we heard, in a day or two, that my Uncle C. had died in London in the night of Monday-Tuesday, August 30th-31st, I had no thought of connecting the two circumstances. However, on returning home in September, I found that my uncle's only son had had, during the same night, a similar experience, which affected him so strongly that he refused to remain in the house, from which the family shortly removed. The noise was described as a violent agitation of the window blinds, and as of the removal of a heavy dressing-table standing in the window. A further experience, of which I do not know the particulars, happened on the same night to another relative, but neither to him nor to my cousin am I permitted to refer, as, for family reasons, the subject was especially painful.

This incident assumed in my mind a new importance on the occasion I am about to describe. I quote from an account which I wrote down on August 8th, 1888 :—

Last summer I was staying at a house in the country ; my room was at the top of the house and overlooked a garden and orchard.

At four in the morning of Friday, August 19th, 1887, I was awakened by a sudden noise at the window. I had been suffering from acute neuralgia the day before, and after a strong opiate had gone to sleep, after hearing the clock strike two, and was naturally impatient at the disturbance. I tried to compose myself, but in vain ; the noise continued, apparently nearer, though that might be consequent on my more wakeful condition.

The sound proceeded unmistakably from the left-hand window, —the two windows faced the bedstead, —and sounded as if the laths of the Venetian blinds were being stroked upwards from the outside. The room was too dark, —the blinds being dark green, —for it to be possible for me to see if they moved, so I got up, looked at the time (four o'clock), examined the window, which was shut, fastened the hasp, returned to bed, and was once

more becoming drowsy when I was re-awakened with a shock which brought on a fresh access of the pain from which I had been suffering, and made further rest out of the question.

I was now persuaded that the sounds proceeded from no ordinary cause, but I took the precaution of carefully examining the blind, and of trying to reproduce the sound with my hand. In this I succeeded, though the sound was diminished in volume, and I then drew up the blind, opened the window wide, noted the hour in my diary (4.20), and sat in my easy chair for perhaps 10 or 15 minutes watching the starlings and wondering what it all meant. At length, however, I felt chilly, so shut the window, leaving the blind drawn up, went back to bed and watched. In a very few minutes the noise began again, quite as loud and distinct but different in character, rather as of something being drawn slowly across the glass, still from the outside. (To put it familiarly, the first sound was a rattle, the second a squeak.) I was looking out the whole time, and could see the starlings on the telegraph wires which ran opposite, and at a few feet distant from, the windows. Certainly nothing I could see would account for the sounds, which still continued. There was no wind, there was no ivy on the house, there was no motion in the telegraph wires, with the sound of which I was, moreover, familiar, and I may mention what I am sure all who know me would corroborate, that I have unusually quick and accurate hearing. At last, feeling myself unable to come to any conclusion on the matter, and knowing the very disastrous effect of refusing such sleep as an opiate offers, I stopped my ears with wool, the sounds having in no degree abated, and contrived to get some broken rest.

I now add the brief note from my diary :—

August 19th, Friday, 4.20 a.m.—Bird (?) at window for last 20 minutes [added at 9 a.m.]—and for another 10 minutes after that. Just sent for [news]paper. E. and K. S. married. Nothing else happened as appears yet. No letters, except from Horse's Home and H. Even the mare is no worse.

Saturday, 20th.—Letter from XZ. B.¹ died at 10.30. (a.m.) yesterday. The children in time to see her alive.

XZ. allows me to quote from a letter written to her by me, dated Saturday :—

“You will think it strange when I say that your sad news was a great relief to me! I have had one of my strange experiences, which I may tell you, but cannot write, I feel so shaken. . . . When the post came I opened all the letters, of which there were three, before yours, feeling I would rather anyone else had bad news to tell. . . . Is it not strange these things should happen to me in relation to what has for me no personal interest? The same thing exactly happened when my uncle died.”

I now pass on to Class III.

In my paper on Crystal-gazing I had to face one difficult point, then, as now, with some reluctance, aware of the difficulties which it presents,

¹ B., a lady whom I had known long, but not intimately. I can, however, easily conceive that, for special reasons, her mind might turn towards me even at so supreme a moment.

and still more of my own entire inability to arrive at any conclusion. I again can only offer, aware that they may appear to injure the rest of the paper, such facts in my experience as compel one to consider the perplexing question, Can prevision be possible ?

The fall of the picture already quoted, a case which somewhat suggests the same question, followed upon a pure premonition without sensory hallucination. I proceed to give two cases in which the externalisation was exceptionally clear. In the first I can add little to the accuracy of the story as told by my friend D., and written out by her at the request of Mr. Myers on January 17th, 1888. We had both previously and independently told him the story.

"About eight years ago (April, 1882) X. and I were staying in a country house, in a neighbourhood quite strange to us both. One morning, soon after our arrival, we drove with a party of four or five others in a waggonette to the neighbouring town, and on our return, as we came in sight of the house, X. remarked to our hostess, 'You have very early visitors; who are your friends?'"

[I was sitting either beside or immediately behind our host who was driving, and what had first attracted my attention was the sight, as I believed, of fresh wheel-marks.]

"We all turned to find the cause of the question, but could see no one, and as we were still in view of the front door, on which X.'s eyes were fixed, we asked her what she could possibly be dreaming of. She then described to us, the more minutely that we all joined in absolute denial of the existence of anything at all, the appearance of a dog-cart standing at the door of the house, with a white horse, and two men, one of whom had got down, and was talking to a terrier; she even commented on the dress of one of the gentlemen, who was wearing an ulster, she said, a detail which we certainly should not have supposed it possible for her to recognise at such a distance from the spot. As we went up the drive X. drew attention to fresh wheel-marks, but here also we were all unable to see as she did, and when we arrived at the house and found no sign of cart or visitors, and on inquiry learned that no one had been near in our absence, we naturally treated the whole story as a mistake, caused by X.'s somewhat short-sight.

"Shortly after, she and I were in an upstairs room in the front of the house, when the sound of wheels was heard, and I went to the window to see who it might be. 'There's your dog-cart after all!' I exclaimed, for there, before the door, was the identical cart as X. had described it, correct in every detail, one of the gentlemen—having got down to ring the bell—being at that moment engaged in playing with a small fox-terrier. The visitors were strangers to our friends,—officers from the barracks near, who had driven over with an invitation to a ball."

C., having read over D.'s account, had added, "This is substantially the same account as I heard from one of the party in the carriage." Mr. Myers adds, "I heard C., an old family servant, tell the story independently with the same details."

Both D. and I were surprised at her accurate knowledge of the story, which she had not learnt from us, but from another lady present on the occasion.

It is from no want of will that in the next case I can offer at present no corroboration. The strangers present on the occasion were the mere chance acquaintances of a seaside boarding-house, whom I have not been able to trace, though I still hope to find one of the party, a lady with whom I have some slight independent acquaintance. My own companion at the time, was too deaf to catch the passing conversation, and was not afterwards told of the circumstances. There is also no reference to them in my letters to near friends, which, I think, is owing to the fact that we had passed through recent sorrow, and were occupied with other matters.

I quote from an account of the facts which I wrote down on February 9th, 1888.

In August, 1885, we were staying in a private boarding-house. I was recovering from illness, and for the sake of curtailing the meal-time as far as possible, never entered the dining-room till everyone was seated.

One evening, as I chanced to look across the table, immediately after my entrance into the room (my seat was very near the door), my eyes being somewhat dazzled by the blaze of gaslight following upon the darkness of the long passages I had just traversed, I observed, as I supposed, a new arrival in the chair diametrically opposite to my own. The lady who was usually my *vis-à-vis* was tall, dark, high-coloured, and often wore a light dress,—my new opposite neighbour sat much lower, was small, pale in colouring, and appeared to have a quantity of something black below her face with a shining bar somewhere near her left ear. I am slow-sighted and do not see anything distinctly at the first moment, and my attention was too much struck by her brilliant ornament to allow me to observe her features. Before I had time to remark anything further, I was addressed in the very lively tones of Mrs. S., my more familiar *vis-à-vis*, who asked “what I was staring at?” and “why I did not sit down?” This at once dispelled the vision, the new-comer entirely disappeared, and I found that, someone having left the house that day, the seats had been rearranged, and that Mrs. S. alone occupied the space which had formerly been given to two. I gave a brief explanation of my conduct and took my seat.

The next evening, on entering the room, I noticed that the eyes of my neighbours were following me with a certain air of merriment. I looked across the table, and observing nothing unusual, laughingly asked Mrs. S. what she had done with her diamonds, when she made some unintelligible answer, and with a gesture directed my attention to the lady on my right, who proved to be my phantom friend of the night before, but seated exactly *opposite* the spot where I had then seen her. She was small, fair, and dressed in black, with a cloud of black lace fastened on her left shoulder with an ornament too audacious for an Englishwoman to venture upon,—a bar at least three inches long, of black enamel and diamonds. The lady proved to be an American who had arrived in the town only the night before, having stayed at an hotel till she should find some quieter abode.

Unfortunately I had during my illness temporarily dropped my life-long habit of keeping a diary, so that I have no contemporary account of the fact.

In a book in which I preserve notes of books, conversations, &c., in which dates, however, are not frequent, I find two passing references to the diamonds. One which seems to have been made on August 27th begins, "Good story to-night from Mrs. S., *apropos* of a non-existent diamond brooch I 'saw.'" The other, made apparently on the following evening, says, "Mrs. S. told another story to-night, a consequence of discovering that my diamonds really have an existence after all."

I will conclude my paper with the note-books to which I referred at the beginning. Together with notes of the quasi-experimental kind, made before we knew that the impression received was veridical, or the supposed transmission successful, we have thought it worth while to note, as soon as we were aware of them, a number of coincidences not recorded beforehand; as these may serve to give some measure of the frequency of such occurrences in our everyday life. As regards both classes of entries I must warn the reader about to embark on the perusal of the following pages that he will constantly feel that the transmitted message is just as intrinsically unimportant as the transference of a card or a number, and perhaps more tedious to read about. I am quite conscious of this triviality, and of what looks like the egotism of insisting on the details of slight incidents in a very uneventful existence. I can only hope that all this may serve as an indication of fidelity to fact; for certainly my friend and I, if we had given free play to imagination, could have painted our telepathic intercourse in more exciting colours. Since our attention has been turned to the subject, few incidents have been recorded of a graver type, and in fact, as will easily be supposed, where there *has* been a message of deeper interest, it has been needful to suppress mention of it, as involving affairs of others which I have no right to publish. But if telepathy exist as a natural fact, there seems no reason for assuming that it is less likely to manifest itself on trivial, than on serious occasions, and the unimportance of the incident diminishes its evidential value only so far as it diminishes the improbability of the coincidence. This it undoubtedly sometimes does, though not, I think, always.

I begin with D.'s note-book, and give all her entries for the year 1888. They are given in most cases exactly as written, but in a few it has been necessary to alter or add a word or two, to conceal identity. D. has not made it clear in her notes whether they were made before she knew if her impression were correct or not, and, except in cases where the deficiency is supplied by internal evidence, I have therefore to trust to her memory on this important point. I have marked with an asterisk, those entries which, to the best of her present belief, were written down before she knew whether they were justified by fact. As will be seen, my own recollection confirms hers in some cases. I borrowed the note book for examination on May 5th and November 3rd, 1888, and

on June 12th, 1889, and on each occasion copied the entries into my own note-book, and added notes giving confirmatory evidence from my own private diary, from letters, or, when these sources failed, from my recollection. The substance of these notes, in some cases abbreviated, I give after each corresponding entry. Remarks added afterwards are enclosed in square brackets. D.'s entries are printed in italics to distinguish them from my notes. It may be as well to state that *no* entries having any possible psychical relation to D. occur in my private diary other than those quoted. My own note-book did not begin till May.

It will be observed that of the 20 entries which D. believes she made before testing their truth, two relate to impressions as to books, and 14 to impressions as to my music. Of these only one is wrong, and on that occasion I was wishing to play. In 10 of the musical cases the specific piece is noted, and in 13 the hour is noted. These were always right except in the one case of failure, which comes under both heads.

One more remark before proceeding to the note-book. Though I have included a period of 12 months it should not count as more than nine, for D. and I were, for about three months during the year, under the same roof, when she discontinued her notes.

* (1) *January 6th. Tried several books rather than Shirley, Wordsworth, and the Brownings. Finally took to Villette.*

In my private diary for January 6th, 1888, I find the following entry:—

9.30 (my clock is slow), I have been trying to make D. read after my choice whether she will or no! I tried Mrs. Browning, but gave it up because I remembered the chances were in favour of my choosing it, as I have a new copy. Next I took up my commonplace book for a suggestion, and my eyes fell on a quotation from "the Professor." I shut my eyes and began to recall the story, which involved more concentration of power than reading it. This for about 20 minutes.

Saturday 7th.—Tried to "lead up" to last night's occupation with D., but she said nothing as to choice of books.

Sunday January 8th.—Satisfactory after all. D. confessed, without being questioned, that on Friday night . . . she hesitated over Browning (R. not Mrs.) and finally chose Villette, the plot of which is the same as that of the Professor.

(2) *January 13th. Home 5.30; found X. playing for me.*

From my private diary I find (noted beforehand) that I wished to communicate with D., and, knowing that she had engagements for both afternoon and evening, and might not return home meanwhile, so that a note sent to her house might not reach her, I tried the experiment of playing to her at 5.30, on the chance of her hearing me. I chose the hour, one at which I never or very rarely play, that, should she hear, she might guess a special intention. She heard, and came shortly after, saying at once, "You have been calling me."

(3) *January 19th. To see X., evening, 9.30, found her waiting.*

On reference to my private diary I find that on this evening D. called at an unusual hour, after I had gone to my room. Found me waiting for her, and my expectation already noted, my private diary open at the page waiting for her signature, which she added. Thus, "Sent for [D.] 9.15-9.30." "Came 9.35, door open ready. [D.]" This was not a deliberate experiment, but I had wanted especially to see her, and my desire, first formulated while playing about 8 o'clock, passed into expectation at 9.15, and certainty at 9.30, when I heard her call, *i.e.*, a peculiar whistle used by either when entering the house to summon the other. [In fact, she did *not* whistle, nor, when she was still 4 or 5 minutes' distance from the house, which she entered with a latch-key, could I have heard her had she done so.]

(4) *January 21st. Walked to J.'s house. Started home at 5.30.*

D. tells me this means "started home in conscious obedience to summons." As she keeps this note-book solely to record such summons, &c., she would not enter the fact of an ordinary walk.

This incident is recorded at length in my private journal. D. had started for J.'s house in the morning. Not knowing whether she had returned home or not, I sent off a note, dated 5.30, asking her to come to me at once. This I supplemented by playing to her for half an hour. At 6.30 she arrived, saying I had called her at 5.30 before she left J.'s—train and walk from door to door about 50 minutes. I had entered the summons in a note-book about six o'clock. She found the note at home on her return after seeing me.

(5) *January 22nd. To X., 7.45.*

I had not intentionally called D., but she had been much in my mind this morning, and she tells me she had to come, though to pay a visit at 7.45 a.m. required considerable energy. Unfortunately I had not noted down my expectation of her visit, but the fact that I had opened my door to listen for her arrival, after hearing her whistle, was evidence for her that I was looking for her coming. I had heard the whistle some minutes before she entered the house. Of course she had not whistled, nor, had she done so, could I have literally heard her.

* (6) *January 23rd. Sonnets, E. B. B., 10.30.*

[In my private diary written about 10 p.m., I find, "Sonnets, viii-ix., E. B. B.]" I had had no thought of experiment in the first instance, but simply desired that D. should read these, having myself, after reading them, been struck by their appositeness to a subject we had that day discussed. Next day D. said, "What were you doing at 10.30 last night, to make me get out a book when I was only sleepy and wanted to go to bed?" The note in her book was made, if not at the time, certainly before discussing the matter with me.

(7) *February 24th. Flowers in new album all the evening.*

There is no entry in my diary about this, but I remember perfectly that on seeing D. on Saturday morning, the 25th, she said at once, "What did you desire me to do last night?" and I answered, "I suppose you must have been arranging my dried flowers, as I was suddenly possessed with the idea that you wanted the ferns, and I spent the evening looking them out." There was no reason why D. should have done the work then,—probability was against it, as not a likely thing to do by gaslight, after dinner.

(8) *February 25th.* Talked of R. E. and the N.'s. Accident to X. Flowers from B. W. Wrote to X. at 6.25. Note dated 6.20 received later.

This entry was made on the following day, Sunday, after some talk with me. I was alone all Saturday, and my mind had been scene painting even more vividly than usual. On Sunday I happened to refer to some flowers that D. had sent me from B. W. in April, '85, and which there was no reason I should specially remember. Later I also referred to an accident I had met with some time ago, and then D. said, "What has made you speak of these things?" and when I explained that I had been "going over" both occurrences on Saturday she said that might account for the vivid manner in which, for no reason, both scenes had presented themselves to her on Saturday afternoon. An hour later I said, "Another scene I was picturing yesterday you could not have thought of, for I never described it to you," and began to speak of a certain party at the N.'s 4 years before, at which she had not been present, and at which J. and I had amused ourselves with watching R. E. D. was much surprised, and told me that she had spent quite a long time the day before, trying to construct a picture of the scene, and so far as our place in the room, which of the B.'s many rooms, and the subject of our talk were concerned, quite correctly. She knew that R. E. had been present, but not that he had been our particular amusement. Probably any of the two or three hundred people present would have been better worth our attention. [Recorded in my private diary.]

D.'s final entry refers to our having within five minutes each written to the other. D. wrote, says her note, because she "had to write," I, because I was conscious that she was sending a messenger, who arrived with the one note just as I was fastening up another for him to take back.

(9) *March 2nd.* Note to X. for nothing, but because she wanted it.

No, I didn't want it, but D.'s servants had forgotten to forward something I required, and for which it was not convenient for me to send. D. became aware that I wanted something, but, unfortunately for me, more exact information failed her.

* (10) *March 6th.* *Hellers, 7.30.* [Meaning that she had an hallucination of hearing me play.]

No note in my diary on this point. It was quite a likely time for me to play, but there was no special reason why I should be playing the music referred to, as in fact I was. D. asked me the next day what I had played and showed me her entry.

* (11) *March 7th.* *Beethoven waltzes, 10.*

Yes. Ten a.m. is quite in my practising time, but that particular music was against probability. [This was recorded in my private diary after D. had asked me as to my occupation of the morning, showing entry.]

* (12) *March 8th.* *No practise.* [Meaning that she was aware that I had not played at my usual hour.]

True. I very rarely neglect my morning practise, but on this day was otherwise occupied, as my private diary shows.

* (13) *March 9th.* *Music, 7.30-8.*

[*March 10th* will be found below, omitted for convenience of grouping.]

* (14) *March 13th.* *7.40. Music.*

* (15) *March 14th. 9.30 a.m. [Music.] Evening of same day. Nothing but organs and bands, popular airs and Mikado. ? Flash of Henselt 9 (p.m.).*

* (16) *March 15th. 9-10. ? Faint Henselt.*

I remember that when D. showed me these entries I was specially interested. I was practising at the time some music of Henselt's she had never heard, and was playing this on all five occasions. D. notes it on the first 3 vaguely as "Music," something which she did not recognise. On the 14th I played it over to her, and afterwards she recognised it imperfectly. I was practising it for her, knowing she would like it, so that she was much in my mind at the time.

[Mr. Myers, who read this portion of the diary on July 27th, '88, has added under the second entry of the 14th: "D. explains that on trying to hear X., she only heard vague memories of music. X. was not playing then. Thus the wish to hear did not produce it. In answer to the question, 'How is the music heard?' D. explains that it is sometimes externalised as distant sound, sometimes it is only the idea of being called by music."]

* (17) *March 10th. ? Music, 9.30-10 a.m.*

My private diary gives a full account of the occasion referred to. On the previous day I had told D. I was going to call on V. directly after breakfast, and would go on to her about 11.15. By the first post on Saturday I received a request from V. that I would postpone my visit. I therefore devoted the hour thus gained to the piano, and proceeded afterwards to D.'s house, arriving about a quarter to 11. She then showed me her note of a fact which had caused her some bewilderment, and indeed anxiety, as to the cause of my change of plan.

* (18) *March 16th. Bad night; frightened. Knew X. was worried.*

This refers to vague perception that I was in trouble. I believed that I had concealed the fact for three days with entire success.

* (19) *March 17th. Wanted X. Wouldn't ask her [to come]. E. insisted on going for her in spite of all dissuasion. X. came.*

The upshot of this was that I remained at D.'s house to sleep, and fell seriously ill that night. My doctor congratulated me on the good luck of my happening to be in the hand of my inestimable nurse D. I should add that my doctor's opinion, for which I particularly asked, was that this attack could not have been foreseen. [Nevertheless, in reading this and the previous entry again, I cannot but see how easily both occasions may be accounted for in a perfectly ordinary manner. But this was not my feeling at the time nor D.'s.]

The following entries, (20) to (27) inclusive were made while D. and I were in different and distant counties.

* (20) *August 15th. Hellers 9.10-25.*

Cp. letter from D. dated August 15th, "I did hear you playing to-night, somewhere about 9.9-30? . . . there seemed to be some Heller about, possibly because I was alone . . . for a little."

* (21) *August 17th. Slumber song, 7.35-50.*

Cp. letter dated August 17th, "Were you playing the Slumber song before dinner this evening?"

I read these passages (from D.'s letters) to my hostess immediately on

receiving the letters, and on both occasions she remembered that I had in fact played the music spoken of at the time mentioned.

(From letter from hostess, February 6th, '89.) I perfectly remember the events to which you refer as having happened when you were staying with me last August, namely, that on one occasion you played on the piano before going out for a drive, and on another after dinner, and that you read aloud to us at breakfast an extract from a letter from [D.] referring to these and naming the correct hour. I do not remember the dates, but feel sure that on neither occasion had there been time for her to hear of it from you. [Signed.]

[My friend has reversed the order of the two circumstances. The first occasion was after dinner, the second, when waiting for the carriage to take us out earlier in the evening, about 7.20-30.]

(22) *August 18th. Sent drawing to X.*

On August 17th I received a letter from D. asking, "Isn't there something you can set me to do for you here?" and at once remembered that I wanted her to copy a certain print for me, which I could not send to her till I returned home on August 18th. She was, I am certain, unaware that I possessed this picture, nor have I ever seen another like it elsewhere. On the 19th, I sought it out, and put it in an envelope, with my instructions, but it had not been posted, when I received from D. a drawing almost exactly like that I was wishing she should make. The two copies are of the same head in different positions. In the letter which accompanied this D. says merely, "I have tried to copy this for your amusement." [The copy from which hers was taken happened to hang in the hall of the house in which D. and her family were spending the summer.]

* (23) *August 20th. Dreamt X. wrote to say, "Can I come to you September 11th?"*

August 21st. Letter from X. dated 19th, about drawing [as above], and message, as in dream [i.e., asking to come on September 11th].

A later date had been previously arranged for my visit to D., and the sudden readjustment was consequent on a change in the plans of other friends.

* (24) *September 1st. Half letter?*

September 2nd. Yes.

After finishing a letter to D. on August 31st, quite complete in itself, I wrote a long postscript, which after all I kept back, and sent by the next post.

(25) *September 3rd. Tired and X. knew. (Refers to a period of three days.)*

"Tired" here stands for "out of spirits." I was conscious of D.'s depression, which was certainly not indicated in her letters, which I have re-read to make sure of this. It arose from a cause of which I was entirely ignorant.

Cp. letter from me to D., dated September 2nd. "What is wrong? Are you hurried, or worried, or what is the matter? I am not happy about you."

* (26) *September 11th. Hallé, 9 a.m.*

No. I was not playing; only thinking of music, and wanting to play.

(27) The following entries are grouped together in D.'s note-book, and

as they are out of place were presumably made from her private diary after she knew of the photograph.

August 12th. Wanted a picture of X., talked about it, said I'd set my heart on it for this autumn, but didn't see how I was to get it now. N.B.—Thought I should, though.

13th to 18th. Thought of my picture most days. Watched letters for hint of possibility. Tried to find out X.'s train up on Saturday. Will she have time to see? Or on Monday? . . . Evidently not Saturday—train too late.

19th. No hint of plan [i.e., in X.'s letters, as to possibility of photograph being taken that day]. Time to-morrow.

20th. No letter. Photo instead? Hear to-morrow.

21st. Letter to-day from X., saying, "No time to do my shopping, etc." [i.e., in passing through London, where D. imagined that a photograph might be taken]. Can't help it! Time or no time my picture will come, and I'm sure that H. is mixed up in it somehow. Perhaps she told X. I wanted the picture. . . .

Op. from D.'s letters.

August 21st. We must get another [portrait taken] soon.

22nd. I must have a new one.

30th. When your packet came to-day, I made sure it was a photograph, but how or when it could have been taken I don't know, when I come to think.

On August 9th, without any hint or suggestion from D., and unknown to anyone but H., I made arrangements with the photographer for a large portrait. On Monday, 20th, the likeness was taken, as I passed through London. D. was never told of the fact till September 13th.

H. corroborates my reference to her share in the matter, and is confident of having given no sort of hint of her knowledge that D.'s wish, when first mentioned (August 12th), was already on the way to become an accomplished fact.

(28) October 3rd. At J.'s house. No time for eggs.

I wanted some new-laid eggs, and it occurred to me that D. could get me some on her way from J.'s (four miles away from home) if I had but remembered to ask her. About 4 p.m. I thought of trying to make her get some, and was disappointed when she came in without any. I made no remark at the time, but the next day D. said, "I very nearly brought you some eggs yesterday, I fancied you wanted me to do so, but I had to hurry to catch my train."

D. goes to the village in question about once a week, and during the last 3 years may have brought me eggs two or three times, so the commission was not a very probable one.

D. adds later. "Probably I left by the 4.20 train, passing the shop some five minutes earlier" [so that my desire was a little delayed in transmission, or reached her consciousness at sight of the means to execute it].

(29) October 4th. Portraits early, X. knew it.

While I was at breakfast I felt that D. had received the portraits [which there was no special reason to expect] and that she would bring them at once, and went out on to the balcony for some time to watch for her. [She came about 9.30 a.m.]

(30) October 11th. Called expectedly, 6.30.

D. and I were each supposed to be "At Home," so that I had good reason for not expecting to see her. About 6 I felt she was coming, and when she arrived was waiting for her on the stairs, though there were visitors in the drawing-room.¹

(31) *October 14th.* Came into church, 2nd lesson. Out of sight, not out of mind.

I had no reason to expect to see D. in church, indeed she had promised to fetch me after service, but during the second lesson I felt her enter, though absolutely out of sight. On meeting her outside the door in going out, I said at once, "You have been in church, you came in during the second lesson." [D. corroborates this.]

H., who, though I was not aware of it, was sitting behind me in church, adds:—"I saw that X. was aware of D.'s arrival, which I at the same moment had seen, which she could not."

(32) *October 26th.* Called late, 9.30, door open ready.

I wrote the following note in my pocket-book:—"9.15. Something wrong with D. If she does not come I must go to her. Friday."

I had been up late the night before and wanted rest, but felt it impossible to go to bed, D. seemed to be whistling for me. [As before explained, the usual signal when either entered the house.] I left my door ajar after writing the above note, and was waiting when she came. She wanted immediate help, and had driven round to fetch me, having only waited till she thought I should be alone. [D. corroborates this.]

* (33) *November 18th.* Chopin Dead March, War March Athalie, 7.15-8 p.m.

* (34) *November 25th.* Lieder, 7.30.

* (35) *November 26th.* Lied, never gets finished. 5.15-20.

On each of the above three occasions D. asked me next day what I had played and found she was right. My playing of the Lied on November 26th was interrupted by the arrival of visitors, and the unfinished air naturally haunted me. D. writes: "On the day in question H. and I were together. I said to her that I could hear you playing—a Lied we both associated with you—but that you never got beyond a certain part, which seemed to be repeated. H. replied, 'It is strange you should say that. I can't hear her, but I have been seeing her at the piano for some minutes.'" [H. corroborates this.]

My own special note-book was begun in May, 1888, and continued till November, 1889, a period of 18 months, but it will already have been observed that records of psychical impressions, both before and after fulfilment, had been made in my private diary before that date; and during the 18 months in question I have preferred to record some things which I believe to have psychical significance in my private diary rather than in my special note-book. I give here all the contemporaneous entries in my note-book except nine. Of these one

¹ In reference to cases 29 and 30, D. writes: "I distinctly remember that on each of these occasions, your first remark was 'I knew you were coming, I've been watching for you some time.' On the first occasion you asked at once for the photograph."

was a visual hallucination recorded before what I believe to have been its cause was known to me. I consider it to be a good case, but for private reasons do not wish to publish it. The other eight omitted entries were all made after the coincidence was known to me. One of them is omitted for private reasons, and seven of them because, though I thought otherwise at the time, I am now disposed to attribute them to mere chance coincidence. In thus dismissing them I would not, however, be understood to imply that others may not also depend upon chance, but only that I believe them,—as do the friends to whom they refer—to be something more.

I have not in all cases given the entries from my note-book *verbatim*. In some cases I have abbreviated considerably, in others altered the wording to conceal identity. In no case, however, have I altered the notes so as to affect any inference connected with psychical research that may be drawn from them, and I have asked Mrs. H. Sidgwick to compare my printed version with the original and verify this.¹

As in the case of D.'s diary I have marked entries made before the event was known with an asterisk. There are twenty-seven of these entries made beforehand, and of these three, namely (33) and (48), in which I was the percipient, and (6) where I attempted to impress D., must be regarded as failures, and (35) and (45) as doubtfully veridical. The other twenty-two entries seem to me to have been justified by facts. It is, however, sometimes difficult to judge how far the apparent success may be attributed to chance, and each reader must estimate this for himself. It will be noticed that two of the successful impressions (12) and (46) were negative; or, more properly, they are records of the absence of expected impression—it being afterwards found that the expected cause had not occurred. These seem to me to have a certain interest as showing that expectation does not—necessarily, at least—produce these impressions.

In two of the successful cases recorded beforehand, (2) and (21), I was the agent, my friends D. and H. respectively being the percipients. I was also the agent, though without any definite intention on my part, in six of the cases recorded after the event;—D. being the percipient in (3), (4), a negative case, and (7), and H. in (20), (22), and (25). All these successful cases of agency are connected with my music. Perhaps because it is my most complete means of self-expression, I find in it also the readiest method of concentration, and, therefore, have often availed myself of it when wishing to communicate with friends at a distance, playing for a few minutes—not with the intention that they shall necessarily hear the music, though that happens at times, but

¹ I have carefully compared X.'s note-books with the printed version and can entirely confirm what she says above.—E. M. SIDGWICK.

mainly that they shall become aware of the direction of my thoughts at the moment. D., and, as will be seen, also H., have still more often recorded the hearing of my music without any intention on my part, probably because my own thoughts have been thereby focussed and absorbed. In the same way, some years ago, a friend at a distance, deeply interested in, but not sharing my studies, would often know with what particular subject, sometimes with what book, I was occupied at the time, occasionally at very unlikely hours.

It may be worth calling attention to the fact that of my fifty-five entries, fifteen (seven recorded beforehand and eight after) relate to D., and twelve (four recorded beforehand and eight after) to H. In one case (17), not recorded beforehand, there seems to have been mutual percipience between H. and myself. I have thought that it would be convenient to separate the cases relating to D. and H. in printing the note-book, though the chronological order is, of course, thereby sacrificed.

(1) *June 3rd.* I am to-day reminded of something which happened a fortnight ago and for which there is a note in my diary of *May 21st.* D. told me that afternoon that soon after we first became acquainted she had heard me play an air with which she had childish associations and which she would like to hear again, but as she could neither remember the tune nor its name, and as it was at least ten years since she had heard me play it, it did not seem likely that her desire should be gratified. I played several old tunes, of which I thought one might be that in question, but did not succeed in recalling what she wished. Perhaps an hour later, when we were sitting in another room, talking of things quite apart from the music, I suddenly had the feeling that the tune wanted was at my finger tips. I started up, called my friend and hurried down to the piano. On the stairs someone spoke to me, but I dared not wait to answer, for the music seemed to be getting, so to speak, less tangible every instant. By the time I reached the instrument, only a few bars remained in my possession, but my friend at once recognised them as the long lost melody. I had no idea what it was, though I thought I had heard it before, and try as I would I could not recall the remainder.

To-night I have quite accidentally found it to be a fragment of a Sonata of Mozart, in a volume I have certainly not played for years.

* (2) *Thursday, June 7th.* 5.40 p.m.

I don't know whether D., who is away from home, will expect me to write to her to-day, so I am going to compromise by trying to make her know I am thinking of and playing to her. I shall play from now till 6.45, about an hour.

Friday, June 8th. I met D. at the station this afternoon, and almost the first question she asked was, "What were you doing about 6 o'clock last evening?" She had been out for a walk and was just settling again to her occupation when she became aware of me. This lasted about half an hour, she says. [Not entered in D.'s diary, but read over and endorsed by her.]

(3) *June 14th.* I was expecting D. between 5.30 and 6 o'clock, and

after tea went to the piano, impatient for her coming, as I wanted her particularly. Occupied with other thoughts I played a waltz of Beethoven, rather absently, two or three times. About a quarter of an hour after I had left the piano, D. came in and said, "*How* you have been playing that *Hoffnung!*" [meaning that the music had persisted in attracting her attention]. She had been detained by visitors, and had heard it with the impression that I particularly needed her.

(4) *July 7th.* It is perhaps worth noting that D. said to me a day or two ago that she hoped she was not losing the power of hearing my music at a distance, for she had not done so for at least a fortnight. I had not told her that, except a little company playing which does not count, I had not touched the piano for nearly three weeks, a fact almost unprecedented in the last few years of my existence.

* (5) *July 14th.* I sat up till 10.30 this evening expecting D., though it seemed improbable, almost impossible, she should come. I have not called her, so where my fancy came from I don't know. Now I have given her up and come to my room. [D. had been spending the day at some distance and had gone upon a somewhat troublesome and unpleasant business.]

July 15th. D. said to-day, without being questioned, that on her way home last evening [this would have been about 10 p.m.] she had tried to contrive a visit to me, but having friends with her, had not been able to manage it. (Endorsed by D.)

* (6) *July 18th. 2.10 p.m.* There is a tremendous thunderstorm going on. While at lunch, 1.30 to 2, my thoughts turned to D., who is at K. Then I remembered an occasion years ago when we were there in a storm, and the corner where we sat, and wondered if she would remember it. Now I am desiring that she should find the place and go there.

This proved a failure.

July 20th. Not quite. D. mentioned to-day that during the storm the picture of our dark corner had occurred to her, and she had remembered its whereabouts and thought had I been there we would have sought its shelter again.

(7) *July 19th.* Under date July 7th I referred to D.'s not having "*heard*" me play for some time. To-day I played again from about 7 (p.m.) to 7.40, and I was not surprised when at 8.30 D. appeared saying that I had been calling her, and she had come directly she could get away. (Endorsed by D.) [I had not intended to call D.]

(8) *July 21st.* I had been accompanying a friend on the piano and then tried to play a solo, but though I can generally play from memory for hours, nothing would come. At last in despair I left the piano, and found myself asking my friend for a song I particularly didn't want, and which was found after some difficulty. D. says she had determined that I should play that, not knowing that I really disliked doing so. I think this is the first time D. has intentionally influenced me in this way. I ought to say that yesterday I had said to D. that the song had haunted me, and she had remarked she should like to hear it again, to which I returned no answer.

D.'s note on above. (Made a little later.) "I should like to add to this that there were three things in my mind when X. sat down to the piano,

(1) the song, which I hardly thought our friend could sing that day, (2) a reverie, an old favourite, (3) a recently heard Impromptu of Schumann. X. tried several things, could remember nothing to her own satisfaction, and finally stopped with the exclamation, 'It's all D.'s fault, she wants something else,' and then added, playing the first few bars of (2), 'This is it, but I can't play it now, will this do?' beginning (3), and then asked for the song."

(9) *July 27th.* I spent this morning with V. D. walked with me to the house, but I particularly asked her not to call for me, as I did not wish to be tied as to time, and she agreed. I left about one o'clock and crossed over into another street at right angles. After going about 50 yards I felt impelled to return to my starting point. This happened again, and yet again, to my great annoyance, as I was anxious to get home. On my return for the third time, I waited a few minutes, and looking carefully in all directions, saw nothing to detain me, and at that moment *got leave* to return home. At some little distance I met D., who had, after all, come to fetch me,—reached a point from which she could see me, though quite out of the range of my vision, just as I was looking about for the cause of my hindrance, and, at the moment when I had the impulse to start, was waving an umbrella to indicate which of two ways, equally convenient, I should take. Had I started homeward as I originally intended, we should have missed each other, as D. approached me from the other direction. (D. endorses this.)

(10) *August 4th.* D. and I were in the train this morning. We had not spoken for some time, when suddenly I had an impulse to say, "What time would you like me to go to S. to-morrow?" [referring to a place which had not been mentioned between us, but which she frequently visited, though I had not done so for nearly five years]. D. was a good deal startled, and confessed that she had been resolving to restrain a desire to ask me to accompany her the next day,—a wish I had certainly no reason to expect. (D. endorses this)

* (11) *August 9th. 7.35 p.m.* D. called me just now in tones of excitement and pleasure. As she left me an hour ago with the prospect before her of a very dull evening I am glad she should be finding things pleasanter than she expected.

August 10th. I have asked D. about this. In fact, she found an unexpected source of entertainment about 7.30, and remembers exclaiming in much delight, at one particular moment. She, for special reasons, associates what was pleasing her with me. (D. endorses this.)

* (12) *November 20th.* D. has been disappointed by the non-arrival of a picture which she has been anxiously expecting for some days. To-day she decided to wait no longer, and (in my hearing) told a maid to drive to the frame-maker's and bring it home. Knowing that she would return about 4.30 or 5 o'clock, I told D. that I would "listen" about that time (that I might hear her exclamations of satisfaction or the contrary). It is now 7 o'clock and nothing has happened.

November 21st. Servant prevented from going after all. (D. corroborates and signs this.)

* (13) *November 28th. 10.25 (p.m.).* Has D. got the picture? She is

excited about something. We did not expect it till the 31st. I thought I heard her about 8.15, but now certainly.

D.'s note on above. I opened the picture just after 8, and at 8.15 was writing to X. to tell her of its arrival. H. and I were looking at it together, about 10.20-30, H. having called on her way home from a concert where I had sent her word of the long-expected arrival.

* (14) *January 29th, 1889.* Knew D. was sending for letter. Just written 10 to 5. (*Later note*). At 5 o'clock D.'s note came, dated 10 to 5.

In D.'s note-book under this date is the entry:—"Letter 10 to 5 o'clock. Do. 10 to 5 o'clock from X."

P.S. in diary dated November 8th, '89. My note referred to above still exists. It begins: "You've been pestering me the whole afternoon, you and H. between you!" H., asked at the time by D., said she was walking with a friend between 3 and 4, talking of me.

(15) *March 5th.* This morning I walked to D.'s house, expecting to find her ready to go out with me at ten o'clock according to previous arrangement. As I came in sight of the house I saw her come down the path, pass through the garden gate and turn quickly into a road under the garden palings in the opposite direction from me. I was surprised that she should not have seen me in spite of my signals, and annoyed at her leaving the house exactly at the time arranged for my arrival. The clock struck while I was in the hall speaking to the maid, she said that D. had gone out a few minutes before, and could not understand my saying that I had that moment seen her leave the house. About two minutes past ten D. returned, having been to the post-office, the walk there and back taking six or seven minutes, so that she must have started five minutes before I saw her. She says she was obliged to go to the post and had hurried, her mind occupied with the fear of my arriving in her absence. [The maid assured me that no one else had left the house, and it would have been almost impossible to mistake any one else for a figure with which I am so familiar.]

(16) *August 19th.* I have believed for some time past that H. was sensitive to my influence, but as I have never spoken to her on the subject, though I have reason to believe that she, too, is aware of it, I have not been able to record instances. However, two have occurred to-day in which there seems to be more than chance coincidence. I was about to take a walk to a place a short distance from home, and desired companionship. I thought of H., who, however, has never been associated with me in any such way, and wished that it were possible to communicate with her. About 10.45 I heard the bell, and hastened to open the door myself, certain that it was H. She had been unable to resist an impulse to come and tell me that she would like to go out with me this morning, but would not be at liberty to do so. [H. a few weeks later read over and endorsed this statement in my diary.]

(17) I arranged to go out with her at 15 to 4 (p.m.) when she was to call for me, and I said I would stay in till that time. In the end I changed my mind, and went out intending to be home before the hour appointed. As I was returning, in a hansom, rather late for my appointment and very anxious to reach the house before H.'s arrival, I had a sudden impulse to

direct the cabman to drive down a side street, not the nearest way. Half-way down I found H. standing, apparently waiting. She was on her way to me, but suddenly found herself unable (conscious that the impulse to wait came from me) to get beyond the point where I found her,—still at some distance from our house. (H. has endorsed this entry.)

(18) *November 3rd.* 10.40 p.m. H. very strongly in my mind to-night. I saw her this afternoon, but nothing that occurred is any reason for feeling that she particularly wants me. I began a letter to her about half an hour ago, but gave it up, with the feeling that I would rather, if she has anything to say, she should tell me without hint from me. But I have no reason for any such feeling.

Note on above by H. :—“This same evening a strong desire came over me to tell X. . . . [of certain private matters of which X. had no knowledge]. About 7.15 (p.m.) I wrote an account for her to read . . . but much later, between 10 and 11 (p.m.), I decided not to send it, but to talk to her instead.”

(19) *December 9th.* I was sitting alone about 10 minutes ago, it is now 9.50 (p.m.), when I heard steps, and felt a presence, and that someone was wanting me. Now and then, in an emergency, D. has come to me at a late hour, but knowing her to be confined to the house just now, I was, contrary to custom, very much frightened. Almost immediately after, however, I heard my name called, distinctly twice, and I think faintly again. I knew at once it was not D., for she never uses my formal Christian name; this excludes also many other friends. I cannot say I recognised the voice, which, though clear, seemed a long way off, but I think it may have been H., who at present is at [a place distant about 50 miles].

December 10th. Spoke of this to D., who agrees it was probably H. (Endorsed by D.)

From H.'s note-book, December 9th, 1888 :—“I was sitting alone this evening in a partly darkened room, with a book X. had given me on my lap, and had let my thoughts wander away. I started up suddenly, and called X.'s name two or three times,—she must have heard me, I am afraid, and I have disturbed and perhaps worried her unnecessarily. The time must have been about 9.30 or, may be, rather later.”¹

(20) *December 31st.* D. had a letter from H. this morning dated yesterday, asking, “Is X. playing now? (5.45)” In fact I was playing, though the hour was unusual. D. was not well, and had been indoors all day, and I played before instead of after dinner for the sake of change for her. (Endorsed by D.)

From H.'s note-book, December 30th. 5.50 (p.m.) X. has just begun to play.

* (21) *December 31st.* This evening I played from 8.30 to 9.30 . . . One thing I believe has made itself heard which I played for H. Perhaps I shall know. (Endorsed by D.)

January 2nd, 1889. Letter from H., dated January 1st, says, “You played to me last night and I thank you,—you helped me.”

¹ It may be worth mentioning that twice subsequently, both times in the middle of the day, H. notes a strong impulse, which she however suppressed, to call my name in moments of anxiety, but I was not aware of any corresponding impression.

(22) *January 7th.* Letter to D. from H. dated 6th, "I heard X. playing (i.e., last night). Did she leave off about 9.15-20?" D.'s note-book, January 5th, shows: "X. played 8.30-9.20."

In connection with H.'s impressions at the time concerning me, the following entry in her diary for January 11th, 1889, is worth mentioning:—"8.15 (a.m.) Something wrong with X. and D. I shall know soon." Within about an hour she received a telegram desiring her to meet me at the station the same afternoon; the fact being that I, then visiting in a distant county, had, soon after eight the same morning, received bad news which necessitated my immediate return,—when D., unable to accompany me, had at once conceived the notion of asking H. to meet and otherwise assist me.

(23) *January 15th.* H. arranged to go out with me if possible this morning at 11 o'clock—was not sure if she could leave home so early. At 10.20 I was so sure she had started that I at once dressed for walking, and was ready when she arrived at 10.30, half an hour before her time. (H. endorses this.)

(24) *April 15th.* This morning D. and H. agreed to fetch me at one o'clock. I was ready a few minutes before, and was starting to meet them when I felt impelled to walk in the direction contrary to that from which they would naturally come. After a few paces, I heard H. hurrying after me. She said that she and D. had [without my knowledge] made plans for the morning which would have resulted in their joining me from the direction I had taken, but at the last moment D. had been obliged to go elsewhere. (H. endorses this.)

(25) *May 17th.* This morning I was ready before the time when H. was to come for me, and so sat down to the piano, to try to make her hear me. I had hardly played five minutes when H. came in saying, "You began that just as I turned the corner three minutes ago, I heard the opening bars." [I know from experiment that it is not possible to hear my piano outside the house, even when standing immediately below the drawing-room windows.]

[H.'s note-book gives a similar account but places it on the 16th instead of the 17th. Probably the error is mine.]

* (26) *August 20th.* "Saw" H.'s umbrella on my chest of drawers at 6.30 this morning. Has she found it? [Premonition:] She will meet me at B. station to-day.

[H. had a few days before lost an umbrella she particularly valued. I was going to pay a visit at her house, and B. was three stations before the end of my journey.]

Evening of same day. (1) H. says she woke at 6.30. Saw it was raining and feared I should not come. (2) She came to B. station (not a likely thing to do) just as my train was leaving, but saw me and got into another carriage.

(27) *November 2nd.* I went to visit D. this afternoon. [When approaching the house] I saw H. standing inside the gate, six yards from me, dressed in a costume which I have not seen since last winter. I was not thinking of her at the time. I knew she was ill in bed and therefore was not surprised to find that no one was inside the gate nor anyone near. I said at once to D., "Notice the time, something has happened to H." It was 4.20 (p.m.). At six we went together to inquire after H., and asked her what she

had been doing or thinking of at 4.20. We were disappointed when she owned to not having thought of me, or of anything of consequence—nothing in fact except that she hoped to be well enough to bring B. to see D. on Monday, and that as this would be her first time of going out she must put on her winter clothing [in which I had seen the figure]. (D. and H. endorse this.)

* (28) *November 5th*, 5.15 p.m. I was wondering just now whether H. had been well enough to go out, when I saw in the silver stand of the lamp the view from the nursery window at D.'s, with H. and B. in the road.

November 6th. At tea yesterday C. told D. she had seen H. and B. walking slowly by. D. writes: "I remember this, and that X. showed us the above entry in her note-book immediately after."

* (29) *May 3rd*, 1888. 2 p.m. Here is a premonition! Mrs. Y. will call. I keep "hearing" her carriage, which has a jingle peculiar to itself. On the whole it seems unlikely, as not only did I tell her I should be away this week, but I hear she is away too. We shall see.

4.45. Heard her jingling horses stop at the door five minutes ago,—heard no ring—looked out—nothing visible.

5.30. Enter M. Sorry to call so late, waited on purpose "till Mrs. Y. had had time to go." Explains—Mrs. Y. lunched with her and said then she would come to me at tea-time. Mrs. Y. expressed her intention while at lunch. I first heard her bells at about 1.45. However, here she isn't.

May 4th. Wrote to Mrs. Y. to ask where she was yesterday between four and five, and if she thought of me.

May 7th. She writes, "Yes, I thought of you on Thursday, but earlier than the time mentioned. I had hoped to come and see you but found after all I could not manage it."

(30) *May 11th*. I read a question off V.'s mind to-day and wrote down the answer before she had spoken it [the answer is preserved]. I was writing and felt irritable enough—when she began slowly, "Do-you-know?"—to present rather a cross face when I looked up. This or something else made her stop and I saw the question coming and scribbled down 1442 before saying "Go on," when she asked, "What is the date of the invention of printing?" V. was reading in a magazine. There was nothing to lead up to this.

(31) *May 16th*. In the light of a letter from R.F. received this morning I copy the following from my private diary:—

Thursday, January 12th. I wonder if anything is wrong at—? I have been worried all day about N.F. without knowing why. I don't think I owe her a letter and don't like to write with no better excuse than my own fidget. Nothing has occurred to suggest the thought of her, which makes me the more uneasy.

January 14th. N.F. in my mind again. Wonder why?

January 25th. Thought constantly of N.F. Hope all is well with all of them.

The letter referred to, dated May 13th, from a sister of this friend, tells me that N.F. has been very seriously ill, and was during January "between life and death." [Further inquiries show that her most critical condition was "about the middle of the month."]

* (32) *June 1st*, 1888. I am haunted to-day with thoughts of T.R., an

uninteresting member of an uninteresting family. Nothing has happened to put him into my head, but all sorts of trifling circumstances about him have been recurring to my memory all day. I don't owe the R.'s a call, so there is no reason why they should be on my mind, and though I respect them highly, I have neither affection for nor interest in any one of them. Monday is their "at home" day, and I will make a point of calling next week to see if anything has happened to T.

Saturday, June 2nd. Not long to wait. A letter from V. this morning, asking for my congratulations for her sister engaged yesterday to T.R. Never more surprised in my life!

* (33) *June 9th.* 6 to 7 p.m., at intervals. Haunted this evening by a smell of sweetbriar, so much so that I was about to exclaim, how strong the scent was after the rain, when I remembered we hadn't had any—nor, as it happens, any scented flowers. . . . It is strong enough to impress me strongly, and no one else observes it. [This was never explained.]

(34) *June 12th.* I had been thinking a good deal of Mrs. T., and hoping to see her soon though not consciously calling upon her to come [See p. 364]. About 4.30 I heard the click of her silver-handled umbrella as it was laid on the table outside the door, and the rustle of a parcel laid beside it, and wondered I had not heard the door-bell. Nothing further happened till about 10 minutes later when the bell rang, I heard the door opened, and the same sounds followed, though not more vividly than before, and Mrs. T. entered saying, "You ought to want something important this time,—my husband has rheumatic gout and my coming was most inconvenient."

* (35) *June 19th.* "10.5 a.m. J. is shouting, 'Powler.' Cat found?"

These words I scrawled in a pocket-book just as I was going out, the very minute the impression occurred. J.'s pet cat, whom we all valued, had been lost for more than a week, and we were all in some anxiety as to his fate. Yelling the cat's name at him is a frequent habit of his master's. About two o'clock a telegram arrived to say the cat had come home. This I gather was about one o'clock. [So my impression was premature. I find on inquiry that J.'s meeting with the cat did occur, in fact, about one o'clock, though it had returned home some hours earlier.]

* (36) *June 21st.* I had a very strong impression [not visual] this morning that N. was present with me, and the sensation has renewed itself very strongly just now, 3 (p.m.). With a notion she may want some help of me I have written her a note (on an indifferent matter) requiring an answer, so as to give her a ready opportunity of telling me, if she will, what is in her mind.

July 1st. N. has been here this evening,—tells me she half decided to come to me on Thursday, 21st, in reference to a matter which required immediate decision, but had not time to do so.

* (37) *June 21st.* "Saw" K. to-day in a hansom, which proved on nearer approach to be empty. Spoke of it to D.

June 22nd. E.K. mentioned incidentally that K. had arrived to-day and that she heard of this sudden and somewhat inconvenient movement yesterday morning by telegram.

(38) *July 11th.* My doctor has been anxious that I should spend part of

the autumn at [a German Bath], but so many practical difficulties presented themselves that I had almost given up the idea. By what seemed a fortunate coincidence I have received from a lady with whom I am but recently acquainted, an unexpected invitation to pay her a long visit at the very place my doctor suggests. I promised her an early reply, with every intention of sending a grateful acceptance. Though my friends have consented to the plan, my mind insisted on framing sentences in which to refuse the tempting offer, and in spite of inclination I found myself incapable of producing any letter which should not decline the proposition, and this letter, on July 6th, I finally despatched. On July 7th I received a visit from the friend through whom I had made the acquaintance of the lady who sent me the invitation, and for the first time learnt certain facts concerning her which, though not in themselves discreditable, would, had I known of them earlier, have been quite sufficient to deter me from identifying myself with her movements.

* (39) *July 9th.* It struck me this morning that S.T. might as well do my business in—and save me a journey, and also that as his mother is coming to lunch to-morrow he is very likely to fetch her away, and I can speak to him about it then. Since then my mind has been dictating what seems a fairly senseless note, so persistently, that I write it down to see what happens.

“You’d much better come to tea with me than go to see J. to-morrow, for two good reasons:—(1) I shall be in and I want you, and (2) J. will be out, and he doesn’t.”

I have no reason to suppose that S.T. is going to J.’s to-morrow, and I have good reason for believing that J. will be at home, as I understood that D. was going to lunch at his house.

July 10th. Mrs. T. announced, as soon as she arrived to-day, that she could stay all day to help me with something, for on returning home after some early shopping this morning she found that S. had gone out leaving word that he was going to see J. and should not be in to lunch. D. also called early to say she had changed her plans, having heard from J. that he was obliged to go out for the day. (D. endorses this.)

* (40) *August 5th.* I had some papers I particularly wanted to deliver in person to Mrs. M., and for this purpose went by train [to the place, three miles away, in which she lives]. As I was turning out of the station, I had a so distinct, though but momentary, vision of her in my own neighbourhood, that feeling it to be useless to call at her house, I nearly turned aside to pay another visit. However, I thought I might as well dispose of my parcel, and did so. She was out, but has not called here. I am often able to follow her movements at a distance and am disappointed this has failed. [She appeared to be standing near a florist’s shop in the main road, as if about to turn in the direction of our house. She wore a white dress, and I distinctly saw the background of flowers.] The next day I received from her a note, which I now quote:—“I have been in your neighbourhood to-day about the time you were in mine,—[shopping] at G.’s and nearly called on you.”

[G.’s shop is exactly opposite that near which, in my vision, she appeared to be standing, and I have ascertained that she was wearing a white dress.]

(41) *August 9th.* This morning I was on the balcony, when I heard A. calling my name in an impatient manner. Knowing that she was in the

room behind the drawing-room, and that I could not [as has since been proved by experiment] really have heard her, I was tempted to dismiss the sound as fancy. On again hearing my name, I returned into the house, but not till I reached the landing beyond the drawing-room did I find that she was really calling me. She had dropped the stick without which she cannot walk, and was a prisoner till someone should come to her help.

(42) *August 9th.* 8.30 p.m. A few minutes since, I was watering some flowers on the landing, and was about to replace the water-can in my room when, hearing the maid preparing it for the night, closing the window, drawing the curtains, &c., &c., I waited below till she should come down. To my surprise she came upstairs directly after, followed by a new housemaid. I suggested that someone had already done my room, but she declared I was mistaken. She had but just before been telling the new maid, in detail, what there was to do, and had come upstairs to see it done. I was so convinced by the sounds I had heard that I went with them to see, but of course found the window still open, and the room in its usual day-time condition.

(43) *August 10th.* I am leaving town to-morrow and so am very busy. A new maid happened to be answering the door, and when I said I did not want to see anyone who might call, unless it were M., she naturally asked "what sort of a lady" M. was. I was about to describe her as tall, fair, &c., when a vision of N. came so vividly before me that I had to say "small, dark, dressed in black." [I was speaking to the maid in the hall. As I stood on the bottom step of the stairs, the figure of N. appeared to be standing behind the maid as if she had just entered the house.] I was wondering what the result would be, whether M. would be sent away or N. announced as M., when N. herself appeared to pay a hurried visit on a matter of some consequence, and she said more than once, "I was so afraid I should not find you at home," &c. [Honesty obliges me to add that N., for the first and last time in my 15 years' experience of her, was dressed in white!]

(44) *August 26th.* I was walking alone this morning and wandered into the cricket field. While resting on one of the seats it occurred to my mind that a brother who went abroad 14 years ago had been a member of the club that owned this ground. Then I tried to recall his appearance, but my memory refused to supply the required picture, in spite of diligent conjuring up of suitable backgrounds, our old home, the garden, or the stables. At last I took to my book and soon forgot all else. Suddenly I felt that someone was near, and looked up, somewhat startled. A man stood facing me, at a distance of perhaps 12 feet. A second glance showed me that it was the very brother whose image I had in vain tried to recall. The figure was very distinct, so much so that I feel it will remain in my memory as a particularly vivid portrait. The shock made me involuntarily close my eyes, —when I looked again, there was nothing.

* (45) *October 11th.* 12.30. I have just had a momentary but very distinct vision of Z. I was writing—not thinking of anything which could in any way suggest the thought of her,—paused for want of a word and was staring at nothing,—when, for an instant, I found her great sad eyes fixed upon me. Almost before I consciously recognised her, the face had vanished. She

has always had bad health,—Is she dead? If so, why should she appear to me? It is months since I heard from any of the family.

5 o'clock p.m. This is [perhaps] in some sort explained more cheerfully than my mind had suggested. Z.'s mother has just left the house. She and her two elder daughters have come here on business leaving Z. at home.

[I have had no opportunity of finding out what Z. was doing.]

* (46) *October 31st.* Heard that a matter of great importance to M. is to be decided to-day. I declined to lunch with another friend because I thought the perception of M.'s distress and anxiety would (according to custom when she is in trouble, whatever the distance between us) so occupy my sympathies as to unfit me for other occupations. On the contrary, it has required an effort to keep her in mind at all continuously, and I cannot help wondering whether something may perhaps have occurred to delay the decision.

November 3rd. Letter from M. "The question will not be decided upon for some weeks."

* (47) *November 24th.* Spent yesterday afternoon with D. and H., but was so causelessly *distracte* that they sent me to the piano to soothe myself. After playing in the darkened room for some time, I stopped and said to D., "It is M.,—but it is not bad news, I am glad now." I then stopped and went home.

D. endorses this. H. writes, "I did not hear X.'s remark to D., but X. repeated it to me a few minutes later when I was driving home with her."

November 27th. Letter from M. this morning. The matter was settled on Friday, 23rd. She says, "Settled as I wished," and speaks of being much relieved in mind.

* (48) *November 29th.* I was sitting reading, about six o'clock this morning, holding a pencil in my right hand. Suddenly my hand began to write. I diverted my attention by the first device which presented itself—counting the curtain rings. This was not easy, and before I had finished my hand stopped. I had written, without stops or capitals—

"Not to be thought of think of your mother unfilial (*sic*) too far not to be thought of."

I could think of nothing to which these remarks seemed in any degree to apply, except to the fact of which I had heard this afternoon that S. B. had received an excellent appointment in a distant country and was to sail shortly. However, as his mother was particularly pleased about it, there can be nothing unfilial in his conduct. My instinct applies the words to S. B., but they are so unsuitable that it is perhaps altogether a mere accident.

(49) *January 8th, 1889.* Heard sad news of the loss of S. B.'s vessel. Is this connected with my overwhelming but unexplained depression on Wednesday and Thursday (2nd and 3rd)—climax Thursday afternoon, 3 to 5 o'clock?

* (50) *February 17th.* This morning about 11.30-40 as D. and I. were walking,—speaking of matters in no way connected with M.,—I was so strongly impressed by the sense of her at that moment wanting me that I spoke of it to D., saying that if I did but know her address I would write to her. [She was then travelling abroad.]

February 19th. Letter from M. this morning, written on the 17th, begging me to send her news of myself at once, or if ill to get D. to do so.

Note added ten days later :—"M. says mine was one of several letters written on the 17th between 10 and lunch.

(51) *June 14th.* I was on my way to see L. this afternoon and wondering a little anxiously whether she would be at home. Looking up, I saw on the opposite side of the road, walking towards me, B., looking straight at me and laughing, but showing no consciousness of my presence. I stopped, thinking he would cross and would tell me if L. were at home, and so save me perhaps a useless walk, having probably come from her house. A carriage passed and when I looked across again there was no one visible. The road is quite straight and no one could have had time to get out of sight. When I reached L.'s house, the maid said at once, "They have all gone away to Mr. B.'s wedding." I had not heard of this.

* (52) *August 2nd.* Before going downstairs to breakfast and to receive my letters I note a dream, very trifling in its character, but which, having occurred twice, has impressed me strongly.

I was very sleepless and, as usual, a trifle started up to worry me, the fact that I owed Mrs. C. 2s. 6d. Every time I got in the least sleepy I woke up with the burden of my annoyance at having forgotten it. At last I got up, and, to comfort my conscience, took 2s. 6d. out of my purse and laid it on the table to remind me of my debt. I woke out of my first sleep with the vague sense of having done wrong, but remembering I had done all I could to repair it, went to sleep again and dreamt that a letter was in my hand from Mrs. C., and that I knew it was to tell me I did not owe her anything. When I woke it was light, and after reading for some time I went to sleep again and dreamt I opened Mrs. C.'s envelope and a postal order dropped out, and that I said to her maid, "So you see it was she who owed me money after all." It was very vivid.

10 o'clock. Mrs. C. writes to say, Will I make a further purchase for her, and encloses 5s. order which, with my 2s. 6d., will be right !

(53) *September 7th.* I expected N. to-day, but as she did not arrive by the train she mentioned I gave her up, and went for a walk. I was returning down a steep hill, when I saw [the figure of] N. at the bottom, moving, rather than walking, along the road which crossed my path at right angles [and at perhaps 40 yards distance]. I saw only the upper part of her figure, but that appeared with sufficient distinctness for me to notice that she wore a brown dress with a black cape, and black bonnet. I waved my handkerchief, but she disappeared. On reaching the bottom of the hill I found a hansom cab, in which N. was seated, waiting at the corner.

On reaching home I asked her at once to write down what had happened, and I quote from her account. "My immediate question as X. joined me in the cab was, How did you know I was in the hansom? You could not possibly have seen me through the window. The path which X. was descending was at right angles to the road, along which the cab was driving at a smart pace, and through the side-window I caught only a glimpse of a figure waving a handkerchief, which from the signal I guessed to be hers, and so stopped the cab. I was dressed in a dark brown dress, black bonnet, and black cape."

[I should add that the figure as I saw it was apparently much nearer to me than was her actual presence, also that though I saw her against a dark, moving background probably suggested by the hansom, a cab was a very frequent object on the road, which was that direct from the station.]

* (54) *October 14th.* S.T. constantly in my mind to-day. Spoke of it to D. Nothing to suggest this. Perhaps Mrs. T. is in the neighbourhood and is coming to see me.

October 15th. Letter from Mrs. T. written yesterday. We do not profess to correspond, but [she writes to tell me some good news of S.]

(55) *October 25th.* Went to a meeting. Asked N. to meet me there, but she wrote to say she should not have time. While the meeting was going on I saw her to our right, several rows in front, apparently standing between the seats, facing us and staring at me, but when I tried to catch her eye she showed no recognition, and when I pointed her out to the friend who was with me she could not see her. I afterwards found that she was sitting behind us and had come in late just before I saw her.

[The friend who was with me writes : "X. twice drew my attention to the place where N. *wasn't*; she was sitting by the door quite at the back, and we didn't see her till we went out, when we spoke of this to her." N. endorses this.]

The task of arranging this record of experiences brings to my view, even more forcibly than before, their evidential deficiency. For the most part, it may be said that the incidents which are well attested are trivial, and that those which in themselves look striking lack corroboration. This is almost inevitable in the case of one who has but lately interested herself in the observation of such phenomena in any but their personal relation, recording them only when they affected the interests of herself or of those around her. As, however, I cannot suppose them to be of rare occurrence, I shall feel that this paper has served its purpose if it should suggest to others to record, with more accuracy and continuity, phenomena of a similar kind. Lives more varied and eventful will no doubt afford experiences extending to a further horizon, and ranging over a wider field.