

REAL GHOST STORIES:

A Record of Authentic Apparitions.

BEING THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

"I merely mean to what Johnson said,
That, in the course of some six thousand years,
All nations have believed that from the dead
A visitant at intervals appears.

"And what is strangest upon this strange head
Is, that, whatever bar the reason rears
'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger still
In its behalf, let those deny who will."—BYRON.

Collated and Edited by W. T. STEAD.

LONDON: MOWBRAY HOUSE, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND, W.C.
NEW YORK: ASTOR PLACE.

[NOTE:—Annual Subscriptions do not include payment for this number.]

PRINTED AT THE
CARLYLE PRESS, LIMITED
CHARTERHOUSE SQUARE E.C.



From a crayon portrait by]

THE LATE EDMUND GURNEY,
Of the Psychical Research Society.

W. B. Richmond, R.A.

CAUTION TO THE READER.

Before reading the Contents of this Christmas Number,

PLEASE NOTE

1.—That the narratives printed in these pages had better not be read by any one of tender years, of morbid excitability, or of excessively nervous temperament.

2.—That the latest students of the subject concur in the solemn warning addressed in the Sacred Writings to those who have dealings with familiar spirits, or who expose themselves to the horrible consequences of possession.

3.—That as the latent possibilities of our complex personality are so imperfectly understood, all experimenting in hypnotism, spiritualism, etc., excepting in the most careful and reverent spirit, by the most level-headed persons, had much better be avoided.

THIS CAUTION is printed here at the suggestion of **Catholics, Theosophists, and Spiritualists**, who declare themselves to be profoundly convinced of its **necessity**.

A PREFATORY WORD.

MANY people will object—some have already objected—to the subject of this Christmas Number. It is an offence to some to take a ghost too seriously; with others it is a still greater offence not to take ghosts seriously enough. One set of objections can be paired off against the other; neither objection has very solid foundation. The time has surely come when the fair claim of ghosts to the impartial attention and careful observation of mankind should no longer be ignored. In earlier times people believed in them so much that they cut their acquaintance; in later times people believe in them so little that they will not even admit their existence. Thus these mysterious visitants have hitherto failed to enter into that friendly relation with mankind which many of them seem sincerely to desire. But what with the superstitious credulity of the one age and the equally superstitious unbelief of another, it is necessary to begin from the beginning and to convince a sceptical world that apparitions really appear. In order to do this it is necessary to insist that your ghost should no longer be ignored as a phenomenon of Nature. He has a right to be examined and observed, studied and defined, which is equal to that of any other natural phenomenon. It is true that he is a rather difficult phenomenon; his comings and goings are rather intermittent and fitful, his substance is too shadowy to be handled, and he has avoided hitherto equally the obtrusive inquisitiveness of the microscope and telescope. A phenomenon which you can neither handle nor weigh, analyse nor dissect, is naturally regarded as intractable and troublesome; nevertheless, however intractable and troublesome he may be to reduce to any of the existing scientific categories, we have no right to allow his idiosyncrasies to deprive him of his innate right to be regarded as a phenomenon. As such he will be treated in the following pages, with all the respect due to Phenomena whose reality is attested by a sufficient number of witnesses. There will be no attempt in this Christmas Number to build up a theory of apparitions, or to define the true inwardness of a ghost. There will be as many explanations as there are minds of the significance of the extraordinary narratives which I have collated from correspondence and from accessible records. Leaving it to my readers to discuss the rival hypotheses, I will stick to the humbler mission of recording facts, from which they can form their own judgment.

The ordinary temper of the ordinary man in dealing with ghosts is supremely unscientific, but it is less objectionable than that of the pseudo-scientist who some years ago found a courageous exponent in Mr. Grant Allen. I well remember chuckling when Mr. Morley printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette* an article protesting against the observation of the phenomena of ghosts. Mr. Grant Allen argued that mankind had grovelled for so many thousand years in ghostly superstitions as to render it almost impossible for us, with an inherited predisposition to believe in the supernatural, to bring to the examination of the subject a proper scientific mind. It was as if the ghost of Torquemada had revisited the glimpses of the moon clothed, in the garment of a modern biologist. The Inquisitor who forbade free inquiry into matters of religion because of human depravity, was the natural precursor of the Scientist who forbids the exercise of the reason on the subject of ghosts, on account of inherited tendencies to attribute such phenomena to causes outside the established order of nature. What difference there is is altogether in favour of the Inquisitor, who at least had what he regarded as a divinely constituted authority, competent and willing to pronounce final decision upon any subject that might trouble the human mind. Science has no such tribunal, and when she forbids others to observe and to reflect she is no better than a blind fetish.

There is more substance of the practical kind in the objection taken by some that this Christmas Number will scare a certain number of people out of their wits. No doubt that is a danger, but the danger has to be faced. We can no longer consent to the exclusion of an enormous field from human observation, because in its examination a few half-witted creatures may find themselves in the lunatic asylum. There is no doubt sufficient material in this Christmas Number to send some nervous, sensitive people half crazy with fright, but no one needs to read it unless they please. Those whose nerves cannot stand the strain of contemplating the possibility of seeing an apparition had better give this collection a wide berth. But I hold that its effect will be reassuring and calming. Eclipses in old days used to drive whole nations half mad with fright. To this day the black disc of the moon no sooner begins to eat into the shining surface of the sun than millions of savage men feel "creepy," and begin to tremble at the thought of the approaching end of the world. But in civilised lands even the most ignorant regard an eclipse with the most imperturbable composure. Eclipses are scientific phenomena observed and understood. It is our object to reduce ghosts to the same level, or rather to establish the claim of ghosts to be regarded as belonging as much to the order of Nature as the eclipse. At present they are disfranchised of their natural birthright, and those who treat them with this injustice need not wonder if they take their revenge in "creeps."

The third class of objection takes the ground that there is something irreligious and contrary to Christianity in the chronicling of such phenomena. It is fortunate that Mary Magdalene and the early disciples did not hold that

theory. So far from its being irreligious to ascertain facts, there is a subtle impiety in the refusal to face phenomena, whether natural or supernatural. Either these things exist or they do not. If they do not exist, then obviously there can be no harm in a searching examination of the delusion which possessed the mind of almost every worthy in the Old Testament, and which was constantly affirmed by the authors of the New. If, on the other hand, they do exist, and are perceptible under certain conditions to our senses, it will be difficult to affirm the impiety of endeavouring to ascertain what is their nature, and what light they are able to throw upon the kingdom of the Unseen. We have no right to shut our eyes to facts and close our ears to evidence merely because Moses forbade the Hebrews to allow witches to live, or because some of the phenomena carry with them suggestions that do not altogether harmonise with the conventional orthodox theories of future life. The whole question that lies at bottom is whether this world is divine or diabolic. Those who believe it divine are bound by that belief to regard every phenomenon as a window through which man may gain fresh glimpses of the wonder and the glory of the Infinite. In this region, as in all others, faith and fear go ill together.

"Yes, but *cui bono*?" the practical person will exclaim. "Granting all that you say, what is the good of it all? What is the good of wasting time upon these shadowy phantoms, which may or may not be hallucinations of an excited brain? What is the use of spending time and trouble over a set of phenomena which, even if they are proved to exist, prove nothing else? Ghosts pay no dividends, and what farther do you get if you prove the truth of every story which you are going to print?" Softly, softly, good sirs! Facts, and these apparently insignificant, are often relatively of the first importance. The removal of a tiny cogwheel will reduce the most elaborate machine to mere old iron. In the realm of Nature no fact is insignificant, and many of the greatest triumphs of science have been won in fields which had been abandoned as utterly useless.

An age whose scientists have discovered the secret of infection and of disease in the invisible combats of infinitesimal bacilli swarming in every drop of the human blood cannot possibly assume that any physical phenomenon can be ignored with impunity. Neither, may I add, can an age which has proved that the smallest molecule is in constant motion, if, indeed, it is not palpitating with life, and that every living thing swarms with myriads of creatures which were all invisible to our fathers' eyes, assume that the measureless expanse of the universe is unpeopled by existences which may be as real, although not so ponderable, as the phagocytes and microbes of the biologist.

I remember discussing this question long ago with Dean Church, who was altogether in favour of examining the subject. "Science," said he, "of late years has taught us that there is no waste product in nature. What we call waste is merely matter the secret of which we have not yet discovered. We have not learnt the secret of Nature far enough to know how to utilise the resources she places at our disposal, and to profit by her gifts. The phenomena of apparitions belong at present to this category of waste whose secret we have not yet mastered, and that secret may be the very key which we need to unlock the gate which now bars us from wide fields of knowledge."

But to assume that the phenomena, if proved to be true, are insignificant is to beg the question. It is impossible for any impartial man to read the narratives of which the present number is composed without feeling that we have at least one hint or suggestion of quite incalculable possibilities in telepathy or thought transference. If there be, as many of these stories seem to suggest, a latent capacity in the human mind to communicate with other minds entirely regardless of the conditions of time and space, it is undeniable that this would be a fact of the very first magnitude. It is quite possible that the telegraph may be to telepathy what the stage coach is to the steam engine. Neither can we afford to overlook the fact that these phenomena have in these latter days signally vindicated their power over the minds of men. Some of the acutest minds of our time have learned to recognise in them scientific demonstration of the existence of the fact that personal individuality survives death.

Apart from the direct converting value of the evidence of the supernatural—to use a term which is familiar, although very unscientific, for everything which exists in Nature is natural and not supernatural—can it be maintained that such glimpses into an unseen world are useless when they immensely extend the horizon of the imagination and increase the marvel of the world? When we hear some men in "their snail shells curled" snorting impatiently at the idea that there are any existences in the world which do not go on 'Change, and buy and sell in the market, we feel inclined to welcome even the most fantastic phantom from the other world as a welcome relief to break the sordid monotony of their material round.

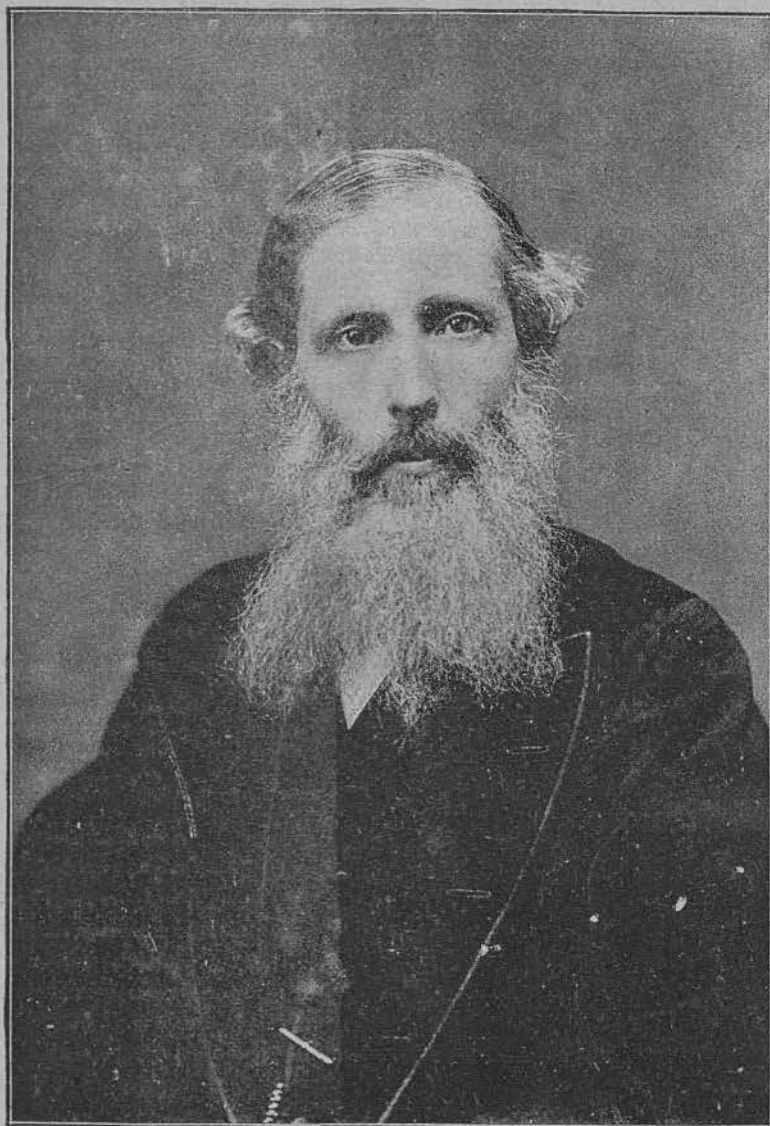
Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled on a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn:
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

But there is no need to be a pagan in order to repeople the world with the invisible denizens with which our forefathers peopled every hill and glade and flowery mead. No doubt there has been a great deal of superstition and nonsense talked about ghosts, and a clammy atmosphere of irrational terror has plagued the whole region in which these facts reside. But these are but lions in the road, which should not deter the resolute soul from its appointed path; and the appointed path of all mankind is to try all things, to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is.

good. The science of modern chemistry, with all its immense achievements, was at one time closed to mankind by the prejudice which was excited against the old alchemists, and the history of invention is largely composed of a struggle of each important new truth against the prejudice of those who believed that it was dangerous either to established religion or to vested interests. Already the investigation of these obscure fields of consciousness and sub-consciousness has yielded suggestions of immense importance, which will have a great influence in the fields of medicine and jurisprudence. If it can be proved that it is occasionally possible for persons at the uttermost ends of the world to communicate instantaneously with each other, and even in some cases to make a vivid picture of themselves stand before the eyes of those to whom they speak, no prejudice as to the unhealthy nature of the inquiry should be allowed to stand in the way of the examination of such a fact with a view to ascertaining whether or not this latent capacity of the human mind can be utilised for the benefit of mankind. Wild as this suggestion may seem to-day, it is less fantastic than our grandfathers a hundred years ago would have deemed a statement that at the end of the nineteenth century portraits would be taken by the sun, that audible conversation would be carried on instantaneously across a distance of a thousand miles, that a ray of light could be made the agent for transmitting the human voice across an abyss which no wire had ever spanned, and that by a simple mechanical arrangement, which a man can carry in his hand, it would be possible to reproduce the words, voice, and accent of the dead. The photograph, the telegraph, the telephone, and the phonograph were all more or less latent in what seemed to our ancestors the kite-flying folly of Benjamin Franklin. Who knows but that in Telepathy we may have the faint foreshadowing of another latent force, which may yet be destined to cast into the shade even the marvels of electrical science!

At the end of this century, as at the end of last, there seems to be a growing interest in all the occult phenomena to which this Number is devoted. It is in evidence on every hand. The topic is in the air, and will be discussed and is being discussed, whether we take notice of it or not. That it has its dangers those who have studied it most closely are most aware, but these dangers will exist in any case, and if those who ought to guide are silent these perils will be encountered without the safeguards which experience would dictate and prudence suggest. It seems to me that it would be difficult to do better service in this direction than to strengthen the hands of those who have for many years past been trying to rationalise the consideration of the Science of Ghosts.

It is idle to say that this should be left for experts. We live in a democratic age and we democratise everything. It is too late in the day to propose to place the whole of this department under the care of any Brahmin caste; the subject is one which every common man and woman can understand. It is one which comes home to every human being, for it adds a new interest to life, and vivifies the sombre but all-pervading problem of death.



From a photograph by]

[S. and A. Walker.

PROFESSOR HENRY SIDGWICK.

President of the Psychical Research Society.

REAL GHOST STORIES.

PART I.—THE GHOST THAT DWELLS IN EACH OF US.

REAL GHOST STORIES!—How can there be real ghost stories when there are no real ghosts?" But are there no real ghosts? You may not have seen one, but it does not follow that therefore they do not exist. How many of us have seen the microbe that kills? There are at least as many persons who testify they have seen apparitions as there are men of science who have examined the microbe. You and I, who have seen neither, must perforce take the testimony of others. The evidence for the microbe may be conclusive, the evidence as to apparitions may be worthless; but in both cases it is a case of testimony, not of personal experience.

The first thing to be done, therefore, is to collect testimony, and by way of generally widening the mind and shaking down the walls of prejudice which lead so many to refuse to admit the clearest possible evidence as to facts which have not occurred within their personal experience, I preface the report of my "Census of Hallucinations" by a preliminary chapter on the perplexing subject of "Personality." This is the question that lies at the root of all the controversy as to ghosts. Before disputing about whether or not there are ghosts outside of us, let us face the preliminary question, whether we have not each of us a veritable ghost within our own skin?

THE GHOST THAT DWELLS IN EACH OF US.

THRILLING as are some of the stories of the apparitions of the living and the dead, they are less sensational than the suggestion recently made by hypnotists and psychical researchers of England and France, that each of us has a ghost inside him. They say that we are all haunted by a Spiritual Presence, of whose existence we are only fitfully and sometimes never conscious, but which nevertheless inhabits the innermost recesses of our personality. The theory of these researchers is that besides the body and the mind, meaning by the mind the conscious personality, there is also within our material frame the soul or unconscious personality, the nature of which is shrouded in unfathomable mystery. The latest word of advanced science has thus landed us back to the apostolic assertion that man is composed of body, soul, and spirit; and there are some who see in the scientific doctrine of the unconscious personality a welcome confirmation from an unexpected quarter of the existence of the soul.

The fairy tales of science are innumerable, and, like the fairy tales of old romance, they are not lacking in the grim, the tragic, and even the horrible. Of recent years nothing has so fascinated the imagination even of the least imaginative of men as the theory of disease which transforms every drop of blood in our bodies into the lists in which phagocyte and microbe wage the mortal strife on which our health depends. Every white corpuscle that swims in our veins is now declared to be the armed Knight of Life for ever on the look-out for the Microbe fiend of death. Day and night, sleeping and waking, the white knights of life are constantly on the alert, for on their vigilance hangs our existence. Sometimes, however, the invading microbes come in, not in companies but in platoons, innumerable as Xerxes' Persians, and then "e'en Roderick's best are backward borne," and we die. For our life is the prize of the combat in these novel lists which science has revealed to our view through the microscope, and health is but the token of the triumphant victory of the Phagocyte over the Microbe.

But far more enthralling is the suggestion which psychical science has made as to the existence of a

combat not less grave in the very inmost centre of our own mental or spiritual existence. The strife between the infinitely minute bacilli that swarm in our blood has only the interest which attaches to the conflict of inarticulate and apparently unconscious animalculæ. But the strife to which recent researches into the nature and constitution of our mental processes call attention concerns our conscious selves. It suggests almost inconceivable possibilities as to our own nature, and leaves us appalled on the brink of a new world of being of which until recently most of us were unaware.

There are no papers of such absorbing interest in the whole of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" as those which deal with the question of the Personality of Man. "I," what am I? What is our Ego? Is this conscious personality which receives impressions through the five senses, and through them alone, is it the only dweller in this mortal tabernacle? May there not be other personalities, or at least one other that is not conscious, when we are awake, and alert, and about, but which comes into semi-consciousness when we sleep, and can be developed into complete consciousness when the other personality is thrown into a state of hypnotic trance? In other words, am I one personality or two? Is my nature dual? As I have two hemispheres in my brain, have I two minds or two souls?

The question will, no doubt, appear fantastic in its absurdity to those who hear it asked for the first time; but those who are at all familiar with the mysterious but undisputed phenomena of hypnotism will realise how naturally this question arises, and how difficult it is to answer it otherwise than in the affirmative. Every one knows Mr. Louis S. Jenson's wonderful story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The dual nature of man, the warfare between this body of sin and death, and the spiritual aspirations of the soul, forms part of the common stock of our orthodox belief. But the facts which recent researches have brought to light seem to point not to the old theological doctrine of the conflict between good and evil in one soul, but to the existence in each of us of at least two distinct selfs, two personalities, standing to

each other somewhat in the relation of man and wife, according to the old ideal when the man is everything and the woman is almost entirely suppressed.

Every one is familiar with the phenomenon of occasional loss of memory. Men are constantly losing consciousness, from disease, violence, or violent emotion, and emerging again into active life with a gap in their memory. Nay, every night we become unconscious in sleep, and rarely, if ever, remember anything that we think of during slumber. Sometimes in rare cases there is a distinct memory of all that passes in the sleeping and the waking states, and we have read of one young man whose sleeping consciousness was so continuous that he led to all intents and purposes two lives. When he slept he resumed his dream existence at the point when he waked, just as we resume our consciousness at the point when we fall asleep. It was just as real to him as the life which he lived when awake. It was actual, progressive, continuous, but entirely different, holding no relation whatever to his waking life. Of his two existences he preferred that which was spent in sleep, as more vivid, more varied, and more pleasurable. This was no doubt an extreme and very unusual case. But it is not impossible to conceive the possibility of a continuous series of connected dreams, which would result in giving us a realising sense of leading two existences. That we fail to realise this now is due to the fact that our memory is practically inert or non-existent during sleep. The part of our mind which dreams seldom registers its impressions in regions to which on waking our conscious personality has access.

The conception of a dual or even a multiple personality is worked out in a series of papers by Mr. F. W. H. Myers, to which I refer all those who wish to make a serious study of this novel and startling hypothesis. But I may at least attempt to explain the theory, and to give some outline of the evidence on which it is based.

If I were free to use the simplest illustration without any pretence at scientific exactitude, I should say that the new theory supposes that there are inside each of us not one personality but two, and that these two correspond to the husband and wife. There is the Conscious Personality, which stands for the husband. It is vigorous, alert, active, positive, monopolising all the means of communication and production. So intense is its consciousness that it ignores the very existence of its partner, excepting as a mere appendage and convenience to itself. Then there is the Unconscious Personality, which corresponds to the wife who keeps cupboard and storehouse, and the old stocking which treasures up the accumulated wealth of impressions acquired by the conscious personality, but who is never able to assert any right to anything, or to the use of sense or limb except when her lord and master is asleep or entranced. When the Conscious Personality has acquired any habit or faculty so completely that it becomes instinctive, it is handed on to the Unconscious Personality to keep and use, the conscious Ego giving it no longer any attention. Deprived, like the wife in countries where the subjection of woman is the universal law, of all right to an independent existence, or to the use of the senses, or of the limbs, the Unconscious Personality has discovered ways and means of communicating other than through the recognised organs of sense. How vast and powerful are those hidden organs of the Unconscious Personality we can only dimly see. It is through them that Divine revelation is vouchsafed to man. The visions of the mystic, the prophecies of the seer, the inspiration of the sibyl, all come through this

Unconscious Soul. It is through this dumb and suppressed Ego that we communicate by telepathy,—that thought is transferred without using the five senses. This under-soul is in touch with the over-soul, which, in Emerson's noble phrase, "abolishes time and space." "This influence of the senses has," he says, "in most men, overpowered their mind to that degree that the walls of time and space have come to look real and insurmountable; and to speak with levity of these limits is in the world the sign of insanity. Yet time and space are but inverse measures of the force of the soul." It is this unconscious personality which sees the *Strathmore* foundering in mid-ocean, which hears a whisper spoken hundreds of miles off upon the battlefield, and which witnesses, as if it happened before the eyes, a tragedy occurring at the Antipodes. In proportion as the active, domineering Conscious Personality extinguishes his submissive unconscious partner, materialism flourishes, and man becomes blind to the Divinity that underlies all things. Hence in all religions the first step is to silence the noisy, bustling master of our earthly tabernacle, who, having monopolised the five senses, will listen to no voice which it cannot hear, and to allow the silent mistress to be open-souled to God. Hence the stress which all spiritual religions have laid upon contemplation, upon prayer and fasting. Whether it is an Indian yogi, or a Trappist monk, or one of our own Quakers, it is all the same. In the words of the Revivalist hymn, "We must lay our deadly doing down," and in receptive silence wait for the inspiration from on high. The Conscious Personality has usurped the visible world; but the Invisible, with its immeasurable expanse, is the domain of the Sub-conscious. Hence we read in the Scriptures of losing life that we may find it; for things of time and sense are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

It is extraordinary how close is the analogy when we come to work it out. The impressions stored up by the Conscious Personality and entrusted to the care of the Unconscious are often, much to our disgust, not forthcoming when wanted. It is as if we had given a memorandum to our wife and we could not discover where she had put it. But night comes; our Conscious Self sleeps, our Unconscious housewife wakes, and turning over her stores produces the missing impression; and when our other self wakes it finds the mislaid memorandum, so to speak, ready to its hand. Sometimes, as in the case of somnambulism, the Sub-conscious Personality stealthily endeavours to use the body and limbs, from all direct control over which it is shut out as absolutely as the inmate of a Hindu zenana is forbidden to mount the charger of her warrior spouse. But it is only when the Conscious Personality is thrown into a state of hypnotic trance that the Unconscious Personality is emancipated from the marital despotism of her partner. Then for the first time she is allowed to help herself to the faculties and senses usually monopolised by the Conscious Self. But like the timid and submissive inmate of the zenana suddenly delivered from the thralldom of her life-long partner, she immediately falls under the control of another. The Conscious Personality of another person exercises over her the same supreme authority that her own Conscious Personality did formerly; just as some assert of women that if they were to receive the franchise they would become the mere tools of the priests. There is nothing of sex in the ordinary material sense about the two personalities. But their union is so close as to suggest that the intrusion of the hypnotist is equivalent to an intrigue with a married woman. The Sub-conscious Personality is no longer faithful exclusively to its natural partner; it is under the control

of the Conscious Personality of another; and in the latter case the dictator seems to be irresistibly over-riding for a time all the efforts of the Conscious Personality to recover its authority in its own domain.

What proof, it will be asked impatiently, is there for the splitting of our personality? The question is a just one, and I proceed to answer it.

There are often to be found in the records of lunatic asylums strange instances of a dual personality, in which there appear to be two minds in one body, as there are sometimes two yolks in one egg.

The French psychologists who write in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, furnish us from time to time with very extraordinary illustrations of the dual consciousness. Only last month M. Jules Janet records the following experiment which, although simplicity itself, gives us a very vivid glimpse of a most appalling complex problem:—

An hysterical subject with an insensitive limb is put to sleep, and is told, "After you wake you will raise your finger when you mean Yes, and you will put it down when you mean No, in answer to the questions which I shall ask you." The subject is then awakened, and M. Janet pricks the insensitive limb in several places. He asks, "Do you feel anything?" The conscious-awakened person replies with the lips, "No," but at the same time, in accordance with the signal that has been agreed upon during the state of hypnotisation, the finger is raised to signify "Yes." It has been found that the finger will even indicate exactly the number of times that the apparently insensitive limb has been wounded.

THE DOUBLE-SOULED IRISHMAN.

Dr. Robinson, of Lewisham, who has bestowed much attention on this subject, sends me the following delightful story about an Irishman who seems to have incarnated the Irish nationality in his own unhappy person:—

An old colleague of mine at the Darlington Hospital told me that he once had an Irish lunatic under his care who imagined that his body was the dwelling-place of two individuals, one of whom was a Catholic, with Nationalist—not to say Fenian—proclivities, and the other was a Protestant and an Orangeman. The host of these incompatibles said he made it a fixed rule that the Protestant should occupy the right side of his body and the Catholic the left, "so that he would not be annoyed with them quarrelling in his inside." The sympathies of the host were with the green and against the orange, and he tried to weaken the latter by starving him, and for months would only chew his food on the left side of his mouth. The lunatic was not very troublesome, as a rule, but the attendants generally had to straight-waistcoat him on certain critical days—such as St. Patrick's Day and the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne; because the Orange fist would punch the Fenian head unmercifully, and

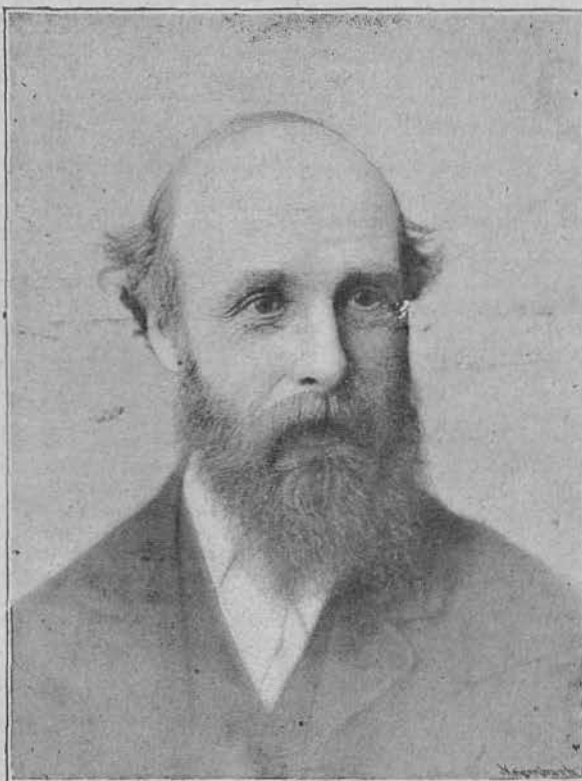
occasionally he and the Fenian leagued together against the Orangeman and banged him against the wall. This lunatic, when questioned, said he did his best to keep the peace between his troublesome guests, but that sometimes they got out of hand.

It is seldom that we come across so remarkable an instance of alternating consciousness as that of which Professor Barrett* gives particulars, relating to a vicar's son in the North of London. This young man, after a severe illness, seemed suddenly to cease to be one person and to become two. He led two alternating existences. In one he was natural, recognised his friends and relatives, and lived what we should regard as a normal existence. When in the other state, although to outward appearance the same, he was in mind altogether different. He did not know his parents, he had no memory of his past, he called himself by a different name, and, what is

still more remarkable, he developed musical talent, of which he had never before shown a trace. He was for all practical purposes two persons in one skin, and they alternated with each other until he died.

ANSEL BOURNE AND A. J. BROWN.

A similar case, although not so violent or chronic in its manifestation, is recorded in Vol. VII. (Part xix.) of the *Psychical Research Society's Proceedings*, as having occurred on



PROF. W. F. BARRETT
Of the Psychical Research Society.

* Here I may venture to explain to those who do not know who or what the Society for Psychical Research really is, that this excellent and useful association was founded in 1882 for the purpose of examining that large group of debateable phenomena designated as mesmeric, psychical, and spiritualistic. It had its birth in a conference convened by Professor Barrett, held in London January 6th, 1882. It has prosecuted its inquiries ever since into the following principal departments of work:—

1. An examination of the nature and extent of any influence which may be exerted by one mind upon another, otherwise than through the recognised sensory channels.
2. The study of hypnotism and mesmerism; and an inquiry into the alleged phenomena of clairvoyance.
3. An inquiry as to the existence of relations, hitherto unrecognised by science, between living organisms and magnetic and electric forces, and also between living and inanimate bodies.
4. A careful investigation of any reports, resting on strong testimony, of apparitions occurring at the moment of death or otherwise, and of disturbances in houses reputed to be haunted.
5. An inquiry into various alleged physical phenomena commonly called "spiritualistic."
6. The collection and collation of existing materials bearing on the history of these subjects.

Its President is Professor Henry Sidgwick, Trinity College, Cambridge; its Hon. Secretaries, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Leckhampton House, Cambridge, and Mr. Frank Podmore, 32 Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W. Its offices are 19, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

Rhode Island about four years ago. An excellent citizen, and a very religious lay preacher, of the name of Ansel Bourne, was the subject :—

On January 17th, 1887, he went from his home in Coventry, R.I., to Providence, in order to get money to pay for a farm which he had arranged to buy, leaving his horse at Greene Station, in a stable, expecting to return the same afternoon from the city. He drew out of bank 551 dols., and paid several small bills, after which he went to his nephew's store, 121, Broad Street, and then started to go to his sister's house on Westminster Street. This was the last that was known of his doings at that time. He did not appear at his sister's house, and did not return to Greene.

Nothing was heard of him until March the 14th, when a telegram came from a doctor in Norristown, Philadelphia, stating that he had just been discovered there. He was entirely unconscious of having been absent from home, or of the lapse of time between January 17th and March 14th. He was brought home by his relatives, who by diligent inquiry were able to make out that Mr. Ansel Bourne, five weeks after leaving Rhode Island, opened a shop in Norristown, and stocked it with toys and confectionery, which he purchased in Philadelphia. He called himself A. J. Brown, and lived and did business, and went to meeting, like any ordinary mortal, giving no one any suspicion that he was any other than A. J. Brown.

On the morning of Monday, March 14th, about five o'clock, he heard, he says, an explosion like the report of a gun or a pistol, and, waking, he noticed that there was a ridge in his bed not like the bed he had been accustomed to sleep in. He noticed the electric light opposite his windows. He rose and pulled away the curtains and looked out on the street. He felt very weak, and thought that he had been drugged. His next sensation was that of fear, knowing that he was in a place where he had no business to be. He feared arrest as a burglar, or possibly injury. He says this is the only time in his life he ever feared a policeman.

The last thing he could remember before waking was seeing the Adams express waggons at the corner of Dorrance and Broad Streets, in Providence, on his way from the store of his nephew in Broad Street to his sister's residence in Westminster Street, on January 17th.

The memory of Ansel Bourne retained absolutely nothing of the doings of A. J. Brown, whose life he had lived for nearly two months. Last year Professor William James hypnotised him, and no sooner was he put into the trance and was told to remember what happened January 17th, 1887, than he became A. J. Brown again, and gave a clear and connected narrative of all his doings in the Brown state. He did not remember ever having met Ansel Bourne. Everything, however, in his past life, he said, was "mixed up." He only remembered that he was confused, wanted to get somewhere and have rest. He did not remember how he left Norristown. His mind was confused, and since then it was a blank. He had no memory whatever of his name or of his second marriage and the place of his birth. He remembered, however, the date of his birth, and of his first wife's death, and his trade. But between January 17th, 1887, and March 14th he was not himself but another, and that other one Albert J. Brown, who ceased to exist consciously on March 14th, but who promptly returned four years afterwards, when Ansel Bourne was hypnotised, and showed that he remembered perfectly all that happened to him between these two dates. The confusion of his two memories in his earlier life is puzzling, but it in no way impairs the value of this illustration of the existence of two independent memories—two selfs, so to speak, within a single seer, skin.

The phenomenon is not uncommon, especially with 'optic patients. Every mad-doctor knows cases in

which there are what may be described as alternating consciousnesses with alternating memories. But the experiments of the French hypnotists carry us much further. In their hands this Sub-conscious Personality is capable of development, of tuition, and of emancipation. In this little suspected region lies a great resource. For when the Conscious Personality is hopeless, diseased, or demoralised the Unconscious Personality can be employed to renovate and restore the patient, and then when its work is done it can become unconscious once more and practically cease to exist.

LOUIS V.—AND HIS TWO SOULS.

There is at present a patient in France whose case is so extraordinary that I cannot do better than transcribe the report of it here, especially because it tends to show not only that we have two personalities, but that each may use by preference a separate lobe of the brain. The Conscious Personality occupies the left and controls the right hand, the Unconscious the right side of the head and controls the left hand. It also brings to light a very curious not to say appalling fact, viz. the immense moral difference there may be between the conscious and the unconscious personalities. In the American case Bourne was a character practically identical with Brown. In this French case the character of each self is entirely different. What makes the case still more interesting is that, besides the two personalities which we all seem to possess, this patient had an arrested personality, which was only fourteen years old when the age of his body was over forty. Here is the story, however, make of it what you will.

Louis V.—began life (in 1863) as the neglected child of a turbulent mother. He was sent to a reformatory at ten years of age, and there showed himself, as he has always done when his organisation had given him a chance, quiet, well-behaved, and obedient. Then at fourteen years old he had a great fright from a viper—a fright which threw him off his balance and started the series of psychical oscillations on which he has been tossed ever since. At first the symptoms were only physical, epilepsy and hysterical paralysis of the legs; and at the asylum of Bonneval, whither he was next sent, he worked at tailoring steadily for a couple of months. Then suddenly he had a hystero-epileptic attack—fifty hours of convulsions and ecstasy—and when he awoke from it he was no longer paralysed, no longer acquainted with tailoring, and no longer virtuous. His memory was set back, so to say, to the moment of the viper's appearance, and he could remember nothing since. His character had become violent, greedy, quarrelsome, and his tastes were radically changed. For instance, though he had before the attack been a total abstainer, he now not only drank his own wine, but stole the wine of the other patients. He escaped from Bonneval, and after a few turbulent years, tracked by his occasional relapses into hospital or madhouse, he turned up once more at the Rochefort asylum in the character of a private of marines, convicted of theft, but considered to be of unsound mind. And at Rochefort and La Rochelle, by great good fortune, he fell into the hands of three physicians—Professors Bourru and Burot, and Dr. Mabillet—able and willing to continue and extend the observations which Dr. Camuset at Bonneval, and Dr. Jules Voisin at Bicêtre, had already made on this most precious of *mauvais sujets* at earlier points in his chequered career.

He is now no longer at Rochefort, and Dr. Burot informs me that his health has much improved, and that his peculiarities have in great part disappeared. I must however, for clearness sake, use the present tense in briefly describing his condition at the time when the long series of experiments were made.

The state into which he has gravitated is a very unpleasant one. There is paralysis and insensibility of the right side, and, as is often the case in right hemiplegia, the speech is indistinct and difficult. Nevertheless he is constantly

haranguing any one who will listen to him, abusing his physicians, or preaching—with a monkey-like impudence rather than with reasoned clearness—radicalism in politics and atheism in religion. He makes bad jokes, and if any one pleases him he endeavours to caress him. He remembers recent events during his residence at Rochefort asylum, but only two scraps of his life before that date, namely, his vicious period at Bonneval and a part of his stay at Bicêtre.

Except this strange fragmentary memory, there is nothing very unusual in this condition, and in many asylums no experiments on it would have been attempted. Fortunately the physicians at Rochefort were familiar with the efficacy of the contact of metals in provoking transfer of hysterical hemiplegia from one side to the other. They tried various metals in turn on Louis V——. Lead, silver, and zinc had no effect. Copper produced a slight return of sensibility in the paralysed arm, but steel applied to the right arm transferred the whole insensibility to the left side of the body.

Inexplicable as such a phenomenon is, it is sufficiently common, as French physicians hold, in hysterical cases to excite little surprise. What puzzled the doctors was the change of character which accompanied the change of sensibility. When Louis V—— issued from the crisis of transfer, with its minute of anxious expression and panting breath, he might fairly be called a new man. The restless insolence, the savage impulsiveness, have wholly disappeared. The patient is now gentle, respectful, and modest, can speak clearly now, but he only speaks when he is spoken to. If he is asked his views on religion and politics he prefers to leave such matters to wiser heads than his own. It might seem that morally and mentally the patient's cure had been complete.

But now ask what he thinks of Rochefort; how he liked his regiment of marines. He will blankly answer that he knows nothing of Rochefort, and was never a soldier in his life. "Where are you then, and what is the date of to-day?" "I am at Bicêtre; it is January 2nd, 1884, and I hope to see M. Voisin, as I did yesterday."

It is found, in fact, that he has now the memory of two short periods of life (different from those which he remembers when his right side is paralysed), periods during which, so far as now can be ascertained, his character was of this same decorous type and his paralysis was on his left side.

These two conditions are what are called his first and his second, out of a series of six or more through which he can be made to pass. For brevity's sake I will further describe his fifth state only.

If he is placed in an electric bath, or if a magnet is placed on his head, it looks at first sight as though a complete physical cure had been effected. All paralysis, all defect of sensibility, has disappeared. His movements are light and active, his expression gentle and timid, but ask him where he is and you will find that he has gone back to a boy of fourteen, that he is at St. Urbain, his first reformatory, and that his memory embraces his years of childhood, and stops short on the very day on which he had the fright from the viper. If he is pressed to recollect the incident of the viper a violent epileptiform crisis puts a sudden end to this phase of his personality. (Vol. iv. pp. 497, 498, 499, "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.")

This carries us a good deal further. Here we have not only two distinct personalities, but two distinct characters, if not three, in one body. According to the side which is paralysed, the man is a savage reprobate or a decent modest citizen. The man seems born again when the steel touches his right side. Yet all that has happened has been that the Sub-conscious Personality has superseded his Conscious Personality in the control of Louis V——.

LUCIE AND ADRIENNE.

The next case, although not marked by the same violent contrast, is quite as remarkable, because it illustrates the extent to which the Sub-conscious self can be utilised in curing the Conscious Personality.

The subject was a girl of nineteen, called Lucie, who was highly hysterical, having daily attacks of several hours' duration. She was also devoid of the sense of pain or the sense of contact, so that she "lost her legs in bed," as she put it.

On her fifth hypnotisation, however, Lucie underwent a kind of catalepsy, after which she returned to the somnambulant state; but that state was deeper than before. She no longer made any sign whether of assent or refusal when she received the hypnotic commands, but she executed them infallibly, whether they were to take effect immediately, or after waking.

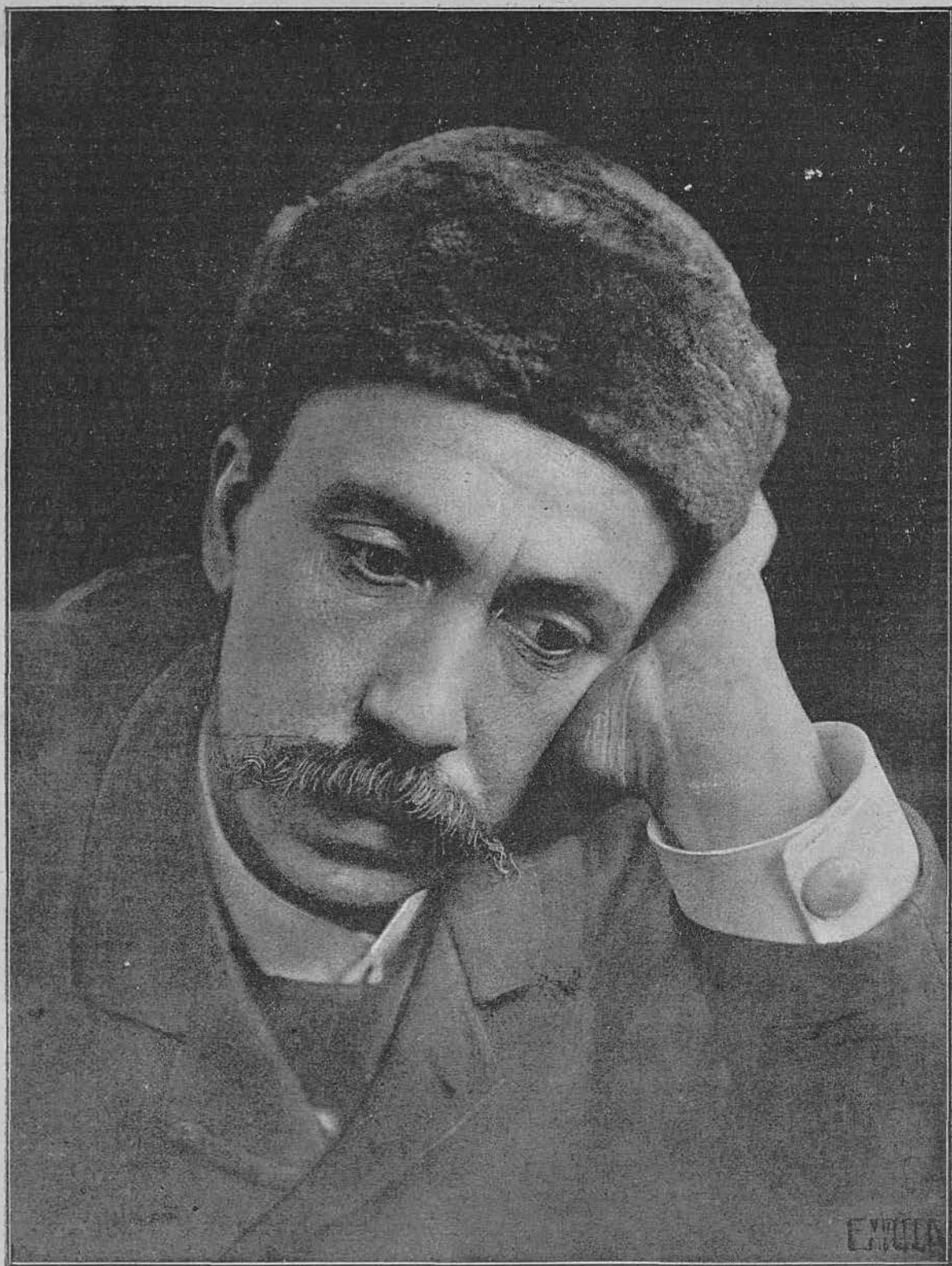
In Lucie's case this went further, and the suggested actions became absolutely a portion of the trance-life. She executed them without apparently knowing what she was doing. If, for instance, in her waking state she was told (in the tone which in her hypnotic state signified command) to get up and walk about, she walked about, but to judge from her conversation she supposed herself to be still sitting quiet. She would weep violently when commanded, but while she wept she continued to talk as gaily and unconcernedly as if the tears had been turned on by a stop-cock.

Any suggestion uttered by M. Janet in a brusque tone of command reached the unconscious self alone; and other remarks reached the subject—awake or somnambulant—in the ordinary way. The next step was to test the intelligence of this hidden "slave of the lamp," if I may so term it,—this sub-conscious and indifferent executor of all that was bidden. How far was its attention alert? How far was it capable of reasoning and judgment? M. Janet began with a simple experiment. "When I shall have clapped my hands together twelve times," he said to the entranced subject before awakening her, "you will go to sleep again." There was no sign that the sleeper understood or heard; and when she was awakened the events of the trance was a blank to her as usual. She began talking to other persons. M. Janet, at some little distance, clapped his hands feebly together five times. Seeing that she did not seem to be attending to him, he went up to her and said, "Did you hear what I did just now?" "No, what?" "Do you hear this?" and he clapped his hands once more. "Yes, you clapped your hands." "How often?" "Once." M. Janet again withdrew and clapped his hands six times gently, with pauses between the claps. Lucie paid no apparent attention, but when the sixth clap of this second series—making the twelfth altogether—was reached, she fell instantly into the trance again. It seemed, then, that the "slave of the lamp" had counted the claps through all, and had obeyed the order much as a clock strikes after a certain number of swings of the pendulum, however often you stop it between hour and hour.

Thus far, the knowledge gained as to the unconscious element in Lucie was not direct but inferential. The nature of the command which it could execute showed it to be capable of attention and memory; but there was no way of learning its own conception of itself, if such existed, or of determining its relation to other phenomena of Lucie's trance. And here it was that automatic writing was successfully invoked; here we have, as I may say, the first fruits in France of the new attention directed to this seldom-trodden field. M. Janet began by the following simple command. "When I clap my hands you will write *Bonjour*." This was done in the usual scrawling script of automatism, and Lucie, though fully awake, was not aware that she had written anything at all.

M. Janet simply ordered the entranced girl to write answers to all questions of his after her waking. The command thus given had a persistent effect, and while the awakened Lucie continued to chatter as usual with other persons, her unconscious self wrote brief and scrawling responses to M. Janet's questions. This was the moment at which in many cases a new and invading separate personality is assumed.

A singular conversation gave to this limited creation, this statutory intelligence, an identity sufficient for practical convenience. "Do you hear me?" asked Professor Janet.



From a photograph by Mrs. Myers.]

PROFESSOR CHARLES RICHETT.

Answer (by writing), "No." "But in order to answer one must hear." "Certainly." "Then how do you manage?" "I don't know." "There must be somebody that hears me." "Yes." "Who is it?" "Not Lucie." "O, some one else? Shall we call her Blanche?" "Yes, Blanche." Blanche, however had to be changed. Another name had to be chosen. "What name will you have?" "No name." "You must, it will be more convenient." "Well, then, Adrienne." Never, perhaps, has a personality had less spontaneity about it.

Yet Adrienne was in some respects deeper down than Lucie. She could get at the genesis of certain psychical manifestations of which Lucie experienced only the results. A striking instance of this was afforded by the phenomena of the hystero-epileptic attacks to which this patient was subject.

Lucie's special terror, which recurred in wild exclamation in her hysterical fits, was in some way connected with hidden men. She could not, however, recollect the incident to which her cries referred; she only knew that she had had a severe fright at seven years old, and an illness in consequence. Now, during these "crises" Lucie (except, presumably, in the periods of unconsciousness which form a pretty constant element in such attacks) could hear what Prof. Janet said to her. Adrienne, on the contrary, was hard to get at; could no longer obey orders, and if she wrote, wrote only "J'ai peur, j'ai peur."

M. Janet, however, waited until the attack was over, and then questioned Adrienne as to the true meaning of the agitated scene. Adrienne was able to describe to him the terrifying incident in her childish life which had originated the confused hallucinations which recurred during the attack. She could not explain the recrudescence of the hallucinations; but she knew what Lucie saw, and why she saw it; nay, indeed, it was Adrienne, rather than Lucie, to whom the hallucination was directly visible.

Lucie, it will be remembered, was a hysterical patient very seriously amiss. One conspicuous symptom was an almost absolute defect of sensibility, whether to pain, to heat, or to contact, which persisted both when she was awake and entranced. There was, as already mentioned, an entire defect of the muscular sense also, so that when her eyes were shut she did not know the position of her limbs. Nevertheless it was remarked as an anomaly that when she was thrown into a cataleptic state, not only did the movements impressed upon her continue to be made, but the corresponding or complementary movements, the corresponding facial expression, followed just as they usually follow in such experiments. Thus, if M. Janet clenched her fist in the cataleptic state, her arm began to deal blows, and her face assumed a look of anger. The suggestion which was given through the so-called muscular sense had operated in a subject to whom the muscular sense, as tested in other ways, seemed to be wholly lacking. As soon as Adrienne could be communicated with, it was possible to get somewhat nearer to a solution of this puzzle. Lucie was thrown into catalepsy; then M. Janet clenched her left hand (she began at once to strike out), put a pencil in her right, and said, "Adrienne, what are you doing?" The left hand continued to strike, and the face to bear the look of rage, while the right hand wrote, "I am furious." "With whom?" "With F." "Why?" "I don't know, but I am very angry." M. Janet then unclenched the subject's left hand, and put it gently to her lips. It began to "blow kisses," and the face smiled. "Adrienne, are you still angry?" "No, that's over." "And now?" "Oh, I am happy!" "And Lucie?" "She knows nothing; she is asleep."

In Lucie's case, indeed, these odd manifestations were—as the pure experimentalist might say—only too sanative, only too rapidly tending to normality. M. Janet accompanied his psychological inquiries with therapeutic suggestion, telling Adrienne not only to go to sleep when he clapped his hands, or to answer his questions in writing, but to cease having headaches, to cease having convulsive attacks, to recover normal sensibility, and so on. Adrienne obeyed, and even as she obeyed the rational command, her

own Undine-like identity vanished away. The day came when M. Janet called on Adrienne, and Lucie laughed and asked him who he was talking to. Lucie was now a healthy young woman, but Adrienne, who had risen out of the unconscious, had sunk into the unconscious again—must I say?—for evermore.

Few lives so brief have taught so many lessons. For us who are busied with automatic writing the lesson is clear. We have here demonstrably what we can find in other cases only inferentially, an intelligence manifesting itself continuously by written answers, of purport quite outside the normal subject's conscious mind, while yet that intelligence was but a part, a fraction, an aspect, of the normal subject's own identity.

And we must remember that Adrienne—while she was, if I may say so, the unconscious self reduced to its simplest expression—did, nevertheless, manifest certain differences from Lucie, which, if slightly exaggerated, might have been very perplexing. Her handwriting was slightly different, though only in the loose and scrawling character so frequent in automatic script. Again, Adrienne remembered certain incidents in Lucie's childhood which Lucie had wholly forgotten. Once more—and this last suggestion points to positive rather than to negative conclusions—Adrienne possessed a faculty, the muscular sense, of which Lucie was devoid. I am anxious that this point especially should be firmly grasped, for I wish the reader's mind to be perfectly open as regards the relative faculties of the conscious and the unconscious self. It is plain that we must be on the watch for completion, for evolution, as well as for partition, for dissolution, of the corporate being.

FÉLIDA X. AND HER SUMMERED SOUL.

Side by side with this case we have another in which the Conscious Personality, instead of being cured, has been superseded by the Sub-conscious. It was as if instead of "Adrienne" being submerged by Lucie, "Adrienne" became Lucie and dethroned her former master. The woman in question, Férida X., has been transformed.

In her case the somnambulant life has become the normal life; the "second state," which appeared at first only in short, dream-like accesses, has gradually replaced the "first state," which now recurs but for a few hours at long intervals. Férida's second state is altogether superior to the first—physically superior, since the nervous pains which had troubled her from childhood had disappeared; and morally superior, inasmuch as her morose, self-centred disposition is exchanged for a cheerful activity which enables her to attend to her children and to her shop much more effectively than when she was in the *état bête*, as she now calls what was once the only personality that she knew. In this case, then, which is now of nearly thirty years' standing, the spontaneous readjustment of nervous activities—the second state, no memory of which remains in the *first state*—has resulted in an improvement profounder than could have been anticipated from any moral or medical treatment that we know. The case shows us how often the word "normal" means nothing more than "what happens to exist." For Férida's normal state was in fact her morbid state; and the new condition which seemed at first a mere hysterical abnormality, has brought her to a life of bodily and mental sanity, which makes her fully the equal of average women of her class. (Vol. iv. p. 503.)

MADAME B. AND HER THREE SOULS.

Marvellous as these cases appear, they are shown entirely into the shade by the case of Madame B., in which the two personalities not only exist side by side, but in the case of the sub-conscious self knowingly co-exist, while over or beneath both there is a third personality which is aware of both the other two, and apparently superior to both. The possibilities which this case opens up are bewildering indeed. But it is better to state the case first and discuss it afterwards. Madame B., who is still under Prof. Richet's observation, is one of the favourite subjects of the French hypnotiser. She can be put to



From the original photograph by Mrs. Myers.]

LÉONIE I.



From the original photograph by Mrs. Myers.]

LÉONIE II.

sleep at almost any distance, and when hypnotised completely changes her character. There are two well-defined personalities in her, and a third of a more mysterious nature than either of the two first. The normal waking state of the woman is called *Léonie I.*, the hypnotic state *Léonie II.* The third occult unconscious personality of the lowest depth is called *Léonie III.*

"This poor peasant," says Professor Janet, "is in her normal state a serious and somewhat melancholy woman, calm and slow, very gentle and extremely timid. No one would suspect the existence of the person whom she includes within her. Hardly is she entranced when she is metamorphosed; her face is no longer the same; her eyes, indeed, remain closed, but the acuteness of the other senses compensates for the loss of sight. She becomes gay, noisy, and restless to an insupportable degree; she continues good-natured, but she has acquired a singular tendency to irony and bitter jests. . . . In this state she does not recognise her identity with her waking self. That good woman is not I," she says; "she is too stupid!"

Madame B. has been so often hypnotised, and during so many years (for she was hypnotised by other physicians as long ago as 1860), that *Léonie II.* has by this time acquired a considerable stock of memories which Madame B. does not share. *Léonie II.*, therefore, counts as properly belonging to her own history and not to Madame B.'s all the events which have taken place while Madame B.'s normal self was hypnotised into unconsciousness. It was not always easy at first to understand this partition of past experiences.

"Madame B. in the normal state," says Professor Janet, "has a husband and children. *Léonie II.*, speaking in the somnambulistic trance, attributes the husband to the 'other' (Madame B.), but attributes the children to herself. . . . At last I learnt that her former mesmerisers, as bold in their practice as certain hypnotisers of to-day, had induced somnambulism at the time of her accouchements. *Léonie II.*, therefore, was quite right in attributing the children to herself; the rule of partition was unbroken, and the somnambulism was characterised by a duplication of the subject's existence" (p. 391).

Still more extraordinary are *Léonie II.*'s attempts to make use of *Léonie I.*'s limbs without her knowledge or against her will. She will write postscripts to *Léonie I.*'s letters, of the nature of which poor *Léonie I.* is unconscious.

It seems, however, that when once set up this new personality can occasionally assume the initiative, and can say what it wants to say without any prompting. This is curiously illustrated by what may be termed a conjoint epistle addressed to Professor Janet by Madame B. and her secondary self, *Léonie II.* "She had left Havre more than two months when I received from her a very curious letter. On the first page was a short note written in a serious and respectful style. She was unwell, she said—worse on some days than on others—and she signed her true name, Madame B. But over the page began another letter in quite a different style, and which I may quote as a curiosity:—'My dear good sir,—I must tell you that B. really makes me suffer very much; she cannot sleep, she spits blood, she hurts me. I am going to demolish her, she bores me. I am ill also. This is from your devoted Leontine' (the name first given to *Léonie II.*). When Madame B. returned to Havre I naturally questioned her concerning this curious missive. She remembered the first letter very distinctly, but she had not the slightest recollection of the second. I at first thought there must have been an attack of spontaneous somnambulism between the moment when she finished the first letter and the moment when she closed the envelope. But afterwards these unconscious spontaneous letters became common, and I was better able to study the mode of their production. I was fortunately able to watch Madame B. on one occasion while she went through this curious performance. She was seated at a table, and held in the left hand the piece of knitting at which she had been

working. Her face was calm, her eyes looked into space with a certain fixity, but she was not cataleptic, for she was humming a rustic tune; her right hand wrote quickly, and, as it were, surreptitiously. I removed the paper without her noticing me, and then spoke to her; she turned round wide-awake but was surprised to see me, for in her state of distraction she had not noticed my approach. Of the letter which she was writing she knew nothing whatever.

Léonie II.'s independent action is not entirely confined to writing letters. She observed (apparently) that when her primary self, *Léonie I.*, discovered these letters she (*Léonie I.*) tore them up. So *Léonie II.* hit upon a plan of placing them in a photographic album into which *Léonie I.* could not look without falling into catalepsy (on account of an association of ideas with Dr. Gibert, whose portrait had been in the album). In order to accomplish an act like this *Léonie II.* has to wait for a moment when *Léonie I.* is distracted, or, as we say, absent-minded. If she can catch her in this state *Léonie II.* can direct *Léonie I.*'s walks, for instance, or start on a long railway journey without baggage, in order to get to Havre as quickly as possible.

In the whole realm of imaginative literature, is there anything to compare to this actual fact of three selves in one body, each struggling to get possession of it? *Léonie I.*, or the Conscious Personality, is in possession normally, but is constantly being ousted by *Léonie II.*, or the Sub-conscious Personality. It is the old, old case of the wife trying to wear the breeches. But there is a fresh terror beyond. For behind both *Léonie I.* and *Léonie II.* stands the mysterious *Léonie III.*

"The spontaneous acts of the unconscious self," says M. Janet, here meaning by *l'inconscient* the entity to which he has given the name of *Léonie III.*, "may also assume a very reasonable form—a form which, were it better understood, might perhaps serve to explain certain cases of insanity. Mme. B., during her somnambulism (*i.e.* *Léonie II.*), had had a sort of hysterical crisis; she was restless and noisy and I could not quiet her. Suddenly she stopped and said to me with terror. 'Oh, who is talking to me like that? It frightens me.' 'No one is talking to you.' 'Yes! there on the left!' And she got up and tried to open a wardrobe on her left hand, to see if some one was hidden there. 'What is that you hear?' I asked. 'I hear on the left a voice which repeats, 'Enough, enough, be quiet, you are a nuisance.' Assuredly the voice which thus spoke was a reasonable one, for *Léonie II.* was insupportable; but I had suggested nothing of the kind, and had no idea of inspiring a hallucination of hearing. Another day *Léonie II.* was quite calm, but obstinately refused to answer a question which I asked. Again she heard with terror the same voice to the left, saying, 'Come, be sensible, you must answer.' Thus the unconscious sometimes gave her excellent advice."

And in effect, as soon as *Léonie III.* was summoned into communication, she accepted the responsibility of this counsel. "What was it that happened?" asked M. Janet, "when *Léonie II.* was so frightened?" "Oh! nothing. It was I who told her to keep quiet; I saw she was annoying you; I don't know why she was so frightened."

Note the significance of this incident. Here we have got at the root of a hallucination. We have not merely inferential but direct evidence that the imaginary voice which terrified *Léonie II.* proceeded from a profounder stratum of consciousness in the same individual. In what way, by the aid of what nervous mechanism, was the startling monition conveyed?

Just as Mme. B. was sent, by means of passes, into a state of lethargy, from which she emerged as *Léonie II.*, so *Léonie II.*, in her turn, was reduced by renewed passes to a state of lethargy from which she emerged no longer as *Léonie II.* but as *Léonie III.* This second waking is slow and gradual, but the personality which emerges is, in one important point, superior to either *Léonie I.* or *Léonie II.* Although one among the subject's phases, this phase possesses the memory of every phase. *Léonie III.*, like *Léonie II.*, knows the normal life of

Léonie I., but distinguishes herself from Léonie I., in whom, it must be said, these subjacent personalities appear to take little interest. But Léonie III. also remembers the life of Léonie II.—condemns her as noisy and frivolous, and is anxious not to be confounded with her either. “Vous voyez bien que je ne suis pas cette bavarde, cette folle; nous ne nous ressemblons pas du tout.”

We ask, in amazement, how many more personalities may there not be hidden in the human frame? Here is simple Madame B., who is not one person but three—first her commonplace self; secondly, the clever, chattering Léonie II., who is bored by B., and who therefore wants to demolish her; and thirdly, the lordly Léonie III., who issues commands that strike terror into Léonie II., and disdains to be identified with either of the partners in Madame B.'s body.

It is evident, if the hypnotists are right, that the human body is more like a tenement house than a single cell; and that the inmates love each other no more than the ordinary occupants of tenemented property. But how many are there of us within each skin who can say?

SOME SUGGESTED THEORIES.

Of theories to account for these strange phenomena there are enough and to spare. I do not for a moment venture to claim for the man-and-wife illustration the slightest scientific value. It is only a figure of speech which brings out very clearly one aspect of the problem of personality. The theory that there are two independent personalities within the human skin is condemned by all orthodox psychologists. There is one personality manifesting itself, usually consciously, but occasionally unconsciously, and the different method of manifestation differs so widely as to give the impression that there could not be the same personality behind both. A man who is ambidextrous will sign his name differently with his right or left hand, but it is the same signature. Mr. Myers thinks that the Secondary Personality or Subliminal Consciousness is merely a phase of the essential Unity of the Ego. Some time ago he expressed himself on this subject as follows:—

I hold that hypnotism (itself a word covering a vast variety of different states) may be regarded as constituting one special case which falls under a far wider category—the category, namely, of developments of a secondary personality. I hold that we each of us contain the potentialities of many different arrangements of the elements of our personality, each arrangement being distinguishable from the rest by differences in the chain of memories which pertain to it. The arrangement with which we habitually identify ourselves—what we call the normal or primary self—consists, in my view, of elements selected for us in the struggle for existence with special reference to the maintenance of ordinary physical needs, and is not necessarily superior in any other respect to the latent personalities which lie alongside of it—the fresh combinations of our personal elements which may be evoked by accident or design, in a variety to which we at present can assign no limit. I consider that dreams, with natural somnambulism, automatic writing, with so-called mediumistic trance, as well as certain intoxications, epilepsies, hysterias, and recurrent insanities, afford examples of the development of

what I have called secondary mnemonic chains; fresh personalities, more or less complete, alongside the normal state. And I would add that hypnotism is only the name given to a group of empirical methods of inducing these fresh personalities.

A doctor in philosophy, to whom I submitted these pages, writes me as follows:—“There can be no doubt that every man lives a sub-conscious as well as a conscious life. One side of him is closed against examination by himself (i.e. unconscious); the other is conscious of itself. The former carries on processes of separation, combination, and distribution of the thought-stuff handed over to it, corresponding almost exactly to the processes carried on by the stomach, which, as compared with those of eating, etc., go on in the dark automatically. But you might as well ascribe the aches and revolutions of the stomach to a second stomach, as ordinarily these sub-conscious, mental processes to an old female inside Lindfolded except occasionally, or here and there a queer sleep-walker.”

Another doctor, not of philosophy but of medicine, who has devoted special attention to the phenomenon of sleep, suggests a new illustration which is graphic and suggestive. He writes:—

With regard to dual or multiple consciousness, my own feeling has always been that the *individuals* stand one behind the other in the chambers of the mind, or else, as it were, in concentric circles. You may compare it to the Jewish tabernacle. First, there is the court of the Gentiles, where Ego No. 1 chaffers about trifles with the outer world. While he is so doing Ego No. 2 watches him from the court of the Levites, but does not go forth on small occasions. When we “open out” to a friend the Levite comes forth, and is in turn watched by the priest from the inner court. Let our emotions be stirred in sincere converse and out strides the priest, and takes precedence of the other two, they falling obediently and submissively behind him. But the priest is still watched by the high priest from the tabernacle itself, and only on great and solemn occasions does he make himself manifest by action. When he does, the other three yield to his authority, and then we say the man “speaks with his whole soul” and “from the bottom of his heart.” But even now the Shekinah is upon the mercy-seat within the Holy of holies, and the high priest knows it.

The latest word of the French psychologists is thus stated by M. Fouillée:—

Contemporary psychology deprives us of the illusion of a definitely limited, impenetrable, and absolutely autonomous I. The conception of individual consciousness must be of an idea rather than of a substance. Though separate *in* the universe, we are not separate *from* the universe. “Continuity and reciprocity of action exist everywhere. This is the great law and the great mystery. There is no such thing as an isolated and veritably monad being, any more than there is such a thing as an indivisible point, except in the abstractions of geometry.”

Whatever may be the true theory, it is evident that there is enough mystery about personality to make us very diffident about dogmatizing, especially as to what is possible and what is not.

Whether we have one mind or two let us, at least, keep it (or them) open.

PART II.—THE CENSUS OF HALLUCINATIONS.

THE question of apparitions being a question of evidence, the first thing to be done is to collect evidence. The societies of learned men in the Old World and the New who have addressed themselves to the scientific investigation of these obscure phenomena, have set on foot the taking of a Census of Hallucinations in order to form some kind of a general idea as to how frequent are the phenomena which it is no longer possible to ignore. They suggest that those who are interested in the subject should fill in the Census Paper, a copy of which is enclosed in the present number. It contains twenty-five spaces for the entry of the experience of as many friends or acquaintances. To give such a return any value as evidence it is necessary that our friends should be fairly sampled, and that as much care should be taken to enter those who have no hallucinations as those who can report such phenomena in their own experience.

Hallucination, be it observed, does not mean a mere creation of fancy. "A hallucinatory figure is a shape which is not what it seems to be—namely, a human being in flesh and blood, and which so far lacks reality; but it may nevertheless have a very true and definite meaning and message of its own; or may, on the other hand, be the mere indication of some disorder of the sense-organs or of the brain."

In the Census Paper duly filled in of the first twenty-five persons who were accessible in the office of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, only twelve had no phenomena to report.

According to the latest returns from the census-takers, the proportion of sane persons in ordinary health who have had hallucinations are to those who have none as 1 to 8. They have returns as to 10,211. If every one who reads this Christmas Number would take steps to fill in the census paper and forward it to Professor Sidgwick, there would be adequate material for generalisation as to the extent to which mankind is subject to hallucinations. At present the basis is too narrow. On the figures already collected, 11·36 per cent. see or hear what is not explicable by any known laws. This represents a body of testimony which cannot be ignored.

For the compilation of the narratives in this Christmas Number the Society for Psychical Research has no responsibility. Its object is scientific, its methods are severe, and its publications are read only by the few. Its committee will investigate hereafter the strange stories brought together here, but until they are investigated, verified, and their evidential value duly appraised, the results of our Census are to them merely so much raw material which may or may not yield valuable results. What the Society wants is evidence—first-hand evidence. There is a popular delusion abroad that the Society has never been able to obtain such evidence. Nothing can be further from the fact. Long ago their Committee on Haunted Houses reported that—

"As a whole, the evidence before us unquestionably points to the reality of such cases of abnormal phenomena. We are not investigating the origin of fables—we are examining facts, and the quantity of evidence for them, which we are now engaged in sifting, far surpasses our expectation." (Vol. ii. p. 137.)

They have published two bulky volumes, full of evidence proving the reality of Phantasms of the Living. They have now other works in preparation, proving the reality of Phantasms of the Dead.

Seeing how serious this inquiry was becoming, I wrote the Hon. Secretary of the Psychical Research Society the following letter:—

Mowbray House, London, W.C., October, 1891.

Dear Mr. Myers,—The collection and compilation of "Real Ghost Stories" which I proposed to undertake for my Christ-



FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.
Hon. Sec. S.P.R.

mas Number, has startled me not a little. When I began I had but little conception of the momentous issues to which it seems to be directly leading. Now that I discern somewhat more clearly both the difficulties of the task and the immense importance of the inquiry, I am anxious to do what I can to assist in the careful collection and scientific examination of the enormous number of facts, some hastily gleaned samples of which I am stringing together in my Christmas Number.

The publication of "Real Ghost Stories" will, I hope, finally dispel the absurd and unscientific prejudice which has hitherto rendered it almost impossible to persuade ordinary people to admit that they have seen or heard anything of the kind that is popularly described as "supernatural." It is now obvious to every one of an honest and impartial mind—if any reliance whatever can be placed on human testimony—that apparitions appear.

This fundamental fact being popularly recognised, we may confidently expect that very many credible witnesses who have hitherto kept silence for fear of ridicule will now come forward to give evidence.

I propose, therefore, with your consent, to insert in each copy of our Christmas Number a form of census paper, issued by those who have set on foot the "International Census of Hallucinations," in the hope that a goodly proportion of those who read "Real Ghost Stories" will co-operate in collecting data on which, as on a sure foundation, the Science of Apparitions may be firmly established.

If you see your way to comply with this request, it will, of course, in no way identify your Society with anything which I may publish on my own responsibility.—I am, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM T. STEAD.

P.S.—I shall require 100,000 forms for the English edition of the Christmas Number. I may need an equal number for my American edition.

To this I received the following reply:—

Leckhampton House, Cambridge, October, 1891.

Dear Mr. Stead,—Professor Sidgwick, of Cambridge, who is conducting in England the International Census of Hallucinations, accepts with pleasure your kind offer to insert our census papers in your Christmas Number, and will be glad to receive the filled-up papers, and to send further papers, if desired.

Professor William James, Harvard, Cambridge, Mass., will be glad to receive census papers from your American readers.

I gratefully acknowledge the help thus given to our inquiry, although your readers will, of course, understand that we of the Society for Psychical Research cannot be responsible for any publication outside our own "Proceedings." Your widely cast net will doubtless bring in much that is of value to us; although, of course, it will be our duty to apply our own methods to the materials which you may lay before the public, and to frame our conclusions or hypotheses with our own qualifications and reserves.

Our secretary for the United States, Dr. Hodgson, 5, Boylston Place, Boston, Mass., will be happy to hear from American correspondents, and in England either Professor Sidgwick, Mr. Podmore (at the Society's rooms, 19, Buckingham Street, London, W.C.), or I myself, will be very glad to receive fresh information, or to help others, so far as we can, towards the attainment so much sound knowledge on these matters as can as yet be attained.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS, Hon. Sec. S.P.R.

The following pages describe an attempt to take a Census of Hallucinations, not on the scientific, fair sample basis of the census paper, but upon the plan which lends itself most easily to the compilation of a Christmas Number, viz. the enumeration of the hallucinations of those who have something to tell. The persons, however, who tell their stories are real persons, who can, if need arise, be subpoenaed. They are ready to repeat their statements on oath before any tribunal that exists or may be hereafter brought into existence. Their testimony may be insufficient to establish the truth of apparitions; it would certainly suffice to hang any prisoner that ever stood in the Old Bailey. It is, however, much easier to prove the perpetration of a murder than it is to demonstrate the apparition of a ghost. The corpse remains; the ghost disappears.

Still, here is the evidence; take it for what it is worth. And before starting bear in mind the famous leading case of the Eastern potentate and the traveller who told him of ice. "Water, your Highness," said the man from afar, "when subjected to intense cold becomes solid as a rock." "What!" asked the Prince, not trusting his ears. "Water," replied the imperturbable traveller, "in northern countries in winter time becomes so solid with the cold that whole armies can march across its surface." "Off with his head for a liar!" cried the irate Rajah. "How dare you fool me with such silly falsehoods!"

Yet, after all, ice exists. So it is with many other things not dreamt of in our philosophy.



DR. HODGSON.

President of the American Psychical Research Society.

CHAPTER I.—MY HOSTESS.

THE THOUGHT BODY, OR THE DOUBLE.

"And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda. And when she knew Peter's voice she ran in and told how Peter stood before the gate. And they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, It is his angel (or double)."—Acts xii. 13-15.

I BEGAN to write this Christmas Number in a small country-house among the Surrey hills, whither I had retreated in order to find undisturbed leisure in which to arrange my ideas and array my facts. It was a pleasant place enough, perched on the brow of a heath-covered slope that dipped down to a ravine, at the head of which stands Professor Tyndall's house with its famous screen. Hardly a mile away northward lies the Devil's Punch Bowl, with its memorial stone erected in abhorrence of the detestable murder perpetrated on its

famous men of our own time; but the ghosts have fled. "There used to be a ghost in the mill," said my driver, "and another in a comparatively new house over in Lord Tennyson's direction, but we hear nothing about them now." "Not even at the Murder Stone of the Devil's Punch Bowl?" "Not even at the Murder Stone. I have driven past it at all hours, and never saw anything—but the stone, of course."

Yet a more suitable spot for a ghost could hardly be conceived than the rim of the Devil's Punch Bowl, where the sailor was murdered, and where afterwards his murderers were hanged. I visited it late at night, when the young moon was beginning to struggle through the cloudy sky, and looked down into the ravine which Cobbett declared was the most horrid place God ever made; but no sign of ghostly visitant could be caught among the bracken, no sound of the dead voices was audible in the air. It is the way with ghosts—they seldom appear where they might be looked for. It is the unexpected in the world of shadows as in the workaday world which always happens.

Of this I had soon a very curious illustration. For although there were no ghosts in the Devil's Punch Bowl by the Murder Stone, I found that there had been a ghost in the trim new little villa in which I was quartered! It didn't appear to me—at least, it has not done so as yet. But it appeared to some friends of mine whose statement is explicit enough. Here was a find indeed. I spent most of my boyhood within a mile of the famous haunted house or mill at Willington, but I had never slept before in a place which ghosts used as a trysting place. I asked my hostess about it. She replied, "Yes, it is quite true; but although you may not believe it, I am the ghost." "You? How?" "Yes," she replied, quite seriously. "It is quite true what your friends have told you. They did see what you would correctly describe as an apparition. That is to say, they saw a more or less shadowy figure, which they at once identified, and which then gradually faded away. It was an apparition in the true sense of the word. It entered the room without using the door or window, it was visibly manifested before them, and then it vanished. All that is quite true. But it is also true that the ghost, as you call it, was my ghost." "Your ghost, but—" "I am not dead, you are going to say. Precisely. But surely you must be well aware of the fact that the ghosts of the living are much better authenticated than ghosts of the dead."

My hostess was the daughter of a well-known London solicitor, who, after spending her early youth in dancing and riding and other diversions of young ladies in society who have the advantage of a house in Park Lane, suddenly became possessed by a strange, almost savage fascination for the occult lore of the ancient East. Abandoning the frivolities of Mayfair, she went to Gorton, where she plunged into the study of Sanscrit. After leaving Gorton she applied herself to the study of the occult side of Theosophy. Then she married a black magician in the platonic fashion common to Occultists, early Christians, and Russian Nihilists, and since then she has prosecuted her studies into the invisible world with ever-increasing interest.



MY HOSTESS—MRS. M.—

rim by ruffians whose corpses slowly rotted as they swung on the gibbet overhead; far to the south spreads the glorious amphitheatre of hills which constitute the Highlands of the South. The Portsmouth road, along which for hundreds of years rolled to and fro the tide of martial life between London and the great Sea Gate of the Realm, lies near by, silent and almost disused. Mr. Balfour's land, on the brow of Hindhead, is enclosed but not yet built upon, although a whole archipelago of cottages and villas is springing up amid the heather as the ground slopes towards Selborne—White's Selborne—that can dimly be descried to the westward beyond Liphook Common. Memories there are, enough and to spare, of the famous days of old, and of the not less

THE THOUGHT BODY.

"I see you are incredulous," she replied; "but, if you like, I will some time afford you an opportunity of proving that I am simply speaking the truth. Tell me, will you speak to me if I appear to you in my thought body?" "Certainly," I replied, "unless I am struck dumb. Nothing would please me better. But, of course, I have never seen a ghost, and no one can say how any utterly unaccustomed experience may affect him." "Unfortunately," she replied, "that is too often the case. All those to whom I have hitherto appeared have been so scared they could not speak." "But, my dear friend, do you actually mean to say that you have the faculty of—?" "Going about in my thought body? Most certainly. It is not a very uncommon faculty, but it is one which needs cultivation and development." "But what is a thought body?" My hostess smiled: "It is difficult to explain truths on the plane of thought to those who are immersed body and soul in matter. I can only tell you that every person has, in addition to this natural body of flesh, bones, and blood, a thought body, the exact counterpart in every respect of this material frame. It is contained within the material body, as air is contained in the lungs and in the blood. It is of finer matter than the gross fabric of our outward body. It is capable of motion with the rapidity of thought. The laws of space and time do not exist for the mind, and the thought envelope of which we are speaking moves with the swiftness of the mind."

"Then when your thought body appears?"

"My mind goes with it. I see, I hear, and my consciousness is with my thought envelope. But I want to have a proper interview while on my thought journeys. That is why I ask you if you would try to speak to me if I appear."

"But," I objected, "do you really mean that you hope to appear before me, in my office, as immaterial as gas, as visible as light, and yet to speak, to touch."

"That is just what I mean," she replied, laughing, "that and nothing less. I was in your office the other morning at six o'clock, but no one was there. I have not got this curious power as yet under complete control. But when once we are able to direct it at will, imagine what possibilities it unfolds!"

"But," said I, "if you can be seen and touched, you ought to be photographed?"

"I wish to be photographed, but no one can say as yet whether such thought bodies can be photographed. When next I make the experiment I want you to try. It would be very useful."

Useful indeed! It does not require very vivid imagination to see that if you can come and go to the uttermost parts of the world in your thought shape, such thought bodies will be indispensable henceforth on every enterprising newspaper. It would be a great saving on telegraphy. When my ideal paper comes along, I mentally vowed I would have my hostess as first member of my staff. But of course it had got to be proved, and that not only once but a dozen times, before any reliance could be placed on it.

"I often come down here," said my hostess, cheerfully, "after breakfast. I just lie down in my bedroom in town, and in a moment I find myself here at Hindhead. Sometimes I am seen, sometimes I am not. But I am here; seen or unseen, I see. It is a curious gift, and one which I am studying hard to develop and to control."

"And what about clothes?" I asked. "Oh," replied my hostess, airily, "I go in whatever clothes I like. There are astral counterparts to all our garments. It by

no means follows that I appear in the same dress as that which is worn by my material body. I remember, when I appeared to your friend, I wore the astral counterpart of a white silk shawl, which was at the time folded away in the wardrobe."

At this point, however, in order to anticipate the inevitable observation that my hostess was insane, I think I had better introduce the declarations of my two friends, who are quite clear and explicit as to their recollection of what they saw.

THE EVIDENCE OF THE WHITE SHAWL.

My witnesses are mother and daughter. The daughter I have seen and interviewed; the mother I could not see, but took a statement down from her husband, who subsequently submitted it in proof to her for correction. I print the daughter's statement first.



MISS C.—.

"About eighteen months ago (in May, 1890) I was staying at the house of my friend in M— Mansions. Mrs. M. had gone to her country house at Hindhead for a fortnight and was not expected back for a week. I was sitting in the kitchen reading Edna Lyall's 'Donovan.' About half past nine o'clock I distinctly heard Mrs. M. walk up and down the passage which ran from the front door past the open door of the room in which I was sitting. I was not thinking of Mrs. M. and did not at the time realise that she was not in the flat, when suddenly I heard her voice and saw her standing at the open door. I saw her quite distinctly, and saw that she was dressed in the dress in which I had usually seen her in an evening, without bonnet or hat, her hair being plaited low down close to the back of her head. The dress, I said, was the same, but there were two differences which I noticed at once. In her usual dress the silk front was grey; this time the grey colour had

given place to a curious amber, and over her shoulders she wore a shawl of white Indian silk. I noticed it particularly, because the roses embroidered on it at its ends did not correspond with each other. All this I saw as I looked up and heard her say, 'T—, give me that book.' I answered, half mechanically, 'Yes, Mrs. M.,' but felt somewhat startled. I had hardly spoken when Mrs. M. turned, opened the door leading into the main building, and went out. I instantly got up and followed her to the door. It was closed. I opened it and looked out, but could see nobody. It was not until then that I fully realised that there was something uncanny in what I had seen. I was very frightened, and after having satisfied myself that Mrs. M. was not in the flat, I fastened the door, put out the lights, and went to bed, burying my head under the bedclothes. The post next day brought a letter from Mrs. M. saying that she was coming by eleven o'clock. I was too frightened to stay in the house, and I went to my father and told him what I had seen. He told me to go back and hear what Mrs. M. had to say about the matter. When Mrs. M. arrived I told her what I had seen on the preceding evening. She laughed, and said, 'Oh! I was here then, was I? I did not expect to come here.' With that exception I have seen no apparition whatever, or had any hallucination of any kind, neither have I seen the apparition of Mrs. M. again."

After hearing this statement I asked Mrs. M. what she meant by the remark she had made on hearing Miss C.'s explanation of what she had witnessed. My hostess replied, "That night when I passed into the trance state, and lay down on the couch in the sitting-room at Hindhead, I did so with the desire of visiting my husband, who was in his retreat at Wimbledon. That, I should say, was between nine and half-past. After I came out of the trance I was conscious that I had been somewhere, but I did not know where. I started from Hindhead for Wimbledon, but landed at M— Mansions, where no doubt I was more at home." "Then you had no memory of where you had been?" "Not the least." "And what about the shawl?" "The shawl was one that Miss C. had never seen. I had not worn it for two years, and the fact that she saw it and described it, is conclusive evidence against the subjective character of the vision. The originals of all the phantom clothes were at M— Mansions at the time Miss C. saw me wearing them. I was not wearing the shawl. At the time when she saw it on my thought body it was folded up and put away in a wardrobe in an adjoining room. She had never seen it." I asked Miss C. what was the appearance of Mrs. M. She replied, "She just looked as she does always, only much more beautiful." "How do you account," said I to my hostess, "for the change in colour of the silk front from grey to amber?" She replied, "It was a freak."

HAUNTED BY A THOUGHT BODY.

I then asked Mr. C., the father of the last witness, what had occurred in his wife's experience. He said, "Here is a statement which my wife made to me, and which you can rely upon as correct. I was staying at Hindhead, in the lodge connected with the house in which you are staying. I was in some trouble, and Mrs. M. had been somewhat anxious about me. I had gone to sleep, but was suddenly aroused by the consciousness that some one was bending over me. When I opened my eyes I saw in shimmering outline a figure which I recognised at once as that of Mrs. M. She was bending over me, and her great lustrous eyes seemed to

pierce my very soul. For a time I lay still, as if paralysed, being unable either to speak or to move, but at last gaining courage with time I ventured to strike a match. As soon as I did so the figure of Mrs. M. disappeared. Feeling reassured and persuaded that I had been deluded by my senses, I at last put out the light and composed myself to sleep. To my horror, no sooner was the room dark than I saw the spectral, shimmering form of Mrs. M. moving about the room, and always turning towards me those wonderful, piercing eyes. I again struck a match, and again the apparition vanished from the room. By this time I was in a mortal terror, and it was some time before I ventured to put out the light again, when a third time I saw the familiar presence which had evidently never left the room but simply been invisible in the light. In the dark it shone by its own radiance. I was taken seriously ill with a violent palpitation of the heart, and kept my light burning. I felt so utterly upset that I could not remain any longer in the place and insisted next morning on going home. I did not touch the phantom, I simply saw it—saw it three times, and its haunting persistency rendered it quite impossible for me to mistake it for any mere nightmare."

Neither Mrs. nor Miss C. have had any other hallucinations, and Mrs. C. is strongly sceptical. She does not deny the accuracy of the above statement, but scouts the theory of a thought body, or of any supernatural or occult explanation. On hearing Mrs. C.'s evidence I asked my hostess whether she was conscious of haunting her guest in this way. "I knew nothing about it," she replied; "all that I know was that I had been much troubled about her and was anxious to help her. I went into a very heavy, deep sleep; but until next morning, when I heard of it from Mrs. C., I had no idea that my double had left my room." I said, "This power is rather gruesome, for you might take to haunting me." "I do not think so, unless there was something to be gained which could not be otherwise secured, some benefit to be conferred upon you." "That is to say, if I were in trouble or dangerously ill, and you were anxious about me, your double might come and attend my sick-bed." "That is quite possible," she said, imperturbably. "Well," said I, "when are you coming to be photographed?" "Not for many months yet," she replied, with a laugh. "For the thought body to leave its corporeal tenement it needs a considerable concentration of thought, and an absence of all disturbing conditions or absorbing preoccupations at the time. I see no reason why I should not be photographed when the circumstances are propitious. I shall be very glad to furnish you with that evidence of the reality of the thought body, but such things cannot be fixed up to order."

This, indeed, was a ghost to some purpose—a ghost free from all the weird associations of death and the grave—a healthy, utilisable ghost, and a ghost, above all, which wanted to be photographed. It seemed too good to be true. Yet how strange it was! Here we have just been discussing whether or not we have each of us two souls, and, behold! my good hostess tells me quite calmly that it is beyond all doubt that we have two bodies.

MRS. BESANT'S THEORY.

I asked Mrs. Besant whether she thought my hostess was romancing, and whether my friends had not been the victim of some illusion. "Oh, no," said Mrs. Besant, cheerfully. "There is nothing improbable about it. Very possibly she has this faculty. It is not so uncommon as you think. But its exercise is rather dangerous, and I hope she is well instructed." "How?" I asked. "Oh,"

Mrs. Besant replied, "it is all right if she knows what she is about, but it is just as dangerous to go waltzing about on the astral plane as it is for a girl to go skylarking down a dark slum when roughs are about. Elementals, with the desire to live, greedily appropriating the vitality and the passions of men, are not the pleasantest companions. Nor can other astrals of the dead, who have met with sudden or violent ends, and whose passions are unslaked, be regarded as desirable acquaintances. If she knows what she is about, well and good. But otherwise she is like a child playing with dynamite."

"But what is an astral body?"

Mrs. Besant replied there are several astrals, each with its own characteristics. "The lowest astral body taken in itself is without conscience, will, or intelligence. It exists as a mere shadowy phantasm only as long as the material body lasts." "Then the mummies in the Museum?" "No doubt a clairvoyant could see their astrals keeping their silent watch by the dead. As the body decays so the astral fades away." "But that implies the possibility of a decaying ghost?" "Certainly. An old friend of mine, a lady who bears a well-known name, was once haunted for months by an astral. She was a strong-minded girl, and she didn't mind. But it was rather ghastly when the astral began to decay. As the corpse decomposed the astral shrank, until at last, to her great relief, it entirely disappeared."

Mrs. Besant mentioned the name of the lady, who is well known to many of my readers, and one of the last to be suspected of such haunting.

THREE OTHER AERIAL WANDERERS.

A short time after hearing from my hostess this incredible account of her aerial journeyings, I received first hand from three other ladies, statements that they had also enjoyed this faculty of bodily duplication. All four ladies are between twenty and forty years of age. Three of them are married. The first says she has almost complete control over her movements, but for the most part her phantasmal envelope is invisible to those whom she visits.

This, it may be said, is mere conscious clairvoyance, in which the faculty of sight was accompanied by the consciousness of bodily presence, although it is invisible to other eyes. It is, besides, purely subjective and therefore beside the mark. Still, it is interesting as embodying the impressions of a mind, presumably sane, as to the experiences through which it has consciously passed. On the same ground I may refer to the experience of Miss X., the second lady referred to, who, when lying, as it was believed, at the point of death, declares that she was quite conscious of coming out of her body and looking at it as it lay in the bed. In all the cases I have yet mentioned the departure of the phantasmal body is accompanied by a state of trance on the part of the material body. There is not dual consciousness, but only a dual body, the consciousness being confined to the immaterial body.

It is otherwise with the experience of the fourth wanderer in my text. Mrs. Wedgwood, the daughter-in-law of Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, the well-known philologist, who was Charles Darwin's cousin, declares that she had once a very extraordinary experience. She was lying on a couch in an upper room one wintry morning at Shorncliffe when she felt her thought body leave her and, passing through the window, alight on the snowy ground. She was distinctly conscious both in her material body and in its immaterial counterpart. She lay

on the couch watching the movements of the second self, which at the same moment felt the snow cold under its feet. The second self met a labourer and spoke to him. He replied as if somewhat scared. The second self walked down the road and entered an officer's hut, which was standing empty. She noted the number of guns. There were a score or more of all kinds in all manner of places; remarked upon the quaint looking-glass; took a mental inventory of the furniture; and then, coming out as she went in, she regained her material body, which all the while lay perfectly conscious on the couch. Then, when the two selves were reunited, she went down to breakfast and described where she had been. "Bless me," said an officer, who was one of the party, "if you have not been in Major ——'s hut. You have described it exactly, especially the guns, which he has a perfect mania for collecting."

Here the immaterial body was not only visible but audible, and that not merely to the casual passer-by but also to the material body which had for the moment parted with one of its vital constituents without losing consciousness.

It must, of course, be admitted that, with the exception of the statement by my two friends as to the apparition of Mrs. M.'s immaterial body, none of the other statements can pretend to the slightest evidential value. They may be worth as much as the confessions of the witches who swore they were dancing with Satan while their husbands held their material bodies clasped in their arms; but any explanation of subjective hallucination or of downright lying would be preferred by the majority of people to the acceptance of the simple accuracy of these statements. The phenomenon of the aerial flight is, however, not unfamiliar to those who are interested in this subject.

THE EVIDENCE OF THE PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY.

I confess, as I revise these pages, to a feeling of shame that Mrs. M.'s statement should have seemed to me so utterly incredible. My surprise and incredulity simply proved that I had never read the great text-book on the subject, "The Phantasms of the Living," by Messrs. Gurney, Myers, and Podmore, in which the phenomenon is shown to be comparatively frequent. "M. A." of Oxon, in his most interesting and suggestive weekly paper *Light*, began a synopsis of the evidence as to the reality of the Thought Body. The Psychical Research Society have about 100 recorded instances of the apparition of the Thought Body. I will only quote here two or three of the more remarkable cases mentioned in these imposing volumes.

THE THOUGHT BODY OF A STOCKBROKER.

The best case, however, of the projection of the Thought Body at will is that described, under the initials of "S. H. B.," in the first volume of the "Phantasms," pp. 104-109. Mr. B. is a member of the Stock Exchange, who is well known to many intimate friends of mine as a man of high character. The narrative, which is verified by the Psychical Research Society, places beyond doubt the existence of powers in certain individuals which open up an almost illimitable field of mystery and speculation. Mr. B.'s story, in brief, is this:—

One Sunday night in November, 1881, I was in Kildare Gardens, when I willed very strongly that I would visit in spirit two lady friends, the Misses V., who were living three miles off in Hogarth Road. I willed that I should do this at one o'clock in the morning, and having willed it I went to sleep. Next Thursday, when I first met my friends, the elder lady told me she woke up and saw my apparition advancing

to her bedside. She screamed and woke her sister, who also saw me. (A signed statement by both sisters accompanies this narrative. They fix the time at one o'clock, and say that Mr. B. wore evening dress.)

On December 1st, 1882, I was at Southall. At half-past nine I sat down to endeavour to fix my mind so strongly upon the interior of a house at Kew, where Miss V. and her sister lived, that I seemed to be actually in the house. I was conscious, but I was in a kind of mesmeric sleep. When I went to bed that night I willed to be in the front bedroom of that house at Kew at twelve, and make my presence felt by the inmates. Next day I went to Kew. Miss V.'s married sister told me, without any prompting from me, that she had seen me in the passage going from one room to another at half-past nine o'clock, and that at twelve, when she was wide awake, she saw me come into the front bedroom where she slept and take her hair, which is very long, into my hand. She said I then took her hand and gazed into the palm intently. She said, "You need not look at the lines, for I never had any trouble." She then woke her sister. When Mrs. L. told me this I took out the entry I had made the previous night and read it to her. Mrs. L. is quite sure she was not dreaming. She had had only seen me once before, two years previously, at a fancy ball.

On March 22nd, 1884, I wrote to Mr. Gurney, of the Psychical Research Society, telling him I was going to make my presence felt by Miss V., at 44, Norland Square, at midnight. Ten days afterwards I saw Miss V., when she voluntarily told me that on Saturday at midnight she distinctly saw me, when she was quite widely awake. I came towards her and stroked her hair. She adds in her written statement, "The appearance in my room was most vivid and quite unmistakable." I was then at Ealing.

Here there is the thrice-repeated projection at will of the Thought Body through space so as to make it both visible to and tangible by friends. But the Conscious Personality which willed the visit has not yet unlocked the memory of his unconscious partner, and Mr. B., although able to go and see and touch, could bring back no memory of his aerial flight. All that he knew was that he willed and then he slept. The fact that he appeared is attested not by his consciousness, but by the evidence of those who saw him.

EDISON OUT-EDISONED.

Mr. Edison is busy on a new invention by which a combination of photograph and phonograph will enable the operator to throw upon a sheet the exact image of a speaker at the same time that the phonograph reproduces his words. The transmission of the sound of the voice and the picture of the speaker is occasionally accomplished without the aid of Edisonian magic, but none can as yet even hazard a guess as to the laws by which the marvel is effected.

Sometimes only the voice is heard, as in the following instance. Mr. Fryer, of Bath, says:—

A strange experience occurred in the autumn of the year 1879. A brother of mine had been from home for three or four days when, one afternoon, at half-past five as nearly as possible, I was astonished to hear my name called out very distinctly. It appeared that whilst getting out of a railway carriage he missed his footing and fell along the platform; by putting out his hands quickly he saved the fall, and only suffered a severe shaking. "Curiously enough," he said, "when I found myself falling I called out your name." (Vol. i. p. 134.)

A VISITOR FROM BURMAH.

Here is a report of the apparition of a thought body, the material original of which was at the time in Burmah. The case is important, because the Thought Body was not recognised at the time, showing that it could not have been a subjective revival of the memory of a face. It is

sent me by a gentleman in South Kensington, who wishes to be mentioned only by his initials, R. S. S.

Towards the close of 1888 my son, who had obtained an appointment in the Indian Civil Service, left England for Burma.

A few days after his arrival in Rangoon he was sent up the country to join the District Commissioner of a district still at that period much harassed by Dacoits.

After this two mails passed by without news of him, and as, up to this period, his letters had reached us with unfailing regularity, we had a natural feeling of anxiety for his safety. As the day for the arrival of the third mail drew near I became quite unreasonably apprehensive of bad news, and in this state of mind I retired one evening to bed, and lay awake till long past the middle of the night, when suddenly, close to my bedside, appeared very distinctly the figure of a young man. The face had a worn and rather sad expression, but in the few seconds during which it was visible the impression was borne in upon me that the vision was intended to be reassuring.

I cannot explain why I did not at once associate this form with my son, but it was so unlike the hale, fresh-looking youth we had parted from only four or five months previously that I supposed it must be his chief, whom I knew to be his senior by some five years only.

I related this incident to my son by the next mail, and was perplexed when I got his reply to hear that his chief was a man with a beard and moustache, whereas the apparition was devoid of either. A little later came a portrait of himself recently taken. It was the subject of my vision, of which the traits had remained, and still remain, in every detail, perfectly distinct in my recollection.

THOUGHT VISITS SEEN AND REMEMBERED.

Here is an account of a visit paid at will, which is reported at first hand in the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society." The narrator, Mr. John Moule, tells how he determined to make an experiment of the kind now under discussion:—

I chose for this purpose a young lady, a Miss Drasey, and stated that some day I intended to visit her, wherever the place might be, although the place might be unknown to me; and told her if anything particular should occur to note the time, and when she called at my house again to state if anything had occurred. One day, about two months after (I not having seen her in the interval), I was by myself in my chemical factory, Redman Row, Mile End, London, all alone, and I determined to try the experiment, the lady being in Dalston, about three miles off. I stood, raised my hands, and willed to act on the lady. I soon felt that I had expended energy. I immediately sat down in a chair and went to sleep. I then saw in a dream my friend coming down the kitchen stairs where I dreamt I was. She saw me, and exclaimed suddenly, "Oh! Mr. Moule," and fainted away. This I dreamt and then awoke. I thought very little about it, supposing I had had an ordinary dream; but about three weeks after she came to my house and related to my wife the singular occurrence of her seeing me sitting in the kitchen where she then was, and she fainted away and nearly dropped some dishes she had in her hands. All this I saw exactly in my dream, so that I described the kitchen furniture and where I sat as perfectly as if I had been there, though I had never been in the house. I gave many details, and she said, "It is just as if you had been there." (Vol. iii. pp. 420, 421.)

Mr. W. A. S., to quote another case, in April, 1871, at two o'clock in the afternoon, was sitting in a house in Pall Mall. He saw a lady glide in backwards at the door of the room, as if she had been slid in on a slide, each part of her dress keeping its proper place without disturbance. She glided in until the whole of her could be seen, except the tip of her nose, her lips, and the tip of her chin, which were hidden by the edge of the door. She was an old acquaintance of his, whom he had not

seen for twenty or twenty-five years. He observed her closely until his brother entered the house, and coming into the room passed completely through the phantasm, which shortly afterwards faded away. Another person in the room could not see it. Some years afterwards he learned that she had died the same year, six months afterwards, from a painful cancer of the face. It was curious that the phantasm never showed him the front of its face, which was always hid by the door. (Vol. ii. p. 517.)

One of the cases mentioned in vol. i. p. 226 of the "Proceedings of the Psychical Society," that of the Rev. Mr. Newnham, will probably induce many lovers to reproduce that phantasmal experience. I mention it but do not dwell upon it. It opens up a vista of possibilities, which taken in connection with certain well-known phenomena treated by De Foe, in his "Natural History of the Devil," might carry us further than we should care to go.

A CONSCIOUS THOUGHT JOURNEY.

Sometimes, however, the Thought Body is both conscious and visible, although in most cases when visible it is not conscious, and retains no memory of what has passed. When it remembers it is usually not visible. In Mr. Dale Owen's remarkable volume, "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," there is a narrative, entitled "The Visionary Excursion," in which a lady, whom he calls Mrs. A., whose husband was a brigadier-general in India, describes an aerial flight so explicitly that I venture to reprint her story here, as illustrating the possibility of being visible and at the same time remembering where you had been:—

In June of the year 1857, a lady, whom I shall designate as Mrs. A., was residing with her husband, a colonel in the British army, and their infant child, on Woolwich Common, near London.

One night in the early part of that month, suddenly awaking to consciousness, she felt herself as if standing by the bedside and looking down upon her own body, which lay there by the side of her sleeping husband. Her first impression was that she had died suddenly, and the idea was confirmed by the pale and lifeless look of the body, the face void of expression, and the whole appearance showing no sign of vitality. She gazed at it with curiosity for some time, comparing its dead look with that of the fresh countenances of her husband and of her slumbering infant in the cradle hard by. For a moment she experienced a feeling of relief that she had escaped the pangs of death; but the next she reflected what a grief her death would be to the survivors, and then came the wish that she had broken the news to them gradually. While engaged in these thoughts she felt herself carried to the wall of her room, with a feeling that it must arrest her further progress. But no, she seemed to pass through it into the open air. Outside the house was a tree; and this also she seemed to traverse as if it interposed no obstacle. All this occurred without any desire on her part.

She crossed Woolwich Common, visited the Arsenal, returned to the barracks, and then found herself in the bed-chamber of an intimate friend, Miss L. M., who lived at Greenwich. She began to talk; but she remembered no more until she waked by her husband's side. "Her first words were, 'So I am not dead after all.'" She told her husband of her excursion, and they agreed to say nothing about it until they heard from Miss L. M. When they met that lady, two days after, she volunteered the statement that Mrs. A. had appeared to her about three o'clock in the morning of the night before last, robed in violet, and had a conversation with her. ("Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," p. 256.)

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE OF THE DUAL BODY

Whatever may be thought of the Psychic's description of her experiences in her thought journeys, they are vivid

and realistic. Here is the description given by a medical man in a well-known watering-place on the south coast of his experience in getting into his material body after an aerial excursion:—

I was engaged to a young lady whom I very much loved. During the early part of this engagement I visited the Hall in the village, not far from the Vicarage, where the young lady resided. I was in the habit of spending from Sunday Monday at the Hall. On one of these mornings of my departure I found myself standing between the two closed windows in the lady's bedroom. It was about five o'clock on a bright summer morning. Her room looked eastward, mine directly west, and the church stood between the two houses, which were about five hundred yards apart. I have no impression whatever how I became transplanted from the house. The lady was in a camp bedstead, directly opposite to me, looking at and reaching out her arms towards me, when my disembodied spirit instantly disappeared to join the material body which it had left in some mysterious way. As I returned and was fitting in to my body on my left side, when half united I could see within me the ununited spiritual part on glow like an electric light, while the other united half was hidden in total darkness, looking black as through a thunder cloud, when, like the shutting of a drawer, the whole body became united, and I awoke in great alarm, with a belief that if any one had entered my room and moved my body from the position in which it lay on its back, the returning spirit could not have joined its material case, and that death, as it is vulgarly called, would have been inevitable.

In the morning at the breakfast-table the young lady said she had a strange experience. She saw M. D. in her bedroom, looking at her as she sat up in bed, and that he disappeared after a short stay; but how he got there she could not say, as she was positive she had locked her bedroom door. So one experience corroborated the other.*

A SISTER'S DOUBLE SEEN IN MID-AIR.

The evidence as to the appearance of phantasmal bodies is more considerable than most people will be inclined to imagine. Mrs. C. L. P., writing to me from Nutfield, gives a curious account of what may have been a mere hallucination, but which impressed her at the time as being absolutely real:—

The first incident occurred when I was quite a girl, living with my parents at No. 3, C— Square, Chelsea. I was not a student in those days, my health was excellent, my sleep at nights invariably sound. I shared a room with my sister at the top of the house, and a small toy terrier always slept at my feet. My sister was in very fragile health at the time to which I refer. We went to bed as usual one night, and both fell into a sound sleep. Suddenly I awakened without knowing why or wherefore and, puzzled and wide awake, looked around to see what had aroused me. That I was thoroughly awake I know, for I listened for a few seconds to the regular breathing of the little dog at my feet before I turned to my sister lying at my right hand to see if she had awakened also. There a very wonderful sight greeted my eye—a figure, life-size, kneeling in mid-air, and clad in some loose draperies. The head, turned towards the head of the bed, was bowed, the hands were clasped, the face was in all respects a very beautiful replica of my sister's. The impression conveyed by a hasty glance was that this was my sister kneeling upright in bed, and I at once asked her anxiously if she were ill. I received no reply, and a second glance showed me my sister sleeping tranquilly beneath this wonderful replica of herself. It was a beautiful sight. I lay awake and watched the kneeling figure slowly fade into the darkness of the room.

* Quoted from a remarkable work by James Gillingham, surgical mechanist, Chard, Somerset. Mr. Gillingham sent me the name of the doctor, and assures me that the narrative is quite authentic.

No results of any sort followed. It was not for several years after this that my sister died.

SPEAKING DOUBLES.

While discussing the subject, some friends called at Mowbray House, and were, as usual, asked to pay toll in the shape of communicating any experience they had had of the so-called supernatural. One of my visitors gave me the following narrative, the details of which are in the possession of the Psychical Research Society :—

Some years ago my father and another son were crossing the Channel at night. My mother, who was living in England, was roused up in the middle of the night by the apparition of my father. She declares that she saw him quite distinctly standing by her bedside, looking anxious and distraught. Knowing that at that moment he was in mid-Channel, she augured that some disaster had overtaken him or the boy. She said, "Is there some trouble?" He said, "There is; the boy—" and then he faded from her sight. The curious part of the story is that my father at that very time had been thinking on board the steamer of having to tell his wife of the loss of the boy. The lad had been missed, and for a short time father feared he had fallen overboard. Shortly afterwards he was discovered to be quite safe. But during the period of suspense father was vividly conscious of the pain of having to break the news to his wife. It was subsequently proved by a comparison of the hour that his double had not only appeared but had spoken at the very moment he was thinking of how to tell her the news midway between France and England.

DR. F. R. LEES'S DOUBLE.

Another case in which the double appeared was that of Dr. F. R. Lees, the well-known temperance controversialist. In communicating with the Doctor, the following is his reply :—

The little story or incident of which you have heard, occurred above thirty years ago, and may be related in very few words. Whether it was coincidence, or transference of vivid thought, I leave to the judgment of others.

I had left Leeds for the Isle of Jersey (though my dear wife was only just recovering from a nervous fever) to fulfil an important engagement. On a Good Friday, myself and a party of friends in several carriages drove round a large portion of the island, coming back to St. Heliers from Boulay Bay, taking tea about seven o'clock at Captain —'s villa. The party broke up about ten o'clock, and the weather being fine and warm, I walked to the house of a banker who entertained me. Naturally my evening thoughts reverted to my home, and after reading a few verses in my Testament, I walked about the room until nearly eleven, thinking of my wife, and breathing the prayer, "God bless you."

I might not have recalled all the circumstances, save for the letter I received by the next post from her, with the query put in: "Tell me what you were *doing within a few minutes of eleven o'clock* on Friday evening? I will tell you in my next why I ask; for something happened to me." In the middle of the week the letter came, and these words in it:—"I had just awoke from a slight repose, when I saw you in your night-dress bend over me, and utter the words, 'God bless you!' I seemed also to feel your breath as you kissed me. I felt no alarm, but comforted, went off into a gentle sleep, and have been better ever since." I replied that this was an exact representation of my mind and words.

Here there was apparently the instantaneous reproduction in Leeds of the image, and not only of the image but of the words spoken in Jersey, a hundred miles away. The theory that the phantasmal body is occasionally detachable from the material frame accounts for this in a fashion, and that is more than can

be said for any other hypothesis that has yet been stated. In neither of these cases did an early death follow the apparition of the dual body.

AN UNKNOWN DOUBLE IDENTIFIED.

Neither of these stories, however, is so wonderful as the following narrative which is forwarded to me by a correspondent in North Britain, who received the statement from a Colonel now serving in India on the Bengal Staff, whose name is communicated on the understanding that it is not to be made public :—

In the year 1860 I was stationed at Banda, in Bundelcund, India. There was a good deal of sickness there at the time, and I was deputed along with a medical officer to proceed to the nearest railway station, at that time Allahabad, in charge of a sick officer. I will call myself Brown, the medical officer Jones, and the sick officer Robertson. We had to travel very slowly, Robertson being carried by coolies in a doolie, and on his account we had to halt at a rest-house, or pitch our camp every evening. One evening, when three marches out of Banda, I had just come into Robertson's room about midnight to relieve Jones, for Robertson was so ill that we took it by turns to watch him, when Jones took me aside and whispered that he was afraid our friend was dying, that he did not expect him to live through the night, and though I urged him to go and lie down, and that I would call him on any change taking place, he would not leave. We both sat down and watched. We had been there about an hour when the sick man moved and called out. We both went to his bedside, and even my inexperienced eyes saw that the end was near. We were both standing on the same side of the bed, furthest away from the door. While standing there the door opened, and an elderly lady entered, went straight up to the bed, bent over it, wrung her hands and wept bitterly. After a few minutes she left; we both saw her face. We were so astonished that neither of us thought of speaking to her, but as soon as she passed out of the door I recovered myself and, as quickly as possible, followed her but could not find a trace of her. Robertson died that night. We were then about thirty miles from the nearest cantonment, and except the rest-house in which we were, and of which we were the only occupants, there was not a house near us. Next morning we started back to Banda, taking the corpse with us for burial. Three months after this Jones went to England on leave, and took with him the sword, watch, and a few other things which had belonged to the deceased to deliver to his family. On arrival at Robertson's home, he was shown into the drawing-room. After waiting a few minutes, a lady entered—the same who had appeared to both of us in the jungle in India; it was Robertson's mother. She told Jones that she had had a vision that her son was dangerously ill, and had written the date, etc. down, and on comparing notes they found that the date, time, etc. agreed in every respect.

People to whom I have told the story laugh at me, and tell me that I must have been asleep and dreamed it, but I know I was not, for I remember perfectly well standing by the bedside when the lady appeared.

Both Jones and the lady who appeared have since died, so that their evidence is no longer available. Possibly, however, the publication of this story may lead some members of the lady's family to supply any confirmatory evidence which may be in their possession. The lady, it may be remarked, was unknown to both Jones and Brown at the moment when she appeared to them at her son's death-bed, but Jones recognised her at once when he met her subsequently in her own house.

A MOTHER'S DOUBLE SEEN BY HER DAUGHTER.

I have received from a valued correspondent, Mrs. Mary A. M. Marks, a statement of her experience on the

occasion when she saw the wraith of her mother, which I reproduce here :—

The circumstance I am about to relate took place when I was just ten years old. My father, the late Professor Hoppus, of University College, London, lived in Camden Street, Camden Town. As in most houses of the same date, the drawing-rooms were on the first-floor, and communicated by folding doors, each having, of course, a door on the landing. My mother had been ill for three years; the back-drawing-room was her bedroom. She was not confined to bed, but spent most of the day on a sofa in the front-drawing-room. Somewhere about 10 o'clock in the morning—as I remember, though winter, it was rather bright—I was coming down-stairs from my own room on the second floor. I wanted some one to tie my pinafore, and I was looking for my nurse. As I came down, I saw that the door (on the landing) of the front room was shut, but the door of the bedroom was wide open. I knew therefore that my mother was probably already gone into the front room, and I expected to find my nurse making the bed. But when I reached the landing, and could see into the back-room, I saw my mother standing near the farther wall—at most not more than five yards from me—close to the hot-water pipes of the Arnott stove, which my father had had put up for her comfort. I distinctly saw her tall figure, wrapped in the blue-and-white striped dressing-gown she usually wore in the day-time. In those days people wore nightcaps—hers was on her head; her face was turned away from me and towards the wall. The folding doors were closed. I did not expect to find my mother there at that hour, but the figure was as distinct and seeming solid as reality, and I have never been able to explain to myself the feeling which withheld me from going up to her, and asking her to tie my pinafore. I did not go in; I opened the door of the front room and looked in. As I somehow expected, I saw my mother there, asleep on the sofa, in her blue-and-white gown.

My father, who had a great horror of children being frightened by ghost stories, had told me that garments, etc. had sometimes given rise to these stories, by real or fancied resemblances to a human form. In spite of his attempts to shield me from such knowledge I had read a little about "Second Sight," and I determined to see whether anything of this kind could have deceived me. I accordingly went at once into the bedroom. The figure was no longer there, and I could find nothing—not so much as a towel—near the spot where scarcely a minute before I had seen my mother standing—except those dark-bronze pipes, which would not have come much above her knee as she stood, and which no trick of vision could have transformed into a tall white-and-blue figure. My nurse was not there. I do not think I felt frightened, but I remember now the dull pang with which I thought—when I found it impossible to account for the appearance—"Then my mother will not get well." She, however, did not die for six months. I told no one of what I had seen for many years—not until after I grew up. I have never had any other experience of the same kind.

AIMLESS DOUBLES.

The following curious experience is sent me by a commercial traveller, who gives his name and address in support of his testimony. Writing from Nottingham, he says :—

On Tuesday, the 6th October, I had a very singular experience. I am a commercial traveller, and represent a firm of cigar manufacturers. I left my hotel about four o'clock on the above date to call upon a customer, a Mr. Southam, Myton Gate, Hull. I met this gentleman in the street, nearly opposite his office; he shook hands, and said, "How are you? I am waiting to see a friend; I don't think I shall want any cigars this journey, but look in before eight o'clock." I called at 7.30, and spoke to the clerk in the office. He said, "Mr. Southam has made out your cheque, and there is also a small order." I said, "Thanks, I should have liked to have seen him; he made an appointment this after-

noon for about eight." Clerk says, "Where?" I said, "Just outside." He said, "That is impossible, as both Mr. and Mrs. Sontham have been confined to their room for a fortnight and never been out." I said, "How strange. I said to Mr. S., 'You look different to your usual; what's the matter with you?' Mr. S. said, 'Don't you see I am in my *deshabille*?' " The clerk remarked, "You must have seen his second self, for he has not been up to-day." I came away feeling very strange.

J. P. BROOKS.

Sydney Villa, Ratcliffe Road, Bridgeford.

Mrs. Eliz. G. L—, of H— House, sends me the following report of her experience of the double. She writes :—

The only time I ever saw an apparition was on the evening of the last day of May, 1860. The impression then made is yet most vivid, and the day seldom recurs without my thinking of what happened then.

It was a little after seven o'clock, the time for my husband's return from business. I was passing through the hall into the dining-room, where tea was laid, when (the front door being open) I saw my husband coming up the garden path, which was in a direct line with the hall. It was broad daylight, and nothing obstructed my view of him, and he was not more than nine or ten yards from me. Instead of going to him, I turned back, and said to the servant in the kitchen, "Take tea in immediately, your master is come." I then went into the dining-room, expecting him to be there. To my great surprise the room was empty, and there was no one in the garden. As my father was very ill in the next house but one to ours, I concluded that Mr. L. had suddenly determined to turn back and inquire how he was before having tea. In half an hour he came into the room to me, and I asked how my father was, when, to my astonishment, he told me that he had not called, but had come home direct from the town. I said, "*You were in the garden half an hour ago, I saw you as distinctly as I see you now; if you were not there then, you are not here now.*" and I grasped his arm as I spoke to convince myself that it was really he. I thought that my husband was teasing me by his repeated denials, and that he would at last confess he was really there; and it was only when he assured me in the most positive and serious manner that he was a mile away at the time I saw him in the garden that I could believe him. I have never been able to account for the appearance. There was no one I could possibly have mistaken for Mr. L. I was in good health at the time, and had no illness for long afterwards. My mother is still living, and she can corroborate my statement, and bear witness to the deep impression the occurrence made upon me. I saw my husband as plainly as I have ever seen him since during the many years we have lived together.

TWO DUNDEE DOUBLES.

Mr. Robert Kidd, of Gray Street, Broughty Ferry, who has filled many offices in Dundee, having been twenty-five years a police commissioner and five years a magistrate there, sends me the following report of two cases of the double :—

A few years ago I had a shop on the High Street of Dundee—one door and one window, a cellar underneath, the entrance to which was at one corner of the shop. There was no way of getting in or out of the cellar but by that stair in the corner. It was lighted from the street by glass, but to protect that there was an iron grating, which was fixed down. Well, I had an old man, a servant, named Robert Chester. I sent him a message one forenoon about 12 o'clock; he was in no hurry returning. I remarked to my daughter, who was book-keeper, whose desk was just by the trap-door, that he was stopping long. Just as I spoke he passed the window, came in at the door, carrying a large dish under his arm, went right past me, past my daughter, who looked at him, and went down into the cellar. After a few minutes, as I heard no noise, I remarked what he could be about, and went down to see. There was no Robert there. I cannot tell what

my sensations were when I realised this; there was no possibility of his getting out, and we both of us saw and heard him go down. Well, in about twenty minutes he re-passed the window, crossed the floor, and went down stairs, exactly as in the first time. There was no hallucination on our part. My daughter is a clever, highly gifted woman; I am seventy-eight years of age, and have seen a great deal of the world, a great reader, etc. etc., and not easily deceived or apt to be led away by fancy, and I can declare that his first appearance to us was a reality as much as his second. We concluded, and so did all his relations, that it portended his death, but he is still alive, over eighty years of age. I give this just as it occurred, without any varnish or exaggeration whatever. The other I firmly believe, as I knew the parties well, and that every means were used to prove its truthfulness.

Mr. Alexander Drummond was a painter, who had a big business and a large staff of men. His clerk was Walter Souter, his brother-in-law. His business was to be at the shop (in Northgate, Dundee) sharp at six o'clock in the morning, to take an account of where the men were going, quantity of material, etc. In this he was assisted by Miss Drummond. One morning he did not turn up at the hour, but at twenty past six he came in at the door and appeared very much excited, but instead of stepping to the desk where Mr. and Miss Drummond were waiting; him, he went right through the front shop and out at a side door. This in sight of Mr. and Miss D., and also in sight of a whole squad of workmen. Well, exactly in another twenty minutes he came in, also very much excited, and explained that it was twenty minutes past six when he awakened, and that he had run all the way from his house (he lived a mile from the place of business). He was a very exemplary, punctual man, and when Mr. Drummond asked him where he went to when he came first, he was dumbfounded, and could not comprehend what was meant. To test his truthfulness Mr. D. went out to his wife that afternoon, when she told him the same story; that it was twenty past six o'clock when he awoke, and that he was very much excited about it, as it was the first time he had slept in. This story I believe as firmly as in my own case, as it was much talked about at the time, and I have just told it as it was told to me by all the parties. Of course I am a total stranger to you, and you may require to know something about me before believing my somewhat singular stories. I am well known about here, have filled many offices in Dundee, and have been twenty-five years a police commissioner, and five years a magistrate in this place, am very well known to the Right Honourable C. Ritchie, and also to our county member, Mr. Barclay. If this little story throws any light upon our wondrous being I shall be glad.

A MANCHESTER PARALLEL.

The following narrative, supplied by Mr. R. P. Roberts, 10, Exchange Street, Manchester, appears in the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society." It is a fitting pendant to Mr. Kidd's story:—

The shop stood at the corner of Castle Street and Rating Row, Beaumaris, and I lived in the latter street. One day I went home to dinner at the usual hour. When I had partly finished I looked at the clock. To my astonishment it appeared that the time by the clock was 12.30. I gave an unusual start. I certainly thought that it was most extraordinary. I had only half finished my dinner, and it was time for me to be at the shop. I felt dubious, so in a few seconds had another look, when to my agreeable surprise I found that I had been mistaken. It was only just turned 12.15. I could never explain how it was I made the mistake. The error gave me such a shock for a few minutes as if something had happened, and I had to make an effort to shake off the sensation. I finished my dinner, and returned to business at 12.30. On entering the shop I was accosted by Mrs. Owen, my employer's wife, who used to assist in the business. She asked me rather sternly where I had been since my return from dinner. I replied that I had come straight from dinner. A long discussion followed, which brought out

the following facts. About a quarter of an hour previous to my actual entering the shop (*i.e.* about 12.15), I was seen by Mr. and Mrs. Owen and a well-known customer, Mrs. Jones, to walk into the shop, go behind the counter, and place my hat upon the peg. As I was going behind the counter, Mrs. Owen remarked, with the intention that I should hear, "that I had arrived now that I was not wanted." This remark was prompted by the fact that a few minutes previous a customer was in the shop in want of an article which belonged to the stock under my charge, and which could not be found in my absence. As soon as this customer left I was seen to enter the shop. It was observed by Mr. and Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Jones that I did not appear to notice the remark made. In fact, I looked quite absent-minded and vague. Immediately after putting my hat on the peg I returned to the same spot, put my hat on again and walked out of the shop, still looking in a mysterious manner, which incensed one of the parties, I think Mrs. Owen, to say that my behaviour was very odd, and she wondered where I was off to.

I, of course, contradicted these statements, and endeavoured to prove that I could not have eaten my dinner and returned in a quarter of an hour. This, however, availed nothing, and during our discussion the above-mentioned Mrs. Jones came into the shop again, and was appealed to at once by Mr. and Mrs. Owen. She corroborated every word of their account, and added that she saw me coming down Rating Row when within a few yards of the shop; that she was only a step or two behind me, and entered the shop in time to hear Mrs. Owen's remarks about my coming too late. These three persons gave their statement of the affair quite independently of each other. There was no other person near my age in the Owens' establishment, and there could be no reasonable doubt that my form had been seen by them and by Mrs. Jones. They would not believe my story until my aunt, who had dined with me, said positively that I had not left the table before my time was up. You will, no doubt, notice the coincidence. At the moment when I felt, with a startling sensation, that I ought to be at the shop, and when Mr. and Mrs. Owen were extremely anxious that I should be there, I appeared to them looking, as they said, "as if in a dream or in a state of somnambulism." ("Proceedings of the P.R.S.," vol. i. p. 135-6.)

A VERY VISIBLE DOUBLE.

A correspondent, writing from a Yorkshire village, sends me the following account of an apparition of a thought body in circumstances when there was nothing more serious than a yearning desire on the part of a person whose phantasm appeared to occupy his old bed. My correspondent, Mr. J. G., says that he took it down from the lips of one of the most truthful men he ever knew, and a sensible person to boot. This person is still living, and I am told he has confirmed Mr. G.'s story, which is as follows:—

Sixty years ago I was a farm servant at a place in Pembrokeshire (I can give the name, but don't wish it to be published). I was about fifteen years old. I, along with three other men-servants, slept in a granary in the yard. Our bed-chamber was reached by means of ten broad stone steps. It was soon after Allhallows time, when all farm servants change places in that part of the country. A good and faithful foreman, who had been years on the farm, had this time desired a change, and had engaged to service some fifteen miles off, a change which he afterwards much regretted.

One night I woke up in my bed some time during the small hours of the morning, and, obedient to the call of nature, I got up, opened the door, and stood on the upper step of the stairs. It was a beautiful moonlight night. I surveyed the yard and the fields about. To my surprise, but without the least apprehension, I noticed a man coming down a field, jump over a low wall, and walk straight towards me. He stepped the three first steps one by one.

then he took two or three steps at a stride. I knew the man well and recognised him perfectly. I knew all the clothes he wore, particularly a light waistcoat which he put on on great occasions. As he drew near me I receded to the doorway, and as he lifted up his two hands, as in the act of opening the door, which was open already, I fled in screaming, and passing my own bed jumped in between two older men in the next bed. And neither time nor the sympathy of my comrades could pacify me for hours.

I told my tale, which, after searching and seeing nobody, they disbelieved and put down to my timidity.

Next morning, however, just as we were coming out from breakfast, in the presence of all of us the discharged foreman was seen coming down the same field, jumping the wall walk, toward the sleeping chamber, ascend the steps, lifting up his two hands to open the door in the selfsame manner in every particular, as I had described, and went straight to the same bed as I got into.

I asked him, "Were you here last night, John?"

"No, my boy," was the answer, "my body was not here but my mind was. I have run away from that horrid place, travelled most of the night, and every step I took my mind was fixed on this old bed where my weary bones might be at rest."

"I can supply names and all particulars, but do not wish them to be published."

SEEING YOUR OWN THOUGHT BODY.

In his "Footfalls," Mr. Owen records a still more remarkable case of the duplication of the body. A gentleman in Ohio, in 1833, had built a new house, seventy or eighty yards distant from his old residence on the other side of a small ravine. One afternoon, about five o'clock, his wife saw his eldest daughter, Rhoda, aged sixteen, holding the youngest, Lucy, aged four, in her arm, sitting in a rocking-chair just within the kitchen-door of the new residence. She called the attention of another sister to what she saw, and was startled to hear that Rhoda and Lucy were upstairs in the old house. They were at once sent for, and on coming downstairs they saw to their amazement their exact doubles sitting on the doorstep of the new house. All the family collected—twelve in all—and they all saw the phantasmal Rhoda and Lucy, the real Rhoda and Lucy standing beside them. "The figures seated at the hall door, and the two children now actually in their midst, were absolutely identical in appearance, even to each minute particular of dress." After watching them for five minutes, the father started to cross the ravine and solve the mystery. Hardly had he descended the ravine when the phantasmal Rhoda rose from the rocky chair with the child in her arms, and lay down on the threshold. There she remained a moment or two, and then apparently sank into the earth. When the father reached the house no trace could be found of any human being. Both died within a year.

A correspondent of my own, a dressmaker in the North of England, sends me the following circumstantial account of how she saw her own double without any mischief following:—

I have a sewing machine, with a desk at one side and arched legs supporting the desk part; on the opposite side the machine part is. The lid of the machine rests on the desk part when open, so that it forms a high back. I had this machine across the corner of a room, so that the desk part formed a triangle with the corner of the room. I sat at the machine with my face towards the corner. To my left was the window, to my right the fire; at each side of my chair the doors of the machine walled me in as I sat working the treadles. Down each side of the machine are imitations of drawers. The wood is a beautiful walnut. I was sewing a long piece of material, which passed from left to right. It was dinner-time, so I looked down to see how much more I had to do. It was almost finished, but there, in the space

near the window between the wall and the machine, was a full-sized figure of myself from the waist upwards. The image was lower than myself, but clear enough, with brown hair and eyes. How earnestly the eyes regarded me; how thoughtfully! I laughed and nodded at the image, but still it gazed earnestly at me. At its neck was a bright red bow, coming unpinned. Its white linen collar was turned up at the right-hand corner. When I got down to dinner I told my brother George I had seen Pepper's Ghost, and it was a distinct image of myself, clear enough, and yet I could see the wall and the side of the machine through the image, and George said, "Had it a red bow and white collar on?" "Oh, yes," I said. "It was just like me, only nicer, and when I laughed and nodded, it looked grave." "Very likely," said George. "It would think you very silly. And was its bow coming unpinned?" "Yes," I replied, "and the right point of its collar was turned up." He reached me a hand-mirror, and I saw that my bow was coming unpinned and the right point of my collar was turned up. So it could not have been a reflection, or it would not have been the right point but the left of my collar that was turned up.

THE WRAITH AS A PORTENT.

In the North country it is of popular belief that to see the ghost of a living man portends his approaching decease. The Rev. Henry Kendall, of Darlington, from whose diary (unpublished) I have the liberty to quote, notes the following illustration of this belief, under date August 16th, 1870:—

Mrs. W. mentioned a curious incident that happened in Darlington: how Mrs. Percy, upholsterer, and known to several of us, was walking along the street one day when her husband was living, and she saw him walking a little way before her; then he left the causeway and turned in at a public-house. When she spoke to him of this, he said he had not been near the place, and she was so little satisfied with his statement that she called in at the "public" and asked them if her husband had been there, but they told her "No." In a very short period after this happened he died.



SHELLEY.

The phenomenon of a dual body haunted the imagination of poor Shelley. Shortly before his death he believed he had seen his wraith:—

"On the 23rd of June," says one of his biographers, "he was heard screaming at midnight in the saloon. The Williamses ran in and found him staring on vacancy. He had had a vision of a cloaked figure which came to his bed-

side and beckoned him to follow. He did so, and when they had reached the sitting-room, the figure lifted the hood of his cloak and disclosed Shelley's own features, and saying, 'Siete soddisfatto?' vanished. This vision is accounted for on the ground that Shelley had been reading a drama attributed to Calderon, named 'El Embozado o El Encapotado,' in which a mysterious personage who had been haunting and thwarting the hero all his life, and is at last about to give him satisfaction in a duel, finally unmasks and proves to be the hero's own wraith. He also asks, 'Art thou satisfied?' and the haunted man dies of horror."

On the 29th of June some friends distinctly saw Shelley walk into a little wood near Lerici, when in fact he was in a wholly different direction. This was related by Byron to Mr. Cowell.

It is difficult to frame any theory that will account for this double apparition, except, of course, the hypothesis of downright lying on the part of the witnesses. But the hypothesis of the duplication of the body in this extraordinary fashion is one which cannot be accepted until the immaterial body is photographed under test conditions at the same time that the material body is under safe custody in another place. Of course, it is well to bear in mind that to all those who profess to know anything of occult lore, and also to those who have the gift of clairvoyance, there is nothing new or strange in the doctrine of the immaterial body. Many clairvoyants declare that they constantly see the apparitions of the living mingling with the apparitions of the dead. They are easily distinguishable. The ghost of a living person is said to be opaque, whereas the ghost of one from whom life has departed is diaphanous as gossamer.

All this, of course, only causes the unbeliever to blaspheme. It is to him every whit as monstrous as the old stories of the witches riding on broomsticks. But the question is not to be settled by blasphemy on one side or credulity on the other. There is something behind these phantasmal apparitions; there is a real substratum of truth, if we could but get at it. There seems to be some faculty latent in the human mind, by which it can in some cases impress upon the eye and ear of a person at almost any distance the image and the voice. We may call it telepathy or what we please. It is a marvellous power, the mere hint of which indefinitely expands the horizon of the imagination. The telephone is but a mere child's toy compared with the gift to transmit not only the sound of the voice but the actual visible image of the speaker for hundreds of miles without any conductor known to man.

THE HYPNOTIC KEY.

Hypnotism is the key which will enable us to unlock most of these mysteries, and so far as hypnotism has spoken it does not tend to encourage the belief that the immaterial body has any substance other than the hallucination of the person who sees it. Various cases are reported by hypnotist practitioners which suggest that there is an almost illimitable capacity of the human mind to see visions and to hear voices. One very remarkable case was that of a girl who was told at midsummer by the hypnotist, when in the hypnotic state, that he would come to see her on New Year's Day. When she awoke from the trance she knew nothing about the conversation. One hundred and seventy-one days passed without any reference to it. But on the 172nd day, being New Year's Day, she positively declared that the doctor had entered her room, greeted her, and then departed. Curiously enough, as showing the purely subjective character of the vision, the doctor appeared to her in the depth of winter wearing the light summer apparel he had on when he made the appointment in July. In this case there can be no question as to the apparition being purely subjective.

The doctor did not make any attempt to visit her in his immaterial body, but she saw him and heard him as if he were there.

The late Mr. Gurney conducted some experiments with a hypnotic subject which seem to confirm the opinion that the phantasmal body is a merely subjective hallucination, although, of course, this would not explain how information had been actually imparted to the phantasmal visitant by the person who saw or imagined they saw his wraith. Mr. Gurney's cases are, however, very interesting, if only as indicating the absolute certainty which a hypnotised patient can be made to feel as to the objectivity of sights and sounds:—

S. hypnotised Zillah, and told her that she would see him standing in the room at three o'clock next afternoon, and that she would hear him call her twice by name. She was told that he would not stop many seconds. On waking, as on the former occasion, she had no notion of the ideas impressed upon her.

Next day, however, she came upstairs about five minutes past three, looking ghastly and startled. She said, "I have seen a ghost." I assumed intense amazement, and she said she was in the kitchen cleaning some silver, and suddenly she heard her name called sharply twice over, "Zillah!" in Mr. Smith's voice. She said, "And I dropped the spoon I was rubbing, and turned and saw Mr. S. without his hat, standing at the foot of the kitchen stairs. I saw him as plain as I see you," she said, and looked very wild and vacant.

The next experiment took place on Wednesday evening, July 13th, 1887, when S. told her, when hypnotised, that the next afternoon, at three o'clock, she would see me (Mr. Gurney) come into the room to her. She was further told that I would keep my hat on and say, "Good morning," and that I would further remark, "It is very warm," and would then turn round and walk out.

Next day this is what Zillah reported. She said, "I was in the kitchen washing up, and had just looked at the clock, and was startled to see how late it was (five minutes to three), when I heard footsteps coming down the stairs—rather a quick light step—and I thought it was Mr. Sleep" (the dentist whose rooms are in the house), "but as I turned round with a dish mop in one hand and a plate in the other, I saw some one with a hat on, who had to stoop as he came down the last step, and there was Mr. Gurney. He was dressed just as I saw him last night, black coat and grey trousers, his hat on, and a roll of paper like manuscript in his hand, and he said, "Oh! good afternoon." And then he glanced all round the kitchen, and he glanced at me with an awful look, as if he was going to murder me, and said, "Warm afternoon, isn't it?" and then, "Good afternoon," or "Good day." I am not sure which, and then turned and went up the stairs again, and after standing thunderstruck a minute, I ran to the foot of the stairs and saw just like a boot disappearing on the top step." She said, "I think I must be going crazy. Why should I always see something at three o'clock each day after the seance?" (Vol. v. pp. 11-13.)

Whatever hypothesis we select to explain these mysteries, they do not become less marvellous. Even if we grant that it is mere telepathy, or mind affecting mind at a distance without the use of the recognised organs of sense or of any of the ordinary conducting mediums, what an enormous extension it gives to the ordinary conception of the limits of the human mind! To be able instantaneously to paint upon the retina of a friend's eye the lifelike image of ourselves, to make our voice sound in his ears at a distance of many miles, and to communicate to his mind information which he had never before heard of, all this, it may be admitted, as tremendous a draft upon the credulity of mankind as the favourite Theosophical formula of the astral body. Yet who is there who in face of the facts and experiences recorded above, will venture to deny that one or other of these hypotheses alone can account for the phenomena under consideration?

CHAPTER II.—MY HOUSEKEEPER.

CLAIRVOYANCE—THE VISION OF THE OUT OF SIGHT.

"Moreover, the spirit lifted me up and brought me unto the East gate, and, behold, at the door of the gate five and twenty men, among whom I saw," etc.—Ezekiel xi. 1.

WHEN I was staying the other day at Orchardlea, in Windsor Forest, I did most of my writing in a spacious window on the first floor looking out over the garden. It opened French fashion, and thereby occasioned a curious optical illusion, which may perhaps help to shed some light upon the phenomena now under consideration. For when the sun was high in the sky and the French window was set at a certain angle, the whole of the flowers, figures, etc. on my right hand appeared reflected upon the lawn on the left hand as vividly as if they actually existed in duplicate. So real was the illusion that for some hours I was under the impression that a broad yellow gravel path actually stretched across the lawn on my left. It was only when a little dog ran along the spectral path and suddenly vanished into thin air that I discovered the illusion. Nothing could be more complete, more life-like. The real persons who walked up the gravel to the house walked across the spectral gravel, apparently in duplicate. Both could be seen at one and the same time. I instantly thought that they could be photographed, so as to show the duplication produced by the illusion. Unfortunately, although the spectral path was distinctly visible through the glass to the eye, no impression whatever was left on the sensitive plate. My friend writes:—

I have tried the phantom path, and I am sorry to say it is too phantom to make any impression on the plate. All that you get is the blaze of light from the glass window, some very faint trees, and no path at all. Possibly, with a June sun, it might have been different; but I doubt it, as one is told never to put the camera facing a window. It is having to take through the glass window which is fatal.

This set me thinking. It was a simple optical illusion, no doubt, similar to that which enabled Pepper to produce his ghosts at the Polytechnic. But what was the agency which enabled me to see the figures and flowers, and trees and gravel, all transferred, as by the cunning act of some magician, from the right to the left? Simply a swinging pane of perfectly transparent glass. To those who have neither studied the laws of optics nor seen the phenomenon in question, it must seem impossible that a pellucid window pane could transfer so faithfully that which happened at one end of the garden to the other as to cause it to be mistaken for reality. Yet there was the phenomenon before my eyes. The dog ran double—the real dog to the right, the spectral dog to the left, and no one could tell at first sight "t'other from which." Now, may it not be that this supplies a suggestion as to the cause of the phenomenon of clairvoyance? Is it not possible that there may exist in Nature some as yet undiscovered analogue to the swinging window pane which may enable us to see before our eyes here and now events which are transpiring at the other end of the world? In the mysterious, sub-conscious world in which the clairvoyant lives, may there not be some subtle, sympathetic lens fashioned out of strong affection or some other relation which may enable some of us to see that which is quite invisible to the ordinary eye?

A SURREY LAUNDRY SEEN IN CORNWALL.

Such thoughts came to my mind when I asked the Housekeeper, who stands third in the Census return, whether she had ever seen any of the phantasmal apparitions

of her mistress my hostess, Mrs. M. The housekeeper, a comfortable, buxom Cornish woman, smiled incredulously. No, she had seen nothing, heard nothing, believed nothing. "As to phantasmal bodies, she would prefer to see them first." "Had she ever seen a ghost?" "No, never."



MY HOUSEKEEPER—MRS. HORE.

"Had ever had any hallucinations?" "No." But one thing had happened, "rather curious" now that she came to think of it. Last year, when living on the coast far down in the west country, she had suddenly seen as in a dream the house in Hindhead where we were now standing. She had never been in Surrey in her life. She had no idea that she would ever go there, nor did she know that it was in Surrey. What she saw was the laundry. She was standing inside it, and remarked to her husband how strange and large it looked. She looked out at the windows and saw the house and the surroundings with strange distinctness. Then the vision faded away, leaving no other impression on the mind than that she had seen an exceptionally large laundry close to a small country-house in a place where she had never been in before. Six months passed; she and her husband had decided to leave the west country and take a housekeeper and gardener's post elsewhere. They replied to an advertisement, were appointed by my hostess; they transferred themselves to Hindhead, where they arrived in the dead of winter. When they reached their new quarters she saw, to her infinite astonishment, the precise place she had seen six months before. The laundry was unmistakable. There is not such another laundry in the county of Surrey. There it was, sure enough, and there was the house, and there were all the surroundings exactly as she had seen them down on the south-west coast. She did not believe in ghosts or phantasmal bodies or such like things, but one thing she knew beyond all possibility of doubt. She had seen her new home and laundry on the top of Hindhead,

REAL GHOST STORIES.

when living in the west country six months before she ever set foot in Surrey, or even knew of the existence of Mrs. M. "The moment I saw it I recognised and told my husband that it was the identical place I had seen in our old home."

WILLIAM HOWITT'S VISION.

The Housekeeper's story is very simple, and almost too commonplace. But its significance lies in those very characteristics. Here was no consuming passion, no bond of sympathy, nothing whatever material or sentimental to act as the refracting medium by which the Hindhead laundry could have been made visible in South Devon. Yet similar phenomena are of constant occurrence. A very remarkable case in point is that of William Howitt who, when on a voyage out to Australia, saw his brother's house at Melbourne so plainly that he described it on board ship, and recognised it the moment he landed. Here is his own version of this remarkable instance of clairvoyance:—

Some weeks ago, while yet at sea, I had a dream of being at my brother's at Melbourne, and found his house on a hill at the further end of the town, and next to the open forest. His garden sloped a little down the hill to some brick buildings below; and there were greenhouses on the right hand by the wall, as you look down the hill from the house. As I looked out of the window in my dream, I saw a wood of dusky-foliaged trees having a somewhat segregated appearance in their heads—that is, their heads did not make that dense mass like our trees. "There," I said to some one in my dream, "I see your native forest of eucalyptus!" This dream I told to my sons and to two of my fellow-passengers at the time, and on landing, as we walked over the meadows, long before we reached the town, I saw this very wood. "There," I said, "is the very wood of my dream. We shall see my brother's house there!" And so we did. It stands exactly as I saw it, only looking newer; but there, over the wall of the garden, is the wood, precisely as I saw it and now see it as I sit at the dining-room window writing. When I looked on this scene I seem to look into my dream. (Owen's "Footfalls," p. 118.)

A NATURAL CAMERA OBSCURA.

The usual explanation of these things is that the vision is the revival of some forgotten impressions on the brain. But in neither of the foregoing cases will that explanation suffice, for in neither case had the person who saw ever been in the place of which they had a vision. One desperate resource, the convenient theory of pre-existence, is useless here. Neither W. Howitt's brother's house, nor the laundry at Hindhead, existed before the birth of William Howitt and my Cornish housekeeper. The fact seems to be that there is a kind of invisible camera obscura in Nature, which at odd times gives us glimpses of things happening or existing far beyond the range of our ordinary vision. The other day when in Edinburgh I climbed up to the Camera Obscura that stands near the castle, and admired the simple device by which, in a darkened room upon a white paper-covered table, the whole panorama of Edinburgh life was displayed before me. There were the "recruits" drilling on the Castle Esplanade; there were the passers-by hurrying along High Street; there were the birds on the housetops, and the landscape of chimneys and steeples, all revealed as if in the crystal of a wizard's cave. The coloured shadows chased each other across the paper leaving no trace behind. Five hundred years ago the owner of that camera would have been burned as a wizard; now he makes a comfortable living out of the three-pennypieces of inquisitive visitors. Is it possible to account for the phenomena of clairvoyance other than by the supposition that there exists somewhere in Nature a gigantic camera obscura which reflects everything, and to

which clairvoyants habitually, and other mortals occasionally, have access?

SEEN AND HEARD AT 150 MILES RANGE.

The preceding incidents simply record a prevision of places subsequently visited. The following are instances in which not only places, but occurrences, were seen as in a camera by persons at a distance varying from 150 to several thousand miles. Space seems to have no existence for the clairvoyant. They are quoted from the published "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society":—

On September 9th, 1848, at the siege of Mooltan, Major-General R—, C.B., then adjutant of his regiment, was most severely and dangerously wounded, and supposing himself to be dying, asked one of the officers with him to take the ring off his finger and send it to his wife, who at the time was fully 150 miles distant, at Ferozepore.

"On the night of September 9th, 1848," writes his wife, "I was lying on my bed between sleeping and waking, when I distinctly saw my husband being carried off the field, seriously wounded, and heard his voice saying, 'Take this ring off my finger and send it to my wife.' All the next day I could not get the sight or the voice out of my mind. In due time I heard of General R— having been severely wounded in the assault of Mooltan. He survived, however, and is still living. It was not for some time after the siege that I heard from General L—, the officer who helped to carry General R— off the field, that the request as to the ring was actually made to him, just as I heard it at Ferozepore at that very time." (Vol. i. p. 30.)

A ROYAL DEATHBED IN FRANCE SEEN IN SCOTLAND.

The above case is remarkable because the voice was transmitted as well as the spectacle. In the next story the ear heard nothing, but the scene itself was very remarkable. A correspondent of the Psychical Research Society writes:—

I was staying with my mother's cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Broughton, wife of Mr. Edward Broughton, Edinburgh, and daughter of the late Colonel Blanckley, in the year 1844, and she told me the following strange story:—

She woke one night and roused her husband, telling him that something dreadful had happened in France. He begged her to go to sleep again and not to trouble him. She assured him that she was not asleep when she saw what she insisted on then telling him—what she saw, in fact. First a carriage accident, which she did not actually see, but what she saw was the result, a broken carriage, a crowd collected, a figure gently raised and carried into the nearest house, then a figure lying on a bed which she then recognised as the Duke of Orleans. Gradually friends collecting round the bed—among them several members of the French royal family—the Queen, then the King, all silently, tearfully watching the evidently dying Duke. One man (she could see his back but did not know who he was) was a doctor. He stood bending over the Duke, feeling his pulse, his watch in the other hand. And then all passed away, she saw no more. As soon as it was daylight she wrote down in her journal all that she had seen. From that journal she read this to me. It was before the days of electric telegraph, and two or more days passed before the *Times* announced "The Death of the Duke of Orleans." Visiting Paris a short time afterwards she saw and recognised the place of the accident and received the explanation of her impression. The doctor who attended the dying duke was an old friend of hers, and as he watched by the bed his mind had been constantly occupied with her and her family. (Vol. ii. p. 160.)

The doctor's sympathy may have been the key to the secret camera of Nature, but it in no wise "explains" how a lady in Edinburgh could see what went on inside a house in Paris so clearly as to know what had happened two days before the intelligence reached the *Times*.

AN AFRICAN EVENT SEEN IN ENGLAND.

Here is another story, where the event occurred in Africa and was witnessed in England:—

Mrs. Powles, of Wadhurst, West Dulwich, S.E., says:—My late husband dreamt a curious dream about his brother, Mr. Ralph Holden, who was at that time travelling in the interior of Africa. One morning, in June or July, 1861, my husband woke me with the announcement, "Ralph is dead." I said, "You must be dreaming." "No, I am not dreaming now; but I dreamt twice over that I saw Ralph lying on the ground supported by a man." They learnt afterwards that he must have died about the time when his brother dreamt about him, and that he died in the arms of his faithful native servant, lying under a large tree, where he was afterwards buried. The Holden family have sketches of the tree and the surroundings, and, on seeing it, my husband said, "Yes, that is exactly the place where I saw Ralph in my dream, dying or dead." (Vol. i. p. 141.)

DR. HORACE BUSHNELL'S STORY.

Dr. Horace Bushnell, in his "Nature and the Supernatural," tells a story, on the authority of Captain Yonnt, which differs from the foregoing in having a definite purpose, which, fortunately, was attained. Captain Yonnt, a patriarch in the Napa valley of California, told Dr. Bushnell that six or seven years before their conversation he had seen a vision which saved several lives. Here is his story:—

At my request he gave me his story. About six or seven years previous, in a mid-winter's night, he had a dream in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants arrested by the snows of the mountains and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of the scenery, marked by a huge, perpendicular front of white rock cliff; he saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree-tops rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons and the look of their particular distress. He awoke profoundly impressed by the distinctness and apparent reality of the dream. He at length fell asleep, and dreamed exactly the same dream over again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in shortly after with an old hunter comrade, he told his story, and was only the more deeply impressed by his recognising without hesitation the scenery of the dream. This comrade came over the Sierra, by the Carson Valley Pass, and declared that a spot in the Pass answered exactly his description. By this the unsophistical patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men with mules and blankets and all necessary provisions. The neighbours were laughing meantime at his credulity. "No matter," he said, "I am able to do this, and I will; for I verily believe that the fact is according to my dream." The men were sent into the mountains one hundred and fifty miles distant, directly to the Carson Valley Pass. And there they found the company exactly in the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive. ("Nature and the Supernatural," p. 14.)

THE VISION OF A FIRE.

The wife of a Dean of the Episcopal Church in one of the Southern States of America was visiting at my house while I was busy collecting materials for this work. Asking her the usual question as to whether she had ever experienced anything of the phenomena usually called supernatural, apparently because it is not the habitual experience of every twenty-four hours, she ridiculed the idea. Ghosts? not she. She was a severely practical, matter-of-fact person, who used her natural senses, and had nothing to do with spirits. But was she quite sure: had nothing ever occurred to her which she could not explain? Then she hesitated and said, "Well, yes; but there is nothing supernatural about it. I was staying away down in Virginia, some hundred miles from home,

when one morning, about eleven o'clock, I felt an overpowering sleepiness. I never sleep in the daytime, and that drowsiness was, I think, almost my only experience of that kind. I was so sleepy I went to my room and lay down. In my sleep I saw quite distinctly my home at Richmond in flames. The fire had broken out in one wing of the house, which I saw with dismay was where I kept all my best dresses. The people were all about trying to check the flames, but it was of no use. My husband was there, walking about before the burning house, carrying a portrait in his hand. Everything was quite clear and distinct, exactly as if I had actually been present and seen everything. After a time I woke up, and, going down-stairs, told my friends the strange dream I had had. They laughed at me, and made such game of my vision that I did my best to think no more about it. I was travelling about, a day or two passed, and when Sunday came I found myself in a church where some relatives were worshipping. When I entered the pew they looked rather strange, and as soon as the service was over I asked them what was the matter. 'Don't be alarmed,' they said, 'there is nothing serious.' They then handed me a post-card from my husband which simply said, 'House burned out; covered by insurance.' The date was the day on which my dream occurred. I hastened home, and then I learned that everything had happened exactly as I had seen it. The fire had broken out in the wing which I had seen blazing. My clothes were all burnt, and the oddest thing about it was that my husband, having rescued a favourite picture from the burning building, had carried it about among the crowd for some time before he could find a place in which to put it safely." Swedenborg, it will be remembered, also had a clairvoyant vision of a fire at a great distance.

THE LOSS OF THE "STRATHMORE."

A classic instance of the exercise of this faculty is the story of the wreck of the *Strathmore*. In brief the story is as follows:—The father of a son who had sailed in the *Strathmore*, an emigrant ship outward bound from the Clyde, saw one night the ship foundering amid the waves, and saw that his son, with some others, had escaped safely to a desert island near which the wreck had taken place. He was so much impressed by this vision that he wrote to the owner of the *Strathmore*, telling him what he had seen. His information was scouted; but after awhile the *Strathmore* was overdue and the owner got uneasy. Day followed day, and still no tidings of the missing ship. Then, like, Pharaoh's butler, the owner remembered his sins one day and hunted up the letter describing the vision. It supplied at least a theory to account for the vessel's disappearance. All outward-bound ships were requested to look out for any survivors on the island indicated in the vision. These orders being obeyed, the survivors of the *Strathmore* were found exactly where the father had seen them. In itself this is sufficient to confound all accepted hypotheses. Taken in connection with other instances of a similar nature, what can be said of it excepting that it almost necessitates the supposition of the existence of the invisible camera obscura which the Theosophists describe as the astral light?

THE ANALOGY OF THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

Clairvoyance can often be explained by telepathy, especially when there is strong sympathy between the person who sees and the person who is seen. Mr. Edward R. Lipsitt, of Tralee, sends me the following narrative, which illustrates this fact:—

I beg to narrate a curious case of telepathy I experienced when quite a boy. Some ten years ago I happened to sleep

one night in the same room with a young friend of about my own age. There existed a very strong sympathy between us. I got up early and went out for a short walk, leaving my friend fast asleep in his bed. I went in the direction of a well-known lake in that district. After gazing for some moments at the silent waters, I espied a large black dog making towards me. I turned my back and fled, the dog following me for some distance. My boots then being in a bad condition, one of the soles came off in the flight; however, I came away unmolested by the dog. But how amazed was I when upon entering the room my friend, who was just rubbing his eyes and yawning, related to me my adventure word by word, describing even the colour of the dog and the very boot (the right one) the sole of which gave way!

MOTIVELESS VISIONS.

There is often no motive whatever to be discovered in the apparition. A remarkable instance of this is recorded by Mr. Myers in his recent article in the *Arena*, where the analogy to a camera obscura is very close. The camera reflects everything that happens. Nothing is either great or small to its impartial lens. But if you do not happen to be in the right place, or if the room is not properly darkened, or if the white paper is taken off the table, you see nothing. We have not yet mastered the conditions of the astral camera. Here, however, is Mr. Myers' story, which he owes to the kindness of Dr. Elliott Coues, who happened to call on Mrs. C—— the very day on which that lady received the following letter from her friend, Mrs. B——.

Monday evening, January 14th, 1889.

My Dear Friend,—I know you will be surprised to receive a note from me so soon, but not more so than I was to-day, when you were shown to me clairvoyantly, in a somewhat embarrassed position. I doubt very much if there was any truth in it; nevertheless, I will relate it, and leave you to laugh at the idea of it.

I was sitting in my room sewing this afternoon, about two o'clock, when what should I see but your own dear self; but, heavens! in what a position. Now, I don't want to excite your curiosity too much, or try your patience too long, so will come to the point at once. You were falling up the front steps in the yard. You had on your black skirt and velvet waist, your little straw bonnet, and in your hand were some papers. When you fell, your hat went in one direction, and the papers in another. You got up very quickly, put on your bonnet, picked up the papers, and lost no time getting into the house. You did not appear to be hurt, but looked somewhat mortified. It was all so plain to me that I had ten to one notions to dress myself and come over and see if it were true, but finally concluded that a sober, industrious woman like yourself would not be stumbling around at that rate, and thought I'd best not go on a wild goose chase. Now, what do you think of such a vision as that? Is there any possible truth in it? I feel almost ready to scream with laughter whenever I think of it; you did look *too* funny, spreading yourself out in the front yard. "Great was the fall thereof."

This letter came to us in an envelope addressed: Mrs. E. A. C——, 217 Del. Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C., and with the postmarks, Washington, D.C., Jan. 15, 7 a.m., 1889, and Washington, N.E.C.S., Jan. 15, 8 a.m.

Now the point is that every detail in this telepathic vision was correct. Mrs. C—— had actually (as she tells me in a letter dated March 7th, 1889) fallen in this way, at this place, in the dress described, at 2.41, on January 14th. The coincidence can hardly have been due to chance. If we suppose that the vision preceded the accident, we shall have an additional marvel, which, however, I do not think we need here face. "About 2," in a letter of this kind, may quite conceivably have meant 2.41.

Here the exceeding triviality of the incident destroys the possibility of the ordinary superstition that it was a direct divine revelation. This may be plausible in cases of the *Strathmore*, where the intelligence was communicated of the loss of an English ship, but no one can seriously hold it when the only information to be communicated was a stumble on the stairs.

Considering the enormous advantages which such an astral camera would place in the hands of the detective police, I was not surprised to be told that the officers of the Criminal Investigation Department in London and Chicago occasionally consult clairvoyants as to the place where stolen goods are to be found, or where the missing criminals may be lurking.

Professor Barrett has a charming story of the recovery of a stolen dog in the Midlands by the aid of a clairvoyant governess in Workington, which he will some day, I hope, publish with full verification.

AN IRISH OUTRAGE SEEN IN A DREAM.

One of the best stories of clairvoyance as a means of throwing light on crime is thus told by a correspondent of the Psychical Research Society:—

One morning in December, 1836, he had the following dream, or, he would prefer to call it, revelation. He found himself suddenly at the gate of Major N. M.'s avenue, many miles from his home. Close to him was a group of persons, one of whom was a woman with a basket on her arm, the rest men, four of whom were tenants of his own, while the others were unknown to him. Some of the strangers seemed to be murderously assaulting H. W., one of his tenants, and he interfered. I struck violently at the man on my left, and then with greater violence at the man's face on my right. Finding, to my surprise, that I had not knocked down either, I struck again and again with all the violence of a man frenzied at the sight of my poor friend's murder. To my great amazement I saw my arms, although visible to my eye, were without substance, and the bodies of the men I struck at and my own came close together after each blow through the shadowy arms I struck with. My blows were delivered with more extreme violence than I ever think I exerted, but I became painfully convinced of my incompetency. I have no consciousness of what happened after this feeling of unsubstantiality came upon me. Next morning A. experienced the stiffness and soreness of violent bodily exercise, and was informed by his wife that in the course of the night he had much alarmed her by striking out again and again with his arms in a terrific manner, "as if fighting for his life." He, in turn, informed her of his dream, and begged her to remember the names of those actors in it who were known to him. On the morning of the following day (Wednesday) A. received a letter from his agent, who resided in the town close to the scene of the dream, informing him that his tenant had been found on Tuesday morning at Major N. M.'s gate, speechless and apparently dying from a fracture of the skull, and that there was no trace of the murderers. That night A. started for the town, and arrived there on Thursday morning. On his way to a meeting of magistrates he met the senior magistrate of that part of the country, and requested him to give orders for the arrest of the three men whom, besides H. W., he had recognised in his dream, and to have them examined separately. This was at once done. The three men gave identical accounts of the occurrence, and all named the woman who was with them. She was then arrested, and gave precisely similar testimony. They said that between eleven and twelve on the Monday night they had been walking homewards altogether along the road when they were overtaken by three strangers, two of whom savagely assaulted H. W., while the other prevented his friends from interfering. H. W. did not die, but was never the same man afterwards; he subsequently emigrated. (Vol. i. p. 142.)

The advantage which would accrue from the universal

establishment of this instantaneous vision would not be unmixcd. That it is occasionally very useful is obvious.

THE MISSING BALES OF COTTON.

Another application of this talent is in the discovering hidden or lost articles. Of this an illustration reaches me just as I am passing these pages through the press. It is taken from "A Tangled Yarn," leaves from Capt. James Payen's log, which has just been published by C. H. Kelly:—

The *Theodore* got into Liverpool the same day as the *Bland*. She was a larger ship than ours but had a similar cargo. The day that I went to the owners to report "all right," I met with Captain Morton in a terrible stew because he was thirty bales of cotton short, a loss equal to the whole of his own wages and the mate's into the bargain. He so fretted over it that his wife in desperation recommended him to get the advice of a Captain Hudson, who had a young female friend clever as a clairvoyant. We were both quite sceptical in the matter of clairvoyance. At first Morton didn't wish to meddle, he said, with "a parcel of modern witchcraft," and that sort of thing; but he at last yielded to his wife's urgency and consented to go. There was first of all a half-crown fee to Captain Hudson, and then the way was clear for an interview with the young clairvoyant. I was present to "see fair." When the girl had been put into the clairvoyant state Morton was instructed to take her right hand in his right hand and then ask her any questions he wished. The replies were in substance as follows:—She went back mentally to the port whence the *Theodore* had sailed, retracing with her hand as she in words also described the course of the ship from Liverpool across the Atlantic, through the West Indian group, etc., back to New Orleans. At length she said, "Yes, this is the place where the cotton was lost; it's put on board a big black ship with a red mark round it." Then she began to trace with her hand and describe the homeward course of the vessel, but after re-crossing the Atlantic, instead of coming up the Irish Channel for Liverpool she turned along the English Channel as though bound for the coast of France; and then stretching out her hand she exclaimed, "Oh, here's the cotton; but what funny people they are; they don't talk English." Captain Morton said at once, "I see; it's the *Brunswick*, Captain Thomas," an American ship that lay alongside of him at New Orleans and was taking in her cargo of cotton while the *Theodore* was loading, and was bound for Havre de Grace. Captain Morton, satisfied with his clairvoyant's information, went home and wrote immediately to Captain Thomas, inquiring for his lost cargo. In due course he got an answer that the cotton was certainly there, that it had been taken off the wharf in mistake, and that it was about to be sold for whomsoever it might concern; but that if he (Captain Morton) would remit a certain amount to cover freight and expenses the bales should be forwarded to him at once. He did so, and in due time received the cotton, subject only to the expense of transit from Havre to Liverpool. Such are the facts; I do not profess to offer any explanation. ("Captain James Payen's Log," p. 173.)

A BAPTIST MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE.

The following story about seeing at a distance reaches me from the Rev. Walter Wynn, Baptist minister at Bradford. The incredible thing in this story is not the vision so much as the fact that two brothers should not have communicated with each other under such circumstances:—

Sandy Lane, Bradford, October 16th, 1891.

Dear Mr. Stead,—In July last I was called to the death-bed of my mother. I could only be with her one hour, during which she stammered out, with great difficulty, an affectionate farewell. All believed—doctor included—that by twelve o'clock that night she would be gone. I had no doubt of it. Death was quite visible. I did not even say to my friends, "Wire me when she died," so certain were we that she was then breathing her last. I left home by the 4.20 train, and reached Bradford in great sorrow at 10 p.m.

A fortnight elapsed. I waited patiently during that time to hear that all had been settled. Strange to say, I heard nothing. I was troubled. Quite sure my mother was dead, I wondered why my friends kept subsequent affairs from me. I was in my study laid on my couch. I fell fast asleep for two hours (a most unusual thing). When I woke it took me several minutes to be quite sure I was not in my mother's house. I jumped to my feet, came downstairs, and remarked to my wife, "I have been home, dear. Mother is better and walking about, and is better than she was before she became ill." "Don't talk so," said my wife; "you know your mother must be dead as you speak." "She is living," I said; "I have been home. I have had a dream unlike anything I ever experienced, on the top of the firm belief that my mother has been dead a fortnight. I will write home at once." I did so. By return of post I received from my brother the following letter:—

My dear Brother,—Mother is up again, and better, if anything, than she was before her illness commenced. Forgot to write before. Yours, &c.

I never believed in dreams before, and I don't believe in all as it is, but I believe in that one, and I should like some materialistic thinker to explain it away.

You can use my name if you like in proof of the narrative.



MR. THOMAS BURT, M.P.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young.

MR. BURT'S DREAM.

When I was in Newcastle I availed myself of the opportunity to call upon Mr. Burt, M.P., who has left his old house in Lovaine Crescent, and now lives in one of the new streets nearer the Moor. On questioning him as to whether he had ever seen a ghost, he replied in the negative, but remarked that he had had one experience which had made a deep impression upon his mind, which partook more of the nature of clairvoyance than the apparition of a phantom. "I suppose it was a dream,"

said Mr. Burt. "The dream or vision, or whatever else you call it, made a deep impression upon my mind. You remember Mr. Crawford, the Durham miners' agent, was ill for a long time before his death. Just before his death he rallied, and we all hoped he was going to get better. I had heard nothing to the contrary, when one morning early I had a very vivid dream. I dreamed that I was standing by the bedside of my old friend. I passed my hand over his brow, and he spoke to me with great tenderness, with much greater tenderness than he had ever spoken before. He said he was going to die, and that he was comforted by the long and close friendship that had existed between us. I was much touched by the feeling with which he spoke, and felt awed as if I were in the presence of death. When I woke up the impression was still strong in my mind, and I could not resist the feeling that Crawford was dying. In a few hours I received a telegram stating that he was dead. This is more remarkable because I fully expected he was going to get better, and at the moment of my dream he seems to have died. I cannot give any explanation of how it came about. It is a mystery to me, and likely to remain so."

This astral camera, to which "future things unfolded lie," also retains the imperishable image of all past events. Mr. Browning's great uncle's studs brought vividly to the mind of the clairvoyant a smell of blood, and recalled all the particulars of the crime of which they had been silent witnesses. Any article or relic may serve as a key to unlock the chamber of this hidden camera.

A CLAIRVOYANT VISION OF A MURDER.

The most remarkable experiment in clairvoyant detection that I have ever come across is told by Dr. Backman, of Kalmar, in a recent number of the "Psychical Research Society's Proceedings." It is as follows:—

In the month of October, 1888, the neighbourhood of Kalmar was shocked by a horrible murder committed in the parish of Wissefjerda, which was about fifty kilometres from Kalmar as the crow flies. What happened was that a farmer named P. J. Gustafsson had been killed by a shot when driving, having been forced to stop by stones having been placed on the road. The murder had been committed in the evening, and a certain tramp was suspected, because Gustafsson, in his capacity of under bailiff, had arrested him, and he had then undergone several years' penal servitude.

This was all that I or the public knew about the case on November 1st of the same year. The place where the murder was committed and the persons implicated in it were quite unknown to me and the clairvoyant.

On the same day, November 1st, having some reason to believe that such a trial would be at least partially successful, I experimented with a clairvoyant, Miss Agda Olsen, to try if it was possible to get some information in this way about such an event.

The judge of the neighbourhood, who had promised to be present, was unfortunately prevented from coming. The clairvoyant was hypnotised in my wife's presence and was then ordered "to look for the place where the murder had been committed and see the whole scene, follow the murderer in his flight, and describe him and his home and the motive for the murder." Miss Olsen then spoke as follows, in great agitation, sometimes using violent gestures. I took notes of her exact words and reproduce them here fully.

"It is between two villages—I see a road—in a wood—now it is coming—the gun—now he is coming along, driving—the horse is afraid of the stones—hold the horse! hold the horse! now! now he is killing him—he was kneeling when he fired—blood! blood!—now he is running in the wood—seize him!—he is running in an opposite direction to the horse in many circuits—not on any footpaths. He wears a cap and grey clothes—light—has long coarse brown hair, which has not been cut for a long time—grey-blue eyes—treacherous looks—great dark brown beard—he is accus-

tomed to work on the land. I believe he has cut his right hand. He has a scar or a streak between his thumb and forefinger. He is suspicious and a coward.

"The murderer's home is a red wooden house, standing a little way back from the road. On the ground-floor is a room which leads into the kitchen, and from that again into the passage. There is also a larger room which does not communicate with the kitchen. The church of Wissefjerda is situated obliquely to your right when you are standing in the passage.

"His motive was enmity; it seems as if he had bought something—taken something—a paper. He went away from home at daybreak, and the murder was committed in the evening."

Miss Olsen was then awakened, and, like all my subjects, she remembered perfectly what she had been seeing, which had made a very profound impression on her; she added several things which I did not write down.

On November 6th (Monday) I met Miss Olsen, and she told me in great agitation that she had met the murderer from Wissefjerda in the street. He was accompanied by a younger person and followed by two policemen, and was walking from the police office to the gaol. I at once expressed my doubts of her being right, partly because country people are generally



DR. BACKMAN.

arrested by the country police, partly because they are always taken directly to gaol. But when she insisted on it, and maintained that it was the person she had seen when asleep, I went to the police office.

I inquired if any one had been arrested on suspicion of the crime in question, and a police-constable answered that such was the case, and that, as they had been taken to the town on Sunday, they had been kept in the police-station overnight, and after that had been obliged to go on foot to gaol, accompanied by two constables. The police-constable, T. A. Ljung, states that Dr. Backman described quite accurately the appearance of the house, its furniture, how the rooms were situated, where the suspected man lived, and gave a very correct account of Niklas Jonnasson's personal appearance. The doctor also asked me if I had observed that Jonnasson had a scar on his right hand. I had not then

observed it, but since then I have ascertained that it really is so, and Jonnasson says that he got it from an abscess.

The trial was a long one and showed that Gustafsson had agreed to buy for Jonnasson, but in his own name, the latter's farm, which was sold by auction on account of Jonnasson's debts. This is what is called a thief's bargain. Gustafsson bought the farm but kept it for himself. The statements of the accused man were very vague; the father had prepared an *alibi* with much care, but it failed on account for just the length of time that was provably enough to commit the murder in. The son tried to prove an *alibi* by means of two witnesses, but these confessed that they had given false evidence, which he had bribed them to do when they were in prison with him on account of another matter.

But though the evidence against the defendants was very strong, it was not considered that there was sufficient legal evidence, and, there being no jury in Sweden, they were left to the verdict of posterity. (Pp. 213-216.)

A CAPABLE "PSYCHOMETRIST."

While engaged in writing these chapters my attention was called to a young lady, Miss Catherine Ross, of 41, High Street, Smethwick, Birmingham, who, being left with an invalid sister to provide for, and without other available profession or industry, bethought herself of a curious gift of reading character, with which she seems to have been born, and had subsequently succeeded in earning a more or less precarious income by writing out characters at the modest fee of 5s. You sent her any article you pleased that had been in contact with the subject, and she sent you by return a written analysis of the subject's character. I sent her various articles from one person at different times, not telling her they were from the same person. At one time a tuft of hair from his beard, at another time a fragment of a nail, and a third time a scrap of handwriting. Each delineation of character differed in some points from the other two, but all agreed, and they were all remarkably correct. When she sent the last she added, "I don't know how it is, but I feel I have described this person before." I have tried her since then with locks of hair from persons of the most varied disposition, and have found her wonderfully correct.

All these things are very wonderful, but the cumulative value of the evidence is too great for any one to pooh pooh it as antecedently impossible. The chances against it being a mere coincidence are many millions to one. Strange though these may be, they are less strange than the cases in which the clairvoyant sees the past as if it were the present, and those other rarer cases in which the future also is unfolded to the gaze.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND THE DOUBLE.

Clairvoyance is closely related to the phenomenon of the Double, for the clairvoyant seems to have either the faculty of transporting herself to distant places, or of bringing the places within range of her sight. Here is a narrative sent me by Mr. Masey, Fellow of the Geological Society, writing to me from 8, Gloucester Road, Kew, which illustrates the connection between clairvoyance and the Double:—

Mrs. Mary Masey, who resided on Redcliffe Hill, Bristol, at the beginning of this century, was a member of the Society of Friends, and was held in high esteem for piety.

A memorable incident in her life was that one night she

dreamt that a Mr. John Henderson, a noted man of the same community, had gone to Oxford, and that he had died there. In the course of the next day, Mr. Henderson called to take leave of her, saying he was going to Oxford to study a subject concerning which he could not obtain the information he wanted in Bristol. Mrs. Masey said to him, "John Henderson, thou wilt die there." Some time afterwards, Mrs. Masey woke her husband one night, saying, "Remember, John Henderson died at Oxford at two o'clock this morning, and it is now three." Her husband, Philip Masey, made light of it; but she told him that while asleep, she had been transported to Oxford, where she had never been before, and that she had entered a room there, in which she saw Mr. John Henderson in bed, the landlady supporting his head, and the landlord with several other persons standing around. While gazing at him some one gave him medicine, and the patient, turning round, perceived her, and exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Masey, I am going to die; I am so glad you are come, for I want to tell you that my father is going to be very ill, and you must go and see him." He then proceeded to describe a room in his father's house, and a bureau in it, "in which is a box containing a remedy; give it him, and he will recover." Her impression and recollection of all the persons in the room at Oxford was most vivid, and she even described the appearance of the house on the opposite side of the street. The only person she appeared not to have seen in the room was a clergyman who was present. The husband of Mrs. Masey accompanied Mr. Henderson's father to the funeral, and on their journey from Bristol to Oxford by coach (the period being before railways and telegraphs existed), Mr. Philip Masey related to him the particulars of his son's death, as described by his wife, which on arrival they found to have been exactly as told by Mrs. Masey.

Mrs. Masey was so much concerned about the death of Mr. Henderson, jun., that she forgot all about the directions he had given her respecting the approaching illness of his father, but some time afterwards she was sent for by the father, who was very ill. She then remembered the directions given her by the son on his deathbed at Oxford. She immediately proceeded to the residence of Mr. Henderson, and on arrival at the house she found the room, the bureau, the box, and the medicine exactly as had been foretold to her. She administered the remedy as directed, and had the pleasure of witnessing the beneficial effect by the complete recovery of Mr. Henderson from a serious illness.

Here we have almost every variety of psychic experience. First of all there is second sight pure and simple; second, there is the aerial journey of the Double, with the memory of everything that had been seen and heard at the scene which it had witnessed; third, there is communication of information which at that moment was not known to the percipient; fourth, we have another prediction; and finally, we have a complete verification and fulfilment of everything that was witnessed. It is idle to attempt to prove the accuracy of statements made concerning one who has been dead nearly a hundred years, but the story, although possessing no evidential value, is interesting as an almost unique specimen of the comprehensive and complicated prophetic ghost and clairvoyant story.

Clairvoyance is a gift, and a comparatively rare gift. It is a gift which requires to be much more carefully studied and scientifically examined than it has been hitherto. It is a by-path to many secrets. It may hold in it the clue to the acquisition of great faculties, hitherto regarded as forbidden to mere mortals.

NOTICE TO CLAIRVOYANTS.

In order to ascertain how general is the peculiar gift of clairvoyancy, all persons who have discovered that they possess clairvoyant faculties, or who may on experiment, discover it, are requested to send me their names and addresses, accompanied, if possible, with photograph and brief statement of the nature of their gift, addressed to "Clairvoyant Register," REVIEW OF REVIEWS Office, Mowbray House, London, W.C.

CHAPTER III.—MYSELF.

PREMONITIONS AND SECOND SIGHT

"But there are many such things in Nature, though we have not the right key to them. We all walk in mysteries. We are surrounded by an atmosphere of which we do not know what is stirring in it, or how it is connected with our own spirit. So much is certain—that in particular cases we can put out the feelers of our soul beyond its bodily limits, and that a presentiment, nay, an actual insight into, the immediate future is accorded to it."—Goethe's "Conversations with Eckermann."

If clairvoyance partakes of the nature of the camera obscura, by which persons can see at a distance that which is going on beyond the direct range of their vision, it is less easy to suggest an analogy to explain the phenomena of premonition or second sight. Although I have never seen a ghost—for none of my hallucinations are scenic—I may fairly claim to have a place in this census on the ground of the extraordinary premonitions I have had at various times of coming events. The second sight of the Highlander is always scenic; he does not hear so much as he sees. If death is foreshadowed, the circumstances preceding and following the event pass as in dramatic scene before the eyes of the seer. It is much as if the seers had access to a camera obscura which enabled them not only to see that which was occurring at the same moment in various parts of the world, but in its magic mirror could reflect events which have not yet been as if they were already existent. The phenomena of premonition, combined with the faculties of clairvoyance by which the percipient is able to reproduce the past, make a great breach in our conceptions of both time and space. To the Deity, in the familiar line of the hymn, "future things unfolded lie"; but from time to time future things, sometimes most trivial, sometimes most important, are unfolded to the eye of mortal man. Why or how one does not know. All that he can say is that the vision came and went in obedience to some power over which he had no conscious control. The faculty of foreseeing, which in its higher forms constitutes no small part of a prophet's power, is said to exist among certain families, and to vary according to the locality in which they are living. Men who have second sight in Skye are said to lose it on the mainland. But residence in Skye itself is not sufficient to give the Englishman the faculty once said to be possessed by its natives. In England it is rare, and when it exists it is often mixed up with curious and somewhat bewildering superstitions, signs and omens portending death and disaster which can hardly be regarded as being more than seventh cousins of the true faculty.

THE BURDEN OF SECOND SIGHT.

The gift of second sight is by no means an unmixed boon. Dr. Baumgarten tells me that the Westphalians in Prussia possess the same gift which in Scotland is said to be indigenous to the islanders of Skye. The Westphalian peasantry, so far from regarding it as a privilege, are delighted when an opportunity is afforded them of transferring the unwelcome faculty to some stranger who is willing to bear the burden of seership. Von Goerrius, whom Napoleon jestingly called the fifth power in Europe on account of the indomitable manner in which he used the press in order to rouse Prussia against French dominance, collected an immense number of cases which are to be found, together with many other matters, in his book "Mystic," the three volumes of which have never been translated into the English language, and are not likely to be, owing to the abstruseness of the subject and the crabbedness of the German. Some Westphalians appear to be literally

haunted by their uncanny faculty of seeing into the future. It is bad enough to face death when it comes, without having anticipatory coffins coming into sight all round you. The Westphalian usually sees his coffin seven days before he dies; nor is it only his own coffin that is revealed to him, he has a faculty of seeing the coffins of his neighbours with a clearness which makes it somewhat disagreeable for him to be in a crowd, especially when an epidemic is about. Their second sight is nearly always a vision of disaster; they do not as a rule foresee pleasant things. The method by which the gift of second sight is transferred from one to another Dr. Baumgarten did not explain.

I can make no claim to the proud prerogative of the seer, but upon several occasions I have had some extraordinary premonitions of what was about to happen. I can give no explanation as to how they came, all that I know is they arrived, and when they arrived I recognised them beyond all possibility of mistake. I have had three or four very striking and vivid premonitions in my life which have been fulfilled to the letter. I have others which await fulfilment. Of the latter I will not speak here—although I have them duly recorded—for were I to do so I should be accused of being party to bringing about the fulfilment of my own predictions. Those which have already been fulfilled, although of no general importance to any one else, were of considerable importance to me, as will be seen by the brief outline concerning three of them.

LEAVING DARLINGTON FORESEEN.

The first occasion on which I had an absolutely unmistakable intimation of the change about to occur in my own circumstances was in 1880, the year in which I left the editorship of the *Northern Echo* to become the assistant of Mr. John Morley on the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

On New Year's Day, 1880, it was forcibly impressed upon my mind that I was to leave Darlington in the course of that year. I remember on the 1st of January meeting a journalistic confrère on my way from Darlington station to the *Northern Echo* office. After wishing him a Happy New Year, I said, "This is the last New Year's Day I shall ever spend in Darlington; I shall leave the *Northern Echo* this year." My friend looked at me in some amazement, and said, "And where are you going to?" "To London," I replied, "because it is the only place which could tempt me from my present position, which is very comfortable, and where I have perfect freedom to say my say." "But," said my friend, somewhat dubiously, "what paper are you going to?" "I have no idea in the world," I said, "neither do I know a single London paper which would offer me a position on their staff of any kind, let alone one on which I would have any liberty of utterance. I see no prospect of any opening anywhere. But I know for certain that before the year is out I shall be on the staff of a London paper." "Come," said my friend, "this is superstition, and with a wife and family I hope you will do nothing rashly." "You need not fear as to that," I said; "I shall not seek any position elsewhere, it will have to come to me if I have to go to it. I am not going to throw myself out of a berth until I

know where my next place is to be. Humanly speaking, I see no chance of my leaving Darlington, yet I have no more doubt than of my own existence that I shall be gone by this time next year." We parted. The General Election soon came upon us, and when the time came for renewing my engagement on the *Northern Echo* I had no option but to renew my contract and bind myself to remain at Darlington until July, 1880. Although I signed the contract, when the day arrived on which I had either to give notice or renew my engagement, I could not shake from me the conviction that I was destined to leave Darlington at least six months before my engagement expired. At that time the *Pall Mall Gazette* was edited by Mr. Greenwood, and was of all the papers in the land the most antipathetic to the principles upon which I had conducted the *Northern Echo*. The possibility of my becoming assistant editor to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* seemed at that time about as remote as that of the Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland receiving a cardinal's hat from the Pope of Rome. Nevertheless, no sooner had Mr. Gladstone been seated in power than Mr. George Smith handed over the *Pall Mall Gazette* to his son-in-law, Mr. Henry Yates Thompson. Mr. Greenwood departed to found and edit the *St. James's Gazette*, and Mr. Morley became editor. Even then I never dreamed of going to the *Pall Mall*. Two other North-country editors and I, thinking that Mr. Morley was left in rather a difficulty by the secession of several of the *Pall Mall* staff, agreed to send up occasional contributions solely for the purpose of enabling Mr. Morley to get through the temporary difficulty in which he was placed by being suddenly summoned to edit a daily paper under such circumstances. Midsummer had hardly passed before Mr. Thompson came down to Darlington and offered me the assistant editorship. The proprietor of the *Northern Echo* kindly waived his right to my services in deference to the request of Mr. Morley. As a result I left the *Northern Echo* in September, 1880, and my presentiment was fulfilled. At the time when it was first impressed upon my mind, no living being probably anticipated the possibility of such a change occurring in the *Pall Mall Gazette* as would render it possible for me to become assistant editor, so that the presentiment could in no way have been due to any possible calculation of chances on my part.

THE EDITORSHIP OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

The second presentiment to which I shall refer was also connected with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and was equally clear and without any suggestion from outward circumstances. It was in October, 1883. My wife and I were spending a brief holiday in the Isle of Wight, and I remember that the great troopers, which had just brought back Lord Wolseley's army from the first Egyptian campaign, were lying in the Solent when we crossed. One morning about noon we were walking in the drizzling rain round St. Catherine's point. It was a miserable day, the ground slippery and the footpath here and there rather difficult to follow. Just as we were at about the ugliest part of our climb I felt distinctly as it were a voice within myself saying, You will have to look sharp and make ready, because by a certain date (which as near as I can recollect was the 16th of March next year) you will have sole charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I was just a little startled and rather awed because, as Mr. Morley was then in full command and there was no expectation on his part of abandoning his post, the inference which I immediately drew was that he was going to die. So firmly was this impressed upon my mind that for two hours I did not like to speak about it to my

wife. We took shelter for a time from the rain, but afterwards, on going home, I spoke on the subject which filled me with sadness, not without reluctance, and said to my wife, "Something has happened to me which has made a great impression upon my mind. When we were beside St. Catherine's Lighthouse I got into my head that Mr. Morley was going to die." "Nonsense," she said, "what made you think that?" "Only this," said I, "that I received an intimation as clear and unmistakable as that which I had when I was going to leave Darlington, that I had to look sharp and prepare for taking the sole charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on March 16th next. That is all, and I do not see how that is likely to happen unless Mr. Morley is going to die." "Nonsense," said my wife, "he is not going to die; he is going to get into Parliament, that is what is going to happen." "Well," said I, "that may be. Whether he dies or whether he gets into Parliament, the one thing certain to me is that I shall have sole charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette* next year, and I am so convinced of that that when we return to London I shall make all my plans on the basis of that certainty." And so I did. I do not hedge and hesitate at burning my boats. As soon as I arrive at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office, I announced to Mr. Thompson, to Mr. Morley, and to Mr. Milner, who was then on the staff, that Mr. Morley was going to be in Parliament before March next year, for I need hardly say that I never mentioned my first sinister intimation. I told Mr. Morley and the others exactly what had happened, namely, that I had received notice to be ready to take sole charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette* by March 16th next. They shrugged their shoulders, and Mr. Morley scouted the idea. He said he had almost given up the idea of entering Parliament, all preceding negotiations had fallen through, and he had come to the conclusion that he would stick to the *Pall Mall*. I said that he might come to what conclusion he liked, the fact remained that he was going to go. I remember having a talk at the time with Mr. Milner about it. I remarked that the worst of people having premonitions is that they carefully hide up their prophecies until after the event, and then no one believed in them. "This time no one shall have the least doubt as to the fact that I have had my premonition well in advance of the fact. It is now October. I have told everybody whom it concerns whom I know. If it happens not to come to pass I will never have faith in my premonitions any more, and you may chaff me as much as you please as to the superstition. But if it turns up trumps, then please remember that I have played doubles or quits and won." Nobody at the office paid much attention to my vision, and a couple of months later Mr. Morley came to consult me as to some slight change which he proposed to make in the terms of his engagement which he was renewing for another year. As this change affected me slightly he came, with that courtesy and consideration which he always displayed in his dealings with his staff, to ask whether I should have any objection to this alteration. As he was beginning to explain what this alteration would be I interrupted him. "Excuse me, Mr. Morley," said I, "when will this new arrangement come into effect?" "In May, I think," was the reply. "Then," said I, "you do not need to discuss it with me. I shall have sole charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette* before that time. You will not be here then, you will be in Parliament." "But," said Mr. Morley, "that is only your idea. What I want to know is whether you agree to the changes which I propose to make and which will somewhat affect your work in the office?" "But," I replied, "it is no use talking about that matter to me.

You will not be here, and I shall be carrying on the *Pall Mall Gazette*; then what is the use of talking about it." Then Mr. Morley lifted his chin slightly in the air, and looking at me with somewhat natural disdain, he asked, "And, pray, do you mean to tell me that I have not to make a business arrangement because you have had a vision?" "Not at all," said I; "you of course will make what business arrangements you please—I cannot expect you to govern your conduct by my vision—but as I shall have charge of the paper it is no use discussing the question with me. You can make what arrangements you please so far as I am concerned. They are so much waste paper. I ask you nothing about the arrangement, because I know it will never come into effect so far as relates to my work on the paper." Finding that I was impracticable Mr. Morley left and concluded his arrangement without consultation. One month later Mr. Ashton Dilke sickened with his fatal illness, and Mr. Morley was elected on February 24th, 1884, as Liberal candidate for Newcastle-on-Tyne. I remember that when the news came to Northumberland Street the first remark which Mr. Thompson made was, "Well, Stead's presentiment is coming right after all." I remember all through that contest, when the issue was for some time somewhat in doubt, feeling quite certain that if Mr. Morley did not get in he would die, or he would find some other constituency. I had no vision as to the success of his candidature at Newcastle. The one thing certain was that I was to have charge of the paper, and that he was to be out of it. When he was elected the question came as to what should be done? The control of the paper passed almost entirely into my hands at once, and Mr. Morley would have left altogether on the day mentioned in my vision, had not Mr. Thompson kindly interfered to secure me a holiday before saddling me with the sole responsibility. Mr. Morley therefore remained till midsummer; but his connection with the paper was very slight, parliamentary duties, as he understood them, being incompatible with close day-to-day editing of an evening paper. Here, again, it could not possibly have been said that my premonition had any share in bringing about its realisation. It was not known by Mr. Ashton Dilke's most intimate friends in October that he would not be able to face another session. I did not even know that he was ill, and my vision, so far from being based on any calculation of Mr. Morley's chances of securing a seat in Parliament, was quite independent of all electoral changes. My vision, my message, my premonition, or whatever you please to call it, was strictly limited to one point, Mr. Morley only coming into it indirectly. I was to have charge of certain duties which necessitated his disappearance from Northumberland Street. Note also that my message did not say that I was to be *editor* of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Mr. Morley's departure, nor was I ever in strict title editor of that paper. I edited it, but Mr. Yates Thompson was nominally editor-in-chief, nor did I ever admit that I was editor until I was in the dock at the Old Bailey, when it would have been cowardly to have seemed to evade the responsibility of a position which I practically occupied, although as a matter of fact the post was never really conferred upon me.

MY IMPRISONMENT.

The third instance which I will quote is even more remarkable, and entirely precluded any possibility of my premonition having any influence whatever in bringing about its realisation. During what is known as the Armstrong trial it became evident from the judge's

ruling that a conviction must necessarily follow. I was accused of having conspired to take Eliza Armstrong from her parents without their consent. My defence was that her mother had sold the child through a neighbour for immoral purposes. I never alleged that the father had consented, and the judge ruled with unmistakable emphasis that her mother's consent, even if proved, was not sufficient. Here I may interpolate a remark to the effect that if Mrs. Armstrong had been asked to produce her marriage lines the sheet anchor of the prosecution would have given way, for long after the trial it was discovered that from a point of law Mr. Armstrong had no legal rights over Eliza, as she was born out of wedlock. The counsel in the case, however, said we had no right to suggest this, however much we suspected it, unless we were prepared with evidence to justify the suggestion. As at that time we could not find the register of marriage at Somerset House the question was not put, and we were condemned largely on the false assumption that her father had legal rights as custodian of his daughter. And this, as it happened, was not the case. This, however, by the way. When the trial was drawing to a close, conviction being certain, the question was naturally discussed as to what the sentence would be. Many of my friends, including those actively engaged in the trial on both sides, were strongly of opinion that under the circumstances it was certain I should only be bound over in my own recognisance to come up for judgment when called for. The circumstances were almost unprecedented; the judge, and the Attorney-General, who prosecuted, had in the strongest manner asserted that they recognised the excellence of the motives which had led me to take the course which had landed me in the dock. The Attorney-General himself was perfectly aware that his Government could never have passed the Criminal Law Amendment Act—would never even have attempted to do so—but for what I had done. The jury had found me guilty but strongly recommended me to mercy on the ground, as they said, that I had been deceived by my agent. The conviction was very general that no sentence of imprisonment would be inflicted. I was never a moment in doubt. I knew I was going to gaol from the moment Rebecca Jarrett broke down in the witness-box. This may be said to be nothing extraordinary; but what was extraordinary was that I had the most absolute conviction that I was going to gaol for two months. I was told by those who considered themselves in a position to speak with authority that I was perfectly safe, that I should not be imprisoned, and that I should make preparations to go abroad for a holiday as soon as the trial was over. To all such representations I always replied by asserting with the most implicit confidence that I was certain to go to gaol, and that my sentence would be two months. When, however, on November 10th, 1885, I stood in the dock to receive sentence, and received from the judge a sentence of three months, I was very considerably taken aback. I remember distinctly that I had to remember where I was in order to restrain the almost irresistible impulse to interrupt the judge and say, "I beg your pardon, my lord, you have made a mistake, the sentence ought to have been *two* months." But mark what followed. When I had been duly confined in Cold-bath-on-the-Fields Prison I looked at the little card which is fastened on the door of every cell giving the name of the prisoner, his offence, and the duration of his sentence. I found to my great relief that my presentiment had not been wrong after all. I had, it is true, been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, but the

sentence was dated from the first day of the sessions. Our trial had been a very long one, and there had been other cases before it. The consequence was that the judge's sentence was as near two months as he possibly could have passed. My actual sojourn in gaol was two months and seven days. Had he sentenced me to two months' imprisonment I should only have been in gaol one month and seven days.

These three presentiments were quite unmistakable, and were not in the least to be confounded with the ordinary uneasy forebodings which come and go like clouds in a summer sky. Of the premonitions which still remain unfulfilled I will say nothing excepting that they govern my action and more or less colour the whole of my life. No person can have had three or four premonitions such as those which I have described without feeling that such premonitions are the only certainties of the future. They will be fulfilled no matter how incredible they may appear; and amid the endless shifting circumstances of our life, these fixed points, towards which we are inevitably tending, help to give steadiness to a career, and a feeling of security to which the majority of men are strangers.

GOETHE'S GRANDFATHER.

Goethe, in his Autobiography, records the fact that his maternal grandfather had a premonition of his election to the aldermanic dignity, not unlike that which I had about my promotion to the *Pall Mall*. Goethe writes:—

"We knew well enough that he was often informed, in remarkable dreams, of things which were to happen. For example, he assured his wife at a time when he was still one of the youngest magistrates, that at the very next vacancy he should be appointed to a seat on the board of aldermen. And when, very soon after, one of the aldermen was struck with a fatal stroke of apoplexy, he ordered that on the day when the choice was to be made by lot, the house should be arranged and everything prepared to receive the guests coming to congratulate him on his elevation; and, sure enough, it was for him that was drawn the golden ball which decides the choice of aldermen in Frankfurt. The dream which foreshadowed to him this event he confided to his wife as follows:—He found himself in session with his colleagues, and everything was going on as usual, when an alderman, the same who afterwards died, descended from his seat, came to my grandfather, politely begged him to take his place, and then left the chamber. Something similar happened on the provost's death. It was usual in such cases to make great haste to fill the vacancy, seeing that there was always ground to fear that the Emperor, who used to nominate the provost, would some day or other reassert his ancient privilege. On this particular occasion the sheriff received orders at midnight to call an extra session for the next morning. When in his rounds the officer reached my grandfather's house, he begged for another bit of candle to replace that which had just burned down in his lantern. 'Give him a whole candle,' said my grandfather to the woman; 'it is for me he is taking all this trouble.' The event justified his words. He was actually chosen provost. And it is worthy of notice that the person who drew in his stead, having the third and last chance, the two silver balls were drawn first, and thus the golden one remained for him at the bottom of the bag." (Quoted by Owen in "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.")

A VISION OF FOOTBALL.

In my case each of my premonitions related to an important crisis in my life, but often premonitions are of

a very different nature. One which was told me when I was in Glasgow came in a dream, but it is so peculiar that it is worthy of mention in this connection. The Rev. William Ross, minister of the Church of Cowcaddens, in Glasgow, is a Highlander. On the Sunday evening after I had addressed his congregation, the conversation turned on premonitions and second sight, and he told me the following extraordinary dream:—When he was a lad living in the Highlands, at a time when he had never seen a game of football, or knew anything about it, he awoke in the morning with a sharp pain in his ankle. This pain, which was very acute, and which continued with him throughout the whole day, was caused, he said, by an experience which he had gone through in a dream. He found himself in a strange place and playing at a game which he did not understand, and which resembled nothing that he had seen played among his native hills. He was running rapidly, carrying a big black thing in his arms, when suddenly another youth ran at him and kicked him violently on the ankle, causing such intense pain that he woke. The pain, instead of passing away, as is usual when we happen anything in dreamland, was very acute, and he continued to feel it throughout the day. Time passed, and six months after his dream he found himself on the playing fields at Edinburgh, engaged in his first game of football. He was a long-legged country youth and a swift runner, and he soon found that he could rush a goal better by taking the ball and carrying it than by kicking it. After having made one or two goals in this way, he was endeavouring to make a third, when, exactly as he had seen in his dream, a player on the opposite side swooped upon him and kicked him heavily upon the ankle. The blow was so severe that he was confined to the house for a fortnight. The whole scene was exactly that which he had witnessed in his dream. The playing fields, the game, the black round ball in his arms, and finally the kick on the ankle. It would be difficult to account for this on any ground of mere coincidence, the chances against it are so enormous. It is a very unusual thing for any one to suffer physical pain in the waking state from incidents which take place in dreams, but in the preceding chapter there was one case in point, that of the clairvoyant vision in Dublin of the agrarian outrage in Clare, when the person after taking part in the hand-to-hand combat in a dream awoke bruised and sore.

A PREMONITION OF A BAD DEBT.

When in Edinburgh in October I had the good fortune to meet a gentleman, now in the Irish Civil Service, who had held an important position of trust in connection with the Indian railways. Speaking on the subject of premonitions, he said that on two occasions he had had very curious premonitions of coming events in dreams. One was very trivial, the other more serious, but both are quite inexplicable on the theory of coincidence. The evidential value is enhanced by the fact that on both cases he mentioned his dreams to his wife before the realisation came about. I saw his wife and she confirmed his stories. The first was curious from its simplicity. A certain debtor owed Mr. T. an amount of some £30. One morning he woke up and informed his wife that he had had a very disagreeable dream, to the effect that the money would never be paid, and that all he would recover of the debt was seven pounds odd shillings and sixpence. The number of shillings he had forgotten, but he remembers distinctly the pounds and the sixpence. A few days later he received an intimation that something had gone wrong with the debtor, and the total sum which he ultimately recovered was the exact amount which he

had heard in his dream and had mentioned on the following morning to his wife.

A DREAM OF DEATH.

His other dream was more curious. An acquaintance of his in India was compelled to return home on furlough on account of the ill-health of his wife, and he agreed to let his bungalow to Mr. T. One morning Mr. T. woke up and told his wife a dream that he had had. He had gone to Lucknow railway station to take possession of Mr. C.'s bungalow, but when stepping on the platform the stationmaster had told him that Mr. C. was dead, and that he hoped it would not make any difficulties about the bungalow. So deeply impressed was he with the dream that he telegraphed to his friend C. to ask when he was going to start for England, feeling by no means sure that the reply telegram might not announce that he was dead. The telegram, however, came back in due course. Mr. C. stated that he was going to leave on such and such a date. Reassured, therefore, Mr. T. dismissed the idea of the dream as a subjective delusion. At the appointed time he departed for Lucknow. When he alighted he was struck by the strange resemblance of the scene to that in his dream, and this was further recalled to his mind when the stationmaster came up to him and said, not that Mr. C. was dead but that he was seriously ill, and that he hoped it would not make any difference about the bungalow. Mr. T. began to be uneasy. The next morning, when he entered the office, his chief said to him, "You will be very sorry to hear that Mr. C. died last night." Mr. T. has never had any other hallucinations, nor has he any theory to account for his dreams. All that he knows is that they occurred, and that in both cases what he saw was realised—in one case to the very letter, and in the other with a curious deviation which adds strong confirmatory evidence to the *bonâ fides* of the narrator. Both stories are capable of ample verification if sufficient trouble were taken, as the telegram in one case could be traced, the death proved, and in the other the receipt might probably be found.

It will be noticed that the premonition of the Rev. Mr. Ross and those of Mr. T. were communicated to them in dreams. That is not the case with my premonitions. I have never been more wide-awake than when the impression has been, as it were, stamped on my mind as to things which were to come. Dreams are more or less discredited, partly because there are so many of them, that out of a million dreams it is odd if one or two do not hit the mark, and partly because people remember them so imperfectly that they are apt to make the dream fit the circumstance after it has occurred. Sometimes, however, the dream has been so distinct and so vivid that it has been impossible to confound it with the usual fantasies which we have during sleep.

CAPTAIN WIGGINS'S WARNING.

My good friend Captain Wiggins, one of the most Elizabethan of English mariners, is full of stories of visions which have occurred to him. Unfortunately he is on his way to Brazil, so that I cannot obtain first-hand evidence as to some of the things with which he used to surprise his friends. One dream, however, which made a vivid impression on him may be cited, as it saved his canvas, if not his life. He was in the Mediterranean in a sailing vessel with a tranquil sea and a cloudless sky, with all sail set, when he dreamed he saw a white squall come up and strike the ship with a fury which portended its destruction. So vivid was the impression that he ran on deck, and, to the amazement of his officers and crew, ordered every inch of canvas to be furled. Believing

that Captain Wiggins had suddenly gone mad, they nevertheless set about executing his orders. They had hardly finished their task when a white squall struck the ship with a fury which would have torn the canvas to ribbons, if indeed it had not capsized the vessel.

AN UNAVAILING WARNING.

Dreams which give timely notice of coming accidents are, unfortunately, quite as often useless as they are efficacious for the protection of those to whom they are sent. Mr. Kendall, from whose psychical diary I have often quoted, sends me the following story of a dream which occurred, but which failed to save the dreamer's leg, although he struggled against it, and did his best to avert his evil fate:—

Taking tea at a friend's house in the road where I live, I met with the Rev. Mr. Johnson, superintendent of the South Shields Circuit among the Primitive Methodists. He spoke with great confidence of the authenticity of a remarkable dream which he related. He used to reside at Shipley, near Bradford. His class-leader there had lost a leg, and he had heard direct from himself the circumstances under which the loss took place and the dream that accompanied it. This class-leader was a blacksmith at a manufacturing mill which was driven by a water-wheel. He knew the wheel to be out of repair when one night he dreamed that at the close of the day's work the manager detained him to repair it, that his foot slipped and became entangled between the two wheels, and was injured and afterwards amputated. In consequence he told his wife the dream in the morning, and made up his mind to be out of the way that evening, if he was wanted to repair the wheel. During the day the manager announced that the wheel must be repaired when the workpeople left that evening, but the blacksmith determined to make himself scarce before the hour arrived. He fled to a wood in the vicinity, and thought to hide himself there in its recesses. He came to a spot where some timber lay which belonged to the mill, and detected a lad stealing some pieces of wood from the heap. He pursued him in order to rescue the stolen property, became excited, and forgot all about his resolution. He found himself ere he was aware of it back at the mill just as the workpeople were being dismissed. He could not escape, and as he was principal smith he had to go upon the wheel, but he resolved to be very careful. In spite of his care, however, his foot slipped and got entangled between the two wheels just as he had dreamed. It was crushed so badly that he had to be carried to the Bradford Infirmary, where the leg was amputated above the knee. The premonitory dream was thus fulfilled throughout.

"I KNOW IT WILL COME TRUE."

A much more painful story and far more detailed is contained in the fifth volume of the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society," on the authority of C. F. Fleet, of 26, Grosvenor Road, Gainsborough. He swears to the authenticity of the facts. The detailed story is full of the tragic fascination which attaches to the struggle of a brave man, repeatedly warned of his coming death, struggling in vain to avert the event which was to prove fatal, and ultimately perishing within the sight of those to whom he had revealed the vision. The story in brief is as follows:—Mr. Fleet was third mate on the sailing ship *Persian Empire*, which left Adelaide for London in 1868. One of the crew, Cleary by name, dreamed before starting that on Christmas morning, as the *Persian Empire* was passing Cape Horn in a heavy gale, he was ordered with the rest of his watch to secure a boat hanging in davits over the side. He and another got into the boat when a fearful sea broke over the ship, washing them both out of the boat into the sea where they were both drowned. The dream made such an impression upon him that he was most re-

luctant to join the ship, but he overcame his scruples and sailed. On Christmas Eve, when they were nearing Cape Horn, Cleary had a repetition of his dream, exact in all particulars. He uttered a terrible cry, and kept muttering, "I know it will come true." On Christmas Day, exactly as he had foreseen, Cleary and the rest of the watch were ordered to secure a boat hanging in the davits. Cleary flatly refused. He said he refused because he knew he would be drowned, that all the circumstances of his dream had come true up to that moment, and if he went into that boat he would die. He was taken below to the captain, and his refusal to discharge duty was entered in the log. Then the chief officer, Douglas, took the pen to sign his name. Cleary suddenly looked at him and exclaimed, "I will go to my duty, for now I know the other man in my dream." He told Douglas, as they were on deck, of his dream. They got into the boat, and when they were all making tight a heavy sea struck the vessel with such force that the crew would have been washed overboard had they not clung to the mast. The boat was turned over, and Douglas and Cleary were flung into the sea. They swam for a little time and then went down. It was just three months after he had dreamed of it before leaving Adelaide.

Here we have inexorable destiny fulfilling itself in spite of the struggles of its destined victim. It reminds me of a well-known Oriental story, which tells how a friend who was with Solomon saw the Angel of Death looking at him very intently. On learning from Solomon whom the strange visitor was he felt very uncomfortable under his gaze, and asked Solomon to transport him on his magic carpet to Damascus. No sooner said than done. Then said the Angel of Death to Solomon, "The reason why I looked so intently at your friend was because I had orders to take him at Damascus, and behold, I found him at Jerusalem. Now, therefore, that he has transported himself thither I shall be able to obey my orders."

PROFITABLE PREMONITIONS.

There are, however, cases in which a premonition has been useful to those who have received timely warning of disaster. The ill-fated *Pegasus*, that went down carrying with it the well-known Rev. J. Morell Mackenzie, an uncle of the well-known physician, who preserves a portrait of the distinguished divine among his heirlooms, is associated with a premonition which saved the life of a lady and her cousin, the wives of two Church of England ministers. They had intended to sail in the *Pegasus* on Wednesday, but a mysterious and unaccountable impression compelled one of the ladies to insist that they should leave on the Saturday. They had just time to get on board, and so escaped going by the *Pegasus* which sailed on the following Wednesday and was wrecked, only two on board being saved.

Like to this story, in so far as it records the avoidance of an accident by the warning of a dream, but fortunately not resembling it in its more ghostly detail, is the story told in Mrs. Sidgwick's paper on the Evidence for Premonitions, on the authority of Mrs. Raey, of 99, Holland Road, Kensington. She dreamed that she was driving from Mortlake to Roehampton. She was upset in her carriage close to her sister's house. She forgot about her dream, and drove in her carriage from Mortlake to her sister's house. But just as they were driving up the lane the horse became very restive. Three times the groom had to get down to see what was the matter, but the third time the dream suddenly occurred to her memory. She got out and insisted on walking to the house. He drove off by himself, the horse became unmanageable, and in a few moments she came upon

carriage, horse, and groom, all in a confused mass, just as she had seen the night before, but not in the same spot. But for the dream she would certainly not have alighted from the carriage.

THE VISIONS OF AN ENGINE-DRIVER.

In the same paper there is an account of a remarkable series of dreams which occurred to Mr. J. W. Skelton, an American engine-driver, which were first published in Chicago in 1886. Six times his locomotive had been upset at high speed, and each time he had dreamed of it two nights before, and each time he had seen exactly the place and the side on which the engine turned over. The odd thing in his reminiscences is that on one occasion he dreamed that after he had been thrown off the line a person in white came down from the sky with a span of white horses and a black chariot, who picked him off the engine and drove him up to the sky in a southeasterly direction. In telling the story he says that every point was fulfilled excepting that—and he seems to regard it quite as a grievance—the chariot of his vision never arrived. On one occasion only his dream was not fulfilled, and in that case he believed the accident was averted solely through the extra precaution that he used in consequence of his vision.

SOME HISTORICAL CASES.

Of the premonitions of history there are many, too familiar to need more than a passing allusion here. The leading case is, of course, the dream of Pilate's wife, which, if it had been attended to, might have averted the crucifixion. But there again foreknowledge was impotent against fate. Calphurnia, Caesar's wife, in like manner strove in vain to avert the doom of her lord. There is no story more trite than that which tells of the apparition which warned Brutus that Caesar would make Philippi his trysting-place. In these cases the dreams occurred to those closely associated with the doomed. One of the best known of dream presentiments in English history occurred to a person who had no connection with the victim. The assassination of Mr. Perceval in the Lobby of the House of Commons was foreseen in the minutest detail by John Williams, a Cornish mine manager, eight or nine days before the assassination took place. Three times over he dreamed that he saw a small man, dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat, enter the Lobby of the House of Commons, when immediately another person, dressed in a snuff-coloured coat, took a pistol from under his coat and shot the little man in his left breast. On asking who the sufferer was he was informed that it was Mr. Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was so much impressed by the dream that he consulted his friends as to whether he should not go up to London and warn Mr. Perceval. Unfortunately they dissuaded him, and on May 13th the news arrived that Mr. Perceval had been killed on the 11th. Some time afterwards, when he saw a picture of the scene of the assassination, it reproduced all the details of the thrice-dreamed vision. There does not seem to have been any connection between Mr. Williams and Mr. Perceval, nor does there seem to have been any reason why it should have been revealed to him rather than to any one else.

THE INNER LIGHT OF THE QUAKERS.

The Quakers, whether it is because they allow their unconscious personality to have more say in their lives than others who do not practise quietism as a religion, or whether it be from any other cause, it is difficult to say, seem to have more than their fair share of premonitions. Every one remembers how George Fox saw a "waft" of death go out against Oliver Cromwell when

he met him riding at Hampton Court the day before he was prostrated with his fatal illness. Fox was full of visions. He foresaw the expulsion of the "Rump," the restoration of Charles II., and the Fire of London. Stephen Grellet is another notable Friend who was constantly foreseeing things. He not only foresaw things himself, but his faculty seemed to bring him into contact with others who foresaw things; and in his Life there is an excellent instance of a premonitory dream, told by Countess Tontschkoff three months before Napoleon's Invasion. The Countess, whose husband was a general in the Russian army, dreamed that her father came to the room, having her only son by the hand, and, in a tone of great sadness, said, "All thy comforts are gone; thy husband has fallen at Borodino."

As her husband at that time was sleeping beside her she dismissed the matter as a mere dream. But when it was repeated a second and a third time, she awoke her husband and asked him where Borodino was. She told him her dream, and they searched through the maps with the greatest care, but could not discover any such place. Three months later Napoleon entered Russia, and fought the bloody battle which opened the way to Moscow near the river Borodino, from which an obscure village takes its name. Her father announced her husband's death, having her son by the hand, in the exact terms that she had heard him say in her dream three months before. She instantly recognised the inn in which she was then staying as the place that she had seen in her dream.

A METHODIST TALE.

One of the most curiously detailed premonitory dreams that I have ever seen is one mentioned in Mr. Kendall's "Strange Footsteps." It is supplied by the Rev. Mr. Lupton, Primitive Methodist minister, a man of high standing in his Connexion, whose mind is much more that of the lawyer than that of poet or dreamer:—

By the District Meeting (Hull District) of 1833, I was stationed for the Malton Circuit, with the late Rev. T. Batty. I was then superintendent of the Lincoln Circuit; and, up to a few days before the change, Mrs. Lupton and myself were full of anticipation of the pleasures we should enjoy among our old friends on being so much nearer home. But some days before we got the news of our destination, one night—I cannot now give the date, but it was during the sittings of the Conference—I had a dream, and next morning I said to my wife, "We shall not go to Malton, as we expect, but to some large town: I do not know its name, but it is a very large town. The house we shall occupy is up a flight of stairs, three stories high. We shall have three rooms on one level: the first—the kitchen—will have a closed bed in the right corner, a large wooden box in another corner, and the window will look down upon a small grass plot. The room adjoining will be the best room: it will have a dark carpet, with six hair-seated mahogany chairs. The other will be a small bed-room. We shall not worship in a chapel, but in a large hall, which will be formed like a gallery. There will be a pulpit in it, and a large circular table before it. The entrance to it will be by a flight of stairs, like those in a church tower. After we have ascended so far, the stairs will divide—one way leading up to the left, to the top of the place. This will be the principal entrance, and it leads to the top of the gallery, which is entered by a door covered with green baize fastened with brass nails. The other stairs lead to the floor of the place; and, between the door and the hall, on the right-hand side, in a corner, is a little room or vestry: in that vestry there will be three men accustomed to meet that will cause us much trouble; but I shall know them as soon as ever I see them, and we shall ultimately overcome them, and do well.

By reason of some mishap or misadventure, the letter from Conference was delayed, so that only some week or

ten days prior to the change I got a letter that informed me my station was Glasgow. You may judge our surprise and great disappointment; however, after much pain for mind, and much fatigue of body and expense (for these were no railways then, and coaching was coaching in those days), we arrived at No. 6 Rotten Row, Glasgow, on the Saturday, about half-past three. To our surprise we found the entrance to our house up a flight of stairs (called in Scotland *turnpike stairs*) such as I saw in my dream. The house was three stories high also, and when we entered the kitchen door, lo, there was the closed bed, and there the box (in Scotland called a *bunker*). I said to Mrs. Lupton, "Look out of the window," and she said, "Here is the plot of grass." I then said, "Look into the other rooms," and she replied, "Yes, they are as you said." My colleague, Mr. J. Johnson, said, "We preach in the Mechanics' Institution Hall, North Hanover Street, George Street, and you will have to preach there in the morning. Well, morning came; and, accompanied by Mr. Johnson, I found the place. The entrance was as I had seen in my dream. But we entered the hall by the right; there was the little room in the corner. We entered it, and one of the men I had seen in my dream, J. M.—, was standing in it. We next entered the hall; there was the pulpit and the circular table before it. The hall was galleried to the top; and, lo, the entrance door at the top was covered with green baize and brass nails. Only one man was seated, J. P.—; he was another of the men I saw in my dream. I did not wait long before J. Y.—, the other man, entered. My dream was thus so far fulfilled. Well, we soon had very large, overflowing congregations. The three men above named got into loose, dissipated habits; and, intriguing for some months, caused us very much trouble, seeking, in conjunction with my colleague, to form a division and make a party and church for him. But, by God's help, their schemes were frustrated, and I left the station in a healthy and prosperous state.

SOME PREMONITORY WARNINGS.

I select from a mass of correspondence the following samples of various kinds of premonitory warnings:—

In the year 1888, in the month of August, I was awakened by a dream that a favourite dog, a Scotch collie, had bitten my third son very severely on the left arm, and my husband had carried him over the way to the doctor, to have the wound cauterised. I went to sleep again and the dream was repeated. Three weeks after this extraordinary dream (which I felt had no foundation, for my son and the dog were the best of friends) my son was playing with the dog, when he suddenly turned round and bit him on the left arm, and my husband carried him over to our friend the doctor, who cauterised the wound and the dog was destroyed. My dream then came vividly to my mind. The arm became very much swollen, but no bad results followed. I suppose you would call that by the name of clairvoyance or second sight. I never had a dream like it before or since.

M. L. CAUDWELL.

Glenlogie, Hamilton Road, Reading.

Mrs. Dean, of 44, Oxford Street, writes as follows:—

Early this summer, in sleep, I saw my mother very ill in agony, and woke, repeating the words, "Mother is dying." I looked anxiously for a letter in the morning, but no sign of one; and to several at breakfast I told my dream, and still felt anxious as the day wore on. In the afternoon, about three o'clock, a telegram came, saying, "Mother a little better; wait another wire." About an hour afterwards came the letter with a cheque enclosed for my fare, and to come home at once, "for mother, we fear, is dying." My mother recovered; but upon going home a short time after, I saw my mother just as she then was at that time, and my stepfather used the words just as I received them—"Mother is dying." They live in Liverpool, and I am in London.

A CURIOUS REHEARSAL.

The following is from the diary of the Rev. Henry Kendall, from which I have frequently quoted:—

Mr. Marley related this evening a curious incident that

occurred to himself long ago. When he was a young man at home with his parents, residing at Aycliffe, he was lying wide awake one morning at early dawn in the height of summer when his father came into his bedroom dressed just as he was accustomed to dress—red waistcoat, etc.—but with the addition of a tasselled nightcap which he sometimes kept on during the day. His father had been ailing for some time, and said to him, "Crawford, I want you to make me a promise before I die." His son replied, "I will, father; what is it?" "That you will take care of your mother." "Father, I promise you." "Then," said the father, "I can die happy," and went out at the window. This struck Mr. M. as an exceedingly odd thing; he got out of bed and looked about the room and satisfied himself that he had made no mistake, but that he had really talked with his father and seen him go out at the window. In the morning, when he entered his father's room, the first words he heard were, "Crawford, I want you to make me a promise before I die." Mr. M. replied, "Father, I will; what is it?" "That you will take care of your mother." "Father, I promise you." "Then I can die happy." Thus the conversation that took place during the night under such singular circumstances was repeated verbatim in the morning; and while it implied that the father had been previously brooding over the subject of his wife's comfort after he should be taken away, it also supplied important evidence that the strange affair of the night was not mere imagination on the part of the son. The father died soon afterwards.

A SPECTRAL POSTMAN.

Of a somewhat similar nature, although in this case it was visible and not audible, is that told me by the Rev. J. A. Dalane, of West Hartlepool, who, on August 14th, 1886, about three o'clock in the morning, saw a hand very distinctly, as in daylight, holding a letter addressed in the handwriting of an eminent Swedish divine. Both the hand and the letter appeared very distinctly for the space of about two minutes. Then he saw a similar hand holding a sheet of foolscap paper on which he saw some writing, which he, however, was not able to read. After a few minutes this gradually faded and vanished away. This was repeated three different times. As soon as it had disappeared the third time he got up, lighted the gas, and wrote down the facts. Six hours afterwards, at nine o'clock, the post brought a letter which in every particular corresponded to the spectral letter which had been three times shown to him in the early morning.

AN EXAMINATION PAPER SEEN IN DREAM.

The Rev. D. Morris, chaplain of Walton Gaol, near Liverpool, had a similar, although more useful experience, as follows:—

In December, 1853, I sat for a schoolmaster's certificate at an examination held in the Normal College, Cheltenham. The questions in the various subjects were arranged in sections according to their value, and printed on the margin of stiff blue-coloured foolscap, to which the answers were limited. It had been the custom at similar examinations in previous years for the presiding examiners to announce beforehand the daily subjects of examinations, but on this occasion the usual notice was omitted.

After sitting all day on Monday, my brain was further excited by anxious guessings of the morrow's subjects, and perusals of my note-books. That night I had little restful sleep, for I dreamt that I was busy at work in the examination hall. I had in my dream vividly before me the Geometry (Euclid) paper. I was so impressed with what I had seen that I told my intimate friends to get up the bottom question in each section (that being the bearer of most marks), and, it is needless to say, I did the same myself. When the geometry paper was distributed in the hall by the examiners, to my wonder it was really in every respect, questions and sections, the paper that I had seen in my dream on the Monday night.

Nothing similar to it happened to me before or since. The above fact has never been recorded in any publication.

A USEFUL HINT.

A lady correspondent at Southsea writes me as follows:—

The following facts occurred in my own experience two days ago.

I had been searching for a good servant for ten days without success, and went to bed worried about the matter, fearing I should not secure one before my old servant left. I also wanted a nursemaid.

As I was lying awake, something told me to go to Elm Road, the left-hand side, and inquire at one of two houses. In fact a picture of the houses presented itself to my mind.

Now, it's a road I seldom walk through, as it is a long distance from my home. I do not know the name of a single person in it, nor the situation of the houses. The impression, however, was so great that I felt impelled to go there the next morning. I crossed to the left-hand side, and went direct to two houses. A woman was standing at the door of the second. I inquired of her if she knew of a good servant; also a nursemaid whom she could recommend. She said she did not, but probably her neighbour would. I immediately went into this neighbour's house. I called her. She appeared at once, and told me of two servants whose characters suited me in every respect, and before the evening was out they were both engaged.

FOREBODINGS AND DREAMS.

An instance in which a dream was useful in preventing an impending catastrophe is recorded of a daughter of Mrs. Rutherford, at Ederton, the granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott. This lady dreamed more than once that her mother had been murdered by a black servant. She was so much upset by this that she returned home, and to her great astonishment, and not a little to her dismay, she met on entering the house the very black servant she had met in her dream. He had been engaged in her absence. She prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three o'clock in the morning the gentleman heard footsteps on the stairs, came out and met the servant carrying a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he answered confusedly that he was going to mend the mistress's fire, which at three o'clock in the morning in the middle of summer was evidently impossible. On further investigation, a strong knife was found hidden in the coals. The lady escaped, but the man was subsequently hanged for murder, and before his execution he confessed that he intended to have assassinated Mrs. Rutherford.

A correspondent in Dalston sends me an account of an experience which befell him in 1871, when a lady strongly advised him against going from Liverpool to a place near Wigan, where he had an appointment on a certain day. As he could not put off the appointment, she implored him not to go by the first train. In deference to her foreboding, he went by the third train, and on arriving at his destination found that the first train had been thrown off the line and had rolled down an embankment into the fields below. The warning in this case, he thinks, probably saved his life.

Another correspondent, Mr. A. N. Browne, of 19, Wellington Avenue, Liverpool, communicates another instance of a premonitory dream, which unfortunately did not avail to prevent the disaster:—

My sister-in-law was complaining to me on a warm August day, in 1882, of being out of sorts, upset and altogether depressed. I took her a bit to task, asked her why she was depressed, and elicited that she was troubled by dreaming the preceding night that her son Frank, who was spending his holidays with his uncle near Preston, was drowned. Of

course I ridiculed the idea of a dream troubling any one. But she only answered that her dreams often proved more than mere sleep-disturbers. That was told to me at 2 p.m. or about. At 6.30 we dined, and all thought of the dream had vanished out of my mind and my sister-in-law seemed to have overcome her depression. We were sitting in the drawing room, say 8 p.m., when a telegram arrived. My sister-in-law received it, turned to her husband and said, "It is for you, Tom." He opened it and cried, "My God! My God!" and fell into a chair. My sister-in-law snatched the telegram from her husband, looked at it, screamed, and fell prostrate. I in turn took the telegram, and read, "Frank fell in the river here to-day, and was drowned." It was a telegram from the youth's uncle, with whom he had been staying.

A CLAIRVOYANT VISION OF A DEATHBED.

Dr. H. Grosvenor Shaw, M.R.C.S., medical officer to one of the asylums under the London County Council, sends me the following brief but striking story, which bears upon the subject under discussion:—

Four men were playing whist. The man dealing stopped to drink, and whilst drinking the man next to him poked him in the side, telling him to hurry up. Some of the fluid he was drinking entered the larynx, and before he could recover his breath he fell back, hitting his head against the door post, and lay on the ground stunned for something under a minute. When he came to he was naturally dazed, and for the moment surprised at his surroundings. He said he had "been at the bedside of his friend—mentioning his name—who was dying." The next morning a telegram came to say the friend was dead, and he died, it was ascertained at the exact time the accident at the card table took place. I would remark the dead man had been enjoying perfect health, and no one had received any information that he was ill, which illness was sudden.

A VISION OF COMING DEATH

One familiar and very uncanny form of premonition, or of foreseeing, is that in which a coffin is seen before the death of some member of the household. The following narrative is communicated to me by Mrs. Crofts, of 22, Blurton Road, Clapton. She is quite clear that she actually saw what she describes:—

A week prior to the death of my husband, when he and I had retired to rest, I lay for a long while endeavouring to go to sleep, but failed; and after tossing about for some time I sat up in bed, and having sat thus for some time was surprised to see the front door open, which I could see plainly from where I was. Our bedroom door being always kept open, I was astonished but not afraid when, immediately after the door opened, two men entered bearing a coffin which they carried upstairs, right into the room where I was, and laid it down on the hearth-rug by the side of the

bed, and then went away shutting the front door after them. I was of course somewhat troubled over the matter, and mentioned it to my husband when having breakfast the following morning. He insisted that I had been dreaming, and I did not again let the matter trouble my mind. A week that day my husband died very suddenly. I was engaged in one of the rooms upstairs the evening afterwards, when a knock came to the door, which was answered by my mother, and I did not take any notice until I heard the footsteps of those coming up the stairs, when I looked out, and lo! I beheld the two men whom I had seen but a week previously carry and put the coffin in exactly the same place that they had done on their previous visit. I cannot describe to you my feelings, but from that time until the present I am convinced that, call them what you like—apparitions, ghosts, or forewarnings—they are a reality.

WANTED A DREAM DIARY.

This array of facts, which are well accredited, would seem to show that in the book of Job Elihu was not far wrong when he said, "In slumberings upon the bed God openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction." Or, to quote from an author who uses more modern dialect, it justifies Abercromby's remark that the subject of dreaming appears to be worthy of careful investigation, and there is much reason to believe that an extensive collection of authentic facts, carefully analysed, would unfold principles of very great interest in reference to the philosophy of the mental powers. ("Intellectual Powers," p. 224.)

Of premonitions, especially of premonitions in dreams, it is easy to have too much. The best antidote for an excessive surfeit for such things is to note them down when they occur. When you have noted down 100 dreams, and find that one has come true, you may effectively destroy the superstitious dread that is apt to be engendered by stories such as the foregoing. It would be one excellent result of the publication of this volume if all those who are scared about dreams and forebodings would take the trouble to keep a dream diary noting the dream and the fulfilment or falsification following. By these means they can not only confound sceptics, who accuse them of prophesying after the event, but what is much more important, they can most speedily rid themselves of the preposterous delusion that all dreams alike, whether they issue from the ivory gate or the gate of horn, are equally to be held in reverence. A quantitative estimate of the value of dreams is one of those things for which psychological science still sighs in vain.

CHAPTER IV.—MY SCHOOLFELLOW.

GHOSTS OF THE LIVING ON BUSINESS.

“ ‘A strange coincidence,’ to use a phrase
By which such things are settled nowadays.—BYRON.

It is said that every family has a skeleton in its cupboard. It would be equally true to say that every family has a ghost in its records. Sometimes it is a ghost of the living, sometimes of the dead; but there are few who, if they inquire among their relatives, will not find one or more instances of apparitions, which, however small their evidential credentials, are implicitly accepted as genuine by those who witnessed them. In taking the Census of Hallucinations I made inquiry of an old schoolfellow of mine, who, after I came to Wimbledon, was minister of the Congregational Church in that suburb. He subsequently removed to Portsmouth, where I found him with his father one morning, on the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Sunday school. On mentioning the subject of the Census of Ghosts, the Rev. Mr. Talbot, senior, mentioned a very remarkable apparition which, unlike most apparitions, appeared in time to save the life of its owner.

HOW A DOUBLE SAVED A LIFE.

The Rev. Mr. Talbot, who is now, as he has been for fifteen years, at Wooburn, Bucks, the father of my late pastor. He gave me the following account of the apparition:—“My mother had an extraordinary power of foreseeing and also of seeing visions. Of her premonitions and dreams I could give you many instances; but as that is not the point at present, I will give you the narrative of her other faculty, that of seeing spiritual or phantasmal forms which were not visible to others. We were sitting at tea one evening when my mother suddenly exclaimed, ‘Dear me, Mrs. Lister is coming up the path, with her handkerchief to her eyes as if crying, on her way to the door. What can have brought her out at this time? There seems to be something the matter with her head. I will go to the door and let her in.’ So saying, my mother arose and went to the front door, where she firmly expected to find Mrs. Lister. None of the rest of us had seen Mrs. Lister come up the path, but as our attention might have been occupied in another direction we did not think anything of it. To my mother’s astonishment, when she reached the door Mrs. Lister was not visible. She came back into the room much disturbed. ‘There is something the matter with Mrs. Lister,’ she said. ‘I am certain there is. Yoke the horse and we will drive over at once to the Listers’ house—which stood about one mile from our place—and see what is the matter. My father, knowing from of old that mother had reason for what she said, yoked the horse and drove off with my mother as rapidly as possible to Lister’s house. When they arrived there they knocked at the door; there was no answer. Opening the door they found no one down-stairs. My mother then went to Mrs. Lister’s bedroom and found the unfortunate lady, apparently breathing her last, lying in a pool of blood. Her husband, in a fit of insanity, had severely beaten her and left her for dead, and then went and drowned himself in a pond. My father immediately went off for a doctor, who was able to stitch up Mrs. Lister’s worst wounds and arrest the bleeding. In the end Mrs. Lister recovered, owing her life entirely to the fortunate circumstance that at the moment of losing

consciousness she had apparently been able to project a visual phantasm of herself before the window of our tea-room. She was a friend of my mother’s, and no doubt in her dire extremity had longed for her company. This longing in Mrs. Lister, in some way unknown to us, probably produced the appearance which startled my mother and led to her prompt appearance on the scene of the tragedy.” This story was told me by Mr. Talbot, who was then a boy, seated at the table at which his mother witnessed the apparition, and was regarded by him as absolutely true. Evidence in support of it now will be somewhat difficult to get, as almost all the witnesses have passed over to the majority, but I have no reason to doubt the truth of the story.

MORE DOUBLES SEEKING HELP.

The story of Mrs. Lister’s double appearing to Mrs. Talbot when in imminent peril of death, however it may be scouted by the sceptics, is at least entirely in accord with many other narratives of the kind.

A member of the Psychical Research Society in Southport sends me the following account of an apparition of a severely wounded man, which bears considerable resemblance to Mr. Talbot’s, although its evidential value is nothing like so good. Its importance rests solely in the fact that the apparition appeared as the result, not of death, but of a very serious injury which might have had fatal consequences:—

A Scotch waitress in my employ, whilst laying the cloth for dinner one day, was startled by perceiving her father’s face looking at her through the window. She rushed out of the room and opened the front door, expecting to see him. Greatly surprised at finding no trace of him, after carefully searching the front garden, and looking up and down the road, she came in, and sitting down in the hall nearly fainted with fright. On inquiring for particulars she told me she had distinctly seen her father’s face, with a distressed expression upon it, looking earnestly at her. She seemed much troubled, and felt sure something was wrong. A few days after this vision a letter came, saying that her father (a Scotch gamekeeper) had been thrown from a dog-cart and nearly killed. She left my employ to go and nurse him.

Here is another story that is sent me by a correspondent in Belsize Park Gardens, who vouches for the *bonâ fides* of the lady on whose authority he tells the tale:—

50, Belsize Park Gardens, London, N.W.,
October 17th, 1891.

Some years ago, a lady named L. E. was staying with relations at Beckenham, her husband being away at a shooting party in Essex. On a certain afternoon, when she had, as she says, no especial reason for her husband being recalled to her mind, she was somewhat surprised, on looking out of her bedroom window, to see him, as she imagined, entering the front garden gate. Wondering what could have been the cause of the unexpected arrival, she exclaimed to her sister-in-law, “Why, there’s Tom!” and went downstairs thinking to meet him entering the house. He was nowhere to be seen. Not long afterwards there arrived the news that her husband had been shot accidentally and considerably injured. Directly they met she related to him her curious vision, and on comparing notes it was discovered that it had certainly taken place more or less at the same hour as the accident, the husband declaring that as he fainted away his

wife was most distinctly present in his thoughts. There was, unfortunately, no means of exactly fixing the hour, but there was no doubt at the time that the two occurrences—viz. the hallucination and the accident—must have anyhow taken place within a short time of one another, if not simultaneously.

Here we have an incident not unlike that which occurred to Mrs. Talbot—the unexpected apparition of the phantasm or dual body of one who at the moment was in imminent danger of death. Tales of this class are somewhat rare, but when they do occur they indicate conclusively that there is no connection between the apparition of the wraith and the decease of the person to whom it belongs.

TWO DOUBLES SUMMON A PRIEST TO THEIR DEATHBEDS.

The next narrative should rather have come under the head of premonitions, but as the premonition in this case was accompanied by an apparition, I include it in the present chapter. It is, in its way, even more remarkable than the story of my schoolfellow. It is more recent, it is prophetic, and the apparitions of two living men appeared together to predict the day of their death. The narrative rests on the excellent authority of the Rev Father Fleming, the hard-working Catholic priest of Slindon, in Sussex. I heard of it from one of his parishioners who is a friend of mine, and on applying to Father Fleming he was kind enough to write out the following account of his strange experience, for the truth of every word of which he is prepared to vouch. In all the wide range of spectral literature I know no story that is quite like this:—

I was spending my usual vacation in Dublin in the year 1868, I may add very pleasantly, since I was staying at the house of an old friend of my father's, and whilst there was treated with the attention which is claimed by an honoured guest, and with as much kindness and heartiness as if I were a member of his family. I was perfectly comfortable, perfectly at home. As to my professional engagements, I was free for the whole time of my holiday, and could not in any manner admit a scruple or doubt as to the manner in which my work was done in my absence, for a fully qualified and earnest clergyman was supplying for me. Perhaps this preamble is necessary to show that my mind was at rest, and that nothing in the ordinary course of events would have recalled me so suddenly and abruptly to the scene of my labours at Woolwich. I had about a week of my unexpired leave of absence yet to run when what I am about to relate occurred to me. No comment or explanation is offered. It is simply a narrative.

I had retired to rest at night, my mind perfectly at rest, and slept, as young men do in robust health, until about four o'clock in the morning. It appeared to me about that hour that I was conscious of a knock at the door. Thinking it to be the man-servant who was accustomed to call me in the morning, I at once said, "Come in." To my surprise there appeared at the foot of the bed two figures, one a man of medium height, fair and well fleshed, the other tall, dark, and spare, both dressed as artisans belonging to Woolwich Arsenal. On asking them what they wanted, the shorter man replied, "My name is C—s. I belong to Woolwich. I died on — of —, and you must attend me."

Probably the novelty of the situation and feelings attendant upon it, prevented me from noticing that he had used the past tense. The reply which I received to my question from the other man was like in form, "My name is M—ll, I belong to Woolwich, I died on — of —, and you must attend me." I then remarked that the past tense had been used, and cried out, "Stop! You said 'died,' and the day you mentioned has not come yet?" at which they both smiled, and added, "We know this very well; it was done to fix your attention, but"—and they seemed to say very earnestly and in a marked manner—"you must attend us!"

at which they disappeared, leaving me awe-stricken, surprised, and thoroughly aroused from sleep. Whether what I narrate was seen during sleep, or when wholly awake, I do not pretend to say. It appeared to me that I was perfectly awake and perfectly conscious. Of this I had no doubt at the time, and I can scarcely summon up a doubt as to what I heard and saw whilst I am telling it. As I had lighted my lamp, I rose, dressed, and, seating myself at a table in the room, read and thought, and, I need hardly say, from time to time prayed, and fervently, until day came. When I was called in the morning, I sent a message to the lady of the house to say that I should not go to the University Chapel to say Mass that morning, and should be present at the usual family breakfast at nine.

On entering the dining-room my hostess very kindly inquired after my health, naturally surmising that I had omitted Mass from illness, or at least want of rest and consequent indisposition. I merely answered that I had not slept well, and that there was something weighing heavily upon my mind which obliged me to return at once to Woolwich. After the usual regrets and leave-takings, I started by the mid-day boat for England. As the first date mentioned by my visitors gave me time, I travelled by easy stages, and spent more than two days on the road, although I could not remain in Dublin after I had received what appeared to me then, and appears to me still, as a solemn warning.

On my arrival at Woolwich, as may be easily imagined, my brother clergy were very puzzled at my sudden and unlooked-for return, and concluded that I had lost my reckoning, thinking that I had to resume my duties a week earlier than I was expected to do. The other assistant priest was waiting for my return to start on his vacation—and he did so the very evening of my return. Scarcely, however, had he left the town when the first of my visitors sent in a request for me to go at once to attend him. You may, perhaps, imagine my feelings at that moment. I am sure you cannot realise them as I do even now after the lapse of so many years. Well, I lost no time. I had, in truth, been prepared, except hat and umbrella, from the first hour after my return. I went to consult the books in which all the sick-calls were entered and to speak to our aged, respected sacristan who kept them. He remarked at once, "You do not know this man, father; his children come to our school, but he is, or has always been, considered as a Protestant." Expressing my surprise, less at the fact than at his statement, I hurried to the bedside of the sufferer. After the first few words of introduction were over he said, "I sent for you, father, on Friday morning early and they told me that you were away from home, but that you were expected back in a few days, and I said I would wait." I found the sick man had been stricken down by inflammation of the lungs, and that the doctor gave no hope of his recovery, yet that he would probably linger some days. I applied myself very earnestly indeed to prepare the poor man for death. Again the next day, and every day until he departed this life, did I visit him and spent not minutes but hours by his bedside.

A few days after the first summons came the second. The man had previously been a stranger to me, but I recognised him by his name and appearance. As I sat by his bedside he told me, as the former had already done, that he had sent for me, had been told that I was absent, and had declared that he would wait for me. Thus far their cases were alike. In each case there was a great wrong to be undone, a conscience to be set right that had erred and erred deeply—and not merely that, it is probable, from the circumstances of their lives, that it was necessary that their spiritual adviser should have been solemnly warned. They made their peace with God, and I have seldom assisted at a deathbed and felt greater consolation than I did in each and both of these. Even now, after the lapse of many years, I cannot help feeling that I received a very solemn warning in Dublin, and am not far wrong in calling it, the Shadow of Death.

T. O. FLEMING.

The familiar story told by Mr. Dale Owen, but somewhat discredited by the severe scrutineers of the Psychical

Research Society, of the rescue of the crew of a derelict ship by the timely visit of the Double, who wrote, "Steer nor-west" on the slate in the cabin of another ship, is the best of its kind.

A DOUBLE FROM SHIPBOARD.

During my visit to Scotland in the month of October the subject of this number naturally formed the constant topic of conversation, and many stories were told of all degrees of value bearing upon the subject. The following narrative came to me as follows:—We had been visiting the Forth Bridge, driving down from Edinburgh in the public conveyance. Shortly before our visit three men had fallen from one of the piers of the bridge and been killed. The question was mooted as to whether or not they would haunt the locality, and from this the conversation naturally turned to apparitions of all kinds. As we reached Edinburgh on our return a middle-aged passenger who had been seated on a seat in front turned round and said, "What do you make of this story, for the truth of which I can vouch:—A young sailor, whose vessel at that moment was lying at Limerick Harbour, appeared to his father, who at that time was at home with the rest of his family in Dublin. He appeared to him in the early morning. At breakfast his father told the rest of his family that he had seen his son, who had said to him: 'In my locker you will find a Bible in the pocket of my coat. In that Bible you will find a place-keeper which was given me by my sweetheart after I left home, and on it are the words, "Remember me." That day at noon the young sailor, after making ready dinner for the crew, went up aloft, missed his footing, fell, and was killed. His effects were fastened up in his locker and sent through the Customs House to his father. When they arrived the locker was opened, and exactly as the apparition had described the Bible was found in the pocket of the coat, and in the Bible a place-keeper, which none of the family had seen, on which were the words 'Remember me.'" "But," said I to my fellow-passenger, "how do you know that the story is true?" "Because," he said, "the sailor was my brother, and I remember my father telling us about the vision at the breakfast-table." Unfortunately I did not ask for the name and address of my informant. We were just alighting from the drag, and I contented myself with giving him my name and address, and asking him to write out an account with full particulars, dates, etc. with verification. This he promised to do, but, unfortunately, he seems to have forgotten his promise, and a story which, if fully verified, would be very valuable, can only be mentioned as a sample of the narratives which are reported on every hand if people show any disposition to receive them with interest, or, in fact, with anything but scornful contempt. Should these pages meet the eye of my fellow-passenger I hope he will furnish me with the information necessary, so as to turn this most interesting ghost story into a verified fact. Should his statement be confirmed by a witness, who should be easily obtainable, it would be extraordinary indeed, for in this case the phantasm of the living seems to have had a premonition of its doom, which impelled it to the father of the sailor at least four hours before his sudden and unexpected death in order to make a communication to him, not of much importance in itself, excepting inasmuch as it contained information which was not at that time in possession of any member of the family, and thus proved the identity of the apparition.

A DYING DOUBLE DEMANDS ITS PORTRAITS!

Perhaps the most remarkable and most authentic ghost

of this year is the ghost which appeared at Newcastle, for the purpose of demanding its photographs! The story was first told me by the late secretary of the Bradford Association of Helpers, Mr. Snowden Ward. I subsequently obtained it first hand from the man who saw the ghost. Running from the central railway station at Newcastle, a broad busy thoroughfare connects Neville Street with Grainger Street. On one side stands St. John's Church, on the other the Savings Bank, and a little past the Savings Bank, proceeding from the station, stand the shops and offices of Grainger Street. It is a comparatively new street, and is quite one of the last places in the world where one would expect to find visitants of a ghostly nature. Nevertheless, it was in one of the places of business in this busy and bustling thoroughfare that the ghost in question appeared, for that it did appear there can be no manner of doubt. Even if all the other cases published in this Christmas Number were discarded as lacking in evidential value, this would of itself suffice to establish the fact that apparitions appear, for the circumstances are such as to preclude the adoption of any of the usual hypotheses to account for the apparition. I called upon Mr. Dickinson at 43, Grainger Street, on October 14th, examined his premises, was shown the entry in his book, and cross-examined himself and Miss Simon, the lady clerk, who figures in the subsequent narrative. It will probably be best to reprint the statement, which originally appeared in the *Practical Photographer*, merely filling in names and supplementing it here and there with a little more detail:—

On Saturday, the 3rd of January this year, said Mr. Dickinson, I arrived at my place of business, 43, Grainger Street, Newcastle, a few minutes before 8 a.m. The outer door is protected by an iron gate in which is a smaller lock-up gate, through which I passed into the premises. Having opened the office and turned the gas on at meter, and lit the gas fire, I stood at the office counter for a few minutes waiting for the lad who takes down the iron gate at the front door.

Mr. Dickinson told me that the reason he was down so early was because the lad who usually brought the keys was ill, and he had come earlier than usual on that account. The place is lit with electric light. Mr. Dickinson does not remember turning on the light, although, as it was only eight o'clock on the 3rd of January, he must have done so in order to read the entry in the book. The accompanying photograph shows the general outlines of the office. Mr. Dickinson stood in front of the window behind the counter shown in the photograph.

Before the lad came, however, a gentleman called to inquire if his photographs were finished.

He was a stranger to him. He came into the room and came up to the counter in the ordinary way. He was wearing a hat and overcoat, and there was nothing unusual about his appearance excepting that he did not seem very well. He said to me, "Are my photographs ready?" I said, "Who are you? We are not opened yet." He said his name was Thompson. I asked him if he had the receipt (which usually accompanies any inquiry), and he replied that he had no receipt, but his photograph was taken on December 6th, and that the prints were promised to be sent to him before this call.

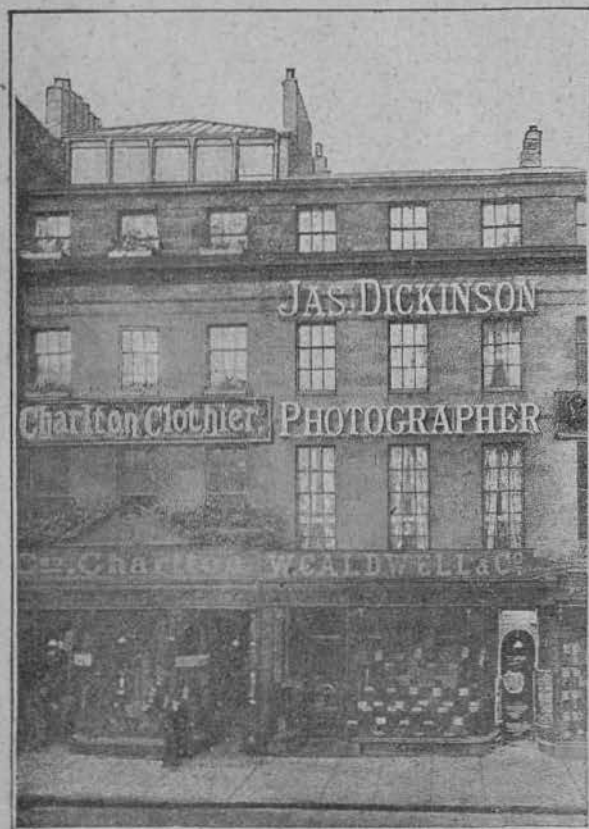
I then asked him whether it was a cash order or a subscription one. The reason for asking this is because we have two books in which orders are entered. He said he had paid for them at the time; his name would therefore be in the cash orders. Having got the date and his name, I referred to my book, and found the order as he stated. I read out to him the name and address, to which he replied, "That is right."



MR. DICKINSON.



MISS SIMON.



THE SHOP THE DOUBLE ENTERED.



THE COUNTER WHERE THE DOUBLE STOOD.

Here is an exact copy of the entry in the order book :—
7976. Sat., Dec. 6th, '90.

Mr. J. S. Thompson,
154, William Street, Hebburn Quay.
6 cabinets. 7/- pd.

The above was written in pencil; on the margin was written in ink, "Dec. 16," which, Mr. Dickinson explained, is the date on which the negative came to the office, named and numbered, and ready to go to the printers.

Below this again was written in ink.

5th.—3 Cabinets gratis, neg. broken, letter sent asking to re-sit.

In my book I found a date given, on which the negative was ready to be put into the printer's hands; and the date being seventeen days previous, I had no hesitation in saying, "Well, if you call later on you will get some;" and I called his attention to the fact that it was very early, and explained to him that the employees would not be at work until nine o'clock, and if he could call after that time he would be certain to get some of his photographs. He said, "I have been travelling all night, and cannot call again."

Some short time before I had been at a hydropathic establishment in Yorkshire, and had travelled home at night. When he said he had been travelling all night, I remembered my own journey, and I thought perhaps he has been to some hydropathic establishment to benefit his health; and finding that he was getting no better, he had come back, perhaps to die, for he looked wretchedly ill. He spoke wearily and rather impatiently, when he said he could not call again.

With that, he turned abruptly and went out. Anxious to retain his good-will, I shouted after him, "Can I post what may be done?" but I got no answer. I turned once more to the book, looked at the number, and on a slip of paper wrote *No. 7976, Thompson, post.* (This I wrote with pen and ink, and have the paper yet.)

Mr. Dickinson said he had handed over this piece of paper to a representative of the Psychical Research Society who had lost it. It was, however, a mere memorandum written on the back of a traveller's card.

At nine o'clock, when Miss Simon (clerk and reception room attendant, a bright, intelligent young lady) came, I handed the slip of paper to her, and asked her to have it

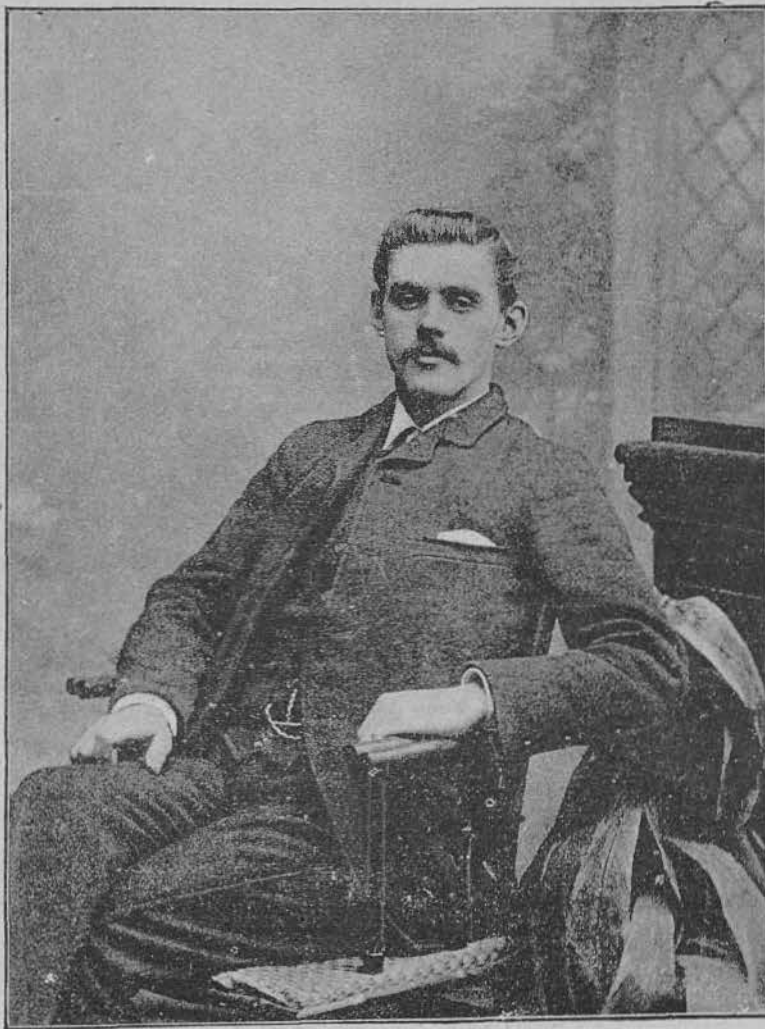
attended to, telling her that the man had called for them, and seemed much disappointed that he had not received them before. Miss Simon, with considerable surprise, exclaimed, "Why, an old man called about these photographs yesterday (Friday), and I told him they could not be ready this week owing to the bad weather, and that we were nearly three weeks behind with our work." I suggested that it was quite time Mr. Thompson's were ready, and inquired who was printing the order. I was told that it was not in print, and, pointing to a pile of negatives, Miss Simon said "Thompson's is amongst that lot, and they have been waiting quite a fortnight."

I asked to be shown the negative, and about half an hour later Miss S. called me, saying "This is Thompson's negative."

I took it in my hands and looked at it carefully, remarking, "Yes, that is it; that is the chap who called this morning."

Mr. Dickinson said he had no difficulty in recognising it, although the man wore a hat and top-coat when he called, whereas in the portrait, as shown in the accompanying picture, which is taken from the original negative, the sitter wore neither hat nor top coat.

Miss Simon again referred to the fact that she had told the man who had called on the previous day that none were done, or could be done that week. "Well," I said, "put this to one side, and I will see to it myself on Monday, and endeavour to hurry it forward." On the Monday (January 5th) I was in one of the printing-rooms, and about 10.30 a.m., having one or two printing-frames empty, I thought of Thompson's negative, and accordingly went down to the



THE PORTRAIT WANTED BY THE DOUBLE.

office and asked Miss S. for it. "Oh! yes," she replied, "and here are a few more equally urgent, you may take them as well." I said, "That cannot be, as I have only two or three frames at liberty" (she had about twenty negatives in her hand, holding them out to me); "give me Thompson's first, and let me get my mind at rest about it." To which she answered, "His is amongst this lot, I will have to pick it out." (Each negative was in a paper bag.)

I offered to help her, and she commenced at one end of the batch and I at the other; and before we got halfway through I came across one which I knew was very urgent, and turned away to look up the date of taking it, when crash! went part of the negatives on the floor. This acci-

dent seemed so serious that I was almost afraid to pick up the fallen negatives, but on doing so, one by one, I was greatly relieved to find *only one* was broken; but, judge of my horror to find that that one was Thompson's!

I muttered something (not loud, but deep), and would faint have relieved my feelings, but the presence of ladies restrained me (this accident being witnessed also by my head printer, Miss L.).

I could not honestly blame Miss Simon for this—each thought the other was holding the lot, and between us we let them drop.

The negative was broken in two, right across the forehead of figure. I put the pieces carefully away, and taking out a memo. form, wrote to Mr. Thompson, asking him to kindly give another sitting, and offering to recoup him for his trouble and loss of time. This letter was posted five minutes after the negative was broken, and the affair was forgotten by me for the time.

However, on Friday, January 9th, I was in the printing-room upstairs, when I was signalled by the whistle which communicates with the office, and Miss Simon asked if I could go down, as the gentleman had called about the negative. I asked "What negative?" "Well," she replied, "the one we broke."

"Mr. Thompson's," I answered. "I am very busy and cannot come down, but you know the terms I offered him; send him up to be taken at once."

"But he is *dead*!" said Miss Simon.

"Dead!" I exclaimed, and without another word I hastened down the stairs to my office. Here I saw an elderly gentleman, who seemed in great trouble.

"Surely," said I to him, "you don't mean to say that this man is dead?"

"It is only too true," he replied.

"Well, it must have been dreadfully sudden," I said, sympathetically, "because I saw him only last Saturday."

The old gentleman shook his head sadly, and said, "You are mistaken, for he died last Saturday."

"Nay," I returned, "I am not mistaken, for I recognised him by the negative."

However, the father (for such was his relationship to my sitter) persisted in saying I was mistaken, and that it was he who called on the Friday and not his son, and, he said, "I saw that young lady (pointing to Miss Simon), and she told me the photographs would not be ready that week."

"That is quite right," said Miss Simon, "but Mr. Dickinson also saw a gentleman on the Saturday morning, and, when I showed Mr. Dickinson the negative, he said, 'Yes, that's the man who called.' I told Mr. Dickinson *then* of your having called on the Friday."

Still Mr. Thompson, sen., seemed to think that we were wrong, and the many questions and cross-questions I put to him only served to confirm him in his opinion that I had got mixed; but this he said—no one was authorised to call, nor had they any friend or relative who would know of the portraits being ordered, neither was there any one likely to impersonate the man who had sat for his portrait.

I had no further interview with the old gentleman until a week later, when he was much calmer in his appearance and conversation, and at this interview he told me that his son died on Saturday, January 3rd, at about 2.30 p.m.; he also stated that at the time I saw him (the sitter) he was unconscious, and remained so up to the time of his death. I have not had any explanation of this mysterious visit up to present date, February 26th, 1891.

It is curious to me that I have no recollection of hearing the man come upstairs, or of him going down. In appearance he was pale and careworn, and looked as though he had been very ill. This thought occurred to me when he said he had been travelling all night.

JAMES DICKINSON.

43, Grainger Street, Newcastle.

Miss Simon, in further conversation with me, stated that when the father called on Friday night and asked for the

photographs, he came late, at least after the electric light was lit. He seemed disappointed, but made no further remark when he was told they were not ready. Mr. Dickinson stated that in conversation with the father afterwards, he told him that his son, on the Friday, had been delirious and had cried out for his photographs so frequently that they had tried to get them, and that was why he had called on Friday night. Hebburn is on the south side of the Tyne, about four miles from Newcastle. The father was absolutely certain that it was physically impossible for his son to have left the house. He did not leave it. They knew the end was approaching, and he and his wife were in constant attendance at the death-bed. He also stated that it was impossible, from the position of the bedroom, for him to have left the house, even if he had been able to get out of bed without their hearing him. As a matter of fact, he did not get out of bed, and at the moment when his Double was talking to Mr. Dickinson in Grainger Street he was lying unconscious at Hebburn.

It is impossible to explain this on the theory that Mr. Dickinson visualised the impression left upon his mind by Mr. Thompson, for Mr. Dickinson had never seen Mr. Thompson in his life. Neither could he have given apparent objectivity to a photograph which he might possibly have seen, although Mr. Dickinson asserts that he had never seen the photograph until it was brought him on the Saturday morning. If he had done so by any chance he would not have fitted his man with a top-coat and hat. It cannot therefore be regarded as a subjective hallucination; besides, the evidence afforded by the looking up of the book, the making an entry of what occurred, and the conversation which took place, in which the visitor mentioned facts which were not present in Mr. Dickinson's own mind, but which he verified there and then by looking up his books, bring it as near certainty as it is possible to arrive in a case such as this. Whoever the visitor was, it was not a subjective hallucination on the part of Mr. Dickinson. It is equally impossible to believe that it was the actual Mr. Thompson, because he was at that moment within six hours of death, and the evidence of his father is that his son at that moment was physically incapable of getting out of bed, and that he was actually lying unconscious before their eyes at Hebburn at the moment when his apparition was talking to Mr. Dickinson at Newcastle. The only other hypothesis that can be brought forward is that some one personated Thompson. Against this we have the fact that Mr. Dickinson, who had never seen Thompson, recognised him immediately as soon as he saw the negative of his portrait. Further, if any one had come from Hebburn on behalf of Thompson, he would not have asserted that he was Thompson himself, knowing, as he would, that he was speaking to a photographer, who, if the photographs had been ready, would at once have compared the photographs with the person standing before him, when the attempted personation would at once have been detected. Besides, no one was likely to have been so anxious about the photographs as to come up to Newcastle an hour before the studio opened in order to get them. We may turn it which way we please, there is no hypothesis which will fit the facts except the assumption that there is such a thing as a Thought Body, capable of locomotion and speech, which can transfer itself wherever it pleases, clothing itself with whatever clothes it desires to wear, which are phantasmal like itself. Short of that hypothesis, I do not see any explanation possible; and yet, if we admit that hypothesis, what an immense vista of possibilities is opened up to our view!

CHAPTER V.—MY IRISH FRIEND.

GHOSTS KEEPING PROMISE.

"There is something in that ancient superstition
Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves."—SCOTT.

MANY of the apparitions that are reported are of phantasms that appear in fulfilment of a promise made to survivors during life. Of this class I came, in the course of my census, upon a very remarkable case.



MRS. GEORGINA F.—.

Among my acquaintances is an Irish lady, the widow of an official who held a responsible position in the Dublin Post Office. She is Celt to her backbone, with all the qualities of her race. After her husband's death she contracted an unfortunate marriage—which really was no marriage legally—with an engineer of remarkable character and no small native talent. He, however, did not add to his other qualities the saving virtues of principle and honesty. Owing to these defects my friend woke up one fine morning to find that her new husband had been married previously, and that his wife was still living. On making this discovery she left her partner and came to London, where I met her. She is a woman of very strong character, and of some considerable although irregular ability. She has many superstitions, and her dreams were something wonderful to hear. After she had been in London two years her bigamist lover found out where she was, and leaving his home in Italy followed her to London. There was no

doubt as to the sincerity of his attachment to the woman whom he had betrayed, and the scenes which took place between them were painful, and at one time threatened to have a very tragic ending. Fortunately, although she never ceased to cherish a very passionate affection for her lover, she refused to resume her old relations with him, and after many stormy scenes he departed for Italy, loading her with reproaches. Some months after his departure she came to me and told me she was afraid something had happened to him. She had heard him calling her outside her window, and shortly afterwards saw him quite distinctly in her room. She was much upset about it. I pool-pooled the story, and put it down to a hallucination caused by the revival of the stormy and painful scenes of the parting. Shortly afterwards she received news from Italy that her late husband, if we may so call him, had died about the same time she heard him calling her by her maiden name under her window in East London.

I only learnt when the above was passing through the press that the unfortunate man, whose phantasm appeared to my friend, died suddenly either by his own hand or by accident. On leaving London he drank on steadily, hardly being sober for a single day. After a prolonged period of intoxication he went out of the house, and was subsequently found dead, either having thrown himself or fallen over a considerable height, at the foot of which he was found dead.

I asked Mrs. G. F.— to write out for me, as clearly as she could remember it after the lapse of two years, exactly what she saw and heard. Here is her report :—

THE PROMISE.

In the end of the summer of 1886 it happened one morning that Irwin and myself were awake at 5.30 a.m., and as we could not go asleep again, we lay talking of our future possible happiness and present troubles. We were at the time sleeping in Room No. 46, Hotel Washington, overlooking the Bay of Naples. We agreed that nothing would force us to separate in this life—neither poverty nor persecution from his family, nor any other thing on earth. (I believed myself his wife then.) We each agreed that we would die together rather than separate. We spoke a great deal that morning about our views of what was or was not likely to be the condition of souls after death, and whether it was likely that spirits could communicate, by any transmitted feeling or apparition, the fact that they had died to their surviving friends. Finally, we made a solemn promise to each other that whichever of us died first would appear to the other after death if such was permitted. Well, after the fact of his being already married came to light, we parted. I left him, and he followed me to London on December '87. During his stay here I once asked if he had ever thought of or forgotten since about our agreement as to who should die first appealing to the other; and he said, "Oh, Georgie, you do not need to remind me; my spirit is a part of yours, and can never be separated nor dissolved even through all eternity; *no, not even* though you treat me as you do; even though you became the wife of another you cannot divorce our spirits. And whenever my spirit leaves this earth I will appear to you. Well, in the beginning of August '88 he left England for Naples; his last words were that I would never again see

him; I should see him, but not alive, for he would put an end to his life and heart-break. After that he never wrote to me; still I did not altogether think he would kill himself. On the 22nd or 23rd of the following November ('88), I posted a note to him at Sarno post office. No reply came, and I thought it might be he was not at Sarno, or was sick, or travelling, and so did not call at post office, and so never dreamed of his being dead.

ITS FULFILMENT.

Time went on and nothing occurred till November 27th (or I should say 28th, for it occurred at 12.30, or between 12 and 1 a.m., I forget the exact time). It was just at that period when I used to sit up night after night till 1, 2, and 3 o'clock a.m. at home doing the class books; on this occasion I was sitting close to the fire, with the table beside me, sorting cuttings. Looking up from papers my eyes chanced to fall on the door, which stood about a foot and a half open, and right inside, but not so far in but that his clothes touched the edge of the door, stood Irwin; he was dressed as I last had seen him—overcoat, tall hat, and his arms were down by his sides in his natural, usual way. He stood in his exact own perfectly upright attitude, and held his head and face up in a sort of dignified way, which he used generally to adopt on all occasions of importance or during a controversy or dispute. He had his face turned towards me, but his body, or breast rather, faced towards another direction, just as if at the same as the door. His face looked at me with a terribly meaning expression, very pale, and as if pained by being deprived of the power of speech or of local movements. I got a shocking fright, for I thought at first sight he was living, and had got in unknown to me to surprise me. I felt my heart jump with fright, and I said, "Oh!" but before I had hardly finished the exclamation, his figure was fading away, and horrible to relate, it faded in such a way that the flesh seemed to fade out of the clothes, or at all events the hat and coat were longer visible than the whole man. I turned white and cold, felt an awful dread; I was too much afraid to go near enough to shut the door when he had vanished. I was so shaken and confused, and half paralysed, I felt I could not even cry out; but like as if something had a grip on my spirit, I feared to stir, and sat up all night, fearing to take my eyes off the door, not daring to go and shut it. Later on I got an umbrella and walked tremblingly, and pushed the door close without fastening it. I feared to touch it with my hand. I felt such a relief when I saw daylight and heard the landlady moving about. Now, though I was frightened, I did not for a moment think he was dead, nor did it enter my mind then about our agreement. I tried to shake off the nervousness, and quite thought it must be something in my sight caused by imagination, and nerves being overdone by sitting up so late for so many nights together. Still, I thought it dreadfully strange, it was *so real*.

A GHOST'S COUGH.

Well, about three days passed, and then I was startled by hearing his voice outside my window, as plain as a voice could be, calling, "Georgie! Are you there, Georgie?" I felt certain it was really him come back to England. I could not mistake his voice. I felt quite flurried, and ran out to the hall door, but no one in sight. I went back in, and felt rather upset and disappointed, for I would have been glad if it was him back again, and began to wish he really would turn up. I then thought to myself, "Well, that was so queer. Oh, it *must* be Irwin, and perhaps he is just hiding in some hall door to see if I *will* go out and let him in, or what I will do." So out I went again. This time I put my hat on, and ran along and peeped into hall doors where he might be hiding, but with no result. Later on that night I could have sworn I heard him cough twice right at the window, as if he did it to attract attention. Out I went again. No result. Well, to make a long story short, from that night till about nine weeks after that voice called to me, and coughed, and coughed, sometimes every night for a week, then three nights

a week, then miss a night and call on two nights, miss three or four days, and keep calling me the whole night long, on and off, up till 12 midnight or later. One time it would be, "Georgie! It's *me*! Ah, Georgie!" Or, "Georgie, are you in? Will you *speake* to Irwin?" Then a long pause, and at the end of, say, ten minutes, a most strange, unearthly *sigh*, or a cough—a perfectly intentional, forced cough. Other times nothing but, "Ah, Georgie!" On one night there was a dreadful fog. He called me so plain, I got up and said, "Oh, really! that man *MUST* be here; he must be lodging somewhere near, as sure as life; if he is not outside I must be going mad in my mind or imagination." I went and stood outside the hall door steps in the thick black fog. No lights could be seen that night. I called out, "Irwin! Irwin! here, come on, I *know* you're there, trying to humbug me, I *saw* you in *town*; come on in, and don't be making a fool of yourself."

Well, I declare to you, a voice that seemed *within three yards* of me, replied out of the fog, "It's *only Irwin*," and a most awful, and great, and supernatural sort of sigh faded away in the distance. I went in, feeling quite unbinged and nervous, and could not sleep. After that night it was chiefly sighs and coughing, and it was kept up until one day, at the end of about nine weeks, my letter was returned marked, "Signor O'Neill e morto," together with a letter from the Consul to say he had died on November 28, 1888, *the day he appeared to me on*.

THE QUESTION OF DATES.

On inquiring as to dates and verification Mrs. F— replied:—

I don't know the *hour* of his death, but if you write to Mr. Turner, Vice Consul, Naples, he can get it for you. He appeared to me at the hour I say; of course there is a difference of time between here and Naples. The strange part is that once I was informed of his death by human means (the letter), his spirit seemed to be satisfied, for no voice ever came again after; it was as if he wanted to inform and make me know he had died, and as if he *knew* I had not been informed by human agency. I was so struck with the apparition of November 28th, that I made a note of the date at the time so as to tell him of it when next I wrote. My letter reached Sarno the day or day after he died. There is no possible doubt about the voice being his, for he had a peculiar and uncommon voice, one such as I never heard any exactly like, or like at all in any other person. And in life he used to call me through the window as he passed, so I would know who it was knocked at the door, and open it. When he said, "Ah!" after death, it was so awfully sad and long drawn out, and as if expressing that now all was over and our separation and his being dead was all so very, very pitiful and unutterable; the sigh was so real, so almost *solid*, and discernible and unmistakable, till at the end it seemed to have such a supernatural, strange, awful dying-away sound, a sort of fading, retreating into distance sound, that gave the impression that it was not *quite all* spirit, but that the spirit had some sort of visible and half-material being or condition. This was especially so the night of the fog, when the voice seemed nearer to me as I stood there, and as if it was able to come or stay nearer to me because there *was* a fog to hide its materialism. On the other occasions it seemed to keep at the same distance off on each occasion and about four times further than on that night, and always sounded as if at an elevation of about 10 ft. or 11 ft. from the ground, except the night of the fog, when it came down on a *level* with me as well as nearer.

GEORGINA F—.

The promise to appear was given and kept in the case of the apparition seen by Lord Brougham. This is

LORD BROUGHAM'S TESTIMONY.

When we come to the question of the apparition pure and simple, one of the best-known leading cases is that recorded by Lord Brougham, who was certainly one of the hardest-headed persons that ever lived, a Lord Chan-

cellor, trained from his youth up to weigh evidence. The story is given as follows in the first volume of "Lord Brougham's Memoirs":—

A most remarkable thing happened to me, so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the High School I went with G—, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the University. There was no divinity class, but we frequently in our walks discussed many grave subjects—among others, the immortality of the soul and a future state. This question, and the possibility of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation, and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written with our blood, to the effect that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the "life after death." After we had finished our classes at the college, G— went to India, having got an appointment there in the Civil Service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had nearly forgotten his

19th, 1799. In October, 1862, Lord Brougham added as a postscript:—"I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream, 'Certissima mortis imago!' And now to finish the story begun about sixty years since. Soon after my return to Edinburgh there arrived a letter from India announcing G—'s death, and stating that he died on December 19th."

A VOW FULFILLED.

Very many of the apparitions of this description appear in connection with a promise made during lifetime to do so. A lady correspondent sends me the following narrative, which she declares she had from the sister of a student at the Royal Academy who was personally known to her. He told the story first to his mother, who is dead, so that all chance of verifying the story is impossible. It may be quoted, however, as a pendant to Lord Brougham's vision, and is much more remarkable than his, inasmuch as the phantom was seen by several persons at the same time:—

I think it was about the year 1856, as nearly as I can remember, that a party of young men, students of the Royal Academy, and some of them members also, used to meet in a certain room in London, so many evenings in the week, to smoke and chat. One of them—the son of a colonel in the army, long since dead—this only son kept yet a remnant, if no more, of the faith of his childhood, cherished in him by his widowed mother with jealous care, as he detailed to her from time to time fragments of the nightly discussions against the immortality of the soul.

On one particular evening the conversation drifted into theological matters—this young Academician taking up the positive side, and asserting his belief in a hereafter of weal or woe for all *human* life.

Two or three of the others endeavoured to "put him down," but he, maintaining his position quietly, provoked a suggestion, half in earnest and half in jest, from one of their number, that "the first among them who should die, should appear to the rest of their assembly afterwards in that room at the usual hour of meeting." The suggestion was received with jests and laughter by some, and with graver faces by others—but at last each man solemnly entered into a pledge that if he were the first to die amongst them, he would, if permitted, return for a few brief seconds to this earth and appear to the rest to certify to the truth.

Before very long one young man's place was empty. No mention being made of the vow that they had taken, probably time enough had elapsed for it to have been more or less, for the present, forgotten.

The meetings continued. One evening when they were sitting smoking round the fire, one of the party uttered an exclamation, causing the rest to look up. Following the direction of his gaze, each man saw distinctly for himself a *shadowy* figure, in the likeness of the only absent one of their number, distinctly facing them on the other side of the room. The eyes looked earnestly, with a yearning, sad expression in them, slowly upon each member there assembled, and then vanished as a rainbow fades out of existence from the evening sky. For a few seconds no one spoke, then the most confirmed unbeliever among them tried to explain it all away, but his words fell flat, and no one echoed his sentiments; and then the widow's son spoke. "Poor — is dead," he said, "and has appeared to us according to his vow." Then followed a comparison of their sensations during the visitation, and all agreed in stating that they felt a cold chill similar to the entrance of a winter fog at door or window of a room which has been warm, and when the appearance had faded from their view the cold breath also passed away. *I think*, but will not be positive on *this*, the son of the widow lady died long after this event, but *how* long or *how* short a time I never heard; but the facts of the above story were told me by the sister of this young man. I also knew their mother well. She was of a gentle, placid disposition, by



LORD BROUGHAM.

existence. . . . One day I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath; and, while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat, I turned my head round, looking toward the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get out of the bath. On the chair sat G—, looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath I know not; but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was that had taken the likeness of G—, had disappeared. This vision had produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it, or to speak about it even to Stewart, but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten, and so strongly was I affected by it that I have here written down the whole history, with the date, December 19th, and all the particulars, as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep, and that the appearance presented so distinctly before my eyes was a dream I cannot for a moment doubt; yet for years I had had no communication with G—, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection. Nothing had taken place concerning our Swedish travels connected with G—, or with India, or with anything relating to him, or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion, and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as a proof of a future state. This was on December

no means excitable or likely to credit any superstitious tales. Her son returned home on that memorable evening looking very white and subdued, and, sinking into a chair, he told her he should never doubt again the truths that she had taught him, and a little reluctantly he told her the above, bit by bit, as it were, as she drew it from him.

A similar story to the foregoing one was supplied me by the wife of the Rev. Bloomfield James, Congregational minister at Wimbledon. It is as follows :—

My mother, aunt, and Miss E., of Bideford, North Devon, were at school together at Teignmouth. The two latter girls formed a great friendship, and promised whichever died first would come to the other. About the year 1815 or 1816 my aunt Charlotte was on the stair coming from her room when she saw Miss E. walking up. Aunt was not at all frightened, as she was expecting her friend on a visit, and called out, "Oh, how glad I am to see you, but why did you not write?" A few days afterwards news came of Miss E.'s death on that evening.

It is very rare that the apparition speaks; usually it simply appears, and leaves those who see it to draw their own inferences. But sometimes the apparition shows signs of the wound which caused its death. The most remarkable case of this description is that in which Lieutenant Colt, of the Fusiliers, reported his death at Sebastopol to his brother in Scotland more than a fortnight before the news of the casualty arrived in this country.

THE CASE OF LIEUTENANT COLT.

Captain G. F. Russell Colt, of Gartsherrie, Coatbridge, N.B., reports the case as follows to the Psychical Society :—

I had a very dear brother (my eldest brother), Oliver, lieutenant in the 7th Royal Fusiliers. He was about nineteen years old, and had at that time been some months before Sebastopol. I corresponded frequently with him, and once when he wrote in low spirits, not being well, I said in answer that he was to cheer up, but that if anything did happen to him he was to let me know by appearing to me in my room. This letter (I found subsequently) he received as he was starting to receive the sacrament from a clergyman who has since related the fact to me. Having done this he went to the entrenchments and never returned, as in a few hours afterwards the storming of the Redan commenced. He, on the captain of his company falling, took his place and led his men bravely on. He had just led them within the walls, though already wounded in several places, when a bullet struck him in the right temple and he fell amongst heaps of others, where he was found in a sort of kneeling posture (being propped up by the other dead bodies) thirty-six hours afterwards. His death took place, or rather he fell, though he may not have died immediately, on September 8th, 1855.

That night I awoke suddenly and saw facing the window of my room by my bedside, surrounded by a light sort of phosphorescent mist, as it were, my brother kneeling. I tried to speak but could not. I buried my head in the bedclothes, not at all afraid (because we had all been brought up not to believe in ghosts and apparitions), but simply to collect my ideas, because I had not been thinking or dreaming of him, and indeed had forgotten all about what I had written to him a fortnight before. I decided that it must be fancy and the moonlight playing on a towel, or something out of place; but on looking up again there he was, looking lovingly, imploringly, and sadly at me. I tried again to speak, but found myself tongue-tied. I could not utter a sound. I sprang out of bed, glanced through the window, and saw that there was no moon, but it was very dark and raining hard, by the sound against the panes. I turned and still saw poor Oliver. I shut my eyes, walked through it, and reached the door of the room. As I turned the handle, before leaving the room, I looked once more back. The apparition turned round his head slowly, and again looked anxiously and lovingly at me,

and I saw then for the first time a wound on the right temple with a red stream from it. His face was of a waxy pale tint, but transparent looking, and so was the reddish mark. But it was almost impossible to describe his appearance. I only know I shall never forget it. I left the room and went into a friend's room, and lay on the sofa the rest of the night. I told him why. I told others in the house, but when I told my father he ordered me not to repeat such nonsense, and especially not to let my mother know. On the Monday following he received a note from Sir Alexander Milne to say that the Redan was stormed, but no particulars. I told my friend to let me know if he saw the name among the killed and wounded before me. About a fortnight later he came to my bedroom in his mother's house in Athole Crescent in Edinburgh, with a very grave face. I said, "I suppose it is to tell me the sad news I expect," and he said, "Yes." Both the colonel of the regiment and one or two officers who saw the body confirmed the fact that the appearance was much according to my description, and the death-wound was exactly where I had seen it. His appearance, if so, must have been some hours after death, as he appeared to me a few minutes after two in the morning. Months later his little Prayer-book and the letter I had written to him were returned to Inveresk, found in the inner breast pocket of the tunic which he wore at his death. I have them now. (Vol. i. p. 125.)

"THE GATE THAT CLANGED."

Quite recently—in fact, in the June of this year—the Rev. H. Chapman published in the *Ushaw College Magazine* a story, without giving genuine names, of an apparition which had sufficient truth about it to convert the writer to the Catholic faith. Mr. Chapman says that in telling the story persons and places are changed and details added, but the backbone of it is genuine in other particulars. The story, briefly told, is as follows :—Mr. Chapman was at school in England; he spent his holidays with his uncle, who was in the habit of receiving visitors from various friends, including among others a Catholic priest, whom he calls Reuben Crockford. Father Crockford had the peculiarity of clanging the garden gate. It was a tiresome gate to open and shut, and they always knew when Father Crockford came because he always gave the gate a vicious little kick with his heel after he had entered, so that it sent it with some force against the latch, making it rebound, and then closing again with another clang. This mode of gate-shutting was peculiar to Father Crockford, who always did it and was never mistaken. One time there was a discussion of the resurrection of the dead at his uncle's house. His uncle said the resurrection occurred too long time ago—one wanted present evidence. "Now, if you came back from the dead and told me the Catholic religion is true, that would be evidence," he said. Father Crockford replied, "If I die first, and God permit me, I will come back and tell you, for I would do anything to see you converted to the faith." Three years after that conversation Mr. Chapman was again spending his holidays with his uncle. One morning his uncle came down late to breakfast and announced that he had been dreaming all night that Father Crockford was coming that day. He ordered his room to be put ready, and he put off dinner a quarter of an hour in order to allow him more time to arrive. Mr. Chapman was reading a book in the study when his uncle went down to the gate to meet Father Crockford. Suddenly he heard a double clang, the clang of the gate that Father Crockford alone ever gave, and the invariable precursor of his visits. Thinking his uncle's presentiment had come true, he laid down his book and looked out of the window to catch the first glimpse of his visitor. As he did so he looked at his watch; it was just ten

minutes past five. He saw the good priest emerge from the bushes, he was walking rather quickly, and carried his black bag, which he always brought with him. His uncle also saw him, called welcome to him, and shouted to him to stop until he came to him. He did not do so, but went up to the front door and looked in at the window. Mr Chapman nodded and smiled, but the priest took no notice of his salutation. The dog howled and fled away. Then he felt a curious cold wind at the roots of his hair, and he noticed that the priest's eyes looked somewhat as if they were gazing into eternity, and that his face was deathly pale. Again the dog gave a low howl, and the sound of a deep sigh at his ear made Mr. Chapman spring from his seat in an agony of terror. His uncle then came in and ordered the dinner bell to be rung, exclaiming in high glee, "I knew I was right. He has come." The dinner was served, but the priest did not come down; the bell was rung again, and as he still did not come, they sent up to his room, when to their blank amazement they found that no one was there and the door was locked on the outside. The house was searched from cellar to garret, but he could not be found. Next morning his uncle handed Mr. Chapman a letter from the presbytery

which informed him that the Rev. Reuben Crockford had died the previous day. The letter ran as follows:—

He intended to have paid you a visit yesterday, and had got as far as the railway station, when, being seized with sudden failure at the heart, he fell fainting on the platform and was carried in a dying state into the waiting-room. One of his brother priests was hastily summoned, who administered to him the consolation of our holy religion, and he also had the best available medical assistance. Unhappily all efforts were useless, and he calmly expired at ten minutes past five, his last words being, "John, there is a life to come."

"What do you think of that?" said his uncle. "I think," said Mr. Chapman, "that the Catholic religion is true. Father Crockford told you he would come and tell you if it were true." Mr. Chapman joined the Catholic Church, and is now a priest, on account of the vision of the good priest whom he describes under the pseudonym of the Rev. Reuben Crockford.

I have communicated with the editor of the *Ushaw College Magazine*, but he objects to publishing the names of the persons concerned and, indeed, objects to further publicity. The story, however, is public property, and a very remarkable story it is.

NOTICE.

Owing to the pressure upon our space the chapter on "Haunted Houses" is crowded out.

The chapter "My Psychic," giving the autobiography of a Psychic, and describing an experimental attempt to photograph a Double, is also held over.

CHAPTER VI.—VARIOUS FRIENDS AND RELATIVES:

APPARITIONS AT OR BEFORE DEATH.

"There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could only become universal by its truth; those that never heard of one another could not have agreed upon a tale which nothing but experience would make credible."—Johnson's "Rasselas."

The number of apparitions recorded at or about the moment of death is so great that even when they are divided into three it is difficult to deal with them. They crop up on all sides.

When I made my last visit to Edinburgh, I stayed at the house of Mr. M., a well-known jeweller in Princes Street. Mrs. M. informed me that before her marriage she was informed of the death of her younger brother by an apparition. She saw him laid out as on a bier, with his face pale and dead, the body covered with a white shroud. He was a great athlete and an adventurous youth. He at that time was in India. For some time no confirmation of the uneasy forebodings occasioned by the vision occurred, but one morning when the minister approached the house to break ill news, they knew at once that their brother was dead. It was too true. He had ventured for a foolhardy wager to swim out under a waterfall, and had been drowned.

During my stay in Edinburgh I visited the workhouse and got into conversation with the master. I learned that he also had had an experience of the same kind. He was officer onboard a man-of-war on the China station. Steaming between Singapore and Hong Kong he saw the apparition of a relative on deck, and reported the same to the lieutenant the next morning. That officer recommended him to make a note of the date, which he did. On his arrival at Yokohama he received intelligence that the relative had died that same day on which he had seen the apparition.

A SAILOR BOY'S RETURN.

In my own family I have known of one case of a similar nature. My grand-aunt, a Northumbrian matron, sturdy and practical, and full of common sense and not given to hallucinations, was awakened one night by the presence of her son, whom she saw standing by her bedside. He had started a few days before on his first voyage as an apprentice on board an Australian merchantman. She was intensely surprised to see him at her bedside, and turning to her husband she cried, "Christopher, wake up; here is John come back!" When Christopher rubbed open his drowsy eyes and looked for his son he was no longer to be seen. "But I saw him," said my grand-aunt. "I saw him quite clearly. He must have come back, and is playing some prank." Thereupon the two got up, lit candles, and began a thorough search of the house. They found no one and were much disturbed, but comforted themselves with the thought that, finding them asleep, he had gone to some friend's or neighbour's until morning. In the morning, however, every inquiry failed to bring to light any trace of their boy. Of course it might have been a dream, but the old lady was so certain that she had seen her boy that the day and hour of his appearance were noted. No news was heard of his ship, which made the voyage safely, and they waited with some anxiety for the mail from Australia, which in those days was much longer in transit than it is now. When, however, the letter arrived, with the

Australian post-mark on it, it brought the news that on the night on which the boy had appeared at Blyth, in Northumberland, he had fallen from the rigging of the ship in the English Channel and had never been seen again.

ANOTHER FAMILY TRADITION.

In my wife's family also there is a case of an apparition. Her grandmother, who was Miss Harrison, of North Shields, before she was married, was a singularly intelligent, self-reliant, practical-minded woman. My wife, who has the scantest of sympathy with anything that remotely borders upon the occult world, has always held her grandmother up to me as a sample of the kind of sensible person who would not tolerate any nonsense about "ghosts and such like." I was therefore delighted to learn that this ideal old lady had herself seen a phantasm! Before her marriage she had done many kindly offices for a reduced gentlewoman who lived in her near neighbourhood. When she was seated with some children in her own house the door opened, and to her immense amazement the figure of her friend, who had been bedridden for some time, and who she believed to be at the point of death, appeared in the doorway and looked into the room. Her first thought was that she had come to frighten the children, but a moment's reflection convinced her that this was impossible, as her friend was on her dying bed. She merely opened the door, looked in, and then withdrew. Miss Harrison was perfectly clear that she had seen her, and that at a time when she was not thinking about her, much less expecting a visit. She put on her things and hurried across to see how her friend was. When she reached the house she found that she had died a few minutes previously. I mention these, not because of their evidential value, for all witnesses are a long time dead—and it is impossible to verify them in a fashion so as to satisfy the Psychical Research Society—but only as an illustration of the kind of stories which are common in almost every family.

A CAPTAIN'S APPARITION.

This autumn Mr. Worthington, of 324, Scotswood Road, Newcastle, furnished me the following account of the apparition of a sea captain's death:—

Some years ago my uncle, Captain Thos. Worthington, was away at sea. His wife was at the time living in Sunderland, and one afternoon she came on a visit to Newcastle. After meeting my mother the two called to see another relative—a Mrs. Hails, the care-taker of West Clayton Street Congregational Chapel, who was (and is still) living in a cottage behind, and which overlooks the chapel. Just before reaching Mrs. Hails's door my aunt said to mother, "Why, there is our Tom!" pointing to the schoolroom. Mother, in surprise, says, "Where?" "Why, there! Look! he is in the school." By this time Mrs. H. met them, and aunt repeated to her what she saw, but Mrs. H. only laughed, and said, "Nonsense! because here are the keys of the place, and I am sure there is nobody there." However, my aunt would not be dissuaded, and to convince her Mrs. H. opened the gate leading down the stairs, then opened the schoolroom door, and entered the schoolroom, lit a candle (it being

rather dusk, being towards the back end of the year), but could see no one. A note was made of the date and hour; and strange to say, in a few days, as soon as word could reach her, my aunt received a letter from the person in charge of the ship in which my uncle had sailed, informing her that her husband had fallen overboard, and was drowned, on that very day and hour on which my aunt had noticed the phantom which none but herself could see.

SOME STORIES FROM THE SEA.

There are several stories of a similar kind recorded by the Psychical Research Society. A curious one is a narrative (sent by Engineer Dunlop, of Bangkok, Siam) of an apparition seen "when the ship" was under all plain sail off the pitch of Cape Horn," when the seaman who had started aloft to bend the fore-top-gallant, flung his arms round the top-gallant shrouds and held on without moving, till he was lowered on deck in the bight of a bowline. For as he "kept looking to the windward at the squall, suddenly in the midst of it he saw his sweetheart, dressed in white flowing robes, who came flying down towards him before the wind," and who, as "afterwards proved, had died in England at that very same time.

Another seafaring story is communicated to a correspondent by Lord Charles Beresford, and by him sent to the Psychical Research Society:—

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

A DEATH SCENE WITNESSED 3,000 MILES OFF.

Whatever may be the cause, there are more stories of this kind told about sailors and soldiers than about all other classes of the community. Of the sailor stories one of the best, concerning the apparition at the moment of death with the clairvoyant accompaniment, is sent me by a Master of Arts in the North of Scotland, who has made it the subject of a carefully written and very interesting story, for the accuracy of which my correspondent vouches as occurring many years ago to the person on whose authority the story is told. He is still living, and persists in the absolute accuracy of his most extraordinary narrative. It will be seen that there is not only in this case the phantasm of the unfortunate man who died, but also a vivid reproduction of the scene in which he perished, so that the person who saw it recognised many weeks after a total stranger as the person who was present at the hour of his death.

Thirteen years ago, said Captain S—, I was on board the C—, homeward bound with cotton from Calcutta to Liverpool. On Tuesday, the 25th August, 1868, when in lat. 33° 4' S., long. 31° 27' E., the sky darkened, and it was evident a storm was about to burst upon us; the crew were sent aloft to furl the sails, and before we had completed the task—

A great gust of wind seized the half-slackened maintop-

sail, and sent it fluttering into fragments. At the same moment the ship reeled nearly on her beam ends, and, above the howling of the gale, we heard a sudden cry of despair. I was horrified to see an apprentice, J— P—, sent whirling headlong from the masthead into the sea. Even yet I can see the look of agony stamped on his upturned face, and I can hear the very tones of his heartrending cry, "Oh! Lucy, Lucy," as he disappeared for ever in the darkness below.

After the storm abated, the captain made a careful note of the exact time of the occurrence, the position of the ship, and the other particulars. He seemed struck at my mention of the exclamation I had overheard, falling from the poor fellow's lips as he clutched in vain at the yielding air.

"Ah," he said, "that must have been his sister, Lucy V., to whom he was greatly attached."

I then produced his cap, which I had managed to seize as it fell, and which the captain locked up with the rest of his effects, remarking, as he did so, that no doubt his people would prize it as a last keepsake of their son.

The rest of the voyage passed without incident, and as soon as the ship arrived at Liverpool I made my way to the train which was to take me to Manchester.

I was walking idly along the platform when I saw the face of an old gentleman, who, with a young lady on his arm, was elbowing his way through the crowd. His resemblance to our lost mate was so striking that I stood and looked at him. The young lady's eyes happened suddenly to meet mine. Instantly she gave a violent start, uttered a low scream, and exclaiming:—"Oh, look, there's the face of my dream!" stared at me as if fascinated. Her companion gently rallied her, and half led, half carried her, to the nearest waiting-room. As he passed he begged me to come with them and handed me his card.

When we were alone the old gentleman explained that the sight of my face had reminded his daughter of a very peculiar and unpleasant dream, to which she still persisted in attaching importance. He said, "At the present moment, indeed, we are on our way to discover if the owners of my son's ship have received any news of its arrival."

I said, "I am an apprentice of the C—, and have but lately left her lying in the harbour."

"Then," the young lady cried, "I must be right. It must be true. 'Twas that man's face I saw gazing at him as he fell. I saw Joe's ship in the midst of a fearful storm, and him clinging to the slippery shrouds. A bright flash seemed to pass before my eyes, and I saw him falling backwards into the sea. I saw *your* face in the momentary gleam, and I woke perfectly terrified to hear the sound of my own name—'O Lucy! Lucy!'—whispered in my ears."

The expression of my face must have conveyed, but too well, the meaning of my silence.

"My God," cried Mr. —, "is it true then? Is he dead?"

I stammered—"Too true, sir. Yes! every word of it! I was beside him at the moment, and even tried to save him."

From the statement, subsequently given to the captain, it appeared that the sister had retired as usual before eleven o'clock. About midnight, they were roused by a loud scream, and, on hurrying to her room, found her sitting up under the influence of extreme terror, declaring that she had actually seen her brother falling from the mast-head into the sea, and heard him whisper her name.

On comparing notes, we found that the dream took place the very day and, allowing for the difference in longitude, even the very hour when the accident occurred!

This story did not reach me in time for exhaustive verification, but it is one which ought to be capable of being proved up to the hilt; for there is first the captain, who was apprentice, on whose authority the story at present exclusively rests. His story ought to be capable of

confirmation by the lady to whom the vision appeared, the log-book of the ship from which the apprentice was drowned, while the captain and her companion at the station would be of first importance in establishing its truth. Should this be forthcoming, and the story verified as told by my Brecon correspondent, nothing in any other of the stories in this number can be regarded as antecedently incredible. This is not merely the sight of what occurred at a distance of 3,000 miles, but the hearing of the death cry which was raised in the midst of the howling of a tropical storm in mid-ocean. Compared with this, other narratives are but as an anticlimax; but even after this story one told by Mrs. Green, of Newry, in 1885, is worthy of notice.

AN AUSTRALIAN TRAGEDY SEEN IN IRELAND.

Although there is no transmission of sound, nor any of the dramatic developments which took place in the previous story, there was the instantaneous transmission of the scene of an accident from Australia to Ireland. Mrs. Green writes:—

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

The following third month I got a letter and a newspaper from my brother in Australia named Allen, letting me know the sad trouble which had befallen him in the loss by drowning of one of his daughters and her companion. You will see by the description given in the paper how the events corresponded with my dream. My niece was born in Australia and I never saw her. Please return the paper at your convenience. Considering that our night is their day, I must have been in sympathy with the sufferers at the time of the accident, on the tenth of the first month, 1878.

The following extract from the *Inglwood Advertiser* shows that she actually saw what happened:—

A dreadful accident occurred in the neighbourhood of Wedderburn on Wednesday last, resulting in the death of two women, named Lehey and Allen. It appears that the deceased were driving into Wedderburn in a spring cart from the direction of Kinypanial, when they attempted to water their horse on the dam of the boundary of Torpichen station. The dam was ten or twelve feet deep in one spot, and into this hole they must have inadvertently driven, for Mr. W. McKechnie, manager of Torpichen Station, upon going to the dam some hours afterwards, discovered the cart and horse under the water and two women's hats floating on the water. . . . The dam was searched, and the bodies of the two women clasped in each other's arms recovered. (Vol. v., p. 420.)

A DEATH-SCENE REHEARSED.

The apparition of the phantasm of the dead is sometimes accompanied by clairvoyant visions of the circumstances accompanying the disaster, but of this class the most extraordinary specimen which I have ever read is forwarded me from Forfar by a correspondent who asserts that the following narrative is absolutely correct, and

that he had it from the lips of the person concerned, who is his own cousin:—

A number of years ago, my cousin became engaged to be married to a young officer in a certain British cavalry regiment. Shortly after the engagement had been entered into the regiment was ordered to India, and with it went my cousin's fiancé. During the absence of the regiment, one afternoon, about four o'clock, while this girl (who was then twenty-three years of age) was sitting in the dining-room of my uncle's house, along with her youngest sister, whom I shall call Nellie, she suddenly became aware of the presence of her lover. "Why! good gracious, Nellie," she said, "there is Henry."

The younger sister avers that, on looking in the direction indicated, she saw the apparition of this man, of whom she had not before been thinking, standing in front of the fireplace, supporting his elbow on the mantelpiece.

It appears from the story of these two girls that the spectre remained in this position for some seconds, and then unaccountably vanished.

My cousin did not become at all nervous on seeing this ghost, or "wraith," as we call it in Scotland, but a strange feeling overcame her, and she burst into a violent fit of weeping, accompanied by intense grief. She refused to be comforted, and stated that she felt certain that some dreadful fate had on that day befallen her betrothed.

When night came, she insisted upon her sister Nellie sleeping with her, saying that she felt quite unhinged, and feared a recurrence of this weird circumstance. She further states that shortly after getting into bed she fell into a sleep, and dreamt a dream, the substance of which was that while in the execution of his duty her lover had been caught, along with his escort, and brutally murdered. The spot where the murder took place, the face of the consul to whose house the murdered man's body had been borne, and the clergyman who officiated at the subsequent funeral, came most vividly before her in this dream.

She affirms that on awaking she was terror-stricken, but she felt an irresistible desire to investigate this strange occurrence. In a semi-conscious state she arose, and, going to the window, drew aside the curtains, and the blind partially up, saw in the moonlight an exact repetition of the facts of her dream taking place upon the green lawn in front of the house.

Rushing across the room she awakened Nellie, and together they saw this strange sight. Nellie states that the phenomenon *existed*, as had the other in the dining-room, for a brief period, and then *faded* away.

They returned to bed. My cousin fell ill, and was laid up for many months after this experience, and during her illness news arrived from India confirming her dream both as regards date and detail.

Now, when she regained her health, she persuaded her parents to allow her, under the care of her brother, to proceed to India and investigate the matter. She arrived at her destination after a great amount of trouble and anxiety, and called on the consul.

Every detail was most thoroughly realised, all the faces of those connected with the sad affair were quite familiar to her: in fact, the true circumstances were identical with those of her dream, and the apparition on the lawn appears to have conveyed to her mind an exact representation of the murder as it actually took place.

Should this story be capable of complete verification it would deserve to rank among the most remarkable of any of the kind. It is very rare that the phantasm is witnessed by more than one person, and this may be explained on the principle of telepathic or unconscious transference, but that the apparition should return in a dream in which the whole circumstances of the murder were accurately set forth is very rare, and the subsequent circumstances of the whole scene of the murder being rehearsed, as it were, after the dream, on the lawn of the house where it was observed by two persons is, so far as

I can remember, absolutely unique among the records of ghostly appearances. It is, however, a second-hand story as it stands at present, and cannot be regarded as having any evidential value.

TOUCH GAVE SIGHT.

The possibilities of thought transference from one person to another, so that a second person becomes able to visualise the apparition which may have been partly subjective in the mind of another, is curiously illustrated by a circumstance which Mr. Kendall records, in which the second person was quite insensible of the apparition until touched by the hand of the first percipient. Mr. Kendall tells the story as follows:—

Had some talk to-day with Alderman Dresser, of Darlington, a fine old gentleman of eighty-three, possessed of a clear, retentive memory, and very interesting in his reminiscences. He is one of the oldest and staunchest teetotalers in the town. Asked on behalf of the census which is being taken by the Psychical Research Society whether he had ever met with anything which he could not account for by physical causation, he said he had not, but he had two brothers, on whose word he could entirely rely, who both declared that they had. They saw the same apparition at the same time. They resided at Low Silton, near Osmotherley, when they were young men, and one evening one summer they were out together in a wood near their village when one of them saw at a short distance a young woman whose home was in the neighbourhood. He drew his brother's attention to the figure, but he could not see it. Whereupon the one who saw touched the other's arm, and forthwith he saw too. Touch apparently gave sight. They were both acquainted with the young woman, and both recognised her. They learnt afterwards that she had died at home just about the time they saw her in the wood. It had a great effect upon them.

Mr. Cumming recently published a series of articles in an Aberdeen paper on the subject of "Second Sight, Omens and Apparitions," which contain a good deal of information upon this curious subject, quoting from Matin, who wrote upon the subject as far back as 1703, that when several persons gifted with second sight were present only one of them saw a vision, unless the one seeing it touched the others the moment the vision appeared, and then they all saw it.

The foregoing narratives contain the double element of phantasm of the person at the moment of death, together with the clairvoyant vision of the scene in which the accident occurred. We now come to the second class, not less remarkable, namely, those in which the phantasm not only appears but speaks.

MAJOR POOLE'S GHOST REPORTS HIS DEATH.

The most remarkable of all those which are recorded by the Psychical Research Society is that which tells how Major Poole, who was killed in the battle of Lang's Neck in the Transvaal, reported his own death in London to his friend Colonel H. many hours before the telegraphic despatches brought news that the battle had been fought. The story is so complete in itself, and so remarkable in every respect, that I quote the whole of the evidence as it stands in the Report of the Society. Colonel H. writes:—

February 13th, 1886.

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

supported by actual facts, that I was constrained, at the request of my friends, to put my experience into writing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What were you doing?" I asked.

"The General sent me forward," he answered, and the right hand left the breast to move slowly to the front, pointing over my head to the window, and at the same moment the figure melted away. I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not dreaming, and sprang out of bed. It was then 4.10 p.m. by the clock on my mantelpiece.

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

I passed the day in a more or less unquiet mood, and talked over the whole circumstance with an old brother officer, Colonel W. He was as fully impressed with the

apparition as I was. The following morning I was again a solitary member at the club, and seized with avidity the first paper that came to my hand. This time my anxiety was painfully set at rest, for my eyes fell at once on the brief lines that told of the battle of Lang's Neck, and on the list of killed, foremost among them all being poor J. P. I noted the time that the battle was fought, calculated it with the hour at which I had seen the figure, and found that it almost coincided. From this simple fact I could only surmise that the figure had appeared to me in London almost at the moment that the fatal bullet had done its work in the Transvaal.

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

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

We find from the *London Gazette* that the battle in which Major P. was killed began (according to General Elley's despatch) at 9.30 a.m. on January 28th, 1881. Major P. was probably killed between 11 and 12 a.m., which would be between nine and ten in London, the difference of time being a little under two hours. I drew Colonel H.'s attention to this point, and to the impossibility that the dawn should be beginning at 4.10 a.m. at that time of year, and he sent the following reply:—

February 20th, 1886.

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

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

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

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

The precise date of this vision is now irrecoverable; but Mr. Gurney, who discussed the matter with Colonel H., concludes that the apparition probably occurred after the death, and certainly occurred before the death was announced in England. (Vol. v. pp. 412-415.)

ANOTHER GHOST REPORTING DEATH.

A similar story, although much less carefully told, is the following, in which the phantasm speaks and points to the place where the bullet struck him, in this resembling the case of Major Poole:—

Mr. Ira Sayles, of Washington, D.C., geologist U.S. Geological Survey, states that one day in the spring of 1857

his dear neighbour and intimate friend, Mrs. Stewart (now dead) told him that on the night previous she had woke her husband (now dead) with a scream. "What is the matter?" he said. "Why, don't you see Johnny there? He says to me, 'Mother, they've shot me. The bullet entered right here;' and he pointed to a hole right over his right eye." Mr. Stewart replied, "I don't see anything—you've been dreaming." "No, I have not been dreaming, I was as wide awake as I am now." This Johnny was a son who had gone with a friend to Kansas, "then in a state of belligerent excitement over the status of the incipient State on the slavery and free-soil issue." The mother was consequently anxious about him, but the young man wrote in a sanguine tone. A fortnight after the vision Johnny's friend returned from Kansas, and told Mrs. Stewart that on a certain day, at 4 p.m., a Missourian shot Johnny, the ball entering his head just above the right eye. Moreover, the day of the shooting proved to be the very day on which Mrs. Stewart had her vision, at night, about six hours after the shooting." (Vol. v. p. 129.)

"LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN UPON THY WRATH."

None of these three preceding phantasms spoke, but there are many instances in which the phantasm does speak. One of these comes to me from South Africa from the experience of the mother of a well-known writer. A missionary on leaving Africa called to bid his neighbour farewell. For some reason or other he had given Mrs. — reason to think ill of him, and when he came to wish her good-bye she absolutely refused to see him. He pressed earnestly for the favour of a parting word, but she, being somewhat irate, said loudly in her room, so that her words could be heard by the person to whom they referred, "I will not shake hands with him, that's flat!" He went away, and all thought of him passed from her mind. Some years afterwards the family was aroused by a cry of alarm after they had gone to bed, and on hurrying to their mother's room they found her in a state of great excitement. When she was sufficiently calm to tell them what was the matter, she said that she had suddenly been aroused by the sense that some one was in the room. She awoke wide awake in a moment, and to her horror she saw the missionary enter the room, and advancing towards her, heard him exclaim quite audibly, "You will shake hands with me now, Mrs. —." As he approached she shrieked, and the apparition vanished. Some months afterwards they received information from England, stating that the missionary had died that day.

A similar tale is told by Mr. Pearsall Smith:—

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

the added circumstances of the alarm of the horse previous to the apparition. (Proceedings Psychical Research Society, vol. v. p. 454.)

GRATITUDE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.

A correspondent writes :—

My first introduction to a ghost occurred about fifty years ago, when I was a boy of twelve at a country boarding-school. The schoolmaster's wife died, and at bedtime on the day of her burial the schoolmaster, who was an elderly man, asked me to sleep with him that night, which I did. The bed we slept in, like most beds at that date, had long curtains all round. I awoke just as day was breaking, and saw the curtains of the bed drawn aside and the ghost of the schoolmaster's wife looking at us. She looked very pleased and lifelike. I had no fear; in fact, did not at the time give a thought about her being dead and buried until she closed the curtains, when I turned round and fell asleep, thinking how strange it was. In the morning I told the schoolmaster, who did not appear to doubt my statement. My next experience occurred about thirty-three years ago. We had been living neighbours to a Scotch family, consisting of husband, wife, and two children. The wife took ill, and we had to remove to another part of the town, but my wife went frequently to see her and stay with her for a few hours. One evening when I came home, my wife said she wished to go and sit all night with her friend, as she was so ill. Being left to myself, I thought I would make some alterations in a large aquarium I had. Time slipped over, and it was after three in the morning by the time I had finished. As I had to be up a little after five I decided not to go to bed, but lie down on the sofa. I turned out the gas, and had just lain down when I felt a presence in the room (I was not even thinking of Mrs. —.) I turned to see who it was, when a well-known voice said, "I will never forget you and yours for what you have done for me and mine." I fell asleep, got up about five, called round at my friend's house to see my wife and learn how Mrs. — was. My wife told me that Mrs. — had died between three and four o'clock.

HENRY JAMES CHARLTON.

A GHOST IN A BALL-ROOM.

Here are some other stories from the Psychical Research Society. One was that in which a ghost appeared in a ball-room and was seen by four persons at one time. The lady was expecting her partner at the ball, was waiting, indeed, for his coming :—

Presently, as she was standing and talking to three of these gentlemen, Mr. D. A., Mr. R. P., and another, they all saw Mr. W. come into the room, look calmly and steadily at her and pass into the dining-room. She thought it strange that he did not come to speak to her, and alluded to it to the other gentlemen, saying she thought Mr. W. was really the rudest man she ever saw, and laughing, followed him into the dining-room. There, however, he was not. The other gentlemen had seen him as well as she, and, I believe, her mother also. The time was a quarter past ten. The whole affair piqued and vexed her a good deal. The next morning her father came hastily into the room, and asked her if she had not seen Mr. W. the night before. She said "Yes" and that he had acted very oddly in only just appearing for a moment and not even speaking to her. Her father then told her that on that very morning his body had been found in the river. His watch had stopped at a quarter past ten, which was the hour at which he had been seen in the ball-room. The rose Miss H. gave him was still in his button-hole.

THE WRECK OF "LA PLATA."

Mr. George King, of 12, Sunderland Terrace, Westbourne Park, W., sends to the Psychical Research Society the following account of his brother's apparition :—

My brother D., a few years my junior, was a handsome, powerful young man, twenty-one years of age at the time of his death, and he was an unusually vigorous swimmer.

In November, 1874, the cable was finished and shipped on board the *La Plata*, a magnificent steamship, carrying with her every appliance that could be required to render the expedition safe. Next Wednesday evening, December 2nd, I attended a conversazione, at King's College, given by Sir W. Thompson, President of the Society of Telegraphic Engineers.

I was soon asleep, but how long I remained so I do not know. So far as recollection goes, I had not been dreaming, but suddenly I found myself in the midst of a brilliant assembly, such as I had recently left at King's College.

Suddenly my brother stepped out from behind them, and advanced towards me. He was dressed in evening dress, like all the rest, and was the very image of buoyant health. I was much surprised to meet him, and going forward I said, "Hullo! D., how are you here?" He shook me warmly by the hand and replied, "Did you not know I have been wrecked again?" At these words a deadly faintness came over me. I seemed to swim away and sink to the ground. After a momentary unconsciousness I awoke and found myself in bed.

Later on I went to my office and began my work, but presently one of the messengers, with a strange look in his face, came to me and said: "Is it true, sir, that your brother has been lost in the *La Plata*?" I started up and ran to the marine office next door, and there the worst fears were confirmed.

The last seen of my brother was that he was helping to launch the lifeboat. The *La Plata* foundered at about noon on Sunday, November 29th, and possibly D. perished there and then. But he may have possibly survived for several days. He was of a strong constitution and a powerful swimmer; he had on an air belt, and was beside the life-raft when the ship went down. (Vol. v. pp 456-457.)

A MISER AND HER STORE.

Here is a story which reaches me from a former resident in North Shields :—

During the cholera epidemic in the North of England about 1867-8 I remember an incident which had a great effect upon my boyish mind at the time. I lived in North Shields, and was the favourite of my great-grandmother, with whom I often stayed. The old lady was rather a recluse in her habits, and occupied two upper rooms in her daughter's house. She was known to have some paper money about her, which, however, she carefully concealed somewhere from all her relatives. At the same time it was known she had a particular partiality for one certain cupboard which she used as a wardrobe in her bedroom. I mention these particulars as possibly explaining what followed.

At three o'clock one morning, while sleeping at my own home, I awoke to find the old lady standing at the foot of my bed, calling to me and beckoning to me to follow her. I sat up in bed, terrified at the sight, but, of course, manifested no desire to move. The old lady then became impatient, and saying she could not remain longer begged of me to be sure and go to "the cupboard," this being her usual phrase when referring to the small wardrobe I have alluded to. On the old lady's departure I was so frightened that I felt I dare not stay in the room, and yet, strange to say, I had sufficient courage to get out of bed in the dark and hurry off to my mother's bedroom, crossing a dark landing on the way. I awoke my mother and told her what had happened. She calmed me as much as possible and saw me off to bed again, but in the morning she was so much impressed with my story that she accompanied me on my way to school, and we called to see if anything was wrong with the old lady. Imagine our surprise on reaching the house to learn that she had been found dead in bed a short time before our visit. The body was cold, proving she had been dead some hours; the doctor declaring she had died of cholera. The inference formed was that she must have died about the hour she visited me. Suffice it to say,

an inspection of "the cupboard" revealed the fact that other hands had done duty there before ours had a chance, but with what result will never be known.

ARE THEY GHOSTS OR DOUBLES?

It is a moot question whether the phantom that is seen at death is the ghost of one who has expired or the double of a living person on the point of death. There is considerable probability that in most cases it is the double of the dying and not the ghost of the dead that is manifested to the living. The foregoing three cases all point in this direction. In each case the dying person was conscious and living after the double had appeared, although in all three cases death followed in the course of a few hours.

In the cases I am now about to recount, the appearance of a phantasm very shortly preceded death. One of the most remarkable of its kind is the following, which is sent me by Mr. H. Brett, English and American agent, 14, Sophia Street, Leipzig. Mr. Brett sends me the name of the solicitor, "the most unsentimental solicitor I ever met in the City of London," upon whose authority the story rests. It was told him some eight or nine years ago within ten days of the occurrence, and is, from every point of view, very remarkable:—

A CLEAR CASE OF A DOUBLE.

Having professional relations together, I called on him one day, and, after the matter was disposed of, he asked if I had ten minutes to spare; we were both busy men. I replied affirmatively, whereupon he told me he was puzzled to account for something that had happened, and related to me the following in the matter-of-fact manner of a lawyer when engaged on a particularly dry case:—

You know that since my wife's death I live alone except for the old servant, who has been with us for many years. A favourite old black tom-cat transferred his affections to me after my wife died, and when I am at home reading—my sole dissipation—he sits either on my shoulder or on the arm of my chair. About ten days ago he occupied the former position, as I, after a meat-tea, was reading one of the funniest parts of "Pickwick." I had had nothing to disturb my mind, no troublesome case to wade through; my thoughts were immersed in the book, and I felt as cheerful as possible. The servant had gone out shopping; the house was perfectly quiet. Suddenly the cat, which had been dozing on my shoulder, jumped down and began rushing about the room with bristling hair, and at last made for the closed door. I thought of burglars, so, taking up the light, began a search. When I reached the kitchen I found a woman dressed in deep mourning seated on a chair and cowering over the fire. Surprised at having heard no one enter, and with no other thought in my mind than that she was a friend of my servant, I asked what she wanted. She turned round and rose, showing a very haggard and suffering face which I did not recognise at all. Looking all the while at me, she slowly backed to the wall and disappeared through it without a word. I was surprised but not startled. I had only drunk tea and eaten a moderate meal. I was, furthermore, reading a book tending to laughter and not to depression. On reaching my office next morning, one of the clerks handed me a telegram, saying that it came after my departure, and as he had forgotten my private address, he could not forward it. Supposing it to be a business matter, I opened it unconcernedly. It stated that my favourite sister was dying, and urged my immediate presence. I hurried off to her, having till then been ignorant of her illness. A niece opened the door to me and, in reply to my question, said her mother was still alive, but very nearly gone, adding, "But oh, uncle, between half-past nine and ten

last night we thought she was gone; there were no signs of breathing or of life, and then she rallied a little!" I hastened upstairs and found my sister near her last, and so altered from suffering that I should not have known her. It was the very face I had seen in my kitchen, and at the very time when she was thought to be dead. She recognised me, but could not speak, and soon afterwards breathed her last. Now, I have never given a thought to ghosts or apparitions. How do you account for it?

THE BIRKBECK DOUBLE.

One of the best authenticated cases of this kind is what is known as the Birkbeck Ghost. It is told as follows in the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society":—

In 1789, Mrs. Birkbeck, wife of William Birkbeck, banker, of Settle, and a member of the Society of Friends, was taken ill and died at Cockermouth, while returning from a journey to Scotland, which she had undertaken alone—her husband and three children, aged seven, five, and four years respectively, remaining at Settle. The friends at whose house the death occurred made notes of every circumstance attending Mrs. Birkbeck's last hours, so that the accuracy of the several statements as to time as well as place was beyond the doubtfulness of man's memory, or of any even unconscious attempt to bring them into agreement with each other. One morning between seven and eight o'clock the relation to whom the care of the children had been entrusted, and who kept a minute journal of all that concerned them, went into their bedroom as usual and found them all sitting up in bed in great excitement and delight. "Mamma has been here," they cried, and the little one said, "She called, 'Come, Esther!'" Nothing could make them doubt the fact, and it was carefully noted down to entertain the mother when she came home. That same morning, as their mother lay on her dying bed at Cockermouth, she said, "I should be ready to go if I could but see my children." She then closed her eyes to reopen them, as they thought, no more. But after ten minutes of perfect stillness, she looked up brightly and said, "I am ready now, I have been with my children," and then at once peacefully passed away. When the notes taken at the two places were compared, the day, hour, and minutes were the same. (Vol. i. p. 122.)

A PARALLEL TO THE BIRKBECK DOUBLE.

In Dr. Lees's "Glimpses of the Supernatural," there is a similar instance, which differs only from that of the Birkbeck Ghost in being more recent and the distance between the mother and the children greater, for she was dying in Egypt when she appeared to the children in England. The story is as follows:—

A lady and her husband, who held a position of some distinction in India, were returning home (A.D. 1854) after an absence of four years, to join a family of young children, when the former was seized in Egypt with an illness of the most alarming character; and, though carefully attended by an English physician and nursed with the greatest care, grew so weak that little or no hope of her recovery existed. With that true kindness which is sometimes withheld by those about a dying bed, she was properly and painfully informed of her dangerous state, and bidden to prepare for the worst. Of a devout, pious, and reverential mind, she is reported to have made a careful preparation for her latter end, though no clergyman was at hand to administer the last sacrament or to afford spiritual consolation. The only point which seemed to disturb her mind, after the delirium of fever had passed away, was a deep-seated desire to see her absent children once more, which she frequently expressed to those attending upon her. Day after day, for more than a week, she gave utterance of her longings and prayers, remarking that she would die happily if only this one wish could be gratified.

On the morning of the day of her departure hence, she fell into a long and heavy sleep, from which her attendants found it difficult to arouse her. During the whole period of it she lay perfectly tranquil. Soon after noon, however, she suddenly awoke, exclaiming, "I have seen them all, I have seen them. God be praised, for Jesus Christ's sake!" and then slept again. Towards the evening in perfect peace, and with many devout exclamations, she calmly yielded up her spirit to God who gave it. Her body was brought to England and buried in the family burying-place. The most remarkable part of this incident remains to be told. The children of the dying lady were being educated in Torquay under the supervision of a friend of the family. At the very time that their mother was asleep, they were confined to the house where they were by a severe storm of thunder and lightning. Two apartments on one floor, perfectly distinct, were then occupied by them as play and recreation rooms. All were thus gathered together. No one of the children was absent. They were amusing themselves with games of chance, books, and toys in company of the nursemaid, who had never seen their parents. All of a sudden their mother, as she usually appeared, entered the larger room of the two, pausing, looked for some minutes at each, and smiled, passed into the next room, and then vanished away. Three of the elder children recognised her at once, but were greatly disturbed and impressed at her appearance, silence, and manner. The younger and the nursemaid each and all saw a lady in white come into the smaller room, and then slowly glide by and fade away.

The date of this occurrence, September 10th, 1854, was carefully noted, and it was afterwards found that the two events above recorded happened almost contemporaneously. A record of the event was committed to paper, and transcribed on the fly-leaf of the Family Bible, from which the above account was taken and given to the editor of this book in the autumn of the year 1871, by a relation of the lady in question, who is well acquainted with the fact of her spectral appearance at Torquay, and has vouched for the truth of it in the most distinct and formal manner. The husband, who was reported to have been of a somewhat sceptical habit of mind, was deeply impressed by the occurrence. And though it is seldom referred to now, it is known to have had a very deep and lasting religious effect on more than one person who was permitted directly to witness it. ("Glimpses of the Supernatural," pp. 64-66.)

A NOTABLE FAMILY.

Mr. Hore, the husband of the housekeeper at Heatherbrae, whose story I have given in the second chapter, seems to have belonged to a family every member of which notified his death to the survivors. He writes:—

My father lost *all* his male relatives at sea, his grandfather, father, brothers (five), uncles, and cousins. He was himself a sailor from a very early age to over fifty, and from my earliest recollections I was impressed with the conversations I heard about the supernatural intimations every member of the family received generally at the time of death.

Two are very clear in my mind now. If you think they will interest your readers you can use them.

At three o'clock one morning a most unusual noise at the bedroom window awoke my mother and father, but on looking out they could ascertain no cause. At 10.15 a.m. the front door opened very noisily, although secured by a French latch and ordinary lock, and three distinct stripes on the door, and the appearance of a bird round the room, caused my father to make a memo. in his pocket-book of the occurrence, and some months after they found out from a survivor that my father's brother was drowned at 10.15 by the foundering of the vessel, which was damaged by a collision at three in the morning.

The next is more remarkable as a warning. The family of brothers was reduced to two, the youngest (William) having been drowned on the previous voyage of the *Huma*, of Liverpool, of which my mother's brother was captain and

my father's brother (Thomas) first mate, although he held a captain's certificate.

My Uncle Thomas and his wife (my mother's sister) were one night in Liverpool very restless, so much so that they sat up in bed, when the fastened door opened and the body of the last victim, my Uncle William, entered the room, accompanied by a figure, who, pointing to the corpse, said, "This is not all; there is one more yet." As they knew my father was about to take a voyage to the Labrador coast in winter, then considered very dangerous, they at once sent this account to him, warning him at all costs not to go, but he had sailed many hours, so my mother's state of mind can be imagined.

Well, a few days afterwards, the barque *Huma* sailed from Liverpool, with William Fulford (master), Thomas Hore (mate), and William Fulford (apprentice), and has never been heard of since.

My father died in his bed—the first male of the family for three generations—aged 76, about six years since.

APPARITION HEARD AND SEEN.

For the most part the phantasm which appears at the moment of death is not seen by more than one person; occasionally, however, it is both audible and visible to others. Here, for instance, is a case sent me by Mr. H. W. Street, of 140, Kennington Park Road, London, in which the ghost was heard by three and seen by one. He writes:—

Some years ago, while living at home with my friends, — was sitting on the top of some stairs that led directly from the upper rooms into the passage, talking to my mother, father, and sister; while so engaged, we distinctly heard a loud, hard knock at the street-door. Before I could descend, in obedience to my mother's wish, to open the door, I saw an aunt of mine—an elder sister of my mother's—pass through the passage into the back parlour. I exclaimed, "Why, there's Aunt Talbot gone through!" We all went down to greet her, and could find no one in the place. My father was curious in those matters, took particular note of the time—three o'clock p.m.—saying to my mother, "We shall hear of a death."

In the evening a special messenger came from Hendon, Middlesex, to say that my aunt died at three o'clock that afternoon.

One very curious thing in connection with these visions is the way in which the phantasms are dressed. It is this detail which gives its importance to the following story sent me from Tattershall:—

A friend of mine, now living at Tattershall, related to me that, in 1851, she visited a cousin in London who shortly afterwards went with her husband to America, a sister of this lady, Mrs. Sykes, who resided in a farmhouse, near Boston, Lincolnshire, saw, as she thought, her brother-in-law pass the window, and hastened to open the door, thinking he had returned unexpectedly to England. She had noticed particularly that he wore a green coat. On looking round she could see no one, and could not hear that any one else had seen him but herself. News soon after arrived that that very day he was found hanging in his barn, and on inquiry she found that he had on a green coat.

GHOSTS SEEN IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

I have had two stories sent me in which the ghost was seen in a looking-glass. The first was sent me by Mrs. Child, and is as follows:—

I went through the following experience in November, 1846, when a young woman of about seventeen years of age.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and I had just come in from a walk. I had taken my hat and cape off, and was tidying my hair before a large looking-glass, when, to my intense astonishment, a man's face suddenly appeared in the mirror, gazing intently at me over my shoulder. I hastily

turned round to see wna. man had dared to enter my bedroom. Imagine my bewilderment when I found nobody there. An immediate search under the bed and in the cupboards discovered not a vestige of any one.

I now became alarmed, and hurriedly proceeded downstairs. On the way it flashed upon me that the whiskered face, which surprise had prevented me recognising at once, was that of my uncle, E—— H——, at that time out in Calcutta. The head was also the same height as he.

For about an hour after rejoining my friends I felt too greatly upset to say anything about the matter. At length, however, I related the whole circumstances to them.

The next mail from India brought us a letter telling us that my uncle had died of fever in Calcutta on the very same day, and at the same time—though, of course, a different hour by the clock—that I had been visited by that mysterious appearance in my bedroom.

At the time of the apparition my uncle was the farthest person from my thoughts. I had, in fact, just been out with the gentlemen to whom I was engaged.

The house where this occurred was No. 3, Robart's Terrace, Commercial Road, London.

The above is an accurate and faithful account in every particular.

Mary Hough, the mother of the above Mrs. Child, was present in the room when the experience was first related. The other witnesses are either dead or otherwise inaccessible.

The other is sent me by Mrs. Harper, of Hawford, Bournemouth:—

My sister was at school, aged twenty. She was standing one Saturday night before the looking-glass, brushing her long, lovely hair, when suddenly she saw in the glass, standing behind her, our mother in her night-clothes.

Exclaiming, "Oh, mother," she turned round, but no mother was there! Marvelling what could have caused her imagination to play her such a trick when her thoughts had been running on a topic wholly disconnected with the dear parent at home, she resumed the brushing of her hair. Very shortly after my sister again saw the mother standing behind her, as before, tenderly regarding her daughter's face reflected in the glass. But once more no mother was visible, and the affrighted girl rushed away to regain courage among her companions. She noticed the clock in passing.

Our mother, who resided in another part of the country, had died a few minutes before of malignant fever, caught in visiting among her dear poor people, but all had occurred so suddenly that the confused and sorrow-stricken ones at home had not thought of writing to my sister. She was my mother's first-born.

FROM ELSINORE TO DURHAM.

The number of apparitions of sailors is very remarkable. Here is one taken from Mr. Kendall's diary, which is told by Mr. Alderman Fowler, of Durham. Mr. Fowler, who is one of the patriarchs of the North of England, tells the story as follows:—

I was assistant at a shop in Durham, near my present place of business, when a singular circumstance happened to me which seemed to imply that the spirits of the departed have, at least at the time of their departure, the power to manifest themselves to survivors. I had a brother whom I familiarly called Mat, who was a sailor, and had gone on a voyage to the Baltic. One Saturday afternoon I was attending to a customer, reckoning up an amount to be paid after serving the articles, when I happened to look towards the window, and was surprised to see my brother Mat outside. Our eyes met: I smiled and nodded to him, and said, "I'll be with you presently," or something of that sort. I told my master that my brother Mat had come and was standing outside. I was immediately released from my engagement with the customer and told that I might go to my brother and also bring him to sleep with me that night. When I went



MR. ALDERMAN FOWLER.

out into the street expecting to see my brother Mat, he was nowhere to be seen. I spent all the evening seeking for him at places where he might have called but without success. I was so disturbed at this that I went off home to Shiney Row next morning to see if they knew aught; but he had not been there, nor had they heard any news of him. But this was the astounding coincidence which I learned afterwards: Mat died in the hospital at Elsinore about the time when I saw him standing in the street in Durham. The date was October 21, 1837.

Alderman Fowler, who is still living has been five times Mayor of Durham. His son, named from the sailor of the vision, has been mayor this year (1891).

A story of very much the same character, describing the vision of a lieutenant at the moment of death, is sent me by a journalist at Bournemouth, but the circumstances are not such as call for narration at length.

A GHOST WITH A CUT ACROSS THE CHEEK.

A story of a fisherman, much more recent, is sent me by Mr. H. Walton, Dent, Sedburgh. In this case the apparition not only notified its death but showed the existence of a cut on one of the cheeks, which was found subsequently on the corpse:—

In the month of April, 1881, I was located in Norfolk, and my duties took me once a fortnight to a fishing village on that coast, so I can guarantee the following facts:—It is customary for the fishing smacks to go to Grimsby "line fishing" in the spring. The vessels started one afternoon on their journey north. In the evening a heavy north-east wind blew, and one of the boats mistook the white surf on the rocks for the reflection of a lighthouse. In consequence the boat got into shallow water a heavy sea came and swept two men from the deck. One man grasped a rope and was saved; the other, a young man, failed to save himself, though an

expert swimmer. It was said that he was heard to shout about eleven o'clock. Towards one o'clock the young man's mother, lying awake, saw his apparition come to the foot of the bed clad in white, and she screamed with fright and told her husband what she had seen, and that J. was drowned. He sought to calm her by saying she must have been dreaming. She asserted the contrary. Next day, when her daughter came in with the telegram of the sad event, before her daughter had time to speak, she cried out J. is drowned, and became unconscious; she remained in this state for many hours. When she regained consciousness, she told them particularly and distinctly what she saw; and what is to the point is this remarkable thing, she said if ever the body is found it has a cut across the cheek, specifying which cheek. The body was found some days after, and exactly as the mother had seen it was the cut on the cheek.

This, however, is nothing compared with the awful story of a sister who appeared to a brother in America nine years after death with a scratch on her cheek as red as if it had been made yesterday, the said scratch having been caused by the needle used in sewing the corpse's shroud. The brother knew nothing of this, for the mother had kept it to herself. He recognised his sister, but could not understand the scratch. When he mentioned it to his mother, she confessed what she had done nine years before.

A GHOST IN A CIRCUS.

A lady journalist in London sends me the following curious story, for the authenticity of which she vouches, of an apparition which was not only persistent but was repeatedly seen by three persons in the brilliantly lighted circus of Messrs. Sanger at Edinburgh. Ghosts turn up at the most unexpected places, but for the ghost to insist upon occupying a vacant seat in the circus is one of the strangest of many strange stories, and it is more remarkable that it should have come all the way from London in order to do so. The story is as follows:—

Thirty-one years ago I was in the theatrical profession, travelling with my husband and little step-daughter—a child of nine. We were passing through Edinburgh, and went to an evening performance at Sanger's Circus, in Nicholson Street. We had seats in the first tier of boxes, at the side, and during the performance of Miss Topsy Sanger (then a child), my little step-daughter pulled my cloak, asking who it was that was staring at me so on the other side of the house. I looked across, so did my husband, who at once saw the person the child indicated. It was a cousin of mine, who had been much abroad, and he had with him a curiously carved stick, which he had had mounted into an umbrella handle. There was nothing peculiar in his being there—he was a man who moved about a good deal. I was not on especially intimate terms with him, though we met occasionally. My husband knew him only by name, and remarked that he should like to be introduced to him, and that we would go round if he did not come to us. My cousin did not move when the interval came, and we went round to where we had seen him, to find an empty seat, and one, moreover, that had been kept empty for some one who had not arrived. We imagined there was some mistake, and that my cousin had gone out, perhaps to seek us; but when we reached our own seats again he was back in the place, which it was declared had been empty all the evening. Twice more we went round, only to be met with the same story. The seat had never been occupied, and we left the building, puzzled and annoyed—we had all seen him so plainly. A few days later I received the news of his death. He had died quite suddenly in London, certainly during the time we spent in the circus. There was nothing specially to connect his thoughts with me that I know of; but we all three saw him, not once, but for an hour at least, in the bright light of the illuminated building. I may add that some little time afterwards I turned the incident into little story called "Was it

a Ghost?" which appeared in one of Beeton's publications. I forget what it was called, but it had only a brief existence. I have given you the bald facts, without any embellishments.

These strange appearances are of constant occurrence, and if all our readers would undertake to keep us informed with whatever fresh material comes before their notice, we should possess record of phenomena similar to those described in this Christmas Number exceeding all the ghost stories which have been collected by the Psychical Research Society.

THE LATEST RECORDED APPARITION.

The latest ghost in our collection appeared on September 30th of this year. The writer, who sends me his name and address, requests me not to publish it, inasmuch as he objects to be pestered to death by inquiries, and if it were known that he had seen a ghost in his present house he would be left without any servants. The story is as follows:—

I am a "Popish" priest stationed in a country district, lead a very quiet life, and am free from excitements of any kind. I enjoy excellent health, and, I am thankful to say, possess a sound mind in a sound body. I am by no means superstitious, and my friends describe me as a most unimpressible man. On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 30th of September of this present year, I visited one of my sick people, a man who had been suffering from a chest disease for many years. I heard his confession and having chatted with him for some time, left the house, promising to bring him Holy Communion the following morning. I walked briskly home, a distance of two miles, or thereabouts, calling at one house on the way. I reached my cottage shortly before dusk, and while my servant was preparing my tea I amused myself by glancing over the paper which had arrived by the afternoon post. While I was folding over the sheet I happened to look across the room. I was simply astounded at what I saw. It seemed as if the opposite wall had disappeared. I distinctly saw poor John's (the sick man I had visited that afternoon) bed. There was the man himself, so it seemed to me, sitting up in the bed and looking straight at me. I saw him as distinctly as I now see this paper upon which I write. I was greatly astonished, but by no means frightened. I sat staring at the appearance for quite five seconds, and then it gradually disappeared in much the same fashion as a "dissolving view," the wall coming back again to sight as the other picture faded away. At first I thought that it had no objective reality, but was purely subjective. But then John and his illness were not at all in my mind. I was thinking about what I was reading. I had often visited this particular man, had seen many sick people, and had been present at the death of several; besides, I did not think that John was, as yet, near death.

The next morning, as I was entering the church to say mass, I saw John's wife in the porch, crying. "O, father!" she cried out, "my heart is broke, O father! John, my dear one, died last night, and so sudden. You hadn't gone an hour scarce. He (John) sits up in the bed and he says: 'Is the father gone. Moll.' 'Why?' says I, 'didn't you say good-bye to he, Jack?' 'Ah, yes,' says he, 'but I wants he. I'm bad, Moll. I'm a dyin', he's to say mass for me, mind that;' and with your name on his lips, father, he fell back—dead." I ascertained that it was heart disease.

I did not mention what I saw to the woman, nor have I mentioned it to a single soul, except to yourself. If it got known that I had seen a "spirit" in my house it would be all over with my comfort. My housekeeper would pack off, and I should be left to make my own bed, scrub my own house down, and cook my own food. You must, therefore, accept my statement for what it is worth in your own estimation. I can only give you my bare word that it is quite true, that I have no wish to deceive, and that, as a priest of God's true Church, I should not so far forget my mission as to propagate a falsehood.

CHAPTER VII.—MY SPIRITUALISTS.

GHOSTS ANNOUNCING THEIR OWN DEATH.

The stubborn, unlaid Ghost
That breaks its magic chains at curfew time.—“Comus.”

In this number I have given the narrative of occurrences at spiritualist séances a wide berth. But considering the immense array of evidence—evidence which has convinced Professor Crookes and Mr. A. R. Wallace—as to the reality of spiritualistic phenomena, it would be unscientific to exclude the evidence of spiritualists merely because they are spiritualists. I do not enter here upon the much-debated question of the phenomena witnessed at séances. I only quote their evidence as to apparitions announcing death after the persons are unmistakably dead. Miss Rowan Vincent is a lady living in London; who, although not a professional medium, is an enthusiastic spiritualist. She is at this moment engaged in painting, under what she regards as “spirit control,” a large historical picture of the assassination of the Emperor Paul. As she says she never learnt painting, and did not even know that the Emperor Paul was assassinated, her equipments for the task are of the slenderest. Her own account is that her spirit guides directed her as to what brushes and paints to buy, control her in mixing the colours, and use her hand to wield the brush. One curious little detail she mentioned, that the list of paints given by the “spirits,” and which she took to the colourman’s, contained the names of colours long since disused or known only by another name. I mention this in order to afford the strongest possible justification to the ordinary reader for distrusting Miss Rowan Vincent’s evidence. Her story, however, is verified, notwithstanding its antecedent incredibility. Here is the remarkable narrative of an apparition, twelve hours after death, which Miss A. Rowan Vincent, of 31, Gower Place, Endsleigh Gardens W.C., saw in April of last year:—

On the night of Thursday, April 24th, 1890, I had retired to rest, when I found I had not turned the cat out of the room. I then rose to do so, and after closing the door, turned round to go to my bed, and was surprised to see, standing between myself and the bedstead, the form of a man, who I recognised as a friend I had not seen for several years, although I had heard he was ill. As I looked his form slowly faded away. I then took up a written alphabet which in my occult investigations I am accustomed to use, when at once these words were spelt out: “My name is Charles C—. I died between twelve and half-past.” I looked at my watch, it was then ten minutes to one o’clock. The next morning I told the friend in whose house I am living, Mrs. Brinkley, 31, Gower Place, W.C. I also told my medical man, who called during the day, Dr. Marsh, 56, Fitzroy Street, W. On the following Monday morning I received a letter from my old friend, Mrs. C—, telling me her husband had died on Thursday, the 24th inst., between twelve and half-past in the day, so that he had been dead twelve hours when he appeared to me.

The name of the ghost I have not given in full, but enclose it in confidence.

I wrote to the persons named, and here is their replies:—

56, Fitzroy Street, W.

Nov. 9, 1891.

Dear Sir,—The description and details of ghost story as given in the slip enclosed is quite correct. Miss Vincent gave me the account of the same April 25, 1890. I have known her for some years, and I am convinced of her absolute truthfulness.

C. C. MARSH.

London, Nov. 10, 1891.

Dear Sir,—I can vouch for the truth of the statement made by Miss Vincent as regards my husband. I was present at his death, and can only say he passed away on Thursday, April 24, 1890, at twenty minutes past twelve p.m.

Yours faithfully,

E. F. C.

31, Gower Place, Endsleigh Gardens.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in confirming Miss Rowan Vincent’s narrative. It is quite correct, all she states.

Yours very truly,

M. J. BRINKLEY.

This seems, therefore, to be a clear case of an apparition of the dead. The alphabet to which Miss Rowan Vincent refers is simply a printed A B C, which she uses by allowing the forefinger of the right hand to remain passive, when, according to her own account, it is rapidly moved from letter to letter, which form words and composes sentences. I have seen Miss Rowan Vincent, and questioned her as to why the deceased should have come to her, and as to the confirmation possible. Unfortunately the note she made at the time was burnt in a fire that took place some time subsequently, but with that exception the evidence seems clear.

A DEATH ANNOUNCED AT A SEANCE.

Mr. Matthew M. Cameron, of Gowan Bank, Hamilton, sends the following account of a communication, made at a séance, of the death of a stranger by his ghost:—

About ten years ago I was filling a situation in the town of Hawick. Previous to that I had engaged often in the amusement and recreation of table-turning, etc., so that I knew something of the *modus operandi*.

In Hawick I had interested a couple of gentlemen, whose friendship I had made, in what are termed spiritualistic séances, and we had many evenings together around the table. One night in particular, in my lodgings, we commenced operations. In five minutes or so the table was heaving, cracking, and tilting. When we felt sure that full command of the table had been got, I began asking questions. The way we got answers was as follows:—One knock meant No, while three meant Yes; when we wanted names or words we went over the alphabet slowly and the table tilted at the correct letter. We asked if any one was controlling the table. Three smart raps was the answer.

Would the person kindly give his or her name?—Yes.

Then we spelled it out—George Moffat.

Have you been long in the spirit world?—No.

When did you leave earth life?—No answer.

A month ago?—No.

A week?—No.

A day?—No.

At this we had to go over the alphabet to get the hours. Two hours was the number.

Where did you die?—Glasgow.

Where were you born?—Applying the alphabet, we got Innerleithen.

What did you do?—At this we went over every possible trade and profession likely to be found in such a place as Innerleithen. This was to save the trouble of going over the alphabet, but all to no purpose. We registered Nos to every query. At last we took to spelling it out, and we got, what certainly none of us were looking for, Elocutionist.

Then it flashed upon one of us who he was, and that he was advertised to give an entertainment in the district in a few days.

Our party broke up that night, each saying "We'll see." Next morning I was at my place of business as usual, when about my first visitor was one of the friends who had been of the party the night previous.

"Have you seen the papers?"—"No," I answered.

"Well, look here," pointing to a paragraph. To my amazement it stated that Mr. George Moffat, the elocutionist, had suddenly died in Glasgow the night previous, at the certain hour of which we had received notice.

This is my story, on which I make no comment. The two gentlemen, who, along with myself, were actors in the séance, do not know I am writing this, and therefore I cannot use their names, but I will enclose their names and addresses so that you may be able to communicate with them if you think fit. I think it best not to let them know, because they will be able to give an independent corroboration of the above statement.

ANOTHER SPIRITUALIST'S STORY.

Mr. Andrew Glendinning, of 11, St. Philip's Road, Dalston, furnishes me with the following narrative of a ghost which showed commendable anxiety that the news of its death should be broken kindly to its widow. Mr. Glendinning writes:—

In September, 1870, Captain Buchan, of Port-Glasgow, was trading between China and Japan. He was 41 years of age, gentleman of good education, intelligent, of refined manners, and, being in excellent health, seemed likely to live long. He had no premonition of illness, for about that time he sent me a letter setting forth his plans for some months to come. On the evening of 30th September, 1870 (I give the date as best I can), a lady, who is a clairvoyant, said to me, "Captain Buchan was here to-day; he is dead, and he wishes you to go and break the news to Mrs. Buchan." I said, "You are mistaken, the captain is alive and well." I placed in her hands a letter, then recently received from the captain, and told her the letter might put her *en rapport* with him. She replied, "Yes, he was alive when he wrote this, and he is alive still, but is what you call dead, and he desires you to call on Mrs. Buchan and break the news to her." About three weeks afterwards the owners of the steamer received a telegram from the mate announcing the death of the captain. It was remarked by me at the time that the date of death given in the telegram confirmed to that extent the statement made by the lady. A memorial stone in Port-Glasgow cemetery bears the following inscription:—

ALEXANDER THOMSON BUCHAN,

Shipmaster,

Died at Amoy, China,

30th September, 1870.

Aged 41 years.

In 1887 I asked Mrs. Buchan (now Mrs. McMurtrie) how long was it after her husband's death ere she received the intelligence. She replied she could not give the exact date, but that it was a few days after the bazaar in Port-Glasgow for the new Town Hall. The *Greenock Telegraph* gives the dates of the Bazaar as October 20th, 21st, and 22nd, 1870. The first telegram from the mate was to the owners of the steamer, and stated why he had been unable to send it sooner.

I have asked Mr. Alexander Rose, of 10, Hayburn Crescent, Partick Hill, Glasgow, a native of Port-Glasgow, who knew Captain Buchan, to give some particulars of this ghost case. The following is his statement:—

On October 1st, 1870, Mr. Andrew Glendinning informed me that, on the previous evening, a lady well known to us both, residing in Port-Glasgow, told him Captain Buchan was dead, that his wraith had appeared to her that day, and had desired her to request my friend, Mr. Glendinning, to let his widow know. On the following October 20th, 1870 (a Thursday) a bazaar was held in the New Town Hall, Port-Glasgow. Mrs. Buchan was one of the stallholders. I visited the Hall with Mr. Glendinning. In the midst of the usual hilarity of a bazaar, Mr. Glendinning suddenly took told of my arm, and said to me, "There is Captain Buchan's wife, and she does not know she is a widow." A few days afterwards a telegram was received announcing the captain's death. The place where the captain died was not in telegraphic communication with this country, and there was a delay of some days ere the mate could send a message. I also remember Mr. Glendinning telling me that he had doubted the lady's statement, and that he had placed in her hand a letter he had received from the captain, and that the lady then minutely described the death-scene. The captain, when walking with his first officer, suddenly put his hand to his heart, and said "My God!" and dropped dead. This was afterwards confirmed when letters arrived giving details—even to the date of death. Mr. Glendinning also informed me that when the lady was in an abnormal condition she asked for a map, and putting her finger on a spot in the China Seas, said the vessel will go down there in twenty-nine fathoms of water. We were interested in the prophecy, as we had entrusted the captain with a quantity of oils and paints to sell for us; all the spare money I had at that time I put in the venture. Some time after Captain Buchan's death, when the vessel was lost, the Admiralty chart showed it to be in twenty-nine fathoms of water.

A DEAD MAN DESCRIBES HIS DEATH.

The following narrative, which was sent me by a Free Church minister in Dumbartonshire, reads, I admit, somewhat too much like a magazine article. Believing that it had been "written up," I returned the MS. to the writer with an intimation to that effect. He replied, somewhat indignantly, that the story was literally true:—

The story is in all its essential parts absolutely true. The incident on which it is based took place in the village in which my early home was situated. I knew well the man who fell over the rocks. We were together at the same school, and we often played on the sands that stretched out before him as he lay in his helpless condition. I also knew the person who held the strange monologue with him after his death. I got the story as I have given it from his own lips.

It is some years since the event happened; but it caused a good deal of noise at the time, all the more so that Ewan was suspected of having murdered Ronald. It was only when it was proved that Ewan was in the habit of seeing visions, and that he was residing, at the time of Ronald's disappearance, in another part of the country, that he was acquitted.

I could, if necessary, get many witnesses to authenticate the facts. Even within no great distance of your own office there are two who could verify its accuracy—a sister in one of the largest of the London Hospitals, and a master in an English School.

I have entered into this matter at such length because you seem to throw doubt on the truth of my story. The circumstance that I am a clergyman, a member of the Royal Society, and of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and that I have contributed to many of the learned and popular publications and journals, from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* downwards, ought in itself to be a sufficient guarantee.

Here, then, is his story, carefully revised by himself, so as to make it correspond as exactly as possible to the facts:—

The wayside inn at Ballvona, in the far north, was picturesque and comfortable, and within easy reach was abundance of excellent fishing. I had a "ghillie" who was as well versed in piscatorial lore as ancient Walton himself. Ronald MacIvor knew every pool in the river, and every nook in it where a salmon lay; and he was an equally unerring authority away among the lonely mountain lochs and streams. He was an intelligent, manly fellow, light of heart and foot, and just such a guide as makes a holiday bright and pleasant. Little did I dream, as I parted with him one evening, after a memorable day's sport, that I should never again hear his cheerful laugh, or listen to those weird Highland stories that so often lightened the tedium of the homeward journey.

Ronald was engaged to be married to the miller's daughter—a rustic beauty residing in the adjacent hamlet. It was his custom to visit her at the close of each day. His course, for more than a mile, lay along the ledge of high rocks which sloped down to the sea. Though the way was dangerous to one unacquainted with it, he was familiar from childhood with every step of it. One night he started later than usual, and in order to shorten the distance he struck down towards the rocks, with the intention of getting to the base at a point further on, but in doing so he lost his foothold, and fell a distance of thirty feet.

The following morning, after waiting for Ronald until mid-day, I had to go alone to a favourite moorland stream, and did not return till late. Then it was that I found he had disappeared. Ominous fears and whispers were soon in full wing. But the general alarm did not move me. I had confidence in Ronald, and was certain that he would shortly turn up. This he did, though in a way far other than I had anticipated.

In the gloom of the third evening, as Ewan Matheson—a thoughtful but absent-minded villager—was wending his way homewards, he saw Ronald coming in his direction from one of the neighbouring houses. Never doubting it was he, Ewan accosted him as they met; but the doubts that fell on his ears, so plaintive and supernatural, filled him with unutterable dread.

"I am gone, gone for ever," said he. "They seek me, but in life they shall never find me. It is not I you see; it is my spirit, my shadow. As we move on I will tell you how the great change came."

With that the two moved side by side, the living human personality and the strange unearthly spectre, and the following monologue—which the narrator afterwards declared held him with a grip and a fascination that were more than human—took place.

"Three nights ago, when on my way to the Old Mill, I took the short cut along the edge of the cliff; but, in attempting to strike down through the passage in the rocks, I put my foot on a tuft of wet grass, and slipped and fell. It was the work of an instant, but it seemed an age; and then there was a sharp, blinding sensation, and I knew no more till at midnight I awoke as from a troubled dream. There was a dull pain in my head, where the projecting rock came in contact with it; otherwise I was unhurt, for I fell on the loose, soft sand, within the sea margin. The moon was up, and in its broken light I managed to bind my pocket-handkerchief around the wound.

"I then lay down and tried to rest, but I could not rest. My brain was in a tempestuous whirl, and thought chased thought like the waves which rolled on in front. What was to become of me? Would I die before the morning? Or if I lived to see the day, was there any chance of my being found? I looked around in the vague hope that some one might be near; but the spot where I lay was lonely and unfrequented, and though I heard the distant barking of dogs, and the startled cry of a solitary sea bird, as it flew overhead, no human being was near. Far out in the bay I saw the light of a passing ship, and instinctively I endeavoured to cry, but my voice was drowned by the wind and the waves, and

the light soon went out in the void. Then I knew there was no deliverance that night.

"Shortly afterwards I fell asleep; but my sleep was disturbed, and full of dreams. When I awoke the sun was rising behind the mountains, and crowning the hills and the dales with the glory of a new-born day. Yet the light for which I longed was more terrible than the darkness. There to the right stretched the beautiful sands on which we used, with free, joyous hearts, to play our boyish games. And there, further up, on the green slope, stood the village burying-ground, with its tall white stones. But worse than all I saw, with horror, that the waves were within a few feet of me, and that the last tide had swept the place where I lay.

"Oh, the agony of it: to have life, full and buoyant, crushed out slowly inch by inch! The waves were nearing, creeping on like serpents towards their prey. Could I only get out of their reach, I felt sure I should be found by the children on their way to school; or as they wandered at the play hour. While I thus reflected a wave came dashing over me, and stirred up what of energy there was still within me. I managed, though the pain was excruciating, to drag myself outside the sea level, and then for a time there was another troubled blank.

"When I next awoke I heard the voices of the children at play above me; but I could neither speak nor cry. A parching in my throat stifled the words as they came, and they sounded to myself like painful whispers. And the children were so near I could recognise them by their voices—the children that could save me, did they but know!

"The sun had passed slowly to the west, and the dark shadows fell once more. I was faint and tired, and in utter weariness I lay back on the earth, with the sky overhead, and the stars looking down with infinite pity in their far-away eyes. I could not pray, for my soul seemed heavy as lead, and wild, rebellious thoughts filled my heart. And yet I was dying. Before me no green island rose out of the infinite blackness, no haven of peace to which I could flee and be at rest. Behind me, amid much that was obscure, there stood forth the memories and the deeds of the past. They became as living things, stamped each one with my own figure and character. They pressed on nearer and nearer. I tried to escape them, but I could not, any more than I could rise from the place where I lay. At last they came up behind me, and with cruel hands they thrust me out over the margin into the dark and boundless ocean of death. The earth and sea and sky are blotted out from my view, and the woe and the mystery of the Eternal penetrate every chamber of my being."

The spectral voice ceased; and Ewan, looking round, saw what he had not noticed before, that the clothes and the body of his ghostly companion were burning from within outwards, and yet were not consumed. The sight, preceded by the weird story, was too much for him, and coming at the instant to a house, the door of which stood open, he rushed in and swooned. On recovering he told what he had seen and heard, but no one believed his tale. They said it was the creation of his own imagination, the mere phantasy of an overheated brain; and so little heed did they give to it that they did not even seek to verify its truth or discover its falsehood by going to the spot where Ronald was said to have met his death.

Next day was dark and lowering. The clouds chased each other in wild array, and the birds hovered low, with a wide circling flight. About mid-day the storm raged, and the white capped waves rolled mountain-high, and dashed in fury against the rocks of the north—the first barrier to break their course during an onward reach of more than three thousand miles. In nature, grand as it is, there is nothing grander than this war of the storm, the sea, and the beetling cliff.

It was not, however, to admire the grandeur of the elemental strife that the inhabitants of Ballvona hastened to the shore. A vessel hove in sight with dismantled masts, and, unable to brave the heavy sea, had turned landwards, and was drifting for the bay. This was her only chance, but it was full

of risk, for there was no depth of water, and beneath were treacherous banks of sand. On she came, with her living freight, at one time hidden altogether from view, then perched aloft; but at last there is a crash—she has grounded and heeled over on her side. Those on shore put out manfully to the rescue of the unfortunate crew, and soon all of them, not already swept overboard, were brought in safety to land.

It was a sad day, and it cast a gloom over many a heart. But its saddest sight had yet to be revealed. As the villagers who had been viewing the shipwreck were returning they discovered the dead body of Ronald MacIvor, stretched on the sand a few feet beyond the sea margin, with a gash in his forehead and a pocket-handkerchief used as a bandage for the wound.

The rivers and the lochs of Ballvona are as full of fish as ever; but somehow I have not the same interest in them now that I had in the old days, when Ronald MacIvor was my unerring guide and counsellor.

I print his communication, which is quite unique in the widely varied narratives which I have received, with all reserve. But for his voucher I should certainly have doubted the possibility of any statement so long and so detailed being made by a ghost. Ghosts are usually either monosyllabic or exceedingly reserved in their communications, whereas this ghost made quite a long harangue. However, the story is interesting, and in one point quite awful in its gruesome detail.

A DEAD MAN ACCOMPANIED BY A SAINT.

One of the best authenticated ghosts on record is that of Philip Weld, who appeared to his father after he had been drowned, accompanied by two persons, one of whom was never recognised and the third was subsequently discovered to be St. Stanislaus Kostka. Philip Weld had been drowned when at St. Edmund's College in Hertfordshire. The Principal went to Southampton next day to break the news to the boy's father. He met Mr. Weld walking towards Southampton. He immediately stopped the carriage, alighted, and was about to address him when Mr. Weld prevented him by saying:—

"You need not say one word, for I know that Philip is dead. Yesterday afternoon I was walking with my daughter, Catherine, and we suddenly saw him. He was standing on the path, on the opposite side, of the turnpike road, between two persons, one of whom was a youth dressed in a black robe. My daughter was the first to perceive them, and exclaimed, 'Oh, papa! did you ever see anything so like Philip as that is?' 'Like him,' I answered, 'why, it is him.' Strange to say, my daughter thought nothing of the circumstance, beyond that we had seen an extraordinary likeness of her brother. We walked on towards these three figures. Philip was looking, with a smiling, happy expression of countenance, at the young man in a black robe, who was shorter than himself. Suddenly they seemed to me all to have vanished: I saw nothing but a countryman whom I had seen before through the three figures, which gave me the impression that they were spirits." Mr. Weld went to the funeral of his son, and as he left, the church after the sad ceremony looked round to see if any of the religious at all resembled the young man he had seen with Philip, but he could not trace the slightest likeness in any of them.

Four months later, when visiting at Chipping, in Lancaster, suddenly Mr. Weld stopped before a picture which had no name. "That is the person whom I saw with Philip; I do not know whose likeness this print is, but I am certain that it was that person I saw with Philip."

The priest entered the room a few minutes afterwards, and was immediately questioned by Mr. Weld concerning the print.

He answered that it was a print of St. Stanislaus Kostka, and supposed to be a very good likeness of the young saint.

Mr. Weld was much moved at hearing this, for St. Stanislaus was a Jesuit who died when quite young, and Mr.

Weld's father, having been a great benefactor of the Order, his family was supposed to be under the particular protection of the Jesuit saints; also, Philip had been led of late, by various circumstances, to a particular devotion to St. Stanislaus.

Moreover, St. Stanislaus is supposed to be the especial advocate of drowned men, as is mentioned in his life (vol. ii. pp. 180-182).

The appearance of St. Stanislaus side by side with young Weld is quite inexplicable by any theory of telepathy or the astral camera obscura, or any other analogy which has ever been invented to suggest an explanation for such apparitions.

A GHOST IN A RAILWAY STATION.

One of the best and at the same time one of the simplest ghost stories I have heard from my friends was that which was told me by the manager of Mr. Burgess, who prints the *Review of Reviews*. Mr. Archer is a brother Tynesider. When he was a youth he was employed as telegraphist at the Gateshead railway station. At the end of the platform stood, and possibly still stands, the dead house, which was an eerie and unpleasant object to young Archer, who was on night duty at the station, and when he left his office in the early hours of the morning he was always uneasy in passing the dead house, and was always exceedingly glad when he could find any one to accompany him while he was in the immediate vicinity. One morning about two o'clock he came out upon the platform, and was walking in the direction of the dead house feeling that he would have to go past it alone. To his great delight he saw standing on the platform at a short distance in front him the familiar figure of a man in the employ of the railway company. Hoping to secure the company of the workman past the deadhouse, he stepped up to him, when, to his utter astonishment and no little dismay, the figure vanished into thin air. Feeling very uncomfortable, but not knowing what to make of it, he went to the signalman at Greenfield and told him he could not understand it; he had just seen — standing on the platform, and when he went up to him he suddenly disappeared. The signalman looked rather astonished, and said, "You have seen —? It is impossible; did you not know that he was killed yesterday, and his body is lying in the dead-house at this moment?" It was now Mr. Archer's turn to be dismayed; he was perfectly certain he had seen the man, and yet the man was dead.

A GHOST IN THE SUNLIGHT.

Mr. Archer's vision was that of an unmistakably dead man, and so is the following, which I quote from the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society." The story is told by the Rev. Gerard Louis, of St. Paul's Vicarage, Margate. He says:—

It was a hot and bright afternoon in summer, and as if it were only yesterday, I remember perfectly well walking down the broad bright street in the bright afternoon. I had to pass the house of P. I remarked, indeed, that all his window blinds were drawn carefully down, as if to screen his furniture, of which his wife was inordinately proud, from the despoiling rays of the afternoon sun. I smiled inwardly at the thought. I then left the road and stepped upon the side pavement, and looked over the area rails into the front court below. A young man dressed in dark clothes and without a hat, and apparently about twenty, was standing at the door beneath the front steps. On the instant, from his likeness to my friend P., I seemed to recognise his son. We both stood and looked very hard at each other. Suddenly, however, he advanced to that part of the area which was immediately below where I was standing, fixed on me a wide, dilated, winkless sort of stare, and halted. The desire to speak was evidently legible on his face, though nothing

audible escaped his lips. But his eyes spoke, every feature of his face spoke—spoke, as it were, in silent language, in which reproach and pain seemed to be equally intermingled. At first I was startled; then I began to feel angry. "Why," I said to myself, "does he look at me in that manner?" At last, annoyance prevailed over surprise; I turned away with the half-muttered thought, "He certainly knows me by sight as a friend of his father, and yet he has not the civility to salute me. I will call on the first opportunity and ask his reason for such behaviour." I then pursued my way and thought no more of what had occurred.

On Wednesday it was my turn to officiate at the local cemetery, and, to my surprise, I had to bury Mr. P.'s son. I lost no time in calling upon Mr. P. and his wife. I found the latter at home, and what she had to say only made me more uncomfortable still. James Henry P. died terribly in earnest, wishing in vain to the last that I would come, on the Thursday before the Sunday on which I had seen him. He had died, too, in the front room on a level with the area into which its window opened. He had also lain there until the Wednesday following awaiting burial. His corpse then was lying in that very room on the very Sunday, and at the very moment, too, that I had seen his living likeness, as it were, in the area outside. (Pp. 93, 94, 95).

This ghost in the sunlight ought to have been photographed.

A DOCTOR'S GHOST.

The Vicar of Ryton, near Coventry, sends me the following two narratives, in each of which the ghost of the dead was seen by two witnesses:—

A daughter of Dr. H., a physician, who over thirty years ago practised at King's Lynn, married a medical man and sailed with him to Jamaica, leaving her father in poor health in England. A child was born, and when about three years old was brought back to this country, her mother being summoned home by the news of her father's dangerous condition. Dr. H. died the very day his daughter arrived at Southampton. He had shown great anxiety about his daughter and her child, and was most desirous of seeing them before it was too late. Of course the daughter's regrets were extremely poignant. In fact, it was sorrow upon sorrow, for she had left her husband in Jamaica, as she had before left her father in England, in very precarious health. One night, a few weeks after Dr. H. was buried, his daughter had gone to bed with her mother, the child sleeping between the two. Mrs. H. was also fast asleep, but the young wife and mother was lying wide awake, sorrowfully thinking, not of her father, but of her husband, of whose health she had lately had very bad accounts. It is important to bear this in mind, for there was nothing then in her thoughts to suggest what took place. Some time about midnight, a night light burning by the bedside and faintly revealing the furniture of part of the room, leaving the door and corners in deep shadows—she was startled by seeing the door open and a figure which she at once recognised as that of her father, appear out of the darkness and walk noiselessly to the foot of the bed, where it stood for some time, looking quietly, now at her, now at the child. The face was pale, gentle, passionless, but wore an expression of great love and benignancy, and also of satisfied desire. Not a word was exchanged between father and daughter. In fact there seemed no need of speech. For the time soul was speaking to soul in a language more pregnant of meaning than any the tongue could use. How long this silent intercourse continued I am unable to say. All at once the child woke, stretched out its little arms and cried out, "Dada, Dada!" At the sound the eidolon, ghost, wraith, or simulacrum of Dr. H. vanished. Mrs. H., who had been half awaked by the cry of her grandchild, muttered drowsily, "What did she say? was she calling for her father?" Her daughter made some indifferent reply to the question, whereupon Mrs. H. turned on her side and went fast asleep again. It was not till the next morning that the vision of

the night was mentioned, with what solemnity and tears of the two ladies it is needless to say.

I knew Dr. H., his wife, and daughter very well, and was told this story by the wife of a beneficed clergyman in London, to whom the younger lady had more than once related the incident. Unfortunately, I cannot give you the address of the chief witness of the phenomenon. But I believe she is still living in London, and your publication of the story may be the means of obtaining its verification at first hand. There may be particulars which I have either forgotten or am ignorant of. But my account, I am sure, is substantially correct.

A MIDWIFE'S TALE.

Our first child was born in a wild out-lying moorland parish of East Lancashire. The good woman who ministered to my wife was a fine old specimen of Lancashire simplicity of manners, natural shrewdness, kindness of heart, and generosity of disposition. The following incident, which she told my wife just as simply and unemphatically as if it had been of everyday occurrence, may therefore be relied on as if it had been sworn to in a court of justice.

Betty had had her troubles. Her husband had been an extravagant, and, I think, intemperate man, and had caused her many sorrows and even fears. When he died, her life was happier, and her children were good to her. Some of them married, some went to service. She was left alone with one boy, and he, poor lad, became consumptive, taking at last to his bed and being waited upon night and day by his poor mother. It was in the last stage of his illness, when Betty was almost worn out by her nursing, that the following incident occurred. One afternoon the boy—he was a good, kind-hearted young fellow—observing his mother's fatigued looks, entreated her to lie down on the bed beside him and get a few hours' sleep. "I shan't want anything, mother," said he, "so you may as well lie down." Betty was reluctant to do so; but at last complied with the lad's request and was soon fast asleep. In her sleep she dreamed that her husband came to the foot of the bed and, like Dr. H.—in the other story, stood looking down quietly on wife and child. She—such are the suggestions of dreams when they wake up old memories—fancied that he was flying from justice, and began to earnestly beseech him to go up-stairs and hide himself in an old closet in the top room. He took no notice of her agonised entreaties; but, after casting a long affectionate look at the boy, left the room as silently as he had entered it. Betty, after this, sank into a deep sleep, and when she awoke, though she remembered the vision as sharply as though it had been a reality, I said nothing about it to her son, but got him his tea, made his bed, and went about the room as usual. Great was her surprise when he quietly remarked, "Mother, I've seen father." Her heart gave a leap, but she put sufficient control on herself to say with indifference, "Thou mun have been dreaming, lad." "Nay," was the answer, "I was noan dreaming, but as wide awake as thou art this minute. He came to th' foot of th' bed and looked a gradely bit both at thee and me. What does it all mean, dost think?"

The boy died not many weeks after this. I believe that to the last he always affirmed the reality of the vision, the fact that he was wide awake and with all his senses about him, and that it was really his father who had come to warn him of his impending death.

A SUICIDE'S APPARITION.

A correspondent in Canonbury had a somewhat terrible experience. He says that he saw the face of a friend who had committed suicide:—

One evening about eighteen months ago, just as I had extinguished the gas and got into bed, I became aware of an appearance floating towards me. It was apparently unsupported in the air, and took the form of an irregularly shaped mass, having a pinkish tint. Within the space of two or

three seconds it resolved itself into a ghastly face, all streaked with blood, especially on one side. I remember most clearly the fair matted hair, and the truly horrible though placid expression of the face. My heart seemed to cease beating, and my whole existence felt suspended.

The apparition faded as it came, leaving on me a deep impression which I was unable to shake off for days afterwards.

Imagine my surprise on hearing about a week afterwards, that an acquaintance, by name Ludwig F——, had on that very night committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a revolver in Epping Forest. Naturally I connect the two events, more especially as the characteristics of the faces agree in every particular, although at the time I saw the head no likeness suggested itself to me.

I am sorry I cannot supply the exact date, but this might be ascertained from the Chingford or Woodford local paper, in one of which I know a report of the inquest appeared.

THE PRECIPITATION OF A SPECTRAL FACE.

As a rule, witnesses of phantoms are so much flurried that they do not appear to be able to notice how the phantoms come or how they go. This, however, is not



REV. COLIN MCKECHNIE.

the case in two remarkable instances which I shall now proceed to relate. The first, which I found in Mr. Kendall's diary, relates to an old friend of mine, the Rev. Colin McKechnie, who occupied my father's pulpit many years ago, and whom I have known for years. Mr. McKechnie is a hard-headed Scotchman, and his account of how the face of his grandfather gradually formed itself on the

kitchen ceiling and then as gradually faded away, is one of the most precise descriptions that I ever read of the coming and going of a phantasmal appearance :—

I was about ten years of age at the time, and had for several years been living with my grandfather, who was an elder in the Kirk of Scotland, and in good circumstances. He was very much attached to me, and often expressed his intention of having me educated for the ministry of the Kirk. Suddenly, however, he was seized with an illness which in a couple of days proved mortal. At the time of his death, and without my having any apprehension of it, I happened to be at my father's house, about a mile off. I was leaning in a listless sort of way against the kitchen-table, looking upwards at the ceiling, and thinking of nothing in particular, when my grandfather's face appeared, at first dim and indistinct, and then becoming more and more complete, until it seemed in every respect as full and perfect as I had ever seen it. It looked down upon me as though with a wonderful expression of tenderness and affection. Then it disappeared, not suddenly, but gradually, its features fading and becoming dim and indistinct until I saw nothing but the ceiling. I spoke at the time of what I saw to my mother, but she made no account of it, thinking probably that it was nothing more than a boyish vagary. In about fifteen or twenty minutes after seeing the vision a boy came running, breathless, to my father's with the news that my grandfather had just died.

I have never been able to persuade myself that the vision was purely subjective. I have rather been inclined to thinking the explanation is to be sought in my grandfather's exceptionally strong love for me, impelling and enabling him to bring himself into connection with me at the moment of his decease in the way I have stated. It was at Paisley when the above occurred.

To the best of my recollection this is a correct statement.

COLIN CAMPBELL MCKECHNIE.

Darlington, Sept. 24, 1889.

To the best of my recollection the boyish vision, if I may so call it, occurred in 1830 or 1831. The register of deaths kept in the Gaelic chapel of Paisley, if consulted, would enable one to fix the date. Grandfather lived in Sneddon Street, and his name was John McKechnie.

(Signed) COLIN MCKECHNIE.

October 3rd, 1889.

Mr. McKechnie has been in the ministry about fifty years. He resides at Darlington, and is editor of the *Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review*.

ANOTHER FLOATING HEAD.

A lady at Brockley sends me an account of an apparition she witnessed, which she describes as minutely as Mr. McKechnie. It is, however, much more horrible :—

One Saturday evening last summer, about eight, I was alone in the house, with the exception of my two little boys (of eight and nine years), who were at that moment in the bath. I left them for a minute, and, closing the bathroom door, walked along the short corridor to the head of the stairs, thinking of the article for which I was going down. I raised my eyes and saw to my great surprise a peculiar light about 6 feet from the stair in the corner, 5 in. or 6 in. above, and facing me. My first act was to look in every direction for a possible reflection, but in vain. There was no light in the house, the meter being turned off; the corner was a very light one, with a lofty ceiling. I looked again at the light, watching it intently, and in less time than it takes me to write it I saw this light develop into a head and face of yellowish greenish light, with a mass of matted hair above it. The face was very wide and broad, larger than ours in all respects, very large eyes of green, which, not being distinctly outlined, appeared to merge into the yellow of the cheeks; no hair whatever on the lower part of face, and nothing to be seen below. The expression of the face was diabolically malignant, and as it gazed straight at me my horror was intense as my wonder, but I was not nervous in

the least; the thought darted through my mind that Gustave Doré had drawn his originals from such. I felt that such an awful thing could only be Satanic, so keeping my gaze fixed on the thing I said to it, "In the name of Christ, be gone," and the fiendish thing faded from my sight, and has not troubled me since. I am not troubled with liver complaint, and never had a bilious attack in my life. I am also a member of a temperance association, and generally considered strong-minded.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A PHANTASM.

Another lady, resident in Gloucestershire, sends me, under the initials "Y. Z.," an account of a singular experience through which she passed fourteen years ago. It describes with greater minuteness than any other narrative I have seen of the kind the process of visualising, or the giving of an apparent objectivity to what there is no evidence to prove was other than a purely subjective hallucination. The following is a copy of the narrative written fourteen years ago immediately after the occurrence took place:—

It was an autumn afternoon, about six o'clock. I had returned from a stroll in the garden, and was in my own room, sitting on a straight-backed easy chair, leisurely dipping into Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," which I had brought upstairs to while away the half hour before tea. While turning over the pages in search of some favourite passage, I became aware of an abnormal and quite indescribable sensation. My chest and breathing seemed inwardly oppressed by some ponderous weight, while I became conscious of some presence behind me, exerting a powerful influence on the forces within. On trying to turn my head to see what this could be, I was powerless to do so, neither could I lift a hand or move in any way. I was not a little alarmed, and began immediately to reason. Was it a fainting fit coming on, epilepsy, paralysis, possibly even death? No, the mind was too much alive, though physically I felt an absolutely passive instrument operated upon by some powerful external agent, as if the current of nerve force within seemed forcibly drawn together and focussed on a spot in front of me. I gazed, motionless, as though through something intenser than ordinary eyesight, on what was no longer vacant space. There, an oval, misty light was forming; elongatory, widening, yes, actually developing into a human face and form. Was this hallucination, or some vision of the unseen, coming in so unexpected fashion? Before we had arisen a remarkable figure, never seen before in picture or life—dark-skinned, aged, with white beard, the expression intensely earnest, the features small, the bald head finely moulded, lofty over the forehead, the whole demeanour instinct with solemn grace. The hands, too, how unlike any hands I knew, yet how expressive! Dark as the face, hair, long in fingers and narrow in palms, the veins like sinews, standing out as they moved to and fro in eager gesture. He was speaking to me in deep tones, as if in urgent entreaty. What would I not give to hear words from such a figure! But no effort availed me to distinguish one articulate sound. I tried to speak, but could not. With desperate effort I shook out the words, "Speak louder!" The face grew more intent, the voice louder and more emphatic. Was there something amiss in my own hearing, then, that I could distinguish no word amid these deeply emphasised tones? Slowly and deliberately the figure vanished, through the same stages of indistinctness, back to the globular lamp-like whiteness, till it faded to nothingness. Before it had quite faded away, the face only of a woman arose, indistinct and dim: The same emphatic hum, though in a subdued note, the same paralysis of voice and muscle, the same strange force, as it were, overshadowing me. With the disappearance of this second and far less interesting figure, I recovered my power of movement, and rose.

My first impulse was to look round for the origin of this strange force; my second, to rush to the looking-glass to make sure I was myself. There could be no delusion. There

I was, paler than usual, the forehead bathed in perspiration. I sponged my face, and, greatly agitated, walked hurriedly to and fro. True, there had been nothing alarming in the apparition itself, but the sensation preceding had been vivid in the extreme. What was it? Was it night? or had I been in some strange sleep? Certainly not. Was I in my right mind? I believed so. Then if so, and the conditions being the same, would it be possible to bring back this strange phenomenon that I might know it had really existed, whether subjectively or objectively? Like an inspiration, I determined that if this experience had a basis in objective or subjective fact, it might certainly recur. I would sit down in the same position, try to feel calm, open a book, and remain as positively still and passive as I could. To my intense interest, and almost at once, the strange sense of some power operating on the nerve forces within, followed by the same loss of muscular power, the same wide awakeness of the reason, the same drawing out and concentrating of the energies on that spot in front, repeated itself, this time more deliberately, leaving me freer to take mental notes of what was happening. Again arose the same noble, earnest figure, gazing at me, the hands moving in solemn accompaniment to the deep tones of voice. The same painful effort on my part to hear with no result. The vision passed. Again the woman's face, insignificant and meaningless, succeeded it as before. She spoke, but in less emphatic tones. It flashed upon me I *would* hear. After a frantic effort, I caught two words—"land," "America"—with positively no clue to their meaning.

I was wide awake when the apparition ~~first~~ appeared, and in a highly excited state of mind on its reappearance."

A PORTRAIT OF A SPECTRE.

I close this chapter by quoting the following remarkable description of the gradual formation of a spirit face at a private séance, the account of which, with the names and addresses of those present, is sent me by Mr. Charles Lillie, 249, High Holborn:—

Permit me to record an event whereby four people out of a party of seven saw what, for the sake of clearness, I may term a ghostly visitant.

The month was October, the house was in Bayswater, and there were seven people present—Mrs. T., our hostess, a firm believer in spiritualism—i.e. a belief in supernatural beings and their ministrations on earth; Miss T., her daughter, a believer with reservation; Miss Muriel T., a believer; and Miss W., the governess, also a believer. The rest of the party included Geoffrey T., a young fellow of twenty, a thorough non-believer; Captain W., a non-believer, one who had never troubled his head about the matter at all; and myself, open to belief, but sceptical.

From talking of ghosts it easily came about that a séance should be held, and for that purpose we adjourned to another room, where, by Mrs. T.'s wish and stipulation, all the prescribed formula devised by the spiritualists should be adhered to. After the usual knockings and answers we asked if the agencies for the sounds could be made visible, and received an affirmative reply, desiring at the same time that the fire should be quite extinguished, and that we should remain quietly in our places and wait.

These requests having been complied with, we waited. At the end of twenty minutes or half an hour Miss Thornton complained of intense cold. The intermittent rapping on the table ceased, and I saw what appeared to be a slightly luminous "something," oval in shape, rise just behind and above Miss Thornton's head. As I conjectured it might be some optical illusion on my part, induced by continued staring in the dark, I said nothing. The faintly luminous cloud had become stationary, and was, or seemed to be, gradually contracting while still preserving its oval outline; Captain W. suddenly cried out he saw something that looks like a face. Mrs. T. could see nothing, failed to perceive

anything. Young T. said he saw it, and added that "it was growing plainer."

The curious part of the apparition was this, that not only did it look like a hollow-eyed and expressionless mask, but, artistically speaking, it was apparently "lit by a top light," that is, under the brow, the nose and the chin were black shadows, as there would be in nature, as there are in paintings or plastic heads, "lit" as mentioned above. Whatever process the "thing" was undergoing, it was true that it was growing distinctly plainer, and just before W. exclaimed, "It is a woman's face," I had seen two darkly sad eyes gleam from the shadow, and a sensitive mouth grow from the darkness that enshrouded them. The hair was parted in the middle in the old-fashioned way upon a broad, low brow, and round the head was a slightly perceptible scintillation of electrical light, steely-blue in colour. The face was a dull, luminous grey, neither waxen nor flesh-like, but vapoury, and did not look tangible.

Neither Mrs. T., Miss W., or Miss T. (the latter perhaps naturally so) saw any face at all, but the remaining four saw



CRAYON DRAWING OF A SPIRIT FACE.

it as I have here described. We tried to make it speak, but it had only inclined its head in reply to a second question, when Miss T. turned round in her chair, and then resuming her former position, said, "I can see nothing; I am tired and frightened, mamma," and I think she became a little hysterical. The face was fading away, and though Miss W. at once rose and went round to where Miss T. sat, the action did not disturb or retard the curious dimness that was creeping across the ghostly face. As it had come so it was going. It gradually grew greyer, and the great shadows came beneath the brow where the eyes had been, and the darkness grew upon the mouth, the faint scintillation had gone, and there was only left remaining the same faint cloud that it had grown from, and that in its turn died away, and there was nothing left in the room but the darkness. W. walked home with me that night, and the next morning came and stood behind me, criticising from time to time, while I made the accompanying charcoal sketch of the face we had seen.

CHAPTER VIII.—MY REPORTER.

GHOSTS OF THE DEAD WITH A PRACTICAL OBJECT

Shapes upon the dark without
From the dark within, a guess
At the spirit's deathlessness.—LOWELL.

THE character of ghosts has been seriously impeached of late by the committee of the Psychical Research Society. The time-honoured old ghost was a severely practical entity. He came to haunt the evil-doer, to reveal hidden crimes, to vindicate injured innocence, to reveal lost wills, and in various other ways to do work which flesh-and-blood mortals had failed to accomplish. But the report of the Psychical Society on the modern ghost contains as its fourth article, "There is a total absence of any apparent object or intelligent action on the part of ghosts." This is unjust, and I now proceed to adduce some evidence that may tend to rebut this unsparing impeachment, and as a beginning I will cite the story of my reporter, which I will take next in my Census of Hallucinations.

This story comes home to me because I have always had an uneasy kind of conviction that if all had their due this particular ghost would, occasionally at least, haunt me. It is a story of the ghost of a man who seems to have been unjustly hanged for a murder which he did not commit, and as I, quite innocently, helped indirectly to consummate this judicial murder, it would not have been surprising if the ghost had paid me a visit once in a way. But the deceased was not of a high order of intelligence during his life, and possibly enough was totally unaware that I had any responsibility, however remote, in his hanging.

The way in which I came into it was very simple. Several years ago I found myself confronted by a series of atrocious murders which were committed in horrible sequence by the Irish factions in England. It was a difficult matter to discover the murderers, and when they were discovered the strong repugnance of many excellent persons to the taking of human life led to such earnest and successful attempts to secure a commutation of sentence that a murderer's chance of the gallows was comparatively remote. When these murders increased and multiplied, I came to the conclusion that the petitions to the Home Secretary had gone too far. "Abolish capital punishment if you will, make a Court of Criminal Appeal if you like, but do not let us have the Home Secretary perpetually commuting judicial sentences on the more or less spasmodic representations of benevolent persons who are dominated by a passionate hatred of the death penalty." So I wrote with such vehemence as I had at command. I think I succeeded in somewhat damping down local zeal for sparing the lives of convicted murderers, and so became indirectly responsible to some small extent for the hanging against which the ghost of this man came back to protest. I may say that, although for the sake of the relatives of the man in question I must suppress all names and addresses, I am fully aware of all the circumstances of the case so far as they concern persons of flesh and blood. The evidence as to the ghostly visitant rests upon the statement, which I proceed to quote, of a thoroughly competent and absolutely trustworthy friend of mine, who is a reporter and newspaper correspondent in his district of many of the first dailies in the land. I have known him for years as a friend and colleague, and I know few men whose veracity is more unimpeachable and whose conscientiousness in observing

and recording facts is more sensitive. I print his statement exactly as he wrote it out for me. He first told it me in the autumn of 1880, that is to say within little more than twelve months of the occurrence, and I shall never forget the impression which the narrative produced on my mind. There was something very pathetic in the thought of the poor ghost wandering round the scene of the crime for which he had been wrongfully executed, in order to proclaim that God judgeth not as man judges, and that he was innocent of the blood of the murdered man; and I felt it all the more from a lurking suspicion that if I had not been so hard upon the people who got up petitions to the Home Secretary, he might have escaped the hanging, against which he made so solemn and persistent a protest.

MY REPORTER'S STORY.

In the summer of 1879 a lady of my acquaintance, who had, as occasion served, paid some attention to the subject of spiritualism, as I was also known to have done, told me that she had been brought into contact with a medium in a distant town. She was desirous of further testing his powers, if arrangements could be made for his calling at the town where she and I resided. I replied that I should be very happy to put the gentleman up for two or three days, as the lady could not do so. I heard nothing further of the matter until I received a letter from the lady stating that the medium, whom I will denominate A, would call on me on such a day. He duly arrived. I found him a pleasant and fairly intelligent young man, with whose frankness and demeanour I and my family circle (which had at that time been enlarged by two ladies, relatives of my wife) were well pleased. A had not been in the house more than half an hour when he said he clairvoyantly saw by the side of one of the ladies a gentleman, deceased (a spirit), whom he described, and who told him that he wished to speak to the lady about Susan. The lady in question recognised the description of the "spirit" as that of her father, while Susan was the name of her sister, of whom I had never heard, who had been deceased for a long period. Whilst sitting at supper in the evening, A described a former servant of my family who had died ten years before, after having left us and got married. He described the room in which she died, even to a peculiar picture on the wall, by which hangs a tale which I cannot take up your space to narrate, but which was a most striking instance of clairvoyant powers. He also remarked that the said servant's spirit asked after her son, giving her son's name; said she exhibited before him a green dress which I had given her before she was married from my house (perfectly true), and many other minute and trustworthy tests, showing that some peculiar abnormal power enabled him to read the circumstances and surroundings of our past domestic life of many years before. All this, I will premise, was given spontaneously. Nobody was "pumped" or questioned to obtain a clue on which to base these strange revelations of the past. But I am reminded that I must not be too diffuse, as these matters, however clear and satisfactory they might have been to those who heard them, pale in interest before the somewhat apparently sensational but perfectly true and strange story which it was my purpose in writing this notice to relate.

THE APPARITION.

During the time that A was with me—three or four days—as we were sitting one morning in the breakfast room, there passed through a woman who occasionally came to the

house in the capacity of charwoman. The woman did not linger at all in the room; she merely passed through to the kitchen in the rear of the house. Almost immediately afterwards A remarked, "I felt a singular influence as that woman passed through, and was compelled to look up. There was a spirit of a man accompanying her who said in my hearing, 'God judgeth not as man judgeth.' And he (the spirit) further went on to say that he had suffered capital punishment for the crime of murder, but that, although mixed up with the party who dealt the blow which led to the death of the man who received it, he (the spirit) was not the one who struck the blow." I was naturally interested in this statement, having been aware of all the circumstances of the murder alluded to, which had occurred a few years previously, and having felt great sympathy for the widow (the woman who passed through the breakfast-room) and the family of the man who was hung, as they—and also he as far as I had ever heard—were highly respectable and honest working-class people. Some time afterwards A again said that the "spirit" was still about there, and described him exactly as I had known him in life, repeating the previous statement that the "spirit" declared that he was not guilty of the crime, not being the person who gave the death-blow, but admitting that he was morally guilty in leaguering himself with those who sought to accomplish the injury, or possibly death, of a person against whom they—a band of factious Irishmen—had some ill-will.

THE MURDER.

I have said I was interested in A's statement. Ordinarily I should have simply passed the matter over as an exhibition of ordinary mediumship, or seership, or clairvoyance, no more striking in itself than that relating to the circumstances first detailed as affecting my family surroundings. When, however, the information was vouchsafed that the young Irishman who was hung was not guilty of the crime, there was brought to my mind a matter told me by a friend, on whom I could implicitly rely, a year or two before. This gentleman, who held a responsible and somewhat public position, was not, I may remark, living in the town when the murder was committed, and one day, in the course of conversation, asked me respecting it. I gave him an outline of the circumstances, which were fresh in my memory, and, being somewhat surprised at the interest he took in the matter, asked his reason. He replied that he was a particular friend—which I knew, though not himself a Catholic—of the leading Catholic priest in the town—a man, by the way, well known as most estimable, clear-headed, and intelligent, who comes of a good family, and now holds a somewhat exalted position in his Church—and that this priest had on one occasion told him that the man who was executed was not the real murderer. Said my friend: "He (the priest) spoke to me in the most decided and remarkably impressive way. He looked at me very pointedly, and remarked with great emphasis, 'I know that the man who was executed for the crime never committed that murder.'" My friend added, "The impression made upon me was that the priest had had the confession of the real murderer." In addition to this statement of the priest, I may remark that the criminal died asseverating his innocence to the last, and that his neighbours and friends—the Irish, who are, as is well known, very clannish, and ordinarily know more than they tell—never believed him guilty, or at least so they always said. Having attentively considered the evidence at the trial, I had believed the man to be guilty. At the same time I have had a good deal of experience as to the looseness of evidence in general and the way in which persons can be deceived in a matter of identity; in fact, one has been often deceived oneself. In the case in point the murder, or attack—possibly murder was not premeditated, only a minor exhibition of bad blood and violence—took place at night. That it was concerted there was no doubt. Two rather rough-looking young fellows—not, I think, out of their teens, and certainly not over-intelligent—were looking on at a street corner, on

the opposite side of the road, by the aid of gas-light, at the time. The murdered man was suddenly surrounded by half a dozen others, and the blow which felled him, and which ultimately was the cause of his death, was administered, they stated, by the young man who suffered for the capital crime. It must be considered that it was night, that there was a sort of scuffle with many men, and, therefore, that these two onlookers might possibly, under such circumstances, have been mistaken. I believe they honestly gave their evidence, but they were evidently ignorant, uncultivated, and of a somewhat low type—people of such a mould as one would not ordinarily care to entrust with the issues of life and death, even on their oath. Still, they were consistent and clear in their evidence. They supported each other, the jury convicted, the judge passed sentence, and the hangman did his work, on the strength of their testimony.

SHADOWED BY A GHOST.

But possibly I am digressing by making this explanation before I have told the whole of my story of A's mediumistic powers. I kept all these circumstances that I have mentioned from him, except that the charwoman's husband had suffered capital punishment, as he had stated, desiring to test his powers to the utmost, and obtain, if possible, further information from the "spirit" of the so-called murderer as to the truth of the statement now so curiously made, and confirmed on the authority of the Roman Catholic priest, viz. that the wrong man had been hanged. Accordingly I remarked to A that later on in the day we should be going into the town (I lived in the suburbs some way out), and that we should be passing the place where the murder was committed, when possibly the "spirit" might tell him something more about the matter, and show him the spot where the crime took place. Some time afterwards we started for the town. When we left the house A remarked, "There he is following us," alluding to the "spirit." When we had proceeded part of the way along the road, which was quite unknown to A, being a stranger, I made a *detour* for the purpose of making a business call, passing into a side street, A following me. Just as, without a word on my part, we were turning out of the main road, Mr. A said, "The spirit is standing at the corner. He says we are not going the right way towards the place where the murder was committed, and which he has promised to point out to me." I replied, "Oh, we shall come out into the right road again by and by before we reach the spot." We proceeded on about a quarter of a mile, and having done my business and struck the right road again, which differed, I may remark, from none of the other roads we had traversed, Mr. A soon after declared, "There is that man, the spirit, just on there, waiting for us." As we continued our walk I purposely refrained from uttering a word or even from thinking as far as I could about the murder, so as to prevent any possibility of my companion obtaining any clue.

AT THE SCENE OF THE MURDER.

As we were passing through the lowest parts of the town, Mr. A suddenly exclaimed, "He tells me that it was here the murder was committed. It was just there" (pointing to the place in the road where the murdered man fell). "I see the hubbub and confusion rise before me as a picture, with the people round. He, however, again tells me that he did not strike the fatal blow. He does not excuse himself from being morally guilty as being mixed up with those who accomplished the death of the man, but strongly maintains that he was not the murderer." I will only add in relation to the last incident that Mr. A described the exact spot where the murder was committed and the circumstances in connection therewith. How can this be accounted for? Mr. A had never been in the town before; he had never lived within a couple of hundred miles of it; he did not know till within a day or two before that he would ever visit it; he could not by any possibility have known that the poor woman in my employ, coming casually into my house that morning, was the widow of a man who was hanged. Then he had no conceivable interest in deceiving me, nor was he concerned to prosecute

the matter any farther. But it might be objected that A had heard of the murder which, of course, received considerable publicity at the time, and came fully primed with it. But even supposing that he had got to know some of these facts, how could he know that there was any particular value attaching to the asseveration of the innocence of the man who suffered capital punishment, when nobody believed it except a few of the ignorant neighbours of the deceased man and the Catholic priest, who had really kept the matter quiet, and who, no doubt, had received the confession of the real murderer. Then, again, how could he get to know the identity of the widow coming unexpectedly into my house that morning. Personally, I was as anxious as any one could be to prevent any fraud on the part of the medium. The declarations he made respecting it came to me as a surprise, and I purposely did everything possible to test its genuineness, and satisfied myself that it was all spontaneous and genuine.

It is a very curious story, and one which, so far as it goes, helps to deliver the ghosts of to-day from the sweeping accusation brought against them of total lack of any apparent object or of intelligent action.

HOW A GHOST SAVED A LIFE.

A short time ago, when I was making up our census, a journalistic friend of high standing and reputation, whom I had met abroad, paid me a visit. When I asked him if he had ever seen a ghost, he replied, with unusual gravity, that a ghost had one time saved his life, and that he never spoke lightly on the subject. His story, which he told me with evident emotion and intense conviction, was remarkable, even if, as is probable, we should regard the apparition as purely subjective:—

It was many years ago, he said, when I was younger, and when the temptations of youth had not yet become memories of the past. I was alone in a country hotel, and one night I had decided to carry out a project which I still remember with shame. At ten o'clock I retired to my room to wait till the hotel was quiet, in order to carry out my design and enter an adjoining room chamber. I lay in my bed watching the moonlight which flooded the room, counting the moments till all was still. After I had lain there for some time, I was conscious of a presence in the room, and looking towards the window I saw the familiar form of the woman whose death three years before had darkened my existence. I had loved her with my whole soul, as I had never loved any one before. She was my ideal of womanhood, my whole life had been entwined with hers, and her death was the cruellest blow ever dealt me by Fate. In the three years that had elapsed since her death I had striven to escape from the gnawing agony of the memory of my loss in scenes where she would least have sought me. Time, travel, dissipation had so dulled my pain that of late I had never thought of her, nor was I thinking of her when, suddenly, I saw her standing by the window. Her face was in the shadow, but there was no mistaking that queenly figure, those stately shoulders, and the familiar dress. She wore no hat or bonnet, but was as she had been when in her own drawing-room, thousands of miles away. She was standing in the moonlight, looking at me. Then she slowly moved towards me, and approached the bedside, fixing her gaze full on my face. Then, without saying a word, she vanished. I had lain, as it were, paralysed until she vanished, and I was once more alone. The passion of remorse obliterated in a moment the formerly imperious temptation. I no more thought of my design. It was as if the very thought of evil had been absolutely wiped out. I was overwhelmed with the thought of her, and abased. Remembering at what moment she had revisited me I wept like a child, bitter, passionate tears of repentance, until from sheer exhaustion I fell asleep. I had no more doubt of the reality, the objective reality, of my visitor than I have of the objective reality of yourself or any one else whom I may meet in the street. This conviction was deepened when, on the following day, I learned to my surprise that if I had carried out my design and had entered the next room I

should have been knifed on the spot. In the chamber I had intended to enter was a reckless young bravo, who would have certainly had no more compunction in planting his stiletto in the heart of any unarmed intruder than you would of killing a rat. Between me, therefore, that night, and a bloody and shameful death, there was but an unlocked door and the watchful love of one who in this simple but supernatural way intervened to save me from myself and the doom that otherwise would have overtaken me.

Now even if we suppose that this phantasm was visualised subjectively by the unconscious personality, the faculty of the unconscious personality to give a mere subjective memory such vivid and real apparent objectivity just at the critical moment is a very interesting and suggestive fact.

SOME CATHOLIC GHOST STORIES.

The Catholic Church abounds in ghost stories, in which the ghost has a practical object for revisiting the world. Father Keating told me last September that when he was at the College of the Propaganda at Rome a Danish student died. He had been in the habit of writing out his confessions before he went to confessional. A short while after the student's death his confessor heard a knock at the door. He said, "Come in." The door opened, and the young Danish student entered the room. Although the priest knew he was dead, he was not frightened, and asked him what he wanted.

He said, "Will you look in my Latin dictionary? You will find there a paper on which I wrote down my last confession which I wished to make to you, but I was taken off before I saw you."

The priest asked him if he was happy.

"Yes," said he, "quite happy. That confession is the only thing that is troubling me. Will you get it?" The priest said he would, and the interview ended.

He then went to the dictionary, and there between the pages he found the written confession. He read it, and then destroyed it. The young student never afterwards appeared.

I hope to get confirmation of this from Rome, but as yet I have not received any reply to my inquiries, the person concerned being absent on his travels.

Father Keating also told me a story of a priest, whom he said he knew, who had entered the priesthood because of a ghost which appeared to him in an old country house. He followed this ghost to the room which it haunted. It pointed to a place in the floor and disappeared; they took up the floor, and found the sacred vessels which had been hidden there since the time of the Reformation, and which still contain some of the Host or sacred wafer. The vessels were removed and the ghost ceased to haunt. This story also needs verification, and until it is forthcoming it cannot be regarded as having any evidential value.

Another Catholic legend is the familiar story of the persistent haunting of the library at Slindon, Arundel, by the ghost of a Catholic priest. The story goes that he had forgotten to destroy the confession of a penitent. He had placed it between the leaves of the book he was reading. Sudden death deprived him of the opportunity of destroying the paper, and he was unable to rest in his grave until he found it and got some one to destroy it. Every night he revisited the library and hunted for the confession. At last a Catholic priest saw him and asked him what was the matter. He told him eagerly, and pointed out the book, in which the confession was found. He destroyed it at once, and the grateful spirit disappeared. Such is the local tradition, which, however, has never been verified so far as I can discover, but the same

story is told of a library near Paris, where, oddly enough, Bishop Wilberforce is said to have been the liberating agent.

THE BALLARAT GHOST.

The most familiar instance of the apparition of a ghost for the purpose of bringing to light an unavenged crime is the famous Ballarat ghost case. It is told as follows in Dr. Lees's "Glimpses of the Supernatural":—

In Australia, about twenty-five years ago, two graziers, who had emigrated from England and entered into partnership, became, as was generally believed, possessed of considerable property by an unlooked-for success in their precarious but not unprofitable occupation. One of them was all of a sudden missed, and could nowhere be found. Search was made for him in every quarter, likely and unlikely, yet no tidings of him or his whereabouts could be heard. One evening, about three weeks afterwards, his partner and companion was returning to his hut along a by-path, which skirted a deep and broad sheet of water. The shadows of twilight were deepening, and the setting sun was almost shut out by the tall shrubs, brushwood, and rank grass, which grew so thick and wild. In a moment he saw the crouching figure of his companion, apparently as real and lifelike as could be, sitting on the ground by the very margin of the deep pond, with his left hand bent resting on his left knee. He was about to rush forward and speak, when the figure seemed to grow less distinct, and the ashen-coloured face wore an unusually sad and melancholy aspect; so he paused. On this the figure, becoming again more palpable, raised its right arm, and, holding down the index finger of the right hand, pointed to a dark deep hole where the water was still and black, immediately beside an overhanging tree. This action was deliberately done, and then twice repeated, after which the figure, growing more and more indistinct, seemed to fade away. The grazier was mortally terrified and alarmed. For a while he stood rivetted to the spot, fearing either to go forward or backward; while the silence of evening and the strange solitude, now for the first time in his Australian life thoroughly experienced, overawed him completely. Afterwards he turned and went home. Night, which came on soon, brought him no sleep. He was restless, agitated, and disquieted. The next morning, in company of others, the pool was dragged, and the body of his partner discovered in the very spot to which the figure of the phantom had twice pointed. It had been weighted and weighed down by a large stone attached to the body; while from the same spot was recovered a kind of axe or hatchet, with which the murder had evidently been committed. This was identified as having belonged to a certain adventurer, who, on being taxed and formally charged with the murder, and found to be possessed of certain valuable documents belonging to the murdered man, eventually confessed his crime and was executed. This incident and its supernatural occurrences, made a deep impression; and having been abundantly testified to in a court of justice, as well as in common and general conversation, is not likely to be soon forgotten in the neighbourhood of Ballarat, in Australia, where it occurred.

The Psychical Research Society discredit this story. They say they have never been able to verify it. If any Australian readers can throw light on the subject I shall be glad to hear from them.

A CONTRACTOR'S GHOST.

The most curious story of a practically minded ghost is sent me by Mr. Edward Wheldon, C.C. and Wesleyan local preacher, Hill Grove, Mold. As it stands, it is almost too ideally complete to be true:—

Many years ago the poor house belonging to the Holywell Union, situate at Holywell, was being enlarged. The matron and matroness at the time were Mr. and Mrs. John Williams, after that of Gadlys House, Llandudno. The contract for the alterations at the poor house was let to a Holywell joiner.

When the contract was about one-half completed the contractor died; the widow was unable to complete the contract, but possessed some knowledge of the money spent by the husband on the work which had been done. The authorities of the Union dealt with the widow in rather a high-handed manner, paying her simply what *they* thought proper for the work done. Great complaints were made by the widow and all who were capable of forming an idea of what the contractor had spent on the contract up to the time of his death, with no effect upon the guardians, who gave the widow a sum of money in acknowledgment of their indebtedness, but nothing approaching the sum stated to be due to her as a matter of justice. Another contractor was employed to complete the work. No sooner had it been completed than unearthly noises and disturbances began and continued, especially on Sunday nights, at the house among the paupers as well as in the matron's compartment. Doors were slammed violently, the bedclothes thrown about, and sometimes the inmates themselves thrown out of bed. A local preacher, of the name of Aaron Williams, Marian Mills, near Holywell, volunteered to go there to read and pray during the night. He was placed in a small room by himself with fire and candle; he read and prayed with no effect so far as the disturbances or the cause of them were concerned. The door of his room was opened and slammed continually through the night. Mr. and Mrs. Williams were Wesleyans; generally when returning from chapel on Sunday nights they would find on reaching home all their furniture disarranged in the house. On one occasion in particular, when returning home on a Sunday night they saw the figure of a man standing on the top of the portico before the door. On nearing the door they clearly saw it was the contractor, the widow's husband. On several occasions different individuals saw him, with two-foot rule in hand, measuring the walls of the building. Archdeacon Clough, after that Dean of St. Asaph, was then the chairman of the Board of Guardians. These disturbances and scenes had been noised far and wide, and he had heard of them at a meeting of the Board. He brought the matter forward. Mrs. Williams and Mr. Williams, matron and matroness, were examined; they were also asked what would they recommend the guardians to do (they threatened to leave the place if something was not done). Mr. Williams answered, "Pay the widow of the first contractor the balance due to her." The guardians unanimously voted the money. *From that day all disturbances ceased.*

Some years after this, Mr. and Mrs. Williams retired and settled down in Llandudno, and kept a respectable lodging-house. I was invited there to officiate at a preaching meeting, residing for the time with Mr. Williams at Gadlys House. Having heard much about the ghost of the Holywell poor-house, I took the opportunity of questioning the parties about it. Without hesitation or doubt they gave me the particulars I have given above.

Mr. Williams had spent many years in a very respectable lawyer's office as a chief clerk. He was a tall, powerfully built, intelligent man, and a true Christian.

The contractor's son worked in this neighbourhood a few years ago, and bore unflinching testimony to the truth of this strange history.

It is an excellent story, but unfortunately, as the following letters show, it cannot be verified. I wrote to Mr. Wheldon, and asked him to look up the files of the local papers and to consult the members of the Board of Guardians. He replied as follows:—

I expect the wrangle between the authorities and the widow occurred over the amount due for extra work.

Years must have elapsed before Mr. Hughes, the present master, followed Mr. Williams (my authority for the tale) as master. I am reminded by this letter that I was at Holywell some two or three years ago, called at the House, had tea with Mr. Hughes, the present master, and that I told him of Mr. and Mrs. Williams' statement to me, and his reply was, "I never heard or saw anything," and this, of course, would be consistent with Mr. Williams' statement of all having

ended when the widow was satisfied. As to anything appearing in the local paper, I do not believe we had any local papers fifty years ago. You have now all that can be got before you. Mr. Harding Roberts is a hard-headed solicitor, with no sympathy about him with ghost tales. Mr. Williams, my informant, was also a respectable solicitor's clerk, with as little sympathy, I should say; the only difference being that Mr. Williams and his wife spoke to what they believed they saw and heard.

The following is the letter of Mr. P. Harding Roberts:—

Holywell, 30th September, 1891.

Dear Mr. Wheldon,

I have looked carefully through the first Minute Book of the Guardians and do not find any reference to the "ghost" scare in the workhouse.

It would appear that the contract for erecting the workhouse was let to a Mr. Daniel Parry, who was paid for his work as the same proceeded. The work was commenced in 1839, and on February 28, 1840, there is a resolution "that the guardians attend on Friday next, in order to take into consideration the several reports and estimates which had been this day delivered by Mr. Welch (the architect), and of the outstanding claim of Daniel Parry, as corrected by Mr. Welch."

At the same meeting a cheque for £300 was given Daniel Parry in respect of work done. On the 6th March a Finance Committee was appointed to consider the estimate of Mr. Welch of extra work, etc., but I cannot find any record of the result.

Daniel Parry appears to have died somewhere about this time, for on May 22nd there is a resolution, "That a cheque for £300 be signed and delivered to Mrs. Harriett Parry, the widow and executrix of the late Daniel Parry, the contractor for the masonry and wood-work, upon receiving from Messrs. Thomas Parry and Michael Parry a promissory note for that amount, to be placed in the custody of the clerk until Mrs. Parry proves the will of her deceased husband." This course would appear necessary, as Mrs. Parry could not, until the will was proved, give a valid receipt. From what I can gather this would appear to complete the contracts as far as the Parrys were concerned, and the remainder of the work was let to Mr. Thomas Hughes, who is at present the master of the workhouse.

John Williams and his wife were not appointed master and matron until June 5th, 1840, after the payment appears to have been made to Mrs. Parry, and I cannot find any corroboration of their statement. The old porter of the workhouse was exceedingly superstitious, and I fear his imagination and heavy suppers (of which he was fond) created what would appear supernatural objects. I had a conversation with the present master, who succeeded the Williamses, and he does not place any credence in the assertions. He says, however, it was generally considered at the time that Daniel Parry did haunt the building, but never appeared to him, although he was the contractor who completed the work. I dare say you could gather some interesting facts from Mr. Hughes if you called when in this neighbourhood. I am sorry I cannot give you more reliable information. Kind regards.—Yours faithfully, P. HARDING ROBERTS.

A GHOST THAT WISHED TO PAY ITS DEBTS.

There is an odd story told by a Catholic priest in the "Proceedings of the Psychical Society," which seems to show that considerations of £ s. d. are not altogether forgotten on the other side of the grave. It is as follows:—

In July, 1838, I left Edinburgh to take charge of the Perthshire missions. On my arrival in Perth I was called upon by a Presbyterian woman, Anne Simpson, who for more than a week had been in the utmost anxiety to see a priest. This woman stated that a woman lately dead (date not given) named Moloy, slightly known to Anne Simpson, had appeared to her during the night for several nights, urging her

to go to the priest, who would pay a sum of money, three and tenpence, which the deceased owed to a person not specified.

I made inquiries, and found that a woman of that name had died, who had acted as washerwoman and followed the regiment. Following up the inquiry, I found a grocer with whom she had dealt, and on asking him if a female named Moloy owed him anything, he turned up his books and told me that she did owe him three and tenpence. I paid the sum. Subsequently the Presbyterian woman came to me, saying that she was no more troubled.

ANOTHER THAT WISHED TO CLEAR ITS CHARACTER.

The "Proceedings of the Psychical Society" contains several instances in which ghosts appear with an object. One of the most detailed and curious of these is the apparition of Robert Mackenzie. His employer tells it as follows:—

In 1862 I settled in London, and have never been in Glasgow since. Robert Mackenzie and my workmen generally gradually lost their individuality in my recollection. I dreamt that I was seated at a desk engaged in a business conversation with an unknown gentleman, who stood on my right hand. Towards me in front advanced Robert Mackenzie, and feeling annoyed, I addressed him with some asperity, asking him if he did not see that I was engaged. He retired a short distance with exceeding reluctance, turned again to approach me, as if more desirous for an immediate colloquy, when I spoke to him still more sharply as to his want of manners. On this the person with whom I was conversing took his leave, and Mackenzie once more came forward. "What is all this, Robert?" I asked somewhat angrily. "Did you not see that I was engaged?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "but I must speak with you at once." "What about?" I said. "What is it that can be so important?" "I wish to tell you, sir," he said, "that I am accused of doing a thing I did not do, and that I want you to know it, and to tell you so, and that you are to forgive me, because I am innocent." Then, "I did not do the thing they said I did." I said, "What?" Getting the same answer. I then naturally asked, "But how can I forgive you if you do not tell me what you are accused of?" I can never forget the emphatic manner of his answer in the Scotch dialect, "Ye'll sune, sune ken" (you'll soon know). This question and answer were repeated at least twice. I am certain the answer was repeated thrice in the most fervid tone. On that I awoke and was in that state of bewilderment and surprise which such a remarkable dream might induce, and was wondering what it all meant, when my wife burst into my bedroom much excited, and holding an open letter in her hand, exclaimed, "Oh, James, here's a terrible end to the workman's ball; Robert Mackenzie has committed suicide!" With now a full conviction of the meaning of the vision, I at once quietly and firmly said, "No, he has not committed suicide." "How can you possibly know that?" "Because he has just been here to tell me."

I have purposely not mentioned in its proper place, so as not to break the narrative, that on looking at Mackenzie I was struck by the peculiar appearance of his countenance. It was of an indescribable bluish-pale colour, and on his forehead appeared spots which seemed like blots of sweat. For this I could not account, but by the following post my manager informed me that he was wrong in writing to me of suicide. That, on Saturday night, Mackenzie was going home, had lifted a small black bottle containing aquafortis (which he used for staining the wood of bird-cages, made for amusement), believing this to be whisky, and poured out a wineglassful, had drunk it off at a gulp, dying on Sunday in great agony. Here, then, was the solution of his being innocent of what he was accused of—suicide—seeing that he had inadvertently drunk aquafortis, a deadly poison. Still, pondering upon the peculiar colour of his countenance, it struck me to consult some authorities on the symptoms of poisoning by aquafortis, and in Mr. J. H. Walsh's "Domestic Medicine and Surgery," p. 172, I found these words, under symptoms of poisoning by sulphuric acid, "The skin covered with a cold

sweat, the countenance livid, and expressive of dreadful suffering. . . . Aquafortis produces the same effect as sulphuric, the only difference being that the external stains, if any, are yellow instead of brown." (Vol. iii. p. 97)

A GHOST LOOKING AFTER ITS WIDOW.

Another, in which the ghost of a husband visited a friend who had failed to keep his word by seeing after his widow, is thus told by Mr. C. Happerfield himself:—

When my old friend, John Harford, who had been a Wesleyan lay preacher for half a century, lay dying, in June of 1851, he sent for me, and when I went to his bedside, he said, "I am glad you have come, friend Happerfield; I cannot die easy until I am assured that my wife will be looked after and cared for until she may be called to join me in the other world. I have known you for many years, and now want you to promise to look to her well-being during the little time which she may remain after me." I said, "I will do what I can, so let your mind be at rest." He said, "I can trust you," and then soon afterwards, on the 20th of the month, fell asleep in the Lord. I administered his affairs, and when all was settled there remained a balance in favour of the widow, but not sufficient to keep her. I put her into a small cottage, interested some friends in her case, and saw that she was comfortable. After a while Mrs. Harford's grandson came and proposed to take the old lady to his house in Gloucestershire, where he held a situation as schoolmaster. The request seemed reasonable. I consented, provided that she was quite willing to go, and the young man took her accordingly. Time passed on. We had no correspondence. I had done my duty to my dying friend, and there the matter rested. But one night as I lay in bed wakeful, towards morning, turning over business and other matters in my mind, I suddenly became conscious that some one was in my room. Then the curtain of my bed was drawn aside, and there stood my departed friend, gazing upon me with a sorrowful and troubled look. I felt no fear, but surprise and astonishment kept me silent. He spoke to me distinctly and audibly in his own familiar voice, and said, "Friend Happerfield, I have come to you because you have not kept your promise to see to my wife. She is in trouble and in want." I assured him that I had done my duty and was not aware that she was in any difficulty, and that I would see about her first thing, and have her attended to. He look satisfied and vanished from my sight. I awoke my wife, who was asleep at my side, and told her of what had occurred. Sleep departed from us, and on arising, the first thing I did was to write to the grandson. In reply, he informed me that he had been deprived of his situation through persecution, and was in great straits, in so much that he had decided on sending his grandmother to the union. Forthwith I sent some money, and a request to have the old lady forwarded to me immediately. She came, and was again provided with a home, and her wants supplied. These are the circumstances as they occurred. I am not a nervous man, nor am I superstitious. At the time my old friend came to me I was wide awake, collected, and calm. The above is very correct, not overdrawn.

A MATCH-MAKING GHOST.

There is one instance recorded of a ghost that came back in order to make two lovers happy. It is as follows:—

A young couple were engaged. The father of the woman withdrew his consent. The mother, on her death-bed, made its renewal her last request. The father, instead of getting over his sorrow, seemed more and more bowed down with an increasing sense of horror. One day he told his married daughter and her husband that his wife haunted him every morning at four, the hour at which she died, always talking of the young couple. They asked him what clothes the apparition wore, and he said, "The last dress I gave, and a cap of your making." On her way home the married daughter told her husband that it was when in that dress and cap her mother

had said to her, "If I die before your father renews his consent, I shall haunt him till he does." She was then in perfect health. This was never told to the father, but he was urged to renew his consent. For some months he could only escape the visitations by having some one awake with him in the room. From the day he consented again to the marriage his wife's visits ceased. (Vol. iii. p. 100.)

"TAKE CARE OF MOTHER."

Here is a ghost that was impelled by love of a wife to remind a daughter to do her duty:—

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

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

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

Apparently he was satisfied with this my assurance. Since that time I have neither heard nor seen him more. (Vol. v. p. 451.)

CONSOLATORY GHOSTS.

The next ghosts that I shall mention came for a spiritual or religious purpose:—

My father's sorrow was great; and at the same time he became seriously troubled with many doubts regarding various points of Christian faith. . . . She was soon asleep and breathing heavily; but I was lying in deepest anguish, beset not only with the grief of the sudden loss sustained, but with the wretched fear that my beloved father had died too suddenly to find peace with God regarding those miserable doubts that had so troubled him. As the night wore on, the pain of the heart and thought grew worse and worse, and at length I knelt in prayer, earnestly pleading that my distressful thoughts might be taken away, and an assurance of my father's peace be given me by God's most Holy Spirit. No immediate relief came, however, and it was early dawn when I rose from my knees, and felt that I must be patient and wait for the answer to my prayer.

I was just about to slip quietly down into the bed, when on the opposite side of it (that on which the nurse was sleeping) the room became suddenly full of beautiful light, in the midst of which stood my father, absolutely transfigured, clothed with brightness. He slowly moved towards the bed, raising his hands, as I thought, to clasp me in his arms; and I ejaculated "Father!" He replied, "Blessed for ever, my child! For ever blessed!" I moved to climb over nurse and kiss him, reaching out my arms to him, but with a look of mingled sadness and love he appeared to float back with the light towards the wall and was gone! The vision occupied so short a time that, glancing involuntarily at the window again, I saw the morning dawn and the little birds just as they had looked a few minutes before. I felt sure that God had vouchsafed me a wonderful vision, and

was not in the least afraid, but, on the contrary, full of joy that brought floods of grateful tears, and completely removed all anguish except that of having lost my father from earth. I offer no explanation, and can only say most simply and truthfully that it all happened just as I have related it. (Vol. xi. p. 26.)

Mr. Angus Ross, 62, Calder Street, Govanhill, Glasgow, writes me as follows:—

In a small village in the north of Scotland, where I was born, my mother was very much sought after as a sick nurse to the poor. One of our neighbours sickened and died, my mother was a good deal with her during her illness. Deceased and my mother lived for a long time on very friendly terms, and now that she was gone and did not leave very clear evidence as to what her future state would be, my mother's mind was much perplexed about the matter.

So a night or two after the death of her friend, as she was lying in bed perfectly awake, the dead woman came to her bedside in form as perfect as ever she had in life; my mother was overcome with fear at the sight, and could not utter a word, so after awhile she vanished away. During next day the matter scarcely left her mind, and next night at the same time and in like manner the visitation was made. My mother was unable to speak and this seemed to give offence, for she looked angry-like, then vanished as before. Next day my mother resolved if the visit was repeated that she would ask her if she was happy. The opportunity of doing so was given her next night, but in her agitated state of mind she used the word "weel" instead of happy. She replied, "Yes, be praying"; this she repeated three times, and vanished and was seen no more.

A "FETCH."

I will conclude this chapter by the following brief note of one of the most circumstantial ghost stories of recent times. It is the only story I print that illustrates the beautiful belief that the spirit of the best beloved in life attends the deathbed to conduct the parting spirit into the other world:—

About fourteen of the 5th Lancers were seated in their mess-room in the East Cavalry Barracks, Aldershot, one day

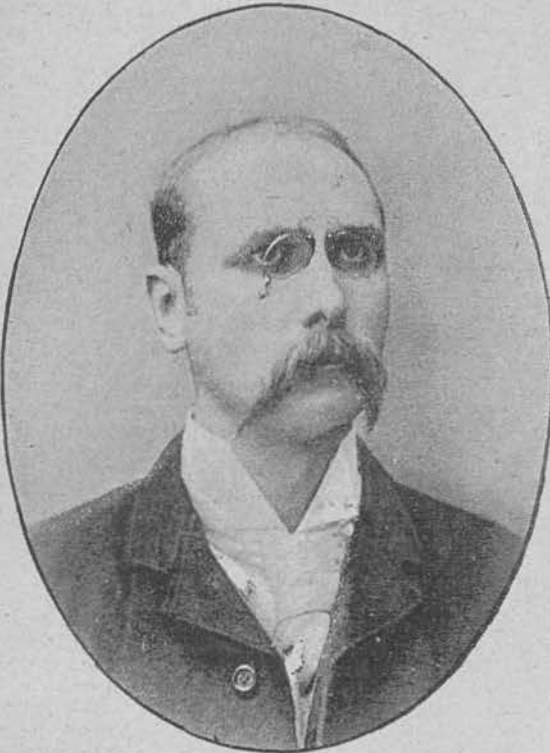
in the autumn of 1876. They had just finished their dinner a little after half-past eight o'clock, when a lady in full evening dress in white silk, and with a long bridal veil, walked past the window outside, the curtains being but partially drawn. Her movement was pretty rapid, but two officers at least who sat at the table saw her. She moved in the direction of Mr. Norton, who rang the bell and asked the mess sergeant if any one had been in the conservatory at the back of the room, as it was thought the apparition might be due to reflection. As the sergeant denied that any woman had entered the room, it was said that she must have been a ghost, as there was no ledge outside the window, which was about 40 ft. from the ground. Her features were discussed. She was described by those who saw her as handsome, very dark, and with a very sad countenance. One officer present, on hearing the description, said, "Why, that is little old —'s wife, who died in India." The officer whom he named was the regimental veterinary, who was supposed at that time to be home on leave. It turned out, however, that the veterinary had returned that afternoon, unknown to any of his brother officers, and although some weeks of his leave remained. He had walked up to his room, which was immediately above the butler's pantry. He rang for his servant, and complained of great fatigue, ordered brandy and then sent his servant away. He continued drinking. A few days later, about half-past eight o'clock, the servant went up to his room and found him dying in bed. An officer present, Adjutant Fletcher, had to enter his room, and after taking an inventory of his effects, to lock it up as a caution against pilfering. The very first thing Dr. Atkinson, who attended him, saw was a cabinet portrait of the lady, in the same dress which they had seen a few days before. Witnesses of the apparition:—Captain Norton, Surgeon Atkinson (who died last year), the regimental doctor, Lieutenant Fred Russell, *alias* "Brer Rabbit" of the *Sporting Times*, since dead.

[MEMO.—While these pages were passing through the press I received a revise of the original version from Captain Norton. I at once stopped the press and inserted his corrections. The earlier copies contain the uncorrected version, for which the above paragraph is substituted.]

CHAPTER IX.—MY HELPER.

OUT-OF-DOOR GHOSTS.

DURING my Scottish visit I had the honour of being entertained at a dinner, given at the City Liberal Club, by my helpers in Glasgow. There were fourteen of us altogether, Professor Lindsay being in the chair. After dinner I turned the conversation upon the subject of apparitions, and remarked that I did not think that a dozen persons ever met without one of their number having seen a ghost. "Now who is there," I asked, "who has seen a ghost here?" Sitting opposite me at the table was Mr. David Dick,



MR. DAVID DICK.

auctioneer, of 98, Sauchiehall Street, a young married man, about thirty-five, a member of the Glasgow Ruskin Society, as well as one of the earliest members of our Association of Helpers. He said, "I do not believe in ghosts, but I have seen one." At first I thought he was joking, but in reply to my question he repeated his remark, "I do not believe in ghosts, I never did and do not now; but, nevertheless, I have seen one. I am not in the least superstitious," he continued. "I remember once, before my father died, receiving a practical lesson in the absurdity of most of the alarms which scare the nerves of the timid. My father came into the house from the garden with a feeling that some one had been following him, and when we looked out of the window there certainly was something uncanny beside the door. When we came out it disappeared, but on looking at it again from the window we saw it. At last, after nearly half-an-hour's diligent search and examination, we discovered that the apparent apparition was caused by the light of the moon shining through a small window in the

porch. I remember, although it is nearly twenty years ago, my father saying that if every one would take as much pains as we had to investigate ghosts they would be found to have a similar natural explanation. I have always held to that; but, nevertheless, I have seen a ghost, and I find it utterly impossible to explain it on any so-called natural grounds." "But tell us about your ghost; when did you see it?" "I cannot remember the exact date. My memory is bad for dates; I do not even remember the date of my birth or of my marriage. But it is about nine or ten years ago." "Was it the ghost of a living or of a dead person?" "A ghost of a dead person." "How long had it been dead?" "Six years." "Where did you see it?" "In Glasgow." "In the day or night?" "At half-past three in the afternoon, in broad daylight." "But tell us how it occurred?" "I had left the office in Sauchiehall Street at half-past three in the afternoon. I was going on an errand to St. Vincent Street, and had my mind full of my business. I went along Sauchiehall Street and entered Renfield Street, where the ghost joined me." "You knew it was a ghost?" "Perfectly." "How did you know it was a ghost?" "Because I recognised it at once." "Did it speak to you?" "It did." "What did it say to you?" "That I cannot tell you; it spoke of a matter which was only known to myself." "You answered?" "Yes, and continued to walk on, the ghost accompanying me exactly as if it had been an ordinary person. We walked down Renfield Street together, talking. There was nothing in the appearance of the ghost to impress any one who met it that it was not a living man. It wore a black coat and a flat felt hat which I had only seen worn once in the lifetime of the deceased. The part of Renfield Street we traversed together is about 250 yards long, and one of the busiest streets in Glasgow. When I got to the corner of Vincent Street the ghost vanished. I did not see it come, and I did not see it go; I only knew it was not there." "Were you not frightened?" "Not the least in the world." "Did you not ask it any questions?" "No, none, I simply carried on the conversation which it had begun." "Did not its sudden disappearance disturb you?" "Not at all; it joined me without notice, and left me as simply. I did not see it dissolve, it simply was not there any longer." "And you knew the ghost?" "Perfectly." "Who was it, may I ask?" "It was the ghost of my father." "Were you thinking of your father?" "Not at all." "And when he spoke to you, were you not surprised?" "Not in the least." "Nor inquisitive?" "No, it seemed so natural. I was chiefly thinking of the place I was going to. In fact, it was not until the next day that I began to realise how strange it was that I had been speaking familiarly to my father, six years after he had died, in a busy Glasgow street. But that it was so I have not the slightest doubt in the world. That I know. I have had no other experience of a similar nature. As I said, I do not believe in ghosts; all that I know is that I did walk down Renfield Street with my father six years after his death."

Here was a pretty story, utterly at variance with almost all the traditional ghost stories, yet Mr. Dick stoutly maintains that whatever his ghost may have been, it was a ghost notwithstanding, and not a subjective hallucination in any sense. He saw it as plainly as any one in the street, and, so far as he could see, any one else must have seen it also. The ghost went off the pavement



VIEW OF RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.

in order to prevent a collision just as if it had been in its ordinary body. The crucial question, of course, is whether the ghost communicated to Mr. Dick any fact which at the time was not within his knowledge, and had never been known to him. That we did not think of asking him at the time, but when I put the question directly to Mr. Dick, he answered:—

“The ‘vision,’ as you call it, suggested, without insisting, that I was annoying myself too much about affairs which did not really lie in my power, and that events might prove my worry quite senseless, which they did. There was neither definite prophecy nor promise. Had there been I should have said the ‘ghost’ was a pure swindle, my father having been a man so reserved that William the Silent was a chatterer to him. I’ve had worse worries and more serious troubles since, it is fair to say, which have neither been averted nor ameliorated by another visit from the ‘vision.’”

A GHOST INTERESTED IN THE ST. LEGER.

This story reminds me of one published by the Psychical Research Society, which from some points of view is even more remarkable than Mr. Dick’s. It is not unnatural that a son should see his father, or thinks he sees him, for the human naturally broods over the memory of a much-loved parent, and some circumstance or train of thought may lead a sensitive medium to visualise his ideas. The apparition in the following story cannot be said to be due to any such personal sympathy, for the person who appeared, so far from being a near relation, was merely a man with whom the percipient had done business in the past in connection with horse-racing. The narrative, as received from Mr. William H. Stone, 1, Park Avenue, Slade Lane, Levenshulme, Manchester, and as printed in the “Proceedings,” runs as follows:—

I was going along from our office in rather a merry mood, to order from a stationer in P—— Street a quantity of catalogues wanted in our next Friday’s sale, for we sold the hides and skin every Friday by auction, at half-past one o’clock to the minute, or nearly so. As I said, I was going along P—— Street, it might be some six or eight days before the great St. Leger day. I generally had a pound or two on

the “Leger,” and it was my intention, as soon as my little order was given, to see a friend about the horse I had backed. Crossing from left to right in P—— Street, whom should I meet (or as I thought met) but an old customer, as he had been for some years, of my father’s; my father was formerly a brewer, and had supplied the party I thought I met with ale for some years, and I used to collect the accounts from him along with others in the same line; he was a beerhouse keeper, or, as they then called them, a jerry-shopkeeper. I went up to him, called him by his right name and shook him by the left hand, for he had no right, it having been cut off when he was a youth; he had a substitute for a hand in the shape of a hook, and he was, said he, very active with his hook when his services were required in turning any one out of his house that was in any way refractory. He was what you may call a jolly, good, even-tempered sort of man, and much respected by his customers, most of whom did a little betting in the racing line. He had a very red, countrified sort of face, and dressed quite in the country style in a felt hat, something after the present style of billy-cocks, with thick blue silk

handkerchief with round white dots on it, his coat a sort of chedle-swing, and a gold watchguard passing over his neck and over his waistcoat; his clothing was all of good material and respectably made. The moment he saw me his face shone bright, and he seemed much pleased to meet me, and I may say I felt a similar pleasure towards him. Mind, this occurred in broad daylight, no moonlight or darkness, so essential an accompaniment to ghost stories; many people were passing and repassing at the time. You may be sure I did not stand in the middle of the street for about seven minutes, talking and shaking hands with myself. Someone would have had a laugh at me if that had been the case. I almost at once, after the stereotyped compliments of the day, launched into the state of the odds respecting the St. Leger, and into the merits and demerits of various horses. He supplied me with what information I required, and we each went our way. He was a man supposed to be well posted up in such matters, had cool judgment and discrimination; in fact, he was one of those who would not be led away by what are called tips. I made a memorandum or two, shook his hand again, and passed on about my business, ordered my catalogues, etc.

I came back sauntering along towards the office, not now intending to see the party I had previously intended to see. As I got to the same part of P—— Street on my way back, I suddenly stood still, my whole body shook, and for a moment I tried to reason with myself. The man I had been speaking to was dead some four years before! Could it be possible that he had been buried alive? This is horribly shocking to think about, but such things have happened. Decomposition being the only certain indication of death, might he not have been prematurely buried? But if so, what had I to do with it? I had nothing to do with his death, but I am sorry now I do not recollect or know the particulars of his death or burial. I certainly saw his funeral. (We have failed to obtain the certificate of death or burial.) As I stood in the street I tried to give utterance to my thoughts and feelings; but no, I felt a sort of dumbness, and fairly gasped for breath. I felt a cold shiver come over me although the day was warm; the hair of my head seemed as if it would force my hat off my head; my very blood seemed to object to perform its duty.

The question might be asked, was I unwell? Had I been indulging too freely in stimulants? In both cases I answer,

No. Was it an optical delusion, for nothing is so deceptive as optical delusions? Certainly not. We sometimes believe we see what we do not see; but in this case it was nothing of the sort; nor could it be somebody like him, it was him! As I said before, he had but one hand, and his right hand was his left hand in a sense. I had business transactions with him for many years. He had entirely slipped out of my memory for a length of time. That he was in or out of existence it never occurred to me for one moment till now; and the thought never presented itself during the interval of my going and coming, and perhaps never would have done had I not gone back by way of P— Street, and passed the identical spot. It may be asked am I, or was I, superstitious? I say, No, emphatically.

If this story be credited, it is totally different from all preconceived notions of the subject of ghosts. Whatever else disembodied spirits have been accused of doing in the past, this is the first time they have been credited with even a passing interest in the fortunes of the St. Leger.

A CLERGYMAN'S NARRATIVE.

Ever since the leading case of Balaam's ass, it is understood that animals have a plainer perception of the invisible than human beings. In out-of-door ghosts, it is usually the horse which discovers the uncanny visitant before the human biped who rides or drives him. Here is a story in which a pony plays a conspicuous part. It is sent me by the Rev. D. Holland Stubbs, of Penwortham Vicarage. It is as follows:—

I am a clergyman of the Church of England, holding a small country living in one of the prettiest localities in the western portion of the diocese of Manchester.

It was just at the end of a day in the autumn of 1889 when the sun had set, that I proceeded in my pony trap to conduct a Bible-class in a small schoolroom in a distant corner of my extensive parish. I set off from the vicarage about half-past six o'clock, and had proceeded about a mile and a-half on my way, down a long lonely lane, with cottage-farms at some distance apart, and had arrived just opposite a strange-looking, square-built house, with heavy, overhanging roof and curiously shaped windows, embedded in dark, gloomy looking trees. Several times on previous occasions my good wife had shuddered when passing this strange abode, though in the open daytime, and had once made the remark, "I don't like the look of that house; there is something uncanny about it." Ordinarily she is not of a superstitious turn of mind, nor of a highly nervous temperament. However, on the occasion referred to I was alone and progressing at a fairly rapid rate. I arrived at the spot mentioned, when suddenly and unaccountably my pony stopped, causing me to be thrown forward and to nearly fall over the dash-board; at the same time setting his ears and stretching his neck as though he saw something in front. We were just about entering a part of the road which was thickly covered with trees upon which still lingered a few leaves unremoved by the September gales, so that the place was very gloomy. The more distant part of the road appeared to be in pitchy darkness. Unfortunately, I had no lamps lighted at the time. I urged on my steed with whip and voice. He proceeded cautiously, still craning his neck and listening intently as though he saw and heard something which I certainly could not, though I strained my eyes and ears to do so. One or two smart cuts with the whip made him move on more rapidly until we were right under the trees. Again he stopped, and this time wheeled right round, and with difficulty I prevented myself being landed with the trap on top of me in a deep and wide land-drain. After a little persuasion he headed round again and ran on. Another start and stoppage, and this time the pony tremble, in every limb, shaking the harness and trap. Fear, they say, is infectious, and I too began to be somewhat alarmed, although I could see nothing to cause fear. Looking, however, intently ahead, I perceived a figure in white, moving along

silently on the grass border of the road, about ten yards in front. Thinking it was a farm servant girl in print dress and white apron, I laid on with the whip, in order to come up with her. The pony went on cautiously, stopping whenever the figure stopped. I called out, but no response was given. Mustering up all my courage I urged the animal forward. The figure went on rapidly, and as I was just about to overtake it, it turned at right angles and disappeared through the hedge. The conclusion I came to was that it must have been some farm servant, and having been surprised and not wishing to be overtaken and recognised, she made a short cut across the field to the farm-house near at hand. After passing on a little way until I came to a cross road, I stopped and got out to soothe my frightened animal, and found him bathed in a cold sweat, which literally ran off him. He was trembling violently, and appeared so weak that I feared he could not go much farther. For some minutes I let him rest, talking to him the while, and comforting him. After he had somewhat quietened down I proceeded to my destination, determining, on the first occasion, to examine that portion of the road, and see whether I could learn the cause of our fright. The opportunity presented itself in a day or two after, and with the noonday brightness I carefully inspected the road, and particularly that portion of the hedge through which the figure had disappeared. To my astonishment, though I had marked the spot and knew it well, there was no gap in the hedge, as I had expected to find—no, not even one so small that a slight person could have squeezed through. The hedge for the whole length was an exceptionally good one, without gap or mend. Who or what the figure was I have never, from that day to this, been able to learn. Certain it is, it could not have been a farm girl, for no one could possibly have got through or over a hedge like that. Further information than this I cannot give, nor can I offer any explanation, but merely state the bare facts as they certainly happened with the effects they caused upon both myself and pony.

A GHOST ON THE HAMBLETON HILLS.

In the next story, which is sent me by a solicitor of Teeside, the horse, oddly enough, did not seem the least scared at the ghost. My correspondent had ridden to Bilsdale, on business to Thirsk, across the Hambleton Hills:—

In returning after dinner he reached the brow of the Hambleton Hills, and began to make the steep descent. There was a vast expanse of land to be seen, covered with closely cropped turf, but the whole scene looked "as wild as an hawk." It may be as well to mention that I was in splendid health, having been out travelling for months; and my spirits were buoyant, or I think the scene of desolation would have depressed me. I had not proceeded far in the descent, when I observed the tall figure of a lady draped in black, in advance of me, and walking in the same direction, but on the turf and on my right. I must say it occasioned me surprise to see a lady alone in so dreary a region. Obedient to my first impulse, I put my heel to the horse to come up abreast with her. My attention was divided between the lady and my horse, lest he should come to grief, the road being both steep and rough. I had the object thus several times in view, but I did not seem to be advancing upon it. I am not long-sighted, but there were no trees or shrubs on this part of the ground, nor any mist that could have occasioned a mistake. After awhile, we neared the bottom of the bill, the road turning then along its base, and bounded on the right by a large and ancient wood. Near this turn, the object vanished! I expected to find a stile into the wood through which the lady had entered, but there was no stile, neither was there a gap in the hedge, which was of immense growth. On the left hand was a very high wall, but no stile through it. I pulled up my horse and listened, but there was no sound. Had any one asked me if I would swear I had seen a lady in

black descending the hill I would have done so without hesitation. I must say I was surprised at the disappearance, and thought (and most likely said) to myself, "Well, this is a rum go!" Riding on, I shortly afterwards came to a picturesque hamlet which appeared almost imbedded in the ancient wood. I had a strong disposition to pull up here and make some inquiries, but I resolved not, lest the good people, hearing my extraordinary statement, should laugh at me for a fool. Proceeding on my journey I afterwards passed a high and massive wall that appeared to protect the garden or grounds of some old ruin, and in due course I reached Thirsk, having had a very enjoyable day. A busy life has left me little time to give to subjects of this kind, but, after some years had gone, I was taking a quiet cup of tea with an old friend in the county of Durham, when he introduced the subject of apparitions. Having heard what he had to say, I remarked that never but once in my life had I seen anything I could not account for, and I related to him the statement I am now making, and nearly in the same words. My friend paid great attention, and when I had concluded said, "Now let me put to you two questions: Did you ever hear anything of what you have been telling me?" "Never," was my answer, "I was a perfect stranger to the place and the people." He continued, "Did you ever read anything about it?" "Never," he said, "it is a most extraordinary statement you have made, for it confirms a pamphlet I have somewhere in my house, that gives a similar account of what has been seen in that neighbourhood. Had you called at the hamlet and made an inquiry, so far from laughing at you as a fool, you would have been quietly told that you had seen My Lady; and you would have found that they are familiar with the sight. The tradition is that many years ago a gentleman and his wife lived at the hall—the old ruin of which you passed—and that he was worked up to fit of jealousy by some lingo of a character and destroyed his wife, hiding the body in that massive garden-wall. Restless, he fled to France, and was ultimately murdered by the same lingo."

To prove to you that I am not morbidly curious on subjects of this kind, I may say that I never made a point of seeing my friend's pamphlet, and he is now dead; but, not unlikely, a copy of it may be found in some old household. I have never again visited the scene, though I have sometimes been as near to it as Thirsk. The account I am giving has scarcely been named beyond the range of my own family, and this is the first time I have put pen to paper about it.

I send you my name, but not for publication.

THE MURDERED MILLER ON THE GREY HORSE.

The next story is sent me by one of the leading townsmen of Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. The horse was not frightened in the least, although in this case there was a spectral horse as well as a horseman:—

On a fine evening in April, 1859, the writer was riding with a friend on a country road. Twilight was closing down on us, when, after a silence of some minutes, my friend suddenly exclaimed, "No man knows me better than you do, J. Do you think I am a nervous, easily frightened sort of man?" "Far from it," said I; "among all the men I know in the wild country I have lived and worked in, I know none more fearless or of more unhesitating nerve." "Well," said he, "I think I am that, too; and though I have travelled these roads all sorts of hours, summer and winter, for twenty years, I never met anything to startle me, or that I could not account for, until last Monday evening. About this time it was. Riding old Fan (a chestnut mare) here on this cross (a four-way cross road), on my near side was a man on a grey horse, coming from this left-hand road. I had to pull my off rein to give myself room to pass ahead of him; he was coming at a right angle to me. As I passed the head of his horse I called out 'good-night.' Hearing no reply, I turned in my saddle to the off-side, to see whether he appeared to be asleep as he rode, but to my surprise I saw neither man nor horse. So sure was I

that I had seen such, that I wheeled old Fan round, and rode back to the middle of the cross, and on neither of the four roads could I see man or horse, though there was light enough to see two hundred or three hundred yards, as we can now. Well, I then rode over to that gate" (a gate at one corner opening into a grass field), "thinking he might have gone that way; looking down by each hedge I could see nothing of my man and horse; and then—and not until then—I felt myself thrill and start with a shuddering sense that I had seen something uncanny, and, by Jove! I put the mare down this hill we are now on at her very best pace. But the strangest part of my story is to come," said he, continuing. "After I had done my business at the farmhouse here, at foot of this hill, I told the old farmer and his wife what I had seen, as I have now told you. The old man said, 'For many years I have known thee, M—, on this road, and have you never seen the like before on that cross?' 'Seen what before?' I said. 'Why, a man in light-colour clothes on a grey horse,' said he. 'No, never,' said I; 'but I swear I have this evening.' The farmer asked, 'Had I never heard of what happened to the miller of L— Mills about forty years ago?' 'No, never a word,' I told him. 'Well,' he said, 'about forty years ago this miller, returning from market, was waylaid and murdered on that cross, pockets rifled of money and watch. The horse ran home, about a mile away. Two serving-men set out, with lanterns, and found their master dead. He was dressed, as millers often do in this part of the country, in light-coloured clothes, and the horse was a grey horse. The murderers were never found. These are facts,' continued the farmer. 'I took this farm soon after it all happened, and, though I have known all this, and have passed over that cross thousands of times, I never saw anything unusual there myself, but there have been a number of people who tell the same story you have now told mother and me, M—, and describe the appearance of a man on grey horse, seen and disappearing, as you have done to-night.'"

Four evenings after all this occurred my friend related it to me as we were riding along the same road. He continued to pass there many times every year for ten years, but never again saw anything of the sort.

"HE HAS SEEN THE WHITE HORSE!"

"An Afrikaner" sends me the following graphic description of a South African ghost. He says:—

I'm not a believer in ghosts—no, never was; but, seeing you wanted a census of them, I can't help giving you a remarkable experience of mine. It was some three summers back, and I was out with a party of Boer hunters. We had crossed the northern boundary of the Transvaal, and were camped on the ridges of the Lembombo. I had been out from sunrise, and was returning about dusk with the skin of a fine black ostrich thrown across the saddle in front of me, in the best of spirits at my good luck. Making straight for the camp, I had hardly entered a thick bush when I thought that I heard somebody behind me. Looking behind, I saw a man mounted on a white horse. You can imagine my surprise, for my horse was the only one in camp, and we were the only party in the country. Without considering, I quickened my pace into a canter, and on doing so my follower appeared to do the same. At this I lost all confidence, and made a run for it with my follower in hot pursuit, as it appeared to my imagination; and I did race for it (the skin went flying in about two minutes, and my rifle would have done the same had it not been strapped over my shoulders). This I kept up until I rode into camp right among the pals cooking the evening meal. The young Boers about the camp were quick in their inquiries as to my distressed condition, and regaining confidence, I was putting them off as best I could, when the old boss (an old Boer of some sixty-eight or seventy years) looking up from the fire said, "The White Horse! The Englishman has seen the White Horse." This I denied, but to no purpose. And that night, round the camp fire, I

took the trouble to make inquiries as to the antecedents of the White Horse. And the old Boer, after he had commanded silence, began. He said, "The English are not brave, but foolish. We beat them at Majuba, some twenty-five seasons back. There was an Englishman here like you; he had brought a horse with him, against our advice, to be killed with the fly, the same as yours will be in a day or two. And he, like you, would go where he was told not to go; and one day he went into a bush (that very bush you rode through to-night), and he shot seven elephants, and the next day he went in to fetch the ivory, and about night his horse came into camp riderless, and was dead from the fly before the sun went down. The Englishman is in that bush now; anyway, he never came back. And now anybody who ventures into that bush is chased by the White Horse. I wouldn't go into that bush for all the ivory in the land. The English are not brave, but foolish; we beat them at Majuba." Here he ran into a torrent of abuse of all Englishmen in general and in particular. And I took the opportunity of rolling myself up in my blankets for the night, sleeping all the better for my adventure. Now, Mr. Stead, I don't believe in ghosts, but I was firmly convinced during that run of mine, and can vouch for the accuracy of it, not having heard a word of the Englishman or his white horse before my headlong return to the camp that night. I shortly hope to be near that bush again, but, like the old Boer, I can say, I wouldn't go into that bush again for all the ivory in the land.

P.S.—A few days after we dropped across a troop of elephants without entering the fatal bush, and managed to bag seven, photographs of which I took, and shall be pleased to send for your inspection if desired.

A PRECENTOR'S ADVENTURE.

When at the Tullichewan Arms Hotel at Balloch, at the foot of Loch Lomond, this autumn, I was invited to join a small company of seven or eight young men who were assembled in the drawing-room. After the first greetings, I asked which of them had seen a ghost, whereupon a stalwart young Scotchman spoke out and said, "Well, I do not believe in ghosts, and I do not like to say I have seen one, but I have certainly seen something which I have not been able to explain, although I tried to account for it by the theory of mirage, although I confess the application of that theory is rather difficult. On Loch Lomond we often have instances of mirage; we see boats apparently in the air, and this may have been something of the kind." "Well," said I, "now tell us what it was." "I was walking," he said, "about nine years ago, one night in August, about ten o'clock, and about half a mile from the house where we are now sitting, I was going along the public road between the hamlets of Mill of Haldane and Balloch. I had with me two young women, and we were leisurely walking along, when suddenly we were startled by seeing a woman, a child about seven years old, and a Newfoundland dog jump over the stone wall which was on one side of the road, and walk on rapidly in front of us. I was not in the least frightened, but my two companions were very much startled. What bothered me was that the woman, the child, and the dog instead of coming over the wall naturally one after the other, as would have been necessary for them to do, had come over with a bound, simultaneously leaping the wall, lighting in the road, and then hurrying on without a word. Leaving my two companions, who were too frightened to move, I walked rapidly after the trio. They walked on so quickly that it was with difficulty that I got up to them. I spoke to the woman, she never answered. I walked beside her for some little distance, and then suddenly the woman, the child, and the Newfoundland dog disappeared. I did not see them go anywhere, they simply were no longer there. I examined the road

minutely, at the spot where they had disappeared, to see if it was possible for them to have gone through a hole in the wall on either side; but it was quite impossible for a woman and a child to get over a high dyke on either side. They had disappeared, and I only regret that I did not try and pass my stick through their bodies to see whether or not they had any substance. Finding that they had gone, I returned to my lady friends, who were quite unnerved, and who, with difficulty, were induced to go out to the end of their journey."

One of his companions, who heard him tell the story at the time, corroborated the fact that it had made a great impression upon those who had seen it. Nothing was ever ascertained as to any woman, child, or Newfoundland dog that had ever been in the district before. When they got to Balloch they inquired of the keeper of the bridge whether a woman, a child, and a dog had passed that way, but he had seen nothing. The apparition had disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared. Its importance lies in the fact that it had been witnessed by three persons, one of whom had sufficient presence of mind to follow the phantoms and speak to them.

THE GHOSTS OF ANIMALS.

This story of the precentor opens up the subject of the out-of-door ghosts, of whom there are a considerable number. They include animals as well as human beings, and, being out of doors, they are frequently discovered by animals before they are discovered by human beings. One of the most curious stories of the out-of-door ghosts is the ghostly herd of red deer which was seen by Lord Elphinstone.

The ghosts of horses are not very numerous, but they exist. Mr. Kendall, in his Diary, has several instances of this kind. Two Cumberland farmers, who had broken their necks in riding home drunk from market, are occasionally seen riding along the high road, and suddenly disappearing on the spot where they met their deaths. There is also a very good story of a spectral pony that was seen on New Year's morning. But the best story of all about a spectral horse is that found in the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society."

A WEIRD STORY FROM THE INDIAN HILLS.

It is told by General Barter, C.B., of Careystown, Whitegate, Co. Cork. At the time he witnessed the spectral cavalcade he was living in the hills in India, and when one evening he was returning home he caught sight of a rider and attendants coming towards him. The rest of the story is in his own words:—

At this time the two dogs came, and, crouching at my side, gave low, frightened whimpers. The moon was at the full—a tropical moon—so bright that you could see to read a newspaper by its light, and I saw the party before me advance as plainly as it were noonday. They were above me some eight or ten feet on the bridle road, the earth thrown down from which sloped to within a pace or two of my feet. On the party came, until almost in front of me, and now I had better describe them. The rider was in full dinner dress, with white waistcoat, and wearing a tall chimney-pot hat, and he sat a powerful hill pony (dark brown, with mane and tail) in a listless sort of way, the reins hanging loosely from both hands. A syce led the pony on each side, but their faces I could not see, the one next to me having his back to me and the one farthest off being hidden by the pony's head. Each held the bridle close by the bit, the man next me with his right and the other with his left hand, and the other hands were on the thighs of the rider, as if to steady him in his seat. As they approached, I, knowing they could not get to any place other than my own, called out in Hindustani "Quon hai?" (who is it?) There was no answer,

and on they came until right in front of me, when I said, in English, "Ho lo, what the d—l do you want here?" Instantly the group came to a halt, the rider gathering the bridle reins up in both hands, turned his face, which had hitherto been looking away from me, towards me, and looked down upon me. The group was still as in a tableau, with the bright moon shining upon it, and I at once recognised the rider as Lieutenant B., whom I had formerly known. The face, however, was different from what it used to be; in the place of being clean shaven, as when I used to know it, it was now surrounded by a fringe (what used to be known as a Newgate fringe), and it was the face of a dead man, the ghastly waxen pallor of it brought out more distinctly in the moonlight by the dark fringe of hair by which it was encircled; the body, too, was much stouter than when I had known it in life.

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

Next morning I went up to D. who belonged to the same regiment as B., and gradually induced him to talk of him. I said, "How very stout he had become lately, and what possessed him to allow his beard to grow into that horrid fringe?" D. replied, "Yes, he became very bloated before his death. You know he led a very fast life, and while on the sick list he allowed the fringe to grow in spite of all that we could say to him, and I believe he was buried with it." I asked him where he got the pony I had seen, describing it minutely. "Why," said D., "how do you know anything about all this? You hadn't seen B. for two or three years, and the pony you never saw. He bought him at Peshawur, and killed him one day riding in his reckless fashion down the hill to Trete."

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

Once, when the galloping sound was very distinct, I rushed to the door of my house. There I found my Hindoo bearer, standing with a tattie in his hand. I asked him what he was there for. He said that there came a sound of riding down the hill, and "passed him like a typhoon," and went round the corner of the house, and he was determined to waylay it, whatever it was. (Vol. v., p. 471.)

That such a story as this can be gravely told by a British General in the present day helps us to understand how our ancestors came to believe in the wonderful story of Herne the Hunter.

GHOSTS IN COUPLES.

Out-of-door ghosts are frequently to be found in couples or even in greater numbers. Here is a story from Mr. Kendall's Diary, in which two apparitions were seen at the same time:—

Mr. S. related a strange case in the experience of a New Connexion minister, particulars of which he was sure he could obtain in writing from the percipient. The Rev. Mr. O., well known to him, now travelling at B., was formerly stationed at Ripon. There was a chapel belonging to the Connexion at Kirby Malzerd. Mr. O. had to preach there one evening and stay at a house outside the village, the way to which was through several fields. A widow and her daughter lived at the house; they were at the meeting, and he walked home

with them. They informed him that in a field which they had to cross the apparitions of two men were to be seen, and that there were ghostly disturbances at the house. As they were going across this field there were the two men. They went before them; there was something about them different from ordinary men. They preceded them up to the house, and then vanished. There was a story of two men having been killed told to account for the apparitions.

Mr. and Mrs. Tenison, living at 215, Uxbridge Road, London, also saw an apparition of two. They write:—

During the summer of 1885 I and my family were stopping at Mrs. Jones's boarding-house, Friog, near Barmouth. On August 18th we (that is I, my wife, son, daughter, and a Miss Green) ascended to the top of Cader Idris. When returning to Friog we lost our way, and it was some time before we got on the right road along the side of the mountain. As we plodded along the sun set, and the moon rose after a time, but was hidden by the hills on our left. The evening was calm and clear, so that all the surrounding objects could be plainly seen. We were walking in two parties, my son, daughter, and Miss Green being of the first, my wife and I of the second, about fifty yards astern. At a sharp turn of the road we lost sight of them for about a minute. When they came into sight again they were accompanied by two male figures having the appearance of peasants or shepherds. I felt glad that we had fallen in with somebody who might be able to tell us of a short cut to Friog, especially as we had been walking several miles without meeting a living soul. As we knew we should have to turn off from the main road a little further on, we did not attempt to join the advanced party, feeling sure they would wait for us at the bye-road. For more than half an hour my son, daughter, and Miss Green, accompanied by the peasant figures, walked on ahead of us, when they became lost to our sight by a curve in the road. When they again became visible, the two peasant figures were gone. We then pushed on and joined them, and asked who their companions had been and what directions they had given. Our questions caused them much surprise, as they were quite unconscious of having had any companions; neither had they seen or heard anything to divert their attention to surrounding objects. After a walk of about four miles from the by-road we got safely back to Friog, a little past ten p.m., nothing having occurred to alarm or disturb us. At Friog we were told such forms or figures were often seen, and that no one could account for them, unless they were the ghosts of people killed in the old time.

The curious thing about these figures is that they were seen by two people at the same time.

A SUICIDE'S GHOST BY THE WAYSIDE.

My concluding story is at least fifty years old. It is sent me by the son of a Cornish poet, who certainly does not allow his tale to suffer in the telling:—

In a certain town in the West of England dwelt Mr. V—, whom I will call William Foster, a young man of ability, acknowledged to be one of the best local preachers in his native country.

One day he received an invitation to preach in a village chapel, being warmly urged to undertake its anniversary services. Readily he acceded to the request, and promised to be present on the date specified, on condition that a horse should be placed at his disposal in the evening to convey him a part of the way home. The loan of a horse being arranged for, Foster prepared to fulfil his promise.

About a week before the Sunday arrived on which he was to go to P—he had a remarkable dream. In his dream he saw himself riding along a moonlit road on a bay horse. Suddenly, without any warning, his horse stopped, and he barely saved himself from falling over the animal's neck. Struggling, he awoke, and found himself in a profuse perspiration. In his imaginary fall over the horse's head, he had acted so vigorously that his good wife was awakened from a sound sleep, and wonderingly asked whether he had

lost his reason. The dream was repeated. This time he clung to the horse's mane, and awoke, as before, in a state of mental disquietude. Again sleeping, he was for the third time visited by the same dream. This time he fell from the horse over his neck on the road. So vividly was the whole circumstance brought thus before his mind, and so exactly did the details correspond, that it was sometime before he could be convinced he had really been dreaming. He thought it very singular. On narrating the dream to his wife, she persuaded him not to go on horseback anywhere again on any account; he would certainly be killed, the dream was a warning. But little did Foster heed his better-half's speculations, and by the time the appointed Sabbath came round he had forgotten his dream altogether. He went and preached, and set off home.

Nothing remarkable occurred for the first half-hour. The moon was shining brightly. By and by the route went straight through a cutting where the hedges were a little higher than ordinary. On arriving at this point he noticed that the horse changed his easy trot into a walking pace, and seemed somewhat uneasy. However, the cutting was passed, and again they were on the moonlit road, which he could see stretching away in front over the undulating hills. Cantering along they had not proceeded far before the animal dropped into a walk again. Encouragement and caresses were vain, walk he would. Suddenly the horse came to a dead halt in the middle of the road. The suddenness of stopping nearly unseated the rider, but he urged the animal forward. The horse was induced to walk on again, although apparently very uneasy.

They had not gone many yards before the horse stopped again so suddenly that he had to clutch the animal's mane to prevent being thrown headlong upon the highway. What was the meaning of such strange behaviour? Then there flashed through his mind the circumstances of his dream. Yes, there were all the accompaniments of his picture—the bay horse, the moonlit road, the sudden stoppages. Surely it was a warning. Twice had the creature halted, and he recollected his dream made him the third time fall head foremost on the road. He got off, and, throwing the bridle over his arm, coaxed the horse to move onward. He noticed that the animal was covered with perspiration, as if after a hard gallop, and that he was trembling violently. Repeatedly, too, he glanced searchingly at the hedges. What could be the matter?

The strange conduct of the horse became yet stranger.

More suddenly than before the animal came to a dead halt. The animal was in deep distress. His nostrils were distended; sweat covered his limbs; his eyes were bent in one direction, with every symptom of terror. Not seeing anything remarkable at first in the direction in which the horse was gazing, Foster tried to urge him onward: in vain! Passing round to the other side of the animal's head, Foster was induced to look more closely towards that portion of the somewhat low hedge which the horse so intently regarded.

There in the moonlight, hanging, bending limp and apparently lifeless over the hedge, was the body of a tall man. With arms outstretched, the figure seemed touching the ground with its fingers, the legs being on the other side of the hedge. What was his horror to see the body move! Slowly, mechanically, the long arms were outstretched, uplifted; the body swayed, up, up; and there in the bright moonlight was the man's face. How ghastly it looked! The glassy eyes were staring at the young man, whose blood seemed chilling in his veins. Motionless, upright as an elm, with outstretched arms, stood the gaunt spectre. Its throat was cut.

There stood the group. The horse terrified; the young man speechless, terror-stricken; and the hideous something seemingly regarding them with his stony gaze, while blood appeared to flow from its lacerated throat. How long he remained Foster could not afterwards tell; but after an interval that seemed an age, the horrible vision began, as slowly and mechanically as before, to bend its erect body forward, until it resumed its former position, hanging over the hedge.

With a mighty effort the young man induced the horse to move on once more, but, on looking back, he was startled again to see the erect figure of the nocturnal spectre—uplifted arms, ghastly features, and blood-red throat. Just as slowly as before, the tall body bent forward; the arms dropped down, down, until some intervening bushes shut out the horrible apparition from view.

The horse seeming more composed, Foster mounted and urged him on rapidly. In due time R—— was reached, and here he found a lad awaiting him to take the horse back to his owner. No such vision was seen by the boy, nor was anything noteworthy remarked in the conduct of the horse during the return journey.

Foster reached home near midnight. Afterwards, he learnt that a man had been murdered on the very spot where he had seen the tall figure.

CHAPTER X.—MY MINISTER.

EVIL SPIRITS AND PHANTASMS WHICH TOUCH.

"... We cannot doubt that evil spirits in some way are always about us; and I had comfort in the feeling that whatever was the need, ordinary or extraordinary, I should have protection against it.

"... How can people say what is or is not natural to evil spirits? What is a grotesque manifestation to us may not be so to them. What do we know about an evil spirit?"—"Life of Cardinal Newman" (Mozley¹ 334).

THIS is a difficult and disagreeable subject, but none of our English ghosts which touch can be compared for a moment with the ghastly horror of the vampire, whose existence is still in Eastern Europe an article of popular faith. Upon that grisly subject there is no need to speak here.

The most remarkable of all the stories which I have heard concerning ghosts which touch is one that reaches me from Darlington. I owe this, as I owe so many of the other narratives in this collection, to the Rev. Henry

station that ever existed. I was there for fifteen years. I used to go on duty about 8 p.m. and come off at 6 a.m. I had been there a little while—perhaps two or three years—and about forty years ago. One night during winter and about 12 o'clock or 12.30, I was feeling rather cold with standing here and there; I said to myself, "I will away down and get something to eat." There was a porters' cellar where a fire was kept on and a coal-house was connected with it. So I went down the steps, took off my overcoat, and had just sat down on the bench opposite the fire and turned up the gas, when a strange man came out of the coal-house, followed by a big black retriever. As soon as he entered my eye was upon him and his eye upon me, and we were intently watching each other as he moved on to the front of the fire. There he stood looking at me, and a curious smile came over his countenance. He had a stand-up collar and a cut-away coat with gilt buttons and a Scotch cap. All at once he struck at me, and I had the impression that he hit me. I up with my fist and struck back at him. My fist seemed to go through him and struck against the stone above the fireplace, and knocked the skin off my knuckles. The men seemed to be struck back into the fire, and uttered a strange unearthly squeak. Immediately the dog gripped me by the calf of my leg, and seemed to cause me pain. The man recovered his position, called off the dog with a sort of click of the tongue, then went back into the coal-house, followed by the dog. I lighted my dark lantern, and looked into the



REV. H. KENDALL.

Kendall, of Darlington, whose painstaking perseverance in the collection of all matters of this kind cannot be too highly praised. Mr. Kendall is a Congregational minister of old standing. He was my pastor when I was editing the *Northern Echo*, and he is the author of a remarkable book, entitled "All the World's Akin." The following narrative is quite unique in its way, and fortunately he was able to get it at first hand from the only living person present on the occasion. Here we have a ghost which not only strikes the first blow, hitting a man fair in the eye, but afterwards sets a ghostly dog upon his victim and then disappears. The narrative, which was signed by Mr. James Durham as lately as December 5th, 1890, is as follows:—

I was night watchman at the old Darlington and Stockton Station at the town of Darlington, a few yards from the first



MR. JAMES DURHAM.

coal-house, but there was neither dog nor man, and no outlet for them except the one by which they had entered.

I was satisfied that what I had seen was ghostly and it accounted for the fact that when the man had first come into the place where he was sat I had not challenged him with any inquiry. Next day and for several weeks my account caused quite a commotion, and a host of people spoke to me about it; among the rest old Edward Pease, father of railways, and his three sons, John, Joseph, and Henry. Old Edward sent for me to his house and asked me all particulars. He and others put this question to me, "Are you sure you were not asleep and had the nightmare?" My answer was quite sure, for I had not been a minute in the cellar and was just going to get something to eat. I was certainly not under the influence of strong drink, for I was then, as I have been now for forty-nine years, a teetotaler. My mind at the time was perfectly free from trouble.

What increased the excitement was the fact that a man



EDWARD PEASE.
Father of the Railway.

a number of years before, who was employed in the office of the station, had committed suicide, and his body had been carried into this very cellar. I knew nothing of this circumstance, nor of the body of the man, but Mr. Pease and others who had known him, told me my description exactly corresponded to his appearance and the way he dressed, and also that he had a black retriever just like the one which gripped me. I should add that no mark or effect remained on the spot where I seemed to be seized.

(Signed) JAMES DURHAM.

December 9th, 1890.

Commenting upon this case Mr. Kendall says:—

Mr. Durham has attended my church for a quarter of a century, and I have testimony going back that length of time to the effect that he has given the same account of the extraordinary experience. It is a long time since he retired

from the post of night watchman, and he has since become a wealthy man. He is one of the strongest men I have met with, able to do his forty miles a day, walking and running with the hounds, and not feel stiff the day after. He takes great pleasure in country life, and is a close observer of the objects which belong to it, walking and fishing forming his principal occupations. I forwarded his strange narrative to Prof. Sidgwick, the president of the S.P.R., who expressed a wish for fuller assurance that Mr. Durham was not asleep at the time of the vision. I gave in reply the following four reasons for believing that he was awake:—First, he was accustomed as watchman to be up all night, and, therefore, not likely from that cause to feel sleepy. Secondly, he had scarcely been a minute in the cellar, and, feeling hungry, was just going to get something to eat. Thirdly, if he was asleep at the beginning of the vision, he must have been awake enough during the latter part of it when he had knocked the skin off his knuckles. Fourthly, there is his own confident testimony. I strongly incline to the opinion that there was an objective cause for the vision, and that it was genuinely apparitional. At the same time I see that it was shaped and coloured to some extent by the percipient's own temperament, as apparitions often are. Mr. Durham, with the habit of a watchman, when he sees anything in the least degree suspicious, is immediately on the alert, doubtful and inquiring till he obtains satisfaction; and it is significant that when the apparition entered the cellar they immediately eyed each other and continued doing so all the time, while the apparition moved on to the front of the fire.

Again, Mr. D. is a believer in physical force, prompt, decisive, not disposed to brook any delay, but wishing a man to come to the point with him there and then; and it corresponds with the quality in him that the man all at once struck out at him, and that he struck back again, and that the dog gripped him, and was then called off and immediately retired with his master. It is the only instance which I remember in which an apparition attempted to injure, and even in this solitary instance there was no real harm done.

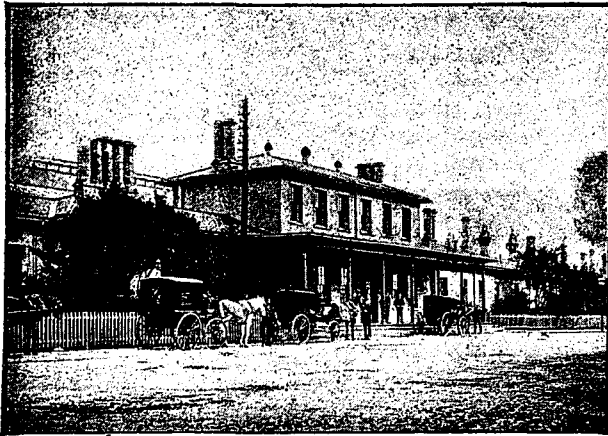
Writing on October 22nd, this year, Mr. Kendall says:—

To-day I have visited the scene of the battle with the ghost, under the guidance of an old official who was at the North Road Station during all the period in question. The porters' room down the steps is still there, and the coal house and even the gas bracket. A person could get out of the coal house if he tried. My guide remembers the clerk who committed suicide, and he showed me the place where he shot himself with a pistol. His name was Winter. He left a wife, but no children. He was no doubt in trouble, from which he fled by suicide. He dressed and had a dog as described. The explanation accepted by the stationmaster and men at the time was that Mr D. had had a five-minutes' nap. This was, of course a gratuitous supposition on their part as they were not there, and Mr. D. who was declares he was wide awake. Even if he had dozed, there would still remain the remarkable correspondence between what was seen and the habits of the suicide when living, and which were unknown to the percipient.

Three days later Mr. Kendall wrote me again, sending a plan of the scene of this strange nocturnal combat. The fireplace is now bricked up, and this is the only change. He writes:—

After looking at both sides, I must say the accuracy of Mr. D.'s account seems to remain unimpeached, though, of course, it is not evidential after the high standard of the Psychical Society. A strong, sober man is likely to know whether he was asleep or not at such a crisis.

One objection has been made to this effect: Mr. D. had a cabin at the level crossing, and there was his post. What was he doing down in the porters' room at the station? But it was long since he left the crossing. For fifteen years he was watchman at the station and round about it, and during that time the porters' room was his proper place if he wanted to sit down by a fire and take some refreshment.



VIEW OF THE STATION.

The room is not used by the porters now. The station is homely and old-fashioned, but interesting as successor of the first that ever was, which was a few yards away across the Durham Road. The No. 1 engine, run on the day of opening, with George Stephenson as driver, stands in front, exposed to wind and weather.

A RUSSIAN GHOST.

Mr. W. D. Addison, who dates from Riga, sends me the following curious personal experience of a struggle with a ghost, which may be read as a pendant to the fight with the ghost at Darlington:—

It was in February, 1884, that the incidents which I am about to relate occurred to me, and the story is well known to my immediate friends.

Five weeks previously my wife had presented me with our first baby, and our house being a small one, I had to sleep on a bed made up in the drawing-room, a spacious but cosy apartment, and the last place one would expect ghosts to select for their wanderings.

On the night in question I retired to my couch soon after ten, and fell asleep almost the moment I was between the sheets.

Instead of, as I am thankful to say is my habit, sleeping straight through till morning, I woke up after a short, dreamless sleep with the dim consciousness upon me that some one had called me by name. I was just turning the idea over in my mind when all doubts were solved by my hearing my name pronounced in a faint whisper, "Willy." Now the nurse, who was in attendance on the baby, and who slept in the dressing room adjoining our bedroom, had been ill for the past few days, and on the previous evening my wife had come and asked me to assist her with the baby. As soon, therefore, as I heard this whisper, I turned round, thinking, "Ah! it is the baby again."

The room had three windows in it, the night was moonless but starlit, there was snow on the ground, and, therefore, "snowlight," and the blinds being up the room was by no means dark.

The first thing I noticed on turning round was the figure of a woman close to the foot of my bed, and which, following the bent of my thoughts, I supposed was my wife, "What is up?" I asked, but the figure remained silent and motionless, and, my eyes being more accustomed to the dimness, I noticed that it had a grey-looking shawl over its head and shoulders, and that it was too short of stature to be my wife. I gazed at it silently, wondering who it could be; apparitions and ghosts were far from my thoughts, and the mistiness of the outlines of this silent figure did not strike me at the moment as it did afterwards.

I again addressed it, this time in the language of the country, "What do you want?" Again no answer. And

now it occurred to me that our servant girl sometimes walked in her sleep, and that this was she. Behind the head of my bed stood a small table, and I reached round for the match-box which was on it, never removing my eyes from the supposed somnambulist. The match-box was now in my hands, but just as I was taking out a lucifer, the figure, to my astonishment, seemed to rise up from the floor and move backwards towards the end window, at the same time it faded rapidly, and became blurred with the grey light streaming in at the window, and ere I could strike the match it was gone. I lighted the candle, jumped out of bed and ran to the door, it was fastened; to the left of the drawing-room there was a boudoir, separated only by a curtain, this room was empty too, and the door likewise fastened.

I rubbed my eyes, I was puzzled. It struck me now for the first time that the figure from the beginning had been hazy-looking, also that my wife was the only person who called me "Willy," and certainly the only person who could give the name its English pronunciation. I first searched both drawing-room and boudoir, and then, opening the door stepped into the passage, and went to my wife's door and listened. The baby was crying, and my wife was up, so I knocked and was admitted. Knowing her to be strong-minded and not nervous, I quietly related my experience. She expressed astonishment, and asked me if I was not afraid to return to my bed in the drawing-room. However, I was not, and after chatting for a few moments went back to my quarters, fastened the door, and getting into bed, thought the whole matter over again quietly. I could think of no explanation of the occurrence, and feeling sleepy, blew out the light and was soon sound asleep again.

After a short but sound and dreamless slumber I was again awake, this time with my face towards the middle window; and there, close up against it, was the figure again, and, owing to its propinquity to the light, it appeared to be a very dark object.

I at once reached out for the matches, but in doing so upset the table, and down it went with the candlestick, my watch, keys, etc., making a terrific crash. As before, I had kept my eyes fixed on the figure, and I now observed that, whatever it was, it was advancing straight towards me, and in another moment retreat to the door would be cut off. It was not a comfortable idea to cope with the unknown in the dark, and in an instant I had seized the bed-clothes, and grasping a corner of them in each hand and holding them up before me I charged straight at the figure. (I suppose I thought that by smothering the head of my supposed assailant I could best repel the coming attack.)

The next moment I had landed on my knees on a sofa by the window with my arms on the window-sill, and with the consciousness that "it" was now behind me, I having passed through it. With a bound I faced round, and was immediately immersed in a darkness impalpable to the touch, but so dense that it seemed to be weighing me down and squeezing me from all sides. I could not stir, the bedclothes which I had seized as described hung over my left arm, the other was free, but seemed pressed down by a benumbing weight. I essayed to cry for help, but realised for the first time in my life what it means for the tongue to cleave to the roof of the mouth; my tongue seemed to have become dry and to have swelled to a thickness of some inches; it stuck to the roof of my mouth, and I could not ejaculate a syllable. At last, after an appalling struggle, I succeeded in uttering, and I knew that disjointed words, half prayer, half execrations of fear, left my lips, then my mind seemed to make one frantic effort, there seemed to come a wrench like an electric shock, and my limbs were free; it was as if I tore myself out of something. In a few seconds I had reached and opened the door and was in the passage listening to the hammerings of my heart-beats. All fear was gone from me, but I felt as though I had run miles for my life and that another ten yards of it would have killed me.

I again went to the door of my wife's room, and hearing that she was up with the baby, I knocked and she opened. She is a witness to the state I was in, the drops were pouring

down my face, my hair was damp, and the beatings of my heart were audible some paces off.

I can offer no explanations of what I saw, but as soon as my story became known, the people who had occupied the house previously told us that they had once put up a visitor in that same drawing-room who had declared the room to be haunted and refused to stay in it.

The previous summer, while staying at the seaside, we had left a respectable staid old woman as caretaker, and she now came forward with the story that one evening in June of that year (1888), as she was fastening up the windows of this drawing-room before going to bed, something which she could not describe passed through the room, and at the same moment an indescribable panic seized her, causing her to flee headlong from the room. So alarmed was she that she went outside the house, and dared not re-enter it, but as she could not leave it unprotected she sat on the door step all night.

I may state that the drawing-room is 35 ft. from the ground, and so there is no question of the appearances in question being the shadows of passers-by; moreover, the house is in private grounds, the gate of which is closed at night, and in possession of a watchman.

I had better conclude by saying that I am not nervous, and often have occasion to sleep in a large empty house with not even a servant in it. I do not suffer from any affection of the heart, and am perfectly sound in every way. Friends who have listened to my tale have invariably favoured me with some kind explanation of their own, but not one of which met the case. Some said, "Nightmare"! My story distinctly disproves anything of the sort. I woke up quietly, thinking I had been called by name, and when the call was repeated I turned round thinking my wife wanted me to help her with the baby. When, too, I saw the strange figure, I did not immediately think—"Hollo, here is a ghost," but reasoned to myself that it must be the servant walking in her sleep; in fact, all through the first experience I was clear-headed and calm, and even when the figure vanished I still sought for some ordinary explanation of the occurrence.

I know that people sometimes wake up suddenly in the night in an unaccountable state of fear, but which lasts only a few moments while they are collecting their thoughts which have been disturbed by some dream which, perhaps, they cannot even call to mind.

Some friends who study neither almanack nor sky argued that it was the shadow of a cloud passing over the moon, but there was no moon in the sky that night.

As for my food on the evening in question, I had dined at 6.30 on clear soup, roast mutton, and apple soufflé, washed down with half a bottle of Lager beer and topped by a single glass of sherry.

In the evening before turning in I had been reading "Charles O'Malley" over again for the second time.

W. D. ADDISON.

MY ASTROLOGER'S EXPERIENCE.

Ghosts that strike are fortunately comparatively rare. But they are not unknown.

In my wide and varied circle I happen to enjoy the acquaintance of an astrologer whose speciality consists in reading the stars. I was able to do him a little service many years ago, and since then he has kindly charged himself with keeping an eye on my horoscope and sending me, quite unsolicited on my part, from time to time, warnings and counsels based upon the conjunction of the planets. I may, therefore, consider myself, in some fashion, in the same position as an Eastern rajah who always counts an astrologer as one of the indispensable members of his staff. My astrologer has made several remarkable hits. I hear nothing from him for months together, when suddenly I receive a letter informing me that a certain danger is impending, or that some deliverance is at hand, that an event has happened or is about to happen in my family about which he could not possibly have had any information. This, however, by the way; I only mention it in order to

introduce what he has to say upon the subject of apparitions that can be felt. Thinking that possibly his devotion to the stars might not preclude him having any acquaintance with the phenomena, I asked him whether he had any hallucinations to report. He sent me a pretty considerable budget gleaned during a very active life spent in campaigns on sea and land. The only item which I will now mention is that he declares that during his last visit to America he was repeatedly struck in the face by an invisible hand. Two or three blows would fall upon his eyes when just about to go to sleep. Occasionally the invisible assailant would finish up the assault by a heavy blow in the abdomen. He consulted a clairvoyant, and was told that the spirit was the ghost of an old Irish woman who believed that she had a grudge against him. This, of course, seems to be purely subjective and hallucinatory. I only mention it as indicative of the kind of troubles, imaginary or otherwise, which seem to come upon those who deal in matters to which ordinary practical people give a wide berth. On another occasion he maintains that when his child died on April 23rd, 1888, he was beset by an apparition which he identified as the spirit of the child's grandmother, who seized him by the shoulders behind and shook him vigorously, while a voice sounded in his ears saying, "Who, who, who!"

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

Fantastic as the experience of my astrologer may appear, and unworthy of even passing notice, the phenomenon of being touched or grasped by a ghost is by no means unusual. Here, for instance, is a very curious story sent me by Major C. G. MacGregor, who writes from Donaghadee, County Down, Ireland. Major MacGregor is not a believer in ghosts, and, according to his own account, is without any physical fear or nervousness. He has furnished me with the names and addresses necessary to complete the story, which is as follows:—

In the end of the year 1871 I went over from Scotland to make a short visit to a relative living in a square on the north side of Dublin.

In January, 1872, the husband of my relative, then in his eighty-fourth year, took paralysis, and having no trained nurse the footman and I sat up with him for sixteen nights during his recovery. On the seventeenth night at about 11.30 p.m., I said to the footman, "The master seems so well, and sleeping soundly, I shall go to bed; and if he awake worse or you require me, call me." I then retired to my room, which was over the one occupied by the invalid.

I went to bed and was soon asleep, when some time afterwards I was awakened by a push on the left shoulder. I was at the time lying on my right side facing the door (which was on the right side of my bed, and the fireplace on the left). I started up and said, "Edward, is there anything wrong?" I received no answer, but immediately received another push. I got annoyed, and said, "Can you not speak, man, and tell me if anything is wrong?" Still no answer, and I had a feeling I was going to get another push, when I suddenly turned round and caught (what I then thought) a human hand, warm, soft, and plump. I said, "Who are you?" but I got no answer. I then tried to pull the person towards me, to endeavour to find out who it was, but although I was nearly thirteen stone I could not move whoever it was, but felt I myself was likely to be drawn from the bed. I then said, "I will know who you are," and having the hand tight in my right hand, with my left I felt the wrist and arm, e-closed, as it seemed to me, in a tight sleeve of some winter material with a linen cuff, but when I got to the elbow all trace of an arm ceased. I was so astonished I let the hand go, and just then the house clock struck 2 a.m. I then thought no one could possibly get to the door without my catching them; but, lo! the door was fast shut as when I

came to bed, and another thing struck me, when I pulled the hand I heard no one breathing, though I myself was puffed from the strength I used.

Including the mistress of the house, there were five females, and I can assert the hand belonged to no one of them. When I related the adventure the servants exclaimed, "Oh, it must be the master's old aunt Betty, who had lived for many years in the upper part of that house, occupying two rooms, and had died over fifty years before, at a great age." I afterwards learned that the room in which I felt the hand had been considered haunted, and many curious noises and peculiar incidents occurred, such as the bed-clothes torn off. One lady got a slap in the face from some invisible hand, and when she lighted her candle she saw as if something opaque fell or jumped off the bed. A general officer, a brother of the lady, slept there two nights, but he preferred going to an hotel to remaining a third. He never would say what he heard or saw, but always said the room was uncanny. I slept for months in that room afterwards, and was never in the least disturbed. I never knew what nervousness was in my life, and only regretted my astonishment caused me to let go the hand before finding out the purpose of the visit. Whether it was meant for a warning or not, I may add the old gentleman lived three years and six months afterwards.

AN EERIE STORY FROM THE SHETLANDS.

Mr. Athol Murray sends me a curious tale from the very far North, which is unique in its way. I do not quote it as having any evidential value, but only as a sample of the narratives repeated in good faith by the superstitious inhabitants of these remote islands. Mr. Athol Murray's story is to this effect: that one day in 1830, a fisherman of the name of Grey found that when returning from fishing his boat stopped without any apparent cause. In vain he strained at the oars; it would not move a foot. He looked over the prow, thinking he might have got entangled in seaweed, but the water was clear. He thought he might have struck on a hidden shoal and rocked the boat. She rocked freely, showing there was water under her keel. Grey then looked over the stern, and to his horror he saw a man, whom he knew had been dead for six months, holding on to the stern post. This man was one with whom he had had some little quarrel, and Grey besought him to free the boat, saying that he had hoped that death would have cancelled all enmity between them. Without replying, the man still held on, and at last, in despair, Grey took his axe and hacked off the stern post, when the boat at once shot forward. The man, however, cried out that Grey and he should meet again in six weeks. Grey, in great fear, hastened home and told his family and friends of the occurrence. In six weeks, at the exact time the dead man had named, Grey was found in the morning dead in bed. A son of Robert Grey, who saw the mutilated boat come in, was, at any rate as late as 1875, keeping a sailor's boarding-house in Antwerp; but there are many in the Shetland Isles who well remember the circumstances, and seeing the boat with the stern post cut off.

THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND.

I have received many strange communications, but the following, which was sent me by Mr. J. McDowall, of 48, Clyde Street, Calton, Glasgow, is one of the strangest, both from the narrative itself and the voucher which accompanies it. The voucher signed by Mr. McDowall is as follows:—

This short sketch I believe to be literally true on the ground of my grandmother's word. My mother was conversant with the matter from her youth, with hearing her mother tell the story. I am myself a spiritualist, and for many years I have

enjoyed open communion with the spirit world by means of a clairvoyant whom I put to sleep, when the other world becomes as visible to him then as this world is to our ordinary senses. I only wish to say that through this clairvoyant I sent for the spirit of my grandmother, and read to her a first draft of this sketch. She corrected it in one or two points, and said that it is correct.

Here is the communication:—

About the middle of the first decade of this century, there lived in the little seaport town of Girvan, in south Ayrshire, a young man and his sister; they were warmly attached to each other. My grandmother, from whom I heard their story, was intimately acquainted with the young woman. The brother followed the precarious and dangerous avocation of the fisher, and our story begins with the loss of his life by the swamping of his boat in a storm.

For a week or two his sister was inconsolable; her mind dwelt in imagination on the loved form of her brother tossed amongst the weeds and ooze on the bed of the ocean, the food for fishes, and the dwelling place for creeping things.

One night, about a fortnight after the sad accident, there came to the town in the pursuit of his calling, a pedlar; he sought and obtained lodgings for the night, and had for a bedfellow a native of the town.

Whether he had informed the pedlar of the sad event or no, I could not say, but any way the pedlar could not get to sleep for a persistent dream or vision, which anon turned up as he was on the point of falling off to sleep. In the vision he saw a stretch of rocky shore, and, oh, horror! amongst the rocks, and rising and falling as the waves advanced or receded, was the mutilated form of a man. He awoke his companion and told him the dream, the physical characteristics of which were conspicuous because of a hill which rose up almost from the shore. His bedfellow, being a native of the place, identified the description with a place on the beach about half a mile north of the harbour, and when daylight broke together they went to the place, and found the dream confirmed by finding the body of a man, much decomposed, and with the right hand missing. The body was identified as that of the young woman's brother; and if the vague imaginings of her mind put daggers into the hands of her grief, the spectacle of the mutilated form of her brother drove them home to her very heart. The loss of the hand seemed to give point and force to her sorrow; her mind, perhaps, was entangled in the labyrinths of a physical resurrection, and could not see how the missing hand was to be restored. Anyway, ever and anon, she would burst out into a fit of weeping, wringing her own hands, and bewailing the loss of her brother's hand.

This continued for about a week, until one night, preparatory to going to bed, she had undressed; but before she had got into bed, overcome by the force of her emotions, she threw her face on the pillow and burst out weeping, and bemoaning the lost hand, but scarcely had she done so when, with a cry of fear, she sprang from the bed.

Her cries soon brought the other inmates of the house to her room, and when questioned, she informed them that when she had thrown herself on the bed, she felt some one give her a slap on the back, as if with the open hand; and that the place where she was struck was still pricking from the effects of the blow, and put her hand over her shoulder to point out the place she was struck.

They examined the place, and over the shoulder blade, in livid blue, was the impression of a man's right hand.

48, Clyde Street, Calton, Glasgow. J. McDOWALL.

Mr. Thomas Mayfield, of Godmanchester, Hants, sends me the following account of a ghost with a very disagreeable method of making its presence felt:—

Charles Mayfield was sleeping in the Bell at Stukeley, three miles from Huntingdon, in the year 1833. In the night my father felt some one pulling the bedclothes off, and looking up saw the landlord tugging away at the bedclothes. Upon being spoken to the apparition vanished, and afterwards my father discovered that the landlord, Joseph Kendall, died in the next room at that hour.

THE GRASP OF A SPECTRAL HAND.

In this connection I will only quote a single case from the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society." It is a very remarkable one, because the ghost in this case was minus the middle finger, and was unknown to the person whom he touched :—

We went up-stairs together, I being perhaps a couple of steps behind my friend, when, on reaching the topmost step, I felt something suddenly slip behind me from an unoccupied room to the left of the stairs. Thinking it must be imagination, no one being in the house except the widow and servant, who occupied rooms on another landing, I did not speak to my friend, who turned off to a room on the right, but walked quickly into my room, which faced the staircase, still feeling as though a tall figure was bending over me. I turned on the gas, struck a light, and was in the act of applying it when I felt a heavy grasp in my arm of a hand minus the middle finger. Upon this I uttered a loud cry, which brought my friend, the widow lady, and the servant girl, into the room to inquire the cause of my alarm. The two latter turned very pale on hearing the story. The house was thoroughly searched, but nothing was discovered.

Some weeks passed, and I had ceased to be alarmed at the occurrence, when I chanced to mention it whilst spending the afternoon with some friends. A gentleman asked me if I had ever seen a description or seen a "carte" of the lady's late husband. On receiving a reply in the negative, he said, singularly enough he was tall, had a slight stoop, and had lost the middle finger of his hand. On my return I inquired of the servant, who had been in the family from childhood, if such were the case, and learned that it was quite correct, and that she (the girl) had once, when sleeping in the same room, been awakened by feeling some one pressing down her kness, and on opening her eyes she saw her late master by the bedside, on which she fainted, and had never dared to enter the room after dusk since. I did not see anything. I may say that I am not in the least nervous or superstitious, had been reading nothing of an excitable character, and whilst walking up-stairs had my mind occupied in conjectures as to whether the key of my watch was up-stairs or down. I had slept in the room for eight months and never before experienced anything of the kind. (Vol. v. p. 465.)

Mr. Robert Cooper, of Eastbourne, sends me the following story of another ghostly hand :—

When I was young, in the family with whom I lived was a young woman, a cousin of mine, who was what would now be called a "medium"—she had an intimation of some kind of the death of any member of the family. These she called "death-tokens." I remember, on one occasion, when she went to fetch some coals, she suddenly returned without the coals or scuttle, and sank back in a chair, covering up her face with her hands. After she had somewhat recovered she said that while in the act of scooping up the coals a cold white hand was placed on hers. At this time an aunt of hers died. On another occasion she was taken by the shoulders and turned round, when she saw the form of her grandmother, sister to the aunt above mentioned. It was found afterwards that she died at the time in another part of the town. These two old ladies kept the principal post office when Eastbourne was little better than a large village.

In Mr. Kendall's Diary I find the remarkable case of a lady at Ryton-on-Tyne, who was lying awake in bed at about three or four o'clock in the morning, when a hand grasped hers, putting its fingers between hers. She tried to free herself, but when she did so the mysterious hand grasped hers more tightly. It was quite cold like a dead hand. She could trace it up to the elbow, but there was nothing beyond. She specially noticed the beautiful pattern of the sleeve of the nightgown. She did not feel at all alarmed, and woke her sister and told her what had happened. The

next day she heard of the death of a friend which had occurred at the moment the spectral hand grasped hers. The moment she heard of the news she said, "Then it was his hand I held last night." Her sister confirms her, but there does not seem to be any conclusive reason for identifying the dead hand with that of her deceased acquaintance.

Mrs. Caudwell sends me the following experience which she says she is ready to swear to as having occurred to herself :—

It was in June of the year 1878. I was lying awake, it being a lovely moonlight night. I was watching a few fleecy clouds passing over the moon, when I felt the curtain of my bed move. I was rather alarmed, but had courage to turn my face and see the cause, when I distinctly saw and felt a hand laid on my forehead, and the words "Tilly, Tilly," my name, distinctly uttered in the voice of my dead aunty, who passed away a year before, June 17th, 1877, in her ninety-third year.

SOME PLEASANTER TOUCHES.

I will close this chapter with some more agreeable experiences. All the way from Jerusalem a lady sends me an account of a hallucination of touch which was distinctly of a pleasurable nature :—

About seven years ago I was in great trouble, and away from all near friends. One night, on retiring to rest, I was oppressed with a sense of my utter loneliness. About two or three o'clock I awoke, and was immediately conscious of some one standing at my head, and gently stroking my hair in a caressing manner, such as two dear friends, then dead, had been in the habit of doing. I felt no surprise nor fear, only a feeling of being loved and helped, and great comfort came to my sad heart. Then it ceased; and only then I began to wonder who or what it was.

Mrs. Woodcock has had a similar pleasant experience, although in this case it was not a stroking of the hair, but a mother's kiss. Her narrative is as follows :—

My mother died on June 25th, 1879, at Driffeld, in Yorkshire. Her death was a peculiarly painful one, and a great blow to us all. The same month in which she died we removed to Hull. In October of the same year I was suddenly awakened by feeling her kiss me on my mouth, and she smiled so sweetly, just as she used to do in life, and said "Get up, Sophia." It was all so very natural that it was quite two minutes before I realised that my mother had been dead four months. As soon as she had spoken those three words she turned to go into her own bedroom, or what would have been her own bedroom if she had lived to go to Hull with us. I raised myself upon my elbow and watched her go down two short steps, then up five broader ones, along a few feet of landing, open her bedroom door, and shut it; all done naturally and deliberately. She had on her nightgown and a wrap thrown over her shoulders just exactly as a mother does look when she is popping about into her children's rooms in the early morning. Almost instantly I awoke my sister Mary, who slept with me, and told her that mother had been to our bedside; but it agitated her very much, she being a remarkably nervous girl, and she tried to persuade me I had been dreaming, but I can never think so; and it has been a great comfort to me to dwell upon that supernatural (in one sense) though most perfectly natural visit (in another).

A great friend of mine, with whom I was discussing the question, informed me that at the moment when her father died—at a distance of some hundred miles—she was conscious of his presence with her; she felt as if he had taken her in his arms as he used to do when she was a little child, and a feeling of inexpressible joy filled her heart.

CHAPTER XI.—A PARTING WORD.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—HAMLET, act i. sc. 5.

THAT quotation is the most hackneyed in the language. That is why I have used it. I have hardly found one individual to whom I have told the "Real Ghost Stories" who has not taken refuge in Shakespeare's familiar couplet. The tritest reflection is the most general. But the perusal of "Real Ghost Stories" may convert what has hitherto been but a meaningless phrase into a solid and abiding conviction.

If this be the case, the reader will ask, what are these "more things"? If he does not ask it, the phrase for him is still only a phrase with no soul in it. For if it be a fact that, as our other great poet affirms,

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both while we wake and when we sleep,

it is impossible not to feel a natural and healthy curiosity as to what these creatures may be. Nor do I think it is possible to read all the evidence massed within the covers of this Christmas Number without having a deeper sense of the reality and the nearness of the Invisible World borne in upon the mind.

The net result of the study of the most fascinating subjects, if I test it by its effect upon my own mind, cannot fail to be for good and almost only for good. I began the compilation of this volume somewhat lightly, little dreaming that I should close it with so serious a sense of the enormous importance of the subject, and so deep a conviction as to the results likely to follow a revolution in the attitude of the popular mind towards the phenomena of the occult world. These results are both scientific and religious, and between them they include almost the entire range of human thought.

Without claiming that any finally conclusive demonstration has yet been afforded us of any of the phenomena described in the foregoing chapters—from telepathy to the return of the ghosts of the dead—there seems to be indubitably sufficient testimony to justify a suspension of that popular judgment which hitherto has been so definitely hostile to the hypothesis of the objective reality of these phantasmal apparitions. All that I claim is, not that any one should admit that apparitions actually appear, but only that the evidence in favour of that hypothesis is too strong to justify any impartial person in refusing to consider and to investigate. That attitude of mind is irrational, and therefore unscientific; and as this prides itself upon being a scientific age, it may be hoped that the initiative so boldly taken by Professor Oliver Lodge at the last meeting of the British Association may be resolutely and persistently followed up. Of one thing we can fortunately feel no doubt. When scientific men include the unexplored region in the domain of their investigations, they will not make the silly complaint that no phenomena are genuine because there is an enormous overgrowth of pseudo-phenomena due to fraud and folly. Practical men never refuse to mine for gold, although, in order to extract an ounce of the precious metal, they have to crush a ton of worthless quartz. The proportion of genuine to merely imaginary or fraudulent phenomena is certainly not so small as that which exists between the pure metal and the reefs of auriferous stone in Australia, California, or the Transvaal. Neither will men of science object on the score that many of the phenomena are in themselves trivial and sometimes almost imbecile. They will remember the ridicule the

scientists of his day poured upon Galvani for his experiments with frogs, and they will reflect that "the frogs dancing-master," together with one Benjamin Franklin, who experimented with kites on Boston Common, are to-day revolutionising the mechanical world. The objection, that if there had been anything in these occult manifestations it would not have been left to us to find it out, will not even occur to those who remember that water had hissed when boiling into steam since fire and water first came together, but it was not till last century that James Watt saw in the power that lifted the kettle-lid the motor of commerce and the sceptre of civilisation. Telepathy, or thought transference without the use of the organs of sense, may be destined to play as great a part in the world as steam and electricity. That remains to be seen, and one solid practical good that will come out of this Number will be the impetus which it will give to telepathic experiments. Anything that increases the mastery of mind over the limitations of matter and space tends to the upward evolution of Man.

After telepathy, the most practically useful truth that is suggested by the "Real Ghost Stories" is that of the existence of the Double. This ancient belief bids fair to be scientifically demonstrated as an actual fact. The day when a Double is photographed under test conditions will mark the dawn of a new era of scientific discovery. The instantaneous transportation of the Thought Body, instinct with consciousness, tangible, capable of speech, and preserving memory of its flight from place to place, is a conception so stupendous as to stagger the most daring imagination. It is as if we were transported into space of four dimensions. Yet who can read the record of the appearance of Doubles, both before death and at other times, without feeling that the possibility of such latent powers existing in at least some human beings can no longer be dismissed as unthinkable? Whether or not the experiments which I am conducting with a Double turn out successfully or not—they were not concluded in time for publication in this Number—there seems to me sufficient evidence to justify a belief that in these phantasms of the living we have a clue to a great and as yet unworked mine of latent human capacity, which, if, like all other human faculties, it be capable of development by education and exercise, may yet prove an enormous agency in transforming society.

The importance of the Double from a theological point of view was long ago recognised by the Fathers of the Church. Of this there is a familiar instance in the story told by S. Augustine about his friend Gennadius, a physician well-known at Carthage, who had a vision of a young man who conveyed him to a distant city, where he showed him many things. He appeared to him again at a later date, and was greeted by Gennadius, who reminded him of their former meeting. "Where is your body now?" the apparition inquired. "In my bed." "Do you know that now you see nothing with the eyes of your body?" "I know it." "Well, then, with what eyes do you behold me?" As Gennadius hesitated and knew not what to reply, the young man said to him, "In the same way that you see and hear me now that your eyes are shut and your senses asleep, thus after your death you will live, see, hear, but with

eyes of the spirit, so doubt not that there is another life after the present one."

It is rather curious to learn that this strange, incredible, and altogether preposterous phenomenon of the Double, if established, will merely be the scientific verification in the nineteenth century of the old Catholic doctrine of Bi-Location. When engaged in writing this chapter a German Doctor of Divinity, who had been on a mission to the United States, arrived in London on his way back to the Vatican. I had known him two or three years ago before he had entered holy orders while he was still studying at Rome. Learned, enthusiastic, and keenly intelligent, he listened with polite attention to the discussion of the so-called Thought Body. Then he said, "All this has been settled long ago. Why are you disturbing yourselves about it?" "Now, how," said I, "and when?" "If you will read the Roman Catechism, or the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, or even the Decrees of the Council of Trent, you will find that the Church has spoken, and there is nothing more to be said." "Well, what has the Church said about astral bodies?" I said, rather curiously. "The teaching of the Church is that the phenomenon of bi-location is not natural, but is occasionally permitted by special grace, as in the case of certain well-known saints, or sometimes for other inscrutable reasons which are less advantageous to those who are the recipients of the favour, which is not natural, but distinctly supernatural. There you have a case of this phenomenon of the Thought Body recorded in the history of the Church in connection with two of her most famous saints. Francesco Mariani tells us, in his *Life of Loyola*, that

at the time that Ignatius was living at Rome, he appeared to Leonardo Clesselis at Cologne. Leonardo was a Fleming, and an aged holy man, who was the first rector of the college in that city, and who governed it a long time with great reputation of sanctity. He had a most fervent desire again to see the holy father, and to have the happiness of speaking with him; he informed him of this desire in a letter, and begged, as a great favour, that he might journey over the 300 leagues which lay between them on foot. Ignatius answered that the welfare of others required his stay at Cologne, so that he must not move, but that perhaps it might please God to content him in some easier way. While he still remained at Cologne, one day when he was not asleep, the holy father showed himself to him alive and held a long conversation with him. He then disappeared and left the old man full of the greatest joy at the accomplishment of his desires in so marvellous a way.

"S. Athanasius—in his *Life of S. Anthony*—relates that while that saint was preaching in the Cathedral (presumably of Milan) he suddenly became entranced and on his return to consciousness stated that he had been attending the funeral of S. Martin, of Tours, who, it was afterwards ascertained, had died at the time."

"Then," said I, "may I take it for granted on your authority that the Catholic Church has stamped its *imprimatur* upon the doctrine of the dual body?" "Not upon the doctrine of the dual body," said the theologian, "but upon the doctrine of bi-location." "Which," said I, "is the same thing?" "No, not quite," he said. "So near as to make no matter," said I. "But tell me, does bi-location allow the bi-located person to be intelligently conscious in both places at the same time?" "No," said the doctor, "because the soul is one and not two." "But what about our dual personality?" "That is all nonsense. The so-called dual personality is simply two phases of the one personality. No sound, sane psychologist, from the days of Aristotle to our own, has ever advocated such a figment as the duality of the soul. There may be on

rare occasions, by divine grace permitted, a duality of body, but a duality of soul, no, that is impossible!"

The third benefit from this study has been the wonderful actuality which it gives to the familiar text, which says, "There is nothing hidden which shall not be revealed, and that the secrets of the innermost chamber will be proclaimed upon the housetops." The great invisible camera obscura on which there seems to be imprinted, as imperishably as in a mirror, all the words and acts of our life, what is it but the semblance of the books which, it is written, shall be opened at the Day of Judgment? The clairvoyant vision of things past as if they had been actually in progress, and of things thousands of miles distant as if they had been in the street below our windows, give one a wonderfully vivid realisation of the possibilities of the great day of final account.

The greatest gain, however, that is likely to accrue from the study of the phenomena to which this volume is devoted, will arise from the deepened certainty which it gives as to the permanence of the individual after death. Of immortality I say nothing. That cannot, from the nature of things, be demonstrated. But of a life after death—a life in which those who live on this side of the grave retain their identity in the other world—that may yet be demonstrated by tests as exact and as conclusive as any of which the science of psychology admits. The evidence and experiments of the Psychical Research Society have already shattered, for one at least of our acutest scientific minds, all purely materialistic hypotheses. When dust returns to dust and ashes to ashes, the Ego lives on; the personal identity, the consciousness of the individual, does not seem to even be momentarily impaired. It does not seem to be too bold a speculation to believe that the patient methods of inductive science, the careful examination of evidence, and the repeatedly renewed experiments of investigators will before long completely re-establish the failing belief in the reality of the world beyond the grave, and leave us with as little room for doubt as to the existence of the spirit after death as we have now for doubting the existence of Behring Straits or of the Pyramids. It is possible that this bringing of life and immortality to light, or at least the establishment of the certainty of a future life upon impregnable scientific foundations, may seem to some by no means an unmixed blessing. To many it would undoubtedly add a new terror to death. The thought of a prolonged existence in a more spiritual sphere where you would witness the working out of the dread consequences of the breach of laws and of the neglect of responsibilities, is often anything but attractive to the mind of man. To rest, and that for ever, even in the grave, seems sometimes the boon of boons. It would seem to be an unattainable one. For if the testimonies of many credible witnesses may be believed, there is no death. The form—the vesture—perishes, but the soul, the Ego, the essential principle, lives on. Revelation has always affirmed this. It seems as if Science were once more to vindicate her claim to be regarded as the handmaid of Religion by affording conclusive demonstration of its reality. Whether we like this or dislike it is immaterial. The supreme question is, What is the truth? And whatever drawbacks there may be to the theory of the future life, there is at least one enormous compensating advantage in knowing that the accounts between man and his Maker are not finally closed when he ceases to breathe on earth, and that the Almighty has still the infinite expanse of eternity in which to vindicate the justice of His dealings with every human soul.

APPENDIX—SOME HISTORICAL GHOSTS.

THE following collection presents a list of names—more or less well known—with which ghost stories of some kind are associated. The authority for these stories, though in many cases good, is so varied in quality that they are not offered as evidential of anything except the wide diversity of the circles in which such things find acceptance.

ROYAL.

Henry IV., of France, told d'Aubigné (see d'Aubigné *Histoire Universelle*) that in presence of himself, the Archbishop of Lyons, and three ladies of the Court, the Queen (Margaret of Valois) saw the apparition of a certain cardinal afterwards found to have died at the moment. Also he (Henry IV.) was warned of his approaching end, not long before he was murdered by Ravaillac, by meeting an apparition in a thicket in Fontainebleau. ("Sully's Memoirs.")

Abel the Fratricide, King of Denmark, was buried in unconsecrated ground, and still haunts the wood of Poole, near the city of Sleswig.

Valdemar IV. haunts Gurre Wood, near Elsinore.

Charles XI., of Sweden, accompanied by his chamberlain and state physician, witnessed the trial of the assassin of Gustavus III., which occurred nearly a century later.

James IV., of Scotland, after vespers in the chapel at Linlithgow, was warned by an apparition against his intended expedition into England. He, however, proceeded, and was warned again at Jedburgh, but, persisting, fell at Flodden Field.

Charles I., of England, when resting at Darentree on the Eve of the battle of Naseby, was twice visited by the apparition of Strafford, warning him not to meet the Parliamentary Army, then quartered at Northampton. Being persuaded by Prince Rupert to disregard the warning, the King set off to march northward, but was surprised on the route, and a disastrous defeat followed.

Orleans, Duke of, brother of Louis XIV., called his eldest son (afterwards Regent) by his second title, Duc de Chartres, in preference to the more usual one of Duc de Valois. This change is said to have been in consequence of a communication made before his birth by the apparition of his father's first wife, Henrietta of England, reported to have been poisoned.

HISTORICAL WOMEN.

Elizabeth, Queen is said to have been warned of her death by the apparition of her own double. (So, too, Sir Robert Napier and Lady Diana Rich).

Catherine de Medici saw, in a vision, the battle of Jarnac, and cried out, "Do you not see the Prince of Condé dead in the hedge?" This and many similar stories are told by Margaret of Valois in her Memoirs.

Philippa, wife of the Duke of Lorraine, when a girl in a convent, saw in vision the battle of Pavia, then in progress, and the captivity of the king her cousin, and called on the nuns about her to pray.

Joan of Arc was visited and directed by various Saints, including the Archangel Michael, S. Catherine, S. Margaret, etc.

LORD CHANCELLORS.

Erskine, Lord, himself relates (Lady Morgan's "Book of the Boudoir," 1829, vol. i. 123) that the spectre of his father's butler, whom he did not know to be dead, appeared to him in broad daylight, "to meet your honour," so it explained, "and to solicit your interference with my lord to recover a sum due to me which the steward at the last settlement did not pay," which proved to be the fact.

Brougham, Lord (see page 59).

CABINET MINISTERS.

Buckingham, Duke of, was exhorted to amendment and warned of approaching assassination by apparition of his father, Sir George Villiers, who was seen by Mr. Towers, surveyor of works at Windsor. All occurred as foretold.

Perceval, Spencer (see page 47).

Castlereagh, Lord (who succeeded the above as Foreign Secretary), when a young man, quartered with his regiment in Ireland, saw the apparition of "The Radiant Boy," said to be an omen of good. Sir Walter Scott speaks of him as one of two persons "of sense and credibility, who both attested supernatural appearances on their own evidence."

Peel, Sir Robert, and his brother, both saw Lord Byron in London in 1810, while he was, in fact, lying dangerously ill at Patras. During the same fever, he also appeared to others, and was even seen to write down his name among the inquirers after the King's health.

EMPERORS.

Trajan, Emperor, was extricated from Antioch during an earthquake by a spectre which drove him out of a window. (Dio Cassius, lib. lxxviii.)

Caracalla, Emperor, was visited by the ghost of his father Severus.

Julian the Apostate, Emperor, (1) when hesitating to accept the Empire, saw a female figure, "The Genius of the Empire," who said she would remain with him, but not for long. (2) Shortly before his death, he saw his genius leave him with a dejected air. (3) He saw a phantom prognosticating the death of the Emperor Constans. (See S. Basil.)

Theodosius, Emperor, when on the eve of a battle, was reassured of the issue by the apparition of two men; also seen independently by one of his soldiers.

SOLDIERS.

Curtius Rufus (pro-consul of Africa) is reported by Pliny to have been visited, while still young and unknown, by a gigantic female—the Genius of Africa—who foretold his career. (Pliny, b. vii. letter 26.)

Julius Cæsar was marshalled across the Rubicon by a spectre, which seized a trumpet from one of the soldiers and sounded an alarm.

Xerxes, after giving up the idea of carrying war into Greece, was persuaded to the expedition by the apparition of a young man, who also visited Artabanus, uncle to the king, when, upon Xerxes' request, Artabanus assumed his robe and occupied his place. (Herodotus, vii.)

Brutus was visited by a spectre, supposed to be that of Julius Cæsar, who announced that they would meet again at Philippi, where he was defeated in battle, and put an end to his own life.

Drusus, when seeking to cross the Elbe, was deterred by a female spectre, who told him to turn back and meet his approaching end. He died before reaching the Rhine.

Pausanias, General of the Lacedæmonians, inadvertently caused the death of a young lady of good family, who haunted him day and night, urging him to give himself up to justice. (Plutarch in Simone.)

Dio, General, of Syracuse, saw a female apparition sweeping furiously in his house, to denote that his family would shortly be swept out of Syracuse, which, through various accidents, was shortly the case.

Napoleon, at S. Helena, saw and conversed with the apparition of Josephine, who warned him of his approaching death. The story is narrated by Count Montholon, to whom he told it.

Blucher, on the very day of his decease, related to the King of Prussia that he had been warned by the apparition of his entire family, of his approaching end.

Fox, General, went to Flanders with the Duke of York shortly before the birth of his son. Two years later he had a vision of the child—dead—and correctly described its appearance and surroundings, though the death occurred in a house unknown to him.

Garfield, General, when a child of six or seven, saw and conversed with his father, lately deceased. He also had a premonition, which proved correct, as to the date of his death—the anniversary of the battle of Wickmunga, in which he took a brave part.

Lincoln, President, had a certain premonitory dream which occurred three times in relation to important battles, and the fourth on the eve of his assassination.

Coligni, Admiral, was three times warned to quit Paris before the Feast of St. Bartholemew but disregarded the premonition and perished in the Massacre (1572).

MEN OF LETTERS.

Petrarch saw the apparition of the bishop of his diocese at the moment of death.

Epimenides, a poet contemporary with Solon, is reported by Plutarch to have quitted his body at will and to have conversed with spirits.

Dante, Jacopo, son of the poet, was visited in a dream by his father, who conversed with him and told him where to find the missing thirteen cantos of the *Commedia*.

Tasso saw and conversed with beings invisible to those about him.

Goethe saw his own double riding by his side under conditions which really occurred years later. His father, mother, and grandmother were all ghost-seers.

Donne, Dr., when in Paris, saw the apparition of his wife in London carrying a dead child at the very hour a dead infant was in fact born.

Byron, Lord, is said to have seen the Black Friar of Newstead on the eve of his ill-fated marriage. Also, with others, he saw the apparition of Shelley walk into a wood at Lerici, though they knew him at the time to be several miles away.

Shelley, while in a state of trance, saw a figure wrapped in a cloak which beckoned to him and asked, *Siete soddisfatto?*—are you satisfied?

Benvenuto Cellini, when in captivity at Rome by order of the Pope, was dissuaded from suicide by the apparition of a young man who frequently visited and encouraged him.

Mozart was visited by a mysterious person who ordered him to compose a Requiem, and came frequently to inquire after its progress, but disappeared on its completion, which occurred just in time for its performance at Mozart's own funeral.

Ben Jonson, when staying at Sir Robert Cotton's house, was visited by the apparition of his eldest son with a mark of a bloody cross upon his forehead at the moment of his death by the plague. He himself told the story to Drummond of Hawthornden.

Thackeray, W. M., writes, "It is all very well for you who have probably never seen spirit manifestations, to talk as you do, but had you seen what I have witnessed you would hold a different opinion."

Mrs. Browning's spirit appeared to her sister with warning of death. Robert Browning writes, Tuesday, July 21, 1863, "Arabel (Miss Barrett) told me yesterday that she had been much agitated by a dream which happened the night before—Sunday, July 19. She saw *her*, and asked, When shall I be with you? The reply was, Dearest, in five years, whereupon Arabel awoke. She knew in her dream that it was not to the living she spoke." In five years, within a month of their completion, Miss Barrett died, and Browning writes, "I had forgotten the date of the dream, and supposed it was only three years, and that two had still to run."

Hall, Bishop, and his brother, when at Cambridge each had a vision of their mother looking sadly at him, and saying she would not be able to keep her promise of visiting them. She died at the time.

Dr. Guthrie was directed, by repeated pullings at his coat, to go in a certain direction, contrary to previous in-

tention, and was thus the means of saving the life of a parishioner.

Miller, Hugh, tells, in his "Schools and Schoolmasters," of the apparition of a bloody hand, seen by himself and the servant but not by others present. Accepted as a warning of the death of his father.

Porter, Anna Maria, when living at Esher, was visited one afternoon by an old gentleman—a neighbour, who frequently came in to tea. On this occasion he left the room without speaking, and fearing that something had happened she sent to inquire, and found that he had died at the moment of his appearance.

Edgworth, Maria, was waiting with her family for an expected guest, when the vacant chair was suddenly occupied by the apparition of a sailor cousin, who stated that his ship had been wrecked and he alone saved. The event proved the contrary—he alone was drowned.

Marryat, Captain—the story is told by his daughter—while staying in a country-house in the North of England saw the family ghost—an ancestress of the time of Queen Elizabeth who had poisoned her husband. He tried to shoot her, but the ball passed harmlessly into the door behind, and the lady faded away—always smiling.

De Stael, Madame, was haunted by the spirit of her father, who counselled and helped her in all times of need.

L. E. L.'s ghost was seen by Dr. Madden in the room in which she died at Cape Coast Castle.

De Morgan, Professor, writes: "I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner that should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake."

Foote, Samuel, in the year 1740, while visiting at his father's house in Truro, was kept awake by sounds of sweet music. His uncle was about the same time murdered by assassins.

MEN OF SCIENCE.

Davy, Sir Humphrey, when a young man, suffering from yellow fever on the Gold Coast, was comforted by visions of his guardian angel, who, years after, appeared to him again—incarnate—in the person of his nurse during his last illness.

Harvey, William, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, used to relate that his life was saved by a dream. When a young man he was proceeding to Padua, when he was detained—with no reason alleged—by the governor at Dover. The ship was wrecked, and all on board lost, and it was then explained that the governor had received orders—in a dream—to prevent a person, to whose description Harvey answered, from going on board that night.

Farquhar, Sir Walter, physician (made a baronet in 1796), visited a patient at Pomeroy Castle. While waiting alone a lady appeared to him, exhibiting agony and remorse (who proved to be the family ghost) prognosticating, the death of the patient, which followed.

Clark, Sir James, Wife of, while living in their house in Brook Street, saw the apparition of her son, Dr. J. Clark, then in India, carrying a dead baby wrapped in an Indian shawl. Shortly afterwards, he did, in fact, send home the body of a child for interment, which had died at the hour noted, to fill up the coffin it was wrapped up in an Indian scarf.

Herbert of Cherbury, Lord, one of the first to systematise deism, when in doubt whether he should publish his "De Veritate," as advised by Grotius, prayed for a sign, and heard sounds "like nothing on earth, which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted."

Bacon, Francis, was warned in a dream of his father's approaching end, which occurred in a few days.

THEOLOGICALS.

Luther, Martin, was visited by apparitions,—one, according to Melancthon, who announced his coming by knocking at the door.

Melancthon says that the apparition of a venerable person came to him in his study and told him to warn his friend Grynæus to escape at once from the danger of the Inquisition, a warning which saved his life.

Zwingli was visited by an apparition "with a perversion of a text of Scripture."

Oberlin, Pastor, was visited almost daily by his deceased wife, who conversed with him, and was visible not only to himself, but to all about him.

Fox, George, while walking on Pendle Hill, Yorkshire, saw his future converts coming towards him "along a river-side, to serve the Lord."

Newman, Cardinal, relates in a letter, Jan. 3rd, 1833, that when in quarantine in Malta, he and his companions heard footsteps not to be accounted for by human agency.

Wilberforce, Bishop, experienced remarkable premonitions, and phenomena even more startling are attributed to him.

Saints.—The stories of visions, apparitions, etc. which are told in connection with the Saints are far too numerous to quote. The following, however, may be referred to as of special interest;—

1. *Phantasms of the Living*.—St. Ignatius Loyala, Gennadius (the friend of St. Augustine), St. Augustine himself, twice over (he tells the story himself, Serm. 233), St. Benedict and St. Meletius, all appeared during life in places distant from their actual bodily whereabouts.

2. *Phantasms of the Dead*.—St. Anselm saw the slain body of William Rufus, St. Basil that of Julian the Apostate, St. Benedict the ascent to heaven of the soul of St. Germanus, bishop of Capua—all at the moment of death. St. Augustine and St. Edmund, Archbishops of Canterbury, are said to have conversed with spirits. St. Ambrose and St. Martin of Tours received information concerning relics from the original owners of the remains.

3. *Premonitions*.—St. Cyprian and St. Columba each foretold the date and manner of his own death as revealed in visions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Harcourt, Countess when Lady Nuneham, mentioned one morning having had an agitating dream, but was met with ridicule. Later in the day Lord Harcourt—her husband's father—was missing. She exclaimed, "Look in the well," and fainted away. He was found there with a dog, which he had been trying to save.

Aksakoff, Mme., wife of Chancellor Aksakoff, on the night of May 12th, 1855, saw the apparition of her brother, who died at the time. The story is one very elaborate as to detail.

Rich, Lady Diana, was warned of her death by a vision of her own double in the avenue of Holland House.

Breadalbane, May, Lady, her sister (both daughters of Lord Holland), was also warned in vision of her death.

The Daughter of Sir Charles Lee.—This story, related by the Bishop of Gloucester, 1662, is very well known. On the eve of her intended marriage with Sir W. Perkins, she was visited by her mother's spirit, announcing her approaching death at twelve o'clock next day. She occupied the intervening time with suitable preparations, and died calmly at the hour foretold.

Beresford, Lady, wife of Sir Tristram, before her marriage in 1687, made a secret engagement with Lord Tyrone, that which ever should die first would appear to the other. He fulfilled his promise on October 15, 1693, and warned her of her death on her forty-eighth birthday. All was kept secret, but after the fated day had passed, she married a second time, and appeared to enter on a new lease of life. Two years later, when celebrating her birthday, she accidentally discovered that she was two years younger than had been supposed, and expired before night. The story is one of the best known and most interesting in ghost-lore.

Fanshawe, Lady, when visiting in Ireland, heard the banshee of the family with whom she was visiting, one to whom did in fact die during the night. She also relates (in her "Memoirs," p. 23) that her mother once lay as dead for two days and a night. On her return to life she informed those about her that she had asked of two apparitions, dressed in long, white garments, for leave, like Ezekiah, to live for fifteen years, to see her daughter grow

up, and that it was granted. She died in fifteen years from that time.

Maidstone, Lady, saw a fly of fire as premonitory of the deaths—first, of her husband, who died in a sea-fight with the Dutch, May 28th, 1672, and second, of her mother-in-law, Lady Winchelsea.

Chedworth, Lord, was visited by a friend and fellow-sceptic, saying he had died that night and had realised the existence of another world. While relating the vision the news arrived of his friend's death.

Rambouillet, Marquis of, had just the same experience. A fellow-unbeliever, his cousin, the Marquis de Précy, visited him in Paris, saying that he had been killed in battle in Flanders, and predicting his cousin's death in action, which shortly occurred in the battle of the Faubourg St. Antoine. (Quoted by Calmet from "Causes Célèbres," xi. 370.)

Lyttleton, Lord (third), died Nov. 27th, 1799, was warned of his death three days earlier, and exhorted to repentance. The story, very widely quoted, first appears in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxxxv. 597. He also himself appeared to Mr. Andrews, at Dartford Mills, who was expecting a visit from him at the time.

Middleton, Lord, was taken prisoner by the Roundheads after the battle of Worcester. While in prison he was comforted by the apparition of the laird Bocconi, whom he had known while trying to make a party for the king in Scotland, and who assured him of his escape in two days, which occurred.

Balcarres, Lord, when confined in Edinburgh Castle on suspicion of Jacobitism, was visited by the apparition of Viscount Dundee—shot at that moment at Killiecrankie.

Holland, Lord (the first), who was taken prisoner at the battle of St. Necht's in 1624, is said still to haunt Holland House, dressed in the cap and clothes in which he was executed.

Montgomery, Count of, was warned by an apparition to flee from Paris, and thus escaped the Massacre of St. Bartholemew. (See Coligni.)

Shelburne, Lord, eldest son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, is said, in Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's Memoirs, to have had, when five years old, a premonitory vision of his own funeral, with full details as to stoppages, etc. Dr. Priestley was sent for, and treated the child for slight fever. When about to visit his patient (whom he expected to find recovered) a few days later, he met the child running bare-headed in the snow. When he approached to rebuke him the figure disappeared, and he found that the boy had died at the moment. The funeral was arranged by the father—then at a distance—exactly in accordance with the premonition.

Eglinton, Lord, was three times warned of his death by the apparition of the family ghost, the Bodach Glas—the dark-grey man. The last appearance was when he was playing golf on the links at St. Andrews, October 4, 1861. He died before night.

Cornwall, The Duke of, in 1100, saw the spectre of William Rufus pierced by an arrow and dragged by the devil in the form of a buck, on the same day that he was killed. (Story told in the "Chronicle of Matthew Paris.")

Chesterfield, Earl of (second), in 1652, saw, on waking, a spectre with long white robes and black face. Accepting it as intimation of some illness of his wife, then visiting her father at Networth, he set off early to inquire, and met a servant with a letter from Lady Chesterfield, describing the same apparition.

Mohun, Lord, killed in a duel in Chelsea Fields, appeared at the moment of his death, in 1642, to a lady in James's Street, Covent Garden, and also to the sister (and her maid) of Glanvil (author of "Sadducismus Triumphatus").

Swift, Edmund Lenthal, keeper of the Crown jewels from 1814, himself relates (in *Notes and Queries*, 1860, p. 192) the appearance, in Anne Boleyn's chamber in the Tower, of "a cylindrical figure like a glass tube, hovering between the table and the ceiling"—visible to himself and his wife, but not to others present.

CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS.

A BRIEF GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS LITERATURE.

ART is long, but life is short—so runs the adage; but in this case it is the space and not the time which is wanting, so that this list of the most important of the season's gift-books must of necessity be only a selection, and a selection which cannot possibly boast of completeness. Of course many books which would otherwise be noticed were not obtainable when this Christmas Number went to press, and of those that were out, some of them arrived so late as to receive but scanty attention. This, however, will not materially affect the value of the list, which we can only hope will prove useful to the purchaser who is overwhelmed by the number of books of all classes, prices, and sizes which the bookseller at this time of the year brings under his notice. Under the heading of "Gift-books for Adults" many works will be found noticed which will prove suitable for older children, while many of the adventure stories treated of in the Boys' column will prove a source of delight to their elders. Without in any way attempting to exclude books of the "goody-goody" type, more prominence and attention have been given to those works which, while being interesting and useful to young folks, are void of anything like that sickly sentiment which spoils so many books of this class.

GIFT-BOOKS FOR ADULTS.

No writer has risen more rapidly and more uniformly in popular opinion than Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch, or "Q" as he generally signs himself. His latest book, "The



MR. A. T. QUILLER COUCH ("Q").

From a photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.

"Warwickshire Avon,"* is a delightful description of a jaunt taken by him, in conjunction with Mr. Alfred Parsons the artist (whose dainty sketches it would be

difficult to praise too highly), through the country famous as much for its connection with our great poet as for its natural beauty. Mr. Couch has made his book light, chatty, and readable, throwing it into the form of a journal of daily events and doings. As a charming and artistic gift-book, it should prove popular, and the reader is glad to have a description of the Avon from so clever a pen, but we imagine that it will take no prominent place among Mr. Couch's writings. The half-leather binding is tasteful and attractive.

The many lovely illustrations in colour and monochrome which "George Eliot: Her Early Home"† contains make it a charming volume apart from its literary interest. The pictures represent the scenes and sights of George Eliot's girlhood, and in many cases portraits of her best-known characters. We can scarcely expect that the Midland scenery and architecture in the midst of which George Eliot lived and worked, and which she has described so vividly, will much longer resist the all-effacing hand of time and change. It is well, therefore, to have in such a volume as this faithful pictures of many of the places in which her early life was spent. Extracts from the novelist's prose and poetic writings are skilfully woven together and wedded to the drawings.

Were Sheridan able to revisit this earth, he would, we are sure, be the first to admire the sumptuous edition of his masterpiece, "The School for Scandal" (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., 25s.). The illustrations, in colour and monochrome, by Lucius Rossi, seem to us to have just caught the spirit of the play; they are all very effective, and we are glad to see that the work is entirely printed in England.

Except from the literary point of view, we are unable to speak of the merits of Dr. Jonathan Scott's translation of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments,"‡ the four beautiful volumes of which form the first instalment of the Aldine Series, which it is proposed will contain only standard works of fiction which have appeared in the English language. "The Arabian Nights" have passed through many editions in England, but none, we feel safe in saying, are more dainty to the touch or more pleasing to the eye than are these volumes, in their charming red buckram cover and white paper labels. Mr. Stanley

* "The Warwickshire Avon." By A. T. Quiller Couch. (Illus.) Osgood and McIlvaine. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

† "George Eliot: Her Early Home." By Emily Swinnerton. (Illus.) Raphael Tuck. Folio. 10s.

‡ "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Four volumes. (Illus.) Pickering and Chatto. 12mo. 21s.

L. Wood, too, in his very numerous photogravure illustrations, has just caught the spirit of the tales; they give an additional interest to a really valuable edition of a standard work, and an edition, too, which can be given to man, woman, or child, without any fear of evil.

We are glad to welcome a new and sumptuous edition of "Monte Cristo,"* also in four volumes, which, as the translator (dating from Boston, U.S.A.) observes in his preface, has hitherto been known to the English-speaking world only through the medium of very imperfect translations. Great care has been taken throughout this rendering to catch Dumas' exact meaning, and the care seems to us to have been well spent, for the translation reads smoothly and naturally, a very rare quality in a transplanted romance. It is the highest praise when we say that Mr. Edmund H. Garrett's eight photogravure illustrations are worthy of the subject. For one unable to read Dumas' masterpiece in the original, we can recommend no better gift-book.

Those who do not know Mr. Stockton's work—a small and much-to-be-pitied minority—have an excellent opportunity of making its acquaintance in "The Squirrel Inn,"† while those who are already admirers of his humour will recognise with delight a return to his best style, for Mr. Stockton has done nothing nearly as good since "Rudder Grange." The delightfully impossible guests of the inn, who keep doing in the seemingly most natural way things the most impossible, are most charmingly drawn. The "Squirrel Inn" is a novel which we can confidently recommend to those who can appreciate delicate humour and a masterly literary style. The illustrations, however, do but scant justice to the text.

"Tim"‡ is one of the best and most realistic studies of child-life which have appeared for many a long day. The author, who might, by the by, have placed his name without fear on the title-page, shows much restrained power in the telling of the story. The sketches of school life at Eton are admirable, and we can only wish on reading the book that there were more of them. "Tim" proves once more the truth of that well-worn truism which asserts that out of the slenderest materials can be wrought something beautiful and rare, if only the artist keep to the higher kind of realism.

Among other new editions which we are glad to see is Miss Zimmern's "Heroic Tales from Firdusi the Persian,"§ the previous edition of which was so magnificently appraised as to be in reach of only the best-filled purses. We cannot, however, understand why a work which boasts original etchings by Mr. Alma Tadema and a poem by Mr. Edmund Gosse should have so plain a binding.

Another welcome new edition is Peacock's "Headlong Hall,"|| in the daintiest of bindings, with an introduction by Dr. Richard Garnett and an etched frontispiece by Mr. Herbert Railton. Though the circumstances under which we meet them are totally changed, yet the spirit of such characters as the "Perfectibilian," the "Deteriorationist," and the "Statuquoite," is as true in 1891 as in 1815. Peacock never attempted subtle analysis of character, but his personages have, as a rule, a strong basis of ordinary human passions and instincts. They are individualised by the standpoint—or comfortable want of standpoint—from which they view life and the world generally. The absurdities of thought-

results to which one-theory-men are doomed, are cleverly satirised in "Headlong Hall." The wordy antagonists seem each unanswerable as they by turns speak; and there is always a pleasant wonderment on the part of the reader, how in the world each successive argument on either side is to be met, but met it always is; the mean between the two extremes being discovered in the summing up of the Statuquoite.

"Cecilia de Noël"¶ marks, in our opinion, a decided advance upon "Mademoiselle Ixe," for, while it possesses in an equal degree charm of style and delicacy of workmanship, it shows also a deeper, truer feeling. To give the plot would spoil the reader's pleasure, for this is a book which demands thought, and if the story is known before the reader commences the book, the pleasure and profit to be obtained from it will vanish. The authoress has a keen sense of humour as well as of pathos, but the humour is subservient to the serious aim of the story, and is not dragged in by the heels—the too frequent fault of the modern story. "Cecilia de Noël," in fact, gives promise that really great work can be expected from Miss Hawker in the future. As a gift-book it is sure to be read with pleasure.

GIFT-BOOKS FOR BOYS.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. deserve the first place among gift books for boys with the three volumes of their "World of Adventure,"** edited by "Q," and illustrated profusely by a number of well-known artists. The volumes are described as a collection of stirring scenes and moving incidents, and that is the best description. From ancient and modern history, from our naval and military annals, from classic masterpieces and modern novelists, Mr. Couch has collected a mine of good stories and exciting episodes, which should be on every boy's shelves, and which to the weaver of boys' stories will surely prove invaluable. Famous duels, escapes from prison, detective stories, fights with smugglers, are all represented *inter alia*. We could not find a poor story in all three volumes. Some are better than others, but all are good. The illustrations, too, are, with few exceptions, excellent, but they have somewhat suffered from the thinness of the paper.



MR. G. A. HENTY.

"Redskin and Cowboy,"†† Mr. G. A. Henty's latest contribution to boy literature, will, we are inclined to think, please his youthful readers more than anything he has yet done. He has absolutely disregarded any notion of imparting instruction by dragging in history—a practice which no properly constituted boy could tolerate, and of which Mr. Henty has hitherto been overfond. About nearly every character in the book we might fairly observe, in the words of Bret Harte's ballad,—

Light and free was his touch upon his revolver;
Great the mortality incident upon that lightness and freedom.

* "Monte Cristo." By Alexandre Dumas. Four volumes. (Illus.) Osgood and Melville. Crown 8vo. 2s.

† "The Squirrel Inn." By Frank R. Stockton. (Illus.) Sampson Low and Co. Crown 8vo. 6s.

‡ "Tim." Macmillan. Crown 8vo. 6s.

§ "Heroic Tales from Firdusi the Persian." By Helen Zimmern. (Illus.) T. Fisher Unwin. Crown 8vo. 5s.

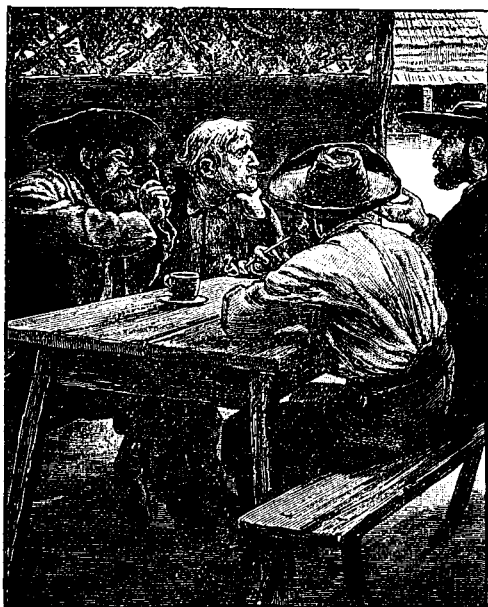
|| "Headlong Hall." By Thomas Love Peacock. J. M. Dent. 12mo., 2s. 6d. net.

¶ "Cecilia de Noël." By Laure Falconer. Macmillan. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

** "The World of Adventure." Three volumes (Illus.) Cassell and Co. Royal 4to. 27s.

†† "Redskin and Cowboy." By G. A. Henty. (Illus.) Blackie and Son. Crown 8vo. 6s.

The hero, Hugh Tunstall, flees from his uncle's house in England to New York, and thence to the most lawless parts of Texas. There he becomes a cowboy on a cattle ranche; and this affords the author an opportunity of giving a really graphic and picturesque description of cowboy life. We need hardly remark that feats with the revolver are performed by the cowboy which would cause Dr. Carver and Buffalo Bill to turn green with envy. After hairbreadth escapes and fights of the most desperate character with brigands and Indians, in the course of which a perfect holocaust of victims are sacrificed to his prowess with the "deadly six-shooter!" our hero, of course, finally turns up in England again, to discover that the man whom he had supposed to be his uncle was an impostor who had murdered his real uncle, and used the papers found on the body to successfully impersonate the dead man, and take possession of the family estates. Substantial justice is dispensed all round, and everybody



Reduced Illustration from "Redskin and Cowboy."

is satisfied, including the reader, if a vivid tale of adventure, crowded with incident, and powerfully told in a straightforward way, can satisfy him. A special word of praise is due to Mr. Alfred Pearse's illustrations, which are of very considerable merit. One of them, reduced in size, we reproduce. Altogether, "Redskin and Cowboy" ought to find ready favour with the class for which it is intended, and help to pass away many a holiday hour.

One would imagine the detective story to be quite impossible away from the complications of our modern civilisation, yet Mr. Marriott Watson's "The Web of the Spider" * is little more than a detective story transplanted to the savagery of the New Zealand forests. Not that this implies blame, far from it; for we have seldom read a more exciting and well kept-up-to-the-end romance, or one more full of adventures, contrived so naturally as almost to deceive the reader into thinking them real. The story is laid back in 1864, when New Zealand was rent asunder by suicidal tribal wars, and when the white man or *Pakeha*, was everywhere regarded with hatred. A miner and his native wife are cruelly done

to death for the sake of their gold, and the story is really that of the search after the miner by his "chum" and by his daughter, who hardly believes him dead. They are helped by a Maori woman, who wishes to avenge the death of her sister, the miner's wife. Suspicion is fixed first on one native chief and then on another, but the reader is not apprised of the real murderer till the last pages, and even then the interest does not flag. Both Palliser the hero and Te Katipo the villain are original characters, and the descriptions of bush scenery are striking.

"A Little Marine," by Miss Florence Marryat (Hutchinson and Co., 3s.6d.) is a good story of a little drummer-boy of twelve years old who goes out with his regiment to help quell the rebellion in Japan. He is a fine fellow for his age, and his adventures make good reading, his companion Brodribb, and his captain, Dare, being well drawn characters. The tale is a very interesting one, but the relationship between Captain and Miss Marryat does not extend to their literary powers. Anything more entirely different from Captain Marryat's brisk, free way of telling a story it would be hard to imagine.

"Frank Allreddy's Fortune" † is a rattling story of life at sea and in India, which we can cordially recommend. From the first chapter, where the author plunges *in medias res* with a description of a fight with smugglers, the story teems with exciting incidents and hairbreadth escapes. Mr. W. S. Stacey's two illustrations are good.

A cleverly told story of adventure among South American Indians is "Stimson's Reef." ‡ The interest never flags, and we imagine that Mr. C. J. Hyne's new book will be a great treat to his youthful readers. Four spirited illustrations by Mr. W. S. Stacey accompany the story.

"Royal Youths: A Book of Princelhoods," § is an excellent and well-selected series of accounts of the early lives of kings and princes. Conradin and Don Carlos, the strangely contrasted childhoods of Louis XIII. and Louis XVII., the curious adventures of the Orleans princes and the mysterious life of poor Ivan VI., the courtly biography of Prince William Henry of England and the rough usage of the great Frederick and his sister, make very varied reading, and Mr. Hope has taken great pains with his choice and use of material. Though we are not all royal, we all are, or have been, or shall be, youths, and "Royal Youths" deserves, and will certainly find, a wide and interested circle of readers.

Another story which we have read with interest is Mr. Robert Leighton's "The Pilots of Pomona" (Blackie and Son, 5s.), the scene of which is laid in the Orkney Islands. The hero, Halcro Ericson, the son of a Stromness pilot, has no outlandish adventures, for throughout the course of the story he hardly leaves the island of his birth; but he is a fine, strong boy, who, early left to his own resources, has to help support his mother and sister and to carve out a future for himself. His shooting, fishing, and cliff-climbing expeditions, his finding of the Norseman's treasure and of the smuggler's hoard, make excellent reading, and one learns from the book a great deal concerning the manners and customs of the Orcadian folk.

Among other books which we can recommend are the following, which, owing to the exigencies of space, we are unable to notice at any length:—Mr. G. A. Henty's "Dash for Khartoum" (Blackie and Son, 6s.), is a story of the Nile expedition, told in the bright, rattling, and

* "The Web of the Spider." By H. B. Marriott Watson. Hutchinson. Crown 8vo. 6s.

† "Frank Allreddy's Fortune." By Franklin Fox. (Illus.) Ward, Lock and Bowden. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

‡ "Stimson's Reef." By C. J. Hyne. (Illus.) Blackie and Son. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

§ "Royal Youths: A Book of Princelhoods." By Ascott R. Hope. (Illus.) T. Fisher Unwin. Crown 8vo. 5s.

unaffected style which Mr. Henty's boy readers expect. "Edwin, the Boy Outlaw," by J. F. Hodgetts (S. W. Partridge, 2s. 6d.), is a cheap but excellent story, which has already appeared in the *Boy's Own Paper*—a recommendation in itself. It deals with the times of Robin Hood, who, indeed, figures rather largely in the volume. Mr. George Manville Fenn's "The Rajah of Dah" (W. and R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.), is an exciting story of Indian life, well worthy of the reputation of the author of "Devon Boys." Still another book from Mr. Henty's pen! "Held Fast for England" (Blackie and Son, 5s.) is a tale of the siege of Gibraltar (1779-83), and is a rattling story, brimful of interest and excitement, combined with instruction.

Mr. Henry Nash is a new writer, but he has given us in "Bare Rock"* one of the best boys' books of the season. After being lost on an iceberg and wrecked on the rescuing ship, two seventeen-year-old youths are cast away on a small, bare island, which is in fact almost a rock. Here the gods shower down upon them almost everything they can reasonably require, and what they do not find they supply out of their own astounding knowledge. We have but two faults to find. First, the author makes his hero altogether too clever, although at no time does he allow him to be a prig. The boy finds some shells on the beach and immediately informs his companion that one is called *Triton variegatus* and



Specimen illustration from "Bare Rock."

another the *Tridacna gigas*. Second, the preface. Here Mr. Nash does his best to warn every boy against an excellent story, for he proclaims his purpose to be that of

impressing his reader with the useful lesson of self-reliance. An excellent purpose, but healthy-minded boys naturally prefer their stories without purpose or moral, and if a writer must throw one in, he should, for his own sake, be silent concerning it. Apart from these two objections, the story is a particularly good one, interesting from start to finish, without being too sensational. And as it would be impossible to find new subjects, Mr. Nash has wisely made the first half of the story take place in totally different surroundings to the second. With the exception of a woodeny frontispiece, Mr. Lancelot Speed's illustrations are decidedly good.

Here are two other books, illustrated by Mr. Lancelot Speed and published by Messrs. Sampson, Low and Co.—one, "An Inca Queen," by J. Evelyn (5s.), a very good story of adventures in Peru, and the other "How Martin Drake Found His Father," (5s.) by G. Norway, a name already well known in the schoolroom. It is described as "a story of white and black slavery in the early days of the American colonies."

GIFT BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

Quite one of the best and cheapest girls' books of the year is "A Sweet Girl Graduate,"* which also possesses one of the prettiest covers we have seen. We have had numerous stories of university life as it affects the men, but we believe that Mrs. Meade is the first to attempt a description of the life which the girl students lead at our universities. Priscilla Peel, her heroine, is a *gauche* and somewhat plain country girl, who, anxious to gain sufficient to support her three young sisters, is sent to a ladies' college at Kingsdene by her aunt, who has to pinch and deny herself every luxury to effect this end. At first Priscilla is misunderstood, but after many adventures—at one time she is accused of stealing and has some difficulty in exonerating herself—her fellow students see that under her awkward exterior she has a heart of gold, and—but we must recommend the reader to get the book for herself; we can promise that she will not be disappointed. Mr. Ha! Ludlow's fair ladies are, we fear, rather out of keeping with the story, and careful examination has failed to elicit the slightest difference in their many faces.

Mrs. Everett Green is already so well known as a writer of girls' fiction that her work is sure of obtaining a large number of readers. Although not so artistic a study of life as "Monica," still "Dare Lorimer's Heritage" (Hutchinson and Co., 5s.) will be read with interest by the girls for whom the book was written, and by all those who care to read wholesome, brightly-written stories, carrying with them a not too intrusive moral.

"Where Two Ways Meet" (Hutchinson and Co. 5s.) is another of Miss Sarah Doudney's stories, and it reveals the secret of her great popularity as a storyteller for girls. A little London girl, brought up in an atmosphere of crime and squalid poverty, is taken by her parents into the country and there deserted. By a combination of accidents, however, she is taken into the house of a gardener, to be brought up with his own little girl. Her after history is interesting, and is prettily told, with a certain leaven of religious and moral instruction.

Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams's "Some Historic Women" (Hogg, 3s. 6d.) is, as its title implies, a series of short biographical studies of women who have made

* "Bare Rock." By Henry Nash. (Illus.) Edward Arnold. Crown 8vo. 4s.

* "A Sweet Girl Graduate." By Mrs. L. T. Meade. (Illus.) Cassell. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

history; while Mrs. L. T. Meade's "The Honourable Miss" (Methuen, 3s. 6d.) is a very excellent story, illustrated in an equally excellent manner by Everard Hopkins.

The next book on our list, "Moor End Farm,"* is, we should fancy, eminently suitable for those who prefer their literature with a very obvious and strongly pointed moral. Space will not permit of our entering into the plot of this work, which strikes us as being just the thing for a Sunday-school prize. The illustrations are adequate.

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's stories are always and deservedly favourites with girl readers, who will be glad to hear that a new edition of "P's and Q's" and "Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe" has just been published in one volume by Macmillan (3s. 6d.). The stories are interesting, and the youthful reader will pick up much useful information from them, but the illustrations—evidently prepared years ago—are not good.

Readers of the REVIEW of REVIEWS know exactly what to expect from *Atalanta* (Trischler, 8s.), so we will only say that we consider the bound volume for the past year to be a really excellent budget of good stories, readable and instructive essays and articles, and beautiful pictures. As a girl's gift book the volume of Mrs. L. T. Meade's magazine will find few equals.

Another story by Mrs. L. T. Meade, "The Children of Wilton Chase" (W. and R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.), is illustrated by Everard Hopkins, and is an excellent tale of country life, which we should have noticed at greater length had it reached us earlier.

Among books for girls, to which space prevents us giving any extended notice, but which we can cordially recommend, are the following:—"Gladys Anstruther," by Louisa Thompson (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.), is an excellent story, illustrated by Mr. F. H. Townsend, dealing in some slight degree with the training of young children for the stage; Ismay Thorn's "Bab" (Blackie and Son, 2s.) is a pretty story of two little children; and to say that "Climbing the Hill" (Blackie and Son, 2s.) is by Miss Annie S. Swan, is sufficient recommendation. A cheaper and shorter story is Miss E. J. Lysaght's "Grannie" (Blackie and Son, 1s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS: FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Written in the hope "that Mackay's example may lead many to think of Africa, and to devote their lives to its moral and spiritual regeneration," the new edition, re-written for youthful readers, of the life of "Mackay, of Uganda" (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.), told by his sister in a simple and touching way, ought to prove an inspiration to many a boy and girl in the near future. The book is quite as interesting as, and a thousand times more beneficial than, an ordinary adventure story, and should be read by all boys.

An excellent book, combining instruction with amusement, is Mr. G. T. Bettany's "Primitive Religions" (Ward, Lock and Bowden, 2s. 6d.), the first of a series of volumes on the world's religions. The volume before us concerns itself chiefly with the most elementary forms of religious belief, and is well and sufficiently illustrated.

* "Moor End Farm." By Mrs. Isla Sitwell. (Illus.) S.P.C.K. Crown 8vo. 3s.

POETRY FOR THE YOUNG.

Mr. Lang, most prolific of writers and editors, is responsible for "The Blue Poetry Book,"† a companion volume to the "Blue" and "Red Fairy Book." It is a work that will appeal to parents as much as to their children, and will serve as a reminder of much-forgotten pleasure. "Young Loch-invar" and "Lord Ullin's Daughter" have still the old power, the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "La Belle Dame Sans Mercy" the same mystic charm. But we must feel that in a work of this kind, addressed to the youth of the present day, a scheme which expressly excludes contemporary verse is faulty to a degree. Why should "The Defence of Lucknow"

and the "Idylls of the King," "Hervé Riel" and "How They Brought the Good News," and many another, be omitted? Such poems as these, which would strike right to the heart of a girl or boy with a right mind for verse, might well have been included before some which appear in the selection. The matter is hardly settled by the line in Mr. Lang's preface—"It is not necessary to dwell on the reasons for this decision." The majority of the illustrations, by Mr. H. J. Ford and Mr. Lancelot Speed, are good, the exceptions being those on pp. 5, 48, and 65. The cover, though gaudy, is sure to please youthful readers.

Another satisfactory book of this class is W. E. Henley's "Lyra Heroica: A Book of Verse for Boys."‡ Each individual has his own preference in a matter of this kind, and it would be easy to suggest many omissions, but Mr. Henley would no doubt be as ready to defend his omissions as his selections. Where, to take a striking instance, is Burns's famous ballad of "Bannockburn"? Mr. Henley has stepped in where Mr. Lang has failed to tread, and we have selections so entirely up to date as the two final poems in the volume: "A Ballad of East and West," and "The Flag of England," both by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. We can only feel pleasure at the catholicity which has ventured to include in this capital boys' book living writers equally with singers of the past. The archaic character of the buckram binding is admirable, and it is a happy idea to put on the cover Sir Walter Scott's inspiring quatrain—

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

FAIRY TALES.

The child of the present day is in an enviable position as compared with his forefathers in the matter of literature. Scientists and historians imbue their investigations with a glamour of romance for his behoof, and folklorists ransack the world for legends and fairy tales for his edification. "Stories from Fairyland"§ is a collection of tales from the Greek, pleasantly translated by Mrs. Edmunds. Myths of the flowers and the insects are most

† "The Blue Poetry Book." Edited by Andrew Lang. (Illus.) Longmans. Crown 8vo. 6s.

‡ "Lyra Heroica." Edited by W. E. Henley. David Nutt. Crown 8vo. 6s.

§ "Stories from Fairyland." By George Drosines. T. Fisher Unwin. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

of these short stories, and children who have already learnt to appreciate Hans Andersen will be delighted with these stories of a warmer clime.

The Rev. J. C. Atkinson's "Last of the Giant Killers: or the Exploits of Sir Jack of Danby Dale" (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.) is another volume which owes its interest in no small degree to popular folk-tale and local legend. Jack the Giant-Crusher, as the hero of the several stories is called, will be a new, but none the less welcome friend for the children. Mr. Atkinson has told his stories with a commendable lack of "fine writing," and, although the volume is not illustrated (with the exception of some charming headlines), we can cordially recommend it to all young folk.

The stories contained in "A China Cup" (T. Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d.), by Felix Volkofsky, have, we believe, been translated or adapted from the Russian—anyhow they are eminently suited for children's tastes, and are sure to give a great deal of pleasure. The illustrations by Malischeff are curious, and the binding is almost too dainty and pretty.



From "Celtic Fairy Tales."

possess. The impetus given to the study of our native literature by Mr. Matthew Arnold's lectures and by the original researches of Professor Rhys, who fills the Celtic chair at Oxford for which Mr. Matthew Arnold pleaded, has directed attention to the rich materials—notably in the Arthurian legend—on which the great poets, from Shakespeare to Tennyson, have drawn, and to the fact that the genius of our literature, in all that is highest and enduring, is dominantly Celtic. Whoever brings forth treasures from the long unworked mine of the mythology of the British Isles therefore deserves our thanks. This Mr. Jacobs has done. From the more familiar stores of Croker and Campbell, and from some less-known collections out of print, and some recently issued, he has brought together delight-

ful specimens of the fertile folk-fancy of the Celts, who, captive long, have enslaved their captors in the realm of imagination! The collection includes tales about fairies and hobgoblins; about national and mythical heroes, as McCoul and Cucullin; folk-tales, wherein all the usual supernatural machinery is in full play; and

drolls, wherein cunning and stupidity furnish the comic element. In the notes and references, which every well-trained girl and boy—taking warning from Mr. Batten's fateful picture—will properly skip, Mr. Jacob traces the history of the Bethgellert legend, which, in its Welsh form, is quite modern. But, as compensation, he gives

us "Connla and the Maiden," the earliest fairy tale of modern Europe, and the "Battle of the Birds," one of the oldest folk-tales of the Aryan race. The specimens of Mr. Batten's art which we are permitted to give, evidence that he holds secure the foremost place among illustrators of fairy books. "Celtic Fairy Tales" is the best gift-book of the season for children.

FOR SMALL CHILDREN.

One of the most popular of the Christmas annuals is "Bo-Peep" (Cassell and Co., 3s. 6d.), and this year it is fully up to its usual form. The illustrations are excellent and the stories and verses, in nice large letterpress and words of one and two syllables, are well suited to infant readers.

We wish that space would permit of our reproducing an illustration or two from the "Rosebud Annual" (James Clarke and Co., 4s.), another annual of similar aim and of equal merits. When we say that a large number of the three hundred illustrations are by Mr. Lewis Wain and other well-known children's artists, we have said enough to indicate the merit of an excellent book.

Mrs. Molesworth's "Nurse Heatherdale's Story," (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.), is, as a matter of course, excellently suited for the readers whom this experienced authoress has in view. The children who are lucky enough to get the book this Christmas will appreciate the pretty binding and illustrations by L. Leslie Brooke. Two other good books of this class, both published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, are Evelyn Everett Green's "Sydney's Secret" (1s. 6d.) and Lady Dunboyne's "Aunt Lilly's Motto" (1s. 6d.).

"The Little Princes in the Tower"* is a volume of England's Royal Children's Series, charmingly illustrated in colours and monochrome by Smargiassi Santantico, who has attempted to attain as far as possible to historical exactness in his drawings. Of course all the traditional villainies are laid at the door of Richard III.; but in a book of this class we cannot expect historical evidence to be carefully weighed. Certainly children who are lucky enough to get this beautiful book at Christmas will find it an ideal way—from their point of view—of learning history which they are otherwise given to thinking rather dry, while the illustrations will be of particular use in giving them a vivid idea of the costumes of the period.

* "Celtic Fairy Tales." Edited by Joseph Jacobs. (illus.) David Nutt. 4to. 6s.

* "The Little Princes in the Tower." By G. Lysah. (illus.) Trischler and Co. Royal 4to. 6s.

CONTENTS.

FRONTISPICE: PORTRAIT OF THE LATE EDMUND GURNEY.	PAGE.
CAUTION TO READERS.. .. .	5
A PREFATORY WORD	7
PART I. THE GHOST THAT DWELLS IN EACH OF US	11
Portraits of Prof. Sidgwick, Prof. Barrett, Prof. Charles Richett, Léonie I and Léonie II.	
PART II. THE CENSUS OF HALLUCINATIONS	22
Portraits of Mr. F. W. Myers and Mr. Hodgson.	
Chapter I. MY HOSTESS. THE THOUGHT BODY	24
With Portraits of Mrs. M., Miss C., and Shelley.	
,, II. MY HOUSEKEEPER. CLAIRVOYANCE	35
With Portraits of Mrs. Hore, Dr. Backman, and Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P.	
,, III. MYSELF. PREMONITIONS	42
,, IV. MY SCHOOLFELLOW. GHOSTS OF THE LIVING ON BUSINESS	51
Portraits and Views of Mr. Dickinson's Studio, Newcastle.	
,, V. MY IRISH FRIEND. GHOSTS THAT KEEP PROMISES	57
With Portraits of Mrs. F. and Lord Brougham.	
,, VI. VARIOUS FRIENDS AND RELATIVES. APPARITIONS AT OR ABOUT DEATH	62
Portrait of Mr. Ald. Fowler.	
,, VII. MY SPIRITUALISTS. GHOSTS OF THE DEAD	72
With Portrait of the Rev. C. McKechnie, and Drawing of a Spectral Face.	
,, VIII. MY REPORTER. GHOSTS OF THE DEAD WITH A PRACTICAL OBJECT'	80
,, IX. MY HELPER. GHOSTS IN THE OPEN AIR	87
With Portrait and View of Renfield Street, Glasgow.	
,, X. MY MINISTER. EVIL SPIRITS. TANGIBLE GHOSTS	94
With Portraits of Rev. Henry Kendall, Mr. Durham, Ed. Pease, and View of Darlington Railway Station.	
,, XI. A PARTING WORD	100
PART III. (Unstitched) CENSUS PAPER FOR TAKING RETURNS OF HALLUCINATION.	
APPENDIX: SOME HISTORICAL GHOSTS	102
BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. Illustrated	105

THE Art Union of London

for **ONE GUINEA**, offers

A choice original etching, by

W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.,

"The Escape of H.M.S. Calliope"

from Samoa in the Hurricane of March, 1889;

OR

A choice etching by J. Dobie,

After W. DENDY SADLER'S Picture,

"Stuffing is good for Geese."

IN ADDITION TO

A chance of one of many Valuable Prizes.

FIRST PRIZE VALUE £100.

Nearly Half-a-Million already distributed.

The Etchings and full particulars to be obtained at the Office,

112, STRAND, LONDON.

S. SAINSBURY'S LAVENDER WATER.

A highly-perfumed Scent of great refinement, prepared from English Lavender Flowers, and most choice and delicate Scents. The strength and lasting quality of this Perfume render it very economical in use.

PRICES: 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s. 6d., and 6s.

The first four sizes can also be had in very neat cases, suitable for Presents, containing either three or six bottles each.

Special large Bottles, each in a case, 9s. and 16s. 6d.

176 and 177, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

ESTABLISHED 1839.

Maker of SAINSBURY'S Eau de Cologne in bottles, 1s. and 2s. each, &c.



NALDIRE'S PRIZE MEDAL DOG SOAP.

(Free from Carbolic Acid and all other poisons.)

Destroys all Irritating Insects, Removes Doggy Smell, Improves the Coat, and leaves the Animal A Refreshed and Happy Dog.

"Naldire's Soap is harmless to dogs, but fatal to fleas."—

FRANK BUCKLAND.

NALDIRE'S Prize Medal SOAP.

Of Chemists. Perfumers. or Stores.

KAYE'S
WORMBELLS

BEST FAMILY MEDICINE.

They COOL and PURIFY THE BLOOD more thoroughly than any other Medicine. As a mild but effectually aperient they have no equal. They effectually cure INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, LIVER and KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, BILE, NERVOUSNESS, etc. In use for nearly 100 years in all parts of the world. They are invaluable to Ladies, as they remove all obstructions, and restore to complete health. Of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box.

HARTMANN'S

HYGIENIC WOOD WOOL

DIAPERS

**MOST COMFORTABLE AND HEALTHFUL
FOR HOME USE AND WHEN TRAVELLING.**

No Washing Required.
In Packets 6d. Half-Dozen.
1s., 1s. 4d., 2s. One Dozen.



Can be obtained from all Ladies' Outfitting Establishments, Drapers, and Chemists. TRADE MARK.

Sample Packet of one Dozen at 1s. 3½d., 1s. 7½d., and 2s. 3½d., post free, with descriptive circular containing testimonials from all the principal Hospitals and Leading Members of the Medical Profession.

Address—"The Managers," THE SANITARY WOOD WOOL COMPANY, LTD., 26, THAVIES INN, HOLBORN CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.

Beware of fraudulent injurious imitations. See that you get HARTMANN'S DIAPERS.

Single Samples Gratis
on Application.

