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# **NOTED WITNESSES FOR PSYCHIC OCCURRENCES**

*Incidents and Biographical Data.  
with Occasional Comments*

**Compiled by  
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## INTRODUCTION

It does not necessarily impart to an "occult" incident more weight that it was experienced or related or credited by a person whose name is prominent for one reason or another. A given noted person, as well as an obscure one, may have a streak of insanity or of credulity in his nature. But it is certainly much easier, generally speaking, to judge whether that is likely or not, in the cases of persons not our personal acquaintances, when their careers are within public view, and their deeds and writings are widely known.

Nor is a rare psychological incident more or less a problem, nor has it more or less significance, in the experience of honest John Jones than it has in that of an honest Garibaldi. If once it is proved that John Jones saw the apparition of a particular friend, at the moment when he died thousands of miles away, the incident has exactly the same validity and value that it would have were his name replaced by that of Lord Brougham. If it is abundantly evidenced that the experience was accurately told before reception of news of the corresponding fact, science cares nothing for the name.

But an alleged experience may entirely lack, or be susceptible of insufficient corroboration. Then comes in the question of veracity. The reader is certainly generally in a better position to judge for himself whether the narrator is a romancer or not, if that narrator is a person of prominence. If I am the character-witness for an obscure man who relates a psychical incident, I am but one and may myself have been deceived in my impressions of him. If, however, the narrator is a famous man, and many persons of standing have spread abroad his reputation for judgment and character, it is much harder to believe that I have been deceived in him. There may be no better man than Abraham Lincoln, but the fact is not to be denied. It is not quite satisfactory to be told by another man whom, perhaps, we know as little, what a good man he is. But there are few who would feel the least doubt that a declaration by Abraham Lincoln was at least an honest one.

There are also types of experiences more or less complex in themselves or their settings, which properly demand discernment and judg-

ment at the time of them, and accuracy of memory afterward, if they are to be taken at their face value. Less well-known men may be able to tell their stories with such manifest marks of intelligence, and so to buttress them with collateral evidence as to convince readers of their discernment, judgment and accuracy. But the very names of many noted men are guarantees that their testimonies will be characterized by these qualities. The reader either knows their careers or he can be told in a few words what a glance in a biographical dictionary or *Who's Who* will the more confirm. Hence the brief biographical sketches in this volume. If in regard to their own simple though weighty experiences (remote from the bejugglements of the senses by art which can make wise men foolish) we cannot trust the discernment, judgment and memory of such lawyers as Erskine and Brougham, such scientists as Delitzsch, Linnæus, Romanes and Muir, such brilliant masters of varied affairs as Depew and Clews, such physicians as the Coopers, Holmes, Esdaile and Liébeault, such keen-witted men as Henry M. Stanley, Carl Schurz, W. R. Newbold and Bishop Huntington, to name but a few of the witnesses we have summoned, in whose can we place confidence?

There is another advantage which such witnesses of psychic occurrences possess. While I do not think that, as a matter of fact, more than a very small percentage of the comparatively unknown persons who relate incidents of this character actually invent them, the supposition that many of them do is much more plausible than with persons of prominence. The latter are both, because of that intellectual keenness which has made them prominent, less likely unconsciously to exaggerate and elaborate their experiences, and they are more protected from the temptation to invent. An obscure person could get a little publicity and attention by concocting a psychic romance in cold blood, although careful inspection would generally, sooner or later, reveal the imposture. But a popular writer like Sir Gilbert Parker, a great military leader like Lord Roberts, a noted sculptor like Hiram Powers, a cold-blooded geologist like Pumpelly, a psychologist like James, a famous poet like Browning, a clergyman of national reputation like Russell Conwell,—what has any of these to gain by telling a story of the sort that the most of contemporary intellectuals still view askance? In fact, so many of the class we are considering wait until their later years before disclosing to the public their own peculiar incidents, although these may have happened in their youth, that it looks as though it were the consciousness of reputation which such a disclosure cannot shake that at last encourages them to reveal the truth. On similar grounds, we must suppose, certain lately reminiscencing ex-royalties have been telling personal and family anecdotes which would

embarrass most people to disclose. They feel insulated by that atmosphere of rank and grandeur which still lingers about them.

The collection of a large number of "occult" incidents experienced by, witnessed by or, for compelling reasons, credited by, persons of more or less note, is entitled to be called *psychic research*. It has certainly required *research*, perhaps beyond what would be supposed, to bring together so many incidents, to find in nearly every instance biographical data from which to provide them with brief but illuminating introductions, and, in many cases, to add some terse analysis or comment. It is *scientific*, in that science, when its subject admits, always endeavors to study it in what might be called the three scientific dimensions: (1) Intrinsically—as to the nature of the thing in itself; (2) Extensively—as to its distribution throughout the whole region where it occurs or can be traced, be that region a small locality, the whole planet, or one comprising inter-stellar space; (3) Historically—as to its development or continuance in time. In this book a little is accomplished in all three directions. Every incident, if once it is accepted as valid, reveals both in its narration by a person whose very name carries weight, and in any editorial discussion, something of the intrinsic nature of a phenomenon. Taken together, the incidents show that either for their existence or their verification the several types of phenomena do not depend solely upon the witness of persons whose antecedents are obscure, or persons of a particular temperament, or persons who are hysterical or otherwise abnormal, or persons of particular modes of thinking and belief. It unmistakably appears that they are shared by a large number of prominent or even illustrious people, including many whose neural and mental soundness has never been questioned, persons of various opinions and temperaments, scientists, agnostics, leaders of thought and moulders of history. And something has been accomplished in the way of showing that the types of phenomena reported here do not, as some seem to suppose, date only from the Fox Sisters or from the Epworth parsonage, but go back, essentially the same (however intensive experimentation has during the last half century or so increased their number and enlarged their scope), as far as we can carry our research.

The entire exclusion, except for one case, of incidents supposed to involve supernormal physical phenomena will certainly puzzle many readers, and be ascribed to invincible prejudice on the part of the compiler, unless it is explained. The two principal reasons for this exclusion are:

1. That no account of a physical phenomenon is worth anything which does not set forth the surrounding conditions and the details exhaustively, and this book is not the place for long technical reports

and dry weighing of opposing arguments which claims of physical phenomena always involve.

2. That sensory illusion is so gravely in question in connection with physical phenomena as evidenced by the war regarding particular cases between investigators convinced of such phenomena *per se*, and by their occasional startling reversals of opinion, while it is so seldom a question in connection with mental phenomena, as quite to justify, if not demand, the entire separation of the two classes.

But I also exclude incidents drawn from experiments with *professional* mental mediums, and this also for two reasons chiefly:

1. Not because there are not plenty of good incidents of this precise character, but because to make them satisfactory to critical minds they would require an amount of collateral detail for which there is not here space.

2. Because there are plenty of extended reports of experiments with professionals already accessible, whereas there is not in existence, so far as I know, any *large* collection of the spontaneous and private experiences of prominent people.

I even go so far as to include very few incidents growing out of the work of recognized private mediums. This accounts, in part, for the otherwise singular fact that there is not to be found here a single incident under the name of a well-known scientific psychical researcher such as Professor Sidgwick, Mrs. Sidgwick, Myers, Gurney, Barrett, Lodge, Hodgson, or Hyslop. For, in addition, so far as I have discovered, none of these persons had any spontaneous experiences which they thought worth reporting. I have not found in the whole task of preparing this book, and at the moment I cannot remember, with a single exception, any person of prominence in professional psychic research who is generally regarded as scientific in his modes of approach, and who has admitted having had in his own person, a spontaneous psychic experience. It may be that there are such and that I ought to recall the instances, but they must be few indeed.

This fact I recommend to the consideration of those who so glibly employ the expression "will to believe," to explain the convictions to which some of these leaders in psychic research, as Myers, Barrett, Lodge, Hodgson, Hyslop and others, have come. If the will to believe has its deadly control of their whole trend of thought, why did not suggestion, auto-suggestion, illusion and morbid hallucination, which are supposed by the same critics to account for the peculiar mental phenomena of more obscure folk, induce in these men also peculiar spontaneous experiences? Myers, Barrett, Lodge, Hodgson and Hyslop all became convinced of spirit communication, but I have not heard that any of them ever thought he saw a spirit, or had an apparition.

tional experience, in whatever light it should be regarded. It was not Myers who declared that he saw the hallucinatory figure of a person on the hour or day when that person died, but the eminent lawyer Lord Brougham; it was Garibaldi, the military man; it was Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor. Not Barrett saw in the glass a distant scene and distant acts, but Balfour, the statesman. Not Lodge experienced a strange and compellingly evidential "monition;" but it was the naturalist Muir, who had paid little attention to psychic research; it was Moody, to whom the term psychic research probably suggested heresy and sin. Not Hodgson, who would have enjoyed the experience, was wakened by the sensation as of a hand and by words seemingly ringing in his ears which had been uttered by a dying man in that room shortly before, but Mrs. Stanton, who hated it at the time and disliked to tell of it afterwards. It was not in the house of Hyslop nor observed by himself and members of his family that various inexplicable "haunting" phenomena occurred, but in that of the writer, scholar and clergyman, Baring-Gould, and observed by himself and many others of his household.

If there is any other class of persons which antecedently would seem bound to be prolific in psychic experiences, it is that made up of clergymen, theologians and lay evangelists. These men believe in the survival of the dead, in interpositions from heaven in human affairs in consequence of faith and prayer, in "another world" and in spiritual realities. Their life business is largely to speak and write along these lines. Then, if it is a matter of preoccupation, auto-suggestion and the will to believe, it is quite to be expected that men of this class should have many peculiar experiences of the sorts included in this volume. And as a matter of fact, as will be seen, they father more incidents, twenty-nine in number, than do any other class. But if this is because of preoccupation with idealistic and unworldly thoughts, auto-suggestion and the will to believe, the conclusion brings along with it a corollary which is like being drenched with a bucket of cold water, namely, that men of scientific pursuits are *next to them* most infected with predisposing thoughts and impulses to believe. For their names, twenty in number, are next the most frequent among the classes I have roughly assembled.

But, if comparison is to be made, one of the two lists should not be packed by a process unfair to the other. The fact is that, not expecting to make any statistical comparison, I specially looked through Sprague's hundreds of biographical sketches of clergymen, and also rather carefully examined the writings of the Ante-Nicene Church Fathers; whereas no parallel compendium relating to scientific men or any other class was consulted. The clerical and theological names

found casually, as were those of the scientists, were twenty, which makes the numbers equal.<sup>1</sup> On the face of the fair returns, then, a scientific man is *exactly as likely* to have a psychical experience as a man whose profession is the inculcation of religion, and preoccupation with purported spiritual realities no more tends to induce such experiences than preoccupation with minerals, chemicals, bugs, beasts or the physiological or mental characteristics of human beings.

But, again, we get no true statistical result unless we are able to make some comparison between the respective numbers of the two classes from which the representatives named in this book are drawn. First be it observed that no man who is here classed as a scientist is reckoned so because he simply taught some scientific subject; everyone was or is an original investigator, and in nearly every case he has added something to the world's stock of knowledge which can be definitely traced to him. I have no means of knowing how many scientific investigators there are, say in this country and in England, nor do I know the number of clergymen, but no one can doubt that the latter are far more numerous than the former. Then, so far as chance has led me to the discovery of their stories, the appalling fact seems to loom up, that scientists are *more likely* to have psychical experiences than are clergymen and theologians!<sup>2</sup>

It may be suggested that perhaps scientific men are more inclined to *tell* their peculiar experiences than are men of the cloth. But why in heaven's name should that be? If many clergymen are inhibited by the fear of being suspected of inclinations toward Spiritualism, surely most scientists would dislike both that implication and the one of being unscientific. Possibly scientific men tend to be bolder. But while I know clergymen who will not permit their peculiar experiences to be printed, I know men of science of which exactly the same thing is true.

Of course, on the basis of less than two hundred names, no serious attempt can be made to measure the respective liability to psychical experiences, of the various classes into which they may be arranged. Else we would conclude that a military man cannot have such an experience unless he is of the grade of General, since all of the eleven military men represented here are of that rank. This is probably

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<sup>1</sup> Strictly, the figures are 19 to 19, as neither the incident of Professor Hilprecht on the one hand, nor that of the Rev. Mr. Backus, on the other, is given as probably of genuine "psycho" quality.

<sup>2</sup> It may be objected that my statistics take no account of two or three clergymen, like Baring-Gould and Sayce, assigned to other classes. They were so assigned because primarily something else, and secondarily clergymen. If all the persons in the book who really did scientific work were added to the list of "Men of Science" it would gain more in number than the clerical list would gain by a similar procedure. Several of the men listed as "Physicians" did genuine scientific work, as in the study of hypnosis and suggestion, and in development of surgery.

because none of the colonels and majors I encountered seemed to me sufficiently "noted" to be entered, whereas certainly no higher credentials of prominence were exacted from the clergymen than from the scientists.

The difficulties of classifying human beings are insuperable. The same man may be a great statesman and a great lawyer, a physician and a scientist, a clergyman and a writer of stories. I have done my clumsy best to put each man where he predominantly belongs,<sup>1</sup> and have then lumped together groups of the smaller classes so as to make up chapters of not too unequal length.

Similar difficulties attend the classification and naming of phenomena. The reader is emphatically notified not to regard the titles of incidents in this volume as declarative. They are simply convenient labels, giving names to phenomena (such as "Monition," "Premonition," etc.) according to what these seem, purport or are by many believed to be, and sometimes even employing popular designations (as "Haunted House" and "Traveling Clairvoyance").

Incompetent testimony cannot acquire affirmative force through mere mass. The combined opinions of a thousand untutored tribesmen regarding the nature of zoölogical fossils would be worth precisely what the opinion of one is worth—nothing. Even though a hundred university professors, profoundly versed in their several specialities but ignorant of certain species of human guile, should combine in declaring that they were witnesses to a marvelous feat of dexterity on the part of an unknown man, that feat consisting in putting a long thread into his mouth, following it with a quantity of loose needles, and the stringing of the needles at intervals along the thread with his tongue, their united testimony would be nullified in a moment by the discovery that the stranger was Houdini or any other magician who appears to do this very thing but does something quite different.

But in matters of spontaneous experience, which do not require for their authentication a particular and rare species of knowledge, *mass* of respectable testimony, in itself, undoubtedly does logically augment the average convictive force of every individual testimony entering into the mass. Certain of the incidents may be told intelligently by persons apparently honest and yet, because they each depend upon the narrator's words and memory alone, be regarded with deep misgiving by the reader. But when other incidents of precisely similar character are told by other persons who bring to the support of their word

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<sup>1</sup> It is probable that a number of the assignments would be unsatisfactory to their subjects, if living. For example, I think that Dr. H. R. Evans would prefer to be designated as a writer. But as what seem to me his most important books deal with magic, and he is himself considerably expert in that art, I classify him as a magician, using the term in a wide sense.

abundant collateral testimony and other proof, the unsupported incidents at once gain in credibility, especially as the various narrators are independent of each other, widely distributed in time and space, from all the walks of life, and frequently uninterested in or even strongly averse to the whole class of phenomena which the incidents apparently illustrate.

Another weighty factor is added in this book. The more than one hundred and seventy principal witnesses summoned are picked men and women, selected because they stand above the common level for some species of mental power. It may indeed be questioned whether a talent for writing popular stories is necessarily accompanied by superior judgment in regard to facts. But at any rate, their skill in the art of description generally enables these writers to inform us clearly as to the details of what happened to them. But the list embraces not a few of the world's geniuses, men who altered the current of civilized thought or ushered in epochal discoveries. It embraces outstanding scientists,<sup>1</sup> eminent lawyers, statesmen and diplomats, great physicians, famous military leaders, noted clergymen, and even well known representatives of that very suspicious fraternity, the magicians. Certain of them told their experiences but, like Delitzsch who could not repudiate but would not answer questions, had no desire that the experiences should appear in print. Some, like Obregón, manifest their internal conflict between caution and candor by expressly disclaiming any tendency toward "superstition," and others, like Schipa and Baring-Gould, by ineffective attempts to explain. But they have told the facts, or their friends who heard the facts from their lips have told them, and these are what we want. By far the greater number, more concerned with the claims of truth than with the gabble of the mob, seem to have testified without any particular qualms, as befits men. Nearly all of them, whether clergymen, scientists, poets, statesmen, novelists, physicians, generals, lawyers, or whatever they may be, evidently believed that their experiences were in some manner supernormal. The authority of nearly all their one hundred and seventy names, which shine with greater or less brilliancy, is on that side of the question.

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<sup>1</sup> According to my reckoning: 1 geologist, 1 zoölogist, 2 botanists, 1 astronomer, 3 metallurgists, 1 chemist, 2 naturalists, 2 mathematicians, 1 electrical engineer, 1 aeronautical engineer, 1 scientific inventor, 1 psychologist, and 3 orientalists.



## MEN OF SCIENCE

### UTILIZABLE TELEPATHY <sup>1</sup>

(LUTHER BURBANK)

The name of Luther Burbank (1849-1926), Sc.D. from Tufts College, is familiar as that of the famous student and moulder of plant life, originator of spineless cacti, the plumcot which is a quite new fruit, the Shasta daisy, and a large number of varieties of potatoes, plums, apples, peaches, nuts, cherries, vegetables, flowers, etc. His Experimental Farms in California had, toward the end of his life, 5,000 different botanical species, and a million plants a year were tested. He was a special lecturer on evolution at Leland Stanford, Jr., University, and a member of many organizations.

I inherited my mother's ability to send and receive communications. So did one of my sisters. In tests before representatives of the University of California she was able, seven times out of ten, to receive messages sent to her telepathically. My mother, who lived to be more than ninety-six years of age, was in poor health the last years of her life. During these years I often wished to summon my sister. On such occasions I never had to write, telephone or telegraph to her. Instead, I sent her messages telepathically, and each time she arrived in Santa Rosa, California, where I live, on the next train.

It is hard to credit that, had records been kept of Dr. Burbank's attempts to send his sister messages by telepathy, they would have shown unbroken success; on the other hand, it is very hard to believe that such a statement would have been made by such a man without considerable basis of fact.

### THE TRANCES OF A PIONEER IN MATHEMATICAL AND GENERAL SCIENCE <sup>2</sup>

(JEROME CARDAN)

Girolomo Cardano (1501-1576), to give him his name in his own language, was a famous Italian mathematician and physician. In

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<sup>1</sup> Article in *Hearst's Magazine*, May, 1923.

<sup>2</sup> Taken immediately from Flammarion's *Autour de la Mort*, p. 45, which derives from Cardan's *De Rerum Varietate*, XXXIV. Translated by W. F. P.

1545 he published a book which marks an era in the history of mathematics. His great work, *De Subtilitate Rerum*, printed in 1551, sounds crude enough now, but it "in his own age embodied the soundest physical learning of the time and simultaneously represented its most advanced spirit of speculation." In a general way he divined some of the principles worked out by Darwin 300 years later. "Alike intellectually and morally, Cardan is one of the most interesting personages connected with the revival of science in Europe. . . . He possesses the true scientific spirit in perfection." "Numerous instances of his belief in dreams and omens may be collected from his writings, and he specially valued himself in being one of the five or six celebrated men to whom, as to Socrates, had been vouchsafed the assistance of a guardian dæmon."<sup>1</sup>

In his fifty-fifth year, Cardan began to experience peculiar trance or ecstatic states, which he thus described:

When I go into a trance I have near my heart a feeling as though the spirit detached itself from the body, and this separation extends to all the body, especially the head and neck. After that, I have no longer the idea of any sensation, except of feeling myself outside of the body.

During the trance [*extase*], he no longer felt the gout, from which he suffered much in his normal state, because all his sensibility was exteriorized.<sup>2</sup>

## RAPS AND A VERIDICAL APPARITION<sup>3</sup>

### (THE EARL OF CRAWFORD)

James Ludovic Lindsay (1847-1913), earlier known as the Master of Lindsay, was a Scottish peer and scientist, owning a string of degrees and titles, among which were K.T., V.D., D.L., J.P., LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.S.A., and V.P.S.A. He was a Trinity College, Cambridge man, for a time a member of Parliament, also a President of the Astronomical Society, a large landed proprietor, in 1874 organized and

<sup>1</sup> The quotations are from Richard Garnett, LL.D., of the British Museum, in *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

<sup>2</sup> Flammarion adds that "Alfred de Musset saw sitting by his side a man 'who resembled himself like a brother,'" and that "George Sand declared that she had many times had a hallucination, both visual and auditory, of her double."

<sup>3</sup> *Report on Spiritualism* of the Committee of the London Dialectical Society, 1873, pp. 206-208.

equipped an expedition to observe the transit of Venus, and erected the Observatory at Sunecht, etc.

The following is a part of his testimony to the Committee of the London Dialectical Society, read July 6, 1869:

I first met Mr. Home at the house of a friend of his and mine, Mrs. G——; and when we left the party, I asked him to come into my rooms, in Grosvenor Square, to smoke a cigar, etc. As he came into the room I heard a shower of raps along a beam that crosses the ceiling. It sounded like the feet of a flock of sheep being driven over boards. This was the first thing of the sort I had ever heard and, naturally, I was interested and wished for more, but in vain; nothing more happened, and soon he went away. . . .

Another time, says the Master of Lindsay:

That evening I missed the last train at the Crystal Palace, and had to stay at Norwood, and I got a shakedown on a sofa in Home's room. I was just going to sleep, when I was roused by feeling my pillow slipping from under my head; and I could also feel, what seemed to be a fist, or hand, under it, which was pulling it away; soon after it ceased. Then I saw at the foot of my sofa a female figure, standing *en profile* to me. I asked Home if he saw anything, and he answered, "a woman, looking at me." Our beds were at right angles to one another, and about twelve feet apart. I saw the features perfectly, and impressed them upon my memory. She seemed to be dressed in a long wrap, going down from the shoulders, and not gathered in at the waist. Home then said, "It is my wife; she often comes to me." And then she seemed to fade away. Shortly after, I saw on my knee a flame of fire about nine inches high; I passed my hand through it, but it burnt on, above and below it. Home turned in his bed, and I looked at him, and saw that his eyes were glowing with light. It had a most disagreeable appearance. The only time since that I have seen that occur, a lady was very much frightened by it; indeed, I felt uncomfortable myself at it. The flame which had been flitting about me, now left me, and crossed the room about four feet from the ground, and reached the curtains of Home's bed; these proved no obstruction, for the light went right through them, settled on his head, and then went out; and then we went to sleep. There were no shutters, blinds, or curtains over the windows; and there was snow on the ground, and a bright moon. It was as lovely a night as ever I saw. . . . The next morning, before I went to London, I was looking at some photographs, and I recognized the face I had seen in the room up-stairs overnight. I asked Mrs. Jencken who it was, and she said it was Home's wife.

Riveting our attention on the female figure, it is difficult to imagine

how Home could in any way have produced the appearance by deception. The room seems to have been lighted by the moon, Home could be seen in his bed and Lindsay talked with him as he was looking at the figure. The witness says that he recognized her in one of the photographs he looked over the next day before he knew whom it represented, and that it proved to be a photograph of the woman named by Home as the "figure."

**HEARS HIS FRIEND'S NAME MYSTERIOUSLY CALLED,  
SHORTLY AFTER THE FRIEND DIED IN A  
DISTANT LAND <sup>1</sup>**

(FRIEDRICH DELITZSCH)

This German Assyriologist (1850-1922) became, after the date of the incident which follows, as renowned as George Smith himself, though less of a pioneer, and proportionally not so prolific, since he lived exactly twice as long. Delitzsch was professor of Semitic languages and Assyriology successively in the Universities of Leipzig, Breslau and Berlin, also director of the Asiatic section of the Royal Museum. He wrote many noted books on Assyriology, the Semitic language and the Old Testament.

George Smith died in Syria, August 19, 1876. In the (London) *Times* of September 11, that year, appeared the following:

A most striking coincidence may here be mentioned without comment. A young German Assyriologist of the highest promise, Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch, is now, for the second time, in this country, having been sent, as on his former visit, by the King of Saxony to study the arrow-headed inscriptions in the British Museum. During his former stay here last year, which was noticed at the time in our columns, Dr. Delitzsch and Mr. George Smith naturally became fast friends, and the Leipzig savant and his brother Hermann were chosen by Mr. Smith to introduce to German readers his *Chaldean Account of Genesis*, which has accordingly just been published at Leipzig under their joint editorship.

On the 19th ult., the day of Mr. George Smith's death, Dr. Delitzsch was on his way to the house of Mr. William St. Chad Boscawen, who is also a rising Assyriologist. Mr. Boscawen resides in Kentish Town, and in passing the end of Crogsland Road, in which Mr. George Smith

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<sup>1</sup> *Phantasms of the Living*, II, 563.

lived, and within about a stone's throw of the house, his German friend said he suddenly heard a most piercing cry, which thrilled him to the marrow, "Herr Dr. Delitzsch." The time—for as soon as he got over the shock he looked at his watch—was between 6:45 and 7 P. M., and Mr. Parsons gives the hour of Mr. Smith's death as 6 P. M. Dr. Delitzsch, who strongly disavows any superstitious leanings, was ashamed to mention the circumstance to Mr. Boscawen on reaching that gentleman's house, although on his return home he owns that his nervous apprehensions of some mournful event in his own family found relief in tears, and that he recorded all the facts in his notebook that same night. Dr. Delitzsch told the story at our informant's breakfast-table, with all the circumstances mentioned above, including the hour at which he heard the shrill cry. He distinctly denied having been thinking of Mr. George Smith at the time.

In 1885 the S. P. R. Committee, after several failures to get any responses, sent Prof. Delitzsch a copy of the above and asked him to contradict anything in it which was untrue, warning him that if not contradicted it would be printed. As no reply was received, and the "reluctance to write on the subject" which he expressed to an official of the British Museum would surely not have extended so far as to fail to stamp a falsehood, the account seems vindicated.

Mr. Gurney remarks that [taking in consideration the difference of longitude], if the hours were correctly given, the cry was heard about three and one-quarter hours after Mr. Smith's death.

Note that Delitzsch was in Smith's home town, to visit another Assyriologist, and likewise near Smith's house, when he heard his own name called, with a "most piercing cry, which thrilled him to the marrow." Can it be supposed that any flesh-and-blood person screamed out in such fashion, and without any indication of his presence?—for it would not have been in human nature not to look in every direction instantly. Would a human voice have "thrilled him to the marrow"? Would he have been so affected afterward—he, who disliked such things so much—if he had found any normal explanation possible? And was it not odd, if any living person caused that impression of a terrible cry, that it happened to be in Smith's town, near Smith's house and so soon after Smith's far-off death?

“TRAVELING CLAIRVOYANCE” IN HYPNOSIS <sup>1</sup>

(AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN)

Professor De Morgan (1806-1871) was one of the most eminent mathematicians and logicians of his period. He graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, but his refusal to sign the theological tests blocked the way to an M.A. degree and a fellowship. At the age of twenty-two he became professor of mathematics at University College, London, where he remained for a third of a century. “As a teacher of mathematics De Morgan was unrivaled. . . . The most prolonged mathematical reasoning, and the most intricate formulæ, were given with almost infallible accuracy from the resources of his extraordinary memory.” <sup>2</sup> He wrote a *Treatise on Differential and Integral Calculus*, and many other mathematical books and articles. But it is probable that his influence in the field of logic was greater still, and here his principal work was *Formal Logic, or the Calculus of Inference, Necessary and Probable*. “Apart from his conspicuous position as a logical and mathematical discoverer, we may conclude that hardly any man of science in recent times has had a more extensive, though it may often be an unfelt influence, upon the progress of exact and sound knowledge.” The testimony of such a man is of great weight, and the significance of the incident he relates it seems impossible to evade.

I have seen a great deal of mesmerism and have tried it myself on ——— for the removal of ailments. But this is not the point. I had frequently heard of the thing they call clairvoyance, and had been assured of the occurrence of it in my own house, but always considered it as a thing of which I had no evidence direct or personal, and which I could not admit till such evidence came.

One evening I dined at a house about a mile from my own—a house in which my wife had never been at that time. I left it at half-past ten, and was in my own house at a quarter to eleven. At my entrance my wife said to me, “We have been after you,” and told me that a little girl whom she mesmerized for epileptic fits (and who left her cured), and of whose clairvoyance she had told me other instances, had been desired in the mesmeric state to follow me to ——— Street, to ———’s house. The thing took place at a few minutes past ten. On hearing the name of the street, the girl’s mother said:

“She will never find her way there. She has never been so far away from Camden Town.”

<sup>1</sup> *Modern Spiritualism*, by Frank Podmore, I, 148-50.

<sup>2</sup> This and the following quotation are from W. S. Jevons in *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 9th edition.

The girl in a moment got there. "Knock at the door," said my wife. "I cannot," said the girl; "we must go in at the gate." (The house, a most unusual thing in London, stands in a garden; this my wife knew nothing of.) Having made the girl go in and knock at the door, or simulate or whatever the people do, the girl said she heard voices up-stairs, and being told to go up, exclaimed, "What a comical house! there are three doors," describing them thus. [Diagram given.] (This was true, and is not unusual in any but large houses.) On being told to go into the room from whence voices came, she said, "Now I see Mr. de Morgan, but he has a nice coat on, and not the long coat he wears here; and he is talking to an old gentleman, and there are ladies." This was a true description of the party, except that the other gentleman was not old.<sup>1</sup> "And now," she said, "there is a lady come to them, and is beginning to talk to Mr. de Morgan and the old gentleman, and Mr. de Morgan is pointing at you and the old gentleman is looking at me." About the time indicated I happened to be talking to my host about mesmerism, and having mentioned what my wife was doing, or said she was doing with the little girl, he said, "Oh, my wife must hear this," and called her, and she came up and joined us in the manner described. The girl then proceeded to describe the room: stated that there were two pianos in it. There was one [piano], and an ornamental sideboard, not much unlike a pianoforte to the daughter of a poor charwoman. That there were two kinds of curtains, white and red, and curiously looped up (all true to the letter), and that there were wine and water and biscuits on the table. Now, my wife, knowing that we had dined at half-past six, and thinking it impossible that anything but coffee could be on the table, said, "You must mean coffee." The girl persisted, "Wine, water and biscuits." My wife still persuaded that it must be coffee, tried in every way to lead her witness, and make her say coffee. But still the girl persisted, "Wine, water, and biscuits," which was literally true, it not being what people talk of under the name of a glass of wine and a biscuit, which means sandwiches, cake, etc., but strictly wine, water, and biscuits.

Now, all this taking place at twenty minutes after ten was told to me at a quarter to eleven. When I heard that I was to have such an account given I only said, "Tell me all of it, and I will not say one word;" and I assure you that during the narration I took the most especial care not to utter one syllable. For instance, when the wine and water and biscuits came up, my wife, perfectly satisfied that it must have been coffee, told me how the girl persisted, and enlarged upon it as a failure, giving parallel instances of cases in which the clairvoyants had been right in all things but one. All this I heard without any interruption. Now that the things happened to me as I have described at twenty minutes after ten, and were described to me as above at quarter

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<sup>1</sup> He may have been, from the viewpoint of a "little girl."

to eleven, I could make oath. The curtains I ascertained next day, for I had not noticed them. When my wife came to see the room she instantly recognized the door, which she had forgotten in her narrative.

All this is no secret. You may tell whom you like, and give my name. What do you make of it? Will the never-failing doctrine of coincidence explain it?

### A DYING VISION <sup>1</sup>

(AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN)

For many years, as we have seen, he had been deeply interested in, and had closely investigated, tales of appearances of the dead to the dying. During the last two days of his life his son William, watching by him, observed that he seemed to recognize the presence of all those of his family whom he had lost by death—his three children, his mother and sister, all of whom he greeted audibly, naming them in the reverse order to that in which they left this world. Whether it was the wandering of a dying brain or a happy vision of actuality, who shall decide?

### PREVISIONAL DREAMS <sup>2</sup>

(J. W. DUNNE)

Mr. Dunne is said to be an aeronautical engineer of very high reputation in England, who has been prominently connected with the development of aviation.

In the spring of 1902 I was encamped with the Sixth Mounted Infantry near the ruins of Lindley, in the (then) Orange Free State. We had just come off *trek*, and mails and newspapers arrived but rarely.

There, one night, I had an unusually vivid and rather unpleasant dream.

I seemed to be standing on high ground—the upper slopes of some spur of a hill or mountain. The ground was of a curious white formation. Here and there in this were little fissures, and from these jets of vapor were spouting upward. In my dream I recognized the place as an island of which I had dreamed before—an island which was in imminent peril from a volcano. And, when I saw the vapor spouting from

<sup>1</sup> *William De Morgan and His Wife*, by A. M. W. Stirling (Henry Holt & Co., N. Y., 1922), 81.

<sup>2</sup> *An Experiment with Time*, by J. W. Dunne (Macmillan Co., 1927), 34-7.



the ground, I gasped: "It's the island! Good Lord, the whole thing is going to *blow up*!" For I had memories of reading about Krakatoa, where the sea, making its way into the heart of a volcano through a submarine crevice, flushed into steam, and blew the whole mountain to pieces. Forthwith I was seized with a frantic desire to save the four thousand (I knew the number) unsuspecting inhabitants. Obviously there was only one way of doing this, and that was to take them off in ships. There followed a most distressing nightmare, in which I was at a neighboring island, trying to get the incredulous *French* authorities to dispatch vessels of every and any description to remove the inhabitants of the threatened island. I was sent from one official to another; and finally woke myself by my own dream exertions, clinging to the heads of a team of horses drawing the carriage of one "Monsieur le Maire," who was going out to dine, and wanted me to return when his office would be open next day. All through the dream the *number* of the people in danger obsessed my mind. I repeated it to everyone I met, and, at the moment of waking, I was shouting to the "Maire," "Listen! Four thousand people will be killed unless——"

I am not certain now when we received our next batch of papers, but, when they did come, the *Daily Telegraph* was amongst them, and, on opening the centre sheet, this is what met my eyes:

VOLCANO DISASTER IN MARTINIQUE—TOWN SWEEPED AWAY—AN  
AVALANCHE OF FLAME—PROBABLE LOSS OF OVER  
40,000 LIVES—BRITISH STEAMER BURNED. ETC.

Note the correspondences:

*Dream*

1. Volcano.
2. On an island.
3. French inhabitants of a neighboring island.
4. Mountain "flushed into steam."
5. "Going to blow up." Memories in the dream of another case where conditions "blew the whole mountain to pieces."
6. Mention of "ships."
7. Dreamer oppressed by the number of people to be killed.
8. Number killed, 4,000.

*Facts*

1. Volcano (Pelée).
2. On the island Martinique.
3. The white population of the adjacent island, St. Lucia, is nearly all French.
4. Mt. Pelée sent out a blast of incandescent gas.
5. The narrator in the newspaper described how "the mountain seemed to split open all down the side."
6. Printed article has about a "British ship burnt," and in fact there were many ships in the harbor.
7. The destruction of life was indeed enormous.
8. Number of killed the same with another cipher added.

There are certainly a number of striking correspondences. Even in respect to the number of people killed, while in one sense there is a great difference, in another there is little; whether in hastily glancing at print or in recollecting a round number, it is easy to leave off or add one cipher. I am not suggesting that any analogous process was involved—we know nothing, whatever our various conjectures, as to the process.

Be it noted that the dream was “unusually vivid” and very emotional—characteristics which attach to most dreams which find complex external correspondences.

But the fact above all which makes it exceedingly difficult to assign the correspondences to chance coincidence is that Mr. Dunne has recorded so many which also complexly coincided with outward and future events in many of their salient features.

We do not know how soon after the dream the disaster took place—seemingly the date of the former was not recorded, but it was “in the spring of 1902;” the Mt. Pelée catastrophe occurred May 8.

### DOWSING PHENOMENA <sup>1</sup>

(WILLIAM E. GREENAWALT)

William E. Greenawalt (1866-...), C.E. and B.S. of Cornell, spent ten years in engineering and architecture in New York City, but has since turned his attention to mining and metallurgy. He has taken out more than one hundred patents, mostly in connection with the “Greenawalt Electrolytic Copper Extraction Process,” and is the author of *The Hydrometallurgy of Copper*, and many technical articles.

Some years ago I visited a mining camp in southern Colorado, and spent an evening with the superintendent of the largest mine in the district. In the course of the conversation he told me that a dowser had been to see him sometime previously, and that he was curious enough to pay \$25 for an exhibition. The dowser, he said, indicated to him the exact position of a vein of which he had no knowledge. He was then cross-cutting to intersect the known veins, and was interested to see if there was anything to the dowser’s information. He found the vein almost exactly as described, and asked me if I could offer any

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<sup>1</sup> From letter by Mr. Greenawalt in *Engineering and Mining Journal*, January 14, 1928.

explanation. I told him coincidence might be an explanation, if it explained anything.

About the same time I was superintending the construction of a mill in Colorado. One of my associates in this work had read about locating mineral veins with a forked stick, and he suggested that we try it. I agreed, but with the stipulation that he was to carry the forked stick. As we tramped over the hills he remarked several times that he felt a perceptible tug on the stick, and I concluded that his imagination was working overtime. Suddenly he stopped, and apparently was making a great effort to hold the stick horizontally against a force which was attempting to pull it down. He called my attention to it, and as I looked him over in an incredulous way, he said, "Well, if you do not believe it, try it yourself." I did, but to me it was simply a forked willow stick we had cut a short time before. I handed it back to him, and immediately apparently the tugging started again. I concluded at the time that if there was not a mineral deposit where we stood, there was at least an interesting psychological problem connected with the affair.

The phenomena of dowsing does not appear as obscure to me now as it did then. The mistake is usually made by confusing a psychical phenomenon with a physical phenomenon. Dowsing, as I see it, is purely a psychical phenomenon. It finds almost an exact duplication in the very common psychic phenomenon known as table-tipping and automatic writing. It is, in fact, essentially the same thing. While dowsing cannot very well be investigated experimentally, everyone can easily experimentally investigate table-tipping and automatic writing. Few people who have scientifically investigated these common phenomena doubt their reality. Everyone who has scientifically investigated them knows about their unreliability. Sometimes results are obtained bordering on the miraculous; then again, at other times, the results are entirely negative, apparently without cause.

Nobody realizes better than I do that these phenomena are ridiculed and explained on the basis of fraud, but ridicule and fraud do not explain anything except the mental attitude of the one who asserts them. Anyone can observe these phenomena, and anyone who claims to know even the elements of research and experimentation can eliminate fraud and coincidence without much trouble. I eliminated them by experimenting with friends and members of my own family and household. I even eliminated them from consideration of fraud and coincidence by giving mental directions and by mentally (not audibly) asking questions. In table-tipping, for example, the table would respond to my mental directions when there was no physical contact between me and the table. These phenomena are very common, and I am simply mentioning them here to show their identity with the much-discussed subject of locating water or mineral deposits with a forked stick. Those who can produce the phenomena of table-tipping can usually

without much difficulty produce the phenomena of automatic writing, and I should confidently expect, on experimentation, to find that they could also produce the phenomena of dowsing, and vice versa. These phenomena are admittedly unreliable and unsatisfactory, but as one roams over the mining regions of the West and sees the innumerable abandoned prospect holes dug by hard-headed prospectors and intelligent engineers, he is far from impressed with the infallibility of their judgment, even on matters they claim to know about.

WILLIAM E. GREENAWALT.

### “TRAVELING CLAIRVOYANCE”<sup>1</sup>

(WILLIAM GREGORY)

Professor William Gregory (1803-1858), son and grandson of eminent professors in medical colleges of Scotland, was professor of chemistry first at the Andersonian Institution in Glasgow, then at King's College in Aberdeen, and finally at Edinburgh University. He was author of treatises on chemistry, an essay on “animal magnetism,” and translated several works of Von Liebig, whose theories he championed.

Mr. Podmore quotes also a letter of Professor Gregory, of Edinburgh. Professor Gregory had paid a visit to a friend in a town some thirty miles from Edinburgh, and there met a lady who had been twice mesmerized by this friend and who was not known to Professor Gregory. She apparently had some clairvoyant powers and described Professor Gregory's house in Edinburgh so accurately that he was moved to the experiment which he describes in the following letter:

“I now asked her to go to Greenock, forty or fifty miles from where we were (Edinburgh was nearly thirty miles distant) and to visit my son, who resides there with a friend. She soon found him, and described him accurately, being much interested in the boy, whom she had never seen nor heard of. She saw him, she said, playing in a field outside of a small garden in which stood the cottage, at some distance from the town, on a rising ground. He was playing with a dog, but had no idea of what kind, so I asked her. She said it was large, but young Newfoundland, black, with one or two white spots. It was very fond of the boy and played with him. ‘Oh,’ she cried suddenly, ‘it has jumped up and knocked off his cap.’ She saw in the garden a gentleman reading a book and looking on. He was not old, but had white

<sup>1</sup> *Enigmas of Psychical Research*, by J. H. Hyslop, 278-79.

hair, while his eyebrows and whiskers were black. She took him for a clergyman, but said he was not of the Established Church, nor Episcopalian, but a Presbyterian dissenter. (He is, in fact, a clergyman of the highly respectable Cameronian body, who, as is well known, are Presbyterians, and adhere to the covenant.) Being asked to enter the cottage, she did so, and described the sitting-room. In the kitchen, she saw a young maidservant preparing dinner, for which meal a leg of mutton was roasting at the fire, but not quite ready. She also saw another elderly female. On looking again for the boy, she saw him playing with the dog in front of the door, while the gentleman stood in the porch and looked on. Then she saw the boy run up-stairs to the kitchen, which she observed with surprise was on the upper floor of the cottage (which it is) and receive something to eat from the servant, she thought a potato.

“I immediately wrote all these details down and sent them to the gentleman, whose answer assured me that all, down to the minutest, were exact, save that the boy did not get a potato, but a small biscuit from the cook. The dog was what she described; it did knock off the boy’s cap at the time, although not of the household. Every one of which facts was entirely unknown to me, and could not, therefore, have been perceived by thought reading, although, had they have been so, as I have already stated, this would not have been less wonderful, but only a different phenomenon.”

## EXTREME EXAMPLES OF THE POWER TO CARRY ON PROCESSES OF REASONING SUBCONSCIOUSLY

(HERMAN V. HILPRECHT)

These are included, not because they are presumed to be supernormal incidents but because they might easily be deemed such, and illustrate the very great care which must be exercised before one takes his stand upon a conclusion of supernormality. They show that some persons, once they have performed conscious mental labor on some intricate problem, are able to carry on the ratiocinative process after they are asleep. Probably in varying degrees this is the case with all people, but some are insufficiently reflective or introspective ever to take notice, while with the majority who do little in the way of hard thinking even when awake, the ability to do so while asleep is too feeble to leave recognizable traces.

Since it is presumed that most “supernormal” mental events first pass through the subconscious, though they do not have their origin in

it, the examples given will show that, potent as that "machine" may be for such a purpose, it may also sadly interfere with it by its own normal activity. Hence it is expected that, although automatic writing or speaking may announce facts in such number and complexity as defy any attempt to normally explain them, since the psychic's subconscious had *no* known data on which to found even inferences, yet it will, once the prime facts, say about a stranger present, emerge within it, tend to make its own inferences, often erroneous, and so evidently obscure and damage the record. Only in rare instances does it appear almost completely to escape doing so.

The instances selected were furnished by Dr. Herman V. Hilprecht, Professor of Assyrian in the University of Pennsylvania, and were first printed by Professor William Romaine Newbold in the *Proceedings* S. P. R., Vol. XII, pp. 13-20. I abbreviate and analyze them in my own way.

During the winter of 1882-1883, he was working with Professor Friedrich Delitzsch, and preparing to publish the original text, its transliteration and its translation, of a stone of Nebuchadnezzar. He had accepted Prof. Delitzsch's explanation that the name Nebuchadnezzar—*Nabû-kûdurru-usur*—meant "Nebo protect my mason's pad" (mortar-board), *i. e.*, "my work as a builder." One night, after working late (it is not said that he was engaged on the problem of this name—probably not, but at least on related or similar ones) he went to bed at about two o'clock in the morning. He woke after somewhat restless sleep, with the thought in his mind that the name should be translated "Nebo protect my boundary." He but dimly remembered dreaming of being at work at his table. As he began to reflect, "at once" (illustrating how the bright thoughts which suddenly emerge full-grown in our consciousnesses may have been worked out in the subconscious) he saw that *kûdurru* could be derived from *kadâru*, to enclose. "Shortly afterwards he published this translation in his dissertation, and it has since been universally adopted."

The second example is far more intricate and striking. This is Prof. Hilprecht's own account.

One Saturday evening, about the middle of March, 1893, I had been wearying myself, as I had done so often in the weeks preceding, in the vain attempt to decipher two small fragments of agate which were supposed to belong to the finger-rings of some Babylonian. The labor was much increased by the fact that the fragments presented remnants only of characters and lines, that dozens of similar small fragments had been found in the ruins of the temple of Bel at Nippur with which nothing could be done, that in this case furthermore I had never had

the originals before me, but only a hasty sketch made by one of the members of the expedition sent by the University of Pennsylvania to Babylonia. I could not say more than that the fragments, taking into consideration the place in which they were found and the peculiar characteristics of the cuneiform characters preserved upon them, sprang from the Cassite period of Babylonian History (circa 1700-1140 B. C.); moreover, as the first character of the third line of the first fragment seemed to be KU, I ascribed this fragment, with an interrogation point, to King Kurigalzu, while I placed the other fragment, as unclassifiable, with other Cassite fragments upon a page of my book where I published the unclassifiable fragments. The proofs already lay before me, but I was far from satisfied. The whole problem passed yet again through my mind that March evening before I placed my mark of approval under the last correction in the book. Even then I had come to no conclusion. About midnight, weary and exhausted, I went to bed and was soon in deep sleep. Then I dreamed the following remarkable dream. A tall, thin priest of the old pre-Christian Nippur, about forty years of age and clad in a simple abba, led me to the treasure-chamber of the temple, on its southeast side. He went with me into a small, low-ceiled room, without windows, in which there was a large wooden chest, while scraps of agate and lapis-lazuli lay scattered on the floor. Here he addressed me as follows: "The two fragments which you have published separately upon pages 22 and 26, belong together, are not finger-rings, and their history is as follows: King Kurigalzu (circa 1300 B. C.) once sent to the temple of Bel, among other articles of agate and lapis-lazuli, an inscribed votive cylinder of agate. Then we priests suddenly received the command to make for the statue of the god Ninib a pair of earrings of agate. We were in great dismay, since there was no agate as raw material at hand. In order to execute the command there was nothing for us to do but cut the votive cylinder into three parts, thus making three rings, each of which contained a portion of the original inscription. The first two rings served as earrings for the statue of the god; the two fragments which have given you so much trouble are portions of them. If you will put the two together you will have confirmation of my words. But the third ring you have not yet found in the course of your excavations, and you never will find it." With this, the priest disappeared. I awoke at once and immediately told my wife the dream that I might not forget it. Next morning—Sunday—I examined the fragments once more in the light of these disclosures, and to my astonishment found all the details of the dream precisely verified in so far as the means of verification were in my hands. The original inscription on the votive cylinder read: "To the god Ninib, son of Bel, his lord, has Kurigalzu, pontifex of Bel, presented this."

The problem was thus at last solved. I stated in the preface that I had unfortunately discovered too late that the two fragments be-

longed together, made the corresponding changes in the Table of Contents, pp. 50 and 52, and, it being not possible to transpose the fragments, as the plates were already made, I put in each plate a brief reference to the other. (Cf. Hilprecht, *The Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania*, Series A, Cuneiform Texts, Vol. I, Part 1, "Old Babylonian Inscriptions, chiefly from Nippur.").

H. V. HILPRECHT.

Professor Hilprecht finally verified the principal facts asserted in the dream relative to the rings and inscription, as he says, the next day. But immediately following the dream he went to his study and provisionally verified it by reference to his working copy. His wife made a statement narrating that she was awakened by a sigh, saw him hurrying into his study, and heard him cry: "It is so, it is so!" She followed him and heard the story of the dream.

The following was also furnished by the Professor. It is necessary for a clear understanding of the matter.

The following transliteration of the inscription, in the Sumerian language, will serve to give those of us who are unlearned in cuneiform languages an idea of the material which suggested the dream. The straight vertical lines represent the cuts by which the stone-cutter divided the original cylinder into three sections. The bracketed words are entirely lost, and have been supplied by analogy from the many similar inscriptions.

Line 1. Dingir	N		inib	du		(mu)	To the god Ninib, child
" 2. dingir			En			(lil)	of the god Bel
" 3. luga			l - a - ni			(ir)	his lord
" 4. Ku-r			(i - galzu)				Kurigalzu
" 5. pa-			(tesi dingir Enlil)				pontifex of the god Bel
" 6. (in- na-			ba)				has presented it.

Now let us condense and newly frame Prof. Hilprecht's explanation of the subconscious process of making inferences from data which had been consciously known.

1. The first line of ring 2 completed the name Ninib begun at the end of line one of the first ring. Reading the second lines of the rings together made "of the god Bel," except that a part of the god's name was missing. The third lines read together made sense, "his lord," if *ir* were supplied at the end. Probably a little more study done in the ordinary way would have disclosed these facts. Continuing the study while asleep, the scholar's subconsciousness recognized the connections. Therefore the two rings must originally have formed one piece.



2. But the words at the end of lines one, two and three of the second ring were not complete, though the conjectural completion of them was not difficult. Hence there must have been at least another ring belonging with the first two, as was announced in the imagery of the dream.

3. But slight additions were required at the end of lines one to five of the second ring to make the whole inscription continuous and complete. Hence it would be unlikely that the original cylinder was sawn into more than three rings, the number given in the dream.

4. After the two discovered rings, or copies of their inscriptions were placed in juxtaposition, line for line, it could easily be made out by an Assyrian scholar that somebody presented an object to the god Ninib, child of the god Bel, and that the name of that somebody very likely began with the *Ku-r*. Having arrived so far, the name of the known Babylonian King Kurigalzu would come to mind—in fact it already had done so to Prof. Hilprecht's waking consciousness. So King Kurigalzu plays his part in the dream.

5. The fact announced so graphically in the dream, that the object was given to the god Ninib, appeared in the first line of the two rings when they were subconsciously remembered and joined.

6. And the fact, also announced in the dream, that the rings were originally a part of a votive cylinder, could also be inferred from the joining of the lines on the two rings.

7. The fact announced in the dream, that the rings were ear-rings, is not a certain fact. But it is a reasonable supposition, and one for which data were not lacking, though the conclusion shows how sagaciously the subconsciousness reasoned. Prof. Hilprecht had consciously doubted that the rings could have been used as finger-rings, as the size of the hole to be made out from their fragments did not seem to be suitable. But why might they not have been seal-rings? In fact they may have been, but such usually have pictorial representations upon them, these had not, and presumably hence the plausible guess that they were ear-rings.

8. The assertion in the dream that the third ring had not been discovered probably had its origin in the inference that, as the fragments had been supposed to belong "to some Babylonian," hence were found in the same place, had there been found a third one or a part of it, this would also have been submitted for examination. As to the added statement that it never would be discovered, this was a very probable one, as the spot where the other fragments were found would of course have been thoroughly cleared out.

9. But what of the location of the "treasure chamber" at the

southeast side of the temple? Prof. Hilprecht remembered that he had heard from Dr. John P. Peters, before the dream, of the discovery of a room the floor of which was strewn with fragments of lapis-lazuli and agate, the latter being the material of the rings, but said he knew nothing of the location of the room. Dr. Peters, however, afterward declared that he furnished Prof. Hilprecht all these facts, including that of the location of the room, as many as four years previous to the dream. It only needs to be presumed that he stored away in his subconsciousness a fact which he consciously forgot.

The two rings were represented to be of different colors, and this may have hindered the Professor from thinking that they might belong together. For some reason the dreaming consciousness ignored this fact, in presence of the compelling fact that the lines did actually join to make sense. I say ignored, rather than inferred what proved to be the case, that the sawing happened to be at the line which joined a light to a dark band of the agate, a stone whose distinguishing feature is that it is so banded. If such an inference had been made it would probably have come out in a dream story of the cutting apart of the cylinder.

All the other features of the dream are simply fanciful conjectures.

This dream is admitted among the "psychic" incidents of this collection, because it is such a beautiful demonstration of subconscious mechanics.

### A HARVARD PROFESSOR DECLARES THAT HE SUCCEEDED IN PROJECTING HIS "DOUBLE" <sup>1</sup>

(REPORTED BY WILLIAM JAMES)

The Professor shielded himself from the deep disgrace of having successfully performed a curious but very important scientific experiment, by requiring William James (who, although a psychologist of great reputation and equally a Harvard professor, was not at all embarrassed at having his interest in psychic research known) to withhold his name.

We do not know who the narrator was, but have the assurance of William James that he was "an able and respected professor in Harvard University," also that he told James the story soon after the thing happened, and that the version which was finally written out tallied exactly with James's recollection of the earlier oral one. It is

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<sup>1</sup> *Journal A. S. P. R.*, III, 253-4.

unfortunate that the testimony of "A" and "B" was not available, of course, but the testimony of a man in a high academic position, a man vouched for by William James, is worth something.

In the present case the "agent" is a colleague of mine; an able and respected professor in Harvard University. He originally told me the story shortly after it happened in 18—. The present account, written at my request in 1903, tallies exactly with my memory of that earlier story. "A" at that time was unwilling to give me her version. She is now dead, and of course the narrative is in so far defective.

Cambridge, April 16, 1903.

My dear Dr. James:

I recall exactly all the details of the matter which you wish me to write about, but I cannot be sure whether the thing occurred in the latter part of 1883 or the first part of 1884. At this time A and I were seeing each other very frequently, and we were interested, among other things, in that book by Sinnett on *Esoteric Buddhism*. We talked a good deal about it, and about the astral body, but neither ever made any proposal to the other to try any experiments in that line.

One evening, about 9:45 o'clock, or, perhaps, nearer 10, when I had been thinking over that subject as I sat alone in my room, I resolved to try whether I could project my astral body to the presence of A. I did not at all know what the process was, but I opened my window, which looked toward A's house (though that was half a mile away and behind a hill) and sat down in a chair and tried as hard as I could to wish myself into the presence of A. There was no light in my room. I sat there in that state of wishing for about ten minutes. Nothing abnormal in the way of feelings happened to me.

Next day I met A, who said something to this effect. (I mean that I cannot give the exact words.)

"Last night about ten o'clock I was in the dining-room at supper with B. Suddenly I thought I saw you looking in through the crack of the door at the end of the room, towards which I was looking. I said to B: 'There is Blank, looking through the crack of the door!' B., whose back was towards the door, said: 'He can't be there; he would come right in.' However, I got up and looked in the outer room, but there was nobody there. Now, what were you doing last night at that time?"

This is what A told me and I then explained what I had been doing.

You see, of course, that the double evidence (I mean, A's and B's) might make this story pretty well founded, but it must be left entirely independent on my account, for there are good reasons why neither A nor B can be appealed to.

One such successful *experiment* is worth a dozen spontaneous ap-

partitions of the living. To suppose that a woman should, through the activity of her own brain unassisted by any force coming from without, experience the hallucination of seeing a man who was at that moment or very near it endeavoring at a distance to produce that very phenomenon in her consciousness, and this by sheer coincidence, is a practical absurdity. Even if there had been a proposal to try the experiment but without arranging the time for doing so, the case would have been striking, but with no such plan between them to experiment at any time, it would seem as if every connection between what occurred and the field of what we understand by the word "normal" had been severed.

Put it in still another way. We do not know how many years of adult life "A" had. Suppose them to have been only ten. Comparatively few persons experience the hallucination of seeing a living person not actually present, once during their lives. If "A" had ever had such an experience before she met or talked about the astral body with the then or after professor of Harvard, it would have been so relevant that she surely would have told him of it. It is unlikely that she ever had another such experience afterward, but let us suppose that she did three times. We are now straining probability from two directions in favor of conservatism, first by assuming that she had only ten years of adult life, and second, by assuming that in those ten years she four times had a visual hallucination of seeing a living person. Now, according to the Harvard professor there was no doubt at all that she experienced the one of seeing him within the half hour when he was endeavoring to make her do so. Mathematically, on the basis proposed that the lady would experience such a hallucination four times within the ten years, the chance that one of those times should coincide with the half hour within which the Harvard professor was trying his experiment would be 1 in 43,800, or, if we exclude one-third of the time as being spent in sleep (rather unfairly, as there are alleged instances of persons being wakened as one of the results of such a successful experiment), the chance would be 1 in 29,200.

### HEARS IN A LOCKED ROOM WALKING RESEMBLING THAT OF A FRIEND WHO DIED THE SAME HOUR <sup>1</sup>

(CAROLUS LINNÆUS)

This famous botanist of Sweden (1707-1778) was, in 1761, granted a patent of nobility and took the name Carl von Linné, but is generally

<sup>1</sup> Flammarion's *Autour de la Mort*, 300-01.

referred to by the earlier one. He probably advanced his science more than any other one man. His *Genera Plantarum* was the beginning of modern systematic botany, and he *first* established the law by which plants are classified in genera and species. "He found biology a chaos; he left it a cosmos." For many years he was a professor of botany in the University of Upsala, attracting students from all over the world and wielding an immense influence over them. The number of students at the university was normally 500; it trebled while he lectured there. His published works are many.

He left at death a manuscript of 200 pages recording many dreams, intuitions, apparitions and other interesting facts. The following incident was witnessed by him:

On the night of July 12-13, 1765, toward midnight, my wife for a long time heard someone walking, with a heavy step, in my museum. She woke up. I also heard it, although I was quite certain that no one could be there, for the doors were fastened and the key in my pocket. Some days after, I learned that my very faithful friend, the commissary Karl Clerk, *died precisely at that hour*. It was certainly his step. I used to recognize Clerk, in Stockholm, merely by the sound of his footstep.<sup>1</sup>

Linnæus, one of the greatest scientists and closest observers of facts of his age, here puts himself on record as having heard, together with his wife, sounds resembling the walking of a friend in a locked and empty room, at the hour when that friend died.

## TELEPATHIC INTIMATIONS OF DISASTERS HAPPENING TO HER SON

(HUDSON MAXIM, GUARANTOR)

This eminent inventor (1853- . . . ), ended his formal education at what is now Kents Hill Seminary, in Maine, but was made D.Sc. by Heidelberg University, and LL.D. by St. Peters. He was the first to

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<sup>1</sup> Alexandre Dumas the elder (1802-1870), the celebrated French novelist, tells in his *Mémoires*, with much detail, how when his father, General Dumas (1762-1806), died unexpectedly and at a distance from him, he and his cousin were wakened suddenly, by a knock on the door of his room, at the same hour, and he went toward the door, crying, "Good-by, papa!" But he was only four years old at the time, and if we have difficulty in crediting that he could remember all the conversation which took place at his so early an age, we cannot feel certain of all his facts. Still, the event of his father's death, and a startling occurrence the same night, might and probably would stamp themselves indelibly, in their essentials, upon his consciousness.

make smokeless powder in the United States, and it was adopted by the Government. He invented "Maximite," the first high explosive to penetrate heavy armor plate, perfected "stabillite," which produces better ballistic results than any other smokeless powder, and produced many other inventions, mostly having to do with powder and explosives. He became a member of the United States Naval Consulting Board in 1815. As author he produced *The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language*, *Defenseless America*, and *Dynamite Stories*. Sir Hiram S. Maxim, an eminent inventor of automatic firearms, was his brother, and Hiram P. Maxim, inventor of the "Maxim silencer," etc., is his nephew.

I copied the following letter from the original, written to Dr. Isaac K. Funk. So far as I am aware, it has not previously been published.

March 25, 1908.

My dear Dr. Funk:

Following are the stories I told you a few evenings ago at my house about the peculiar mental powers which it was believed my mother possessed.

These incidents are entirely outside my own personal experiences, as I was too young at the time to understand much about such things, and I simply repeat the stories as they have often been told to me.

My father and mother were spiritualists, and spiritualism was very popular in Maine between forty and fifty years ago. There were many experiments made from time to time to test spiritualistic or mediumistic powers, so-called. My mother was blindfolded, while a five-dollar gold piece was buried or hidden under a stone or concealed in some way in a ten-acre lot. She was then unblindfolded and followed what she called the "influence" and used to find the five-dollar gold piece all right. This test was repeated many times.

One of the neighbors, a blacksmith, made a large knife for her and hid it in the woods and told her that she should have it if she could find it. She made several ineffectual attempts, the "influence" bringing her up against a big tree every time which blocked her way. She would then go back and make another start,—always with the same result. Finally, she went around the tree and found the knife sticking in the tree on the other side.

One day, my father and mother and a spiritualistic neighbor, together with a spiritualistic medium who resided at our house, drove down to the seashore to bring back a load of Captain Kidd's treasure, which the medium claimed she could locate. I was a little fellow—perhaps six years old—at the time, but I distinctly remember how we children spent that money building air castles and how disappointed we were when the party returned at night without the gold.

My brother Leander was one night spearing suckers in the flume,

through which the water ran with considerable swiftness, rushing down under the gate at the lower end. My mother woke my father in the night very suddenly with the exclamation, "Isaac! Isaac! Leander has fallen into the flume!" My father told her that she had only had a bad dream; but a little while later Leander came home, soaking wet. He had fallen into the flume, but as he was swept along by the current, he caught hold of one of the large wooden pegs in the side of the flume and pulled himself out, thus saving his life.

Leander served in the heavy artillery in the Civil War, and when, during the Battle of the Wilderness, the artillery men were taken to the front as infantry, he was shot at Spottsylvania Courthouse. My mother woke my father in the night, as before, and told him that Leander had been shot and killed. Several days later, news came of the battle with the list of the killed and wounded, and Leander's name was among the killed. Her dream had been on the night of the battle.

Yours faithfully,

HUDSON MAXIM.

Of course the witnesses were nearly all dead when, ten years later, I wrote to Mr. Maxim, asking for corroboration. The reply is dated July 10, 1918.

I enclose you a letter received from my cousin Caroline Maxim True, of Dexter, Maine. She is an old lady now nearly eighty, and she remembers and verifies what I told you.

Faithfully yours,

HUDSON MAXIM.

The enclosed letter, in part, reads:

My dear Cousin: In answer to your question in regard to your mother finding things, I believe you are right, as your sister Lucy told me all about it just as you said, and she was a dear girl and I think she told it just as it was.

Your loving cousin,

CAROLINE.

As to the incidents of finding hidden objects, it would be necessary to know the conditions under which the feats were performed, in order to estimate their evidential value. If her hand was in contact with any other person, it might be muscle-reading, though she were quite unconscious of the fact. If others accompanied her, they may have quite unintentionally guided her.

But the incidents of waking and announcing the mishaps of Leander are not subject to any particular reasons for doubt. We know that

many incidents of this character take place, and Mr. Maxim's recollections of the repeated statements of his family make it fairly certain that his mother had these supernormal intimations.

## A REMARKABLE MONITION

(JOHN MUIR)

The geologist, naturalist and explorer John Muir (1838-1914), was born in Scotland, educated there and at the University of Wisconsin, and had the degrees of A.M. from Harvard and LL.D. from Wisconsin. Muir Glacier in Alaska was discovered by him, as well as more than sixty other glaciers among the Sierras where geologists had thought there were none. He spent the most of his mature life in Alaska and California, and labored for forest preservation and the establishment of national parks and reservations. He wrote *The Mountains of California* and a large number of articles on physiography and the natural history of the Pacific Coast, and edited *Picturesque California*.

Dr. James D. Butler was a member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin, being professor of ancient languages and literature from 1858 to 1868. He was an honored citizen, a man of much learning, and traveled extensively. Data about him may be found in the American "Who's Who" for 1906-7, and in the National Cyclopaedia of American Biography, 1899.

Mr. Muir's premonition, telepathic impression, or whatever it may be called, concerned the writer of the notes which precede his own narrative, Prof. Butler.

Madison, Wis., Feb. 7, 1888.

FRIEND HODGSON:

I have tried to rouse John Muir to tell you, or me, his story of our Yosemite *rencontre*, in '69. I will again.

He did write my wife at the time but his letter cannot be found.

Yrs.

JAMES D. BUTLER.

Madison, Wis., Feb. 8, '88.

MY DEAR SIR:

*The* letter long sought in vain has just turned up. I have taken pains to copy and oblige you. . . .

JAMES D. BUTLER.



Headquarters of the Tuolumne near Castle Peak,

Aug., 1869.

MRS. JAMES D. BUTLER,

DEAR FRIEND: I found your Professor a few weeks ago in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and in the very Yosemite Sanctum itself, and among the divine harmonies of the Vernal and Nevada Falls. Where you first met your Professor I do not know, but surely I might venture to say that it was not in so goodly a mansion as this,—not amid such blazing assemblies of God's mountain grandeur.

I have been taking care of 2,500 sheep in the mountains all summer. Your husband wrote me a letter in May, before he decided to visit California, which I received in July when I was camped in a maze of sharply cut mountains, a day's journey above Coulterville. Shortly after receiving his letter we moved our sheep higher, and camped upon the north wall of the Yosemite Valley two miles from the brink. We remained here nearly three weeks, and almost every day I wandered along the valley domes and falls sketching and absorbing the inexhaustible treasures of glory, when suddenly *I was seized with the idea of going down into the valley to find Professor Butler.*

I knew a way through the wall by an immense canyon or chasm, and I felt that I should be resisting the spirit if I did not go. The next day I started for the valley and reached the bottom in five hours. Consulting the hotel register I found, *James D. Butler, Madison, Wis.* I could scarcely believe my eyes and read the precious words over and over. At last I got faith to believe that after the long cold years of isolation a friend was really near in the flesh, and that my eyes would be blessed that very day with light from a familiar face. I started in pursuit. Ere long I met Gen. Alvord with his guide and others who had started for a climb with Prof. Butler, but had turned back exhausted. They informed me that Prof. Butler and Joshua Jones, of New York, had undertaken without a guide to reach the top of Mount Broderick. I lay in wait for the Prof. at a place near the Nevada rapids, on a trail I knew he must take. Towards evening he came to light among the rocks, half erect, groping his way among the broken granite and bushes; sleeves rolled up, vest open, hat dangling behind his back, etc. On seeing me approach he sat down to wipe the perspiration from his brow and neck, and to inquire the way down the rapids. I showed him the path which was marked by little piles of rock; but he did not recognize me. Then I sprang directly in front of him and asked if he did not know me. He said he thought not, but soon changed his mind. . . .

Farewell,

Most cordially your friend,

JOHN MUIR.

And Professor Butler adds to the letter a note of his own:

When the feeling above described arose in Muir that he might reach me, his old teacher, within a day's march, the word telepathy—*far feeling*—had not yet been coined. That feeling demanded such a word to describe it.

It is fortunate that Muir described his strange impulse in black and white, and that within a month of his unique experience. I am also glad that his letter, mislaid and long given up for lost, has remained safe and sound.

My own impressions derived from conversation with Muir as he piloted me down the mountain, that but for his appearing "as an angel dropped down from the clouds," I must have been lost in the darkness then coming on, I have described in a paper entitled "Presentiments." They harmonize with Muir's letter, and have been often reprinted as one of those pages of truth which are stranger than fiction.

JAMES D. BUTLER,

Feb., 1888.

Madison, Wis.

Owing to the fact, for which Dr. Hodgson was not responsible, that he was unable to secure the promise of extra copies of the publication in which the incident was to appear, Professor Butler forbade its publication. But many years have passed, the parties are all dead, and there can be no reason for withholding it, especially as, in substance, it had already been told, probably in newspapers or magazines. But if the letter by John Muir has ever before been published,<sup>1</sup> we are not aware of the fact.

## COINCIDENTAL DREAMS <sup>2</sup>

(RAPHAEL PUMPELLY)

Professor Pumpelly (1837-....?) had a long and distinguished career as a geologist and author. He made geological explorations in Corsica, Japan (for the Government of Japan), various parts of China (part for the Government of China), the Gobi Desert, etc., before becoming professor of mining at Harvard, 1866-73. After that he was state geologist of Michigan for three years, then directed the geological survey of that State, and was afterwards chief of a division of the United States Geological Survey. He organized and

<sup>1</sup> This appeared first in the *Journal A. S. P. R.*, for August, 1921, as part of an article by W. F. Prince.

<sup>2</sup> *The Cosmic Relations and Immortality*, by Henry Holt (Houghton Mifflin Co., 1919), I, 258-59.

directed the Northern Transcontinental Survey, 1881-4, made the discoveries on which were based most of the iron-ore industry of Michigan and Western Ontario, 1867-1901, and directed a great geographical and archæological survey of Central Asia. He was the author of a number of books dealing with the geology of various lands.

Between forty and fifty years ago, while visiting my sister in New York City, I came down to breakfast where I found my brother-in-law reading the morning paper. Soon my sister also came down and joined us at table. She said she had had an awful dream; she had dreamed all night that she was standing in a church, where a continuous procession of men was filing by her, carrying on litters something covered with sheets.

Her husband resumed reading his paper and soon said: "Why, Netty, here it says that they are removing the bodies from the St. Mark's graves."

Now, my sister's first child had been buried several years before in the graveyard of St. Mark's Church. My sister had not seen the paper, and neither she nor her husband had heard of any intention to disturb the graves.

In the late winter of 1864-5, I was on my journey through Siberia. In one of the first nights after leaving Irkutsk I dreamed that I had arrived at my native village of Owego in New York and had walked home from the station. As I came up the driveway to the house I saw my mother and my father standing at the door showing signs of great relief. I noticed that my aunt, who lived with us and whom we all loved dearly, was not there. As soon as I waked I was so impressed by the dream that I made a memorandum, as I remember, in the form of an inverted torch, with the date.

When I reached St. Petersburg, about three weeks later, I found in my mail the first news I had had, for six months, from home. I learned that the aunt I had missed in my dream had died. I do not remember now the relation in time between the dates of the death and the dream. It was close, and my impression is that I thought, in reading the letter, that there was coincidence.

In 1906 we were living in Capri. One morning my wife told me of dreaming that she found her sisters and her brother Otis (who had died several years before) in tears. When they saw her, Otis said: "We must tell Eliza."

That same day there came a cablegram saying that my wife's favorite brother Horace was very ill, and within an hour another cable saying he had died.

MONITION OF A DEATH, AND OF A SENTENCE UTTERED  
WHILE DYING <sup>1</sup>

(PROFESSOR R. A. S. REDMAYNE)

"Professor R. A. S. Redmayne," wrote Sir Oliver Lodge to me on February 20, 1928, "was at one time a colleague of mine in the University of Birmingham as our first Professor of Mining. He was very successful in establishing a Mining Department, which dealt with metal-liferous mines and methods of extraction, but more especially with the mining of coal; and that gradually developed into exploration and boring for oil: so that when he retired from the Chair he was succeeded by Sir John Cadman, who is now Chairman of the Anglo Persian Oil Company. Redmayne vacated the Chair to take up duties of advising the Government in all matters connected with coal mining. He is now Sir Richard Redmayne, and has offices in or near Whitehall."

A case of clairvoyance or distant telepathy was told me by my college Professor R. A. S. Redmayne, as having happened in his own experience when he was engaged in prospecting for mines in a remote district of South Africa accompanied only by a working miner from Durham. His account is here abbreviated:

So far as they could keep a record of weeks the solitary two used to play at some game on Sundays, instead of working, but on one particular Sunday the workman declined to play, saying he did not feel up to it, as he had just had an intimation of his mother's death,—that she had spoken of him in her last hours, saying that she "would never see Albert again."

My informant tried to chaff his assistant out of his melancholy, since it was a physical impossibility that they could receive recent news by any normal means. But he adhered to his conviction, and in accordance with North Country tradition seemed to regard it as natural that he should thus know.

Weeks afterwards complete confirmation came from England, both as to date and circumstance; the words of the dying woman having been similar to those felt at the time by her distant son.

The occurrence made a marked impression on my informant and broke down his skepticism as to the possibility of these strange occurrences.

Fortunately I am able to quote confirmatory evidence of this narrative; for very soon after the verification Professor Redmayne wrote an account of it to his father, and from this gentleman I have received a certified copy of the letter:

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<sup>1</sup> *The Survival of Man*, by Sir Oliver Lodge, 77-79.

## LETTER FROM PROFESSOR REDMAYNE TO HIS FATHER

“Mgagane, Nr. Newcastle, Natal,  
“21st Nov., 1891.

“I have a curious and startling thing to tell you: About six weeks ago, Tonks said to me one morning, ‘My mother is dead, sir. I saw her early this morning lying dead in bed and the relatives standing round the bed; she said she would never see me again before she died.’ I laughed at him and ridiculed the matter, and he seemed to forget it, and we thought (no) more of it, but Tonks asked me to note the date which I did not do. Last Wednesday, however, Tonks received a letter from his wife telling him that his mother was dead and had been buried a week, that she died early one Sunday morning about six weeks since and in her sleep; but before she fell asleep she said she would never see ‘Albert’ again. About a fortnight since I told some people what Tonks had told me, giving it as an instance of the superstitiousness of the Durham pitmen, and they were startled when, the other day, I told them the dream had come true. I will never laugh at anything like this again.”

The above is an extract from a letter from my son R. A. S. Redmayne written from Mgagane, Natal, S. A., and dated November 21st [1891].

JOHN M. REDMAYNE.

August 1, 1902.

Harewood, Gateshead.

Professor Redmayne has also been good enough to get a certificate from the workman concerned, in the form of a copy of the main portion of the above letter, with the following note appended:

“The above extract correctly relates what occurred to me whilst living in Natal with Mr. Redmayne.”

Signed ALBERT TONKS.

Date August 21, 1901.

Witness to above signature, N. B. PADDON,

Seaton Delaval.

APPARITION OF A PERSON ABOUT TO DIE <sup>1</sup>

(GEORGE JOHN ROMANES)

Professor G. J. Romanes (1848-1894) was a distinguished English psychologist and zoölogist. He was born in Canada, educated at Cambridge, elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1879. He lectured at the Universities of Cambridge and Edinburgh and elsewhere, con-

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings* S. P. R., XI, 440-41, article on “Subliminal Self,” by F. W. H. Myers.

tributed extensively to periodicals, and wrote *Science Lectures for the People*, *Mental Evolution*, *Animal Intelligence*, *Charles Darwin: His Character and Life*, and other books.

Professor Romanes wrote to Mr. Myers, November 20, 1889:

Towards the end of March, 1878, in the dead of the night, while believing myself to be awake, I thought the door at the head of my bed was opened and a white figure passed along the side of the bed to the foot, where it faced about and showed me it was covered head and all in a shroud. Then with its hands it suddenly parted the shroud over the face, revealing between its two hands the face of my sister, who was ill in another room. I exclaimed her name, whereupon the figure vanished instantly. Next day (and certainly on account of the shock given me by the above experience) I called in Sir W. Jenner, who said my sister had not many days to live. [She died, in fact, very soon afterwards.]

I was in good health, without any grief or anxiety. My sister was being attended by our family doctor, who did not suspect anything serious, therefore I had had no anxiety at all on her account, nor had she herself.

I have never, either before or after this, had such an experience.

(Signed) G. J. ROMANES.

Mr. Myers adds:

The impression made by this incident upon the late Dr. Romanes, F.R.S., was, as he has more than once told me, very deep; nor was there, he thought, any such anxiety in his mind at the time with regard to his sister as could have predisposed him to this unique hallucination. There were, I may add, other unpublished circumstances which confirmed him in his view of the matter.

## A "HAUNTED" HOUSE <sup>1</sup>

(ARCHIBALD HENRY SAYCE)

The Rev. A. H. Sayce (1846-...) was educated at Oxford, of which he was made a Fellow in 1869. He became a very distinguished Orientalist, and his books on the archæology, languages, religions and history of the ancient Assyrians, Babylonians, Hittites and Hebrews were many. He successfully vindicated the political and ethnic importance of the Hittites and the Biblical statements regarding them which

<sup>1</sup> *Reminiscences*, by A. H. Sayce (1923), 14-17.

had been discredited by scholars. For twenty-four years he was deputy professor of comparative philology at Oxford, and was a member of the Old Testament Revision Company, 1874-1884. He traveled much in the East.

When thirteen years old he and his brother visited friends in a house near Bath, which they had just taken. While there events took place which made an indelible impression upon his memory.

On a Thursday afternoon when the light was failing I closed my books and went up-stairs to prepare myself for dinner while there was still sufficient light to do so without the help of a candle. I was standing brushing my hair before the toilet-table which stood in front of the window, when I happened to turn to the right and there saw a man standing a few steps away at the entrance of the dressing-room. I can still see him as he stood facing me, with a closely-shaven face, fine features, dark-brown hair parted in the middle, and a dark coat buttoned below the chin like an oriental *Stambouli* or a clerical coat. The button was of gold, and there was a gold button also on either wrist.

The suddenness of the apparition naturally startled me, and without imagining for a moment that it was anything more than an ordinary individual who had found his way into the house, I rushed down-stairs into the morning-room and there told my hosts that there was a strange man up-stairs. I was naturally laughed at, and informed that poring over books indoors day after day had excited my imagination and that the whole thing was merely the result of "nerves." By the time dinner was over I had been induced to believe that such was really the case.

The following Sunday I awoke early in the morning. The log-fire was nearly extinct, but there was still sufficient light from it to enable the outlines of objects to be discerned. In the dim light I saw a human figure pass to the foot of the bed and there stand for a moment or two between the bedstead and the dying fire. I asked my brother Herbert, who was sharing the bed with me and happened also to be awake, who it was. He, too, saw the figure and replied, "It's only Lizzie"—the daughter of our hosts, whose room was close to ours, and thereupon we both turned round and went to sleep again. In the morning I mentioned to our hostess, Mrs. Boyd, that her daughter had visited our bed-room during the night; she replied, "What could she have been doing there?" and then the matter passed out of our memories until it was recalled to me the following autumn by Mrs. Boyd.

The next event of which I know was a visit paid by a Mrs. Herbert to the house in the spring. On a certain Sunday morning she asked if she might change her room, as she had had an unpleasant experience early that morning. She had seen a man come out of the dressing-room, pass along the side of the bed and then stoop down so as to be

concealed by its foot. She jumped out of the bed to see who was there, and nothing was visible. The whole story was naturally treated as a dream by those who heard it.

In the following September the married daughter of the Boyds and her husband paid a visit to the Court. A few days later we were lunching there, and I heard from Mrs. Holt a somewhat vivid account of the experiences they had just had. They occupied the drab room, and she slept on the side of the bed nearest the dressing-room. Early on the previous Friday morning she was roused from her slumbers by feeling "a cold, clammy hand" laid across her forehead. She opened her eyes, and saw "the dark-brown figure of a man hieing away" from her into the little dressing-room. She awoke her husband, who told her she had had a nightmare; but she refused to sleep again on that side of the bed. The next night Mr. Holt was rendered sleepless by a toothache, and, therefore, as he informed his wife, had there been any ghosts about, he must have seen them. By Saturday night, however, his toothache was cured, and his sleep accordingly was sounder than usual. He was startled out of it by feeling the same "cold, clammy hand" as that described by his wife, and, as he opened his eyes, seeing the same figure retreating into the dressing-room. He looked at his watch and found that it was four o'clock. He got out of bed and sponged his face and head with cold water; then returned to the bed and sat up in it for a moment or two. Before he could lie down "the figure" returned from the dressing-room and stood close to his shoulder. He was able to measure it against the window-frame, but I do not remember what he said was the exact height. His description of "the figure," however, agreed exactly with what I had seen, even to the three gilt buttons. While he sat gazing at it, the figure slowly vanished out of view.

That there was "a ghost" in the Court now began to be noised abroad, and the old servants of our friends threatened to leave them. In the course of the winter, consequently, they gave up the place and took a house elsewhere. From that day to this I have heard nothing more about it or its occupants, ghostly or otherwise.

## PSYCHIC PHENOMENA AMONG SAVAGES<sup>1</sup>

(ERNEST THOMPSON SETON)

The following account is of incidents not indeed witnessed by Ernest Thompson Seton (1861-....), but they were evidently credited by him, and he lived for years in the wilds of Canada and on the Western plains as they were forty years ago, and had many contacts with In-

<sup>1</sup> *The Arctic Prairies*, by E. T. Seton.



dians. He was at one time official naturalist to the government of Manitoba. He has written many books on wild animals and the woods, and furnished the illustrations representing birds and animals in various books, including many of those in the *Century Dictionary*.

Mr. Seton thus sets down incidents reported by Thomas Anderson, who was in the service of a commercial company:

In the winter of 1885-6 he [Thomas Anderson] was to be in charge of Nipigon House, but got orders beforehand to visit the posts on Albany River. He set out from Fort William on Lake Superior on his 1200-mile trip through the snow with an Indian whose name was Joe Eskimo, from Mantoulin Island, 400 miles away. At Nipigon House he got another guide, but this one was in bad shape, spitting blood. After three days' travel the guide said: "I will go to the end if it kills me, because I have promised, unless I can get you a better guide. At Wayabimika (Lake Savanne) is an old man named Omeegi; he knows the road better than I do." When they got there, Omeegi, although very old and half blind, was willing to go on condition that they did not walk too fast. Then they started for Osnaburgh House on Lake St. Joseph, 150 miles away. The old man led off well, evidently knew the way, but sometimes would stop, cover his eyes with his hands, look at the ground and then at the sky, and turn on a sharp angle. He proved a fine guide and brought the expedition there in good time.

Next winter at Wayabimika (where Charley de la Ronde was in charge, but was leaving on a trip of ten days) Omeegi came in and asked for a present—"a new shirt and pair of pants." This is the usual outfit for a corpse. He explained that he was to die before Charley came back; that he would die "when the sun rose at that island" (a week ahead). He got the clothes, though every one laughed at him. A week later he put on the new garments and said: "Today I die when the sun is over that island!" He went out, looking at the sun from time to time, placidly smoking. When the sun got to the right place he came in, lay down by the fire, and in a few minutes was dead.

We buried him in the ground, to his brother's great indignation when he heard of it. He said: "You white men live on things that come out of the ground, and are buried in the ground, and properly, but we Indians live on things that run above ground, and want to take our last sleep in the trees."

Another case of Indian clairvoyance ran thus: About 1879, when Anderson was at Abitibi, the winter packet used to leave Montreal January 2, each year, and arrive at Abitibi January 19. This year it did not come. The men were much bothered, as all plans were upset. After waiting about two weeks some of the Indians and half-breeds advised Anderson to consult the conjuring woman, Mash-kou-tay Ish-quay (Prairie woman, a Flathead from Stuart Lake, B. C.). He went

and paid her some tobacco. She drummed and conjured all night. She came in the morning and told him: "The packet is at the foot of a rapid now, where there is open water; the snow is deep and the travel heavy, but it will be here tomorrow when the sun is at that point."

Sure enough, it all fell out as she had told. This woman married a Hudson's Bay man named MacDonald, and he brought her to Lachine, where she bore him three sons; then he died of smallpox, and Sir George Thompson gave orders that she should be sent up to Abitibi and there pensioned for as long as she lived. She was about 75 at the time of the incident. She many times gave evidence of clairvoyant power. The priest said he "knew about it, and that she was helped by the devil."

Dr. J. H. Hyslop thus comments on this account: <sup>1</sup>

It is of peculiar interest to find such phenomena among savages, even when they are not as fully confirmed or investigated at the time, because savages are not sophisticated and are so removed from the ideas and habits of civilized people as not to be as much infected with the influences that make for fraud. There is fraud and imposture among them. Their priests and medicine men often learn how to dupe their victims, but in spite of this the phenomena appear with individuals not in the craft and they help to prove that the phenomena belong to the human race, and are not limited to the craft formed for the purpose. Besides this the conditions of life are such that intercommunication and other forms of casual information, which affect evidential possibilities, are not present, and the facts are more easily freed from the difficulties that affect them among the civilized, though defects in the reporting of them often compensate for this advantage.

### CLAIRVOYANTLY WITNESSES A FIRE IN PROGRESS AT THREE HUNDRED MILES DISTANCE

(EMANUEL SWEDENBORG)

This great man of science, mystic and theologian, originally named Swedberg (1688-1772), was son of a Swedish bishop and professor of theology; and in his childhood his parents thought that "angels spoke through him." He was taught Latin, Greek and Hebrew, mathematics and the sciences in the University of Upsala, and became one of the most learned men of his age. Successively he was

<sup>1</sup> *Journal A. S. P. R.*, March, 1918.

editor of a scientific magazine, appointee of Charles XII. as assessor in the Swedish College of Mines, inventor of a machine to transport boats overland, author of mathematical and mechanical works, created Count by Queen Ulrica with name changed to Swedenborg, author of several more books of science gradually verging upon philosophy. In 1744 he believed that "heaven opened to him," and then began his series of theological works on which is founded the Swedenborgian (or "New ") Church.

The evidence for this incident and those relating to Swedenborg which follow it is condensed from a paper prepared by the Rev. John Whitehead<sup>1</sup> for reading at a meeting of the B. S. P. R., and printed in the *New Church Review*, October, 1927.

What is the evidence proving that Swedenborg saw, described, and announced the fire and its progress? . . .

The report of these three remarkable experiences<sup>2</sup> soon reached the ears of the German philosopher Immanuel Kant, who discusses them in his *Dreams of a Spirit Seer*, published in 1766. This book excited the curiosity of Madam von Knobloch, who wrote to Kant asking him about the facts. Kant replied to this letter on August 10, 1768.

Kant had a friend, an Englishman, named Green who was going to Stockholm. He commissioned him "to make particular inquiries respecting the miraculous gift which Swedenborg possesses." "Kant made the acquaintance of his friend Green during the summer of 1767; Green saw Swedenborg early in 1768, and returned to Konigsberg in time to meet Kant on Whit-Monday, 1768." Green was a highly educated English gentleman who became an intimate friend of Kant, and it is to him that Kant owed his direct knowledge of the facts concerning Swedenborg. These facts he communicated to Madam von Knobloch. He wrote her as follows concerning the Stockholm fire:

"The following occurrence appears to me to have the greatest weight of proof, and to place the assertion respecting Swedenborg's extraordinary gift beyond all possibility of doubt. In the year 1759 [the German original has 1756] toward the end of September [July], on Saturday at four o'clock p. m., Swedenborg arrived at Gottenburg from England, when Mr. William Castel invited him to his house, together with a party of fifteen persons. About six o'clock, Swedenborg

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Whitehead, a member of the B. S. P. R., is probably the most learned clergyman of the New Church in America, translator and expositor of Swedenborg, theological professor, lecturer, editor. A full set of Swedenborg's more generally known works has been placed in the B. S. P. R. library through Mr. Whitehead's good offices, and Swedenborg's *Spiritual Diary* in five volumes, and *Journal of Dreams*, of more direct interest to psychic research, have been given by Mr. Clarence W. Barron, editor and author.

<sup>2</sup> The Fire, the Lost Receipt, and the Queen's Secret.

went out, and returned to the company quite pale and alarmed. He said that a dangerous fire had just broken out in Stockholm, at the Sodermalm [Gottenburg is about fifty German miles, or 300 English miles, from Stockholm], and that it was spreading very fast. He was restless, and went out often. He said that the house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock, after he had been out again, he joyfully exclaimed, 'Thank God! the fire is extinguished, the third door from my house.' This news occasioned great commotion throughout the whole city, but particularly amongst the company in which he was. It was announced to the governor the same evening. On Sunday morning Swedenborg was summoned to the governor, who questioned him concerning the disaster. Swedenborg described the fire precisely, how it had begun, and in what manner it had ceased, and how long it had continued. On the same day the news spread through the city; and as the governor had thought it worthy of attention, the consternation was considerably increased, because many were in trouble on account of their friends and property, which might have been involved in the disaster. On Monday evening a messenger arrived at Gottenburg, who had been dispatched by the Stockholm Board of Trade during the time of the fire. In the letters brought by him the fire was described precisely in the manner stated by Swedenborg. On Tuesday morning the royal courier arrived at the governor's, with the melancholy intelligence of the fire, of the loss which it had occasioned, of the houses it had damaged and ruined, not in the least differing from that which Swedenborg had given at the very time when it happened; for the fire was extinguished at eight o'clock."<sup>1</sup>

Tafel remarks on this account:

"This is the most minute account which we have of this occurrence; and as Kant's friend, the Englishman Green, according to Kant, 'examined all, not only in Stockholm, but also in Gottenburg, where he was well acquainted with the most respectable houses, and where he could obtain the most authentic and complete information,' we have full reason to place implicit reliance upon it."<sup>2</sup>

There are several other independent testimonies to this incident.

Swedenborg himself gave an account of it to Bergstrom, a resident of London, who reported it as follows:

"Swedenborg also related the story of the fire at Stockholm, that after he had gone out from the company into the garden of the house at Gottenburg, he returned, and told the company soon after, that his house and garden were safe, and described how near the flames had come to it, though no account from thence had then arrived."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Documents Concerning Swedenborg*, II, 628-29.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 630.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 631.

Jung-Stilling, in his *Theory of Pneumatology*, narrates the story of the Stockholm fire, and says,

“I consider it my duty to make known the *pure truth* respecting him, since I have had opportunity of knowing it pure and uncontaminated. . . . This story is certain and true.”

Christopher Springer, one of Swedenborg's personal friends, a man very prominent in Swedish political affairs, and later residing in London and receiving important positions under the British Government, says of the fire:

“I asked Swedenborg whether it was true, as I had been informed, that when he was at Gottenburg (a town about sixty Swedish miles from Stockholm), he had foretold to his friends, three days before the arrival of the post, the precise hour of the great fire that had happened in Stockholm; to which he replied that it was exactly true.”<sup>1</sup>

There are several other accounts which give the general facts. Kant's account, derived through a personal representative, who went to Sweden and gathered the facts first hand, is the fullest and most satisfactory of all. In reviewing the evidence we think that it is fully proved that Swedenborg told of the Stockholm fire while it was still raging, he being three hundred English miles distant.

We have, then, the express testimony of three persons, one of them a very prominent one, that they heard the story, independently, from Swedenborg's own lips. But, still more important, we know that after the story as printed by Kant, had been questioned, he expressly commissioned Green, an educated friend (one of the three above referred to) in whom he had confidence, to make an investigation, and that Green promptly reported so that Kant was able to give a more specific account which he said was based on Green's thorough examination of witnesses not only in Gottenburg, where Swedenborg's pronouncements caused a sensation before the news of the fire arrived, but in Stockholm, where the fire was. Of course, had it been in the twentieth century Kant would have had Green write and sign a report, including affidavits from the witnesses. But no one will suspect that Kant lied and did not receive such a detailed account from Green. Moreover, after such a request from a man like Kant, already highly advanced in reputation as a writer and lecturer, surely his educated friend would take pains to look up the facts carefully. Let us remember also that Kant printed his first account of the Stockholm fire incident only seven years after the event, when there were plenty of persons living to deny it if it could be denied, and, so far as I know, no solitary denial has come down to us from that period.

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<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 630.

## THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN'S SECRET

(EMANUEL SWEDENBORG)

Mr. Whitehead continues :

The persons concerned in this experience are very eminent in the world's history. Queen Louisa Ulrica was the sister of Frederick the Great of Prussia, her brother Augustus William, who is mentioned in the narrative, was the Crown Prince of Prussia, brother of the reigning King Frederick the Great. From this brother were descended the monarchs of Prussia and the Emperors of United Germany. The son of Adolphus succeeded Frederick the Great on the throne of Prussia. Augustus William had been declared heir apparent of Prussia ; but unfortunately for him, he lost the battle of Hastenbeck, July 26, 1757, which greatly displeased the King. Augustus was compelled to resign. He retired and died within a year, of "chagrin." It was with this brother that Queen Louisa had the secret.

Kant's account of this event is as follows :

"Toward the end of 1761, Mr. Swedenborg was called to a princess, whose great understanding and penetration ought to have made an attempt at imposition almost impossible. He was summoned to her on account of the general rumor which had reached her of his being the subject of visions. After asking him some questions, more for the purpose of deriving sport from his imagination than of obtaining information from the other world, the princess dismissed him, after having charged him first with a secret commission touching his intercourse with spirits. After a few days Mr. Swedenborg appeared again with a reply of such a nature that, according to the princess, according to her own confession, she was greatly astonished ; for his reply was true, and yet no living person could have given it to him. This narrative is derived from the report of an ambassador at the Swedish court, to another ambassador in Copenhagen ; besides, it agrees with what we were able to learn by special investigation."<sup>1</sup>

General Tuxen, a Danish general, having heard these stories, sought an interview with Swedenborg. Tuxen says, "My first question was, Whether the relation, reported as having passed between himself and the Queen in Stockholm, was true?"

[Swedenborg then told Tuxen that, in accordance with the wish of the Queen, Count Scheffer had asked him to attend court.] "The Queen asked him, Whether he would undertake a commission to her lately deceased brother? He answered, 'With all my heart.' On this

<sup>1</sup> *Documents*, II, 653-54.

he followed the Queen, with the King and Count Scheffer, to a window in the apartment, where the Queen gave him his commission, to which he promised to bring her an answer. [Shortly afterward he accompanied Count Scheffer to court again.] The Queen, on seeing him, said, 'Do not forget my commission.' He answered, 'It is already done.' And when he delivered her his message, she was extremely surprised, and became suddenly indisposed; and upon recovering herself, she said, 'This no mortal could have told me.'"<sup>1</sup>

Another account of this incident was given by Count Hopken, which he states was made to him by the Queen herself. He says:

"At the next reception Swedenborg again appeared at court; and while the Queen was in the so-called white room, surrounded by her ladies of honor, he came boldly in, and approached Her Majesty, who no longer remembered the commission she had given him a week before. Swedenborg not only greeted her from her brother, but also gave her his (the brother's) apologies for not having answered her last letter; he also wished to do so now through Swedenborg; which he accordingly did. The Queen was greatly overcome, and said, 'No one, except God, knows this secret.'"<sup>2</sup>

Count Hopken adds this to his account:

"The reason why she never adverted to this before, was, that she did not wish anyone in Sweden to believe that during the war in Prussia she had carried on a correspondence in the enemy's country. The same caution Her Majesty exercised during her last visit to Berlin. When she was asked about this transaction, which had been printed in a German paper, she did not answer."<sup>3</sup>

Several other sources of information concerning this event are on record. Some of them were derived from Swedenborg; some are traced to the Queen; while others are traced to persons close to the Court. The Queen, on a visit to Berlin, in 1772, several years later, in a conversation with several academicians gave an account of the affair, but did not tell what the secret was. Thiebault afterward published a long account, in which he says:

"The Queen did not repeat the words, but she protested to us they were the very same her brother had pronounced, and that she retained the most perfect recollection of them. She added that she nearly fainted at the shock she experienced."<sup>4</sup>

The Queen was not superstitious and easily duped. All agree that she was a highly intellectual woman. Her brother Frederick the Great declared her "to be the ornament of her family." She was of a mascu-

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 651-52.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 660.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 660.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 656.

line understanding, was remarkably eloquent, and had great force of character.

One distinguished chevalier, whose name is not given, telling of an interview he had with her in relation to her experience with Swedenborg, says:

“The Queen herself told me the anecdote respecting herself and her brother, with a conviction which appeared to me extraordinary. Everyone who was acquainted with this really enlightened sister of the great Frederick will agree with me that she was the very reverse of fanatical, and that the whole tenor of her mind was free from all such weaknesses. Nevertheless, she appeared to me to be so convinced of Swedenborg’s supernatural intercourse with spirits, that I scarcely durst venture to intimate my doubts, and to express my suspicion of secret intrigues; and a royal air, *Je ne suis pas facilement dupe* (I am not easily duped), put an end to all my attempts at refutation.”

Swedenborg himself has given testimony concerning this event. In a letter to Louis IX., Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt, he says:

“As to what is related of the daughter of the Prince Margrave, it is a fiction invented by some idle news monger, and I never even heard of it before; but what is reported of the brother of the Queen of Sweden is true; yet it should not be regarded as a miracle, but only as a memorable occurrence of the kind related in the *True Christian Religion* concerning Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, and the rest. For all these are simply testimonies, that I have been introduced by the Lord as to my spirit into the spiritual world, and that I converse with angels and spirits.”

Cuno, a Dutch gentleman who frequently entertained Swedenborg when he was in Amsterdam, writing about the stories of the late Prince of Prussia and of the lost receipt, says:

“The truth of both these stories he (Swedenborg) affirmed; but he did not dwell long upon them, observing that there were hundreds of similar stories. He did not think it worth while to waste many words upon them, saying that all these things were trifles placing in the shade the great object of his mission.”

Neither Swedenborg nor the Queen ever revealed the nature of the message itself which Swedenborg conveyed to the Queen. It was a secret between her and her brother. Some of the accounts state that it related to a conversation with her brother some seventeen years before. But Count Hopken indicates that it related to a correspondence in the last year of his life and that her last letter remained unanswered. It seems a sufficient reason why the matter was a secret that



neither the Queen nor Swedenborg could divulge was, that Sweden and Prussia were at war, consequently correspondence with the enemy was treason. So the secret was not divulged. In addition to this, the Queen was accused of influencing her husband to adopt autocratic methods in the government and against the constitution, which strictly limited the powers of the King. Something also of this matter may have been involved in the secret correspondence.

## THE DUTCH AMBASSADOR'S LOST RECEIPT

(EMANUEL SWEDENBORG)

Mr. Whitehead continues:

Kant, in his letter to Madam von Knobloch, gives the following statement, the facts having been communicated to him by Green:

“Madam Marteville, the widow of the Dutch Ambassador in Stockholm, some time after the death of her husband was called upon by Croon, a goldsmith, to pay for a silver service which her husband had purchased from him. The widow was convinced that her late husband had been much too precise and orderly not to have paid this debt, yet she was unable to find the receipt. In her sorrow, and because the amount was considerable, she requested Mr. Swedenborg to call at her house. After apologizing to him for troubling him, she said, that if, as all people said, he possessed the extraordinary gift of conversing with the souls of the departed, he would perhaps have the kindness to ask her husband how it was about the silver service. Swedenborg did not at all object to complying with her request. Three days afterwards the said lady had company at her house for coffee. Swedenborg called, and in his cool way informed her that he had conversed with her husband. The debt had been paid seven months before his decease, and the receipt was in a bureau in the room up-stairs. The lady replied that the bureau had been quite cleared out, and that the receipt was not found among all the papers. Swedenborg said that her husband had described to him how, after pulling out the left-hand drawer, a board would appear, which required to be drawn out, when a secret compartment would be disclosed, containing his private Dutch correspondence, as well as the receipt. Upon hearing this description the whole company arose and accompanied the lady into the room up-stairs. The bureau was opened; they did as they were directed; the compartment was found, of which no one had ever known before; and, to the great astonishment of all, the papers were discovered there, in accordance with his description.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Documents Concerning Swedenborg*, II, 635-36.

Quite a number of versions of this story exist, which may be traced back to eleven different sources. Robsahm and Bergstrom heard the story from Swedenborg himself. As Green visited Swedenborg, no doubt Swedenborg confirmed the truth of it to Green himself. Letocard, who was Secretary to the legation and executor of Marteville's estate, gives an account very similar to that of Kant.

As the story passed from mouth to mouth, the particulars were modified in various ways; so that we find a number of accounts which vary as to the particulars, the central fact remaining practically the same. Kant's account seems again to be the clearest and most consistent.

In the case of the lost receipt no one in this world knew of the secret compartment where the receipt and the secret papers were concealed. The silversmith knew there was a receipt; but he did not know where it was. The widow was convinced that the bill was paid, but she had no actual knowledge that it was paid. How did Swedenborg gain the knowledge of the secret drawer known to no one in this world?

## DIVINES HIS FRIEND'S SECRETS

(EMANUEL SWEDENBORG)

Swedenborg, in referring to these and other similar facts, speaks of them as proving his intercourse with the spiritual world. Christopher Springer, writing of Swedenborg, with whom he had intimate friendship, says:

"All that he has told me of my deceased friends and enemies, and of the secrets I had with them, is almost past belief. He even explained to me in what manner peace was concluded between Sweden and the King of Prussia; and he praised my conduct on that occasion. He even specified the three high personages whose services I made use of at that time; which was, nevertheless, a profound secret. On asking him how it was possible for him to obtain such information, and who had discovered it to him, he replied, 'Who informed me about your affair with Count Claes Ekeblad? You cannot deny that what I have told you is true. Continue,' he added, 'to merit his reproaches; depart not from the good way either for honors or money; but, on the contrary, continue as constant therein as you have hitherto, and you will prosper.'<sup>1</sup>

"The Count had provoked him to draw his sword upon him, differing about politics, but they had made it up, and promised not to mention it to any one while in life; that afterward the Count had attempted

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<sup>1</sup> *Documents*, II, 533.

to bribe him with 10,000 rix-dalers, which sum Swedenborg particularly mentioned to him as having been learned from the Count, just then deceased.”<sup>1</sup>

## DIVINES WESLEY'S WISH AND THE DAY OF HIS OWN DEATH

(EMANUEL SWEDENBORG)

John Wesley received a letter from Swedenborg dated in February, 1772, which read:

Great Bath-street, Coldbath Fields, February, 1772.

Sir:—I have been informed in the world of spirits that you have a strong desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you, if you will favor me with a visit. I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

EMAN. SWEDENBORG.

Mr. Wesley received and read this letter in the presence of some of his preachers, one of whom, Rev. Samuel Smith, tells the story.

Mr. Wesley frankly acknowledged to the company that he had been very strongly impressed with the desire to see and converse with Swedenborg, and that he had never mentioned that desire to any one.

Mr. Wesley wrote for answer, that he was closely occupied in preparing for a six months' journey, but would do himself the pleasure of waiting upon Mr. Swedenborg soon after his return to London.

Swedenborg wrote in reply, that the visit proposed by Mr. Wesley would be too late, as he, Swedenborg, should go into the world of spirits on the 29th day of the next month, never more to return. (*Documents*, Vol. II, p. 565.)

Swedenborg died March 29, 1772.

## A PROBLEMATIC DREAM<sup>2</sup>

(CROMWELL F. VARLEY)

This incident was told by Mr. Varley, a prominent English electrician, to the London Dialectical Society.

I have had another case in 1860; I went to find the first Atlantic

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 534.

<sup>2</sup> *Report on Spiritualism*, etc., 163-64.

Cable; when I arrived at Halifax my name was telegraphed to New York. Mr. Cyrus Field telegraphed the fact to St. John's and then to Harbour Grace; so that when I arrived I was very cordially received at each place, and at Harbour Grace found there was a supper prepared. Some speeches followed and we sat up late. I had to catch the steamer that went early the next morning and was fearful of not waking in time, but I employed a plan which had often proved successful before, viz., that of willing strongly that I should wake at the proper time. Morning came and I saw myself in bed fast asleep; I tried to wake myself, but could not. After a while I found myself hunting about for some means of more power, when I saw a yard in which was a large stack of timber and two men approaching; they ascended the stack of timber and lifted a heavy plank. It occurred to me to make my body dream that there was a bombshell thrown in front of me which was fizzing at the touch-hole, and when the men threw the plank down I made my body dream that the bomb had burst and cut open my face. It woke me, but with a clear recollection of the two actions—one, the intelligent mind acting upon the brain in the body, which could be made to believe any ridiculous impression that the former produced by *will power*. I did not allow a second to elapse before I leapt out of bed, opened the window, and there were the yard, the timber, and the two men, just as my spirit had seen them. I had no previous knowledge at all of the locality; it was dark the previous evening when I entered the town, and I did not even know there was a yard there at all. It was evident I had seen these things while my body lay asleep. I could not see the timber until the window had been opened.

This is one of the most interesting dreams for study with which I am acquainted. On the one hand it is easy to form a theory of normal explanation. While dreaming he heard the sound, correctly guessed that it was caused by a falling plank, inferred that therefore there was probably a yard near the house containing timber, also inferred from the sound that the plank must be too heavy to be lifted by one man, and correctly guessed that there were two. All this, although a happy combination of accurate inferences and guesses, might be possible. But Mr. Varley testifies that he dreamed he saw the stack of timber and two men approach, ascend the stack and lift the plank, and that he dreamed a device to make himself wake, *before* he had the sensation of noise in the dream. An ordinary person might during the time which had elapsed since the dream, nine years, have misplaced the order of its details, but it is less likely that a man of science strongly impressed and bound to study his recollections on waking, should have done so. But there is some evidence tending to show that dreams affected by real sensory impressions do sometimes rearrange the time order so as to present on waking the illusion that the cause of the sensory impression was imaged

before the impression itself was received. But it is at least exceedingly rare that a dream should present imagery corresponding to the real facts, as though by inferences, and yet not connect that imagery at all with the sensory impression as its cause, but attribute the cause to something entirely different. Mr. Varley's dream correctly pictured the real external facts, yard, stack of timber, two men, plank and fall of the plank, but ascribed the sound to a bomb! If "clairvoyance," whatever process that term really covers, is deemed established by a mass of other evidence, it is perhaps simpler to ascribe this particular case to it.

### PARALLEL AND SIMULTANEOUS DREAMS <sup>1</sup>

(CROMWELL F. VARLEY)

In a second case my sister-in-law had heart disease. Mrs. Varley and I went into the country to see her, as we feared for the last time. I had a nightmare, and could not move a muscle. While in this state, I saw the spirit of my sister-in-law in the room. I knew that she was confined to her bed-room. She said, "If you do not move, you will die," but I could not move, and she said, "If you submit yourself to me, I will frighten you, and you will then be able to move." At first I objected, wishing to ascertain more about her spirit presence. When at last I consented, my heart had ceased beating. I think at first her efforts to terrify me did not succeed, but when she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Cromwell, I am dying," that frightened me exceedingly, and threw me out of the torpid state, and I awoke in the ordinary way. My shouting had aroused Mrs. Varley; we examined the door, and it was still locked and bolted, and I told my wife what had happened, having noted the hour, 3:45 A. M., and cautioned her not to mention the matter to anybody, but to hear what was her sister's version if she alluded to the subject. In the morning she told us that she had passed a dreadful night, that she had been in our room and greatly troubled on my account; and that I had been nearly dying. It was between half-past three and four A. M. when she saw I was in danger. She only succeeded in arousing me by exclaiming, "Oh, Cromwell, I am dying." I appeared to her to be in a state which otherwise would have ended fatally. This was the second case in which there were more witnesses than one, and I think it may be considered a second case attended with reliable evidence. There is in addition this peculiarity that we were neither of us dead.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *Report on Spiritualism of the Committee of the London Dialectical Society* (London, 1873), 161-62.

<sup>2</sup> For parallel dreams of Mrs. and Miss Griggs, see *Journal A. S. P. R.*, XVII, 101-05, and *Bulletin IX* of B. S. P. R.

# LAWYERS AND PHYSICIANS

## INCIDENTS REPORTED BY A NOTED LAWYER <sup>1</sup>

(SIR ASTLEY COOPER; REPORTED BY WILLIAM  
BALLANTINE)

Serjeant William Ballantine (1812-1887) was one of the foremost lawyers in England, noted for his skill in cross-examination. He was counsel in the Tichborne claimant case, one of the most celebrated in the history of English courts, and in the equally famed trial of the Gaekwar of Baroda.

I do not think it will be out of place whilst upon this subject to relate a story told by Sir Astley Cooper.<sup>2</sup> I am not certain that it has not been already in print, but I know that I have had frequent conversation about it with his nephew.

There had been a murder, and Sir Astley was upon the scene when a man suspected of it was apprehended, and Sir Astley, being greatly interested, accompanied the officers with their prisoner to the gaol, and he and they and the accused were all in a cell, locked in together, when they noticed a little dog, which kept biting at the skirt of the prisoner's coat. This led them to examine the garment, and they found upon it traces of blood which ultimately led to the conviction of the man. When they looked around the dog had disappeared, although the door had never been opened. How it had got there, or how it got away, of course nobody could tell. When Bransby Cooper spoke of this, he always said that of course his uncle had made a mistake, and was convinced of this himself; and Bransby used to add that, no doubt, if the matter had been investigated, it would have been shown that there was a mode of accounting for it from natural causes. But I believe that neither Sir Astley nor his nephew in their hearts discarded entirely the supernatural.

Was it an apparitional dog?

Mr. Ballantine added an incident which some may think accounted for by a telepathic impression, followed by auto-suggestion which lowered the mental alertness of the player.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ballantine's *Some Experiences of a Barrister's Life* (New York, 1882), 257-58.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Astley Paston Cooper was perhaps the most famous and influential surgeon of his time in England.

<sup>3</sup> *Some Experiences*, etc., 261.

There was the member of the club, a very harmless, inoffensive man, of the name of Townend, for whom Lord Lytton <sup>1</sup> entertained a mortal antipathy, and would never play whilst that gentleman was in the room. He firmly believed that he brought him bad luck. I was witness to what must be termed an odd coincidence. One afternoon, when Lord Lytton was playing, and had enjoyed an uninterrupted run of luck, it suddenly turned, upon which he exclaimed, "I am sure that Mr. Townend has come into the club." Some three minutes after, just time enough to ascend the stairs, in walked that unlucky personage. Lord Lytton, as soon as the rubber was over, left the table and did not renew the play.

Mr. Ballantine observes that "it is very interesting to note the number of remarkable men who have exhibited similar impressions" of a psychic character.

## APPARENT FULFILMENT OF A CONTRACT TO APPEAR AFTER DEATH

(LORD BROUGHAM)

Lord Henry Brougham (1778-1868) was probably the most conspicuous figure in English civic life for a long period, and particularly from 1820 to 1840. He was "a man of letters, man of science, advocate, orator, statesman, and Lord High Chancellor," with "a vigor and variety of intellect almost unparalleled." "His indomitable energy, his vehement eloquence, his enthusiastic attachment to the cause of freedom, progress and humanity, caused him to be justly regarded as one of the most extraordinary and illustrious men of his age and of his country."

He contributed "to the progress of liberal opinions, to the reform of the law, to popular education, to the emancipation of the negro race from slavery, and to the maintenance of the peace." <sup>2</sup>

Lord Brougham's narrative was originally an entry in his diary. It is copied, together with comments, as found in *Phantasms of the Living*, I, 394-7.

The entry must apparently have been made very soon after the occurrence which it describes; as we can scarcely doubt that had the

<sup>1</sup> The novelist.

<sup>2</sup> The excerpts are from the article by Henry Reeve in *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

fact of his friend's death, which he learned soon afterward, been known to him at the time of writing, he would have included it in his account. In December, 1799, Lord Brougham was traveling in Sweden with friends. [He says,]

"We set out for Gothenburg [apparently on December 18], determining to make for Norway. About one o'clock in the morning, arriving at a decent inn, we decided to stop for the night. Tired with the cold of yesterday, I was glad to take advantage of a hot bath before I turned in, and here 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 and speculated upon many grave subjects—among others, on the immortality of the soul, and on a future state. This question, and the possibility, I will not say of ghosts walking, but 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 almost forgotten him; moreover, his family having little connection with Edinburgh, I seldom saw or heard anything of them, or of him through them, so that all this schoolboy intimacy had died out, and I had nearly forgotten his existence. I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath, and while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat, after the late freezing I had undergone, 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 produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it or to speak about it even to Stuart; 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 story, with the date, 19th December, and all the particulars as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep; and that the appearance presented so distinctly to 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 during our Swedish travels either 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, yet all the while I felt convinced that the whole was a dream; and so painfully vivid, so unfading was the impression, that I could not bring myself to talk of it, or to make the slightest allusion to it."

Lord Brougham afterward wrote that "Soon after my return to Edinburgh, there arrived a letter from India, announcing G.'s death, and stating that he had died on the 19th of December!" Was this a dream, as Lord Brougham was inclined to think? Was it coincidence; if not, what was it? The profound impression the incident had on Lord Brougham's mind, the finding himself sprawling on the floor, and the identity of dates are hard to reconcile with either a dream or the hypothesis of coincidence.

## EXTRAORDINARY COINCIDENTAL DREAMS

(HENRY ARMITT BROWN)

The general caption of this series is applied somewhat liberally. But a gentleman who is of sufficient importance that a biography of him was written by the learned James M. Hoppin, for many years a professor of Yale University, first in the Divinity School and afterwards in the Art Department, may be considered, provisionally, a "noted person." The experience was shared by Henry Armitt Brown, the subject of the biography, who was a "scholar, orator and lawyer." The incident may be found under its date in the book, which was published by Lippincott in 1880. The incident was related in a letter written to a clerical friend of his family, and was comparatively recent at the time of its narration.

May 3, 1869.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

After many delays I send you a short account of the dream which excited your interest last summer.

In the fall of 1865, I think it was in the month of November, while I was studying law in the city of New York, I retired to my room about midnight of a cold and blustering evening. I remember distinctly hearing the clock strike twelve as I lay in bed watching the smouldering fire until drowsiness crept upon me and I slept. I had hardly lost consciousness when I seemed to hear loud and confused noises and felt a choking sensation at my throat, as if it were grasped by a strong hand.

I awoke (as it seemed) and found myself lying on my back on the cobble-stones of a narrow street, writhing in the grip of a low-browed thick-set man with unkempt hair and grizzled beard, who with one hand at my throat and holding my wrists with the other threw his weight upon me and held me down. From the first I knew that his desire was to kill me, and my struggles were for life. I recall distinctly the sense of horror at first and then that of furious determination which took possession of me. I did not make a sound, but with a sudden effort threw him half off me, clutched him frantically by the hair and in my agony bit furiously at his throat. Over and over we rolled upon the stones. My strength began to give way before the fury of my struggles. I saw that my antagonist felt it and smiled a ghastly smile of triumph. Presently I saw him reach forth his hand and grasp a bright hatchet. Even in this extremity I noticed that the hatchet was new and apparently unused, with glittering head and white polished handle. I made one more tremendous fight for life, for a second I held my enemy powerless and saw with such a thrill of delight as I cannot forget the horror-stricken faces of friends within a rod of us rushing to my rescue. As the foremost of them sprang upon the back of my antagonist he wrenched his wrist away from me. I saw the hatchet flash above my head and felt instantly a dull blow on the forehead. I fell back on the ground, a numbness spread from my head over my body, a warm liquid flowed down upon my face and into my mouth, and I remember the taste was of blood and my "limbs were loosed."

Then I thought I was suspended in the air a few feet above my body, I could see myself as if in a glass; lying on the back, the hatchet sticking in the head, and the ghastliness of death gradually spreading over the face. I noticed especially that the wound made by the hatchet was in the center of the forehead at right angles to and divided equally by the line of the hair. I heard the weeping of friends, at first loud, then growing fainter, fading away into silence. A delightful sensation of sweet repose without a feeling of fatigue—precisely like that which I experienced years ago at Cape May when beginning to drown—crept over me. I heard exquisite music, the air was full of rare perfumes, I sat upon a bed of downy softness, when, with a start, I awoke.

The fire still smouldered in the grate, my watch told me I had not been more than half an hour asleep.

Early the next morning I joined an intimate friend with whom I spent much of my time; to accompany him, as was my daily custom, to the Law School. We talked for a moment of various topics, when suddenly he interrupted me with the remark that he had dreamed strangely of me the night before.

"Tell me," I asked, "what was it?" "I fell asleep," he said, "about twelve and immediately dreamed that I was passing through a narrow street when I heard noises and cries of murder. Hurrying in the direction of the noise, I saw you lying on your back, fighting a

rough laboring man, who held you down. I rushed forward, but as I reached you he struck you on the head with a hatchet and killed you instantly. Many of our friends were there and we cried bitterly. In a moment I awoke and so vivid had been my dream that my cheeks were wet with tears."

"What sort of a man was he?" I asked. "A thick-set man, in a flannel shirt and rough trousers; his hair was uncombed and his beard was grizzly and of a few days' growth."

Within a week I was in Burlington, New Jersey. I called at a friend's house. "My husband," said his wife to me, "had such a horrid dream about you the other night. He dreamed that a man killed you in a street fight. He ran to help you, but before he reached the spot your enemy had killed you with a great club."

"Oh, no," cried the husband across the room, "he killed you with a hatchet."

These are the circumstances as I recall them. I remembered the remark of old Artaphernes that dreams are often the result of a train of thought started by conversation or reading or the incidents of the working time; but I could recall nothing, nor could either of my friends cite any circumstance that ever they had read, had ever heard by tale or history, in which they could trace the origin of this remarkable dream.

I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

P.S. I may add that these friends of mine were personally unknown to each other. The first one in New York dreamed that he was the foremost who reached the scene, the other that he was one of the number who followed; both of which points coincided exactly with my own dream.

It would appear from the postscript that the correspondence between the several dreams was more exact than one would suppose from the main narrative; that Mr. Brown recognized the other dreamers in his own dream, and that they were situated as each respectively located himself.

It is unfortunate that the compound incident was not recorded at once and that the stories of the two friends were not written out by themselves. It is impossible for the reader to be sure that time had not made the three dreams coincide in memory more closely than they did in fact. On the other hand, Mr. Brown was a brilliant man and a lawyer, and it seems unlikely that the main facts of coincidence which impressed him at the time should have undergone much alteration in his memory.

Of course the special feature of this incident which makes it noteworthy is the coincidence of material in the three dreams, rather than

the content of the dreams, which might perhaps be explained on the Freudian principles or in some other way. All the ingenuity in the world applied to explain the content of the dreams will not explain away the complex coincidence in their details coupled with close temporal coincidence between two of them, and perhaps all three. Once establish that such astounding coincidence existed, and to try to account for all three of the dreams solely on the basis of experience and "complexes" individual to the respective dreamers, would be to discredit the whole psychoanalytic theory. The compiler considers that the testimony to dreams which in their particulars coincided with events still in the future has accumulated to an extent which precludes intelligent question of their genuineness and priority and immunity from the doctrine of chance. To trace *these* dreams to merely ideational and emotional reactions from past experiences utterly fails to solve the great problem, which is that of the coincidences between the particulars of the dream and the details of the events which directly followed. And if the attempt is made to force this type of dreams into the Freudian or any other mold, it is the mold that is in danger of disruption, for it is a great deal more certain that coincidental dreams do rarely occur, complexly coincidental to a degree which makes the doctrine of chance ridiculous, than that psychoanalysis of dreams is not sometimes perniciously ingenious. No one contends that the great mass of dreams are normal as to their origin; the sole contention is that some dreams are in one way or another, one degree or another, supernatural. The Freudian or any other interpretation of dreams may be true in general, and yet some dreams, like other forms of psychical experience, transcend the general category. But the dream theorists ought to face all the facts, which they have not hitherto boldly done.

### A GREAT LAWYER TALKS WITH AN APPARITION <sup>1</sup>

(LORD CHANCELLOR ERSKINE; GUARANTOR, LADY  
SYDNEY OWENSON MORGAN)

Thomas Erskine, Baron (1750-1823), has been pronounced "probably the greatest forensic orator that Britain has produced." The extraordinary speech made when trying his first case brought him, it is said, thirty retainers that very day. By his defense of Lord George Gordon in 1781 he destroyed the doctrine of constructive treason.

<sup>1</sup> The *Book of the Boudoir*, by Lady Morgan (London, 1829), I, 123-25.

Neither as a member of Parliament nor as Lord Chancellor was his success equal to that as an advocate, wherein it was almost unparalleled.

Lady Morgan (1777?-1859) was an Irish "novelist and miscellaneous describer and critic, one of the most vivid and hotly-discussed literary personages of her generation." *The Wild Irish Girl*, a patriotic novel, made her reputation, but her best work of fiction was *O'Donnel*. She wrote a study of *France* under the restoration of 1817, and a study of *Italy*, which Lord Byron praised for the accuracy of its pictures of Italian life. She also produced the *Life and Times of Salvator Rosa*. *The Book of the Boudoir* consists of reminiscences and reflections. She seems to have been conscientious and careful in regard to facts.

It is at second-hand that we get the Erskine story, but Lady Morgan tells us she heard it from his lips, the Saturday after George (afterward the Fourth) was made Regent, in the year 1811, that Lord Erskine and the Duchess of Gordon were calling on her, and that it was told after the Duchess had told a story of second-sight in her own family. Lady Morgan does not appear herself to be credulous, as she says that the Duchess's tale "amused, if it did not convert me."

When I was a young man I had been for some time absent from Scotland. On the morning of my arrival in Edinburgh, as I was coming out from a bookshop, I met our old family butler. He looked greatly changed, pale, wan and shadowy. "Eh, old boy!" I said, "what brings you here?" He replied: "To meet your honor 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."

Struck by his looks and manner, I bade him follow me to the book-seller's shop into which I stepped back, but when I turned round to speak to him he had vanished. I remembered that his wife carried on some little trade in the Old Town, and I remembered the house. Having made it out I found the old woman in widow's mourning. Her husband had been dead some months, and had told her on his deathbed that my father's steward had wronged him of some money, but that when *Master Tom* returned he would see her righted. This I promised to do, and shortly after fulfilled my promise. The impression of this on me was indelible.

The special thing to note is not that Erskine thought he saw and talked with a man who proved to have died months before, but that he thus learned an evidential fact, and the very one which had been on the man's mind while dying. Had plain John Smith told this story we could have answered him: "My dear fellow, you think that you had

never heard that the butler was dead, but you did and subconsciously remembered it; you think that you had never been told that the steward defrauded the butler, but you did and subconsciously remembered that; you think that you saw and heard an apparition, but really your own brain produced this hallucination as a mechanism to make you do your duty." But, somehow, it seems more difficult to say this to one of the most brilliant lawyers that England ever produced.

### SOME OF THE TESTS WHICH CONVINCED A DISTINGUISHED LAWYER <sup>1</sup>

(EDWARD MARSHALL HALL)

Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C. (1858-1927), graduated from Rugby and Cambridge, became a barrister of the Inner Temple in 1883, and steadily rose until he was regarded as one of the leading figures of the British bar of which none, probably, surpassed him in reputation for acuteness and ability. Here is a statement from his pen:

One Sunday, about thirty years ago, I was at my sister's house at Hampton and Miss K. Wingfield was there, and, as it happened, had been giving an exhibition of her powers as an automatic writer. She was a great personal friend of my sister's, and was at the time staying in the house. My sister took me on one side, and implored me to test those messages for myself. . . . What to ask I did not know; but, putting my hand in my breast pocket, searching for a piece of paper on which to write something, I pulled out a letter which I had received at my chambers in the Temple the preceding day.

As if inspired, an idea came to me. I folded up the letter in its envelope—writing, stamp, and postmark inside—and then placed the whole in another envelope, which I sealed with a seal I always carried. There was no writing on the outside of the envelope so sealed, and I handed it to my sister to hand to Miss Wingfield, with the spoken question: "Ask her where is the writer of the letter contained in that envelope?" Please note, sex is not mentioned, and my sister did not know who was the writer. After considerable delay the automatic writing brought this message: "The writer of that letter is dead!"

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<sup>1</sup> Introduction by Sir Edward Marshall Hall to *Guidance from Beyond*, composed of automatic writings by Miss K. Wingfield. She is presumably the same Miss K. Wingfield with whom there were held experiments for telepathy in 1886 and earlier (*Phantasms of the Living*, I, 34; II, 653).

Wishing to clinch it, I asked another question: "When and where did the writer die?"

Again the answer came back: "He died yesterday in South Africa!" I had mentioned no sex, and given no indication of locality, and the answer, though curious, seemed ridiculous. . . .

My sister asked if I wished to put any more questions, and I said, "No." I never told her any of the facts till some weeks later, and I went away, returning to London on that evening.

To say that I was puzzled is to put it mildly. This letter, which I had received on the Saturday preceding the Sunday on which I asked the question, was written by my brother in South Africa some three weeks prior to the date of its receipt. I had not told my sister of this letter, and she could not know of its existence.

The third succeeding Saturday afterwards I received a letter (dated the Saturday immediately preceding the Sunday on which I had asked the question at Hampton) from Archdeacon Gaul, in which he writes: "I little thought when I wrote you last mail that I should have to tell you that your brother was found dead in his bed this morning."

Of course I could relate many other instances and experiences that have occurred since, but for me this was enough. I was, and am, convinced that there is an existence beyond so-called death, and that there are means of communication between them and us.

If the phenomenon I have related can be explained by any natural process, I am ready to consider it, but until I am convinced otherwise, I shall continue to believe and believe steadfastly, that the message of my brother's death was conveyed to me in mercy, by some influence outside this life.

## PREMONITION OR ASTOUNDING COINCIDENCE

(JAMES OTIS)

Graduate from Harvard, a classical scholar, author of a work on Latin prosody which was adopted as a textbook by Harvard, a lawyer of high rank, James Otis (1725-1783) attained fame as a Revolutionary orator, particularly by his great oration in Faneuil Hall before Governor Hutchinson, against the "writs of assistance" or British claim to a right to search anywhere for smuggled goods, on a general warrant. This speech, five hours long, was delivered with electrifying effect in 1761 and, according to John Adams, "then and there the child Independence was born." Other influential speeches and writings followed until, in 1769, he was struck a blow on the head by a custom-house officer. He lived fourteen years longer, but was subject to

periods of derangement, and his public work was put nearly to an end, although he argued a case in court, but with less than his former fire, six weeks before his death.

I discovered among papers left by Dr. Hodgson the following manuscript statement:

On August 3, 1895, I spent the evening at the house of Mrs. Horace Lamb, in Milton. While at dinner Mrs. Lamb told me of a strange experience which happened in her husband's family, an account of which, she said, was written on a piece of paper that was pasted on the back of a picture hanging in another room. After dinner we examined this picture and found the following statement written on the piece of paper which was stuck to the back:

"James Otis, the great lawyer and statesman in the revolutionary struggle, brought this engraving of America, weeping over her worthies, into mother's Aunt Maxwell's, with whom she lived in State Street, the day he left Boston for Andover, and pinned it on the wall of the parlor, saying, 'Don't take this down, for the next news you hear of me will be that I am killed by lightning.' That proved true, as six weeks after this, on Friday afternoon, May 23, 1783, he was struck by a flash while standing at Mr. Osgood's door, where he lived in Andover."

Mr. Lamb told me that he believed that this statement was written by his aunt, Miss Jane Lamb, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Lamb, and niece of Mrs. Maxwell. Mrs. Lamb was told of the circumstances by her mother, who was present when James Otis is said to have pinned the picture on the wall. There is nothing special about the engraving except that it is a patriotic picture and James Otis took an active part in the Revolutionary War.

R. HODGSON.

The chief biography of Otis is that of William Tudor, from which we make these pertinent extracts: <sup>1</sup>

The day after his return to Andover, he exhibited some marks of agitation. He took a hatchet in the morning and went to a copse of pines standing on a rising ground a few yards from the house, and passed all the forenoon in trimming away the lower branches of the wood. When Mr. Osgood came to call him to dinner, he said with great earnestness, "Osgood, if I die while I am at your house, I charge you to have me buried under these trees," and then he added, with a little touch of humor that shone forth like a bright gleam in a tempestuous sky, "You know my grave would overlook all your field, and I could have an eye upon the boys and see if they minded their work." [He had boarded with Mr. Osgood's family for about two years.] . . .

<sup>1</sup> Pages 483-86.



Six weeks after his return, on Friday afternoon, the 23rd day of May, 1783, a heavy cloud suddenly arose, and the greater part of the family were collected in one of the rooms to wait till the shower should have past. Otis, with his cane in one hand, stood against the post of the door which opened from this apartment into the front entry. He was in the act of telling the assembled group a story, when an explosion took place which seemed to shake the solid earth,—and he fell without a struggle, or a word, instantaneously dead, into the arms of Mr. Osgood, who, seeing him falling, sprang forward to receive him. This flash of lightning was the first that came from the cloud, and was not followed by any others that were remarkable. There were seven or eight persons in the room, but no other was injured. No mark of any kind could be found on Otis, nor was there the slightest change or convulsion in his features.

It is a singular coincidence that he often expressed a wish for such a fate. He told his sister, Mrs. Warren, after his reason was impaired, “My dear sister, I hope when God Almighty, in his righteous providence, shall take me out of time into eternity, that it will be by a flash of lightning,” and this idea he often repeated.

Of course there is now no way of rigidly examining the story that Otis made a definite prophecy that the next time Mrs. Maxwell heard from him he would be dead from lightning. But it articulates perfectly with the account in the biographies. He was in Boston six weeks before his death. He was accustomed to wish that he might die by lightning, and this alone couples with the event to constitute a remarkable coincidence, for a man has not a chance in many thousands of meeting his death that way. It is difficult to suppose that what he actually said to Mrs. Maxwell was no more than to express his customary wish, since that would have no significance in connection with leaving the picture hanging, while if he prophesied that the next news of him would be his death, by lightning or any other means, there would be a melancholy interest about the picture which was fastened on the wall as his last act in that house. Then, too, we find by his remark to Osgood regarding his place of burial that his thoughts were dwelling on the subject of his death the day after his return from Boston and Mrs. Maxwell’s house.

EXACT PREVISION OF A PECULIAR DEATH SCENE <sup>1</sup>

(DR. ALFRED COOPER AND THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON)

It was the Duchess who had the vision, and Dr. Cooper who witnessed its fulfilment. Alfred Cooper, M.D., member of Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, was, in 1902 (the last date to which I have traced him), surgeon and consulting surgeon to several London hospitals, had been Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, was the husband of a daughter of the Earl of Fife and several other important or interesting things.

The following was written by Dr. Cooper and attested by the Duchess:

A fortnight before the death of the late Earl of L——, in 1882, I called upon the Duke of Hamilton, in Hill Street, to see him professionally. After I had finished seeing him we went into the drawing-room, where the Duchess was, and the Duke said to me, "Oh, Cooper; how is the Earl?"

The Duchess said, "What Earl?" and on my answering, "Lord L——," she replied, "That is very odd. I have had a most extraordinary vision. I went to bed, but after being in bed a short time, I was not exactly asleep, but thought I saw a scene as if from a play before me. The actors in it were Lord L——, in a chair, as if in a fit, with a man standing over him with a red beard. He was by the side of a bath, over which bath a red lamp was distinctly shown."

I then said, "I am attending Lord L—— at present; there is very little the matter with him; he is not going to die; he will be all right very soon."

Well, he got better for a week and was nearly well, but at the end of six or seven days after this I was called to see him suddenly. He had inflammation of both lungs.

I called in Sir William Jenner,<sup>2</sup> but in six days he was a dead man. There were two male nurses attending on him; one had been taken ill. But when I saw the other the dream of the Duchess was exactly represented. He was standing near a bath over the Earl and, strange to say, his beard was red. There was the bath with the red lamp over it. It is rather rare to find a bath with a red lamp over it, and this brought the story to my mind.

The vision seen by the Duchess was told two weeks before the death of Lord L——. It is a most remarkable thing.

This account, written in 1888, has been revised by the [late] Duke

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<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings S. P. R.*, XI, 505-6.

<sup>2</sup> The distinguished pathological anatomist and physician, 1815-1898.

of Manchester, father of the Duchess of Hamilton, who heard the vision from his daughter on the morning after she had seen it.

(Signed) MARY HAMILTON,

ALFRED COOPER.

Her Grace had been reading and had just blown out the candle.

Her Grace has had many dreams which have come true years after.

ALFRED COOPER.

[The Duchess only knew Lord L—— by sight, and had not heard that he was ill. She knew she was not asleep, for she opened her eyes to get rid of the vision and, shutting them, saw the same thing again.]

Mr. Myers adds: "An independent and concordant account has been given to me orally by a gentleman to whom the Duchess related the dream on the morning after its occurrence."

## HYPNOSIS BY TELEPATHY <sup>1</sup>

(DR. JAMES ESDAILE)

Dr. Esdaile was for many years, toward the middle of the nineteenth century, Presidency Surgeon of a large government hospital in Calcutta. He was one of the English pioneers who did the most for the scientific study of hypnotism up to the time of Edmund Gurney nearly thirty years later, the other two being Elliotson and Braid. The work of Esdaile, says Gurney,<sup>2</sup> "is now recognized as one of the most important contributions ever made to the rapidly-growing science of hypnotism." His principal works were entitled *Mesmerism in India and Its Practical Appreciation to Surgery and Medicine* (1846), and *Natural and Mesmeric Clairvoyance with the Practical Application of Mesmerism in Surgery and Medicine* (1852).

Here is his account of some remarkable and significant experiments.<sup>3</sup>

I had been looking for a blind man on whom to test the imagination theory, and one at last presented himself. This man became so susceptible that, by making him the object of my attention, I could entrance him in whatever occupation he was engaged, and at any distance within the hospital enclosure. . . . My *first attempt* to influence the blind man was made by gazing at him silently over a wall, while he was engaged in the act of eating his solitary dinner, at the distance of

<sup>1</sup> *Phantasms of the Living*, I, 88.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, I, 13.

<sup>3</sup> *Natural and Mesmeric Clairvoyance*, 227-28.

twenty yards. He gradually ceased to eat, and in a quarter of an hour was profoundly entranced and cataleptic. This was repeated at the most untimely hours, when he could not possibly know of my being in his neighborhood, and always with like results.

### MONITION OF A DEATH <sup>1</sup>

(MARTIN LUTHER HOLBROOK)

The following letter was sent by Dr. Holbrook (1831-1902), author of medical books and long editor of the *Herald of Health*, to Dr. Hodgson, at 10:35 A. M., July 17, 1897:

Dear Hodgson:—Five minutes ago Mr. J. F. Morse, who has all his life had dreams which were more or less verified later, came to my room and said: "I believe my wife died last night, for I had a dream of a most remarkable nature which indicates it. I shall be able to let you know soon, for I shall get word at my office when I reach there. I will then send you word." His wife is in a country place in Delaware County, Pa. She is ill, but he had no idea she would not live for months, as the enclosed letter of July 15th will show, but she was ill and would be likely to decline slowly and gradually.

I will get this off or in the mail before I hear any more.

Mr. Morse in his appearance looks like one who had just lost a dear friend and is in a state of great mental depression with tears in his eyes. . . .

M. L. HOLBROOK.

Completed at 10:46.

Therefore we have proof both in Dr. Holbrook's statement and in the postmark, that the letter was written Saturday morning, July 17. It proved that his wife died at 9:15 the evening of the dream and testimony from several sources, printed in the *Journal* of the S. P. R., makes it quite certain that Mr. Morse had no news of the death until he reached the sanitarium in Pennsylvania the next day after the dream. A letter written by Mr. Morse to Dr. Holbrook only two days previous to the dream says: "I am pleased to inform you that Dr. Hurd consented to take my wife. She reached there yesterday with her sister and will stay there until improved, perhaps for many months." It seems certain, then, that he had no anticipation of her early death.

<sup>1</sup> *Journal* S. P. R., VIII, 135.

The dream was that he was "dressed in mourning and taking a long journey on the cars."

When Mr. Morse took his wife's body to Ohio for burial on the 19th, he was met by a brother of hers (Mr. McKinney), who said: "I knew Carrie was dead." "How is that?" I replied. He answered: "A few nights ago I had a very vivid dream which startled me. I saw her gliding out of my room into the hall, and as she passed through the door she turned and looked at me and said, 'Don't you know me, Wil?' " Neither did he know how sick the woman was. It apparently was not learned whether or not Mr. McKinney's dream occurred on the same night with the death.

## FULFILLED PREDICTIONS

(AUGUSTE AMBROISE LIÉBEAULT)

Dr. Liébeault (1823-1904) took his M.D. degree at the University of Strasburg, became interested at college in mental therapy and began to employ hypnotism, first in a small town where he practiced, and from 1864 in Nancy. He opened a free dispensary and had a large clientèle, mostly composed of the poor; but his methods were generally frowned upon by his profession. In 1866 he produced his first book, *Le Sommeil et les états analogues*, which, for all its value, fell flat. But in 1882 his remarkable cures caused Dr. Bernheim, professor of medicine in the university, to become his pupil in hypnotism; he was converted, and began to employ the same methods in the Nancy hospital. The commanding position of Bernheim soon won other prominent men to make researches in hypnotism. Says Dr. Tuckey: "It is to the genius of Liébeault as well as to his enthusiasm and singleness of heart that we owe the full recognition of the part played by suggestion, verbal or otherwise, in psychical research, as well as in the cure of disease." He was a Corresponding Member of the S. P. R.

F. W. H. Myers quotes from Dr. Liébeault's notebook:<sup>1</sup>

M. S. de Ch. came to consult me today at 4 p. m. (January 8, 1886) for a slight nervous ailment. M. de Ch. is much preoccupied by a lawsuit, and by the incident I proceed to recount.

On the 26th of December, 1879, while walking in Paris, he saw "Mme. Lenormand, Necromancer," written on a door. Urged by

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings S. P. R.*, XI, 528-29.

thoughtless curiosity he entered the house, and was shown into rather a dark room. Mme. Lenormand came to him and placed him at a table. She went out and returned, and then looking at the palm of one of his hands, said: "You will lose your father in a year from this day. You will soon be a soldier (he was nineteen years old), but not for long. You will marry young, have two children and die at twenty-six." M. de Ch. confided this astounding prophecy to some of his friends, but did not take it seriously. However, as his father died after a short illness on December 27, 1880, precisely a year from the interview, he became less incredulous. And when he became a soldier, for seven months only, married, had two children, and was approaching his twenty-sixth birthday, he became thoroughly alarmed, and thought he had only a few days to live. This was why he came to consult me, hoping I might enable him to avoid his fate. For, as the first four events had taken place, he thought that the last would. On this and the following days I tried to send M. de Ch. into profound sleep in order to dissipate the impression that he would die on the 4th of February, his birthday. Mme. Lenormand had not named a date, but he was so agitated that I could not induce even the slightest sleep.

However, as it was absolutely necessary to get rid of his conviction, lest it should fulfil itself by self-suggestion, I changed my tactics and proposed that he should consult one of my somnambulists, an old man of seventy or so, nicknamed "the prophet," because he had exactly foretold his own cure of articular rheumatism of four years' standing, and the cure of his daughter, the cure of the latter resulting from his suggestion. M. de Ch. accepted my proposal eagerly. When put into rapport with the somnambulist his first question was, "When shall I die?" The sleeper, suspecting the state of the case, replied after a pause, "You will die . . . you will die in forty-one years." The effect was marvelous; the young man recovered his spirits, and when the 4th of February passed he thought himself safe.

I had forgotten all this when, at the beginning of October, I received an invitation to the funeral of my unfortunate patient, who had died on September 30, 1886, in his twenty-seventh year, as Mme. Lenormand had foretold. To prevent the supposition that the whole affair was an illusion on my part, I kept this letter of invitation, as well as the record made at the time of de Ch.'s visit to me. I have since learnt that the unfortunate man had been under treatment for biliary calculi and died of peritonitis caused by an internal rupture.

Mr. Myers, although he enters this case, remarks that it is one "hard to regard as more than a series of strange coincidences," and that Dr. Liébeault is "not himself responsible for more than the fact that the young man believed he was to die in a certain year."

I think that Mr. Myers understates the case. Dr. Liébeault was

also witness for the fact that the young man was in a state of alarm, and "responsible for" reasoning that he would not have been in that state if the predictions had not been fulfilled. There could hardly have been an illusion, for instance, that his father died on December 27, 1880, and it appears that the young man did not claim that this prediction was *exactly* fulfilled, since he reported it as one day out. This makes it appear that his memory did not play tricks. Dr. Liébeault is also responsible as witness of the fact that the young man did not claim that the prediction was that he should die on his "twenty-sixth birthday," but that he should die when twenty-six years old, and in popular language one is twenty-six until he reaches his twenty-seventh birthday. It was merely his interpretation that he would die on his birthday. A man would know, when approaching the supposedly fatal day, how many children he then had, surely. And he did die in the predicted year, and not of fear but of specific disease resulting from rupture. At any rate, after his examination of the case, probably more thorough than the notebook jottings would indicate, Dr. Liébeault, with all his enormous knowledge of the vagaries of human minds, was impressed by it.

But, granting that occult knowledge of the future was displayed by the woman, it does not follow that she derived it from the lines of the young man's hand. I myself remember a woman with whom I often experimented, and who displayed flickering psychic powers in several directions. Once she undertook to read my palm, as she supposed. She seemed to be succeeding beyond the limits of chance, but when, as they soon did, her eyes left my hand and looked dreamily away at nothing in particular, she did exactly as well.

#### A DEATH ANNOUNCED IN AUTOMATIC WRITING AT ABOUT THE MOMENT IT OCCURRED AT ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY MILES DISTANCE <sup>1</sup>

(DR. A. A. LIÉBEAULT)

Dr. Liébeault cured a young woman, Mlle. B., of an ailment, and the production of hypnosis in her suggested to her relatives that she might become a medium. She began to experiment with herself and in two months became "a remarkable writing medium," testifies the Doctor. "I have myself seen her rapidly writing page after page of what

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<sup>1</sup> *Human Personality*, II, 169-170.

she called 'messages,'—all in well-chosen language with no erasures,—while at the same time she maintained conversation with the people near her. An odd thing was that she had no knowledge whatever of what she was writing." Dr. Liébeault continues:

One day,—it was, I think, February 7, 1868, about 8 A. M., when just about to seat herself at table for breakfast, she felt a kind of need, an impulse which prompted her to write;—it was what she called a *trance*,—and she rushed off at once to her large note-book, where she wrote in pencil, with feverish haste, certain undecipherable words. She wrote the same words again and again on the pages which followed, and at last, as her agitation diminished, it was possible to read that a person called Marguérite was thus announcing her death. The family at once assumed that a young lady of that name, a friend of Mlle. B.'s and her companion and colleague in the Coblentz High School, must have just expired. They all came immediately to me, Mlle. B. among them, and we decided to verify the announcement of death that very day. Mlle. B. wrote to a young English lady who was also a teacher in that same school. She gave some other reasons for writing; taking care not to reveal the true motive of the letter. By return of post we received an answer in English, of which they copied for me the essential part. I found this answer in a portfolio hardly a fortnight ago, and have mislaid it again. It expressed the surprise of the English lady at the receipt of Mlle. B.'s unexpected and apparently motiveless letter. But at the same time the English correspondent made haste to announce to Mlle. B. that their common friend, Marguérite, had died on February 7, at about 8 A. M. Moreover, the letter contained a little square piece of printed paper;—the announcement of death sent round to friends.

I need not say that I examined the envelope, and that the letter appeared to me to have veritably come from Coblentz. Yet I have since felt a certain regret. In the interests of science I ought to have asked the G. family to allow me to go with them to the telegraph office to inquire whether they had received a telegram early on February 7. Science should feel no shame; truth does not dread exposure. My proof of the fact is ultimately a moral one: the honor of the G. family,—which has always appeared to me to be absolutely above suspicion.

A. A. LIEBEAULT.

Upon these last sentences Gurney remarks that, apart from the improbability that the whole family would join in a conspiracy to deceive their friend, the nature of the answer received from Coblentz shows that the writer of it cannot have been aware that any telegraphic announcement had been sent. And it is in itself unlikely that the authorities of the school would have felt it necessary instantly to communicate the news to Mlle. B.



Myers also says that while formerly of the opinion that this was "an example of a spontaneous telepathic impulse proceeding directly from a dying person, I now regard it as more probably due to the action of the spirit after bodily death."

## APPARITION OF A MAN AT THE MOMENT OF HIS DEATH IN A DISTANT COUNTRY <sup>1</sup>

(DR. AUGUSTE NÉLATON AND OTHER PROMINENT PERSONS)

Auguste Nélaton (1807-1873) was a French surgeon of very high reputation, connected with several hospitals in Paris and professor of clinical surgery, member of the Academy of Medicine and Academy of Sciences, surgeon of Napoleon III., etc. He heard the story at first hand and sent it to the French Academy of Sciences, while several hardly less distinguished persons were earlier on the scene.

Flammarion does not say where he found this record, but it is so explicit and detailed, and gives so many names of prominent persons, that it is hardly possible to doubt its authenticity.

On March 17, 1863, at Paris, in an apartment on the first floor, number 26 in Rue Pasquier, back of the Madeleine, the Baroness de Boislève gave a dinner to a number of persons, among whom were Gen. Fleury, Equerry in Ordinary to Napoleon III, M. Devienne, First President of the Supreme Court of Appeals, and M. Delesvaux, President of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. During the repast there was special discussion of the expedition sent to Mexico the previous year. The son of the baroness, Honoré de Boislève, a lieutenant of light cavalry, was with the expedition, and his mother did not fail to inquire of Gen. Fleury if he had news concerning it.

He had none. No news—good news. The dinner ended in good spirits, the diners remained at the table until 9 p. m. At that moment, Mme. de Boislève arose and went alone to the salon to serve the coffee. She had hardly entered when a terrible cry alarmed the guests. They dashed out of the room and found the baroness in a dead faint, lying on the carpet.

On being restored to consciousness, she told them an extraordinary story. While crossing the threshold of the salon she had seen, at the other end of the room, her son Honoré standing in his uniform, but without arms and without cap. The face of the officer was of a spectral

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<sup>1</sup> Flammarion's *Autour de la Mort*, 180-81.

pallor, his left eye was changed to a hideous opening, blood was trickling down his cheek and upon the embroidery of his coat-collar. The terror of the poor woman had been so great that she thought she was dying. They endeavored to reassure her, explaining that she had experienced a mere hallucination, a waking dream, but since she found herself extremely weak, they urgently summoned the family physician, the illustrious Nélaton. He was told of the strange adventure, administered calming drugs and withdrew. The next day the baroness was physically restored, but her mind was still affected by what had occurred. Every day she sent to the War Office to see if news had arrived.

At the end of a week, it was officially announced that on the 17th of March, 1863, at ten minutes of three in the afternoon, in the storming of Puebla, Honoré de Boislève was shot dead by a Mexican bullet that entered his left eye and passed through his head. Making allowance for the meridional difference, the hour of his death corresponded exactly with that of his apparition in the salon of Rue Pasquier.

Dr. Nélaton imparted to the Academy of Sciences a precise written statement of the affair, wholly drawn up by the hand of First President Devienne and signed by all the guests at the famous dinner.

If the above narrative had not been true, there were the Baroness or her family, three officials of the government and courts and a distinguished surgeon, or their families, to contradict them, as well as the archivist of the Academy of Sciences.

## MEN OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

### APPARITION SEEN ON SEPARATE OCCASIONS BY THREE PERSONS <sup>1</sup>

(GEN. SIR ARTHUR BECHER)

April 11, 1884.

General Sir A. Becher, who held a high appointment on the Staff in India, went, accompanied by his son and A. D. C., to the Hill Station of Kussowlie, about March, 1867, to examine a house he had secured for his family to reside in during the approaching hot season. They both slept in the house that night. During the night the General awoke suddenly and saw the figure of a native woman standing near his bed, and close to an open door which led into a bathroom. He called out, "Who are you?" and jumped out of bed, when the figure retreated into the bathroom, and in following it the General found the outer door locked and the figure had disappeared.

He went to bed again, and in the morning he wrote in pencil on a door-post, "Saw a ghost," but did not mention the circumstance to his wife.

A few days after, the General and his family took possession of the house for the season, and Lady Becher used the room the General had slept in for her dressing-room. About 7 P. M. on the first evening of their arrival, Lady Becher was dressing for dinner, and on going to a wardrobe (near the bathroom door) to take out a dress, she saw, standing close by and within the bathroom, a native woman, and, for the moment thinking it was her own *ayah*, asked her "what she wanted," as Lady Becher never allowed a servant in her room while dressing. The figure then disappeared by the same door as on the former occasion, which, as before, was found locked! Lady Becher was not much alarmed, but felt that something unusual had occurred, and at dinner mentioned the event to the General and his son. That same night their youngest son, a boy about eight years of age, was sleeping in the same room as his father and mother, his bed facing an open door leading into the dressing-room and bathroom, before mentioned, and in the middle of the night the boy started up in his bed in a frightened attitude and called out, "What do you want, *ayah*? What do you want?" in Hindustani, evidently seeing a female figure in the dressing-room near his bed. His mother quieted him and he fell asleep, and the figure was not

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<sup>1</sup> *Human Personality*, II, 381-83; originally in *Proceedings S. P. R.*, III, 110.

seen by *us* on that occasion, nor was it ever again seen, though we lived for months in the house. But it confirmed our feeling that the same woman *had appeared to us all three*, and on inquiry from other occupants we learned that it was a frequent apparition on the first night or so of the house being occupied.

A native Hill, or Cashmere woman, very fair and handsome, had been murdered some years before in a hut a few yards below the house, and immediately under the door leading into the bath and dressing-room, through which, on all three occasions, the figure had entered and disappeared. My son, sleeping in another side of the house, never saw it.

I could give the names of some other subsequent occupants who have told us much the same story.

Subsequently Sir Arthur Becher writes:

Winchester, May 14, 1884.

I write to say Lady Becher does not desire to write anything more personally on the subject of the "Ghost Story" I before detailed, as she says my account of it was given in connection with and entirely in accordance with her recollections of the circumstances. The woman appeared to me in the night, and in the ordinary light of a room without any blinds or shutters.

In answer to inquiries, he further tells us that the bathroom door was locked on the inside; that the rooms were on the ground floor; but that there was no exit but by the doors referred to. Also that the child had certainly not heard of the ghost before he saw it.

## TELEPATHIC IMPRESSION TAKES THE FORM OF A COMPOUND HALLUCINATION <sup>1</sup>

(GENERAL BULLER)

Gen. Rt. Hon. Sir Redvers Buller (1839-1908), with a flock of titles after his name, served in China, 1860; Red River Expedition, 1870; Ashantee War, 1874; Kaffir War, 1878; Zulu War, 1878-79, where he received the V. C., etc.; as Chief-of-Staff in the Boer War, 1881; in Egypt, etc., 1881-83, awarded more medals and titles; as Major-General in the Soudan War, with added honors, 1884 on; as Quartermaster-General, 1887; Under-Secretary for Ireland, 1887; and

<sup>1</sup> *Evening Standard* (London), March 22, 1919.

as one of the leading generals in the War in South Africa, 1899-1900. He was one of the most distinguished military men of his time.

Under this title the *Evening Standard* of March 22 gives the following:

Lady Ritchie's ghost story reminds Lady Redvers Buller of an incident in the life of her husband, Sir Redvers Buller. Some time after the Franco-German War of 1870, she writes to the *Spectator*, Sir Redvers left England to visit the battlefields, and on arriving at the town of ——— gave directions that his letters should not be forwarded, and started on his tour of inspection. After he had been away some days, he awoke suddenly one night, thinking he saw Lord Wolseley, and that he heard him say: "I wonder where that fellow Buller is. I can't think why he has not answered my letter." This so impressed him that he returned at once to the town of ———, where he found a letter awaiting him from Lord Wolseley, saying that he must return to London immediately, as an expedition against the Ashantees was imminent.<sup>1</sup>

## COMPOUND HALLUCINATIONS, POSSIBLY FROM TELEPATHY <sup>2</sup>

(JOHN CHARLES FREMONT, AND MRS. FREMONT)

General J. C. Frémont (1813-1890) was instructor of mathematics in the United States Navy, 1833-35, and between 1837 and 1846 he made the explorations for which he first became famous, winning the popular title of the "Pathfinder." He explored the country between the Missouri River and Canada, the Rocky Mountains, the Great Salt Lake region, the Sierra Nevadas, and penetrated to the Pacific near the mouth of the Columbia River. He assisted in the conquest of California, and became its military governor, and then its first United States Senator. The King of Prussia and the Royal Geographical Society in London gave him gold medals. In 1853 he found a new route to the Pacific. In 1856 he was the first candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was appointed a major-general, but his military career was short. In 1864 radical Republicans again nominated him for the Presidency, but Lincoln swept all before him. Later he became active in promoting the building of a trans-continental railway.

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<sup>1</sup> For Gen. Campbell, see p. 185 note.

<sup>2</sup> *Journal S. P. R.*, April, 1891.

Mrs. Frémont was a daughter of the famous Missouri Senator, Thomas H. Benton, who perhaps in his day ranked next after Webster, Clay and Calhoun. Senator Benton was much opposed to his daughter's marrying Frémont, and when a friend heard him fuming: "I'll give him—I'll give him—" the friend suggested, "You'd better give him Jessie." It is said that the slang phrase, "Give him Jessie," which spread as far as Maine, where I used to hear it in my boyhood, thus originated.

Elizabeth Benton Frémont, a daughter of the General, wrote of the incident in her *Recollections* (69-72), but it is far better to go back to the first-hand account of the person who had the experience, Mrs. Frémont.<sup>1</sup> This must be somewhat abridged.

We could not look to hear from Mr. Frémont on the unoccupied line of country he was exploring that winter of 1853-54: he must first reach the close at San Francisco, and our first news must come by the Isthmus route of Panama; at the earliest, midsummer. But in mid-winter, without any reason, I became possessed by the conviction that he was starving; nor could any effort reason this away. No such impression had ever come to me before, although more than once dreadful suffering, and even deaths from starvation had befallen his other expeditions. This time it came upon me as a fact I could not turn from. It fairly haunted me for nearly two weeks, until, young and absolutely healthy as I was, it made a physical effect on me. Sleep and appetite were broken up, and in spite of my father's and my own efforts to dissipate it by reasoning, by added open-air life, nothing dulled my sense of increasing suffering from hunger to Mr. Frémont and his party.

This weight of fear was lifted from me as suddenly as it had come. My house was near that of my father, and the younger part of his family when returning from parties often came to me for the remainder of the night that the elders might not have their sleep broken. In this way one of my sisters, and a cousin, came to me after a wedding ball at General Jessup's. The drive home was long and over rough frozen streets, and it was nearly one o'clock when they came in—glad enough of the bright room and big wood fire waiting them. As girls do, they took off their ball dresses and made themselves comfortable with loose woolen gowns and letting down their hair, while I, only too pleased just then to have an excuse for staying up with others, made them tea as we talked over the evening and the bride.

The fire was getting low and I went into the adjoining dressing-room to bring in more wood. It was an old-fashioned big fireplace, and the sticks were too large to grasp with the hand; as I half-knelt, balancing the long sticks on my left arm, a hand rested slightly on my left

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<sup>1</sup> In *Wide Awake*, December, 1888. See also *Journal S. P. R.*, April, 1891.

shoulder, and Mr. Frémont's voice, pleased and laughing, whispered my name. There was no sound beyond the quick-whispered name—no presence, only the touch—that was all. But I knew (as one knows in dreams) that it was Mr. Frémont, gay, and intending to startle my sister whose ready scream always freshly amused him.

Silently I went back into the girls' room with the wood, but before I could speak my sister, looking up to take a stick from me, gave a great cry and fell in a heap on the rug.

"What have you seen?" called out our cousin, Mary Benton.

I had not yet spoken; this was all in a flash together. When I said it was Mr. Frémont—that he touched my shoulder for me to "keep still and let him scare Susy"—then the poor child screamed again and again. We crushed her ball dress over her head to keep the sound from the neighbors, but it was difficult to quiet her.

The girls had been distressed by my fixed idea of danger to Mr. Frémont and knew how out of condition it had made me. Their first thought now was that my mind had broken down. They soon realized this was not so, as we discussed the strange fact of my knowing—and so surely that peace came back to me—that whatever he had had to bear was over; that he was now safe and light of heart; and that in some way he himself had told me so. We talked long, and the girls were too excited for sleep, though the unreliable little French clock chimed three. But a blessed rest had fallen on me and I went off to "a sleep that sank into my soul," deep and dreamless, from which I did not wake until ten the next day, when my eyes opened to see my father sitting by my bedside. He had been guarding my sleep a long time—in fact the whole household were protecting it as the crisis of a fever. . . .

With sleep and appetite strength soon returned, but the true "good-medicine" was my absolute certainty of safety for Mr. Frémont. . . .

We all talked it over with friends, often. There was no way to verify what Mr. Frémont's part had been during those two weeks. We must wait until, his journey over, by summer at the earliest, he should reach San Francisco, and then the only mail was nearly a month, *via* the Isthmus.

But in early April there came to Washington, overland, a Mormon elder, named Babitt, from the settlement of Parowan, in (now) South Utah. Mr. Babitt brought us letters from Mr. Frémont written at Parowan, and added many details of personal intelligence. . . .

Now the fact was verified that there had been a starving time; that it had lasted through January into the next month; that the last fortnight had been desperately, almost fatally exhausting—quite so to [one man]. This fortnight was the period during which I knew of their starving.

The relief came to them when they got into Parowan—the evening of the sixth of February—when I was made to know that also, that

same night. Every family took in some of the men, putting them into warm rooms and clean, comfortable beds, and kind-faced women gave them reviving food and pitying words. Mr. Frémont's letters could not say enough of the gentle, patient care of these kind women. And of his own "great relief of mind."

After this we heard no more until the twenty-fifth of May, when he telegraphed from New York as his steamer got in from Aspinwall, and by set of sun he was again at home.

Soon he was told by my father of what I have been telling you here. His lawyer-habit of mind had made him minutely verify what we three women had to tell, but there was a point beyond—the point of time.

As nearly as we could settle it, two A. M. was the hour I had the flash of information that all was well again. The girls had stayed out later than usual, as it was an assembly of family friends for a marriage festivity, and the long rough drive over frozen mud of the old Washington streets was necessarily slow. Our old coachman objected to being out after twelve and we saw with a little quake that it was nearly one when they came in. After that came the undressing, the leisurely hair-brushing, the long gossip over the evening as they took their tea; and this brought it to about two o'clock. Time did not enter much into our former easy-going Southern lives, and we were three young women amused, comfortable—and what did it matter an hour more or less?

Next morning, when the baggage came, the journal of that time was taken out and we read the entry for the night of their arrival at Parowan, the bringing up of the journal to the latest waking hour being a fixed habit. We read: "*Parowan, February 6th, 11h. 30m. p. m.,*" and the brief record of the arrival, their safety and comfort, and the goodness of everyone to them. He had been around to each of his party for a thankful good-night, and had seen them each in warm beds; he wrote of the contrast to the bad days just past and of his own quiet room with its fire of logs and "the big white bed" waiting him, to which he must go now, for he was "fatigued" and it was near midnight. Then there followed the wish that I could know of this comfort and of his mind at ease.

And, at that moment, I did know. For the difference of longitude makes Washington two hours and twenty-three minutes later than Parowan, so that 11h. 30m. P. M. there would be in Washington 1h. 53m. A. M.—"about" two o'clock! . . .

JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

Dr. Hodgson undertook to see if this account could be corroborated, and succeeded very well. Mrs. Frémont responded to queries, by a letter from Los Angeles, February 12, 1889, saying:

Susy heard no voice, saw no form, but instantly *knew* on seeing me



that I had seen Mr. Frémont. Mary only saw that I “*had seen something*”—enough to startle her from her usual balanced repose of mind. But I both heard the voice, though but in the uttering my name; felt the light touch on my shoulder and *knew* I was to make no warning, for he wanted to make Susy scream. She was but eight years old when he married into the family and was always a pet playmate. Her shrill, prolonged scream was his delight, and he never lost a chance to startle her. She was a sound-nerved, healthy young thing, just twenty—unmarried, and about equally dividing her life between her piano and her horse, on which she rode hours daily. This sister died in 1874. Another sister [Mrs. E. Benton Jones], then at my father’s, knew of it at once.

It was *quite* the only time I ever knew, or in any way was impressed with the danger to Mr. Frémont; though he had had other experiences of prolonged starvation, and often of deadly danger in other ways. I was in my usual good health—unusual health always and at that age, only thirty; my nerves were unshaken. . . .

Then a letter came from Mrs. Mary Benton Warren, the only other living witness actually in the room at the time. She wrote from Muir, Kentucky, on April 3, 1889.

I have your note of inquiry concerning the correctness of the account, given recently by Mrs. General Frémont in the *Wide Awake*. I have seen the account to which you refer, and also had a letter from Mrs. Frémont on the subject.

I can answer without hesitation that the version given by her of the incident is a true and correct one. I was a guest in Mrs. Frémont’s house at the time, and an eye-witness to all that she has so correctly stated, under the head of “A Modern Ghost Story,” in the *Wide Awake*.

M. BENTON WARREN.

The other sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Benton Jones, wrote from Paris, March 31, 1889, testifying to Mrs. Frémont’s great fear and depression until her sudden relief consequent to the “vision.” She also remarks:

My father himself, at different times, had that realizing sense of another’s presence, though, while a man of fine sensibilities, he was not what would be called an imaginative man.

General Frémont himself wrote a statement, dated July 15, 1889. After describing the reasons for the expedition, and the earlier part of the journey, he continues:

But, entering the mountain region of the Colorado waters beyond, the game suddenly failed, and on that side there was deep snow, though outside of drifts only some four feet on the level in small valleys and bottoms among the hills. It proved that in this region the valleys were barren, only the mountains fertile. We had to keep to these for what grass or game was to be had. It became difficult for the animals to find enough to keep up their strength, and of the few that remained serviceable the best were kept for the hunters, who had to cover wide tracts in search of game. The rest of the party were on foot. Shortly, the men grew weak upon scanty fare, hard work by day and guard by night, and hunger soon lengthened into starvation. This made progress slow, and when we issued from the mountains into the valley of the Colorado River the broken line of our half-starved men, straggling across the naked desert of the great valley, did not much resemble the well-equipped party of hardy men which had left the Missouri a few months back. All were now existing on mule meat. We crossed the river at the head of one of the great cañons, and were soon again involved among the snowfields of the mountains. There remained now only the bed of the Wahsatch ranges to cross. Here, for the first and only time in much traveling through the inhospitable lands, I fairly gave out. Going up a long mountain slope, I was breaking my way through the snow a little way ahead of the party, when suddenly my strength gave out. All power of motion left me; I could not move a foot. The mountain slope was naked, but it just happened that near by was a good thick grove of aspens, and across a neighboring ravine the yellow grass showed above the snow on a south hillside. Saying to Godey, as he came up, that I would camp there, I sat down in the snow, and waited. After a few moments, strength enough came back, and no one noticed what had happened. The next day we came upon a good camping ground, when I made a halt and disencumbered the party of everything not absolutely necessary. Here I had good observations, and was able to tell my men that we were only fifty miles in air line from the Mormon town of Parowan, in the great basin. This certainty of near relief nerved them up to effort, and in a few days more we forced our way across the last ridges of the Wahsatch Mountains.

With the exception of one man who could not hold out, and died from starvation just as we came out of the mountains, I had brought my people safely through. It had been a narrow chance. . . .

The next day we reached Parowan. We were received there by all the people with genuine hospitality, and everything a generous kindness could suggest was done for our comfort. Good quarters in the town were provided for all, and fresh clothing, good food, and the luxury of a real bed, made recent hardships seem like a bad dream.

That night I made in my notebook the entry of which Mrs. Frémont speaks. I had some work with the stars which was of special interest to me, and I sat up by my campfire far into the night, dreaming of

home, thinking how happy Mrs. Frémont would be if only she could know that I was safe. I knew that at home the uncertain nature of my journey was well understood, and that there was constant anxiety to know how it had fared with me.

My work over, I returned to my quarters in the town, only a few hundred yards away. The warm, bright room and big white bed, with all their suggestions of shelter and relief from danger, fell in with what I had been thinking, and made the picture of home rise up like a real thing before me, and when, as was my habit at the close of a day's work, I took up my journal, I put there the wish that had possession of my mind—that Mrs. Frémont could only know that all danger was past and that it was well with me.

JOHN C. FREMONT.

Even though we leave Susy and her screams quite out of account, we have a very pretty case remaining, however we explain it. Mrs. Frémont's depression might be explained by the very natural fears of a woman whose husband was engaged in a possibly dangerous expedition, though she picked out exactly the period of the expedition for her fears when there was an actual corresponding state of privation and danger. But why did the fears, so afflicting to her health and spirits, so suddenly leave her, while it was still winter in the mountains? And why did the hour and moment of the cessation of these fears coincide with the hour and moment when the explorer was occupied with thoughts of home and writing his wish that his wife might know that he was safe?

Many a reader will be disposed to answer the question "Why?" with the facile answer "telepathy." But that word is a key which does not turn in this lock with perfect ease. There are cases where one person thinks a particular thing under extraordinary circumstances, and precisely that thought, or a hallucination of precisely that nature, occurs to another person at a distance. But in this case General Frémont thinks a wish that his wife knew he was safe, and his wife seems to feel a hand upon her shoulder, seems to hear his voice pronounce her name, and somehow gets the impression that he proposes to play a trick on her sister Susy. If exact coincidence between the thought of the supposed "sender" and that of the supposed "recipient" is a support to the theory of telepathy as applied to one case, then wide discrepancy between the coincident thoughts of two persons in another case should be an argument against the theory of telepathy as applied to that. There should be *some* limit to the handicap which, by way of courtesy, the spiritistic hypothesis allows to the telepathic.

If there *are* spirits, and if they have a certain access to human thoughts, and if the limitations of space are little felt by them, then

the spiritistic theory would have an easier time than telepathy with the facts in this case. A friendly intermediary might convey the assurance that the Pathfinder wanted conveyed to his wife, and in doing so employ such devices as an intelligent personal agent could think up and were within its grasp. The touch, the hallucination of a voice resembling that of the absent husband, the sense of gaiety, and even the very characteristic trait of liking to startle Susy, might all be the result of the friendly messenger's attempts to implant in Mrs. Frémont's mind a fixed assurance that somebody was safe and happy, and that this somebody was in very truth her husband. This is said merely as a matter of dialectics.

### COINCIDENTAL DREAM OF HIS MOTHER'S DEATH <sup>1</sup>

(GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI)

The famous revolutionary patriot of Italy, General Garibaldi (1807-1882), had a life of conflict with alternating success and defeat. Obligated to flee because of revolutionary activities in 1834, he fought in the army of Uruguay. In 1848 he served in Italy's defense against Austria, and commanded the forces against France and Austria in 1849. Defeated, he fled to the United States, and supported himself as a candlemaker in New York. In 1859 he by force of arms became Dictator of Sicily, and then captured Naples, but the next year Sicily was annexed to Italy and he retired to private life. Again in 1866 he struggled for Italy but was defeated. He fought for Prussia in 1870. In 1875 he was elected to the Italian Parliament, and took a radical Republican attitude.

The noted English historian, Trevelyan, tells the story briefly.

[At the age of 46] he was visited by a strange dream—of the women of Nice bearing his mother to the grave—which, he declares, came to him on the very day when she died far off on the other side of the world of water. [He was then on a vessel in the ocean.]

In a note Trevelyan tells us that we must see:

*Guerzoni*, I, 398, 399 for Garibaldi's own account. Also Basso, his devoted friend and secretary, who met him in New York and remained with him for twenty years, and who was with him on board the

<sup>1</sup> *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, by George M. Trevelyan (1909), 17-18.

*Carmen* [where he had the dream] told the Marios of the extraordinary effect this dream produced on Garibaldi, *Mario, Supp.*, 120. It was dreamt on March 19, 1852.

## DREAMS CONNECTED WITH THE GRANT FAMILY

The *New York Sun* of December 16, 1902, and other papers of the same or near date, had the following item:

East Orange, N. J., Dec. 15. Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer, a sister of Gen. U. S. Grant, who lives with her sister, Mrs. Virginia Grant Corbin, at 70 Lenox Avenue, East Orange, says the death of Mrs. Grant was foretold to her in a dream on December 6.

"The dream was exceedingly vivid," said Mrs. Cramer. "I thought that Mrs. Grant came to my bedside and, placing her hand on my shoulder, said impressively: 'Mary, I have come to talk with you and to say good-by, because I am not going to be with you much longer.'"

Mrs. Cramer told her dream at the breakfast table the next morning and to her astonishment a friend of the family, Mrs. Katherine Lawrence, who was visiting them at the time, said that she, too, had had a singular dream. Mrs. Lawrence said that she dreamed that she, Mrs. Cramer and Mrs. Corbin stood in the portal of Grant's tomb on Riverside Drive, New York, and that there appeared to be a large crowd of persons outside awaiting the arrival of a cavalcade of some kind.

Dr. Hodgson wrote to Mrs. Cramer, but it was not until April 23, 1903, that she replied, from Hotel Hygeia, in New York City. After apologies for her delay, Mrs. Cramer continued:

As to my dream in November, it was as follows: One morning at the breakfast table I said, "Last night I dreamed that Julia (Mrs. Grant) came toward me and, bending till her head was close to mine, she said in a low, impressive tone, 'I will not be here long.'"

Mrs. Lawrence sat opposite to me, and as I glanced from my sister to her, I noticed a look of astonishment on her face, and she proceeded to say, "I dreamed last night that we were at your brother's tomb and there was a great crowd of people there. Mrs. Corbin pressed through, pushing with her hands, and called to us, 'Come on.'"

That is all there was of the dreams. I had not been thinking about Mrs. Grant shortly before and cannot tell why I dreamed about her. In a few instances, I have had a premonition of coming events.

Yours respectfully,

MARY GRANT CRAMER.

It would not be surprising if the first version of the dreams as given to the reporter were the more correct. At least at that time she could give the date of them, but the following spring she names that erroneously. At least, the reporter's version was widely circulated, and there does not seem to have been issued any correction of it, which other reporters would have been exceedingly eager to get hold of, had it been made.

No particular interpretation of the dreams is here pressed, and they are included only because they come under the title of this series. If the editor of the *Springfield Republican* was right in saying, in the issue of December 18, that Mrs. Grant "had been in a failing physical condition," it is not very strange that two friends should have had dreams which expressly or inferentially indicated her death. If he is right in saying that this failing condition had continued "a long time," the coincidence is more impressive than if she had been suddenly taken ill. He is certainly correct in remarking that the coincidence of an eight days' interval was much less striking than if the death had taken place a few hours later. A son of Mrs. Cramer (Mr. J. Grant Cramer) was unable, in 1919, to say whether or not Mrs. Grant's death had, in fact, been anticipated, and we have not been able to learn. But if it had seemed imminent, Mrs. Cramer would hardly have said that she "had not been thinking about her shortly before." The particular of Mrs. Grant seeming to bend over the bed of Mrs. Cramer rather arrests attention, and makes one wonder whether it was not a vision rather than a dream. It would be interesting to know how many persons *dream* of themselves as being in bed. The compiler cannot remember ever having done so.

The dreams yield easily to a normal explanation, though the easy and plausible solution may not, in fact, be the true one. If, as Mrs. Cramer seemed to imply, she had had veridical premonitions before these, had they been stated, they would have supported the view that the latest dream contained a supernatural element.

## THE VOICES THAT DELIVERED FRANCE

(JEANNE D'ARC)

Considerable finical ingenuity has been expended by various writers in the effort to minimize the forces actuating the career of the Maid of Orleans (about 1411-1431), one of the most extraordinary in human history. "It was no uncommon occurrence for damsels to accompany

their lovers to war," we read, therefore, "to the imagination of the time there was nothing strange in such a mode of deliverance," although such a motive for going to war was utterly lacking in Jeanne's case, and no damsel who accompanied her lover to war had ever accomplished a deliverance! "Her whole attention became engrossed with her country's wrongs" and "the result was that, owing to a peculiarity of her nervous constitution, her own thoughts and hopes seemed to take an audible voice," although there is not the slightest evidence that she had a nervous constitution but rather the contrary, nor any evidence that she was more concerned about France, *before the voices began*, than a thousand other girls. The facts are imagined by the writer to support the theory. Finally, "by a remarkable stroke of good luck, Jeanne succeeded in entering Orleans on April 29, 1429," whereas if there was ever a victory which was conceived, led, inspired and dominated in its decisive features by one personality it was that which raised the siege of Orleans and drove the English beyond the Loire.

Were it not historical fact, but the invention of a story writer, it would all seem the wildest extravaganza. What psychologist who now finds it so easy to account for Jeanne d'Arc, were he transplanted back to December, 1428, when she was yet in her father's cottage, given all the particulars then in existence, a peasant girl of seventeen, utterly ignorant of reading and writing, living in a village 200 miles from a city undergoing a siege and 400 from the court of the Dauphin;<sup>1</sup> given also the facts that nearly a half of France was in the hands of the English, who were still continuing their encroachments, that the Dauphin had been disinherited by his own mother in favor of Henry V. of England, and that he was making scarcely an effort in his own behalf; and given that this unlettered country girl dreamed of making her way to the Dauphin, persuading him that she was divinely appointed to conquer the foes with whom he was then ready to come to almost any terms they would grant, and to make him king—what psychologist, I ask, would *then* have thought it quite supposable that, since "she possessed a nature strongly sympathetic, and it was kindled to ardent patriotism by the sad condition of her country," and since she was of a "nervous constitution" and imagined she heard voices, she would actually realize her dreams, transform rough swash-bucklers into loyal knights so convinced of her mission as to guard her hundreds of miles through a perilous country to the Dauphin, gain

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<sup>1</sup> It is almost impossible in these days of railroads, automobiles and paved highways, to realize what such distances meant in the fifteenth century, especially to villagers, most of whom never went many miles from their homes, unless compelled to serve in war.

audience with that skeptical prince who at first refused to see her, convince him and the court and the church that there was something unearthly about her, be made titular head of the army and actually to a large extent dominate its generals, achieve an utterly unlikely victory and other military successes by strategy and tactics of her own, and stand beside Charles in the Cathedral of Rheims while there was placed upon his head the crown which, but for her, he probably never would have worn?

I have already intimated that there is not the slightest evidence that Jeanne d'Arc was a hysteric or even "of a nervous constitution." In fact, as Andrew Lang has pointed out,<sup>1</sup> the evidence we have is quite to the contrary. She showed extraordinary physical vigor and endurance, there is in the records no whisper of ill-health until the terrible and prolonged strain of her imprisonment and trial which would have affected the health of a Hercules. The marvelous sagacity and shrewdness of her answers to her learned inquisitors hour after hour, day after day, proved the robustness and sanity of her intellect, if anything could do so. She was not disposed to melancholy, but rather to humor, which manifested itself repeatedly even when she faced her judges. And she was remarkably free from the customary superstitions of the people among whom she was bred, such as the belief in fairies.

It happens that we have more first-hand data about her than about most celebrities of her period, incomparably more than we have about Shakespeare who was born a century and a half later, in the records of her trial and other documents. First of all her own testimony, and no one seems to doubt that she told the absolute truth as she understood it. Many of her statements were supported by the responsible testimony of others, or by irrefutable contemporaneous written materials.

Jeanne was accustomed to refer to her guides only under the term "the voices," although in her trial she admitted having had visions of bodily forms whom, it appears, she was told were, or more likely she interpreted to be, Sts. Michael, Catherine and Margaret. Except for the brief period of agony when she first realized that she was not to be imprisoned but burned, she always claimed that she was led aright, and that the information the voices gave her proved true. In her confusion of mind resulting from misinterpreting an utterance of the voices, she said that they had deceived her. Erasmus, in the same century, remarked that if ever put to torture he certainly would recant, that he had not the courage to be a martyr. The difference between him and Jeanne was that though torture made her sign a recantation

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<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings* S. P. R., XI, 199.



which she imperfectly understood when it was read to her, she recanted the recantation and went resolutely to the stake.

There seems to be no doubt that when on the way to the Dauphin in Chinon, she entered a church and after she left it declared that the voices told her to use a sword which would be found hidden under the altar of it, for the declaration was recorded before the sword was sought. The sword was in fact found where she said it would be, and it is difficult to suppose that she had any normal information about it.

There seems to be little doubt that Charles tested her by disguising himself and having another man dressed in royal garments, and that she, at first puzzled, rejected the pretender and found the right man. She expressly declared at her trial that she knew the Dauphin by means of her voices, although it is open to doubt whether there were not betraying signs on the part of Charles or the company.

The proof is satisfactory, too, that she told Charles something that he regarded as an astonishing proof of her occult powers, and it is said that she divined and satisfied his doubts about the legitimacy of his birth. If this was the subject of her communication to him, the fact would explain her statement in court that if made to tell what it was she would not tell the truth.

We may discount the story that she predicted the death of an insolent soldier before night and its occurring by accident, and that of her fulfilled prophecy that she would be wounded under her right shoulder at Orleans, since they did not come out at her trial but in the testimony at her Rehabilitation twenty years later. But they are scarcely harder to believe than that of the sword under the altar, and Pasquerel, her confessor, may well have been telling the sober truth. We have her own testimony that she made several predictions, each one of which was as impossible to infer beforehand. She claimed to have predicted in April, 1450, that she would be taken prisoner before midsummer, and her declaration that she foresaw at the beginning of her military career that she "should last but one year or a little more" was corroborated by the Duc d'Alencon, who said that he had heard her say so several times. On the fifth day of her trial she asserted that "before seven years were gone, the English would lose a dearer gage than Orleans," and that she knew it by revelation. This was recorded in 1429, and the loss of Paris by the English in 1436 was not a bad fulfilment. The two greatest predictions, of raising the siege of Orleans, and of crowning the Dauphin at Rheims, both by her efforts, were certainly made by her, both were at the time most unlikely, and both were certainly accomplished. She unquestionably expected when she started for Chinon that she would become a war-leader, although at first fright-

ened and incredulous, because the voices persisted in telling her she should be. What notion could seem more preposterous? Yet she did become a general, transformed the morale of the French army as truly as Sheridan did that of the beaten Federal one at Cedar Creek, personally directed assaults and the planting of cannon, and had her military genius endorsed by reputed experts of her own time and ours. During her appointed year, about everything she directed succeeded, and when the generals evaded her orders they usually had cause to regret it.

When Orleans had been saved and the Dauphin crowned she felt that her work was done and wanted to go home, but was persuaded not to do so, and thus apparently brought upon herself the subsequent comparative lack of success and the capture which she herself predicted. She disobeyed the voices when she jumped from the tower in her desire to escape from prison. She testified that she was forgiven and was told that Compiègne, then under siege by the English, would be relieved before Martinmas (November 11). It was relieved on October 26.

During her trial she testified in answer to questions, that her voices told her "to bear all cheerfully; be not vexed with thy martyrdom, thence shalt thou come at last into the kingdom of Paradise." There is no doubt that she spoke these words, as they were set down in French and Latin in the records of the court, which exist today, and the words seem to us fearfully significant, but their meaning was hidden from her, for she explained that she supposed the pains of prison were meant. It is also certain that on March 1 she was asked in court whether her voices had promised that she should be liberated and that she answered, "Ask me in three months and I will tell you." What did she mean by these words? She certainly did not consciously mean that she was to be liberated by death, for she did not know until later that death was to be her doom. It looks as though the voices may have dictated the utterance, for her liberation by burning at the stake came on May 30, almost exactly three months after she spoke that prophetic sentence.

Putting aside all that is doubtful, there remains a series of astounding facts, part of which are vindicated by irrefutable documents and by competent and responsible witnesses, and a part of which today rest solely on the word of one who as fully deserves her canonization as a saint as anyone who ever walked the earth. If she was a hysteric, it is a pity that the formula by which such a hysteria may be induced could not be learned by others, so that they too could become superwomen. If she was insane, it was an insanity which gave her ability, without instruction, to wage war so as to amaze trained leaders, to tutor princes and dominate military councils, to be a match for the combined learning

and practiced skill of a throng of ecclesiastical lawyers for several terrible weeks. If she was a fanatic, it was a fanaticism which is the glory of France and has filled the world with memorials in her honor.

## MONITION OF A DEATH <sup>1</sup>

(ALVARO OBREGÓN)

The name of General Obregón is very familiar to American readers as that of a revolutionary military leader, afterwards President of the Republic of Mexico.

The following extract is from an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* of November 6, 1920, by Dr. E. J. Dillon, entitled "Alvaro Obregón; The Man and His Policy."

Obregon once had a curious experience which to minds more akin to the metaphysical temperament might have served as a point of departure for speculation of a mystical order, but in his case led merely to a note of interrogation mentally addressed to scientists. It turned upon the death of his mother, who was worshiped by her numerous children not only for the generosity with which she was wont to sacrifice herself for their good but also for the sweetness and firmness with which she faced her trials and hid them from those whom they would have grieved and might have dispirited. Toward Alvaro in particular she displayed a warmth of affection which he still loves to recall. It was to him, when he was nineteen years old and penniless, that she confided the care of his sisters, for she had a presentiment, or rather the firm conviction, that he would one day rise to a high position in the social scale.

Well, he and his brother were employed far from the town where Senora Obregon dwelt, on a hacienda, working twelve hours daily, earning a mere pittance and improving their minds in their leisure hours at night by reading aloud to each other. Unfortunately, the only books available—those of the landed proprietor—were almost exclusively novels, and mostly poor ones. One night after Alvaro had gone to sleep his brother woke him up and said:

"I have terrible news for you. Mother is dead."

"Whatever do you mean?" rejoined Alvaro. "Have you been dreaming?"

"No, nor sleeping, either. Wide awake, I have just seen her as I see you. She lay on the bed a corpse, rigid and bloodless, her face drawn and her skin like parchment. I actually saw her."

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<sup>1</sup> *Journal A. S. P. R.*, February, 1921.

Alvaro argued against the possibility of such an apparition, set it down to a hallucination, and after a time induced his brother to go back to bed.

Soon afterward, however, a knock was heard at the door, and the brother returned with an account of a second apparition and protesting that he could not sleep.

"Well," rejoined Alvaro, "I have to be up betimes in the morning and at my work, so I cannot afford to do without sleep in order to keep you company. You are ill."

He then woke up the housekeeper and asked for some medicine to calm his brother's nerves and, having obtained it, he went to bed, slept soundly and rose next morning as usual. Two days passed after that, during which he forgot the incident completely. But during the night of the second day he heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs afar off, and suddenly the episode revived in his memory. Gradually the sound grew louder, and then stopped. He felt certain that it bore a direct relation to himself and his mother. The horseman entered the house. He was a messenger with the tidings of the death of Senora Obregon, who had expired at the exact moment of the first apparition.

On reading this account at second-hand by Dr. Dillon, I desired to see how much, if any, he had exaggerated the account in retelling it, so wrote to the President of Mexico, asking him to relate the exact facts. This is his reply, as translated by Mr. Frank Hyslop, a brother of the late Dr. J. H. Hyslop. It was dated from Mexico City, December 15, 1920.

MR. WALTER F. PRINCE, . . .

MY DEAR SIR:

I have the pleasure of replying to your courteous letter received November 10, being myself greatly pleased at the interest you have shown in the incident referred to by Dr. E. J. Dillon in an article to which you refer of which the following is the correct version:

In 1897, my brother Alexander and I were working on a ranch called "Three Brothers" and distant about 75 kilometers from the place where my mother and brothers resided. The ranch was entirely isolated, without telegraph or telephone connections and not even a regular postal service, since the mail arrived only about once a week.

Our mother was in delicate health, but that was the extent of our knowledge in this respect, as we had no means of keeping ourselves informed in regard to the course of her infirmity, owing to the lack of means of communication above mentioned.

My brother and I were accustomed, after supper, to entertain ourselves by reading some book; one of us would read and the other listen.

On the night of August 27, 1897, at the close of our reading, we

retired and had been at rest approximately an hour when I was awakened by Alexander, who, under great excitement, said to me: "I have just seen my mother; she is dead and placed on a table." I told him that it was a dream like any other and that he ought to quiet down and go to sleep again. He replied that it had not been an ordinary dream, but that the vision had been very vivid. I succeeded, however, in convincing him and inducing him to go back to bed. Only a short time had passed when I was again awakened—this time more rudely—by Alexander, who in a state of great excitement told me that he could not banish the dream, because scarcely had he retired and closed his eyes when that picture returned to take possession of him. This time I became alarmed, believing that Alexander was suffering from some mental disturbance, but afterward I became reassured by his conversation, now more composed, which satisfied me that my alarm was unfounded. Then I urged him to return to bed and not disturb me with the dream any more, taking the precaution to go to another part of the house so as not to be intruded upon, in order that I might take my repose which was very necessary, because I had been working all day and had to work the following day. And in order to assure myself of his quietude, I made an old servant who lived at the ranch give him some medicine to quiet his nerves. The rest of the night passed without incident, although Alexander could not get the dream off his mind. The following day passed without anything abnormal occurring. At night, as was our custom, we spent some time in reading. In the midst of our reading—it was I who was reading—Alexander interrupted me and called my attention to the distinct sound of a horse at gallop on the road leading to the ranch, saying to me: "Here comes a messenger and he is connected with what happened last night."

Suspending our reading we remained listening to that horse, continually drawing nearer to the ranch. Finally the traveler arrived, dismounted and handed to us a telegram which had been received for us at a village some 30 kilometers from the ranch. In that telegram our older brothers informed us that our mother had died the previous night.

The preceding is a detailed account of the facts which attracted your interest in the article by Dr. Dillon (permitting me to observe that no superstition has ever been entertained by me). At the time of the occurrence related, my brother Alexander was 21 years old and I was 17.

Trusting that the preceding account will satisfy your desires, I remain,

Your sincere and obedient servant,

A. OBREGON.

PREMONITION OF HIS OWN DEATH<sup>1</sup>

(JAMES EDWARD OGLETHORPE, GUARANTOR)

General Oglethorpe (1696-1785) was aide-de-camp of Prince Eugene when but eighteen years old, and served with distinction in the campaign against the Turks which lasted until he was twenty-one. He entered Parliament and paid much attention to the amelioration of the condition of poor debtors in prisons; and it was for the sake of the insolvent and of persons persecuted for conscience's sake on the Continent that in 1733 he founded the colony of Georgia, now one of the United States. He became major-general in 1745 and general in 1765.

Oglethorpe was certainly convinced of the truth of the following story, for he knew the man who found the diary containing a record of the premonitory dream or vision and heard him confirm the story to Pope.<sup>2</sup> We get the tale at third-hand, to be sure, but the links appear sound. If any man of his century could be trusted to take notes on the spot and report with minute accuracy, it was Boswell.

The subject of ghosts being introduced, Johnson repeated what he had told me of a friend of his, an honest man and a man of sense, having asserted to him that he had seen an apparition. Goldsmith [1728-1774] told us he was assured by his brother, the Reverend Mr. Goldsmith, that he also had seen one. General Oglethorpe told us that Prendergast, an officer in the Duke of Marlborough's army, had mentioned to many of his friends that he should die on a particular day; that upon that day a battle took place with the French; that after it was over, and Prendergast was still alive, his brother officers, while they were yet in the field, jestingly asked him where was his prophecy now. Prendergast gravely answered, "I shall die, notwithstanding what you see." Soon afterwards there came a shot from a French battery, to which the orders for a cessation of arms had not yet reached, and he was killed upon the spot. Colonel Cecil, who took possession of his effects, found in his pocketbook the following solemn entry: [Here the date] "Dreamt — or — Sir John Friend meets me." [Here the very day on which he was killed was mentioned.]

Prendergast had been connected with Sir John Friend, who was executed for high treason. General Oglethorpe said he was with Colonel Cecil when Pope came and inquired into the truth of this story, which made a great noise at the time, and was then confirmed by the Colonel.

<sup>1</sup> Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, III. 40-41.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Alexander Pope (1688-1744), the poet.

## TELEPATHY FROM THE LIVING—AND FROM THE DEAD? <sup>1</sup>

(GEORGE EDWARD PICKETT)

Major-General Pickett (1810-1875) was a graduate of West Point and served with distinction in the Mexican War. His fame is chiefly in connection with the charge of 15,000 Confederate troops upon the Federal center on the last day of the Battle of Gettysburg. He led them across an open field more than a mile wide, while more than a hundred cannon centered its fire upon them. The result was that his command was almost annihilated, but the charge was the boldest and most spectacular act of the Confederate army during the Civil War.

Mrs. Pickett supplies us the facts, saying that before the battle of Gaines Mill, General Pickett sent her a letter, containing these words:

“All last night the spirit of my dear mother seemed to hover above me. When she was living, and I used to feel that way, I always, as sure as fate, received from her a letter written at the very time that I had the sensation of her presence. I wonder if, up there, she is watching over me, trying to send me some message—some warning. I wish I knew.” This was on the 26th of June, 1862. The next morning he was shot through the shoulder, and incapacitated for three months.

## MONITION OF A DEATH <sup>2</sup>

(EARL ROBERTS)

Frederick Sleigh Roberts (1832-1912) was one of the most distinguished military men of the nineteenth century. As a young man he served in the most important battles of the Indian Mutiny of 1857, later in the Abyssinian and other expeditions, rose in rank until Commander-in-Chief in India during the eighties and early nineties, then served as Commander of the Forces in Ireland, in 1899-1900, had the chief command in the Boer War, and finally, 1901, became the Commander-in-Chief of all the British forces. He was created a Baron in 1892, a Viscount in 1901, and in the same year Earl of Kandahar, etc. He was P.C., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C., D.C.L., LL.D. (all of which decorative combinations of letters the curious can probably find explained in a dictionary). He probably could not have

<sup>1</sup> *Wartime Story of General Pickett*, by his wife.

<sup>2</sup> *Forty-one Years in India*, by Lord Roberts, I, 30.

told how many medals and thanks of Parliament and the Government of India he had received without looking himself up in "Who's Who," and he deserved them all. He witnesses to the following incident.

My father [General Sir Abraham Roberts, G.C.B.] . . . was then close on seventy, and though apparently active as ever, he was far from well, consequently the doctors strongly urged him not to risk another hot weather in India. It was accordingly settled that he should return to England without delay.

Shortly before his departure, an incident occurred which I will relate for the benefit of psychological students; they may, perhaps, be able to explain it, I never could. My father had some time before issued invitations to a dance, which was to take place in two days' time—on Monday, October 17, 1853. On the Saturday morning he appeared disturbed and unhappy, and during breakfast he was silent and despondent—very different from his usual bright and cheery self. On my questioning him as to the cause, he told me he had had an unpleasant dream—one which he had dreamt several times before, and which had always been followed by the death of a near relation. As the day advanced, in spite of my efforts to cheer him, he became more and more depressed, and even said he should like to put off the dance. I dissuaded him from taking this step for the time being; but that night he had the same dream again, and the next morning he insisted on the dance being postponed. It seemed to me rather absurd to have to disappoint our friends because of a dream; there was, however, nothing for it but to carry out my father's wishes, and intimation was accordingly sent to the invited guests. The following morning the post brought news of the sudden death of the half-sister at Lahore, with whom I had stayed on my way to Peshawar.

It is not expressly said on what day the woman died, but as the same book incidentally mentions that the mail-carts from Calcutta to Peshawar often traveled at the speed of twelve miles an hour, as the dream first occurred on the night of October 14-15, and the news of the death coming a distance of about 230 miles reached Peshawar on the morning of October 17, it seems probable that the dream and the death occurred on the same night.

## HOW DID HE KNOW THE CHILD WAS NOT DEAD? <sup>1</sup>

(JAMES WILLCOCKS, GUARANTOR)

General Sir James Willcocks (1857- . . . ), D.S.O., K.C.M.G., etc., served in the Afghan (1879-80) and Soudan (1885) campaigns and in

<sup>1</sup> Article by Gen. Willcocks in (London) *Evening News* of January 26, 1926. Quoted by Mr. Harry Price in *Journal A. S. P. R.*, April, 1926, pp. 234-235.



various military expeditions in the East, also in the Boer War in Africa (1898), was decorated for services on the Niger, commanded the Northern Army of India (1910-1914), and led the Indian Army Corps in the World War.

When traveling in India was not the comparatively easy matter it is today, a relative of mine who had been able to render material help to a Brahmin during the mutiny was marching with his wife and infant to a hill station in the Himalayas. The child was very ill and they were using every endeavor to reach the cool.

When they were still thirty miles from the nearest foothills the girl died. There was no medical attendance to be had, but not far away dwelt the Brahmin whom the officer had befriended. A Hindu bearer who had served for long with him sought out the saintly man, and he at once agreed to come and see the infant.

After much persuasion the disconsolate mother allowed him to remove the sheet under which lay the body. The Brahmin repeated one of his many incantations, relaid the sheet, and said, "Do not bury this body before six hours have elapsed;" and then departed.

Within that time the mother, who had never left the spot, saw the sheet moving, and suddenly the child turned and tried to rise. It was not dead. *But for the Brahmin it would have been buried alive.*

This was told me by the father himself, and I knew the old Hindu well, though to any question of mine his only answer was the equivalent of "God is the Master."

## PREMONITIONS VERIFIED BY PROMINENT NAVAL OFFICERS <sup>1</sup>

(COMMANDER REINOLD, CAPTAIN "ESMOND," STAFF OFFICER "KNOX")

The Rev. M. A. Mayfield, then and long a member of the S. P. R. Council, in November, 1915, reported a number of seeming premonitions on the part of the wife of Lieutenant-Commander George H. Pownall, R. N. In August, 1914, at Malta, where she and her husband, who was in command of the Submarine Flotilla, had been three years, R. E. Knox (pseudonym), of Admiral Carden's staff, remarked in her presence: "Anyhow we (the Admiral and his staff) shall not leave Malta, for the Admiral has just received an extension of his appointment." The war had then begun.

<sup>1</sup> Summary of evidence in *Proceedings S. P. R.*, XXIX, 350-370.

A few mornings later Mrs. Pownall said she had dreamed in the night that Admiral Carden was to have command of a fleet at sea, but nowhere near England. The fact is corroborated by a signed statement of Knox, and also the fact that he had then regarded it very improbable that the Admiral would leave the Malta Dockyard, of which he was superintendent. A signed statement by Captain L. T. Esmond (pseudonym) still further establishes both facts. Nevertheless, five weeks later Admiral Carden was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, then at the Dardanelles.

Some time before September 7 the question whether the submarines would be sent to the Dardanelles was discussed, and the opinion of the naval officers was decidedly that they would remain for the defense of Malta. Nevertheless, Mrs. Pownall steadily maintained that the flotilla would be sent to the Dardanelles, and that her husband would go with it. This fact also is confirmed by a signed statement of Mr. Knox, who says that "we all considered this (the sending of the submarines to the Dardanelles) most improbable," and Captain Esmond also corroborates. Again she was right.

On September 7 Mrs. Pownall saw, as she had often seen, her husband pass across the harbor in his skiff; but this time she said to herself (no other proof than her word): "He is going to the Admiral to receive orders for the dispatch of the submarines to the Dardanelles." And it was so, and the submarines left the next day.

On parting with her husband, she was absolutely certain she would never see him again, and from then on always felt peculiarly depressed on Sundays, mentioning this fact in letters to him many times. He was wounded on Sunday morning, April 25, 1915, after landing at Gallipoli, and died the same forenoon.

On the afternoon of April 25, 1915, Captain Esmond personally delivered to Mrs. Pownall a letter written by her husband. He had shortly before written that the landing would not take place for some little time, and this late letter said nothing about naval affairs except that he was going aboard a transport, which would not necessarily imply even duties in connection with troops. But while she was reading, an overpowering conviction came upon her that the landing had been made and her husband killed. As soon after reading as Captain Esmond had finished a nap, she told him her conviction, and he entirely discredited it, saying that he did not think the landing would take place for a day or two, and that when it did it was most unlikely that Lieutenant-Commander Pownall would have anything to do with it. But her conviction was unshaken. We have not only Mrs. Pownall's word for this, but Captain Esmond's detailed statement. And she was right,

as we have seen. It was not until April 28, three days later, that Esmond received a telegram from Knox announcing Pownall's death, and sent it by the wife of the Admiral Superintendent to Mrs. Pownall. Other reasons are stated why it was very improbable that Pownall should have been with a landing party.

Incidentally, we note the fact that early on the evening of the day when Pownall died, his wife, alone in the house, heard what seemed to be footsteps on the floor beneath, and that no matter which of two floors she was on. After going down-stairs to search thrice, she went out and induced a friend, Mme. Davie, to spend the evening with her. Without having been told of Pownall's death or the footsteps, Mme. Davie also heard the footsteps and twice made a search.

Passing several minor incidents of a seemingly premonitory order, we come to Mrs. Pownall's prediction of an air raid upon London. At about 7:15 P. M. of October 12, 1915, she made a memorandum: "I feel that there will be a Zep. raid tonight or tomorrow at 9:45 P. M." A Zeppelin raid did occur on the next evening, at 9:40 by her watch, which she regulated every morning and which would lose about five minutes a day. A daughter of the Reverend Mr. Bayfield, Miss Cyrille, had known Mrs. Pownall intimately for years, was told by her a few hours before the raid, "I feel that something is going to happen," and afterward, "We are all in it." While the bombs were dropping she told Miss Bayfield what she had written, took her to her home, went to her room, and "immediately brought back" and showed Miss Bayfield the memorandum. (Of course it would have been better to take Miss Bayfield to her room to see the memorandum, but few intelligent people think of such minute though important precautions.) The last previous raid had occurred on September 8, more than a month previously.

On November 12, ten days before Mr. Bayfield wrote his account, Mrs. Pownall, while looking over the morning paper, had it come into her mind that a British submarine had been lost and that she would find something about it in the paper, but there was nothing. At luncheon she said to Miss Bayfield and Commander B. E. Reinold: "Did I dream it or did I see in yesterday's or today's paper that a British submarine had been lost? Was it in any paper?" Both answered in the negative. Shortly after noon a poster was seen, announcing "British Submarine Lost," and the news did not appear in the papers until that afternoon. Signed statements by Commander Reinold (who was not afraid of having his true name given) and Miss Bayfield fully corroborate what took place at the luncheon.

# STATESMEN, DIPLOMATS AND PUBLICISTS

## A STATESMAN CLAIRVOYANT <sup>1</sup>

(ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR)

Earl Balfour (1848- . . . ), educated at Eton and Cambridge, M.A. of Cambridge, LL.D. of Edinburgh, St. Andrews, Cambridge, Dublin and Glasgow Universities, D.C.L. of Oxford, was a member of Parliament for many years, several times leader of the House, and occupied in turn several positions in the Cabinet, culminating in his becoming Prime Minister, 1903-05. He has also been rector of several universities in succession, and president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, etc. His books are *Defence of Philosophic Doubt*, *The Foundations of Belief*, and *Essays and Addresses*.

I lent the (crystal) ball to Miss Balfour, who only then saw, I think, an old-fashioned piece of furniture (in it). Her brother (Mr. Arthur Balfour) laughed at her and took the ball into his study, when he returned looking perplexed. He admitted that he had seen (in it) a person whom he knew, under a lamp. This was about 5 p. m. on a Sunday at St. Andrew's. He would find out on Tuesday, he said, whether he had seen right or wrong. Miss Balfour told me this.

On Tuesday, Mr. Balfour met, at a dance in Edinburgh, a lady—Miss Grant. "On Sunday, at five o'clock," he said, "you were seated under a standard lamp, making tea. A man in blue serge was beside you; his back was towards me. I saw the tip of his moustache. You wore a dress (described) that I have never seen you wearing." "Were the blinds up?" asked the lady.

"I don't know; I was at St. Andrew's," said Mr. Balfour.

The lady said the facts were correct, and she and Mr. Balfour wrote out and signed a report of the incident.

Not long afterwards Mr. Balfour lunched with me. We spoke of Miss X (Miss Goodrich-Freer) and her experiments on the links before luncheon. Afterwards, in my study, Mr. Balfour, who was smoking, gazed into a glass bowl of water. He saw (in it) as much of a house as you see from the hall. The arrangement, as to flooring, doors, windows, and staircase, was of a kind unknown to us. A white Persian cat in the picture walked down the stairs. The picture lasted long, and I

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<sup>1</sup> Andrew Lang, in his Introduction to *Crystal Gazing*.

made several changes in the lighting of the room. When I drew down the blind the picture remained, but the large window opposite the front door in the crystal picture of the house disappeared. I happened later to meet Miss Goodrich-Freer, whom Mr. Balfour had never seen in his life, and told her what he had beheld.

"My house, my Persian cat!" said the lady.

I had never been in this house, but visited it on my return to town. Mr. Balfour's description of what he saw in the picture was absolutely correct, but the Persian cat was out. His existence, however, is amply attested.

### DANGER FROM DYNAMITE AVERTED BY MYSTERIOUS IMPRESSIONS <sup>1</sup>

(JEAN ANTOINE ERNEST CONSTANS)

This noted French politician (1833-1913), with the acquiescence of his wife there present, told to the equally noted astronomer, Camille Flammarion and a company of persons, a striking incident of what seemed a monition experienced by Mme. Constans.

M. Constans, Minister of the Interior, President of the Council of Ministers, while dining together with his wife with me at my observatory of Juvisy told the following incident of their experience:

"It was in 1889, the period of the conflict with General Boulanger and his adherents, regarding the revision of the French constitution. One morning, a book was delivered to him in his mail. Being in haste to go to a meeting of the Council, he threw it upon the table, asking Mme. Constans to see what it was, and departed. Mme. Constans, then having her hair dressed by her maid, took the book on her knees and began to open it. She thought it was a missal sent by a cousin. But, three hours previously, she had felt, she said, 'some horrors' [*quelques horreurs*] which caused her to be prudent. When she had opened the book very carefully, she thought she perceived 'a filthiness' [*une saleté*]. She immediately gave all to the chambermaid, saying: 'Take that into the antechamber; it is something infamous.' The woman had hardly gone when Mme. Constans, hair in disorder, half undressed, hurried to the doorway and cried: '*Do not open it, do not touch it!*' (Why?)

"She sent for M. Cassel, Director of Public Safety, and requested him to examine the object, which seemed mysterious. M. Cassel, in

<sup>1</sup> Flammarion's *La Mort et son Mystère: Avant la mort*, 81-82. Translation by W. F. P.

handling the book, saw certain small whitish particles fall on the table. He lit them and they took fire. Perceiving the danger, he took the box under his arm and went to the laboratory of M. Girard in the Prefecture. At the end of an hour, M. Cassel returned and told Mme. Constans that the book contained *dynamite* in quantity sufficient to blow up the building in which the Minister lived. Mme. Constans fell fainting, and was ill for eight days."

Professor Flammarion adds:

Some days after this narration, my friend Girard, director of the laboratory of the Prefecture of police, confirmed to me his special analysis of the load of dynamite.

The reader is quite well able to imagine that Mme. Constans had subconscious perception of some sign left by the process of preparing the book for the reception of dynamite [by hollowing out the interior?]. But it must have been subconscious only, if there was any normal perception, since no one seems to have discovered any indication which explained the secret of her conviction. And if "the horrors" experienced three hours earlier had anything to do with it, then she had a premonition before any data were present to her senses.

Another example of Mme. Constans's monitions is given by Prof. Flammarion.

## A PREVISION <sup>1</sup>

(CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW)

Mr. C. M. Depew (1834-1928), A.B. and LL.D. of Yale, was connected with the New York Central Railroad, as counsel, vice-president and president, twenty-three years, filled several state offices, and was United States Senator twelve years. He was an important figure at many Republican national conventions, and himself received ninety-nine votes for the presidential nomination in 1888. He has been one of the most distinguished orators and after-dinner speakers in America, and in spite of the multitudes of good dinners, lived to the age of nearly ninety-four.

The following account appeared shortly after the New York Republican convention which nominated Roosevelt for Governor, and is supposed to represent the story told by Mr. Depew.

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<sup>1</sup> *Philadelphia Press*, October 16, 1898.

It happened that Mr. Depew was called upon to deliver three important addresses in less than two weeks. He had been asked by Colonel Roosevelt to make the speech placing Roosevelt in nomination as candidate for Governor. He had been invited to speak for the State upon New York Day at Omaha, and he had been cordially asked to speak before the Hamilton Club when he was in Chicago on his way back from Omaha.

It seemed to him that all three of these occasions offered excellent opportunity for him to say those things which were uppermost in his mind respecting the inevitable expansion of the influence of the United States. Nevertheless, it was difficult even for so experienced an orator to plan speeches that were to be so near together, whose central thought was to be the same, which should nevertheless differ in treatment and phraseology. This difficulty puzzled him somewhat.

On the Saturday afternoon, before the Republican Convention was to meet, Mr. Depew went to the Country Club, at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, which is his temporary home, and after luncheon he went out upon the piazza, from which a beautiful vista across the Hudson can be obtained.

He sat there lazily, intent only upon the scenery, which was especially agreeable to a man who had been for a week in the thick of the most exciting business undertakings. Bye and bye the vista seemed to pass away. He saw as vividly as though the scene were real and in the convention hall in Saratoga. He saw the delegates stroll in. He looked at the presiding officer, whose name he did not know, as he called the convention to order.

He heard that temporary chairman's speech, he saw the various details of preliminary organization, and all of the work of the convention was as vivid and distinct as though he were a part of it at the moment. Then, at last he saw Mr. Quigg make the motion for the nomination of candidates and heard the brief comment with which Mr. Quigg accompanied that motion.

He did not, it is true, know that as a matter of fact Mr. Quigg was to make that motion; nevertheless, he saw him do it. He said to himself, "Your time is come for your speech placing Roosevelt in nomination." He saw himself arise, address the Chair, and heard himself deliver the speech and felt the glow of satisfaction at its reception, which is the highest reward of eloquence.

After that, the convention hall, the voices of the orators, the faces of the delegates faded away as in a dream, and Mr. Depew again saw the vista of the Hudson and the distant mountains across the stream. He got up, went to his room and wrote out with his own hand the speech, exactly as he afterward in fact delivered it.

The address which the delegates heard was the address which, by that singular preoccupation of the mind, Mr. Depew composed on that dreamy Saturday afternoon. Afterward, at the convention, he was

amazed to discover that the picture which he saw with his mind's eye was perfectly reproduced to his physical eye and ear in the convention, even to the words of the chairman and the manner and the motion of Mr. Quigg.

Mr. Depew speaks of this as a strange mental phenomenon. He does not attempt to explain it. In other times, he has composed speeches or the general outline of one, in a single flash of inspiration, but he never before saw and heard himself deliver an address in the manner of the experience of that September afternoon.

After the Saratoga convention, Mr. Depew found himself puzzled as to the way in which he should speak what was in his mind at Omaha. The central thought, he knew, must be like that which he uttered at Saratoga.

Suddenly the whole treatment came to him, although not the phraseology, as was the case with the Roosevelt speech. Again, he went to his room and wrote out the Omaha address. The Hamilton Club address was dictated late on the Saturday evening before he started for Omaha.

A little while before dictation began, Mr. Depew had no idea of the manner in which he should treat the subject he had in mind. Two hours before he met the stenographer, the speech was outlined. Like a good workman, he knew where his tools were and how to use them, for he speedily had the few statistics that he needed at hand, and then, pacing the floor, he dictated the speech precisely as the enthusiastic members of the Hamilton Club heard it.

Mr. Depew's ability, as witnessed in the last two of the three incidents given above, to have, especially at a time of stress, sudden illuminations by which the perplexing matter of how to vary the speeches was solved suddenly or quickly, even "the whole treatment" seeming to emerge at a leap from the depths, differs in degree, not in kind, from the experiences of everyone. A large part of our hardest thinking consists merely in narrowly watching for the thoughts which seem to rush of their own volition into the mental arena and seizing the fittest before they as suddenly vanish. Of course there are few with whom the process of subliminal elaboration reaches so nearly finished a product before it is presented to view, as in the case of Mr. Depew, and probably it happens to him only when his mind is burdened by an impending responsibility of composition for which he has hardly time. Nor would it have happened to him, but for his lifelong habit of consciously composing addresses which has stored up subconscious facility.

But the incident relating to the convention speech contains elements of a different character. Not only the structure and the very language of the speech came to Mr. Depew in a constant stream, but it was to



the accompaniment of a visual hallucination so powerful that it obliterated all sense of the beautiful landscape that lay spread out before him and which he had just been admiring. Nor did he simply seem to be in the convention hall, but the scene which he visualized was, unless the narrative which we have read be false, the one which he actually saw when he entered that hall in fact, a few days later: the temporary chairman was unexpectedly the same, the man who moved that the candidates be presented was the same and his manner and words the same, in short the whole scene of his vision was reproduced.

But no one would be so foolish as to believe this on the basis of a newspaper story. So thought Prof. W. R. Newbold, dean of the University of Pennsylvania. He therefore inquired of Mr. Depew whether, and to what extent, the story was true.

The dean's letter<sup>1</sup> was explicit, asking in substance if the newspaper story was (1) a lie, (2) substantially correct, (3) or correct only in part. Mr. Depew's reply was short, but sufficiently explicit. It was dated November 19, 1898, and aside from the merely formal parts, simply says this:

The story is substantially true as written.

Yours very truly,

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

There are familiar formulæ, easily learned by any bright schoolboy, for explaining any such incident, especially when the subject is plain John Doe. Somehow, it does not seem quite so simple to apply them to Chauncey M. Depew, yet why not? He had a mental picture of a convention, knowing from experience how conventions look; when he got to the hall he recalled the waking dream and had a feeling of familiarity come over him, assisted by a chance resemblance, it may be. And there you are! But Mr. Depew testifies that the scene was *identical* with the vision, that the same unknown man was in the chair, that Mr. Quigg, of whose intentions he had no previous notice, actually did and spoke as in the vision, etc. The very fact that he was familiar with the aspect of conventions should have made him proof against confounding mere resemblance and identity. Mr. Depew is quoted as saying that he was "amazed," and endorses the report. One may be as willing as the next man to reduce this incident to the commonplace, and yet hesitate to step up to a fairly brainy and forceful gentleman who has told a complicated incident and declared that he was amazed by it, and to inform

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<sup>1</sup> The letter is given in full in *Journal A. S. P. R.*, March, 1918.

him that the facts are essentially otherwise than he has reported them, and that there was nothing in the world for him to be amazed about.<sup>1</sup>

## PREMONITION WHICH SAVED A LIFE <sup>2</sup>

(LEWIS FIELDS LINN AND MRS. LINN)

Lewis Fields Linn, M.D. (1795-1843), was a Missouri physician of reputation, and member of the United States Senate toward the end of his life, of enough distinction to find a place in the "Biographical Dictionary" of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. The incident to be related probably left no doubt in his mind that genuine premonitions do sometimes occur, requiring the exercise of a supernormal faculty.

The story was told Robert Dale Owen (a more discerning and critical writer than some people think, even though his methods did not reach the standards of the best psychic research of our day) by Mrs. Linn herself, and by him recorded, shortly before the publication of his book. It is therefore essentially a first-hand account. It is orientated as to time, place and occasion as thoroughly as at that period would have been thought worth while, and the names of persons aware of the facts involved are given. Senator Wright (1795-1847), afterwards Governor of New York, and a prominent statesman of the period, was

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<sup>1</sup> In this connection, what I wrote in the *Journal A. S. P. R.* for June, 1918, may have sufficient interest to quote:

"If Chauncey Depew were on the yonder shore and a certain Dean of a great University [Professor Newbold] had what purported to be a message from him, saying 'Fifteen years ago I had a vision of an apparently predictive character, which was reported in the newspapers; you wrote me asking if the report was correct, and I replied that it was substantially so; and if the Dean of whom I wot stated that he had no recollection of either such an incident as the reported vision or of writing to Mr. Depew about it, and, furthermore, if as is often the case, it were not now possible to find confirmatory evidence of either statement, they would be set down as false beyond question. Nay, would not the Dean, himself, scout the preposterous assertions with disgust? We correct our memories by those of other living men, but never doubt our mnemonic infallibility as opposed to a cohort of 'spirits.'

"The Dean did absolutely forget that the incident of the vision had been reported. He forgot absolutely, that anything uncanny had ever happened to Dr. Depew. He forgot absolutely, that he ever wrote to the oratorical railroad potentate. He absolutely forgot that he sent a copy of his letter and the original of the reply which he received to this Society. But Depew still lives, and the files of the Society are intact.

"The moral ought to be obvious to all bright boys and girls. Don't be so everlastingly cocksure of your memory just when you are so situated that the files can't be shown to you, and when others stoutly contradict the purported spirits on the ground that they themselves do not remember the facts asserted, allow just a wee margin for the errancy of embodied and mundane spirits."

<sup>2</sup> *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*, by Robert Dale Owen (Philadelphia, 1860), 455-58.

one who witnessed Mrs. Linn's strange and seemingly causeless apprehension, and it was he who took her to the scene of disaster and learned the sequel on the following morning. General Macomb sat next to Mrs. Linn and also tried to reassure her; General Jones was with her husband until about half an hour before the accident; Dr. Sewell was summoned to the home at once after it. All their names are given, and it is not likely that all four had died during the nineteen years which had elapsed. It was not Mrs. Linn's fault that the investigator did not interview such as were still living.

In discharge of his [Senator Linn's] Congressional duties, he was residing with his family in Washington, during the spring and summer of 1840, the last year of Mr. Van Buren's administration.

One day during the month of May of that year, Dr. and Mrs. Linn received an invitation to a large and formal dinner-party, given by a public functionary, and to which the most prominent members of the Administration party, including the President himself and our present Chief Magistrate, Mr. Buchanan, were invited guests. Dr. Linn was very anxious to be present; but, when the day came, finding himself suffering from an attack of indigestion, he begged his wife to bear his apology in person, and make one of the dinner-party, leaving him at home. To this she somewhat reluctantly consented. She was accompanied to the door of their host by a friend, General Jones, who promised to return and remain with Dr. Linn during the evening.

At table Mrs. Linn sat next to General Macomb, who had conducted her to dinner; and immediately opposite to her sat Silas Wright, Senator from New York, the most intimate friend of her husband, and a man by whose death, shortly after, the country sustained an irreparable loss.

Even during the early part of the dinner, Mrs. Linn felt very uneasy about her husband. She tried to reason herself out of this, as she knew that his indisposition was not at all serious; but in vain. She mentioned her uneasiness to General Macomb; but he reminded her of what she herself had previously told him,—that General Jones had promised to remain with Dr. Linn, and that, in the very unlikely contingency of any sudden illness, he would be sure to apprise her of it. Notwithstanding these representations, as dinner drew toward a close this unaccountable uneasiness increased to such an uncontrollable impulse to return home, that, as she expressed it to me, she felt that she *could* not sit there a moment longer. Her sudden pallor was noticed by Senator Wright, and excited his alarm. "I am sure you are ill, Mrs. Linn," he said; "what is the matter?" She replied that she was quite well, but that she *must* return to her husband. Mr. Wright sought, as General Macomb had done, to calm her fears; but she replied to him, "If you wish to do me a favor for which I shall be grateful while I live, make some excuse to our host, so that we can leave the table."

Seeing her so greatly excited, he complied with her request, though they were then but serving the dessert; and he and Mrs. Wright accompanied Mrs. Linn home.

As they were taking leave of her at the door of her lodgings, Senator Wright said, "I shall call tomorrow morning, and have a good laugh with the doctor and yourself over your panic apprehensions."

As Mrs. Linn passed hastily up-stairs, she met the landlady. "How is Dr. Linn?" she anxiously asked. "Very well, I believe," was the reply; "he took a bath more than an hour ago, and I dare say is sound asleep by this time. General Jones said he was doing extremely well."

"The General is with him, is he not?"

"I believe not. I think I saw him pass out about half an hour ago."

In a measure reassured, Mrs. Linn hastened to her husband's bed-chamber, the door of which was closed. As she opened it, a dense smoke burst upon her, in such stifling quantity that she staggered and fell on the threshold. Recovering herself after a few seconds, she rushed into the room. The bolster was on fire, and the feathers burned with a bright glow and a suffocating odor. She threw herself upon the bed; but the fire, half smothered till that moment, was fanned by the draught from the open door, and, kindling into sudden flame, caught her light dress, which was in a blaze on the instant. At the same moment her eye fell on the large bath-tub that had been used by her husband. She sprang into it, extinguishing her burning dress; then, returning to the bed, she caught up the pillow and a sheet that was on fire, scorching her arms in so doing, and plunged both into the water. Finally, exerting her utmost strength, she drew from the bed her insensible husband. It was then only that she called to the people of the house for aid.

Dr. Sewell was instantly summoned. But it was full half an hour before the sufferer gave any signs whatever of returning animation. He did not leave his bed for nearly a week; and it was three months before he entirely recovered from the effects of this accident.

"How fortunate it was," said Dr. Sewell to Mrs. Linn, "that you arrived at the very moment you did! Five minutes more,—nay, three minutes,—and, in all human probability, you would have never seen your husband alive again."

Mr. Wright called, as he promised, the next morning. "Well, Mrs. Linn," said he, smiling, "you have found out by this time how foolish that strange presentiment of yours was."

"Come up-stairs," she replied. And she led him to his friend, scarcely yet able to speak; and then she showed him the remains of the half-consumed bolster and partially-burned bed-linen.

Whether the sight changed his opinion on the subject of presentiments I cannot tell; but he turned pale as a corpse (Mrs. Linn said), and did not utter a word.

I had all the above particulars from Mrs. Linn herself,<sup>1</sup> together with the permission to publish them in illustration of the subject I am treating, attested by date and names.

## THE DÆMON OF AN AMERICAN STATESMAN <sup>2</sup>

(JOSIAH QUINCY)

Son of a Revolutionary statesman of the same name, Josiah Quincy (1772-1864) graduated at Harvard, practiced law in Boston, was State Senator six years, United States Senator eight years, speaker of the Massachusetts Assembly two years, Mayor of Boston six years, and president of Harvard College sixteen years. As judge of the Boston municipal court in 1832, he first laid down the rule that the publication of the truth with good intentions, and for a justifiable motive, was not libelous. He was a leader of the Federalists in Congress, an able debater, fought his political opponents fiercely, was hated and lampooned by them, and made his last public speech in defense of the Union at the age of ninety-one.

Edward Everett Hale tells us:

It is interesting now to know, what I did not know till after his death, that this gallant leader of men believed that he was directed, in important crises, by his own "Dæmon," quite as Socrates believed. In the choice of his wife, which proved indeed to have been made in heaven, he knew he was so led. And in after life, he ascribed some measures of importance and success to his prompt obedience to the wise Dæmon's directions.

## MEDIUMISTIC COMMUNICATIONS <sup>3</sup>

(CARL SCHURZ)

Carl Schurz (1829-1906), educated at the University of Bonn, LL.D. of Harvard, University of Missouri and Columbia, participated in the 1848 revolutionary movement in Germany and fled to save his life. Coming to the United States in 1852 he rapidly rose in politics

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<sup>1</sup> In Washington, on the 4th of July, 1859.

<sup>2</sup> E. E. Hale's *James Russell Lowell and His Friends*, 18.

<sup>3</sup> *McClure's Magazine*, April, 1908. Also in the volume of Schurz's Memoirs.

and was Minister to Spain in 1861, resigning to enter the war, in which he gained a good standing as a brigadier and major-general. After several years as newspaper editor he was United States Senator six years, Secretary of the Interior under President Hayes, then became editor of the New York *Evening Post*. He was impatient of party rule, and was a leader in civil service reform. The most notable of his books were *Life of Henry Clay*, a book of his speeches, and one dealing with his own reminiscences. He was an extraordinarily useful citizen, but roused violent opposition, and some of Nast's most violent cartoons were directed against him.

On the way to Washington, something strange happened to me which may be of interest to the speculative psychologist. In Philadelphia I had supper at the house of my intimate friend, Mr. Tiedemann, son of the eminent professor of medicine at the University of Heidelberg, and brother of Colonel Tiedemann, one of whose aides-de-camp I had been during the siege of the Fortress of Rastatt, in 1849. Mrs. Tiedemann was a sister of Friedrich Hecker, the famous revolutionary leader in Germany, who in this country did distinguished service as a Union officer. The Tiedemanns had lost two sons in our army, one in Kansas, and the other, a darling boy, in the Shenandoah Valley. The mother, a lady of bright mind and a lively imagination, happened to become acquainted with a circle of spiritualists, and received "messages" from her two sons, which were of the ordinary sort, but which moved her so much that she became a believer. The Doctor, too, although belonging to a school of philosophy which looked down upon such things with a certain disdain, could not restrain a sentimental interest in the pretended communication from her lost boys, and permitted spiritualistic experiment to be made in his family. This was done with much zest. On the evening of which I speak it was resolved to have a séance. One of the daughters, an uncommonly beautiful, intelligent, and high-spirited girl of about fifteen, had shown remarkable qualities as a "writing medium." When the circle was formed around the table, hands touching, a shiver seemed to pass over her, her fingers began to twitch, she grasped a pencil held out to her, and, as if obeying an irresistible impulse, she wrote in a jerking way upon a piece of paper placed before her the "messages" given her by the "spirits" who were present. So it happened that evening. The names of various deceased persons known to the family were announced, but they had nothing to say except that they "lived in a higher sphere," and were "happy," were "often with us," and "wished us all to be happy," etc.

Finally I was asked by one of the family if I could not take part in the proceeding by calling for some spirit in whom I took an interest. I consented, and called for the spirit of Schiller. For a minute or two the hand of the girl remained quiet; then she wrote that the spirit of

Schiller had come and asked what I wished of him. I answered that I wished him by way of identification, to quote a verse or two from one of his works. Then the girl wrote in German the following:

Ich höre rauschende Music, das Schloss ist  
Von Lichtern hell. Wer sind die Fröhlichen?

We were all struck with astonishment; the sound of the language was much like Schiller's works, but none of us remembered for a moment in which of Schiller's works the lines might be found. At last it occurred to me that they might be in the last act of "Wallenstein's Tod." The volume was brought out, and, true enough, there they were. I asked myself, "Can it be that this girl, who, although very intelligent, has never been given to much reading, should have read so serious a work as Wallenstein's Death; and, if she has, that those verses did have meaning only in connection with what precedes and follows them, should have stuck in her memory?" I asked her, when the séance was over, what she knew about the Wallenstein tragedy, and she, an entirely truthful child, answered that she had never read a line of it.

But something still stranger was in store for me. Schiller's spirit would say no more, and I called for the spirit of Abraham Lincoln. After several minutes had elapsed, the girl wrote that Abraham Lincoln's spirit was present. I asked whether he knew for what purpose President Johnson had summoned me to Washington. The answer came: "He wants you to make an important journey for him." I asked where that journey would take me. Answer: "He will tell you tomorrow." I asked, further, whether I should undertake that journey. Answer: "Yes, do not fail." (I may add, by the way, that at the time I had not the slightest anticipation as to what President Johnson's intention with regard to me was; the most plausible supposition I entertained was that he wished to discuss with me the points urged in my letter.)

Having disposed of this matter, I asked whether the spirit of Lincoln had anything more to say to me. The answer came: "Yes, you will be a senator of the United States." This struck me as so fanciful that I could hardly suppress a laugh; but I asked further: "From what State?" Answer: "From Missouri." This was more provokingly mysterious still; but there the conversation ceased. Hardly anything could have been more improbable at that time than that I should be a Senator of the United States from the State of Missouri. My domicile was in Wisconsin, and I was then thinking of returning there. I had never thought of removing from Wisconsin to Missouri, and there was not the slightest prospect of my ever doing so. But—to forestall my narrative—two years later I was surprised by an entirely unsought and unexpected business proposition which took me to St. Louis, and in January, 1869, the Legislature of Missouri elected me a Senator of

the United States. I then remembered the prophecy made to me at the spirit-séance in the house of my friend Tiedemann in Philadelphia which, during the intervening years, I had never thought of. I should hardly have trusted my memory with regard to it, had it not been verified by friends who witnessed the occurrence.

## SPIRITISTIC PHENOMENA IN THE FAMILY OF A UNITED STATES SENATOR

(NATHANIEL P. TALLMADGE)

Nathaniel P. Tallmadge (1795-1864), United States Senator from 1833 to 1844, governor of the territory of Wisconsin, 1844-6, etc., wrote a letter to the *Spiritual Telegraph*, and his letter is copied in *Modern American Spiritualism*, by Emma Hardinge, New York, 1870, (page 263).

Fond-du-Lac, Wisconsin.

Messrs. Partridge and Brittan:

You have no doubt seen in the public papers the melancholy fate of our friend Hon. John B. Macy, by the burning of the steamer "Niagara" near Port Washington, on Lake Michigan. He, with several others, was precipitated from the small boat into the water, whilst it was being let down at the stern of the steamer. . . . Mr. Macy was drowned on the 24th instant, about four o'clock p. m. On the morning of the next day, and before any rumor of his fate could possibly have reached us, my daughter saw shadows flitting across her room, which she mentioned to the family as a presage of bad news. Mr. Macy, who had been our near neighbor, had started for Lake Superior, and was not expected home for several days.

In the night, after the family had retired to rest, my daughter discovered a bright light in the sitting-room opening into hers, and the same shadow, which she had indistinctly noticed in the morning, now appeared in the shape and exact semblance of Mr. Macy. She informed her mother of the apparition, immediately adding, under impression, "Mr. Macy is drowned." Another daughter, who is also a medium, sleeping in a different part of the house, saw the same light and the shadowy form of Mr. Macy as he appeared to her sister, upon which she was influenced to write "Niagara—drowned by the upsetting of the small boat." The next day, and for the first time, the news of the catastrophe, and the manner of Mr. Macy's death, reached our village. . . .

Yours very truly,

N. P. TALLMADGE.



COINCIDENTAL COMPOUND SENSORY HALLUCINATION <sup>1</sup>

(PHILIP MEADOWS TAYLOR)

Colonel Taylor (1808-1876) was long in the service of the Nizam, one of the great princes of Southern India, and for some years during the minority of a Rajah was the very successful administrator of the principality of Shorapore. His knowledge of the languages, people, laws and history of Southern India has seldom been equalled. He was judge, engineer, artist, writer and administrator. For thirteen years he was also correspondent for the (London) *Times*, and he was author of several novels, as *Confessions of a Thug*, *Ralph Darnell*, and of a *Student's Manual of the History of India*.

This determination [to live unmarried] was the result of a very curious and strange incident that befell me during one of my marches to Hyderabad. I have never forgotten it, and it returns to this day to my memory with a strangely vivid effect that I can neither repel nor explain. I purposely withhold the date of the year. In my very early life, I had been deeply and devotedly attached to one in England, and only relinquished the hope of some day winning her when the terrible order came out that no furlough to Europe would be granted. One evening I was at the village of Dewas Kudea, after a very long afternoon and evening march from Muktul, and I lay down very weary; but the barking of village dogs, and the baying of jackals, and over-fatigue and heat, prevented sleep, and I was wide awake and restless. Suddenly, for my tent door was wide open, I saw the face and figure so familiar to me, but looking older, and with a sad and troubled expression; the dress was white, and seemed covered with a profusion of lace, and glistened in the bright moonlight. The arms were stretched out, and a low plaintive cry of "Do not let me go; do not let me go!" reached me. I sprang forward, but the figure receded, growing fainter and fainter till I could see it no longer, but the low sad tones still sounded. I had run barefooted across the open space, where my tents were pitched, very much to the astonishment of the sentry on guard, but I returned to my tent without speaking to him.

I wrote to my father, I wished to know whether there was any hope for me. He wrote back to me these words: "Too late, my dear son—on the very day of the vision you describe to me, A. was married."

Miss Taylor, who edited her father's *Life*, testified that she had often heard her father mention the incident, and that he always told it as in the book.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Story of My Life*, by Meadows Taylor (1877), II, 32-33.

<sup>2</sup> *Phantasms of the Living*, II, 579.

A COMPLEXLY COINCIDING DREAM<sup>1</sup>

(SIR JOHN CROWE)

Sir John Crowe, British Consul-General for Norway, returned from a journey with his son, and was astonished when his daughter told him a dream she had the night before, which pictured a peculiar peril which he had incurred, at the very hour of the dream. This was in the winter of 1872-3.

The daughter tells the story in 1883, and it is corroborated by her brother.

My father and brother were on a journey during the winter. I was expecting them home, without knowing the exact day of their return. The date, to the best of my recollection, was the winter of 1871-72. I had gone to bed at my usual time, about 11 p. m. Some time in the night I had a vivid dream, which made a great impression on me. I dreamt I was looking out of a window, when I saw father driving in a Spids sledge, followed in another by my brother. They had to pass a cross-road, on which another traveler was driving very fast, also in a sledge with one horse. Father seemed to drive on without observing the other fellow, who would without fail have driven over father if he had not made his horse rear, so that I saw my father drive under the hoofs of the horse. Every moment I expected the horse would fall down and crush him. I called out, "Father! father!" and woke in a great fright. The next morning my father and brother returned. I said to him, "I am so glad to see you arrive quite safely, as I had such a dreadful dream about you last night." My brother said, "You could not have been in greater fright about him than I was," and then he related to me what had happened, which tallied exactly with my dream. My brother in his fright, when he saw the feet of the horse over father's head, called out, "Oh! father, father!"

I have never had any other dream of this kind, nor do I remember ever to have had another dream of an accident happening to any one in whom I was interested. I often dream of people, and when this happens I generally expect to receive a letter from them, or to hear of them in the course of the next day. I dreamt of Mrs. G. Bidder the night before I received her letter asking me for an account of this dream; and I told Mr. West, before we went down to breakfast, that I should have a letter that day from her. I had no other reason to expect a letter from her, nor had I received one for some time, I should think some years, previously.

HILDA WEST.

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<sup>1</sup> From *Human Personality*, I, 394-5; also in *Phantasms of the Living*, I, 202.

Mrs. West's father, Sir John Crowe, late Consul-General for Norway, is since dead; but her brother, Mr. Septimus Crowe, of Librola, Mary's Hill Road, Shortlands, sends us the following confirmation:

"I remember vividly, on my return once with my father from a trip to the north of Norway in the winter time, my sister meeting us at the hall door as we entered, and exclaiming how pleased she was to see us, and that we were safe, as she said at once to me that she had had such an unpleasant dream the evening before. I said, 'What was it?' She then minutely explained to me the dream, as she related it to you, and which is in accordance with the facts. It naturally astonished my father and myself a good deal, that she so vividly in her sleep saw exactly what happened, and I should say, too, she dreamt it at the very time it happened, about 11:30 P. M.

"SEPTIMUS CROWE."

The wife of G. Bidder, Q.C., also sent in the story as she recollected its being told by Mr. Septimus Crowe at her table, and her story agrees, except as she makes it the horse of the Consul-General, instead of that of the stranger, that rears. One who repeats a story, not being herself one of the eye-witnesses, seldom remembers every particular correctly.

It is extremely unlikely that the tallying of the dream with the accident could have been merely a fortuitous coincidence. The parallels are too many and exact, even though we admit that some other non-coinciding details may have faded from memory. The memories of both dreamer and her brother that all were *at the time* amazed at the exactitude of the dream could hardly have been illusory.

(a) A peril, (b) to the father, (c) from a horse, (d) rearing so that his hoofs were over the father's head, (e) the horse being that of another man, (f) coming on a cross-road, (g) the incident certainly occurring on the same night with the dream, and, according to the brother (though we may have doubts of this, considering that Mrs. West does not say so), at the same hour.

**"HEARS" HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW UTTER A SENTENCE  
WHICH SHE ACTUALLY UTTERS AT THREE  
HUNDRED MILES DISTANCE <sup>1</sup>**

(JOHN DRUMMOND HAY)

The man who had this experience, the Right Hon. Sir John Drummond Hay, K.C.B., G.C., M.G., was for many years Her Majesty's

<sup>1</sup> *Journal S. P. R.*, I, Vol. 40; also *Human Personality*, I, 396.

Minister to Morocco. This is his statement, witnessed by members of his family who remembered the occurrence.

September 16, 1889.

In the year 1879 my son Robert Drummond Hay resided at Mogodor with his family, where he was at that time Consul. It was in the month of February. I had lately received good accounts of my son and his family; I was also in perfect health. About 1 A. M. (I forget the exact day in February), whilst sleeping soundly [at Tangier], I was woke by hearing distinctly the voice of my daughter-in-law, who was with her husband at Mogodor, saying in a clear, but distressed tone of voice, "Oh, I wish papa only knew that Robert is ill." There was a night lamp in the room. I sat up and listened, looking around the room, but there was no one except my wife, sleeping quietly in bed. I listened for some seconds, expecting to hear footsteps outside, but complete stillness prevailed, so I lay down again, thanking God that the voice which woke me was an hallucination. I had hardly closed my eyes when I heard the same voice and words, upon which I woke Lady Drummond Hay, and told her what had occurred, and got up and went into my study, adjoining the bed-room, and noted it in my diary. Next morning I related what had happened to my daughter, saying that, though I did not believe in dreams, I felt anxious for tidings from Mogodor. That port, as you will see in the map, is about 300 miles south of Tangier. A few days after this incident a letter arrived from my daughter-in-law, Mrs. R. Drummond Hay, telling us that my son was seriously ill with typhoid fever and mentioning the night during which he had been delirious. Much struck by the coincidence that it was the same night I had heard her voice, I wrote to tell her what had happened. She replied, the following post, that in her distress at seeing her husband so dangerously ill, and from being alone in a distant land, she had made use of the precise words which had startled me from sleep, and had repeated them. As it may be of interest for you to receive a corroboration of what I have related from the persons I have mentioned, who happen to be with me at this date, they also sign to affirm the accuracy of all I have related.

When I resigned, in 1886, I destroyed, unfortunately, a number of my diaries and amongst them that of 1879, or I should have been able to state the day, and might have sent you the leaf on which I noted the incident.

(Signed) J. H. DRUMMOND HAY,  
ANNETTE DRUMMOND HAY,  
EUPHEMIA DRUMMOND HAY,  
ALICE DRUMMOND HAY.

It is exceedingly difficult to suppose that there can be any essential error in this statement of facts. Sir Drummond Hay's account is clear

and precise, and witnessed by three members of his family who remember the event. He noted the occurrence the same night, and the entry remained in his diary until three years before the final statement was made. Before she knew of his experience, his daughter-in-law wrote of his son's illness, and mentioned that very night as the one when he was delirious (and when she would probably have been most anxious). Then Sir Drummond told her the whole story, and she wrote that the words were actually uttered by her that night. Furthermore, she uttered them twice, corresponding with the number of times he seemed to hear them. And finally, he recognized the voice as that of his daughter-in-law.

Now, as it will not be contended that any hyperæsthesia would be capable of bridging 300 miles, and as it would be ridiculous to suppose that so complex a coincidence could be mere chance, unless the whole family lied or had coinciding insane memories, we have here a supernatural fact.<sup>1</sup>

## PREMONITION OF A FIRE <sup>2</sup>

(SUSAN B. ANTHONY)

Miss Anthony (1820-1906) reached womanhood at about the time when clergymen and newspapers of Boston were expressing shocked feelings because some women proposed so indelicate a thing as helping to raise funds for the completion of Bunker Hill Monument. Women today perhaps owe their present status of rights by law and privilege

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<sup>1</sup> There are many parallel recorded incidents. The compiler's wife heard my foster-daughter's voice calling my first name "Walter," which she had never before heard her do, since her customary title for me was "papa," at the hour when the latter, separated by two hundred miles, saw an apparition of my mother, and, emotionally spoke the name by which she knew my mother would call me. (See *The Psychic in the House*, pp. 50-51.) Mr. Walter ———, of San Bernardino, California, was awakened by the voice of his wife, then 100 miles distant, uttering his name, and heard it again after awake. He rose and looked at the clock. It was afterward learned that under circumstances approaching those in the Hay incident, his wife at precisely that time, their son lying very ill, went out on the veranda, stretched her arms in the direction of the town where her husband was, and called his name, "Walter," twice. I personally got the written statements of both, and they are now in the unpublished archives of the A. S. P. R. Charlotte Brontë had probably heard of a similar incident when she wrote of Rochester exclaiming in agonized tones, "Janel Jane," and of Jane Eyre, at a great distance, hearing his voice calling her name. Indeed, she is said to have remarked, when the incident was commented upon in her hearing: "But it really happened."

<sup>2</sup> *Elizabeth Cady Stanton, as Revealed in Her Letters, Diary and Reminiscences*. Edited by Theodore Stanton and Harriot Stanton Blatch, II, 364.

by social usage more to her than to any other person. At first her efforts centered on temperance, then upon abolition of slavery, and finally upon woman suffrage. Her life exhibited enormous industry, persistent energy and unflinching courage. Accustomed in the decade following the Civil War to be ridiculed generally by the press, long before her death she had come to be well-nigh universally honored and esteemed.

The guarantor of the incident is Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, for many years an intimate friend and colleague of Miss Anthony. Mrs. Stanton wrote in her diary:

In a few days we are expecting Miss Anthony to make us a visit. She has had a very remarkable dream. The physician ordered her from Philadelphia to Atlantic City for her health. While in the latter place, she had a very vivid dream one night. She thought she was being burnt alive in one of the hotels, and when she arose in the morning, told her niece what she had dreamed. "We must pack at once and go back to Philadelphia," she said. This was done, and the next day the hotel in which they had been, ten other hotels and miles of the boardwalk, were destroyed by fire.

There have been instances where, for example, but one person in a hotel, and he in a distant part of it, was seized with an overpowering impression of a fire, which at that time had actually only just begun, and these have been explained as instances of hyperæsthesia in the sense of smell. But it will hardly be held that one could smell a fire hours before it started.

### MONITION BY A "VOICE" <sup>1</sup>

(MARY ASHTON LIVERMORE; GUARANTOR, MINOT  
JUDSON SAVAGE)

Mrs. Livermore (1821-1905) was agent of the United States Sanitary Commission in the Civil War, and afterwards became famous as a lecturer in America and abroad. She was active in the woman suffrage and temperance issues. Among her books were *Pen Pictures* and *Thirty Years Too Late*.

The Rev. M. J. Savage (1841-1918), D.D., of Harvard, was one of the leading Unitarian clergymen of his land and time, his principal

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<sup>1</sup> *Life Beyond Death*, by M. J. Savage, 284.

churches being Church of the Unity, Boston, and Church of the Messiah, New York. He was author of many books, including several on psychic research.

He testifies:

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, famous for her devoted services during the War, and one of the greatest woman speakers that the world has ever known, told me how her life was saved during her travels in the West, on a certain occasion, by her hearing and instantly obeying a voice. She did not know where it came from, but she leaped as the voice ordered her to, from one side of a car to the other, and instantly the side where she had been sitting was crushed in and utterly demolished.

## THE DÆMON OF SOCRATES

(SOCRATES)

This great Greek, whose sayings and acts are known to us mainly through Plato, his still greater disciple, and Xenophon, who also came under his influence, was born somewhere about 470 B. C., and died of poison, by judicial sentence, in 399 B. C. Few men ever lived whose mere talk—for he wrote nothing—set up so powerful an influence on human thought. He founded no school of philosophy; his work was to teach men to abandon time-worn cant and prepossession, to examine the foundations of their beliefs and to think logically. Grotesque in countenance and dress, almost certain to enmesh in the net of his dialectic anyone who dared to answer his questions, he nevertheless thrilled and swayed many of the most intellectual men of his day.

It is well known that he believed himself to be guided by a dæmon. I need not remind my learned reader that this term, in the Greek, did not mean what the English word "demon" means. Besides signifying a god or goddess, it was used to denote the soul of a man of the golden age and, later, the spirit of any dead man. Just in what sense Socrates himself used the word does not plainly appear. We only know from Plato and from Xenophon that he frequently used the term in reference to a sign which he had been accustomed from an early age very frequently to receive, which guided him in his conduct and which he never disobeyed, and from Plato that the sign was in the form of a voice.<sup>1</sup> This voice was heard only when he was on the point of doing or

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<sup>1</sup> This is the declaration attributed to Socrates by Plato: "I am moved by a certain divine and spiritual influence, which also Miletus, through mockery, has set out

saying something which he ought not do or say. When at last he was on trial for his life, on the false charge of impiety, it surprised him that when he was about to prepare a speech in his defense he heard it directing him not to do so. Throughout the trial, when he spoke out boldly and unconciliatingly, exasperating his judges, it was silent in approval. In his last speech, after sentence had been passed, he said:

“There has happened to me, O my judges, a wonderful thing. For that accustomed divine intimation in time past came to me very many times, and met me on slight occasion, if I were about to act in some way not aright; but now this fate which ye behold has come upon me,—this which a man might deem, and which is considered, the very worst of ills. Yet neither when I left my home this morning was I checked by that accustomed sign; nor when I came up hither to the judgment-hall, nor at any point in my speech as I spoke. And yet in other speeches of mine the sign has often stopped me in the midst. But now it has not hindered me in any deed or word of mine connected with this present business. What, then, do I suppose to be the reason thereof? I will tell you. I think it is that what has happened to me has been a good thing; and we must have been mistaken when we supposed that death was an evil. Herein is a strong proof to me of this; for that accustomed sign would assuredly have checked me, had I been about to do aught that was evil.”

This we find in Plato's *Apology*, and in his *Theages*<sup>1</sup> we have an alleged example of the intervention of the “dæmon.”

Timarchus was sitting at supper with Socrates, and rose to go out to a plot of assassination, to which plot only one other man was privy. “What say you, Socrates?” said Timarchus, “do you continue drinking; I must go out somewhither, but will return in a little, if so I may.” And the voice came to me; and I said, “By no means rise from table; for the accustomed divine sign has come to me.” And he stayed. And after a time again he got up to go, and said, “I must be gone, Socrates.” And the sign came to me again; and again I made him stay. And the third time, determining that I should not see, he rose and said naught to me, when my mind was turned elsewhere; and thus he went forth, and was gone, and did that which was to be his doom.

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in the indictment. This began with me from childhood, being a kind of a voice, which, when present, always diverts me from what I am about to do, but never urges me on. But this duty, as I said, has been enjoined on me by the Deity, by oracles, by dreams, and by every mode by which any other divine decree has ever enjoined anything for man to do.”

<sup>1</sup> It is not certain that Plato wrote the latter work, but the incident is so moderate, whereas invented incidents of a psychic character were usually of a more extreme and startling character, that I am inclined to credit it.



Of course it is quite impossible now to gauge the evidential value of this latter incident. It is quite possible to hold that the "dæmon" was really intimations rising from the subconscious of a man of extraordinary intellectual brilliancy, though such intimations in the cases of most men would have been in the direction of taking precautions to save their lives instead of disregarding such precautions.

## EVIDENTIAL QUASI-AUDITORY-AND-TACTUAL EXPERIENCE

(ELIZABETH CADY STANTON)

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton (1815-1902) was daughter of Daniel C. Cady, a judge of the New York Supreme Court; wife of Henry B. Stanton, lawyer, anti-slavery orator and senator; but of far more note herself than either of these. She and Susan B. Anthony were probably the two most prominent leaders of the movement for woman suffrage and reform of laws relating to women. She called the first Woman's Rights Convention in 1848, and for twenty-eight years was president of the National Woman's Suffrage Association. For many years she was active as a speaker and writer.

The psychic incident of her own experience which has been preserved is the more impressive because she was not partial to such matters. Only in her diary, parts of which were published by her daughter long after her death, did she refer to this "one of my psychic experiences:" In her autobiographic reminiscences there is not a trace of them.

In her Diary,<sup>1</sup> under date of October 7, 1890, we find this entry written in London:

At a dinner given the other night by Mrs. Charles McLaren, I met many interesting people. . . . Another guest was Henry Lucy, who has made himself famous as "Toby, M.P.," of *Punch*. . . . After he had given us some good stories, Hattie thought it her turn to contribute to the general entertainment, so related one of my psychic experiences, which appeared to particularly interest Mr. Lucy, who put some questions about the rather hair-raising occurrence.

Mrs. Blatch adds an explanatory note:

In his diary published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, Sir Henry gives this account of Mrs. Stanton's experience: "Some years ago she was

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<sup>1</sup> *Elizabeth Cady Stanton, as Revealed in Her Letters, Diary and Reminiscences*. Edited by Theodore Stanton and Harriet Stanton Blatch, II, 267-268.

at Washington, at a time when Congress was sitting. On applying for a room at a hotel she had been accustomed to frequent, she was told the house was full. After some hesitation the clerk, observing her distress, undertook, if she would wait half an hour, that a room, not the best in the house, but all that was possible, should be got ready for her. It was a small, plainly furnished room on the sixth story. It had to serve, and she was disposed to make the best of it. She went to bed early and slept soundly till she was awakened by the sensation of a hand touching her face, and a voice cried, with piteous accent, "Oh, Mother! Mother!" She was profoundly startled, but argued with herself that it was only a dream. She determined to go to sleep again, and succeeded. Again she was awakened with the hand nervously stroking her face and the blood-curdling cry, "Oh, Mother! Mother!" It was no use trying to sleep. She got up, half dressed, lit a candle, got a book, and sat in the armchair till daybreak, nothing further happening. As soon as she heard the servants moving she rang the bell, and the chambermaid came in with startled look. To her the visitor related her experiences. "Yes, marm," said the chambermaid, "I told them they ought not to have put you in the room. He was only carried out an hour before you came." "Who was carried out?" said the lady. "Why, the young man who has been lying here for a fortnight in delirium tremens and died. He was stretching out his hands, feeling for something, and crying in heartbreaking voice, 'Oh, Mother! Mother!'" [It was I who related the story, much to my mother's discomfort. She told me afterwards there were "sufficient isms attached to her name without adding spiritism or the like." Mr. Lucy did not connect the story apparently with her, and erred in substituting Washington for Springfield, Illinois, where the occurrence really transpired.—H. S. B.]

It is not immediately evident what Mrs. Blatch means by saying that "Sir Henry did not connect the story apparently with her," but presumably in his published diary he did not give Mrs. Stanton's name as that of the woman who had the experience. But both Mrs. Stanton in her diary and Mrs. Blatch in her note testify that she was the woman. Moreover, Mrs. Stanton states that her daughter told the story in the presence of Sir Henry, and the daughter, by correcting two errors of memory on his part, indicates that otherwise he remembered it, as it was told in Mrs. Stanton's presence, correctly.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Stanton writes at another time in her diary (II, 361): "Adelaide Johnson has just dined with us and told us of a haunted house in which she lives, staying bravely alone there at night, seeing visions and hearing strange sounds. . . . I do not ridicule these stories, for in my own life I have had several marvelous experiences. . . . But I attribute all these strange phenomena to [*parturiunt montes*] some natural laws which we do not understand, and may never understand [*nascitur ridiculus mus*]."

## APPARITION OF THE DEAD TWO YEARS BEFORE THE DEATH OF THE PERCIPIENT <sup>1</sup>

(FRANCES E. WILLARD, GUARANTOR)

Miss Willard (1839-1898) graduated from Northwestern Female College, and thereafter taught for sixteen years, finally becoming president of the Woman's College of Northwestern University. She is said to have been the first woman ever to hold such a position. She then entered the Temperance crusade. In this her personal and official influence grew until, in 1877, she became president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union and so she remained the rest of her life. Together with Miss Anna Gordon, within three years she had succeeded by travel and voice in organizing in every State and Territory, and in speaking in every town of 10,000 population. Then she succeeded in throwing the weight of the Union into politics, on the side of the Prohibition party. It was preëminently by her efforts that the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union was formed. She was a great organizer of "movements," and deviser of demonstrations, on a grand scale. Her influence over masses of women was colossal, and her restless energy prematurely wore her out. She was the author of a number of books, and editor of the organ of the W. C. T. U.

The incident concerns a sister of Frances E. Willard (1839-1898), the founder of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who personally wrote and sent it to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. The following documents have been in the possession of the A. S. P. R. for many years.

Office of *Religio-Philosophical Journal*,  
Chicago, July 6, 1888.

Richard Hodgson, Esq.,  
5 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.

Dear Hodgson:—The enclosed, which I publish in next week's *Journal*, was sent me by Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the W. C. T. U., who took it down with her own hand from the mouth of the mother of the young woman.

If it is of any value to you, you could get particulars, that is *names*, of Miss W. at Evanston, Ill.

Yours truly,  
JOHN C. BUNDY.

The following correspondence resulted, begun on one side by Dr.

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<sup>1</sup> *Journal* A. S. P. R., August, 1921.

Hodgson and closed, years after, by the compiler, writing in Dr. Hyslop's name.

Lake Bluff, Aug. 26, 1885.

Four years ago, a few weeks before Miss Milner left Waukegan for California for her health (having had a cough for about a year), she went up-stairs to her own room between ten and eleven in the morning of a beautiful sunny day. She did not go about much, being weak, and would not have gone up-stairs, save that the day was fine. She sat down in her chair and was busy winding her watch, or else looking over a book (she having gone up-stairs for one of these purposes, which one is not now remembered). As she sat there at work looking down, she saw a shadow of something that attracted her attention, and she thought someone had come in. She looked up, and there, at a distance of about four feet, stood Mary Willard, her former class-mate and friend. She was about four feet distant from Miss Milner; was dressed in a cream white or light salmon-colored, soft, beautiful dress. She was dressed just as she was when Miss Milner knew her, as to style and general appearance, her hair combed low on her forehead as the custom was. Miss Milner saw her shoes, even; and said she did not look sick, but she made the same impression that she did when a schoolgirl, so bright and cheery, and came to school with something pleasant to tell. She remained about ten minutes, and Miss Milner said she smiled and looked exceedingly pleasant; that they communicated, but not by words, and she never told what they communicated. Miss Milner thought, "How will she go away?" So she watched carefully and Mary "dimmed out" while she looked—faded from sight without moving from where she stood. After that Miss Milner never seemed to expect to get well. She always spoke of the occurrence as "when I saw Mary," but was exceedingly reticent about the whole subject, never naming it to any one except her mother and another friend.

Curiously, Miss Frances E. Willard did not think to set down the fact that Mary, whose apparition was seen by Miss Milner, was dead. She had in fact died in 1862, about nineteen years before.

In the handwriting of Dr. Hodgson is this attestation:

The original account of Miss Willard has been sent by me. It included the following corroboration by Mrs. Milner. R. H.

And on the same sheet is the attestation of the mother of the percipient, Mrs. Milner.

This is a correct statement.

(Signed) S. S. MILNER.

The next document in the series is a brief note from Mr. Bundy to Dr. Hodgson:

Chicago, July 7, 1888.

Dear Mr. H.:—I wrote Frank Willard to know if the girl died after the incident sent you yesterday. I enclose her reply. B.

Woman's National Christian Temperance Union Headquarters,  
161 La Salle St., Chicago,

President's Office, Evanston, Ill., July 6, 1888.

Dear Brother:

The friend, Belle Milner, died about two years after the incident. I know not if she had ever another similar experience, but think not; it was entirely out of her line.

Hoping to see you ere long, I am ever yours sincerely,

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Woman's National Christian Temperance Union,  
President's Office, July 12, 1888.

Mr. Richard Hodgson,

Dear Sir:—Your note to Miss Willard comes during her absence at the Lake Bluff Convocation and we are not forwarding her letters, as she is very much preoccupied there.

I have often heard Miss Willard refer to the experience of her friend, Miss Milner, and as I have the original copy of her account I send it to you with the request that you return it after looking it over. I presume it is printed verbatim in Col. Bundy's paper, although we have not yet seen it. You will notice the article states that Miss Milner never gave any clue as to what conversation passed between herself and Mary Willard. Mrs. Milner's signature on the back of Miss Willard's manuscript will answer your question in regard to the mother's corroboration. The incident as related by Miss Willard contains all that she knows in regard to it.

Yours truly,

ANNA GORDON.

Much later, a letter was sent to Miss Gordon, successor of Miss Willard as President of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, inquiring if Miss Mary Willard was a sister of Frances. She replied June 10, 1919.

I have your favor of May 17, which has been held for my return from Washington, D. C. I recall that Miss Willard had an acquaintance by the name of Belle Milner, and I think she was a classmate of Miss Willard's sister, Mary E. Willard. If it is true that I often heard Miss Willard tell the incident Miss Milner relates, I do not at this time

recall it, but I feel quite sure the Mary Willard referred to must be the sister of Frances E. Willard.

Yours very truly,

ANNA C. GORDON.

It is a common criticism that an occult story grows in memory with a lapse of time. Incidentally this last letter of Miss Gordon illustrates what the compiler has found to be the rule, that, on the contrary, with the person of good mind and culture such a story, like incidents of a different character, generally loses in detail and color, rather than adds to the complexity or vividness. In the case of Miss Gordon, thirty-one years seem to have obliterated, if not the incident itself, at least the fact that she had frequently heard Miss Frances E. Willard refer to it. Miss Frances E. Willard herself, had she not taken down the facts from the lips of Mrs. Milner, but waited ten years before she told the story, would probably have set down a comparatively laconic and colorless version. As it was, she failed to indicate two important facts, viz., that the apparition was of a person deceased, and that the percipient herself died within two years.

The circumstance of seeing the (apparent) shadow of the figure before the figure itself is duplicated in the Doris Case. Here, also, the percipient was caused to look up by observing a shadow.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> See *Proceedings* of A. S. P. R., Vol. X, page 1043n.

## POETS AND PLAYWRIGHTS

### SEES APPARITION OF HIS AUNT, THE NIGHT SHE DIED <sup>1</sup>

(ERNST MORITZ ARNDT)

Arndt (1769-1860) was an eminent German scholar, poet and patriot. A book by him on serfdom so affected Gustavus Adolphus IV. of Sweden that he abolished the evil. While professor of history in the University of Greifswald he published a challenge to his country to free itself from the domination of France, and had to flee to save himself from Napoleon's vengeance. In various lands he continued to pour out his appeals in prose and songs. After the peace, while professor at the University of Bonn, he was arrested by the Prussian government in consequence of his demands for political reform. For twenty years he wrote in retirement, was then reinstated, sympathized with the revolutionary outbreak of 1848, and after many storms, died popular throughout Germany.

Arndt describes how, in the winter of 1811, when staying in a friend's house, he was sitting up working one night, after a fatiguing day, and was half asleep in his chair—"when lo! my dear old Aunt Sophia, my second mother, stood before me with a kind smile, holding on each arm a little boy. They were children whom I dearly loved. She held them out to me with a gesture which seemed to say, 'Take the children to your care.' " The next day at noon, while Arndt was sitting talking with his friends, "the carriage of my brother William drove up with a letter, saying, 'Brother, come back at once in the carriage; we must cross the water to Buchholz tomorrow, and bury our dear old Aunt Sophia, who died last night.' "

### A PSYCHOMETRICAL EXPERIMENT IMPRESSES THE SKEPTICAL POET <sup>2</sup>

(ROBERT BROWNING)

Robert Browning (1812-1889), one of the greatest English poets

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<sup>1</sup> *Schriften für und an seine Lieben Deutschen*, by E. M. Arndt (1845), III, 524-5. The summary is that found in *Phantasms of the Living*, II, 475.

<sup>2</sup> From report by the Literary Committee of the S. P. R., entitled "A Theory of Apparitions," in *Proceedings S. P. R.*, II, 130-31. Edmund Gurney and F. W. H. Myers were the secretaries of the committee.

of the nineteenth century, differed from Elizabeth Barrett Browning, his wife, in his opposition to and contempt for Spiritualism. He ridiculed the popular displays of credulity by depicting the character "Sludge," a medium. He was not inclined to credit incidents purporting to be supernatural. Nevertheless, he had a few experiences of his own.

Let us quote first a case (originally cited by Mr. Knowles, in a letter to the *Spectator* of January 30, 1869) which closely resembles some of our published experiments:

Mr. Robert Browning tells me that when he was in Florence some years since, an Italian nobleman (a Count Giunasi, of Ravenna), visiting at Florence, was brought to his house without previous introduction, by an intimate friend. The Count professed to have great mesmeric or clairvoyant faculties, and declared, in reply to Mr. Browning's avowed skepticism, that he would undertake to convince him, somehow or other, of his powers. He then asked Mr. Browning whether he had anything about him then and there which he could hand to him, and which was in any way a relic or memento. This, Mr. Browning thought, was, perhaps, because he habitually wore no sort of trinket or ornament, not even a watch-guard, and might therefore turn out to be a safe challenge. But it so happened that, by a curious accident, he was then wearing under his coat-sleeves some gold wrist-studs to his shirt, which he had quite recently taken into wear, in the absence (by mistake of a sempstress) of his ordinary wrist-buttons. He had never before worn them in Florence or elsewhere, and had found them in some old drawer, where they had lain forgotten for years. One of these studs he took out and handed to the Count, who held it in his hand awhile, looking earnestly in Mr. Browning's face, and then he said, as if much impressed, "*C'è qualche cosa che mi grida nell' orecchio, 'Uccisione, uccisione!'*" (There is something here which cries out in my ear, 'Murder, murder!')

"And truly," says Mr. Browning, "those very studs were taken from the dead body of a great-uncle of mine, who was violently killed on his estate in St. Kitts, nearly eighty years ago. These, with a gold watch and other personal objects of value, were produced in a court of justice, as proofs that robbery had not been the purpose of the slaughter, which was effected by his own slaves. They were then transmitted to my grandfather, who had his initials engraved on them, and wore them all his life. They were taken out of the night-gown in which he died and given to me, not my father. I may add that I tried to get Count Giunasi to use his clairvoyance on this termination of ownership, also; and that he nearly hit upon something like the fact, mentioning a bed in a room, but he failed in attempting to describe the room—situation of the bed with respect to windows and door. The



occurrence of my great-uncle's murder was known only to myself, of all men in Florence, as certainly was also my possession of the studs."

Mr. Browning, in a letter to us, dated the 21st of July, 1883, affirms that the account is "correct in every particular"—adding, "My own explanation of the matter has been that the shrewd Italian felt his way by the involuntary help of my own eyes and face. The guess, however attained to, was a good one." We think that in this conjectural explanation the illustrious author of *Sordello* has done imperfect justice to his own power of concealing his thoughts; and we fancy that his involuntary transparency of expression would not have enabled the wily Italian to "feel his way" to murder. But, of course, such cases are more complete when agent and percipient are at a distance which excludes involuntary hints.

## APPARITIONAL EXPERIENCES

### (ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY)

Alice Cary (1820-1871) was an American writer of poetry and prose which won great popularity in her own country and to a considerable extent in Great Britain. Her novels and the once widely-read *Clovernook Papers* are now little known, but many of her poems are found in anthologies. Phoebe Cary (1824-1871), sister of Alice, was also a poet, whose verses attained some degree of popularity. She wrote much less than Alice, but no poem by the latter is now so familiar as Phoebe's hymn beginning "One sweetly solemn thought."

An incident involving the family of Alice and Phoebe Cary is to be found in a sketch of the latter by her niece Ada Carnahan, published in the *Ladies' Repository* for July, 1871.

In the autumn of 1832 a new house was built for the family, it was completed, it stood full in view from the old house, in a few days they would be in possession. Then occurred a strange incident which I do not attempt to explain. I will tell it as it was told to me, and honestly believed by each member of the family. It was late in the afternoon, a sudden thunder-shower which had brought Robert Cary (the father) in from the field had driven every one under shelter, but the storm was over and the sun shining when one looking across the hollow saw a woman with a child in her arms standing in the open door of the new house, and called the attention of the others by asking how Rhoda and Lucy came to be over there and how the door of the new house came to be open. Rhoda was the third daughter, fifteen years of age, and Lucy a child of two. But even as they were talking, Rhoda joined them and

the child Lucy was found to be playing within. By this time all the household were out gazing at the apparition, which at last was seen to walk back into the house and disappear. Robert Cary started out to see what it was. Keeping the house in sight and seeing no one leave it, he found the door open, but found nothing more. Diligent search upstairs and down, on the clean floor or soft soil without, discovered no footprints or other signs of human presence. Within the first year of their occupancy of this new house, Rhoda and Lucy died within a few weeks of each other, carried off by a virulent fever.

Alice Cary witnessed of this apparition to Robert Dale Owen, who embodied it in his *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*.<sup>1</sup>

When the fact is added that the child Lucy has been seen to flit about the old farmhouse (the last time a few years ago, when a boy who had been guarded from a knowledge of the story came running with a white, scared face, saying: "There's a little girl up-stairs in a red dress") it will be seen that the belief of Alice and Phoebe Cary in the supernatural began before modern Spiritualism was talked of.

## HIS GRANDFATHER'S "GIFT OF PROPHECY" <sup>2</sup>

(JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE)

It would be ridiculous to explain who Goethe (1749-1832) was—the greatest of German poets, and one of the greatest of all time. The veriest dabbler in literature knows something of the immortal *Faust*. But it is difficult for us to realize what a furor was caused by the novel *Werther*, which quickly ran, like an epidemic, around the world, so that a sea of tears was shed, and ultra-romantic young men shot themselves, holding *Werther* to their breasts. Goethe wrote a great quantity of literature of many kinds, which was the greatest intellectual stimulus in his age and country, one of the greatest in the world, and is powerful to this day.

Speaking of his grandfather, Johann Wolfgang Textor, Goethe says:

However, that which raised the veneration in which we held this worthy old gentleman to the highest point, was the conviction that he

<sup>1</sup> The story cannot be found in the first edition of Owen's book named, but may have been inserted in a later edition.

<sup>2</sup> Toward the close of the first book of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, by Goethe, or Parke Godwin's translation of 1846, entitled *Autobiography of Goethe: Truth and Poetry*, 27-29. The above translation, however, is mostly that of the late Carl F. Schmitt, who called attention to the passage.

possessed the gift of prophecy, especially with respect to things which concerned himself and his destiny. Although he did not express himself definitely and in detail to anyone except grandmother, yet we all knew that he was informed of coming events by significant dreams. Thus, for example, while he was yet among the junior aldermen he stated to his wife that he would become a councillor to the magistrate when the next vacancy occurred. And when one of the councillors actually died of a paralytic stroke soon after, he ordered, on the day of nomination and election, that everything in his house should be privily arranged for the reception of guests and congratulators, and the decisive golden ball was really drawn for him. The simple dream which informed him of this he confided to his wife, as follows: He had seen himself in the customary council meeting where everything went according to the established order. Suddenly the now dead councillor had arisen from his seat, descended the steps, and, indicating in the most gracious manner that he should take his seat, had thereupon gone out of the door.

A similar thing happened when the mayor died. In such cases that position was filled without delay because it was feared that the Emperor might exercise his ancient prerogative of appointing the mayor. On this occasion an extraordinary session for the next morning was announced at midnight by the courthouse messenger. As the light in his lantern was about to go out, he begged for a candle-stump in order to continue his way. "Give him a whole one," said grandfather, "he has all this trouble on account of me." The assertion was justified by what followed. He actually became mayor, wherewith also occurred the notable circumstance that, although his proxy at the balloting had to draw the third and last ball, the two silver ones came out first, and so the golden one remained at the bottom of the pouch.

The remaining dreams with which we became acquainted were also entirely prosaic, simple, and without any trace of the fantastic or wonderful. Furthermore, I remember rummaging as a boy among his papers and diaries and found among his notes referring to gardening, entries such as "Last night there came to me . . . and said . . ."—name and revelation being written in cipher. Or in a similar manner, "Last night I saw . . ."—the remainder again in cipher with the exceptions of conjunctions and other words from which nothing could be made out.

It is also worthy of notice that persons who otherwise showed no trace of having any presentiment, gained for the moment, when in his presence, the ability to become aware of cases of sickness or death at distant places through sensory impressions. But this gift was not inherited by any of his children or grandchildren, who on the contrary were mostly robust persons, given to enjoyment and concerned only with material things.

Why was Goethe more interested in psychic claims than most able thinkers of his period, so interested that he supplied the urge which caused Jung-Stilling to write *Theorie der Geister-Kunde*, one of the earliest approaches toward a really scientific collection and discussion of psychic incidents? Probably it was because of that naïvete of human nature which induces great as well as little men, as a rule, to ignore even the most evidential and best attested facts of this order so long as they only glance at them in books or yawn at the casual acquaintance's recital of them, but to begin to wonder and cogitate as soon as they happen in their own families. Un his boyhood Goethe knew of his grandfather's strangely fulfilled predictions, and several times in his lifetime he himself had odd experiences which made him "furiously to think." )

## A PREDICTIVE VISION

(GOETHE)

Here the great German writer tells an incident of his own experience, which may be found in *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, Part Three, chapter 11. The translation is that of the late Carl F. Schmitt, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., who remarks that at the time Goethe was about twenty-two years of age and had just said farewell to Fredericka Brion, with whom he was in love, at Sesenheim in Alsace.

I now rode on horseback over the footpath to Drusenheim, when one of the strangest experiences befell me. Not with the eyes of the body, but with those of the spirit, I saw myself on horseback coming toward me on the same path dressed in a suit such as I had never worn, pale-gray with some gold. As soon as I had shaken myself out of this reverie the form vanished. It is strange, however, that I found myself returning on the same path eight years afterward to visit Fredericka once more and that I then wore the suit I had dreamt of, and this not by design but by chance.

Be this as it may, the strange phantasm had a calming influence on my feelings in those moments following the parting.

It is to be noted that Goethe was in a different stratum or state of consciousness than his usual one when he had this vision, and had to "shake" himself out of it. That is to say, he had the "mediumistic" temperament, and it is likely that if he had cultivated periods of passivity he would have had other experiences of the general sort to relate.

## TELEPATHY OR ASTOUNDING COINCIDENCE

(OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES)

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894), as everyone knows, was one of the most distinguished men of letters in America in a past generation, poet, novelist, essayist. It is more to the present purpose that he was also a Doctor of Medicine from Harvard, with experience in the hospitals of Paris, and was for forty-four years professor of anatomy and physiology, at first at Dartmouth College, but the greater part of the time at the Massachusetts Medical School in Boston. He was distinguished as an anatomist, and was the first, it is said, to establish the infectiousness of puerperal fever.

Dr. Holmes tells the story in *Over the Tea Cups*, writing it in March, 1888, as the introduction informs us.

I relate a singular coincidence which very lately occurred in my experience. . . . I will first copy the memorandum made at the time:

“Remarkable coincidence. On Monday, April 18, being at table from 6:30 P. M. to 7:30, with —— and —— [the two ladies of my household], I told them of the case of ‘trial of battel’ offered by Abraham Thornton in 1817. I mentioned his throwing down his glove, which was not taken up by the brother of his victim, and so he had to be let off, for the old law was still in force. I mentioned that Abraham Thornton was said to have come to this country, ‘and I added he may be living near us for aught that I know.’ I rose from the table and found an English letter waiting for me, left while I sat at dinner. I copy the first portion of this letter.

“‘20 Alfred Place West (Near Museum),

“‘South Kensington, London, S. W.,

“‘April 7, 1887.

“‘Dr. O. W. Holmes,—Dear Sir: In traveling the other day I met with a reprint of the very interesting case of Thornton for murder, 1817. The prisoner pleaded successfully the old Wager of Battel. I thought you would like to read the account, and send it with this. . . . —Yours faithfully,

“‘FRED. RATHBONE.’”

Mr. Rathbone is a well-known dealer in old Wedgwood and eighteenth-century art. As a friend of my hospitable entertainer, M. Willett, he had shown me many attentions in England, but I was not expecting any communication from him; and when, fresh from my conversation, I found this letter just arrived by mail and left while I was at table, and on breaking the seal read what I had a few moments before

been telling, I was greatly surprised, and immediately made a note of the occurrence, as given above.

I had long been familiar with all the details of this celebrated case, but had not referred to it, so far as I can remember, for months or years. I know of no train of thought which led me to speak of it on that particular day. I had never alluded to it before in that company, nor had I ever spoken of it with Mr. Rathbone. . . .

The case I have given is, I am confident, absolutely free from every source of error. I do not remember that Mr. Rathbone had communicated with me since he sent me a plentiful supply of mistletoe a year ago last Christmas. The account I received from him was cut out of *The Sporting Times* of March 5, 1887. My own knowledge of the case came from Kirby's *Wonderful Museum*, a work presented to me at least thirty years ago. I had not looked at the account, spoken of it, nor thought of it for a long time, when it came to me by a kind of spontaneous generation, as it seemed, having no connection with any previous train of thought that I was aware of. I consider the evidence of entire independence, apart from possible "telepathic" causation, completely waterproof, air-tight, incombustible, and unassailable.

## A "HAUNTED" HOUSE <sup>1</sup>

(STEPHEN PHILLIPS)

Stephen Phillips (1868-1915), British poet and dramatist, was born near Oxford, England, was six years an actor, then a teacher of history, and finally an author. From 1912 he edited the *Poetry Review*. He wrote *Christ in Hades* and other volumes of poems, besides blank-verse plays, of which *Paolo and Francesca* is reckoned the best.

The following, though proximately found as a cable-message to an American newspaper, purports to be, and stylistically impresses one as probably being, the poet's own language. It appears that Phillips had recently leased a house in Egham, near Windsor.

I went there for peace and quiet, and yet, although many people knew my purpose, nobody had the pluck to tell me that the place had the reputation of being haunted. We found it out pretty quickly ourselves, my household and I. No sooner had we been installed in the place than the uncanniest noises conceivable beset us. There were knockings and rappings, footfalls, soft and loud; hasty, stealthy hurryings and scurryings and sounds as of a human creature being chased

<sup>1</sup> New York *Herald*, July 24, 1904.

and caught and then strangled or choked. Doors banged and were opened and closed unaccountably as if by unseen hands. I would be sitting quietly in the study writing when the door would open soundlessly. That in itself is enough in the dead of night to a man with his imagination aflame. It was susceptible of explanation, however. "It is only a bit of a draught," I would say to myself, as I held my breath and watched, but draughts do not turn door handles, and on my life the handle would turn as the door opened, and there was no hand visible.

This happened repeatedly. All the household heard sounds and experienced the same sensations.

My little daughter reported having seen a little old man creeping about the house, but there was no such person to be found. . . .

According to common report and local tradition, an old farmer strangled a child fifty years ago in the vicinity of our house at Egham. This tradition I learned, mind you, after and not before our experiences.

If there really is a ghost on the prowl it explains a lot.

Needless to say, we threw up our lease of the residence and got out of it like a shot. The servants left so precipitately that they did not even take their boxes, so you may imagine how scared they were. The house has not had another tenant since, and I learned that before my advent it rarely, if ever, was occupied.

As a man of reasonable intellect I am open to accept any feasible explanation of our experiences. Indeed, as the house continues "To let" and is still reported to be haunted, I should be quite glad if some respectable body such as the Psychical Research Society would endeavor to clear the matter up.

## A POET'S VISUAL HALLUCINATIONS <sup>1</sup>

(PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY)

Shelley (1792-1822) has been called "the supreme poet of the new era which, beginning with the French Revolution, remains continuous into our own day."<sup>2</sup> In spite of his defects, more noticeable in the long poems, in the lyrics, such as his *Ode to a Skylark*, "the rapture, the music and the emotion are in exquisite balance, and the work has often as much of delicate simplicity as of fragile and flower-like perfection."

<sup>1</sup> *Shelley Memorials*, edited by Lady Shelley (Boston, 1859), 207-8.

<sup>2</sup> The quoted sentences are by W. M. Rosetti in *Encyclopædia Britannica* (13th Edition).

The Shelleys, in the spring of 1822, took up residence on the shore of the Bay of Spezzia.

One night, loud cries were heard issuing from the saloon. The Williamses rushed out of their room in alarm; Mrs. Shelley also endeavored to reach the spot but fainted at the door. Entering the saloon the Williamses found Shelley staring horribly into the air and evidently in a trance. They waked him, and he related that a figure wrapped in a mantle came to his bedside, and beckoned him. He must have risen in his sleep, for he followed the imaginary figure into the saloon, when it lifted the hood of its mantle, ejaculated "*Siete sodis fatto?*" [Are you satisfied] and vanished.

Again, on May 6, one evening, he was looking from his terrace down at the surf, cried out,

recovered after some time and declared that he saw, as plainly as he then saw me, a naked child (Allegra, who had recently died<sup>1</sup>) rise from the sea and clasp its hands as in joy smiling at him.

Lady Shelley does not hint that she ascribes any significance to these incidents. Nor, I think, have we on record any *opinion* of Shelley's regarding them, although they produced a profound effect upon his emotions. The psychoanalyst may find a symbol of some complex in the "nightmare," and imagination plus sympathy with Byron may have painted a picture of Allegra on the surf, or, on the other hand, the sea may have furnished the "crystal" for a scryer's vision. But it is a fact that not long after the vision or fearfully vivid dream of the beckoning figure in that house by the Bay of Spezzia, and only two months after the vivid impression of seeing a joyous child (who had recently died) rising from the sea, Shelley was drowned in that same bay.

## DÆMON OF AN ITALIAN POET

(TORQUATO TASSO)

Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto and Tasso (1544-1595) are reckoned the four leading poets of the Italian language. Tasso was famous at the age of eight for his intellectual precocity. His greatest work was *Gerusalemme Liberata* (Jerusalem Delivered), and it ran through

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<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Lord Byron.



seven editions within six months, although its author derived not one centesimo of profit from it. It has been translated into many languages, and is regarded as one of the great epical works of post-classical ages.

Tasso is a person around whom suspicion darkly gathers, for he was "subject to delusions" and kept in an asylum for seven years. But there is constructive insanity as there is constructive crime. As the record goes, John Bunyan, and many another upright man, was a criminal. Lombroso not only would have agreed with Porcius Festus that St. Paul was mad, but with him the very fact of genius raised the presumption of insanity. Whether Tasso was insane at one period, or only "different," I doubt if it can now be certainly determined. As reported, some of his visions and other experiences do have a pathological appearance. He became a pronounced neurasthenic and quite likely a paranoiac. But he seems to have retained a keen ability to reason. And if insanity ever confers, *per se*, clairvoyant or previsionary powers, it is well that we should ascertain the fact, which would be a supernormal one, for all that. The two might, at all events, coexist.

One passage in Milman's biography of Tasso<sup>1</sup> is worth transferring. He is relying on the authority, and in part quoting, from Manso, Tasso's friend, host and biographer.

Tasso had other still stranger associates, and took part in conversation of a yet abstruser and more mysterious nature. Here at least it was, in the old gloomy hall of the Castle Bisaccio, with the split pine-logs blazing gloriously on the hearth, that after reviewing events of the day's sport, and partaking of the Marquis's pleasant wine, and listening perhaps for a while to the merry song and music, as they wheeled themselves round to the fire to enjoy a more private conversation, Tasso would affirm that he had continued communings with a spirit. It was not, he was sure, an evil spirit, as it conversed with him frequently on religious subjects, and urged and persuaded him to piety and devotion; further, it often named the holiest names, and everyone knows that fiends could not do this, and that in the *Inferno* of the *Divine Comedia* the holiest name is never mentioned, in accordance with this opinion, and it revered the Cross, and the relics of the saints, and which was still more, it gave consolation and comfort, and left him cheered and strengthened, when it departed, contrary to the practice of all evil spirits.

"I, on the contrary, affirmed," says Manso, "that, nevertheless, it could not be an angel because, although he was a Christian, and a virtuous man, these favors of angelic appearances are not granted to

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<sup>1</sup> London, 1850, Vol. II, pages 203 ff.

persons of ordinary goodness, but to the perfect, and the saintly,<sup>1</sup> so that it would be arrogance to believe that this spirit was an angel, as it would be unjust to conclude it a demon. Wherefore, since it is neither angel, nor demon, while there is no other kind of spirits, it follows of necessity that this was no real spirit, but rather a delusion of the imaginative faculty, really represented to him, as to many others, especially if of disordered vision, as he was." In fact Manso endeavored to convince his guest that the appearance was, in Dr. Dendy's expression, "an intensive idea."

Tasso defended the reality of his spiritual friend by observing that he always reappeared in the same form, such a form as he described in the commencement of his dialogue, *The Ambassador*, which, if he was to have such a visitor, was by no means unwelcome for him to assume, and certainly more correct than the perpetual ballet, and pleasanter than the old woman in the red cloak, or the grinning scull, or the gentleman in brown, or the noisy crowd of Nicolai, or any other of the numerous spectral intruders, whose repeated appearance under the same aspect rather invalidates this argument of Tasso, and exhausted the patience of those who had to witness them.

Tasso, moreover, maintained that if the sights and voices of which he was conscious, were mere fantastic imaginations, they would not transcend his own knowledge, since the imagination can only recall the same fantasies, or the same realities, which the memory has stored away in its cells from actual observation.<sup>2</sup> He, on the contrary, in the frequent and protracted discourses which he had held with this spirit, had repeatedly learned from him things which he had never heard or read or known before; whence he concludes that these visions were not the mere creations of fancy, but true and real apparitions of the spirit, which whatever the reason, chose to show himself visibly.

Thereupon Tasso said he would convince Manso, "turned his gaze toward one of the windows, and kept it fixed there a considerable time," then announced the presence of the spirit and held a very interesting and profound conversation with it. Tasso was surprised that his host could not see the spirit as well as himself, and the biographer concludes from the failure of the latter to do so, it was mere "imagination." Without knowing what the things unknown to Tasso were, which the "spirit" told him, whether truths or objective facts, or what was their nature, it is of course impossible to come to any decision on this case. But, considering the achievements of Socrates and Tasso and Josiah Quincy, it looks as though even an imaginary "dæmon" might be in some respects a good thing to have around.

<sup>1</sup> *Quod erat demonstrandum*, but was not.

<sup>2</sup> Exactly the argument of modern psychic research.

EXTRAORDINARY AUDITORY HALLUCINATION<sup>1</sup>

(BAYARD TAYLOR)

Bayard Taylor (1825-1878) published a volume of verse when only nineteen years old. He then spent two years traveling on foot in Europe, and the result was his book, *Views Afoot*. In 1847 he published *Rhymes of Travel*. He was with Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan. In 1878 he became American minister to Germany and died in Berlin the same year. His writings were formerly much read and some of his poems are still to be found in the anthologies. He tried his hand also at fiction.

Originally, Mr. Taylor related the following incident in the New York *Mercury*.

It was, perhaps, an hour past midnight, along the foothills of the Nevadas, when, as I lay with open eyes gazing into the eternal beauty of night, I became conscious of a deep, murmuring sound, like that of a rising wind. I looked at the trees; every branch was unmoved—*yet* the sound was increased, until the air of the lonely dell seemed to vibrate with its burden. A strange feeling of awe and expectancy took possession of me. Not a dead leaf stirred on the boughs; while the mighty sound—choral hymn, sung by ten thousand voices—swept down over the hills, and rolled away like retreating thunder over the plain. It was no longer the roar of the wind. As in the wandering prelude of an organ melody, note trod upon note with slow, majestic footsteps, until they gathered to a theme, and then came in the words, simultaneously chanted by an immeasurable host: *Vivant terrestria!* The air was filled with the tremendous sound, which seemed to sweep near the surface of the earth, in powerful waves, without echo or reverberation.

Suddenly, far overhead, in the depths of the sky, rang a single, clear, piercing voice of unnatural sweetness. Beyond the reach of human organs, or any human instrument, its keen alto pierced the firmament like a straight white line of electric fire. As it shot downward, gathering in force, the vast terrestrial chorus gradually dispersed into silence, and only that one unearthly sound remained. It vibrated slowly into the fragment of a melody, unlike any which had ever reached my ears—long undulating cry of victory and of joy; while the words "*Vivat Coelum!*" were repeated more and more faintly, as the voice slowly withdrew, like a fading beam of sunset, into the abysses of the stars. Then all was silent. I was undeniably awake at the time, and could recall neither fact, reflection, nor fancy of a nature

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<sup>1</sup> To be found in *Seers of the Ages*, by Dr. J. M. Peebles (New York, 1869), 225-6.

to suggest the sounds. . . . How does the faculty of the brain act, so far beyond our conscious knowledge, as to astound us with the most unexpected images? Why should it speak in the Latin tongue? How did it compose music—which would be as impossible for me as to write a Sanskrit poem?

## THE PSYCHIC STATES OF A GREAT POET <sup>1</sup>

(ALFRED TENNYSON)

Lord Tennyson (1809-1892), one of the greatest poets of the nineteenth century, was a Cambridge University graduate. He began to write when a small boy, and his reputation was established when he was twenty-four. His poetry is too familiar to need naming or description.

It may not be generally known that he was accustomed to pass into an ecstatic state and had a formula for inducing it. He says in a letter written in 1874:

I have never had any revelation through anæsthetics, but a kind of waking trance (this for want of a better term) I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently till, all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of the individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this is not a composed state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were), seeming no extinction, but the only true life. I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state was utterly beyond words?

## GROUP CENTERING AROUND THE DEATH OF HORACE TRAUBEL <sup>2</sup>

(HORACE TRAUBEL)

Horace Traubel (1858-1919) was the Boswell of Walt Whitman. He studied the latter as minutely as Samuel Johnson was studied by the Scotch laird, and as a result produced the *Diary* of several volumes. He was also author of a number of volumes of poems of the

<sup>1</sup> *Studies in Psychic Science*, by Hudson Tuttle (1889), 161.

<sup>2</sup> *Journal A. S. P. R.*, February, 1921.

Whitman type, which some of his own disciples regard as nearly equal to those of his master. He was the founder of the well-known Contemporary Club of Philadelphia.

On November 4, 1919, I wrote Mrs. Flora MacD. Denison as follows:

A gentleman present at the obsequies of the late Horace Traubel stated to me that a lady, who was the hostess of Mr. Traubel at the time of his death, related a narrative, as a part of the funeral ceremonies, of Mr. Traubel's having seen an apparition of Walt Whitman, and of another person, if I understood rightly, having been present and seen the same.

It is very possible that the story has reached me in a distorted way, but I would very much like to know what, if any, truth there is in it, and to have the narrative in full, if you would be so kind.

Mrs. Denison replied November 9, 1919, from Bon Echo, Ontario. Her remarks show commendable caution, appreciation of the importance of making immediate records and of adhering to them in any subsequent report.

I was pleased to get your letter and would at once comply with your request and relate the story of the psychic phenomena which took place during the last week in the life of Horace Traubel, but the notes which I took at the time of the happenings are all at the Big House and I am in a cottage some distance away. I am, however, going to write a story of the last days of Horace Traubel and relate what occurred and publish it in the *Sunset of Bon Echo*, a little magazine published once in a while for the Whitman Club. I will send you a copy some time next spring or if you really wish it sooner I could send you typed copy as soon as I get it in shape. Professor Hyslop may remember me as the author of *Mary Melville*, and whom he met at the home of Dr. Garrett in Toronto, seventeen or eighteen years ago. If I can find a first copy of *The Sunset* I will send it to Dr. Hyslop. I do not trust to my memory when writing psychic phenomena because I find one cannot depend on oneself and will unconsciously color, forget or vary the story with one's mood, so as each succeeding incident occurred with Horace (who, by the way, was not an enthusiastic believer in psychical research) I wrote it down almost immediately. I see no reason for withholding the story from the public, as it was Mrs. Traubel herself who requested me to tell it at Horace's funeral ceremony in New York.

On May 17, 1920, Mrs. Denison sent the April-May issue of a magazine entitled *The Sunset of Bon Echo*, together with a letter in

which she says, "I have given the story without any coloring whatever."

An article in the magazine entitled, "Horace Traubel," by Flora MacDonald (Mrs. Denison) gives an account of Mr. Traubel's last days, which were spent at Bon Echo, Mrs. Denison being his hostess. One of the incidents was the dedication of what was known as The Rock, a bluff some two miles in length and three or four hundred feet high at its highest elevation, to the memory of Walt Whitman. It appears that a crag somewhere on the rock presents the appearance of an "Egyptian head," but there is no intimation of any resemblance to the bewhiskered and un-Egyptian head of Walt Whitman himself, and any theory that his profile played a part, by way of suggestion, in the incidents to be narrated would seem to be far fetched.

The pertinent extracts from the article follow:

Frank Bain talked of going on the 29th. All day on August 28th Horace was very low spirited. Anne's illness and the going of the Bains was too much for him. Mildred was with him a good deal and we decided not to leave him a minute. He had been brought in from the veranda but absolutely radiant. "Look, Look, Flora; quick, quick, he is going." "What, where, Horace, I do not see any one."

"Why, just over the rock Walt appeared, head and shoulders and hat on in a golden glory—brilliant and splendid. He reassured me—beckoned to me, and spoke to me. I heard his voice but did not understand all he said, only 'Come on.'" Frank Bain soon came and he repeated the story to him. All the rest of the evening Horace was uplifted and happy. So often Horace would say, "Do not despise me for my weakness," but now he was quite confident, even jocular, as I handed him a drink. "The Lord may be able to make better water, but I don't believe he ever did." . . .

On the night of September 3, Horace was very low. I stayed for a few hours with him, once his eyes rolled, I thought he was dying, but he just wanted me to turn him. As I did he listened and seemed to hear something. Then he said, "I hear Walt's voice, he is talking to me." I said, "What does he say." He said, "Walt says come on, come on." After a time he said, "Flora, I see them all about me, Bob and Bucke and Walt and the rest." Then he laughed and told me the story about Ingersoll writing to Walt, "May the Lord love you, but not too soon."

To Anne he said jokingly, even though too weak to hold the glass, "Home, sweet Home."

I telegraphed for Nathan Mendelssohn, hoping against hope that Horace could be moved. He arrived September 4. On September 5 I stayed with Horace while Anne had dinner and went for a walk with Nathan. He had great difficulty breathing. He said, "Flora, I wish to God I was dead." I said, "Yes, Horace, you want to give up your

body, but that won't make you dead." He laughed. "No, I won't be dead even when I am dead." Then a hard breath and he said, "Flora, what does it all mean?" "I do not know." He said, "But, Flora, what is to become of me?" I said, "Why, Horace, you are all right here with your friends and Anne." "Yes, yes, but why is it so hard to die." I spoke of Walt's waiting for him and he said, "Yes, yes."

September 6, Nathan left Horace sinking, Anne constantly by his side. "You're triumphant, Horace, you've affected the ages, no regrets, Horace, no regrets." Anne asked for Col. Cosgrave to come in and he took the seat by his side.

At 11:30 Anne came into my room just next to theirs and asked me to go out on the north veranda. The moon was partly clouded and old Walt was in the shadow, but the sky was bright back of it. The water was black and still, reflecting the darker rock. Near the end a point of water rippled and Anne said, "Do you see a white boat?" I saw something white and I looked intently to make sure, two distinct lights appeared in either end of the phantom boat. Anne said, "Yes, he's aboard, even his lips no longer respond to the moistened cloth I hold to them."

We came south along the east veranda and, looking up into the sky, a huge eagle was circling round and round. I referred to Ingersoll calling Whitman an eagle soaring above the theological chic-a-dees and sparrows. Anne did not seem sure of its being an eagle, but it screamed its eagle scream and flew away into the bright moonlight. Col. Cosgrave had been with Horace in the afternoon and had seen Walt on the opposite side of the bed and felt his presence. Then Walt passed through the bed and touched the Colonel's hand, which was in his pocket. The contact was like an electric shock. Horace was also aware of Walt's visible presence, and said so. There was no gloom about the house. No one seemed depressed. A feeling of triumph, of pride and of exultation permeated the atmosphere.

It was obviously desirable to get a first-hand statement from Col. Cosgrave and accordingly a letter was addressed to him requesting such statement as he cared to make. His reply, written from 209 Balmoral Ave., Toronto, was received about June 1, 1920.

MR. WALTER F. PRINCE, . . .

With reference to your communication of May 25, in connection with the psychical occurrences connected with the passing of Horace Traubel I hereby state as follows:

During the months of August and September, 1919, I was in close touch with Mr. Horace Traubel, well known for his numerous writings and spiritual plane of thought; previous to that time I had not known him personally, nor had I a deep knowledge of the works and ideals of Whitman, this I state to show that my mind, conscious or subconscious,

had been engrossed in their works or beliefs, in addition, my long service in France with the Canadian forces, practically continually in the advanced lines from January, 1915, to the Armistice, had, naturally, made me familiar with the presence of death and the atmosphere around the dying, though imbuing me with natural reverence, created no unusual tension or emotional excitement such as is common to those unfamiliar with death, this is also stated to indicate that I was in a normal condition when the occurrence took place to which Mrs. Denison alludes, and I beg to corroborate in toto the statements made by her in reference to myself. Briefly, it was as follows: During the three nights previous to the passing of Horace Traubel, I had remained at his bedside, throughout the latter hours of darkness, momentarily expecting the end, my thoughts at all times were very clear and spiritual, owing to the quietude of the surroundings, the close touch of nature and the peculiar clean magnetism that seemed to surround this remarkable selfless man, who had given his whole life to the service of humanity, I had felt this curious spirituality surrounding but few great people, and never with ordinary beings.

During this long watch, Horace Traubel, who was suffering from paralysis and debility, was without visible pain, and semi-conscious, unable to articulate owing to paralysis of the tongue. His eyes, however, which were remarkably brilliant and expressive, gave us the clue to the majority of his needs. On the last night, about 3 A. M., he grew perceptibly weaker, breathing almost without visible movement, eyes closed and seemingly comatose, he stirred restlessly after a long period, and his eyes opened, staring towards the further side of the bed, his lips moved, endeavoring to speak, I moved his head back, thinking he needed more air, but again it moved away, and his eyes remained rivetted on a point some three feet above the bed, my eyes were at last drawn irresistibly to the same point in the darkness, as there was but a small shaded night lamp behind a curtain on the further side of the room. Slowly the point at which we were both looking grew gradually brighter, a light haze appeared, spread until it assumed bodily form, and took the likeness of Walt Whitman, standing upright beside the bed, a rough tweed jacket on, an old felt hat upon his head and his right hand in his pocket, similar to a number of his portraits, he was gazing down at Traubel, a kindly, reassuring smile upon his face, he nodded twice as though reassuringly, the features quite distinct for at least a full minute, then gradually faded from sight. My eyes turned back to Traubel, who remained staring for almost another minute, when he also turned away, his features remarkably clear of the strained expression they had worn all evening, and he did not move again until his death, two hours later. I reported the occurrence to Mrs. Denison, who entered the facts in her diary at once, as she had records of several other psychic phenomena to date. I am thoroughly convinced of the exactness of the above statements, and did not regard it as extraordi-



nary, owing to the fact that I had experienced similar phenomena at crucial moments during heavy casualties in France.

[Signed] LT.-COL. L. MOORE COSGRAVE,  
Late Can. Forces.

Thereupon, June 8, I wrote to Mrs. Denison, calling to her attention that Col. Cosgrave's letter said nothing about Traubel's having himself said that he saw Walt Whitman, and nothing of the apparition passing through the bed and touching the Colonel's hand with the sensation of an "electric shock." I asked how she explained the discrepancies. She sent my letter on to Col. Cosgrave, who on June 21 wrote me again, supplying the facts he had inadvertently omitted from his first letter.

With reference to my last communication *re* the events connected with the appearance of Walt Whitman during the last days of Horace Traubel at Bon Echo, I have received a letter from Mrs. Denison, together with your enclosure of the 8th inst., and I hereby beg to add my confirmation of the facts stated *re* the close of the incident when Walt Whitman appeared to me. Unfortunately, I have mislaid my notes *re* the occurrence until recently and I find that the facts are as related by Mrs. Denison, in amplification of my previous letter.

Walt Whitman, towards the end of his appearance, while Horace and I were gazing at him, moved closer to Horace from the further side of the bed, as Horace from weakness was forced to allow his head to roll back to a frontal position, and said, "There is Walt." At the same moment, Walt passed apparently through the bed towards me, and appeared to touch my hand, as though in farewell, I distinctly felt it, as though I had touched a low electric charge, he then smiled at Horace, and passed from sight. This occurred on September 6, two days before Traubel's death, which were [passed] in a coma, and paralysis, he being unable to articulate, though his eyes were full of unspoken messages, and he was apparently seeing many other things which we could not vision. Trusting that this will clear up the matter, I remain. . . .

[Signed] L. MOORE COSGRAVE.

The exhibits close with the extract from Mrs. Denison's diary contained in her letter of June 15.

I copy from the notes taken by me on September 6.

"Colonel Cosgrave had been with him in the afternoon and had seen Walt on the opposite side of the bed and pass through the bed and placed his hand on his which was in his pocket and felt his presence like an electric shock. Walt also was seen by Horace and he said so to the Colonel and afterwards to me.—" I am sending your letter on to Colo-

nel Cosgrave—I could not trust my memory because one so soon forgets, colors, adds to or takes from—not intentionally, but just because our minds are mixed with facts and imagination.

[Signed] FLORA MACD. DENISON.

To some it may at first appear as incomprehensible, and furnishing an insuperable difficulty that Col. Cosgrave should have omitted from his narrative sent the Society two of the most important particulars of the incident asserted to have occurred. And indeed it would have been suspicious if, after the lapse of nine months, a second narrative had for the first time *included* those particulars, without any original contemporaneous record to support them. This would indeed have appeared to be a case of those “accretions” of which we hear so much. There is no question that types of mind exist which are liable to these accretions, glosses and remodelings with the lapse of time and in the course of successive retellings. But, as I have before had occasion to observe and illustrate, there is another type of mind, of a scrutinizing and critical character, somewhat averse to the rehearsal of uncanny events, which seems subject to the opposite liability. Probably often for the very reason that there is something about the event not quite pleasing because of its “occult” character, the vividness more or less rapidly fades from memory and important particulars slip from view at the moment of narration, though still latent in consciousness. This fact is strikingly and even strangely illustrated in Cosgrave’s first statement, which places the apparition incident on the last night of Traubel’s life, whereas his second makes it two days earlier. But for three extraneous facts, this singular discrepancy would quite destroy the credit of his testimony. These facts are: (1) Mrs. Denison set down in her diary Cosgrave’s testimony on September 6, when the incident really occurred, (2) Cosgrave made notes by which he refreshed his memory and corrected his odd error as to the date, (3) Mrs. Cosgrave says that Traubel told her on September 6 that he had seen Whitman.

## A VERIDICAL APPARITION LEADS TO THE WRITING OF A FAMOUS PLAY

(DAVID BELASCO)

Everyone knows about this eminent dramatist and theatrical producer, born in 1859 and still active. He is now owner and manager of Belasco Theatre in New York City. Among the many successful plays

of his own composition, "The Return of Peter Grimm" takes high rank, and in it David Warfield, in the character of Grimm, both as flesh and as spirit, gained a part of his fame.

In a booklet issued by Belasco, with the same title as this play, he makes the following statement:

My mother convinced me that the dead come back by coming to me at the time of her death. One night, after a long, exhausting rehearsal, I went to bed, worn out, in my Newport home, and fell at once into a deep sleep. Almost immediately, however, I was awakened and attempted to rise, but could not, and was then greatly startled to see my dear mother (whom I knew to be in San Francisco) standing close by me. As I strove to speak and to sit up she smiled at me a loving, reassuring smile, spoke my name—the name she called me in my boyhood—"Davy, Davy, Davy," then, leaning down, seemed to kiss me; then drew away a little and said: "Do not grieve. All is well and I am happy;" then moved toward the door and vanished.

The next day I related the incident to my family and expressed the conviction that my mother was dead. A few hours later (I was still directing rehearsals of "Zozz") I went to luncheon during a recess, with a member of my staff, who handed me some letters and telegrams which he had brought from the box-office of the theatre. Among them was a telegram telling me that my darling mother had died the night before, at about the time I had seen her in my room. Later I learned that just before she died she roused herself, smiled, and three times murmured, "Davy, Davy, Davy."

I am aware that such experiences as this are, by some, explained on a theory of what they call "thought transference," but such explanation, to me, is totally inadequate. I am sure that I did see her. And other experiences of a kindred nature served to confirm my knowledge that what we call supernatural is, after all, at most but supernormal. Then, after long brooding on the subject, I determined to write a play, in terms of what I conceive to be actuality, dealing with the return of the dead.

## DEFINITE PREMONITION BY VISUAL HALLUCINATION

(BEN JONSON; WILLIAM DRUMMOND, GUARANTOR)

Although, largely because of his less stilted diction and far more vivid humanistic realism, Shakespeare's star has obscured that of his contemporary Jonson (1573-1637), yet the latter in his lifetime became regarded as the literary master of the language, particularly as

a writer of plays and other verse. His tragedies were *Cataline* and *Sejanus*, and among his comedies were *Every Man in His Humour*, *Volpone* and *The Alchemist*. He was a man of learning and of great industry. He left on record a tribute of his admiration for Shakespeare (and I do not mean Bacon).

William Drummond (1585-1649), M.A. of Edinburgh University, was a leading Scotch poet of his period, a linguist, familiar with Latin, Greek, Italian, Spanish, French and Hebrew, whose work is still admired. "*The Cypress Grove* is one of the noblest prose poems in literature," says Professor Thomas Gilray, who adds, "His sonnets are still ranked immediately after Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth."<sup>1</sup>

Jonson paid Drummond a visit of at least a fortnight, and the record of their conversations was long lost but was discovered and published in 1832. It is from this that the following incident is taken.

At that tyme the pest was in London; he [Jonson] being in the country with old Cambden, he saw in a vision his eldest son, then a child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloodie cross in his forehead, as if it had been cutted with a sword, at which amazed he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Cambden's chamber to tell him; who persuaded him it was but an apprehension of his fantasie, at which he should not be disjected; in the mean tyme come then letters from his wife of the death of that boy in plague. He appeared to him (he said) of a manly shape, and of that growth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection.

## AN OUTBURST OF TALENT

(VICTORIEN SARDOU)

No dramatist of France during the latter half of the nineteenth century was more popular and successful than Sardou (1831-1908). His plays were many, and some were written specially for and acted in by Mlle. Déjazet, Sarah Bernhardt and Sir Henry Irving.

I have not traced the original place of the following utterance, found in *Light* for April 11, 1885, but there is no reason for doubting its accuracy. Sardou had many experiences which he believed due to discarnate intelligences.

Sardou, the most famous of French dramatists after Victor Hugo,

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<sup>1</sup> *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 9th edition.

is a Spiritualist, and believes that he writes his plays under spirit guidance. This may be a delusion, but what can be said of the following account of the production of an exquisite engraving of Moliere's house on copper? "Seated one day at my table," he says, "I fell into a reverie. Unconsciously I took up the graver, and impelled by secret influence, let my hand follow its own direction over that plate. The engraving you see is the result of several hours of purely mechanical toil. I could not of my own will make such a picture to save my life."

Whatever the explanation, this seems to be in the same class with the production of extraordinary literature through Mrs. Curran, who had never in thirty-three years shown any literary talent whatever; with the development by the hand of Miss Marian Spore, a dentist who had never normally shown signs of artistic talent, of painting of sufficient excellence to win the commendation of the conservative Professor Dow, former head of the art department of Teacher's College, Columbia University; with the singularly impressive organ improvisation by an actor friend of mine, Mr. Jay Wellington, who tells me that he had practically no knowledge of playing, and that the phenomenon began with his mysteriously and inwardly impelled purchase of a particular instrument; and with the almost faultless drawing of exquisite conventionalized flowers and foliage many years ago by a young woman who could do such work only during a single season, samples of whose drawings, given by her sister, Mrs. Helen A. Perry, through me to the A. S. P. R., are still in the archives of that Society. In these and several other cases known to me of the same class, though not all striking in the same degree, the subjects of the apparently suddenly created or singularly heightened powers all had either accompanying "messages" or strong inward convictions that their gifts were of occult origin. This fact is, of course, not determinative, but the unanimity is interesting and is in itself not entirely without weight.

## NOVELISTS

### RECURRENT SYMBOLICAL PREMONITORY DREAM <sup>1</sup>

(WILLIAM FREND DE MORGAN)

William De Morgan (1838-1916) was for the most of his life known as an artist in the making of pottery, and a discoverer and reviver of processes in that art. But his fame today mostly rests on his novels, the first of which was written at the age of sixty-seven. However, he had the gift of fluent and graphic writing when young. During the last years of his life he wrote *Joseph Vance*, *Alice-for-Short*, *Somehow Good*, and four other stories, most of them of more than usual length.

It will be remembered that De Morgan had noticed that a particular type of dream came to him with unfailing regularity before a death took place in his family—a dream of his early home in Camden Street, entirely unremarkable save that throughout his life its recurrence proved the inevitable precursor of some bereavement. One night he dreamed it with extreme vividness, but no ill-tidings followed, and he had forgotten the occurrence when, some weeks later, he learnt that, at the date when he had been visited by the dream, his brother Edward had been killed by a fall from his horse in South Africa. On another occasion the dream came to him indistinctly, and, after a similar lapse of time, he heard of the death in Africa of the infant son of that same brother.

### RECIPROCAL AUDITORY HALLUCINATION <sup>2</sup>

(WILLIAM AND EVELYN DE MORGAN)

On another occasion an incident happened which seemed full of ominous import. Evelyn, walking along Kensington High Street one afternoon, when nearly opposite the station, distinctly heard her husband's voice call "Yoicks"—a word by which they were in the habit

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<sup>1</sup> *William De Morgan and His Wife*, by A. M. W. Stirling (Henry Holt & Co., N. Y., 1922), 355.

<sup>2</sup> *William De Morgan and His Wife*, by A. M. W. Stirling (Henry Holt & Co., N. Y., 1922), 354-55.

of hailing each other. She turned round, startled, expecting to see him; but he was nowhere in sight. Yet so vivid was the impression that, although she had an engagement in the opposite direction, she returned home, feeling perturbed lest anything had happened to him. He, however, was not in the house; but later in the afternoon he appeared, likewise looking distressed and anxious. "I want to know," he questioned at once, "were you in the neighborhood of High Street Station this afternoon?" "Yes," she replied, full of curiosity, "why do you ask?" "Because I was bicycling past the station, and I distinctly heard you call 'Yoicks!' I got off my bicycle and looked for you everywhere, but I could not see you." "What time was that?" asked Evelyn. "Six o'clock." "And I went past the station at four, and heard *you* call!" she replied. As an instance of possible telepathy the episode was curious; in its absence of sequel it remained pointless.

### THE NOVELIST HEARS RAPS <sup>1</sup>

(WILLIAM DE MORGAN)

While living in Cheyne Row, the De Morgans had for many years a young servant who exhibited peculiar mediumistic powers, and who was much in request at their experiments in this connection. Anxious to avoid all possible chance of trickery, William once jestingly begged the "spirits" to transfer the rapping from the table at which they were seated to a cupboard on the other side of the room. This promptly took place, all subsequent raps sounding loudly from that isolated article of furniture. It may be added that the servant-girl in question died of consumption at the age of twenty-seven, and for three years before her death all mediumship deserted her; although she was on one occasion offered ten pounds by a visitor to exhibit her former powers, she was entirely unable to do so.

### PREVISIONARY DREAM <sup>2</sup>

(CHARLES DICKENS)

Charles Dickens (1812-1870) was, of course, in the front ranks of novelists of every period and nation. Despite all the criticisms to which his works are justly liable, the fact remains that few persons

<sup>1</sup> *William De Morgan and His Wife*, by A. M. W. Stirling (Henry Holt & Co., N. Y., 1922), 108.

<sup>2</sup> *Forster's Life of Charles Dickens* (London, 1874), III, 484-85.

escape, at some period of their lives, passing under the spell of his imaginative genius, and that no writer of English fiction has created so many characters which stand as types of human characteristics. More people, probably, read *Pickwick Papers* every year now than read it, ninety years ago, when it first took England by storm, and *David Copperfield* remains one of the monuments of English literature.

On May 30, 1863, Dickens wrote:

Here is a curious case at first-hand. On Thursday night in last week, being at my office here, I dreamed that I saw a lady in a red shawl with her back toward me (whom I supposed to be E.). On her turning round I found that I didn't know her, and she said, "I am Miss Napier." All the time I was dressing next morning I thought: What a preposterous thing to have so very distinct a dream about nothing! and why Miss Napier? for I never heard of any Miss Napier. That same Friday night, I read. After the reading, came into my retiring-room, Mary Boyle and her brother, and *the* lady in the red shawl, whom they present as "Miss Napier." These are all the circumstances exactly told.

I can imagine the late Professor Royce<sup>1</sup> saying, thirty years ago—for I much doubt if he would have said it twenty years later—, "*In certain people, under certain exciting circumstances, there occur what I shall henceforth call PSEUDO-PRESENTIMENTS, i. e., more or less instantaneous hallucinations of memory, which make it seem to one that something which now excites or astonishes him has been prefigured in a recent dream, or in the form of some other warning,*"<sup>2</sup> although this seemingly is wholly unfounded, and although the supposed prophecy really succeeds its own fulfilment."

Apply this curious theory (which has probably not been urged for many years) to the incident just cited, and see how loosely it fits. What was there about three persons, one a stranger, coming to Dickens after he had finished a reading from his own works, to "excite" or "astonish" him, make his brain whirl and bring about a hallucination of memory, an illusion of having dreamed it all before? It was the most commonplace event to him. Besides, as in most such cases, he had the distinct recollection of his thoughts about the dream on waking, thoughts inextricably interwoven with the acts performed while dressing! Again, a "pseudo-presentiment" should tally with the event as a reflection does with the object, but in the dream Miss Napier introduced herself, yet in reality was introduced by another.

<sup>1</sup> See *Proceedings* of the first A. S. P. R., March, 1889, p. 366.

<sup>2</sup> Type as in the original.



## A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE

(CHARLES DICKENS)

The story is told, with extraordinary accessories, elsewhere, but I give only what is stated on the authority of the authorized biographer.<sup>1</sup>

Dickens published a ghost-story in the 125th number of *All the Year Round*, which before its publication both Mr. Layard and myself saw at Gadshill, and identified as one related to Lord Lytton. It was published in September, and in a day or two led to what Dickens will relate. "The artist himself who is the hero of that story (to Lord Lytton, 15th of September, 1861) has sent me in black and white his own account of the whole experience, so very original, so very extraordinary, so very far beyond the version I have published, that all other like stories turn pale before it . . . but conceive this—the portrait-painter has been engaged to write it elsewhere for a story for next Christmas, and not unnaturally supposed, when he saw himself anticipated in *All the Year Round*, that there had been treachery at his printers. 'In particular,' says he, 'how else was it possible that the date, the 13th of September, could have been got at? For I never told the date, until I wrote it.' Now *my* story has NO DATE, but seeing, when I looked over the proof, the great importance of having *a* date, I [C. D.] wrote in, unconsciously, the exact date on the margin of the proof."<sup>2</sup>

HOW DID KNOWLEDGE OF THE DOG'S DISASTER  
REACH HIM?

(SIR RIDER HAGGARD)

Henry Rider Haggard (1856- ) is well known as the author of *King Solomon's Mines*, *Allen Quarterman*, *She*, *Jess*, and some twenty other novels, some of which have had an immense sale.

His story was first printed in the (London) *Times* and afterward, with fuller corroborative material, in *Proceedings S. P. R.* (XXXIII, 219-231).

Ditchingham, July 16, [1904].

Perhaps you will think with me that the following circumstances are worthy of record, if only for their scientific interest. It is princi-

<sup>1</sup> Forster's *Life of Dickens*, III, 483-4.

<sup>2</sup> For Alexander Dumas, see page 33 note.

pally because of this interest that, as such stories should not be told anonymously, after some hesitation I have made up my mind to publish them over my own name, although I am well aware that by so doing I may expose myself to a certain amount of ridicule and disbelief.

On the night of Saturday, July 9, I went to bed about 12:30, and suffered from what I took to be a nightmare. I was awakened by my wife's voice calling to me from her own bed upon the other side of the room. As I awoke, the nightmare itself, which had been long and vivid, faded from my brain. All I could remember of it was a sense of awful oppression and of desperate and terrified struggling for life such as the act of drowning would probably involve. But between the time that I heard my wife's voice and the time that my consciousness answered to it, or so it seemed to me, I had another dream. I dreamed that a black retriever dog, a most amiable and intelligent beast named Bob, which was the property of my eldest daughter, was lying on its side among brushwood, or rough growth of some sort, by water. My own personality in some mysterious way seemed to me to be arising from the body of the dog, which I knew quite surely to be Bob and no other, so much so that my head was against its head, which was lifted up at an unnatural angle. In my vision the dog was trying to speak to me in words, and, failing, transmitted to my mind in an undefined fashion the knowledge that it was dying. Then everything vanished, and I woke to hear my wife asking me why on earth I was making those horrible and weird noises. I replied that I had had a nightmare about a fearful struggle, and that I had dreamed that old Bob was in a dreadful way, and was trying to talk to me and to tell me about it. Finally, seeing that it was still quite dark, I asked what the time was. She said she did not know, and shortly afterwards I went to sleep again and was disturbed no more.

On the Sunday morning Mrs. Rider Haggard told the tale at breakfast, and I repeated my story in a few words. This I need not do here, as the annexed statements set out what occurred quite clearly.

Thinking that the whole thing was nothing more than a disagreeable dream, I made no inquiries about the dog and never learned even that it was missing until that Sunday night, when my little girl, who was in the habit of feeding it, told me so. At breakfast time, I may add, nobody knew that it was gone, as it had been seen late on the previous evening. Then I remembered my dream, and the following day inquiries were set on foot.

To be brief, on the morning of Thursday, the 14th, my servant, Charles Bedingfield, and I discovered the body of the dog floating in the Wavenay against a weir about a mile and a quarter away. The two certificates of the veterinary surgeon, Mr. Mullane, are enclosed herewith. They sufficiently describe its condition.

On Friday, the 15th, I was going into Bungay to offer a reward for the discovery of the persons who were supposed to have destroyed

the dog in the fashion suggested in Mr. Mullane's first certificate, when at the level crossing of the Bungay road I was hailed by two plate-layers, who are named respectively George Arterton and Harry Alger. These men informed me that the dog had been killed by a train, and took me on a trolley down to a certain open-work bridge which crosses the water between Ditchingham and Bungay, where they showed me evidence of its death. This is the sum of their evidence:

It appears that about seven o'clock upon the Monday morning, very shortly after the first train had passed, in the course of his duties Harry Alger was on the bridge, where he found a dog's collar torn off and broken by the engine (since produced and positively identified as that worn by Bob), coagulated blood, and bits of flesh, of which remnants he cleaned the rails. On search also I personally found portions of black hair from the coat of a dog. On the Monday afternoon and subsequently his mate saw the body of the dog floating in the water beneath the bridge, whence it drifted down to the weir, it having risen with the natural expansion of gases, such as, in this hot weather, might be expected to occur within about forty hours of death. It would seem that the animal must have been killed by an excursion train that left Ditchingham at 10:25 on Saturday night, returning empty from Harleston a little after eleven. This was the last train which ran that night. No trains run on Sunday, and it is practically certain that it cannot have been killed on the Monday morning, for then the blood would have been still fluid. Also, men who were working around when the 6:30 train passed must have seen the dog on the line (they were questioned by Alger at the time and had seen nothing), and the engine-driver in broad daylight would also have witnessed and made a report of the accident, of which in a dark night he would probably know nothing. Further, if it was living, the dog would almost certainly have come home during Sunday, and its body would not have risen so quickly from the bottom of the river, or presented the appearance it did on Thursday morning. From traces left upon the piers of the bridge it appears that the animal was knocked or carried along some yards by the train and fell into the brink of the water where reeds grow. Here, if it were still living,—and, although the veterinary thinks that death was practically instantaneous, its life may perhaps have lingered for a few minutes,—it must have suffocated and sunk, undergoing, I imagine, much the same sensations as I did in my dream, and in very similar surroundings to those that I saw therein—namely, amongst a scrubby growth at the edge of water.

Both in a judicial and a private capacity I have been accustomed all my life to the investigation of evidence, and, if we may put aside our familiar friend, "the long arm of coincidence," which in this case would surely be strained to dislocation, I confess that that available upon this matter forces me to the following conclusions:

The dog Bob, between whom and myself there existed a mutual

attachment, either at the moment of his death, if his existence can conceivably have been prolonged till after one in the morning, or, as seems more probable, about three hours after that event, did succeed in calling my attention to its actual or recent plight by placing whatever portion of my being is capable of receiving such impulses when enchained by sleep, into its own terrible position. That subsequently, as that chain of sleep was being broken by the voice of my wife calling me back to a normal condition of our human existence, with some last despairing effort, while that indefinable part of me was being slowly withdrawn from it (it will be remembered that in my dream I seemed to rise from the dog), it spoke to me, first trying to make use of my own tongue, and, failing therein, by some subtle means of communication whereof I have no knowledge, telling me that it was dying, for I saw no blood or wounds which would suggest this to my mind.

I recognize, further, that, if its dissolution took place at the moment when I dreamt, this communication must have been a form of that telepathy which is now very generally acknowledged to occur between human beings from time to time and under special circumstances, but which I have never heard of as occurring between a human being and one of the lower animals. If, on the other hand, that dissolution happened, as I believe, over three hours previously—what am I to say? Then it would seem that it must have been some non-bodily but surviving part of the life or of the spirit of the dog which, so soon as my deep sleep gave it an opportunity, reproduced those things in my mind, as they had already occurred, I presume, to advise me of the manner of its end or to bid me farewell.

Sir Rider Haggard adds that if the dog was killed at 6:30 Monday morning the dream was a foreshadowing, but that the evidence is overwhelming against that supposition.

Added statements: (1) That by Mrs. Haggard, to the effect that she woke her husband, and he told her of a dream "that Bob was trying to talk to him and explain that he needed help." (2) Those of two of the Haggard children, a lady relative, and his secretary, that he told of his dream at the breakfast table. (3) Three by the veterinary surgeon who examined the dog's body, testifying to the triple fracture of the dog's skull and other injuries, and to his belief that it must have been killed instantly. (4) That of linemen who found the dried blood upon the track, and gives several reasons why it must have been the train of 10:25 p. m. Saturday which struck the animal (the principal being that there were no Sunday trains and the blood was already dried when he found it Monday morning a half hour after the 6:30 train had passed). (5) That of the groom who, with his master, found the dog's body, and identified it.

There can be no doubt about the facts; now note the correspondences.

*The Dream*

That the dog *Bob*  
Was *dying*  
On *Saturday night*  
“Among *brushwood*, or *rough*  
*growth of some sort*

By *water*.”

*The Facts*

The dog *Bob*  
*Died*  
On *Saturday night*  
The marks of blood on the piles  
showed that the dog had fallen  
from the bridge among  
the *reeds*.

These reeds grow in deepish  
*water*.

The dream, however, was several hours after the fact. Yet it could hardly have been a case of deferred telepathy from the dog, for if it had not been asleep—if it had seen the train a second before hit—it would have jumped off the rails, and it seems impossible that the dog could have lived, or at least been capable of mental effort after the smashing of its skull. Surely no human being would have been wandering in a dark night on the open timber-work bridge over a river where the dog was struck; so that it is incredible that a mental message came from a person.

If the reader thinks it likely that only chance coincidences are involved, very well. If not, and one is not prepared to accept telepathy from some other dog or perhaps cat or mosquito that happened to be looking on, then there apparently remain only intangible sources to consider, the spirit of the dog, or spirit of some other being that witnessed the canine tragedy, or a reverberation of the Cosmic Consciousness (which last would mean in anthromorphic language that God told Sir Rider his dog was dead).

CONSCIOUS OF SPIRIT GUIDANCE <sup>1</sup>

(MRS. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE; JULIAN HAWTHORNE,  
GUARANTOR)

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) and Herman Melville are today by some critics regarded as the greatest of American novelists. Mrs. Hawthorne, Sophia, daughter of Dr. Nathaniel Peabody, belonged to

<sup>1</sup> *Hawthorne and His Circle*, by Julian Hawthorne, 76.

an intellectual family. One of her sisters married the great educator Horace Mann. Another, Elizabeth, knew ten languages, followed Margaret Fuller as teacher in Bronson A. Alcott's school, and wrote many books. Julian Hawthorne (1846-....) was author of a number of novels, one of which, *Garth*, appeared serially in *Harper's Magazine*.

Speaking of his mother, Julian says: "My mother always affirmed that she was conscious of her mother's presence with her on momentous occasions during the remainder of her life, that is, following her mother's death."

Of course this statement as it stands has no evidential value. But it is an interesting fact that such a woman, surrounded by such an intellectual circle, thought that she had warrant for this conviction.

## THE SIBYL'S PREDICTIONS FULFILLED <sup>1</sup>

(ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE)

This French novelist and poet (1815-1896) was very versatile, being the author of art criticism, literary criticism, satire, fiction, poetry and drama. The great tragedienne Rachel caused him to be made administrator of the Théâtre Français, which he continued to be for ten years. He then became inspector-general of works of art.

The story vouched by this eminent author concerned his own sister, who had fled before the Prussian invasion of France in 1870, and was living in a town bordering on the ocean.

One day, a sailing-trip on the ocean was proposed, but all of a sudden my sister cried: "No, I don't want to go on the sea." They demanded the reason: she recounted that once in Toulon, as she was going aboard a boat, an Italian fortune-teller had advised her to remain on the shore: "Dear lady, the sea will be bad for you." My sister gave a hundred sous to the Italian woman and passed on; but hardly were they on the sea when a gust of wind threw her into the depths, from which her companions rescued her. The next day, the fortune-teller came to the hotel of the sub-prefecture. My sister went to her, although advised not to receive her. The old sibyl looked into her eyes and predicted that the sea would be her doom.

That was why she did not wish to take refuge in England where one

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<sup>1</sup> Houssaye's *Confessions*, Tome IV, p. 425. Translation by W. F. P.

of her friends was awaiting her. Instead of a trip on the sea, they took one on solid land.

It was on October 10 that the prefect, his wife, his very young daughter, two nieces and my sister went gaily to Penmarch Point, that promontory which bristles with cyclopean rocks. Penmarch means Horse's Head, for the Britons employ language picturesque as Chateaubriand. The sea, all abysses and whirlpools, roared in the commotion of the tempest, and under the Horse's Head was the very mouth of hell. Upon the point Teul-an-Ifern, then, the prefect led these five women, young and beautiful, to witness the terrifying spectacle of the sea in fury. They were all laughing when they reached the rock, as if in a box at the opera. While they seated themselves here and there, the prefect smoked a cigar at a little distance from them, in the doorway of the studio of a marine painter. The ladies called to him to come and see the wonderful sight of the sea battling with the rocks. They had no fear, for the assaults of the billows stopped short a considerable distance below them.

The hour of departure had sounded, but my sister, charmed with the terrible beauty of the spectacle, asked five minutes of grace. All of a sudden a tremendous wave, one of those terrible waves that dart like a bolt of lightning, launched itself, scaled the rock and swept the five horror-stricken women into the sea.

The prefect, white-faced, stared at the agitated surface of the ocean, that flung a parasol in his direction. One only cry he heard: "Mother!" He dashed forward as if to battle with the waves, but already the billow had descended, carrying its harvest. And then—nothing more, nothing but the sea, which grew calmer and which chanted *De Profundis*, its bouquet of women in its bosom.

The jealous ocean guarded my sister in its depths, without casting her upon the shore. Nothing appeared, neither her slim body, nor her hair loosened by the waves, nor her parasol, nor her fan; nothing was left of her but her cry, "Mother!"

### SUPERNORMALLY CONSCIOUS OF THE DEATH OF ANOTHER WOMAN; PREMONITION OF HER OWN DEATH

(VICTOR HUGO, GUARANTOR)

Victor Hugo (1802-1885), novelist, dramatist, poet, is perhaps as great a name as any in French literature, and *Les Misérables* is by many regarded the finest novel ever written. He was not a witness of the incident which is to be related, but it is introduced because he was willing to guarantee the veracity of the woman who was the witness,

because he knew her so well that her testimony convinced *him*. This is how he tells the story.<sup>1</sup>

On the 27th of last November, an old lady named Mme. Guérin, aged sixty-six years, and living at No. 34 of Rue Fosses-du-Temple, on the fourth story, was ill of a malady which did not appear to be serious, and which the doctor called indigestion. It was 5 A. M. Her daughter, a widow named Mme. Guérard, who lived with her, had risen early, had lit her lamp, and was at work, sitting in the chimney corner near her mother's bed. "There, now!" she said, "Mme. Lanne ought to be back from the country." (This Mme. Lanne was an old woman who kept the grocery on the corner of Rue Saint Louis and Rue Saint Claude.) "I shall have to go and see her today," added Mme. Guérard. "It will do no good," said her mother. "Why so?" "Because she has been dead for an hour!" "Bah, mother! what are you saying? Are you dreaming?" "No, I am wide awake and I have not slept through the night, and as it struck four o'clock I saw Mme. Lanne pass, and she said to me: "*I am going; are you coming?*"

The daughter believed that her mother had dreamed. Daylight came; she went to see Mme. Lanne. But this woman had died in the night, at 4 A. M. The evening of the same day, Mme. Guérin was taken with a hemorrhage from the mouth. The doctor who was summoned said: "She will not last more than twenty-four hours." In fact, the next day at noon, she had another hemorrhage, and died.

I have known Mme. Guérin, and I rely on the case of Mme. Guérard, a pious and upright woman, who never told a falsehood in her life.

(Signed) VICTOR HUGO.

## A PERSISTING APPARITION

(FREDERICK MARRYAT; GUARANTOR, FLORENCE MARRYAT)

Captain Frederick Marryat (1792-1848) was the greatest English writer of novels of nautical adventure. As a midshipman he was in more than fifty naval engagements. He gained renown as a commander in the Burmese War of 1824-25. A great deal of special study went into making his twenty-four novels accurate historically and otherwise. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Florence Marryat (Mrs. Lean, 1837-1899) in her biography of the Captain, gives the story as she heard it from her father, who had the experience toward the end of his life.

<sup>1</sup> Victor Hugo's *Choses Vues*; date, December 5, 1846.



The last fifteen years of my father's life were passed on his own estate at Langham, in Norfolk, and amongst his country friends were Sir Charles and Lady Townshend, of Raynham Hall. At the time I speak of, the title and property had lately changed hands, and the new baronet had repapered, painted, and furnished the Hall throughout, and come down with his wife and a large party of friends to take possession. But to their annoyance, soon after their arrival, rumors arose that the house was haunted, and their guests began, one and all (like those in the parable), to make excuses to go home again. It was all on account of a Brown Lady, whose portrait hung in one of the bedrooms, and in which she was represented as wearing a brown satin dress with yellow trimmings, and a ruff around her throat—a very harmless, innocent-looking young woman. But they all declared they had seen her walking about the house—some in the corridor, some in their bedrooms, others in the lower premises, and neither guests nor servants would remain in the Hall. The baronet was naturally very much annoyed about it, and confided his trouble to my father, and my father was indignant at the trick he believed had been played upon him. There was a great deal of smuggling and poaching in Norfolk at that period, as he knew well, being a magistrate of the county, and he felt sure that some of these depredators were trying to frighten the Townshends away from the Hall again. So he asked his friends to let him stay with them and sleep in the haunted chamber, and he felt sure he could rid them of the nuisance. They accepted his offer, and he took possession of the room in which the portrait of the apparition hung, and in which she had been often seen, and slept each night with a loaded revolver under his pillow. For two days, however, he saw nothing, and the third was to be the limit of his stay. On the third night, however, two young men (nephews of the baronet) knocked at his door as he was undressing to go to bed, and asked him to step over to their room (which was at the other end of the corridor), and give them his opinion of a new gun just arrived from London. My father was in his shirt and trousers, but as the hour was late, and everybody had retired to rest except themselves, he prepared to accompany them as he was. As they were leaving the room, he caught up his revolver, "in case we meet the Brown Lady," he said, laughing. When the inspection of the gun was over, the young men in the same spirit declared they would accompany my father back again, "in case you meet the Brown Lady," they repeated, laughing also. The three gentlemen therefore returned in company.

The corridor was long and dark, for the lights had been extinguished, but as they reached the middle of it, they saw the glimmer of a lamp coming towards them from the other end. "One of the ladies going to visit the nurseries," whispered the young Townshends to my father. Now, the bed-room doors in that corridor faced each other, and each room had a double door with a space between, as is the case

in many old-fashioned country houses. My father (as I have said) was in a shirt and trousers only, and his native modesty made him feel uncomfortable, so he slipped within one of the *outer* doors (his friends following his example), in order to conceal himself until the lady should have passed by. I have heard him describe how he watched her approaching nearer and nearer, through the chink of the door, until, as she was close enough for him to distinguish the colors and style of her costume, he recognized the figure as the facsimile of the portrait of "The Brown Lady." He had his finger on the trigger of his revolver, and was about to demand it to stop and give the reason for its presence there, when the figure halted of its own accord before the door behind which he stood, and, holding the lighted lamp she carried to her features, deliberately grinned at him. This act so infuriated my father, who was anything but lamb-like in disposition, that he sprang into the corridor with a bound, and discharged the revolver right in her face. The figure instantly disappeared—the figure at which for the space of several minutes *three* men had been looking together—and the bullet passed through the outer door of the room on the opposite side of the corridor and lodged in the panel of the inner door. My father never attempted again to interfere with the Brown Lady, and I have heard that she haunts the premises to this day. That she did so at the time there is no shadow of doubt.

Sir Charles Townshend, proprietor of Raynham Hall, told Miss Lucia C. Stone that "I cannot but believe, for she [the Brown Lady] ushered me into my room last night." Miss Stone also reported that Colonel Loftus, a cousin of Sir Charles, saw the apparition while staying at the Hall. According to the Rev. W. P. M. M'Lean, rector of West Raynham, the apparition was seen as late as 1903.

Take the story as told by Miss Marryat. It is at second-hand, and may well contain incorrect details, but it is difficult to suppose that in the main it is not as her father told it to her.<sup>1</sup>

## "A DOUBLE OF THE LIVING" <sup>2</sup>

(SIR GILBERT PARKER, SIR HENRY BANNERMAN, SIR  
ARTHUR HAYTER)

The following story, taken from Flammarion, I hesitated to use, because there was no reference to the incident in the *Journal* of the S. P. R., although it was said to have happened in London. But since

<sup>1</sup> Miss Marryat wrote an earlier account of this incident which was published in *Harper's Weekly*, December 24, 1870. In that she gives more details, but there are

the article of May 14, containing the purported statements of Sir Gilbert Parker, was not only not contradicted, but was supported in a newspaper on May 17 by Sir Arthur Hayter, who appealed to Sir Henry Bannerman as a third witness, and no echo of any denial reached M. Flammarion, it at length dawned upon me that the silence of the *Journal* must be of the sort that spelled consent, or that at any rate it implied that nothing had transpired to warrant contradiction.

Sir Gilbert Parker (1862- . . . ) is, of course, the popular novelist, author of *The Seats of the Mighty*, *The Battle of the Strong*, *The Lane That Had No Turning*, and several more "The's." He was born in Canada and educated at Trinity College, Toronto, of which he is honorary D.C.L., being also F.R.S.C. He took up residence in England, and in 1900 was elected a member of Parliament.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, P.C., M.A., LL.D., D.L., J.P., M.P. (1836-1908), was educated at Glasgow University and Cambridge, and was constantly in Parliament from 1868, leader of the Liberals in the House of Commons for some years from 1899, and filled many offices, including Secretary to Admiralty, Chief Secretary for Ireland, Secretary for the State of War, and finally becoming Prime Minister in 1905.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Divett Hayter (1835- . . . ), educated at Oxford, P.C., M.A., J.P., D.L., M.P., served a number of years in the army, then entered Parliament, was a Lord of the Treasury and afterwards Financial Secretary at the War Office.

So far for the witnesses. The man whose "double" was seen was Frederick Carne Rasch, J.P., D.L., M.P. (1847- . . . ), a Cambridge man who had served in the army and was then in Parliament.

Flammarion assures us that the following statement appeared in the English newspaper *Empire* of May 14, 1905.<sup>3</sup>

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no substantial discrepancies. In one account she speaks of there being "a brace" of pistols under her father's pillow, in the other of "a revolver." In one she has the event "a week" after he began to sleep in the house, in the other she says it was "on the third night." Perhaps other persons conversant with the facts had in the interval between the two versions called her attention to errors; at all events they are of little importance.

In connection with the first account, Miss Marryat wrote: "While I preserve all the detail of these stories, I carefully hide the names of persons and places, lest by negligence in this respect I should wound the feelings of survivors." Hence she calls the house "Burnham Green," and its occupants "Sir Harry and Lady Bell," explaining that "these are not the real names." And she calls the apparition, "The Lady of Burnham Green." In the later account she substitutes the true name of the house, Raynham Hall, and the real names of the occupants, Sir Charles and Lady Townshend. And she now reveals that the apparition was really called "The Brown Lady."

<sup>2</sup> *Le Mort et son Mystère: Autour de la Mort*, by Flammarion (Paris, 1921), 54-5. Translation by W. F. P.

<sup>3</sup> Not having access to this paper, and retranslating from Flammarion's translation, of course my wording will somewhat vary from the original one.

Some time before the Easter parliamentary recess, Major Sir Carne Rasch had an attack of influenza, which brought about a disordered state of his nervous system. His condition became so grave as to prevent attendance in the House of Commons, despite his desire to support the Government at the evening sitting immediately preceding the vacation, and which might be of serious consequence. It was then that his friend Sir Gilbert Parker was astonished and grieved to see him near his accustomed seat. This is how Sir Gilbert expresses it.

“I wished to participate in the debate. My eyes fell on Sir Carne Rasch, seated near close to his habitual place. As I knew that he had been ill, I made him a friendly gesture and said, ‘I hope you are better.’ But he gave me no sign of response, which surprised me much. His countenance was very pale. He was seated, quietly supported by one hand; his face was impassible and severe. I pondered a moment what I had better do; when I looked in his direction again he had disappeared. I was sorry and immediately began to search for him, hoping to find him in the lobby. But Rasch was not there, and no one had seen him.”

Of course Sir Gilbert meant that no one whom he questioned had seen him. But it appears that he was not the only one to perceive the figure. M. Flammarion says:

In the *Daily News* of May 17, Sir Arthur Hayter added his testimony to that of Sir Gilbert Parker. He declared that he also had seen Sir Carne Rasch, and that, moreover, he had called the attention of Sir Henry Bannerman to his presence.

This member of Parliament [Sir Carne Rasch] was not a little surprised at receiving, soon after, the felicitations of his two friends, who congratulated him on not being dead; he appalled all his family by telling them the story of his apparition. He himself did not doubt that he had really gone in spirit to the House, for he had been very anxious to be present at a debate which particularly interested him.

This double was very real; two, three witnesses saw it.

The question arises whether it was not a case of mistaken identity. But this is a very different case from thinking one has seen a casual acquaintance in a street when it was really some one resembling him. The number of persons entitled to sit on the benches of the House of Commons is limited to 670, whereas on the streets one meets unlimited thousands. A member of Parliament meeting the same men day after day, naturally becomes more or less familiar with their faces, whereas in promiscuous crowds one sees, in the course of time, hosts of people whom he never saw before and will never see again.

Then, too, the figure identified as Sir Carne Rasch was sitting close to or near (one cannot be sure from the French translation just what the English word of Sir Gilbert Parker was) his habitual seat. An American might ask, "Why not *in* his seat?" if he thinks of the desks of members of our House of Representatives. But then he remembers that members of the House of Commons do not have individual desks, or desks at all, but sit on long benches, several to a bench, in a particular order when all are present. But often only a part are present, perhaps only one or two, in which case the member does not feel obliged to sit exactly in the spot which would be his if the bench were full. The figure identified as that of Sir Carne Rasch was sitting near or close to what would be his precise seat if the bench were fully occupied, that is, where one would expect to see him. Finally, he was not a member casually known to Sir Gilbert, but a friend. It is therefore, all things considered, not in the least likely that anyone else of the House of Commons should have seated himself where Rasch would be expected to be, and be identified by three men as Rasch. If there was such another person, who sat there and in the least resembled Rasch, why did he not come forward or some one else declare the fact, after the newspaper statements were printed? Besides, we must not forget that the figure rather unexpectedly disappeared, and Sir Gilbert, hurrying into the vestibule, could neither find it again nor find anyone there who had seen Rasch. If the figure was an apparition of the living, we hardly have to explain why only three persons saw it, as it should be well known that as a rule, when an apparition is seen by members of a company present, the majority are not capable of seeing it.

## APPARITIONAL EXPERIENCES

(ELIA W. PEATTIE)

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, of North Carolina, was important enough, as long ago as 1893, to have her portrait and biographical sketch in "this rosary of nineteenth century achievement," as Miss Frances E. Willard and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore called their book, *A Woman of the Century*. In the last *Who's Who in America*, she is shown to have had a long career as journalist, literary critic and story writer. She is author of about fifteen books.

The lady whose name is replaced by the pseudonym "Hester Carey" also appears, portrait and biographical sketch, in *A Woman of the Century*. The documents which follow tell more of her. The

name "Mrs. McKenzie" is also a pseudonym. The true names appear in the documents, which have not hitherto been published.

The following is the pertinent part of a letter by Mrs. Elizabeth Higgins, of Chicago, dated March 2, 1906:

A friend has told me of a phantasm which may interest you, and she has no objection to my telling it. She is Elia W. Peattie, a name which is, no doubt, familiar to you, one of our best known western novelists and quite a regular contributor to your Boston publications, *The Youth's Companion* and *The Atlantic*. Mrs. Peattie had a friend, Hester Carey, once a brilliant writer; but . . . [causes here assigned] changed her from a charming woman into a hopeless wreck. She was confined to the insane asylum at Elgin. In her lucid hours she longed for intellectual companionship, and she would send most piteous letters to Mrs. Peattie to visit her. Mrs. Peattie made the pilgrimage to Elgin frequently, until she felt it an experience too harrowing for her endurance. Then Mrs. Carey's mother, Mrs. McKenzie (who was in her grave for two years), appeared twice to Mrs. Peattie.

Mrs. Peattie, a staunch, high-church Episcopalian, is the most normal minded woman I have ever known; and, while of a sensitive nature, she enjoys most robust health. When she could see a phantasm in broad daylight, I feel it was *something*.

Of course, I give you Mrs. Carey's name in confidence. The unhappy woman is now dead; but, for the sake of her family, her identity must not be disclosed. She was for years a contributor to *McClure's Magazine*, the author of a successful novel, and was known as "The Poetess of ——." After the second phantasm of Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Peattie secured Mrs. Carey's release from the asylum; she brought her to her own home and kept her in the traces for three whole months, about to the time of her death, I believe. Mrs. McKenzie never appeared again.

Very sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH HIGGINS.

The present editor wrote to Mrs. Peattie in Dr. Hyslop's name, being then his assistant, to see what she remembered of her experiences. This is her reply, written in New York and dated May 9, 1919.

Your letter of inquiry concerning my curious experience with the mother of my friend Hester Carey should have been answered before this, and I beg your pardon for the delay.

Briefly, the experience was this: Mrs. McKenzie, an Irish gentlewoman, was a prized friend of mine, and her son and daughter, Edward McKenzie and Hester Carey, were among my most prized friends. Mrs. Carey, like her brother, suffered a mental breakdown—both were ex-

tremely talented, restless and unsatisfied—and was placed in the insane asylum at Elgin, Illinois. Mrs. McKenzie was then dead. Mrs. Carey had begged me to take her from the insane asylum, but her husband objected. The physician in charge had written me, however, at Mrs. Carey's request, no doubt, saying that she had reached a stage where deterioration would follow if she were not taken away from her surroundings. I wanted to take her out, but hesitated when I knew it might bring fresh suffering on her family. So, being much troubled about the matter, I was one day walking along the street at noon, on my way to do my marketing, when someone came up behind me. I did not hear this person, but I thought some one was there trying to overtake me—some neighbor—so I turned and saw standing before me for an appreciable moment, dear Mrs. McKenzie with supplication in her pleasant eyes. It was only for a second, as one might see an eidolon. I regarded it as subjective merely, though I never had had any such experience, and went on. Still I did not go to get Hester from the asylum. I do not now remember how many days passed, but only a few, when I sat working late at night in my library. I had finished at the typewriter and was sitting before the fire for a moment before going to bed when some one entered the room from the hall. I supposed it was my sister who had come to see why I worked so late, and spoke to her. I think I said: "So you've come to see what I'm doing." There was no answer and I turned, and there again, with much more anguish and supplication on her face, stood Mrs. McKenzie again. She moved this time—stepped toward me a little. I arose as I naturally would at any time if she entered the room, and she was gone. I took poor Hester out of the asylum then. But it all ended disastrously. However, she had her chance and that, I suppose, was what her mother wanted her to have.

I do not know whether I believe this was a visitation or not, or only my own impulses and distressed affections working within me. I *think* the thing happened, anyway. No other such experience has come to me, though I have the deepest of reasons now for wishing I might see one who was the center of my life and who has gone. Sometimes—often—I feel a sense of beautiful happiness and a response to my desire for communion, but it is mental merely. There is no visible figure to assure me of the presence of the dear child I have lost.

I have long been interested in your conscientious and scrupulous inquiry into evidences of continued life, and I hope it has brought you at least comparative satisfaction.

Faithfully,

ELIA W. PEATTIE.

If, as it is quite permissible to suggest, the apparition of Hester Carey's mother was a reflex from her own emotions—say her twinges of conscience in regard to her neglect of her friend, she would be still

more likely to undergo another visual hallucination when her emotions were touched more keenly, as by the death of her own child. Of course this is no absolute criterion, as, for instance, the state of health may be different at one period than at another. Still it is noteworthy that Mrs. Peattie never at any other time, before or since, saw another apparition.

From my study of cases, I do not think that the phenomenon of seeing an apparition has any recognizable relation to states of health, in most cases of sane people uninfluenced by drugs of any kind.

### “MYSTERIOUS DISTURBANCE” AT ABBOTSFORD <sup>1</sup>

(SIR WALTER SCOTT)

Scott (1771-1832) was, of course, the most popular poet of the English language at the period when *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Marmion* appeared, and the greatest novelist of his time, whose work is steeped in the history and legendary lore of Scotland. He is still eagerly read by those who can stand his fainting heroines and the bookish orations of his characters. Abbotsford, the house of the disturbance, was a castle-like structure built by Scott at immense cost and the cause of his bankruptcy and finally of his death, since he broke down in the midst of herculean literary labors for the purpose of paying his debts.

The following is from a letter by Scott to Daniel Terry, April 30, 1818:

. . . The exposed state of my house has led to a mysterious disturbance. The night before last we were awakened by a violent noise, like drawing heavy boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen, and thought no more about it. This was about two in the morning. Last night, at the same witching hour, the very same noise occurred. Mrs. Scott, as you know, is rather timbersome; so up I got, with Beardie's broadsword under my arm—

Bolt upright  
And ready to fight.

But nothing was out of order, neither can I discover what occasioned the disturbance.

[Mr. Lockhart adds:] On the morning that Mr. Terry received the

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, by J. B. Lockhart.



foregoing letter, in London, Mr. William Erskine was breakfasting with him and the chief subject of their conversation was the sudden death of George Bullock, which had occurred on the same night, and, as nearly as they could ascertain, at the very hour when Scott was roused from his sleep by the "mysterious disturbance" here described. This coincidence, when Scott received Erskine's minute detail of what had happened in Tenterdon Street (that is, the death of Bullock, who had charge of furnishing the new rooms at Abbotsford), made a much stronger impression on his mind than might be gathered from the tone of an ensuing communication.

It should be stated that Bullock besides being, of course, familiar with the interior of Abbotsford, had made himself much liked by the whole household. Scott wrote again to Terry, saying:

Were you not struck with the fantastical coincidence of our nocturnal disturbances at Abbotsford, with the melancholy event that followed? I protest to you, the noise resembled half a dozen men hard at work, putting up boards and furniture; and nothing can be more certain than that there was nobody on the premises at the time. With a few additional touches, the story would figure in Glanville or Aubrey's collection. In the meantime, you may set it down with poor Dubisson's warnings, as a remarkable coincidence coming under your own observation.<sup>1</sup>

## "INSPIRATIONAL" INCEPTION OF A GREAT NOVEL

(HARRIET BEECHER STOWE)

The Rev. Lyman Beecher and his children constituted the most extraordinary single household that America has produced. The Adams family surpasses the Beecher one in that members of four successive generations rose to fame. Henry Ward Beecher was the greatest pulpit orator of his time. Several brothers and sisters were prominent, but Harriet (1812-1896), wife of Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which was translated into twenty languages, reached a sale of two and a half million of copies, and affected the course of American history. She wrote many other novels, of which perhaps *Old Town Folks* and *The Pearl of Orr's Island* stand the wear of time the best.

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<sup>1</sup> For Frank R. Stockton, see p. 184 note.

The story of the inception of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is told by C. E. Stowe and L. B. Stowe, on pages 144-45 of their biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Mrs. Stowe was seated in her pew in the college church at Brunswick during the communion service. . . . Suddenly, like the unrolling of a picture scroll, the scene of the death of Uncle Tom seemed to pass before her. At the same time, the words of Jesus were sounding in her ears: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." It seemed as if the crucified, but now risen and glorified Christ, were speaking to her through the poor black man, cut and bleeding under the blows of the slave whip. She was affected so strongly that she could scarcely keep from weeping aloud.

That Sunday afternoon she went to her room, locked the door, and wrote out, substantially as it appears in the published editions, the chapter called "The Death of Uncle Tom." . . . It seemed to her as though what she wrote was blown through her mind as with the rushing of a mighty wind.

The writing of this chapter of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has many analogies in authorship, ranging from the inditing of fiction, philosophical or ethical matter, poetry, etc., without conscious participation in the composition, to the same with some conscious effort, and yet such facility that it seems as though in the main the material gushed up from a concealed spring. At one extreme are the works of *Patience Worth*, which displays genius and knowledge apparently never possessed by the automatist. At a large remove are the sheaf of remarkable poems which Stephen Crane wrote with such strange facility, and which ceased to come as suddenly as they had begun, and *Kubla Khan*, which came to Coleridge in his sleep.

## A NARRATIVE OF EVIDENTIAL PSYCHOMETRY

(JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE)

This noted writer of stories for boys (1827-1916) was the author of *Cudjo's Cave*, *Jack Hazard's Fortunes*, and about forty other volumes, many of which were widely read. They included three volumes of his poetry. He was also editor of *Our Young Folks* and other periodicals.

What follows is selected from an account sent by him to Dr. Hyslop and printed in the *Journal A. S. P. R.* for November, 1909.

One of my intimate friends of those years was Benjamin P. Shillaber, who had gained a reputation as a general humorist by his sayings of "Mrs. Partington."<sup>1</sup> He was then editing the *Carpet Bag*, a weekly paper, mildly comic, to which I was a contributor. He was also interested in the mysterious communications, and we often discussed them when we met. One day in his office he spoke to me of a friend whose wife was developing some extraordinary mediumistic traits. This friend was Alonzo E. Newton, editor of the *Pathfinder Railroad Guide*, whose office was in the same building with the *Carpet Bag*. I eagerly accepted the offer of an introduction. We found Mr. Newton correcting proofs at his desk, and after a little talk about the manifestations in his house, he invited me to call and witness them for myself. This was in October, 1852.

I called one evening, and made acquaintance with Mrs. Newton, in their modest home. She was petite in person, of a singularly trustful and sympathetic nature, generously impulsive, and, like her husband, earnestly religious. They were both members of the Edwards Congregational Church, although Mr. Newton was even then penning his remarkable letter to the Church on "The Ministry of Angels Realized," giving their own private, personal experience, and adducing Scriptural authority for the new, or rather renewed, faith;—a letter which both signed, and which, when printed, created a considerable stir among the members of the body to which it was addressed, and led finally to the signers' withdrawal from a commission that had long been the habit of their lives, and was still dear to them. This was the first of a long series of able writings on the same and kindred topics by which Mr. Newton became well known to the spiritualists of America. His wife's mediumship was as different as possible from that which produced the rappings and other more material manifestations. When, as we sat together that first evening, the "influence," as it was called, came upon her, her eyes closed, her features assumed a rapt expression, she drew two or three deep breaths, in what seemed a condition of semi-trance (although she never at such times lost consciousness) and began to speak. The subject was their troubled relations with the Church, regarding which some invisible friend was giving them comfort and council. Not invisible to her, however, for to her inward eyes the room was full of spiritual beings, some as real to her as if they had appeared in the flesh. The first communicant gave way to others, and some really beautiful and inspiring things were spoken on the subject of spirit ex-

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<sup>1</sup> B. P. Shillaber (1814-1890) edited the *Pathfinder* and, with Charles G. Halpine, *The Carpet Bag*, and at a later period, the *Saturday Evening Gazette*. He wrote *Rhymes with Reasons and Without*, *Life Sayings of Mrs. Partington*, *Partingtonian Patchwork*, etc.

istence and the belief in it,—of all which I recall little but the ease and readiness of the language, quite different from the medium's ordinary speech. At length she turned to me and said in a changed voice, after a pause,—“Your father is here.” I asked some questions, hoping for a test, but got none, although the answers were such as my father might have given, and her description of him was consistent with my recollection of his form and features, after a lapse of eight or nine years. Whether these visions had any actuality, or existed in the seer's too weird imagination, I had no means of knowing, but I was convinced of the purity of her intentions, and of her husband's absolute faith in her.

My visits to the house became frequent after this, and I had the satisfaction of witnessing, and even in assisting in, the development of new phases of her mediumship. She was the first person I ever knew who had the psychometric faculty. I found her wonderfully accurate in reading the characters of persons wholly unknown to her if something belonging to them, a lock of hair, or their handwriting, was placed between her palms or on her forehead. It might be enclosed in a blank envelope; for it was not necessary for her to see it, or even to know what it was. Once I tried the experiment of enclosing letters from three different correspondents in separate blank envelopes, shuffling them together, so that I myself should not know one from the other, and afterwards taking them from my pocket at random, one at a time, and giving them to her to “psychometrize”—a newly coined word that was called into active service in those days. From two of these, she received only a confused impression, perhaps in consequence of their juxtaposition for an hour or more in my pocket; but of the third she said, “The magnetism of this is strong enough to overcome anything! The writer is a man, and in force and energy a perfect steam engine!” She then went on to describe with marvelous discrimination one of my intimate friends, Charles Graham Halpine, poet and journalist, later well known as the writer of the “Private Miles O'Reilly” Adventures and Letters, and Adjutant General in our Civil War. It was a note from him that was in the envelope.

Psychometry of this kind may be only a faculty of the mind, and have nothing to do necessarily with departed spirits, but that it was not so in her case I had what seemed ample evidence. Often in reading characters in this way she would have visions of spirits that were giving her impressions, and sometimes describe the departed friends or relatives of the writers of the letters. Once I placed on her forehead a letter from my sister, Mrs. Fidelia Phelps, of Lockport, N. Y. After holding it there for a moment, she said, “How many sisters have you?” I replied, “Four.” “This letter,” she went on, “was written by one of them.” I asked, “Which one?” After some hesitation, she replied, “Not the one who wrote the letter you gave me the other day” (which was a letter from my oldest sister, living in Illinois), “nor the youngest.

Some one says, 'second, second;' is it your second sister?" "Go on and describe her," I said; and she continued: "She has black hair—dark eyes—there is something peculiar about them—she has some trouble in her eyes." After much more, which was perfectly accurate, as to the personal appearance and character of my second sister, she said that a child, a boy about twelve years old, was present, who called the writer of the letter "Mother." That seemed the only positive error, while everything else that had been said was correct, some of it even surprisingly correct. I remarked, "My sister never had such a child." The medium seemed troubled for a few moments, then replied, "He insists that he is the son of the sister who wrote this letter, and that he had been several years in the spirit world. Your father and other relatives are here with him."

Before I slept that night I wrote to my sister, relating the circumstances of the interview, even to the last apparent error; and in a few days received from her this explanation. She had had, about twelve years before, a son that died at birth, an event of which I, an absent young brother, had, naturally enough, not been informed.

That many of Mrs. Newton's visions were merely pictures presented to her mind or created by her own imagination, was quite certain. She herself was aware of the distinction, but insisted that the pictures were "impressions" given to her by spirit visitants, and that her own conscious volition had nothing to do with them. They were generally symbolic of some truth or some lesson to be conveyed, and were often highly poetic, even prophetic. When in writing the novel *Martin Merivale*, I endowed the blind girl Alice with this faculty of pictorial vision, it was no fictitious fancy, but a psychological reality, attributed to the fictitious character.

In the latter part of June, 1853, I had planned a trip to the White Mountains in company with Dr. Harris, a dentist of Worcester. Having received from him what I supposed was a final letter on the subject, I handed it to Mrs. Newton. She passed into her usual state of semi-trance, and said presently,—“You will not take that trip with Dr. Harris.”

To my remark that the arrangements were made, and could not well be changed, she answered emphatically:

“You will not take the trip with him. *They* say so. They do not explain why. But—” she gave a shudder—“I see a strange thing!” It was some seconds before she added—“A horrible thing! a man hanging by the neck.”

I asked what that had to do with it. “I don't know,” she replied, “but it is somehow in the way of your taking the trip.” And she repeated very positively, “You will not go to the mountains with Dr. Harris.”

As some of her visions seemed to have no special significance, I concluded that this was one of them, but I was impressed by it, as it

threatened an interruption of my plans. Two or three days afterwards I saw in the *Boston Post* this item:

"Dr. Post, a dentist of Willimantic, Conn., has committed suicide by hanging himself to a bedpost." The coincidence of the words "Boston Post," "Dr. Post," and "bedpost," served to fix the item in my mind, although I was far from connecting it with Mrs. Newton's vision. The date of the suicide was not given, and I did not afterwards take the trouble to ascertain it, which seems now unaccountable negligence on my part, for upon that depends the question whether the vision was altogether prophetic, or merely, in the ordinary sense, clairvoyant. My impression had always been that the vision was received before the incident took place; and I am aware how immensely the interest of the incident would be enhanced if this point could be established. It may seem strange that I did not make careful investigations of such matters to their minutest details; but they had become too common in my experience to be considered worth taking trouble about, and I had no thought of ever making use of them in the future.

It was still some days after the item appeared in the *Post*, that I received a letter from Dr. Harris, saying: "I find I shall not be able to take the White Mountains trip with you, for the reason that my assistant there, whom I expected to leave in charge of the office during my absence, has been called to Willimantic, to take the place of Dr. Post, who lately committed suicide."

We did not make the trip. Whether the suicide antedated the vision or not, the prediction of a circumstance concerning me, that came to pass in this roundabout way, was sufficiently curious.

Some of the best of Mrs. Newton's perceptions had a prophetic character, unless we are to regard them as extraordinary coincidences; and they continued of not infrequent occurrence during many years. She now became a public medium, but she was always ready, even too ready, to "sit" for her friends, and for others whom her husband's reputation as a writer brought to the house; and I was more than once present when she gave astonishing "tests" to persons she had never seen before. I will give one more instance of her vaticinal faculty, although it belongs to a period later than those I have described.

Being present one evening when she was "under the influence," she saw around my head something like a halo of the saint. I questioned the appropriateness of this; when she proceeded: "It is not a halo; it is more like a planetary ring—one of the rings thrown off from the sun in the formation of the planets." After a pause, she continued: "Now it is no longer a ring, but it all breaks up and comes together in a single mass; and there is another ring forming." So she described the evolution of four or five rings, one after another, each in turn condensing into a planet. There were certainly four, but she was not quite sure of the fifth. To my question as to the meaning of it all, she replied:

"Your mind is the sun, and they are a series of books you are to write, all connected, belonging to one system. The first will be written very soon, and the others will follow." I had not in mind the writing of any such books, or of any book at all, at that time. But, very soon after, I was called upon, most unexpectedly, to write a serial story for *Our Young Folks* (a magazine that I was then editing) which satisfied readers and publishers so well that I followed it with a sequel, and that with another and so on, until I had written for *Our Young Folks* and *St. Nicholas* five serial stories, each complete in itself, but all having "Jack Hazzard" for the principal character. The apparent verification of the prophecy may, of course, have been merely coincidental; but it was a pleasing fancy that the ring, in each case, corresponded with the serial publication running through the year, and that the "planet" was the volume into which the twelve numbers were duly gathered at the end.

Is there, then, a wisdom of the spirit, or are there invisible beings surrounding and prompting us, that "can look into the seeds of time and say what grain is good?" Or is it all illusion? . . .

Question the mysterious agency behind all the diverse forms of what are called spiritualism, who or what it is, and the answer never comes "Magnetism," "Thought-transference," "Subliminal consciousness," nor anything of that sort, but always and invariably, "We are spirits." If aught else, why does it not sometimes say so? Why will it not listen to argument, and admit that it has hitherto mistaken its own identity?

## A CLERGYMAN'S WORK AIDED BY TELEPATHY

("IAN MACLAREN")

The Rev. John Watson (1850-1907) was graduated and became M.A. from Edinburgh University and received D.D. from St. Andrews and Yale. He was long Minister of Sefton Park Presbyterian Church in Liverpool, England. He wrote several religious books. But it is as a writer of Scotch dialect stories, under the *nom de plume* Ian MacLaren, that he became famous. *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*, *Kate Carnegie*, *A Doctor of the Old School* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* are among those most widely read.

Dr. Watson was the subject of many experiences of the type usually regarded, and by him regarded, as telepathic. He called the power which he seemed to have to become conscious of events taking place at

a distance "Christian Telepathy," because of his belief that it sprang from the fellowship existing among the brotherhood that is centered in Christ. And this would be very well if it could be shown that only members of that brotherhood ever have similar experiences. His narrative is found in *The Sunday Magazine*, London, August issue of 1897.

During the course of my ministry, and especially of recent years, I have been moved to certain actions for which there seemed no reason, and which I only performed under the influence of a sudden impulse. As often as I yielded to this inward guidance, and before the issue was determined, my mind had a sense of relief and satisfaction, and in all distinct and important cases my course was in the end most fully justified. With the afterlook one is most thankful that on certain occasions he was not disobedient to the touch of the unseen, and only bitterly regrets that on other occasions he was callous and wilful or was overcome by shame and timidity. What seem just and temperate inferences from such experiences will be indicated after they have been described, and it only remains for me to assure my readers that they are selected from carefully treasured memories, and will be given in as full and accurate detail as may be possible in circumstances which involve other people and one's own private life.

It was my privilege, before I came to Sefton Park Church, to serve as colleague with a venerable minister to whom I was sincerely attached and who showed me much kindness. We both felt the separation keenly and kept up a constant correspondence, while this good and affectionate man followed my work with spiritual interest and constant prayer. When news came one day that he was dangerously ill it was natural that his friend should be gravely concerned, and as the days of anxiety grew that the matter should take firm hold of the mind. It was a great relief to learn, towards the end of a week, that the sickness had abated, and when, on Sunday morning, a letter came with strong and final assurance of recovery the strain was quite relaxed, and I did my duty at morning service with a light heart. During the afternoon my satisfaction began to fail, and I grew uneasy till, by evening service, the letter of the morning counted for nothing. After returning home my mind was torn with anxiety and became most miserable, fearing that this good man was still in danger and, it might be, near unto death. Gradually the conviction deepened and took hold of me that he was dying and that I would never see him again, till at last it was laid on me that if I hoped to receive his blessing I must make haste, and by-and-by that I had better go at once. It did not seem as if I had now any choice, and I certainly had no longer any doubt, so, having written to break two engagements for Monday, I left at midnight for Glasgow. As one whirled through the darkness it certainly did occur to him that he had done an unusual thing, for here was a fairly busy man leaving his work and going a long night's journey to visit a sick friend,



of whose well-being he had been assured on good authority. By every evidence which could tell on another person he was acting foolishly, and yet he was obeying an almost irresistible impulse. The day broke as we climbed the ascent beyond Moffat, and I was now only concerned lest time should be lost on the way. On arrival I drove rapidly to the well-known house, and was in no way astonished that the servant, who opened the door, should be weeping bitterly, for the fact that word had come from that very house that all was going well did not now weigh one grain against my own inward knowledge.

"He had a relapse yesterday afternoon, and he is . . . dying now." No one in the room seemed surprised that I should have come, although they had not sent for me, and I held my reverend father's hand till he fell asleep in about twenty minutes. He was beyond speech when I came, but, as we believed, recognized me and was content. My night's journey was a pious act, for which I thanked God and my absolute conviction is that I was guided to its performance by spiritual influence.

Some years ago I was at work one forenoon in my study, and was very busy, when my mind became distracted and I could not think out my sermon. It was as if a side stream had rushed into a river, confusing and discolored the water; and at last, when the confusion was over and the water was clear, I was conscious of a new subject. Some short time before a brother minister, whom I knew well and greatly respected, had suffered some dissension in his congregation and had received our sincere sympathy. He had not, however, been in my mind that day, but now I found myself unable to think of anything else. My imagination began to work in the case till I seemed, in the midst of the circumstances, as if I were the sufferer. Very soon a suggestion arose and grew into a commandment, that I should offer to take a day's duty for my brother. At this point I pulled myself together and resisted what seemed a vagrant notion. "Was such a thing ever heard of—that for no reason save a vague sympathy one should leave his own pulpit and undertake another's work, who had not asked him and might not want him?" So one turned to his manuscript to complete a broken sentence, but could only write "Dear A. B." Nothing remained but to submit to this mysterious dictation and compose a letter as best one could, till the question of date arose. There I paused and waited, when an exact day came up before my mind, and so I concluded the letter. It was, however, too absurd to send; and so, having rid myself of this irrelevancy, I threw the letter into the fire and set to work again; but all day I was haunted by the idea that my brother needed my help. In the evening a letter came from him, written that very forenoon, explaining that it would be a great service to him and his people if I could preach some Sunday soon in his church, and that, owing to certain circumstances, the service would be doubled if I could come on such and such a day; and it was my date! My course was perfectly plain, and I

at once accepted his invitation under a distinct sense of a special call, and my only regret was that I had not posted my first letter.

One afternoon, to take my third instance, I made up my list of sick visits and started to overtake them. After completing the first, and while going along a main road, I felt a strong impulse to turn down a side street and call on a family living in it. The impulse grew so urgent that it could not be resisted, and I rang the bell, considering on the doorstep what reason I should give for an unexpected call. When the door opened it turned out that strangers now occupied the house, and that my family had gone to another address, which was in the same street but could not be given. This was enough, it might appear, to turn one from aimless visiting, but still the pressure continued as if a hand were drawing one and I set out to discover their new house, till I had disturbed four families with vain inquiries. Then the remembrance of my unmade and imperative calls came upon me, and I abandoned my fruitless quest with some sense of shame. Had a busy clergyman not enough to do without such a wild-goose chase?—and one grudged the time he had lost.

Next morning the head of that household I had yesterday sought in vain came into my study with such evident sorrow on his face that one hastened to meet him with anxious inquiries. "Yes, we are in great trouble; yesterday our little one (a young baby) took very ill and died in the afternoon. My wife was utterly overcome by the shock, and we would have sent for you at the time, but had no messenger. I wish you had been there—if you had only known!"

"And the time?"

"About half-past three."

So I had known, but had been too impatient.

Many other cases have occurred when it has been laid on me to call at a certain house, where there seemed so little reason that I used to invent excuses, and where I found some one especially needing advice and comfort, or I called and had no courage to lead up to the matter, so that the call was of no avail and afterwards some one has asked whether I knew, for she had waited for a word. Nor do I remember any case where, being inwardly moved to go after this fashion, it appeared in the end that I had been fooled.

The experiences of Dr. Watson, whose veracity was beyond question, seemed to offer a rich mine, and certain English Psychical Researchers asked to be permitted to bring a little more of the ore to light, and so to test it that none could doubt its quality. But this was the reply, evidently written by the distinguished writer's secretary or ministerial assistant:

18, Sefton Drive, Liverpool: 18. 10. '97.

DEAR SIR:

In reply to your letter of the 16th inst., I am directed by Mr. Wat-

son to say that he has not the time to enter into the cases you mention and furthermore that as many of them occurred in his pastoral work he is thereby precluded from giving names and particulars.

Yours faithfully,

W. R. COLVILLE.

“Many other cases,” similar to the three which Dr. Watson related occurred in his experience, it appears, and, so far as is known, these perished with him. He believed that his God had given him many proofs of His providence which would appeal to man with peculiar force, but they were too sacred to be made use of, except three, and these must not be more particularly inquired into. What harm could have resulted to the memory of the “venerable minister” had his sons and daughters, or other surviving kindred, given their corroborating recollections of the unexpected visit, does not appear. Why the ministerial friend should have been unwilling to state simply that he well remembered that Dr. Watson told him at the time about the letter that he wrote and threw into the fire, is not evident, especially as his name would have been concealed if he was a sensitive plant. There is nothing disgraceful in having suffered the loss of a child, so why could not the father and mother have been interrogated as to their recollections of the third incident? Cornelius was for a time included in “the pastoral work” of St. Peter, but the latter was, fortunately, neither too busy nor too squeamish to tell of his case of “Christian telepathy” which concerned the Roman centurion. Do clergymen consider that the New Testament would have been improved had the various witnesses to supernatural phenomena refused to give names or other data which enabled anyone at the time to test their statements if he so desired? Only recently a distinguished American clergyman so far forgot himself as to refer in public to what he believed were visitations of his deceased wife. Encouraged to give the facts in full to the American Society for Psychical Research, and thus permit them to be of the greatest benefit, he expressed his regret that, although he entertained a hearty respect for the work of the Society, he “could not bring himself” to accede to its desire, since he shrank from exposing such sacred incidents to publicity. And promptly thereafter he accorded a long interview to a reporter, added much striking and valuable matter which filled two columns and went all over the United States! It is strange that so many are not unwilling to tell their experiences to the newspapers, which send them forth for their sensational character, but become sensitive and reticent the moment that an intelligent use is to be made of them for the benefit of science.

## MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS

### THE "GHOST" OF LEW TRENCHARD <sup>1</sup>

(SABINE BARING-GOULD)

Baring-Gould (1834-1924) was B.A. and M.A. of Cambridge and became a clergyman of the Church of England. He inherited a famous old manor-house, "Lew Trenchard," with 3,000 acres of land. He was an exceedingly prolific writer, the list of his publications in *Who's Who* running to nearly eighty titles. These consisted of sermons and other religious books, history, mythology and legendary lore, fiction, fairy tales, poetry, etc. If he took any interest in psychical research, he gave no token of the fact, either by joining the S. P. R. or contributing anything to its publications.

My mother has often told me how she heard the steps at night, as though proceeding from high-heeled shoes, walking slowly along the corridor; and, thinking it might be my father coming to bed, she has opened the door to admit him, but on looking out she has seen the light through the windows illuminating the gallery down which she heard the measured tread, but could discern no person. On one occasion she followed these steps. They led into a room at the western extremity, which is now the boudoir, but [she] saw no one.

My sister frequently expressed her desire to hear the steps of the spectral lady, and was disappointed though she sat up on purpose. One summer night, however, she was sitting in her room, with window and door open, writing a letter, and thinking of anything but the Old Madam, when she heard steps along the corridor. At the moment she thought it must be my father, and she rose, took up her candle and went to the door to speak to him, as she supposed he would scold her for sitting up so late. To her surprise she saw no one, but the steps passed by her, and went on into the lumber-room, now the boudoir. Being a resolute and courageous young lady, she followed the sound into the room, but could see no one. She also opened the only other door beyond her own and which gave admittance to one of the servant's apartments, to ascertain if the noise could have proceeded thence; but found the two maids fast asleep.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Early Reminiscences*, by S. Baring-Gould, 158 ff.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Journal A. S. P. R.*, February, 1919, are letters by the noted writer of stories, Frank R. Stockton (1834-1902) and his sister Louise Stockton, also a profes-

RATS—that is my explanation of the tread along the gallery.

Barbara [a daughter of the writer], now Mrs. L. F. Barnard, used to say as a child that she often saw a lady in *blue*, who would visit the nursery, stoop over her, look at her, and sometimes sit beside her bed.

When Diana [another daughter], now Mrs. H. M. Batten, was dangerously ill, we had a trained nurse to attend her. One night the nurse had dozed off, when a tap came at the door, and a female voice said: "It is time for her to have her medicine." The nurse started up, ran to the door and opened it. No one was there, and my wife had not gone to warn the nurse. Another servant, doubtless.

When little Beatrice was ill cutting teeth and with whooping-cough, I did not think that the nurse-girl was sufficiently alert to attend to her, and so advised my wife to go into the bed-room, and sleep with Beatrice. I was then in the room in which Old Madam died, above the drawing-room. I was awoke about the middle of the night by my wife, who came in and said: "I *cannot* sleep, I hear people tramping, carrying something down the stairs." I sat up and argued with her. It was a windy night, and the noise might be caused by the gale. As I was speaking there came three strokes as if made by a clenched fist against the partition between the bed-room and the dressing-room.

"It is only the starting of the timber," said I, and I induced my wife to go back to her bed.

Next day, so little did we think that Beatrice was in a serious condition, that we went off to make a call in Launceston. On our return I was sitting in the drawing-room, and my wife had fetched the child, who was dressed, and took her down to the library. I heard a cry, and ran in and found that the child had died on her mother's knees. Her coffin

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sional writer, respecting mysterious sounds heard in the residence of the latter. Miss Stockton testified: "They were always heard in the room above the one in which we happened to be sitting, and consisted of an apparently firm, yet not noisy footstep, such a sound as might be made by a man wearing slippers. It was distinct and regular, but not 'aggressive.' Then, very often would come a sudden noise as if the ghost had kicked his slipper off, and all would be quiet. He would also go up and down stairs, but he much preferred the level floor." Frank Stockton spent several weeks in the house and heard nothing, but they were discussed in his presence, and his wife heard them a few times. A Dr. Allen went to the house twice to hear the "ghost," but was not successful. "His wife was more fortunate, but she simply heard the footsteps." Miss Stockton says that she always "doubted a supernatural origin for these noises," but "the footsteps were certainly very curious, and we were never able to detect their origin."

If the impression that the sound was above whatever particular room the auditors happened to be in was not an illusory one, the case is certainly "very curious." But the account is too brief and too lacking in information in regard to investigation to allow the formation of an opinion.

See *Proceedings S. P. R.*, V, 476-485, for a careful account by the British general, J. D. Campbell, of rapping and other phenomena witnessed by himself and others in his house, occurring during a period of twenty months, and beginning about five weeks after his wife's death. These consisted of raps, rattling sounds, loud crashes on the wall of the house, bell-ringing, etc. A child visitor who had never seen Mrs. Campbell nor any likeness of her twice saw an apparition strongly suggesting her, especially in regard to the clothing worn.

was carried down the staircase, as my wife had heard on the night before her death.

In 1918, the last year of the war, my youngest daughter, Mrs. Calmady-Hamlyn, with her two children and a couple of nurses, came to live with me at Lew, as her husband was in Palestine and Syria. Both nurses gave notice. They had been frightened by seeing a female form at night walking in the nursery, and stooping over the beds of the children. After that she engaged a superior Swiss nurse, who saw nothing—not being able to hear the tales of the *revenant* told by the other domestics. . . .

In 1877, a friend of mine, Mr. Keeling, a solicitor at Colchester, was staying with me at Lew. He was sitting one evening in the settle, and I in the arm-chair opposite him, in the hall. It was night and late. All at once we heard a sound as of steps issuing from the door into what is now the ballroom, behind the settle, walking the length of the hall, with a dragging sound as of a trailing silk or satin dress. We both heard it. Keeling sprang to his feet and exclaimed: "Good God! what is that?" I remained standing, for I also had risen, and thinking that possibly a drift of rain had swept the window, I ran to the door, opened it and looked out at the pavement before the window; it was perfectly dry.

Mr. Baring-Gould, after telling his sister's experience, ejaculates—I suspect as an after-thought in defense of his reputation—"RATS—that is my explanation of the steps along the gallery."

The "rats," it should be observed, took the same course when the sister followed them as when the mother followed the sounds, that is, along the corridor ("gallery," or hallway, as we say in America), and then into (or, *ex hypothesi*, under) the lumber-room. In passing, I remark that unless capering about in one spot that holds something of interest to them, the rats of my acquaintance, unless they are proceeding noiselessly, scamper fast, and if they are bound for a particular destination it is rather hard to keep up with them. However that may be, the larger species of *mus* known to science, whether distinguished as *decumanus*, *rattus*, or *alexandrinus*, are not characterized by a "measured tread" resembling that of a human being in "high-heeled shoes." It would require great susceptibility to experience, by auto-suggestion, an illusion so far from the exciting cause. It is quite possible that some people are capable of sufficient susceptibility, but if the sister was one of these, it is very odd that she heard nothing of the kind but once, in spite of her perseverance, and then experienced the illusion so profoundly. Possibly it was not one rat which on that night was seized by a desire to visit a long-deserted part of the house, but a small army, walking in goose-step!

It is to be noticed that Mr. Baring-Gould does not suggest rats for the night when his wife heard "people tramping, carrying something down-stairs," the night preceding the day when his girl died, after which her coffin was carried down those stairs. Nor does he suggest rats for the night when he himself, together with the solicitor, "heard a sound as of steps . . . walking the length of the hall, with a dragging sound as of a trailing silk or satin dress." He wisely ran to see if rain sweeping the window could have caused the illusion of footsteps originating from a particular door and proceeding the length of the hall, etc., but found it a fair night, and has no more to say. Well, if rats and wind and rain did not cause the sound of walking the length of a hall which he heard, probably, all things considered, none of these caused the similar phenomenon as experienced separately by his mother and sister.

We may put aside the testimony of the little girl, as very likely based on dreams caused by the gossip she had heard. And, much less confidently, we may discount the apparitional experiences of the two maids who left in alarm, very possibly due to the same cause, although Mr. Baring-Gould seems to have no knowledge that they had actually heard about Old Madam (I do not quote the stories of apparitions supposed to represent her, told by several persons outside of the family). The fact that the Swiss nurse heard no gossip may account for her seeing no apparition, or it may as well be that she did not have the "psychic" capacity to see one had she heard the whole story of the "haunting."

Although Mr. Baring-Gould suggests explanations for most of the experiences of others in connection with Lew Trenchard, he does not appear to think of any plausible explanation for experiences which *he* shared.<sup>1</sup>

## APPARITION OF PERSON SEEN AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH <sup>2</sup>

(SABINE BARING-GOULD, GUARANTOR)

On January 3, 1840, at night, my mother was sitting reading her Bible in the dining-room at Bratton, when, looking up, she saw, on the further side of the table, the form of her brother, Henry, who was in

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Baring-Gould relates several other psychic incidents for which there is not space.

<sup>2</sup> *Early Reminiscences*, by S. Baring-Gould (London, no date, but after 1911), 24.

the Navy serving in the South Atlantic. She looked steadily at him, and there was a kindly expression in his face; but presently the apparition faded. She has told me that she realized at once what this meant, and she made an entry in pencil on a fly-leaf at the end of the Bible. "Saw Henry, January 3, 1840." It was not till over a month that the news reached Exeter that he had died on that very day off Ascension. His brother, Commander Francis Godolphin Bond, died at sea near St. Helena, July 16, 1840. I never heard my mother say that she had seen an apparition of this brother.

If anyone suspected, as Professor Royce afterwards theorized regarding such cases generally, that when Mrs. Baring-Gould heard of her brother's death she experienced a sudden illusion that she had seen his apparition on the day it occurred, there was the entry which she made in her Bible at the time to answer him.

## WHAT THE WRITER'S FATHER HEARD AND SAW <sup>1</sup>

(SABINE BARING-GOULD, GUARANTOR)

Again it is Mr. Baring-Gould, the writer, who is telling us, this time what he heard from his father's lips the morning after the latter had his experience. It is another incident of the Lew Trenchard house.

One night [1851] my father was startled. He had left the smoking-room, so as to go to bed. This smoking-room was on the ground floor. To his astonishment he heard a heavy step proceeding to the great staircase and ascend it, step by step, leisurely. He saw the green baize door at the head of the stairs swing open, and heard the step pass along the gallery beyond.

No man could be less superstitious and more unimaginative than my father. He told us his experience next morning at breakfast and added that he could in no way explain what he had seen and heard.

## AN UNUSUAL PSYCHIC STATE <sup>2</sup>

(EDWARD WILLIAM BOK)

Mr. Bok (1863- . . . ) came from Holland to America when a small boy. He was successively with Henry Holt & Co. and Charles Scribner's Sons, editor of *The Brooklyn Magazine*, and head of the *Bok*

<sup>1</sup> *Early Reminiscences*, by S. Baring-Gould, 205-06.

<sup>2</sup> *Twice Thirty*, by E. W. Bok (N. Y., 1925), 297-8.



*Syndicate Press*. Then he became editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and so continued for thirty years, making it one of the most successful publications in America. He is author of a number of books, of which *The Americanization of Edward Bok* and *Twice Thirty* are probably the best known.

I was at a large luncheon of publishers and editors at my father-in-law's house. (Cyrus H. Curtis, publisher *Saturday Evening Post* and other periodicals, is my father-in-law.) An editor sitting at my right leaned over to a publisher sitting at my left and suggested that the latter explain to me a question of editorial ethics which they had discussed previous to the luncheon and upon which they had failed to agree.

The publisher began his story, when suddenly there appeared before me as plainly as if she were in the flesh my wife's mother, who had passed away two years before. It was just such a gathering as she would have enjoyed, and, radiant in smiles, she began a series of questions to which I gave answer, and began describing her state of wonderful happiness. The next thing I knew I felt a hand on my shoulders and I heard: "Well, how about it?" and I discovered editor and publisher looking at me.

I experienced the severest mental reaction as I readjusted myself to my surroundings, and I could only stammer, "How about it? How about what?" I recalled then that I had been supposed to have listened to the question under argument. I felt sensibly dazed at the sudden transmigration of self that had occurred, and need hardly add that my friends were so with what they called my "preoccupation."

I apologized and pleaded a period of abstraction.

"You just didn't seem to be here," said the editor.

That was true. I had not been there. But where had I been? I learned afterward that the publisher's explanation lasted fully five minutes!

## PREMONITORY DREAM OF HIS BROTHER'S DEATH<sup>1</sup>

("MARK TWAIN")

Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910) was perhaps the greatest humorist of the latter part of the nineteenth century, author of *Innocents Abroad*, *Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, *A Tramp Abroad*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, *Joan of Arc*, and many other books. But he had plenty of capacity for serious reflection, and as early as 1880 wrote an article on what he called

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<sup>1</sup> *Mark Twain*, by Albert Bigelow Paine, I, 131, 137-139.

"mental telegraphy," recounting what he regarded as telepathic experiences of his own. From about 1886 to 1903 he was a member of the S. P. R. I should not pick him as a critical observer and reporter of a sitting for physical or any other kind of mediumship. But that he could ever forget the essentials of an experience which affected his personal life so deeply as the following, is not likely. At any rate, this is his solemn testimony given to his biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine.

Henry Clemens was about twenty at this time, a handsome, attractive boy of whom his brother was lavishly fond and proud. He did go on the next trip and continued to go regularly after that, as third clerk in line of promotion. It was a bright spot in those hard days with Brown to have Henry along. The boys spent a good deal of their leisure with the other pilot, George Ealer, who "was as kind-hearted as Brown wasn't," and quoted Shakespeare and Goldsmith, and played the flute to his fascinated and inspiring audience. These were things worth while. The young steersman could not guess that the shadow of a long sorrow was even then stretching across the path ahead.

Yet in due time he received a warning, a remarkable and impressive warning, though of a kind seldom heeded. One night, when the *Pennsylvania* lay in St. Louis, he slept at his sister's house and had this vivid dream:

He saw Henry, a corpse, lying in a metallic burial case in the sitting-room, supported on two chairs. On his breast lay a bouquet of flowers, white, with a single crimson bloom in the center.

When he awoke, it was morning, but the dream was so vivid that he believed it real. Perhaps something of the old hypnotic condition was upon him, but he rose and dressed, thinking he would go in and look at his dead brother. Instead, he went out on the street in the early morning and had walked to the middle of the block before it suddenly flashed upon him that it was only a dream. He bounded back, rushed to the sitting-room, and felt a great trembling revulsion of joy when he found it really empty. He told Pamela the dream, then put it out of his mind as quickly as he could. . . .

Brown swore that he would leave the boat at New Orleans if Sam Clemens remained on it, and Captain Klinefelter told Brown to go. Then when another pilot could not be obtained to fill his place, the captain offered to let Clemens himself run the daylight watches, thus showing his confidence in the knowledge of the young steersman, who had been only a little more than a year at the wheel. But Clemens himself had less confidence and advised the captain to keep Brown back to St. Louis. He would follow up the river by another boat and resume his place as steersman when Brown was gone. Without knowing it he may have saved his life by the decision.

It is doubtful if he remembered his recent disturbing dream, though

some foreboding would seem to have clung over him the night before the *Pennsylvania* sailed. Henry liked to join in the night watches on the levee when he had finished his duties, and the brothers often walked the round chatting together. On this particular night the elder spoke of disaster on the river. Finally he said:

"In case of accident, whatever you do, don't lose your head—the passengers will do that. Rush for the hurricane deck and to the life-boat, and obey the mate's orders. When the boat is launched, help the women and children into it. Don't get in yourself. The river is only a mile wide. You can swim ashore easily enough."

It was good manly advice but it yielded a long harvest of sorrow.

Captain Klinefelter obtained his steersman a pass on the *A. T. Lacey*, which left two days behind the *Pennsylvania*. This was pleasant, for Bart Bowen had become captain of that boat. The *Lacey* touched at Greenville, Mississippi, and a voice from the landing shouted:

"The *Pennsylvania* is blown up just below Memphis, at Ship Island! One hundred and fifty lives lost!"

Nothing further could be learned there, but that evening at Napoleon a Memphis extra reported some of the particulars. Henry Clemens's name was mentioned as one of those who had escaped injury. Still farther up the river they got a later extra. Henry was again mentioned; this time as being scalded beyond recovery. By the time they reached Memphis they knew most of the details: At six o'clock that warm mid-June morning, while loading wood from a large flat-boat sixty miles below Memphis, four out of eight of the *Pennsylvania's* boilers had suddenly exploded with fearful results. All the forward end of the boat had been blown out. Many persons had been killed outright; many more had been scalded and crippled and would die. It was one of those hopeless, wholesale steamboat slaughters which for more than a generation had made the Mississippi a river of death and tears.

. . . He saw the boy taken to the dead room, then the long strain of grief, the days and nights without sleep, the ghastly realization of the end overcame him. A citizen of Memphis took him away in a kind of daze and gave him a bed in his house, where he fell into stupor of fatigue and surrender. It was many hours before he woke; when he did, at last, he dressed and went to where Henry lay. The coffins provided for the dead were of unpainted wood, but the youth and striking face of Henry Clemens had aroused a special interest. The ladies of Memphis had made up a fund of sixty dollars and bought for him a metallic case. Samuel Clemens, entering, saw his brother lying exactly as he had seen him in his dream, lacking only the bouquet of white flowers with its crimson center—a detail made complete while he stood there, for at that moment an elderly lady came in with a large white bouquet and in the center of it was a single red rose.

THE "COLD CURRENT OF AIR" <sup>1</sup>

(" MARK TWAIN ")

"Poor little Jean," <sup>2</sup> he said; "but for her it is so good to go."  
In his own story of it he wrote:

"From my windows I saw the hearse and the carriages wind along the road and gradually grow vague and spectral in the falling snow, and presently disappear. Jean was gone out of my life, and would not come back any more. The cousin she had played with when they were babies together—he and her beloved old Katie—were conducting her to distant childhood home, where she will lie by her mother's side once more, in the Company of Susie and Langdon."

He did not come down to dinner, and when I [Paine] went up afterward I found him curiously agitated. He said:

"For one who does not believe in spirits I have had a most peculiar experience. I went in to the bath-room just now and closed the door. You know how warm it always is in there, and there are no draughts. All at once I felt a cold current of air about me. I thought the door must be open; but it was closed. I said, 'Jean, is this you, trying to let me know you have found the others?' Then the air was gone."

I saw that the incident had made a very great impression upon him; but I don't remember that he ever mentioned it afterward.

Jean was found dead in the bath-tub, whether in the same bath-room or not is not stated.

THE "NECROMANCY" OF THE COUNT DE FOIX <sup>3</sup>

(JEAN FROISSART)

Sir John Froissart (1338-1410?) was the famous author of the *Chronicles*, which "present a vivid and faithful drawing of the things done in the fourteenth century. No more graphic account exists of any age." <sup>4</sup> Born in France, at the age of eighteen he went to England, provided with a letter of introduction to Queen Philippa, and she was his patroness for years until her death. For a time Froissart was secretary to King John of France. But much of his life he spent

<sup>1</sup> Paine's *Mark Twain*, III, 1550-51.

<sup>2</sup> This was a daughter of Mark Twain.

<sup>3</sup> *Chronicles*, by Sir John Froissart.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Walter Besant in *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

sojourning in various countries of Europe, consorting with persons of high birth, prominent warriors and the like, and taking down their statements of important events witnessed by them. He was given to prepossessions and prejudices in regard to persons, hence he is not to be relied upon when the question is of motives, but there is no question that he tried faithfully to record objective facts and personal testimonies.

A fact I am about to relate will astonish my readers, if they consider and pay attention to it. It was told me in the castle of the Count de Foix at Orthes, and by the same person who had informed me of the battle of Aljubarrota, and the event of that day. I will therefore narrate it; for, ever since the squire related it to me, I have much thought on it, and shall do so as long as I live. It is a fact, as the squire assured me, that the Count de Foix was informed, the day of the battle of Aljubarrota, of everything that had there happened, the same as I have related it, which surprised me exceedingly how this could possibly have been.

The whole days of Sunday, Monday, and the following Tuesday he was in the castle of Orthes, and made such poor and melancholy meals that not one word could be drawn from him; nor would he during that time quit his chambers, nor speak to knight or squire, however nearly they were related by blood, unless they had sent for him; and it also happened that he even sent for some to whom he never opened his lips during these three days. On the Tuesday, in the evening, he called his brother Arnold William, and said to him in a low voice, "Our people have had a desperate battle, which has vexed me very much, for it had happened to them just as I had foretold it at their departure." Arnold William, who was a wise man and a prudent knight, well acquainted with the temper of his brother, was silent. The count, anxious to cheer up his courage, for he had too long nurtured in his breast this sad news, added: "By —, Sir Arnold, it is just as I have told you, and very soon we shall have news of it. Never has the county of Bearne suffered so severely for three hundred years past, as it has now at this battle in Portugal." Many knights and squires who were present and heard these words of the count were afraid to speak, but commented within themselves on them.

Within ten days the truth was known from those who had been in the battle, and they first told the count and all who wished to hear them everything relative to their disputes with the Castilians and the event of the battle of Aljubarrota. "Holy Mary!" said I to the squire, "how was it possible for the count to know, or even guess at it, on the morrow after it happened?" "By my faith," replied he, "he knew it well enough as it appeared afterward." "Is he a wizard, then?" said I, "or has he messengers that ride on the winds, for he must have some

secret art." Upon this the squire began to laugh, and said, "In truth he must have known it by necromancy. We in this country, indeed, are ignorant how he manages, but we have our suspicions."

## EVIDENTIAL EXPERIMENTS WITH THE OUIJA BOARD <sup>1</sup>

(MARIETTA HOLLEY)

Miss Holley (...?-1926) was, according to *Who's Who in America*, a "writer of poems, essays and stories," but her fame is owing to her stories of a humorous character. Her first book, *My Opinions and Betsy Bobbett's*, which made a rapid success in the United States, Canada and England, was probably unsurpassed by anything she afterwards wrote. But *Samantha at the Centennial*, *My Wayward Partner*, *Sweet Cicely*, books dealing with "Samantha" in various other places, etc., had a large circulation, and "Josiah Allen's Wife" became almost a household expression.

Although her genius was for whimsical humor, which she managed so as to propagate her moral and social ideas, she was quite capable of expressing herself in serious language. In the article from which we quote, after alleging that she had always been of a questioning mind regarding allegations of psychic phenomena, and had attended only one professional séance in her life, and was repelled by that, she goes on:

What proof I have had of communication between this world and the next, or with some supernatural power—and I believe I have had proof—has come to me in my own home, in quiet hours when I was alone or with a few friends.

I have been told by automatic writing and the ouija board of things that I afterward found to be true, things that had not as yet taken place, so I could not see how my subconscious mind or the great universal mind could have known about them.

For instance, in my own home with no one present but two friends, one of whom had the gift of writing automatically, I had a proof or so it seemed to me, of something that is not explainable by any law we understand now, something entirely separate from the world of matter.

There were many things written during the evening, purporting to come from absent friends; and—I suppose, recognizing my usual un-

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<sup>1</sup> "What is Behind Ouija," an article by Miss Holley in *New York World Magazine*, June 27, 1920.

believing spirit and my desire to have some proof I could depend upon—I was told:

“We will give you a proof tomorrow.”

After that a great many other things were written on different subjects, and though I was interested in the promise at the time, it passed out of my mind as many of the other words did.

The next day was full of household cares and pleasures, and in the afternoon I went out for my usual drive. The memory of what had been promised me had entirely left my mind. I had not thought of it during the day.

On reaching home in the late afternoon I went up into my study, and almost as soon as I entered the room I was attracted by a singular sound, one that I had never heard before. It was like the tinkling of innumerable raps on tiny bells. Silvery, melodious, they seemed to fill the room. I stood wondering, for nothing like it had ever met my ears before.

Of course my first thought was to find some natural reason for it, and as one of the windows in my study opened onto a tin roof, and the sounds had a faint resemblance to fine hail falling on metal, I lifted the window.

It was a clear sunny day, and no sound came from the outside. Shutting the window again, the air all about me seemed full and alive with the fairylike sounds. And all at once it came into my mind what I had been told the evening before.

“We will give you a proof tomorrow.”

I could not help believing that this was the proof. I went down into the conservatory, and the sounds followed me there, but after a time they gradually grew fainter and fainter, and finally died away.

Now, I cannot see how my objective or subjective mind could possibly have done this; and I am sure no machinery, however complicated, could have filled the air with the melodious, silvery tinkling of the myriads and myriads of bells.

But I state the facts just as they occurred, and if any one can give a reasonable explanation on material grounds I will be only too grateful.

I remember another instance that seemed quite wonderful to me. We had a friend who was very ill with a disease that seemed to baffle the doctors' knowledge. He had terrible hemorrhages, attended with almost unbearable agony. He had been to a hospital and had several different doctors, all of whom seemed to be unable to locate the cause of his disease.

One evening my sister wished me to write on the ouija board and ask how this sick friend was, and what was the cause of his illness. So I and a friend who was present sat down and asked ouija. For reply ouija wrote a queer medical term that none of us had ever heard of.

I said that ouija must be in a trifling mood, for I didn't believe

there was any such word, and my sister and friend both agreed with me, but said it would do no harm to look in the encyclopedia and see if there was such a term. So we did, and found it, one of its definitions being:

“A tumor of the brain, often causing hemorrhages.”

And what was most striking, after the patient's death, which occurred shortly, a post-mortem examination showed that ouija had been right. It was the same kind of a tumor of the brain that had been reported to us. . . .

Another thing that happened in my home I have never been able to account for by any natural law we understand at present. It happened one afternoon when my sister was alone in the house. She was lying on her bed, when she heard a loud rapping in the bathroom, which was nearly opposite her room. She said to herself: “I am not going to be frightened, for there is some natural cause for it.” And just as she thought this, there came a thundering knock on the headboard of her bed. She said it seemed louder than any hand could possibly make.

That evening we asked automatically what was the explanation of those sounds, and we were answered:

“It was a warning to you, and to A., and to S.”—giving my two sisters' names.

The next time we went to the postoffice we received a letter telling us of the death of our brother in Phoenix, Arizona.

One summer day Rev. Dr. F—— and his wife were visiting me, and in the afternoon she proposed that we should write on the ouija board. For some reason we did not seem to have much success with it, and she said to me:

“You and the Doctor try it.”

So we sat down, and it soon began to write. After a while the Doctor asked it:

“What is my son doing today?” The young man was at a medical college.

Ouija answered: “He is taking care of his wife,” or words to that effect.

“His wife!” exclaimed Dr. F——. “He hasn't a wife.”

But ouija insisted that he had a wife. And sure enough, though it was entirely unknown to his friends and relatives, in some way ouija had got possession of the fact that was hidden from the world. He had a wife at that time, though it was not until later that the marriage was announced.

There was a young lad present that day, the only child of a doctor in a neighboring town, who had passed on some time before. He was a bright young lad, and was very much interested. While he was looking on, ouija suddenly changed the subject and wrote again and again:

“Come to me! Come to me! Come to me! Come to Heaven! Come to me!”



We did not know what meaning to attach to the request so strangely made and repeated.

A few weeks later this young boy, who had been so tenderly loved by his father, was drowned.

## A CASE OF ALLEGED TELEKINESIS <sup>1</sup>

(HENRY HOLT)

This eminent publisher and author (1840-1926) was A.B. of Yale, LL.B. of Columbia and LL.D. of the University of Vermont. Beginning the publishing business with G. P. Putnam in 1865, he founded the well-known firm of Henry Holt & Co., in 1873. He wrote a number of books, of which that on psychic research, entitled *On the Cosmic Relations*, is probably the best known and most valuable. *Garrulities of an Octogenarian* is a delightful autobiographic work. Another book on psychic research by him, it is expected will soon appear. In 1914 he started a magazine, *The Unpopular Review*, which, its title afterwards changed to *The Unpartizan Review*, lasted some years, and of this he was the editor.

In the winter of 1856-7 or the spring of 1857, on a Sunday afternoon, I was one of a dozen or so of the pupils of General Russell's school in New Haven who were loafing in one of the recitation rooms, when one of them said to P——:

"Ghost, show us the spirits!"

The boy addressed was a delicate-looking chap of medium height, some sixteen or seventeen years old, whose gentle and truthful nature had made him a favorite with us all—to a greater degree perhaps than any other boy in the school. The subject once opened, there was a quite general talk about raps being heard about his bed, and similar stories. It was news to me. I had previously supposed that his nickname of "Ghost" was the result of his comparatively shadowy appearance, but I was to learn better.

He objected to giving the exhibition because, he said, it tired him so; but at last he was persuaded.

There were some music stands in the room, probably two or three, over which we did our fluting and fiddling. Certainly they contained no hidden batteries and connections. Each consisted of a wooden slab some two inches thick, and some fifteen by eighteen in width and length, resting on the floor; then from this a stick some two by three, rising to

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<sup>1</sup> *Cosmic Relations*, I, 94-7.

the height required by the average player; and on top of the stick, an inclined piece about the size of the base, but much thinner, serving as a desk for the music. The whole thing was made, probably, of white pine, and unpainted.

P—— stood before one of these stands, placing his fingers and thumbs lightly on the desk, which sloped with the top away from him. Soon, he said: "If there are any spirits present, will they please tip the stand?" No response. After several repetitions of the question, the stand tipped gently *toward* him. Now, as the desk sloped away from him, its tipping toward him by his muscular force was absolutely impossible.<sup>1</sup>

After a time the stand would tip in response to all sorts of questions, and spell words in response to letters as the alphabet was repeated. Later knowledge leads me to believe that these tipplings were in response to P——'s unconscious volition.

Soon P——'s arm began to jerk convulsively, so that his hands ceased their permanent contact with the stand, and began to tap it with increasing frequency and strength. Soon the stand ceased to fall back into its natural position of standing on the floor, but even in the intervals between the tappings, while his hands did not touch it, remained tipping toward him, not rising and falling as his hands rose and fell, but tipped permanently. The force produced this suspension without contact—literally was *telekinesis*.

The jerkings increased in frequency and violence to a rapid tattoo of his fingers on the stand, the distance away from it between the beats increasing to nearly or quite a foot, and the stand steadily tipping more and more toward him until, probably, the top had passed the center of gravity, and yet it did not fall toward him or back toward its natural position, but was virtually held in what all previous knowledge would have declared an impossible position.

Then he said: "Try to pull it down," and the strongest boy among us on one side of the base, and I, who was perhaps the heaviest, on the other, tried to turn the base back to the floor. We could not. We spread ourselves on the floor, throwing our hands and the weight of our bodies over the raised bottom of the stand, but we could only sway it a little, while his hands continued playing their tattoo—*both hands irregularly, not systematically relieving each other so as to exercise a*

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<sup>1</sup> Note by Dr. Hyslop. See *Journal A. S. P. R.*, July, 1910.

Inquiry of Mr. Holt, in regard to the manner in which the boy held his fingers on the music stand, results in the following reply: "The boy held his fingers about the center of the surface of the music stand, not touching the top at all. Of course I would have thought less of the matter if he had touched the top, but even then the performance would have been remarkable."

This view was implied in the story, but was specifically stated. We might suppose that the boy had a special hook under his finger-nails for tipping the stand, but this theory would not account for the permanent tipping reported. We should have to suppose him capable of balancing it by his peculiar methods. The probabilities would not be very great that this could be done in that manner.

*continuous pressure, but leaving the stand, at intervals of perhaps a quarter of a second each, alternately with and without contact with him.* The contest between the muscular force of the strong boys at the base, and P——'s mysterious force at the desk, continued for a minute or two, until the base of the structure was broken off or the nails drawn out, and P—— sank into a chair exhausted. The frail fellow had put forth more force of some kind than the muscular force of two boys, each of much more than his weight and many times his muscular strength. We were out of breath and tired, too. I don't remember whether P—— held the upper part suspended in the air, or whether a mysterious circuit with the earth was broken when we broke off the base.

Fatigue like P——'s is generally mentioned as following experiences like his, and the other manifestations of telekinesis. There are a few instances, however, where apparently no fatigue is experienced.

I remember realizing at the time that his force could not be electrical, as it acted through wood.

There was no cabinet, no subdued light, no machinery but a commonplace piece of furniture familiar to all of us, no money paid for the show, nothing but an honest and kindly boy sacrificing himself for the entertainment of his mates.

The broken stand remained there as evidence that we had not been hypnotized, and I seem to remember some inconvenience from being unable to use it before it was mended.

Now if I have not told those things exactly as they occurred, I never told any other concatenation of as many things exactly as they occurred. The fact of his putting forth more of his mysterious force than we did of our muscular force, is as indubitable as any fact in my experience. The manifestation was so simple and coherent that not only was room for error conspicuously lacking at the time, but room for failure or distortion of memory has been conspicuously lacking since.

A decade ago, Podmore would probably have urged against this testimony that it has no confirmation; that the parties were all boys; that the only witness was convicted during his youth of writing verses, and has since written fiction; that the testimony is nearly sixty years after the event, and that it was given when the witness was presumably in his dotage. Regarding the last objection I am not entitled to an opinion, and the others are all facts. The other witnesses of P——'s phenomena I have entirely lost sight of, and indeed forgotten who they were, except the boy who helped me break the stand. He was a Spanish-American, and went back to his own people.

For anybody, however, who, in spite of all that, is rash enough to accept the testimony, telekinesis is proved.

If I doubt that occurrence, I must doubt every other experience I ever had. My certainty regarding these phenomena cannot be increased.

Truly a remarkable and convincing case if Mr. Holt actually re-

membered and told all the details of any significance, and if every detail in the pictures which sixty years left in his memory was *exactly* accurate.<sup>1</sup> But I think that for readers, Mr. Holt reported cases of *mental* phenomena more convincing than this of apparent telekinesis. I myself have in memory very vivid pictures of the seemingly amazing feats of Mattie Lee Price (if I remember her name correctly), the "Georgia Magnet," which I saw when a very young man. But I distrust them, for the reason that I did not then know how to see such things—did not at all know what to look for—and I have not, therefore, the least reason for assurance that apparently unimportant but really determinative details remain in those pictures.

I think that Mr. Podmore's doubts would have rested on some such basis as the following. Provided that the sunshine did not rest on that music stand, and provided that in the first part of the performance the spectators were not allowed to come nearer than five or six feet from the stand, all that is described up to the attempt to bring it to the floor *could* have been done with P——'s hands, and a black thread passed around the music stand. The alternation of touching and withdrawing the hands would be easy. (Mr. Holt only thinks it "probable" that the top passed the center of gravity.) I have seen a small jointed figure made by fine threads to dance, walk, sit in a chair and stand on its head, and the threads could not be seen although I was not more than six feet from them in a slightly shaded room. I have seen similar tricks by a street vender on the sidewalk of New York, and only the sharpest inspection revealed the thread. P—— may have gone into another room on some pretext before the performance, to get this thread, or he might have carried one in his pocket.

The last act looks very much like a feat that anyone can perform, on the mechanical principles explained by Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Hyslop and others, in the case of Mrs. Abbott, the first "Georgia Magnet."<sup>2</sup> The boys grasping the base had the short leverage, P—— the long leverage, which gave him a great mechanical advantage. Let one person press a finger or two of each hand, alternating from one hand to the other if he pleases, against the top of a chair with a tall back, and he can defeat one, two or three persons struggling by grasping the

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<sup>1</sup> There is one clear indication in the narrative that Mr. Holt did not remember all the details useful for a judgment. For he says that when the base of the stand was broken off he could not remember whether or not P—— "*held* the upper part suspended in the air." Then he could not remember whether or not, just previous to the break, the boy was actually grasping the top of the stand, for he could not have supposed that the upper part flew into his hand at the moment of the fracture. Yet, but for this remark, we would have been left with the picture of his hands merely tapping the stand.

<sup>2</sup> *Proceedings* S. P. R., XI, 219-24.

rungs below the seat to bring all four legs upon the floor, and the rungs may be twisted out or the chair broken. Of course he must shift his thrust to meet every changing angle of force presented, as the persons on the floor labor, unconsciously partly against each other. The persons struggling on the floor will be very disadvantageously placed to observe exactly what he is doing, and may get the impression, quite unwarranted, that the shifting hands are sometimes removed at the same time. The person standing will very likely be a bit fatigued at the end, as P—— was.

I do not declare that this was not a case of real telekinesis. But I admit it into this collection in order to have one illustration of the fact that a case of physical phenomena is complex compared with most mental ones, and may so easily operate on lines of sensory illusion, or the insufficient knowledge of mechanical principles which most literary men share, that they need to be subjected to the careful scrutiny of special knowledge and experience before full reliance is placed in them.

### PREDICTIVE DREAM <sup>1</sup>

(MARY HOWITT)

Mrs. Howitt (1798-1883) was as able a writer as her husband William, and helped him in the production of a number of the books attributed to him, probably more than the title-pages disclose. They were both from Quaker families.

On the night of the 12th of March, 1853, she says, I dreamed that I received a letter from my eldest son. In my dream I eagerly broke open the seal, and saw a closely-written sheet of paper; but my eye caught only these words, in the middle of the first page, written larger than the rest, and underdrawn: *My father is very ill.* The utmost distress seized me, and I suddenly woke to find it only a dream; yet the painful impression of reality was so vivid that it was long before I could compose myself. The first thing I did, the next morning, was to commence a letter to my husband, relating this distressing dream. Six days afterward, on the 18th, an Australian mail came in and brought me a letter,—the only letter I received by that mail, and not from any of my family, but from a gentleman in Australia with whom we were acquainted. This letter was addressed on the outside, *Immediate*; and, with a trembling hand, I opened it; and, true enough, the first words I

<sup>1</sup> Appendix to Ennemoser's *History of Magic*, translated by Howitt, II.

saw and those written larger than the rest, in the middle of the paper, and underdrawn, were, *Mr. Howitt is very ill*. The context of these terrible words was, however, "If you hear that *Mr. Howitt is very ill*, let this assure you that he is better; but the only emphatic words were those which I saw in my dream, and these, nevertheless, slightly varying, as, from some cause or other, all such mental impressions, spirit-revelations, or occult dark sayings, generally do, from the truth or type which they seem to reflect.

Note the parallels:

<i>Dream</i>	<i>Actuality</i>
1. Receives a letter announcing her husband's illness.	1. Receives a letter announcing her husband's illness.
2. And containing the words ["My father] is very ill."	2. And containing the words ["Mr. Howitt] is very ill."
3. These words written larger than the rest.	3. These words written larger than the rest.
4. In the middle of the page.	4. In the middle of the page.
5. And underscored.	5. And underscored.

In addition, the letter was received only six days after the dream, therefore was on its way to Mrs. Howitt from Australia at the time of the dream.

On the other hand, the letter was not from her son, as dreamed, and consequently did not say "My father," and the impression of danger received by her was erroneous. The fact that she noted the divergences gives us assurance that she accurately states the parallels. Her experience was in 1853, and her account was printed in 1854.

## A PREVISIONARY DREAM <sup>1</sup>

(WILLIAM HOWITT)

Howitt (1795-1879) was an immensely productive writer of books on various subjects, poetry, history, description of places, fiction, literature for the young, etc., some sixty volumes in all. *The Desolation of Eyam and Other Poems*, *The Literature and Romance of Northern Europe*, *The Ruined Abbeys of the Border*, *Madam Dorrington of the Dene*, and *The Boys' Birthday Book* are samples of his versatility. His wife, however, shared in the writing of a number of the books. He also wrote a *History of the Supernatural* in two volumes.

<sup>1</sup> Appendix to Ennemoser's *History of Magic*, translated by Howitt, II.

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 farther end of the town, next to the open forest. His garden sloped a little way down the hill to some brick buildings below; and there were greenhouses on the right hand by the wall, as you looked down the hill from the house. As I looked out from the windows 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 woods. "There," I said, addressing 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 look on this scene, I seem to look into my dream.

Robert Dale Owen says that unless we suppose that Mr. Howitt had received from his brother a minute description, "how are we to explain this dream by the theory of past memories revived?"<sup>1</sup> Of course we cannot in that case. And it is rather difficult to suppose that his brother would or could have described in a letter to him the place so minutely that he would have been able not only to recognize the whole outlook from the windows but *also to recognize the wood while on the way and to say where the house would be found to stand*. Mr. Howitt was an intelligent and honest man, and supposed his readers would give him credit for common-sense, so does not say that he remembers of no such letter any more than he found it necessary categorically to affirm that he had never seen the house before.

## THE WIFE OF NAPOLEON'S GENERAL SEES HIS APPARITION AFTER HE FELL FROM THE WINDOW AND BEFORE HIS DEATH<sup>2</sup>

(DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS—MME. LAURE PERMON JUNOT)

General Andoche Junot, Duc d'Abrantès (1771-1813), was a native of Bussy-le-Grand, France. He was Napoleon's secretary at the siege

<sup>1</sup> *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*, by R. D. Owen (Philadelphia, 1860), 171.

<sup>2</sup> Flammarion's *La Mort et son Mystère: Autour de la Mort*, 129-30. Translated by W. F. P.

of Toulon, his aide-de-camp in Italy, receiving a wound in the head from which he never fully recovered, and which disposed him to rashness. As a brigadier-general in Egypt he distinguished himself. Afterwards commandant of Paris, then promoted to be general of a division, he again distinguished himself at Austerlitz. He headed the army of invasion in Portugal, from which Wellesley drove him. He afterwards served in the campaigns in Spain and Russia. Several times he was put by Napoleon in administrative positions, but in them manifested an erratic and extravagant nature. While governor of Illyria he threw himself from a window in a fit of insanity.

Duchess d'Abrantès, the witness in this case (1784-1838), was probably more responsible for her husband's financial extravagances and indulgence in display than he was himself. Napoleon gave her 100,000 francs when she married Gen. Junot, and a like sum, with a house, when her first child was born. After her husband's death Napoleon forbade her to return to Paris, but she ignored the order, opened her house and attracted to it most of the celebrities of the period. After the empire fell, her fortune gone, she devoted herself to literature, and her fiction, memoirs and various articles had a large vogue. This is her statement:

It was in the night of July 22-23 [1813]. I was sleeping badly, as one sleeps when feverish, when I was seized by a sensation at once entirely unknown to me and afflicting.

I roused, and I distinctly saw, near my bed, Junot clothed in the same gray suit which he wore the day of his departure for Illyria, looking at me with a sweet and melancholy expression. I screamed loudly, which woke Blanche (my head chambermaid; she is still living) and Mme. Thomières, who immediately threw herself out of bed and came to me, asking what was the trouble. Alas! I still continued to see that terrifying apparition, for the face of Junot was pale and profoundly sad; it seemed as though already we must be separated here below! But the most fearful thing for me was to see the apparition walk around my bed and yet—O God! one of his legs was broken. In short, I was seeing, by intense revelation, the condition in which Junot actually was, whereas no news of the accident had or could have reached me, for it happened at that moment. Later, my brother hesitated long before he told me the truth, for he feared for my life, considering my situation at the time.

"Light my chamber!" I cried in my constantly-increasing fright. "Give me all the air you can, especially all the light you can!" and my eye followed the apparition continually visible, which now came near me and now retired to a shadowy corner of the room while signalling to me to go to it. The sight made me believe, at certain moments, that I was dying, and there broke from my chest a long, hollow



cry that seemed like an appeal to Death. It was not until toward morning that the apparition slowly faded, and became like an almost invisible mist. I do not explain this phenomenon; I only relate it as it took place.

When, on July 30, Albert, on his return to Secheron, told Mme. Thomières about the terrible catastrophe which had preceded the death of the Duke, she was unable to repress a cry of astonishment, and she related to him what had happened to me.

Even to this day I am not able to banish the conviction that there was present a direct relation between two souls, bound by so many ties that they formed but one soul. I believe this and believe it *resolutely*. The mysteries of Providence are too profound for our eyes to fathom them.

We need not put any valuation on the Duchess's theory, except as it witnesses to the extent she had pondered over her remarkable experience. It is too much to ask, that in her period she should have thought of getting the signed testimonies of witnesses; one at least, the maid Blanche, and very likely others, were living when her *Mémoires* were published. But she names several of them, making it certain that they or their surviving relatives and intimates would be interrogated by readers curious to know more particulars. Even if we assume that the Duchess was so lacking in heart and taste as to invent such a tale connected with the tragedy of her husband's death, she maintained too large a household and lived too much in the glare of publicity to have done so without the sequence of denials ringing through France.

General Junot, after several reverses of fortune, including loss of Napoleon's favor, threw himself from a window, breaking his leg, and died a few days later, on July 29, 1813.

## APPARITION OF A DYING MAN(?)<sup>1</sup>

(ANDREW LANG)

One of the most versatile and entertaining writers of the nineteenth century was Andrew Lang (1844-1912). He was the author of some forty-seven books: tales, poetry, translations and discussions of classical literature, criticism of modern literature, folk-lore, his own peculiar brand of psychic research, etc. While he had a light touch and playful humor, his judgments were usually acute and his fertile sug-

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<sup>1</sup> Article "Apparitions," by Andrew Lang, in *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 9th edition.

gestions always worthy of consideration. He was much interested in psychic research and collected many cases for the S. P. R., besides contributing many articles to its publications. His early education was at Edinburgh Academy, St. Andrew's University and Oxford University.

The writer once met, as he believed, a well-known and learned member of an English University [Professor Conington], who was really dying at a place more than 100 miles distant from that in which he was seen. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the writer did not mistake some other individual for the extremely noticeable person whom he seemed to see, the coincidence between the subjective impression and the death of the learned professor is, to say the least, curious.

In answer to inquiries, Mr. Lang wrote, on January 30, 1886:

Savile Club.

It was when I was living in St. Giles that I saw the real or sham J. C. I was under the lamp in Oriel Lane, about 9 at night, in winter, and I certainly had *a very good view of him*. I believe this to have been on a Thursday, but it may have been a Friday. I think it was on the Saturday that Scott Holland did not come to a breakfast party, and sent a note that Conington was dangerously ill. I said, "He can't have been very ill on Thursday (or yesterday, I can't be sure which), for I met him near Corpus."

I am constantly failing to recognize people. Conington, however, was not easily mistaken, and I know no one in Oxford who was at all like him. Whoever he was, he was in cap and gown.

Mr. Lang informed the S. P. R. that he never had a hallucination at any other time.

Professor Conington died on Saturday, so that Mr. Lang's experience was either on the evening previous or on the evening before that. It was proved that Conington knew himself to be dying on Thursday.

The question, of course, is whether it was an apparition or a resembling man that was seen. Against the latter supposition are the facts that the person wore an Oxford cap and gown, and that Professor Conington was an "extremely noticeable person" unlike any other Oxford man so far as Lang knew. Even if an illusion, as Mr. Gurney remarks,<sup>1</sup> "it is surely not more difficult to suppose that a mind which is telepathically affected can project its sensory delusion on some real figure which bears a general resemblance to the agent, than that it can project it in vacancy," and that supposition would account for the extraordinary coincidence.

<sup>1</sup> *Phantasms of the Living*, II, 62-3.

REPEATED APPEARANCES OF AN APPARITION BEFORE  
A GROUP OF DISASTERS ON A SHIP

(GEORGE LITTLE)

The author of a book which went through at least fourteen editions and which is to this day, while far inferior to the great masterpiece of Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*, one of the most fascinating narratives of life at sea extant, perhaps deserves admission into the charmed circle of the "noted." I cannot do better than copy the introduction by Dr. I. W. Heysinger, A.M., to the extracts furnished by him to the *Journal* of the A. S. P. R., Vol. V, which extracts have been verified.

I will simply add that Mr. Little was not inclined to believe the general run of sailors' superstitions, examples of which he instances in other parts of the book, calling them by that name.

It is narrated at length in the autobiography of George Little, a sailor from boyhood, and "for many years captain in the Merchant Service out of the port of Baltimore, but now entirely blind." The book, entitled *Life on the Ocean; or, Twenty Years at Sea*, was first published in 1843, and my extracts below are from the fourteenth edition, published by Clark, Austin & Smith, in New York, in the year 1852.

The number of editions shows the importance and popularity of the book, which in fact carries conviction of its truthfulness all through, and is far superior in fact and experience to any book on like subjects with which I am acquainted, Dana's *Three Years Before the Mast*, for example. This work was compiled by the author from his own diaries and log-books, and dates and localities are verified throughout. The author became a sincere Christian long before the book was written.

The events narrated in connection with apparitional phenomena relate to his experience as mate of a brig which sailed from Baltimore, March 11, 1817, for a short voyage to the West Indies. The crew consisted of ten men and a boy; the captain he describes as what sailors sometimes call "an odd kind of a Christian." His predominant trait was indolence; consequently he was not much of a disciplinarian; and yet, when roused (and this could only be done by some flagrant act of disobedience), he was a perfect lion. Usually, however, he was good-tempered, mild, and easy,—constantly depending on his officers to carry on the details of the vessel.

They beat down against a light head-wind, and came to an anchor at 8 p. m. in the outer roads of Annapolis, distant one mile and a half from the nearest shore; the two boats, the author says (all that belonged to the brig), were stowed on deck; the night was moonlight,

perfectly clear and cloudless. He says, also, that voyages to the West Indies ordinarily do not elicit much interest, but he narrates this for the reason that there were circumstances connected with this particular one which, to many, may savor strongly of superstition; "nevertheless," he concludes, "they did transpire, and, to me, were perfectly unaccountable. Take the following as one among the more prominent."

I now proceed to quote, from his book, the narrative in question.

"At 8 P. M., the anchor watch was set, and after the usual orders were given by the pilot, we all turned in. About midnight I was aroused from a sound sleep by hearing a voice calling upon Captain C—— to come immediately on deck. It proceeded from the sailor who had the watch. A second call was given more earnestly than the first, begging Captain C——, for God's sake, to come on deck, as there was a woman dressed in black, who had inquired for him.

"Believing the sailor to be half drunk—as was generally the case at that period, when vessels left port—I drove him away; but he persisted in his importunities for Captain C—— to make his appearance. By this time we all roused up, and proceeded on deck, the sailor pointing out the place where he had seen and talked with the woman. After the most diligent search, however, no trace or sign of the supernatural being was found, and bestowing a severe reprimand on the seaman, we once more turned into our berths.

"About 2 A. M. we were again roused by another sailor, for the same purpose; this was a perfectly sober man, a resident of Baltimore, with a family. He gave us the same account as the former; said he could not be mistaken, for he saw the woman plainly, and heard her inquire for Captain C——. The crew, being now all huddled together on the forecastle, corroborated his testimony. The most scrutinizing search was again made, but without effect. There could be no deception practised on us by the seaman, because the boats were on deck in their places, and the first sailor, who had called on Captain C——, had no intercourse previously with the remainder of the crew.

"I was determined to know if there were any grounds for the truth of this alarming sight to the seamen; so I walked the deck during the remainder of the night, but saw nothing. The next morning the wind was fair, and we commenced to get under way; but the sailors came aft in a body, and begged Captain C—— to give them their discharge; that they would give back their month's advance, and their clothes and bedding to boot—stating that they could not go out in the vessel, as they well knew that she would never get back again. This was ridiculed by Captain C——, and they became very importunate in their demand. The naturally easy temper of the skipper became much roused; and, as Jack saw (to use an old saying, 'If you tread on a worm he will turn') that he was not to be played with, they walked sullenly forward, manned the windlass, hove up the anchor, and, in a few minutes, the brig was under a cloud of canvas, standing down the Chesapeake Bay. We had

a fine run down, discharged the pilot on the thirteenth of March, and stood to sea.

"The second day after leaving the land, it blowing fresh, and being in the Gulf Stream, the brig became very laborsome, straining so much that we were obliged to keep one pump constantly going; before night the top-gallant masts, yards, rigging, etc., were all sent down on deck and secured. It blew a strong gale, and every sail was furled except the main and fore-topmast-stay-sails. At 6 P. M., the rain fell in torrents, and heavy, black clouds rolled up from the northwest, with frequent claps of thunder and sharp flashes of lightning. Between the hours of 6 and 8, in the last dog-watch, the supernatural being again appeared to the two men who first saw her while at anchor, they now having the watch on deck, and the lookout forward. I had charge of the watch myself at this time, but as the night was intensely dark, nothing could be seen, except at intervals, by the flashes of lightning; so that it was not surprising, as I was standing aft, that I did not see this unearthly figure. It was, however, a source of the greatest alarm, and I could perceive, notwithstanding Captain C—— affected great unconcern, he nevertheless could not sleep, any more than the crew. The gale increased, and the sea rose to a tremendous height; we expected every moment, from the appearance of the weather, a shift of the wind. At midnight, precisely, the solemn visitor was again seen on the fore-castle, but, as before, neither Captain C—— nor myself were permitted to behold it. In about twenty minutes after this appearance, the wind shifted suddenly to the northwest, and it blew a perfect tornado. The brig was thrown nearly on her beam-ends. Being pressed by the two stay-sails, the axes were got in readiness to cut away the mast; but before this was executed, the stay-sail sheets gave way, and the violence of the wind blew the sails away from the bolt-ropes. . . . In this disaster we lost all of our spars, boats, and caboose-house; fortunately, the caboose, being well secured to the deck, was saved, and no lives were lost. . . . At 4 A. M. the sky was perfectly clear; the moon shone brightly, and the sea became flowing and regular, presenting a very different scene from that which was exhibited at midnight. Once more the crew became comparatively cheerful, and when the morning light broke forth, the gale had moderated. Double-reef topsails were set, and we steered away to the southward.

"Nothing material transpired during the remainder of the passage. The weather was unusually fine, and yet, by no threat or importunity, could any sailor be induced to go aloft in the night."

The vessel reached Martinique, its destination, but it may be imagined that many serious conversations were held among the crew, with descriptions of the strange visitant. The crew, in fact, concerted a plan to effect their escape when land was reached.

From Martinique the vessel proceeded to Guadaloupe, where the cargo was sold, and a return cargo of sugar was taken in. The yellow

fever and dysentery prevailed at Guadaloupe, and during the loading the author says:

"At length, however, the fatal disease made its appearance among our crew, in connection with the dreaded reappearance of our supernatural visitor. It was reported by two of the crew that, on the night previous to the fatal malady having gotten among us, she was again seen on the forecastle."

Six of those on the vessel, including the author, were seized with yellow fever, but with one exception, all recovered. The port in fact became a "great charnel-house," and every effort was made to get away, and on April 13, four weeks and five days after the first appearance of the apparition, the brig was towed out of the harbor, and began its voyage home, which it did not reach until May 4, when the vessel was made fast to the wharf at Baltimore.

The sequel, as narrated by the author, Captain Little, is as follows:

"Thus ended one of the most unpleasant, and, at the same time, the most extraordinary voyage that I ever made. But in reference to the voyage, the most inexplicable coincidence yet remains to be related. When we sailed from Baltimore, the wife of Captain C—— resided in Nantucket; on our return he found a letter awaiting him, conveying the sorrowful information that his wife was dead. Comparing the period of her demise with that of the first appearance of the lady in black, while lying in Annapolis Roads, the time exactly corresponded. With these relative facts, then, I shall leave the reader to form his own opinion as to the possibility, or probability of supernatural appearances."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pliny the younger (*circa* 61-c.113), the celebrated Roman advocate, senator and writer, left as his main bequest to posterity his graceful and informing *Letters*. Letter 27 of Book VII tells several psychic incidents which he has heard and believes to be true. One relates to a fine old house in Athens with a bad reputation, and hence rented cheaply, since there were sometimes heard therein advancing sounds as of clanking iron and, when they seemed quite near, some saw the apparition of an old man with fetters on his legs and chains on his arms. The philosopher Athenodorus [probably Athenodorus Cananites, *circa* 74 B. C.-A. D. 7, a friend of Cicero], when he came to Athens, took the house expressly on account of its reputation of being haunted, heard the sounds, saw the figure and followed it to a spot in the courtyard where it disappeared. Digging disclosed there the bones of a man with chains on them.

No rational person would think of citing this case as evidence, except of the fact that phenomena of the "haunted house" species have been known for ages. And, in the light of well attested analogous modern cases, there is no particular reason for being suspicious of this one. Some one has satirically remarked on the fact that more ghosts wore and clanked chains in former ages than appear to do so now. But if "ghosts" shadow forth, so to speak, what they were familiar with in life, there is nothing in this fact to wax sarcastic about, for it is a historical fact that far more living men formerly wore chains than is the case in modern times.

"A CURIOUS BUT TRUE TALE"<sup>1</sup>

(HENRY W. LUCY)

Sir Henry W. Lucy (1845-1924) was a celebrated English journalist and humorist, who for many years contributed regular articles founded on his observations from the press galleries of Parliament. Many Americans will remember the series entitled "From Behind the Speaker's Chair," which ran in the *Strand Magazine* for many years beginning with the early eighties. Similar articles appeared in the (London) *Daily Telegraph* with the general title "Under the Clock; By One of the Hands." But perhaps that series gained the most repute which for years ran in *Punch*, purporting to be from "Toby, M.P." These sketches were collected from time to time and published in book form. Sir Henry also wrote a novel, now forgotten, and a book of autobiographical character entitled *Sixty Years in the Wilderness*.

Sir Henry met Charles Dickens but once, and then exchanged but a sentence or so with him. This was when Dickens presided at a City dinner, in 1870, the last year of his life. "There I saw him for the last time."

In uncanny fashion it was the last time but one. Thereby hangs a curious but true tale. Thirty years ago I sought and found opportunity of testing the genuineness of table-turning, a practice at the time much in vogue. With three other persons, equally honest in search of the truth, we sat down and joined outstretched hands on a small table.

Presently it began to move, and there followed the customary catechism as to the identity of the spirit who honored us with his (or her) company. This was tried in succession by my three companions, who, reciting the alphabet in accordance with the formula, asked the visitor to "rap once" when a desired letter was reached.

The table gyrated with great vigor, but the alphabet was, in each case, exhausted without the desired spiritual acquiescence in a particular letter helping to spell a word. My turn coming round, I renewed the effort. When I came to the letter C the rim of the table prodded me in the chest with evidently joyous assent. Similar token was forthcoming when I got to the letter H; and so on until Charles Dickens was spelt out.

Then followed a quite friendly conversation, in the course of which the great novelist, four years dead, bade me call on his son Charles, at the time editor of *Household Words*, whom, he assured me, I should find in a friendly mood.

<sup>1</sup> *Sixty Years in the Wilderness*, by Sir H. W. Lucy (London, 1890, 2d ed.), 89-90.

My companions several times attempted to join in the conversation, but Charles Dickens would have nothing to do with them, severely ignoring their existence. Whenever I spoke the table throbbed with exuberance.

What puzzled me at the time, as seeming altogether incongruous, was the way my interlocutor mis-spelled his words. Written down, they were playfully ungrammatical. When, a year or two later, I came to read Forster's *Life of Dickens*, I found that in the privacy of communication with his most intimate friend, "Boz" used occasionally to write in that way. For example, inviting Forster to dine with him at Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead Heath, he wrote: "I knows a good 'ouse where we can have a red-hot chop for dinner and a glass of good wine."

This is perhaps the most striking point of the episode. Practical persons explain the vagaries of conversation through the medium of table-turning by averring that, unconsciously, the inquirer supplies the answer received. As I had at the time never heard of Dickens' humorous disregard for spelling and grammar when writing to Forster, I certainly could not have been responsible for that singular phase of the communications.

That is the story, told as simply as possible. I was so much struck with the incident that on the next day I found my way down to the office of *Household Words*, and sent in my card to the editor. My name being absolutely unknown to him, as it was to all outside a narrow circle, I expected my temerity would be properly rewarded by a message that the great man was engaged. On the contrary, I was promptly ushered into the presence of Charles Dickens, Jr., who received me in friendliest fashion, and straightway commissioned me to write an article for *Household Words*.

It was accepted, and I received a prodigiously handsome cheque—the first earned in that field of labor.

It may be surmised that the spelling and bad grammar were supplied by one of the three other persons whose hands were on the table—one who was acquainted with Dickens's habit. It is considerably against this theory, although it does not quite disprove it, that the others apparently wanted to get some attention themselves and that Lucy was convinced of their entire honesty. Certainly if it was the thought, conscious or subconscious, of one of these persons that young Lucy, then out of a job, would find it to his advantage to meet Charles Dickens, junior, that person was a good guesser.



## A SERIES OF PREMONITIONS

(LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, GUARANTOR)

When but nineteen years old, Miss Chandler (1835-1908), afterwards married to the Boston journalist, William U. Moulton, wrote *This, That and the Other*, a book which hit the popular taste of the time. Thereafter her pen was prolific in the production of books and journalism. Five volumes of tales for children, two of narrative sketches entitled *Some Women's Hearts* and *Miss Eyre from Boston*, books on travel and social subjects, and two volumes of poetry entitled *Swallow-Flights* and *In the Garden of Dreams*, were produced by her. Some critics regarded her sonnets as among the finest ever produced in America.

The selection which we here make from Miss Moulton's "four strange and true stories," printed in the *Arena*, concerns a cousin of hers. But the cousin visited Mrs. Moulton after coming East in consequence of what she regarded as spiritual direction, told her why she had come and put her on watch for developments. So Mrs. Moulton was in a sense and degree a witness to the facts.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> It happens that there is in existence a good test of Mrs. Moulton's memory for details. I have in my possession a letter written by her to Lady Rayleigh, sister of Earl Balfour and Mrs. Sidgwick. It is undated as to year, but must have been written in one of the eighties. It reads:

"46, Connaught Square, July 14—

"Dear Lady Rayleigh:

"I have not forgotten my promise to write out for you the story my friend told me—but I fancy the Psychical Society knows of it, as I wrote it several years ago for the *Arena*—when the *details* were more clearly in my memory—but as to the *main facts* I am perfectly sure. My friend, Mr. Whitin, was asked to go to a séance, at the house of a friend some miles away from his own home. He went, taking with him his brother. Neither of them had ever seen the medium before—and there is no probability that she had ever heard of them. Almost at the beginning of the séance she tried to attract the attention of my friend's brother—'Your best friend,' she said, 'is suffering. He is far away—out West. He is bleeding frightfully, and is very weak.' She said a few sentences more; but as Mr. Whitin did not believe in spiritualism he made no response whatever, and she turned her attention to some one else. But just before the séance closed, she turned back to Mr. Whitin. 'Ah,' she said, 'your friend is dead, now. He died while I have been talking.' And, sure enough, what she said we confirmed, later. The great friend of Mr. Whitin was living on a ranch, in the far West. Some cattle thieves drove off some of his cattle, and he pursued them. He got a terrible wound in his knee, and he bound it up, and struggled on toward a place where he knew he could be cared for. That was the position of things at the beginning of the séance, but before its close the bandage had slipped off—the poor fellow was too far gone to replace it—and before he could reach his destination, he had bled to death. In spite of this, my friend does *not* believe in spiritual manifestations—why not, I can hardly imagine.

"It was a pleasure to meet you, at Lady Wynford's—and I regretted that you did not find time to renew it for me, when you kindly left your card.

"Yours very sincerely,

"LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON."

My second story of spiritual communication concerns a relative of my own, a cousin, born like myself in Connecticut, who was married and settled in the West. Her mother, who had in her lifetime been a firm believer in spiritualism, had been dead for some years; and ever since her death my cousin had believed in her constant presence and influence, and had arranged her life according to what she believed to be her mother's guidance. I do not remember the precise date, but it must have been about eighteen years ago when she was urgently entreated by her mother to change all her plans for the summer and go to far-off Connecticut. "Ask your husband to let you go," said the influence; "tell him how important you feel that it is, and beg him not to answer hastily, but to take time to consider it."

That evening my cousin made her request. I am not certain whether her husband believes that the compelling influences by which his wife is so often moved are really of spiritual origin, but at any rate he knows how significant they are to her. So when she asked if she might take their three children and go East, and at the same time entreated him not to answer hastily, he listened in silence. A few days later he said to her: "I have been thinking of what you proposed the other night; and if you feel so earnestly about it, I don't like to say no. But I can't have the family all broken up. You may take the youngest boy" (a little fellow of three) "and leave the others with me."

Accordingly, my cousin made her preparations for leaving home. All this time she had had no intimation whatever as to the special reason for which her journey was to be made; but when she was leaving the house, her housekeeper said to her: "I do hope, ma'am, you won't be gone all summer. It will be lonesome here without you." And my cousin answered, "Oh, no, my father will be dead and buried, and I shall be back here before the middle of July."

She assured me that these words were as unexpected to herself as to her listener. *Until she heard them with her own ears*, she did not at all know what she was saying.

She came to Connecticut, and went at once to see her father, who seemed to her as well as when she had seen him three years before, and as well as a man of his age was at all likely to be. That night she was sitting in her own room, and she said to herself, "I really *don't* see what I was sent on here for—father seems as well as ever to me." And instantly the answer came, "Yes, he seems so, now. He won't be taken

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I have compared the account given in this letter with that written for the *Arena* some years before when, as Mrs. Moulton remarks, the details were more clearly in her memory. And while the words attributed to the medium are not literally the same, their meaning, and all the other details, without exception, are essentially identical. So far from exaggerating the original story, in the letter she omitted the important fact that when news of the death came a calculation of the difference between Western and Eastern time was made.

From the evidence furnished by this letter as to the integrity of Mrs. Moulton's mental processes, I am inclined to accept her story about her cousin as essentially correct.

sick till June, when you are visiting Mrs. —, and then he'll never get better."

Soon after that she came to Boston, to pass a few days with me; and during her visit she said to me: "You have often wished for some test as to the genuineness of spiritual impressions. I will put one in your keeping." Then she told me this story, precisely as I have here related it, and added, "Now, you know why I came East, when I didn't mean to, and what I have been told; and you can see for yourself what the next developments are."

Early in June she went to make the visit to Mrs. —. She had been there but two or three days when the person with whom her father boarded arrived, and asked to see her.

"Your father's been taken sick," said this woman, "and he's a very sick man. I'd like to have you move him. He's got relations enough, and I don't feel like having him sick and maybe die in my house."

My cousin immediately went with her to her father, summoning a skilful physician to her aid. "Can I move him?" she asked, after a thorough examination had been made. "Yes," was the answer, "I don't think it will hurt him to be moved today; but you must make haste about it. He's a very sick man, and he'll be worse before he is better."

The patient was moved, thereupon, to the house of a widowed sister, and his daughter watched faithfully beside him. When a fortnight had passed, her aunt said to her one morning: "You ought to get out and take the air. It does your father no good for you to shut yourself up so closely."

"I can't go out today," was the instant answer, "for it is the last day of my father's life;" and again, my cousin assures me, she had no least idea of what was coming until she herself heard the spoken words. Her aunt went into the sick man's room, and presently returned, saying, "I don't see any change in your father, or anything that looks as if this was going to be his last day." "No," said my cousin, "he will not die till nearly four o'clock this afternoon," and again these words were as unexpected to her, until she heard them, as to her aunt.

It was from twenty minutes to a quarter of four, that afternoon, when the sick man breathed his last; and it was July 12 when, after a brief sojourn at some seaside place, my cousin again entered the doors of her Western home.

APPARENTLY PROPHETIC DREAMS <sup>1</sup>

(CHARLES FULTON OURSLER)

Mr. Fulton Oursler (1893-....), after some years as a reporter and critic of drama and music, etc., was for two years editor-in-chief of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, also of the MacFadden publications of New York City. Since then he has been a successful writer of novels, plays and short stories. During 1924-26 he issued *Behold This Dreamer*, *Sandalwood* and *Stepchild of the Moon*. He is acquainted with various species of trickery, has exposed and explained mediumistic frauds, and seems naturally to be of a skeptical bent of mind. A few years ago an amusing incident occurred: Mr. Oursler thought he was in the process of demonstrating that the present editor was credulous in regard to a case of supposed spirit photographs, while the latter thought he was leading Mr. Oursler on to reveal his own credulity, and both were mistaken.

In the process of time Mr. Oursler became profoundly impressed by the coincidences between details of certain dreams of his and those of events occurring within twenty-four subsequent hours. He had not taken pains to record these at the time, and I urged him to do so. The next such dream was on the night of June 16, 1923, and he wrote me as follows on the 18th:

My dear Doctor:

I am herewith sending you an account of a dream which I had, and which seems to me to possess a very considerable scientific importance. I may say in this connection that this dream is one of a long succession of such occurrences, so that I have come to believe in my own mind that there is something outside of my consciousness which is interested in my behalf—something cognizant of events yet to be—and, furthermore, I am satisfied through just such trivialities as these may appear that there is nothing trivial in the world and that chance does not exist. With this perhaps flamboyant and bombastic prelude, I will tell the story of my dream.

On Saturday night, June 16, I dreamed that I saw in my apartment Mrs. Oursler, my wife, running toward me in an almost nude condition, with her hands uplifted. She was evidently inarticulate. I looked around wonderingly and saw that the entire apartment was covered with blood. The floors were wet with it, and the walls were stained with it. I said, "Look at all this blood." She replied, "Isn't the smell terrible?"

<sup>1</sup> *Journal A. S. P. R.*, January, 1925, 11-14.

I saw then immediately on my right a strip of blue serge cloth and two hands reach down and sweep away some of the wet blood from the serge.

That was all of the dream.

On waking Sunday morning, I told this dream to my family, and we all commented upon it.

At eight o'clock Sunday evening I was at my desk, reading manuscripts, while Mrs. Oursler was dressing in her bed-room. As I looked up from my desk, I saw her in the doorway, almost nude, with her hands lifted. She was trying to tell me something but her excitement was too great. She pointed outside, and I rushed into the street to find that my Airedale terrier had been run over by an automobile. He was bleeding profusely, and when I brought him into the house, the floors and walls of the hallway and bath-room were literally soaked with blood. Mrs. Oursler, through her tears, said to me, "Doesn't the blood smell terrible?"

I sent for our family physician, and when he came and knelt down beside the dog, his blue serge suit became spattered with some of the blood and his hands swept it away, just as I had dreamed.

There is an important point to be added here. Ten minutes before this accident occurred, the dog was tied to a post. Mrs. Oursler went to the window and told my daughter to release him and let him run free.

If this account is of any value to you, I shall be glad to have Mrs. Oursler sign it, as well as my children, and have it attested by a notary public.

I can assure you that no detail has been added to give it dramatic value. The incident happened exactly as I related it to you.

FULTON OURSLER.

Let us list the parallelisms.

*The Dream*

Wife appeared before him almost nude.

(*Deviation.* Ran to him.)

With hands uplifted.

Evidently inarticulate.

(Hiatus here.)

Floors and walls profusely stained with blood.

Mr. O. said: "Look at all this blood."

Mrs. O. said: "Isn't the smell terrible?"

(Hiatus here.)

*The Event*

Wife appeared before him almost nude.

(Stood in doorway.)

With hands uplifted.

Too excited to speak.

Mr. O. ran into street and brought dog into house.

Floors and walls profusely stained with blood.

(Hiatus here.)

Mrs. O. said: "Doesn't the blood smell terrible?"

Physician came and knelt by the dog.

A strip of blue serge cloth ap- peared.	Physician wore blue serge suit.
Blood on the serge cloth.	Blood on the serge cloth.
Blood swept away.	Blood swept away.
By two hands.	By physician's two hands.

*This is to certify* that on Sunday, June seventeenth, nineteen twenty-three, my husband, Mr. Fulton Oursler, related to me a dream he had had the night preceding. My recollection of his description of this dream is exactly the same as he has stated it in his letter addressed to Doctor Prince. At the time this dream was literally fulfilled, I had no recollection of the dream, and it was not until it was all over that I remarked to him: "This is your dream come true."

(Signed) ROSE K. OURSLER.

#### FORMER EVIDENCES OF PROPHEPIC DREAMS

When I was three years old, I dreamed of a burglar getting into the house. He was a wooden-legged man with a sandy beard, shining blue eyes, and ragged cap. The next morning there was a rap at our kitchen door. When I opened it, this man was standing there. He was the exact counterpart of the figure I had seen in my dream. He was begging. I had never seen him before.

A year later, I dreamed of falling down a sewer with a wooden covering, about three miles from our home, being almost drowned. The next morning my nurse took me to my aunt's home on a visit. On our return we crossed the wooden sewer bridge of which I had dreamed. One of the rafters collapsed and I fell into the sewer and was barely rescued from drowning.

Some years ago I dreamed of a dog lying dead in the street. It was a black terrier with brown spots. I heard a voice say, "When you see this dead dog——." There was nothing ominous in the voice, but it was emphatic. That morning on my way to the office I saw this dead dog exactly as I had dreamed it, lying on the corner of Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue. I remembered the dream instantly and said to myself, "I wonder what will happen, if anything?" Two hours later I received a telephone message which completely altered my professional career and greatly changed all my life.

It may be of point to notice that all these prophecies were fulfilled within twenty-four hours of the dream. I have attached so much personal significance to these dreams that I recently, on dreaming that my boy was injured, kept him indoors for twenty-four hours under the firm conviction that had he gone out of doors, he would have been hurt.

FULTON OURSLER.

A striking particular of the coincidences between the dreams and

the following events, is the fact that, in Mr. Oursler's case, the apparent fulfilment always comes within twenty-four hours. Any glimpse of a law or rule attaching to these obscure phenomena in the case of their subject is most important.

### PERHAPS TELEPATHY <sup>1</sup>

(ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE AND "MARK TWAIN")

Mr. Paine (1861- . . . ) was the literary executor and biographer of Samuel L. Clemens, doing a large part of his work in the latter capacity during the humorist's lifetime. He is also author of *Mark Twain's Letters*, *Boy's Life of Mark Twain*, *A Short Life of Mark Twain*, *Joan of Arc—Maid of France*, *Thomas Nast—His Life and His Pictures*, and many other books.

This is Mr. Paine's language:

I am reminded of two more or less related incidents of this period. Clemens was, one morning, dictating something about his Christian Union article concerning Mrs. Clemens's government of children, published in 1885. I had discovered no copy of it among the materials, and was wishing very much that he could see one. Somewhat later, as he was walking down Fifth Avenue, the thought of this article and his desire for it suddenly entered his mind. Reaching the corner of Forty-second Street, he stopped a moment to let a jam of vehicles pass. As he did so a stranger crossed the street, noticed him, and came dodging his way through the blockade and thrust some clippings into his hand.

"Mr. Clemens," he said, "you don't know me, but here is something you may wish to have. I have been saving them for more than twenty years, and this morning it occurred to me to send them to you. I was going to mail them from my office, but now I will give them to you," and with a word or two he disappeared. The clippings were from the Christian Union of 1885 and were the much-desired article. Clemens regarded it as a remarkable case of mental telepathy.

"Or, if it wasn't that," he said, "it was a most remarkable coincidence."

The other circumstance has been thought amusing. I had gone to Redding for a few days, and while there, one afternoon about five o'clock, fell over a coal-scuttle and scarified myself a good deal between the ankle and the knee. I mention the hour because it seems important. Next morning I received a note, prompted by Mr. Clemens, in which he said:

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<sup>1</sup> Paine's *Mark Twain*, III, 1410.

"Tell Paine I am sorry he fell and skinned his shin at five o'clock yesterday afternoon."

I was naturally astonished, and immediately wrote:

"I did fall and skin my shin at five o'clock yesterday afternoon, but how did you find it out?"

I followed the letter in person next day, and learned at the same hour on the same afternoon Clemens himself had fallen up the front steps and, as he said, peeled off from his "starboard shin a ribbon of skin three inches long." The disaster was still uppermost in his mind at the time of writing, and the suggestion of my own mishap had flashed out for no particular reason.

It was an odd coincidence that Mr. Clemens and Mr. Paine had the same sort of an accident at the same hour, but amid the innumerable details of two human lives coincidences sometimes occur and should be expected to occur, though they seem "odd" when they do occur. But it is something added to such a coincidence which makes this incident stand out, and that is the fact that Mr. Clemens "flashed out for no particular reason" the *suggestion* that his friend had undergone the same accident at the same time, without any knowledge on his part that this was actually the case.

## THE GYPSY ASTOUNDS THE PROFESSOR <sup>1</sup>

(WILLIAM LYON PHELPS)

Professor Phelps (1865-...), A.B. of Yale, A.M. and Ph.D. of Harvard, Litt.D. of Brown and Colgate, has been teacher of English literature, in the capacities of instructor, assistant professor and professor, for thirty-six years, and the present editor can testify from experience that he has been a popular and inspiring one. Among the latest of his many books on literature are *The Advance of the English Novel*, *The Advance of English Poetry*, *Some Makers of American Literature* and *Human Nature in the Bible*. His style is chatty and breezy, the farthest possible from the dry-as-dust pedantic. He seems to have talked or corresponded with an extraordinary number of interesting people.

Referring to Augustus Thomas, the playwright, Professor Phelps says:

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<sup>1</sup> As *I Like It*, by W. L. Phelps (N. Y., 1923), 1st Series, 99.



His dramatic masterpiece, *The Witching Hour*, was a natural product of his interest in the occult; and the pages dealing with that marvellous person, Washington Irving Bishop, who, like D. D. Home, did many things that have never been explained, are full of challenge. I was particularly impressed by Bishop's finding a word that Mr. Thomas had selected in a book; for precisely the same thing happened to me, and I have no solution and no theory. I was sitting in a hotel in Mentone, watching with skeptical amusement the tricks of a pair of traveling adventurers, when suddenly the gypsy-looking man turned to me and informed the audience that if I would select a word in a big book I was holding, his wife would find it immediately. She was on the other side of the room. I opened the book slightly, so that no one could see the pages, and then I placed my finger on a very common word, and closed the volume. The man made passes at his wife; she advanced across the room, like a somnambulist, took the book from my hands, turned instantly to the page, and placed her finger on the right word. I haven't got over it yet.

April 18, 1923, Professor Phelps wrote me:

I am quoting the thing exactly as it occurred. You may use it with my name or in any way you like. I have no objection whatever to being quoted. The date and place of the occurrence were Mentone, France, in 1912, March 9.

### THE GHOST OF CHAMOUNIX <sup>1</sup>

(JOHN RUSKIN; GUARANTOR, W. J. STILLMAN)

Ruskin (1819-1900) was a bookworm at five, wrote largely before he was twelve and showed his lifelong bent in an essay on the strata of mountains and the color of the sea, printed when he was fifteen. His course at Oxford was interrupted by travel, and he did not take his degree until he was twenty-five. He had already published the first volume of his most extensive work, *Modern Painters*. His printed work runs to thirty volumes. He is one of the greatest masters of English prose, and his thinking on social and political problems as well as art, have had vast influence. He was long professor of Fine Art at Oxford, and had a string of honorary degrees.

W. J. Stillman spent one summer with Ruskin in Switzerland and makes this declaration:

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<sup>1</sup> *The Autobiography of a Journalist*, by W. J. Stillman (1901), I, 313-14.

Connected with him [a mountain guide] was a story which Ruskin told me of a locality in the valley of Chamounix, of which the guides had told him, haunted by a ghost which could be seen only by children. It was a figure of a woman who raked the dead leaves, and when she looked up at them the children said they only saw a skull in place of a face. Ruskin sent to a neighboring valley for a child who could know nothing of the legend, and went with him to a locality which the ghost was reported to haunt. Arrived there, he said to the boy, "What a lonely place! There is nobody here but ourselves." "Yes, there is," said the child, "there is a woman there raking the leaves," pointing in a certain direction. "Let us go nearer to her," said Ruskin, and they walked that way, when the boy stopped and said that he did not want to go nearer, for the woman looked up, and he said that she had no eyes in her head, "only holes."

## MYSTICAL EXPERIENCES

(WILLIAM SHARP)

William Sharp (1855-1905) was a Scot, educated at Glasgow University, traveled extensively, lived much in Italy and France. He wrote several volumes of poetry, biographies of Rossetti, Shelley, Heine and Browning, several books of fiction, also literary essays and anthologies. There was one remarkable division of his works and aspect of his authorship which is well set forth by the following paragraph.<sup>1</sup>

One of the curiosities of modern literature is seen in the case of Professor William Sharp. That portion of his work written under his own name, although of high quality, was curiously lacking in the wonderful elements of poetic imagination which flowed into it when he wrote his Celtic romances under the pen-name of "Fiona Macleod." For a long time, "Fiona Macleod" was believed to be another writer—a mysterious woman the secret of whose identity was jealously preserved. Even now when the secret has been revealed there are those who will not be convinced; so wide is the difference between the two styles that it seems to them incredible that one mind could have achieved both. It is as though Pope or Southey should have produced work in the manner of Keats or Shelley. Some have traced a psychic element in the phenomenon, for William Sharp is said to have had some remarkable spiritual experiences.

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<sup>1</sup> From *Light*, August 15, 1918.

His wife, herself a talented writer, tells us of the peculiar states which he frequently experienced: <sup>1</sup>

I remember from early days how he would speak of the momentary curious "dazzle in the brain" which preceded the falling away of all material things and preluded some inner vision of Great Beauty, or Great Presences, or of some symbolic import—that would pass as rapidly as it came. I have been beside him when he has been in trance and I have felt the room throb with heightened vibration. I regret now that I never wrote down such experiences at the time. They were not infrequent, and formed a definite feature in our life. There are, however, two or three dream-visions belonging to his last summer that I recollect. Two he had noted down in brief sentences for future use. One was:

"The Lily of the World, and its dark concave, dark with excess of light, and the stars falling like slow rain."

The other is headed "Elemental Symbolism," "I saw Self of Life, symbolized all about me as a limitless, fathomless and lonely sea. I took a handful and threw it into the gray silence of ocean air, and it returned at once as a swift and potent flame, a red fire crested with blown sunrise, rushing from between the lips of sky and sea to the sound as of innumerable trumpets." <sup>2</sup>

One morning he told me that during sleep he had visited a city of psychic mechanism. In a huge building he had seen this silent mechanism at work; he had watched a force plunge into molten metal and produce a shaped vessel therefrom. He could see nothing that indicated by what power the machinery was driven. He asked his guide for explanation and he was led along passages to a small room with many apertures in the walls, like speaking-tubes. In the center was a table, on a chair sat a man with his arm on the table, his head in his hand. Pointing to him the guide said, "His thought is the motive power."

In another dream he visited a land where there was no more war, where all men and women were equal; where humans, birds and beasts were no longer at enmity, or preyed on one another. And he was told that the young men of the land had to serve two years as missionaries to those who lived at the uttermost boundaries. "To what end?" he asked. "To cast out fear, our last enemy." The dream is too long to quote in its entirety, for it spread over two nights, but one thing impressed him greatly. In the house of his host he was struck by the beauty of a framed painting that seemed to vibrate with rich color. "Who painted that?" he asked. His host smiled, "We have long

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<sup>1</sup> William Sharp (*Fiona Macleod*): *A Memoir*, compiled by his wife, Elizabeth A. Sharp, 425.

<sup>2</sup> This is very similar to the visual imagery which passes through Mrs. Curran's mind while "Patience Worth" is dictating her poetry. See *The Case of Patience Worth: a Critical Study of Certain Unusual Phenomena*, by W. F. Prince, 321-331.

ceased to use brushes and paints. That is a thought projected from the artist's brain, and its duration will be proportionate with its truth."

Once again he saw in waking vision those Divine Forges he had sought in childhood. On the verge of the Great Immensity that is beyond the confines of space, he saw Great Spirits of Fire standing at flaming anvils. And they lifted up the flames and moulded them on the anvils into shapes and semblances of men, and the Great Spirits took these flaming shapes and cast them forth into space, so that they should become the souls of men.

He was, as Mrs. Mona Caird has truly said of him, "almost encumbered by the infinity of his perceptions; by the thronging interests, intuitions, glimpses of wonders, beauties and mysteries which made life for him a pageant and a splendour such as is only disclosed to the soul that has to bear the torment and the revelations of genius. . . ."

He was accustomed to call the strange realm into which he seemed to enter "the Green Life."

Mrs. Sharp thus tells of his last day: <sup>1</sup>

On the morning of the 12th—a day of wild storm, wind, thunder and rain—he recognized that nothing could avail. With characteristic swiftness he turned his eager mind from the life that was closing to the life of greater possibilities that he knew awaited him. About 3 o'clock, with his devoted friend Alec Hood by his side, he suddenly leant forward with shining eyes and exclaimed in a tone of joyous recognition, "Oh, the beautiful 'Green Life' again!" and the next moment sank back in my arms with the contented sigh, "Ah, all is well."

I include these brief descriptions of William Sharp's peculiar ecstatic states, because he, an educated man and a genius, thoroughly believed in them, and because I do not feel quite certain that we have explained them when we ejaculate: "Imagination!"

## PREMONITIONS

(WILLIAM THOMAS STEAD)

Mr. Stead (1849-1912) became assistant editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1880, and succeeded John Morley as editor when the latter entered Parliament, and introduced "interview" journalism into England. In consequence of articles attacking social vice he was in jail three months, and his connection with the paper ceased, in 1889.

<sup>1</sup> *William Sharp: A Memoir*, 419

He then founded *Review of Reviews*, in 1890, started a series of cheap reprints of standard literature, and from 1893 to 1897 conducted also the spiritistic magazine *Borderland*. He was radical in his views on many subjects, and wrote with vehemence and courage, wielding much influence and exciting much opposition. Later came his "Julia's Bureau" for getting spirit messages. Of his several books, *If Christ Came to Chicago* was the best known. He was drowned in the sinking of the Titanic.

He recites<sup>1</sup> that on January 1, 1880, his mind was so vividly impressed that he would during the year take a journalistic position in London, for which then there appeared to be no prospect, that he told a friend about it. He was then in the ninth year as editor of the *Darlington Northern Echo*. But he received a call to be assistant editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and took the position in September of the same year.

My second premonition [he says in *Real Ghost Stories*] was equally as clear as my first 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 16th of March of the 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 the 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 speak about it to my wife. We took shelter for a time from the rain, but afterwards, on going home, I spoke, not without reluctance, on the subject that filled me with sadness, 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," said she, "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,

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<sup>1</sup> *My Father*, by Estelle W. Stead (London, 1913), 88-91.

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 this that when we return to London I shall make all my plans on the basis of that certainty."

He was so certain of the premonition that he told Mr. Morley, Mr. Milner and others about it, and when Mr. Morley afterwards consulted him about some proposed changes in the terms of his engagement, which would come into effect in May, he declined to discuss the matter on the ground that as he himself would then be editor, and Morley in Parliament, there was no use in it.

It appears not to have been a case where the prediction could contribute to its own fulfilment. It was the death of a certain member of Parliament on February 24 which opened the way for Mr. Morley's election, whereupon Mr. Stead stepped into his shoes, very shortly before the date predicted.

## AN APPARITION SEEN, HEARD AND FELT

(MRS. T. B. STENHOUSE)

Mrs. T. B. Stenhouse was for more than twenty years the wife of a Mormon missionary and elder. Both she and her husband deserted the Mormon faith, and in 1874 she published a book, entitled *Tell It All*, which attained considerable note. It is in this book that the following narrative is found, whose lengthy introduction I condense into short compass.

The Stenhouses were living in Salt Lake City. A certain Carrie Grant, a friend of Mrs. Stenhouse, was in failing health. Mrs. Stenhouse had asked her husband if there was any truth in the rumors of his attachment to Carrie, and he said there was not, but afterwards she learned from Carrie that this was not exactly true, but said to spare the wife's feelings.

Mrs. Stenhouse was with Carrie much, and one day the latter confessed her love for Mr. Stenhouse and added: "You know that we have

been taught that polygamy is absolutely necessary to salvation, and if I were to die without being sealed to some man I could not possibly enter the celestial kingdom. My friends wish me to be sealed to one of the authorities of the Church, but I cannot bear the idea of being sealed to a man whom I do not love. I love your husband, and I want you to promise that I shall be sealed to him. . . .When I am gone will you kneel by your husband's side in the Endowment House, and be married to him for me? "

Mrs. Stenhouse promised to carry out the request of her friend, at the same time telling her that her husband was expecting to marry Belinda Pratt (in consequence of the pressure brought upon him by the Church authorities to become a polygamist). Carrie was disturbed by the news of the projected marriage to another woman and hoped that she should be "sealed to eternity" to Mr. Stenhouse first, as she wanted to be the "second." In due time she died. And now we give the story in Mrs. Stenhouse's words:

The following evening I went around again to the house to gaze once more at the form of my dear friend. She was lying in her coffin, dressed for the grave, and I looked at her long and tenderly as she rested sleeping there. . . .

I was musing sadly over these things as I returned home that evening, resolved that nothing on my part should be left undone which might insure her future happiness, and I presume that in my mind her death, and the promise which I had made, were the all-absorbing thought. Certain it is that a little incident occurred to me, which produced a vivid impression upon my mind, then and for a long time after. I believed that I was visited by my departed friend.

Now, I was not naturally superstitious, and I would not, on any account, have the reader think that I was a believer in the absurdities and delusions of modern Spiritualism. At the time of which I speak, I knew absolutely nothing of the "manifestations" and "communications" received at séances—I had, in fact, been so isolated, and was so ignorant of doings of the world in general, that I had never even heard of such things. I certainly did not believe that apparitions of the dead returned to trouble us with communications of any kind; but, nevertheless, I was that night convinced that Carrie's spirit stood beside me, and spoke to me, just as in life she might herself have done. Even now, after the lapse of several years, I hardly know what to think of the matter, for it made such a powerful impression on my mind. Probably it was all a dream—a vivid and lifelike dream, but nothing more. The reader will remember that at the time I was in a very delicate condition of health, my mind was quite unsettled with trouble and anxiety, and for some time past my thoughts had been constantly fixed upon poor Carrie and her sad fate. These circumstances combined might per-

haps have shaped my ideas and raised up before me that strange vision. To me, however, at the time, it had all the force of reality; and while I leave it to the reader's common-sense to determine what really were the facts of the case, I think I should not be justified in altogether omitting an incident so singular, which, at such a critical period of my life, so strongly affected me.

I was sitting alone in my room, and reading, when suddenly I felt as if someone had opened the door and entered, and I looked round to see who it was. I felt a "Presence," if I may so speak, but I saw no one. So, thinking that I was nervous, and resolved to control my feelings, I took up my book again and tried to interest myself in it. A few minutes elapsed, and then I was startled again, for I felt sure that someone was leaning over me, and I seemed almost to hear them breathe. Quite certain now that the events of the preceding day had unsettled my mind, I laid aside my book and prepared to retire for the night. But still I could not get rid of that feeling which we all experience when someone is near us whom we cannot see but of whose presence we are instinctively aware. After disrobing, I lay down and began to read until I was sleepy; I then turned down the light, without entirely extinguishing it, when, immediately after, the "Presence" seemed to stand beside my bed, and I lost all power over myself. I was not, I believed, asleep, but at the same time I did not seem to be perfectly awake. I plainly saw Carrie leaning over me. "Is that you, Carrie?" I said. "Yes," she answered, or seemed to answer, "I want something from you." Then, pointing to a gold ring upon my finger—not my wedding ring, though it was a wedding ring—she said: "I want you to give me that ring." "You shall have it," I answered; and she then bent over me and kissed my cheek. I distinctly felt the coldness of her lips as she touched me; and in another instant she was gone. I was wide awake and trembling, and covered with a cold perspiration, for I felt certain that Carrie's spirit had been with me, and now that she had spoken to me I felt that the "Presence" in the room was gone.

I could sleep no more, although all fear had left me, and I lay awake for hours thinking over the matter and trying to explain it away. In the morning, I persuaded myself that it was all a dream or the effects of a disturbed imagination; but as I had promised—whether dreaming or awake it mattered little—to give her the ring, I resolved to keep my word and put it on her finger secretly as she lay in her coffin. With that intention I went to the house, some time before the funeral was appointed to take place, but, as there was constantly some one in the room, I felt ashamed to carry out my purpose, lest they should think me silly to do such a thing.

As the time approached when they would carry her to the grave, I became so troubled about the ring that I could not rest, so I went into another room where one of Brigham Young's wives, and a plural wife of Carrie's father, were talking together; and I told them of my dream;



for so I called the vision of my dead friend, although it seemed to me reality. They urged me to lose no time, but to go instantly and put the ring on the finger of the corpse. "If you do not," they said, "you will never feel happy; she will never rest, but will be sure to come back to reproach you." So I went and did as they said. Without any one noticing me, I stood beside the casket, and raised the beautiful hand which looked so pure and wax-like, but oh, so cold! and I placed the ring on the wedding finger, and then covered it with the other hand. Then, again, beside the dead body of my friend, I vowed to be faithful to the promise that I had made to her; and after that I felt at peace.

It is hardly necessary to suggest the alternative possibilities in this case, as Mrs. Stenhouse took them fully into consideration from the first. The speaking and tangible apparition, or whatever it was, had to force the barriers of a robust and questioning mind. Such a person's "must have been a dream" is no more trustworthy in itself than a credulous person's "must have been a spirit." Besides, the lady was evidently somewhat ashamed of having had such an experience, as not being quite the thing, and while she feels that it is important and should be reported, it is only between the lines that we read that she really believes that her friend's spirit actually appeared to, addressed and touched her. The experience classifies with that of the Rev. Dr. Morgan (see page 291), who had no doubt that he was awake, and that the experience was valid. However, we quote this narrative only to put it on record in this place.

## EVIDENCE THROUGH PRIVATE MEDIUMS <sup>1</sup>

(WILLIAM JAMES STILLMAN)

This American painter and journalist (1828-1901) studied art under Frederick E. Church, joined Kossuth's ill-starred revolutionary movement, studied art with Yvon in Paris, painted in the Adirondack region, edited the *Crayon* in New York City, lived several years in Cambridge, Mass., joined Ruskin to make pictures in the Alps, lived again in France, became American Consul in Rome and afterwards in Crete, edited *Scribner's* magazine a short time, and from 1875 to 1898 was the (London) *Times* correspondent successively from Herzegovina, Athens and Rome. He wrote *The Cretan Insurrection of 1866-1868*, *On the Track of Ulysses*, his own *Autobiography*, and several other books (1901).

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<sup>1</sup> *Autobiography of a Journalist*, by W. J. Stillman.

First Mr. Stillman tells us of his failure to get satisfactory evidence by several years of investigating through professional mediums. His conviction of "the unreliability as well as the utter want of essential importance in the physical manifestations and the invariable inconsequence and silliness of the intellectual results," gives his testimony to phenomena, of which he was wholly convinced, the more weight.

The most remarkable of the subjects of this character with whom I became acquainted, which was during the later years of this study, was Mrs. H. K. Brown,<sup>1</sup> the wife of our ablest sculptor of that day. Mrs. Brown was, apart from the peculiar powers she possessed, one of the most remarkable women I have ever known, both morally and intellectually, and the peculiar mental powers she manifested were well known to all the large and thoughtful circle of friends which gathered round her. No physical "manifestation" took place in her presence, and we never "sat" as a "circle," but her telepathic and thought-reading powers in ordinary social intercourse were most surprising. She answered readily any questions proposed in the minds of her interlocutors, often even before they were completely formed, and she possessed the power attributed to Zschokke, of reading, or seeing, past events in the lives of those who were placed *en rapport* with her. Bryant, the poet, assured me that she had recounted to him events in his past life not known to any living person except himself, and I had, myself, the evidence that in her presence there was nothing in my past life beyond her perception. On simple contact with a letter from an unknown person she gave me the most remarkable analysis of the character of the writer, and though this evidence is always open to criticism, the disclosures she made were sometimes surprising. I gave her one day a letter of Ruskin without disclosing the authorship, and in the course of a long analysis she said that the writer was not married, to which I replied that in this she was mistaken, and she rejoined, "Then he ought *not* to be." At that time Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin were, so far as I knew, living together, and no rumor of their incompatibility had come about.

Mrs. Brown explained the possession of her occult powers by a voice in the manner of Socrates's *dæmon*, which, she said, was always present with her, and which she recognized as entirely foreign to her. She repeated what she heard, word for word as the words came, hesitating and sometimes leaving a sentence incomplete, not hearing the sequence. When she asked who was speaking to her, she received only the reply, "We are spirit," and no indication of personality was ever offered. On one occasion, when Mr. and Mrs. Brown were on a fishing trip into

<sup>1</sup> Henry Kirke Brown (1814-1886) was the sculptor of the statues of General Scott in Washington, Washington in Union Square, New York City, Lincoln in Union Square, New York City, and of several eminent Americans in Statuary Hall of the national Capitol.

the wild parts of New York State, and, returning, were on their way to the railway station, the wheel of their wagon broke and they had to go to a blacksmith on the road to have it repaired. She said to her husband that they would lose the train, to which the voice replied that they would be in time, for the train was late and they would arrive with a minute to spare. And in fact as they drew up at the station the train came in sight and they had a minute to spare. There were many such instances in which Mrs. Brown showed to the circle of her acquaintances, which was large and included many of the most intellectual minds of the artistic and literary world whose center was New York, the possession of powers "not dreamed of in our philosophy," but, as she carefully avoided notoriety, they never came under public notice. Her husband implicitly and always followed the directions given her through her dæmon.

The whole chapter from which the above is taken, giving other incidents, is well worth reading. At the close of it Mr. Stillman cautiously sums up, and thinks that on the whole the evidence favors communication from discarnate intelligences.

## VERIDICAL DEATH-BED VISIONS <sup>1</sup>

(RENÉ WARCOLLIER)

M. Warcollier is a present-day worker in the field of experimental telepathy, and his book, *La Telepathie*, is a standard one. This is his testimony:

My uncle, M. Paul Durocq, left Paris in 1893 for a trip to America, with my aunt and other members of the family. While they were at Venezuela my uncle was seized with yellow fever, and he died at Caracas on June 24, 1894.

Just before his death, and while surrounded by all his family, he had a prolonged delirium, during which he called out the names of certain friends left in France, and whom he seemed to see. "Well, well, you, too——, and you——, you as well!"

Although struck by this incident, nobody attached any extraordinary importance to these words at the time they were uttered, but they acquired later an exceptional importance when the family found, on their return to Paris, the funeral invitation cards of the persons named by my uncle before his death, and who had died before him. It is only

<sup>1</sup> Barrett's *Death-Bed Visions*, 22-24; originally found in the magazine, *Psychica*, 1921.

recently that I have been able to collect the testimony of the only two survivors of this event, my cousins Germaine and Maurice Durocq.

Germaine Durocq writes, as follows:

You ask me details of the death of my poor father. I well remember him as he lay dying, though it is many years ago. The thing which probably interests you is that he told us of having seen some persons in heaven and of having spoken to them at some length. We were much astonished on returning to France to find the funeral cards of those same persons whom he had seen when dying. Maurice, who was older than I was, could give you more details on this subject.

Maurice Durocq writes:

Concerning what you ask me with regard to the death of my father, which occurred a good many years ago, I recall that a few moments before his death my father called the name of one of his old companions—M. Etcheverry—with whom he had not kept up any connection, even by correspondence, for a long time past, crying out, “Ah! you, too,” or some similar phrase. It was only on returning home to Paris that we found the funeral card of this gentleman. Perhaps my father may have mentioned other names as well, but I do not remember.

The noted American clergyman, Dr. Minot J. Savage, reported a similar case which occurred in a family which he knew. It was about a little girl who, while dying, exclaimed, “Why, papa, I am going to take Jennie with me,” stretched out her arms and added, “Oh, Jennie, I’m so glad you are here,” the fact being that her playmate Jennie, whose illness had been concealed from her so successfully that she the same day had selected two photographs to be given her, had died the same day. The incident may be found in Hyslop’s *Psychical Research and the Resurrection*, p. 88.

Another closely similar case is related by Frances Power Cobbe, in her book, *The Peak in Darien*, and still another, said by Dean Plumptre to relate to “the mother of one of the foremost thinkers and theologians of our time,” may be found in Barrett’s *Death-bed Visions*, p. 26.

A COINCIDENTAL EXPERIENCE <sup>1</sup>

(LILIAN WHITING)

Miss Whiting began her career as literary editor of the *Boston Traveler*, and was for several years editor of the *Boston Budget*. She has written nearly or quite thirty volumes, on subjects literary, biographical, topographical, psychical, ethical, including a book of graceful verses, *From Dreamland Sent*. She spends part of every year in Boston and part abroad, usually in Florence, Italy.

Miss Whiting has had many psychical experiences, some of them of impressive evidential character. The one which follows should be considered on the background of Miss Whiting's specially intimate relations with Kate Field, which led to her writing *After Her Death* and *Kate Field—A Record*. We learn that when a girl she adored Miss Field for her literary work, and afterwards had fifteen years of close friendship with her.

It was a June morning in Paris. For two weeks preceding I had been so strangely sad, so desolate and distraught that the days were a problem to me. And why? I could not imagine. Some three weeks previous I had fared forth on that first voyage to foreign lands which always prefigures itself in life as an experience that can never be repeated. Other visits may be as happy, or happier; but there is a thrill in one's first glimpse of Europe that—as Mr. Stoddard sings of that indescribable sensation that “follows youth with flying feet”—is one that “never comes again,” whatever better and finer things, perchance, may come. The voyage had been an ideal one, full, to me, of a curious uplift of feeling that suddenly changed, the day we landed, to a sadness and desolation inexpressible, and for which no adequate cause could be even faintly conjectured. No letters or cablegram of depressing nature had reached me; and still, on landing at Liverpool after the happy voyage on the good steamer “Pavonia,” I was absolutely unable to fulfil a previously arranged programme of proceeding to London by a detour to Stratford-on-Avon and Oxford, with leisurely loitering, and could only take the first train to the great metropolis, trusting that its rush of life might exorcise the strange spell that was flung over me.

This swift change of feeling from exhilaration of spirits to an unutterable desolation was initiated by an experience for which I can suggest no explanation; but the occurrence was one which leaves an impress that will forever stand as a crisis hour in life. It was this.

On our last night on shipboard we had enjoyed the usual merry

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<sup>1</sup> *After Her Death* (Boston, 1901), 13 ff., 37 ff. The night experience is also briefly told in *They Who Understand* (355 f.).

time of the "Captain's dinner" with its gala and laughter, and had retired with the happy anticipations of landing at Liverpool in the early morning. I had been asleep for some hours when, suddenly, as if by an electric shock, I found myself standing on the floor of my state-room with the quiver of a current of electricity pervading me from head to feet as if I grasped a strongly charged battery. I turned on the electric light and looked at my watch. It was nearly four in the morning. The words I had just heard—not with the outer ear, but with some inner sense—vibrated in the air. For I had seemed to see standing, I knew not where, three forms, which, by the same inexplicable inner sense, I knew were in the ethereal, not the natural, world; I seemed, too, to know that one of these had but just entered that world, and I heard her say, in tones of mingled joy, amazement, incredulity, and triumph, "Is *this* all? It is all over!"

Then I said to myself: "Some one I know has just died,—some one whose death will make the greatest difference to me." Yet, strangely, I did not think of *her*,—in whose presence or absence the entire world always changed to me,—she with whom I constantly lived in thought, whether we were together or whether half the world stretched its space between us. If this were a creation of fiction and not a narration of actual fact, I should record that my first thought was of her; that I recognized it was her voice that thrilled through my dreams, and startled me, with a force that fairly shot me from a sound slumber to find myself standing,—it would be a more rhythmic sequence; but this is not an imaginative tale: it is the record of an actual experience. I did not think of her, and it could almost be added that it was the only moment since I had known the happiness of meeting her that she was not in my thoughts. Almost at once, too, I again fell into a deep sleep, which was incongruous with the startled shock, and slept so soundly that the pretty stewardess was quite discouraged in her attempts to induce me to rise at the necessary hour for leaving the ship. But on awakening in the morning that dread desolation, unanalyzed and unaccountable, settled down over me. Had I been shipwrecked and left alone on an island in the sea, I could not have been more—and I fancy I should have been less—desolate. For it is invariably true that when all of the visible fails us, the invisible is potent to protect and comfort. It was in vain that I attempted to combat this apparently idle depression. It could not be reasoned away; but, as I said, it was so overpowering that I abandoned perforce the anticipated tour to the home and haunts of the bard of Avon, and the visit to classic Oxford, which had been one of the most prized anticipations, and went directly to London.

Still, the sense of unutterable desolation persisted, and the six weeks planned for London were reduced to six days, when, in a kind of desperate attempt to break the spell, I departed for Paris. . . .

As I have said, I had long had a girl's dreams of her as an enchant-

ing figure out in a gay, glad world yet unrevealed to me. It was as vague and unreal as the ethereal world can seem to anyone here amid the things of sense. When, at last, I came within the charmed circle of her life, she became to me the magnetic center. So that when, on that June day in Paris, as the sunny radiance of the morning flooded the Champs Élysées with balm and bloom and radiant energy, I learned from a cablegram that she had already been for more than two weeks in the life beyond; that her death had occurred the very day that I landed at Liverpool and had been given that thrilling vision of my last night on the steamer; when I realized that her death occurred on that far away island in the Pacific where there is no cable communication, and that it had taken the two weeks for the tidings to reach the United States,—in that first moment of blind, bewildering agony there was little of conscious reflection or thought. . . .<sup>1</sup>

Reading time backward, like the Chaldeans, many things began to grow clear. The voice and the vision that thrilled me like a strong current of electricity, in that last night on the "Pavonia," were now explained. It was *she* whom I had seen as she entered the unknown world; it was *her* voice that I had heard in that tone of mingled amazement, incredulity, and exaltation. There was to me a solemn impressiveness in this which seemed, in that moment of supremest pain, to say, "Be still, and know that I am God."

On this day there began for me a summer of either very curious coincidences, or of convincing spiritual realities in daily experience. . . .

I went alone to my room. I called on her to come. "I, too," I said, "am a spirit, though still dwelling in the physical world. Come to me; come and tell me what this means!" I implored her. In a few moments that same mysterious thrill, which I can only describe as like contact with an electric current, ran through me. I seemed to perceive that she came and stood by me, one hand resting lightly on my shoulder. I saw nothing visible; I felt nothing tangible; I heard nothing audible; and still, in some way, I seemed to actually know that she stood by me,—that her hand was on me, and that she answered in these words: "It was the only possible solution." Each word fell upon my mind distinctly, yet far apart, and as if it were a great effort to impress each one. Though there was no audible sound, yet no spoken words were ever more distinct. There seemed to me no room to doubt that this was telepathic communion.

Miss Whiting, several days later, searched the London newspapers and could find no notice of her friend's death. Consequently she began to hope that the cablegram was a blunder, and her hostess was of that opinion. But:

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<sup>1</sup> Kate Field's death in Honolulu, and Lilian Whiting's experience on the vessel approaching Liverpool, were on May 19, 1896, (*They Who Understand*, 35).

I was suddenly conscious of her presence: she stood before me and though, as before, I saw nothing visible, yet I was as conscious of her form, of the expression of her countenance, even of her dress, as I could have been of any friend who had come in. And again distinctly her words, though not audible, fell on my inner sense.

"It is true," ran the words, calling me by name; "it is true, and you must believe it."

The next day Miss Whiting called on her friend to tell her how the gulf of silence between them could be bridged.

"It rests with you rather than with me," was the reply. No words were audible; no form was visible; but this sentence sank upon my mind with the absolute and unmistakable reality that would attend any reply made to a very serious question.

This time the words were not quite so far apart, and it seemed easier for her to speak and for me to receive them than before.<sup>1</sup>

But we are now getting into the region where auto-suggestion looms up as a very plausible possibility, as distinguished by the indisputably evidential fact that on the day of the death of the most adored friend came the remarkably vivid and pertinent dream or vision followed by a period of depression appropriate to the loss of such a friend, and the more remarkable in that Miss Whiting is one of the most cheerful and buoyant persons whom we have known. It should be added, however, that she is fully aware of the possibilities of and the argument for suggestion, and discussed these in the chapter "In Two Worlds." She remarks:

This perpetual consciousness of her, however, did not produce any perpetual consciousness of her presence. When that recognition came it was as distinct as that of the entrance of any visitor, besides being far more vivid and impressive. Scrutinizing these mental conditions the conviction grew that if her presence was merely a matter of imagination on my part, I should imagine it more frequently, and for longer periods of time. But it seemed to be a distinct event outside myself when I perceived her presence, and as if it were by some law as natural as that which governs our meetings in this world. It seemed, too, that

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<sup>1</sup> The widow of a Yale professor had often tried to obtain automatic writing, but without success. Although I am absolutely incapable of anything of the kind myself, I have started many, always selecting the persons with care and giving them rules in order that no mental mischief may result. The lady began to write in about five minutes after my experiment with her began. The sentence last quoted, purporting to be from Kate Field, reminds me of one claiming to be from the Yale professor: "We do not leave you; you leave us."



she was learning how to reach me, as my spirit was endeavoring to learn how to recognize her, and that on both sides this was a spiritual experiment in which we were both gaining increased facility.

### A PERSISTENT APPARITION <sup>1</sup>

(HENRY WIKOFF)

Henry Wikoff (1813-1884) was a Philadelphian who may almost be called a professional globe-trotter and consorter with prominent people. He was a lawyer who never practised. Attached to the United States legation at London in 1837, and employed by Lord Palmerston as secret agent at Paris in 1855, "no man ever had a brighter diplomatic career before him, and no one ever threw it away more lightly." His first ramble over Europe was in company of Edwin Forrest, the tragedian. He "had the reputation of being better acquainted with important unwritten history than any other man of his day." He was the author of several books.

In April of this year (1834) I had the misfortune to lose a cousin of the same name as myself by a sad accident. He was thrown from a favorite horse when out for his daily ride, and brought home insensible. I happened to pass his house when a carriage slowly drew up to the door, and on inquiry found to my great distress what had occurred. Physicians were immediately summoned, but, with the exception of a broken rib, no external damage could be detected. All efforts to restore him to consciousness proved unavailing, and, after lying for some hours in a comatose state, he expired. He was but twenty-five, an only son, and adored by his family. I was walking up and down the room with his father scarcely an hour before the funeral, when I discovered that no portrait of him existed, which was an additional grief to his afflicted relatives. I hastened instantly to a well-known artist, who on hearing the circumstances accompanied me back to the house, took a sketch in pencil and then made a cast of the face, from which he executed an admirable likeness.

I mention these painful incidents as they lead me to speak of a singular occurrence that has never faded from my recollection. I should mention that, though I lived on the most amicable footing with my lamented cousin, we were never associates in the familiar sense. He was of a somewhat reserved and unsympathetic disposition, as I thought, and, whilst we always met with pleasure, we never courted each other's society. I state this to explain that, though I was greatly shocked at his affecting death, I was not plunged in the deep affliction a

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<sup>1</sup> Wikoff's *Reminiscences of an Idler* (New York, 1880), 69 ff.

more intimate companionship would have entailed. With this prelude I will go on to relate that, on the night of the funeral, I sat down after midnight in my bedroom to write his obituary, as was then the custom.

I had been at work for some half an hour, when, on looking up, I observed to my amazement my buried cousin standing within three or four feet of the table where I was sitting. I was convinced on the instant that it was a mere delusion; but what perplexed me was that it did not proceed from the "heat-oppressed brain," for I was perfectly calm, my brow cool, and my pulse regular. The figure was clothed in white drapery, so that I could discern nothing of the person save the height, which was exact. The face was distinctly visible, but differing from his habitual cold and almost cynical expression, for the countenance was benignant and sad. After rubbing my eyes, and smiling at the absurdity of such a phenomenon, I began to write again, anticipating that the vision would gradually disappear. When I looked up after a time, I found it still standing in the same spot. I then rose and went to the window, which I raised, and gazed up and down the deserted streets for some ten minutes, thinking the cool temperature would subdue my evidently disordered fancy. On turning round, my eyes again encountered the pallid apparition, which I contemplated steadily, wondering, meanwhile, at the singular condition of my mind that could conjure up a phantom when in my normal state, my body in perfect health, and my reason undisturbed by any emotion of a poignant character.

Thoroughly satisfied that I was the victim of my imagination, and recalling the familiar adage of *Qui vult decipi, decipiatur*, I repaired a second time to the window, where I remained for some time, till quite chilled by the night air. The experiment was useless, for the spectre stood its ground; and now, feeling too disturbed to continue writing, I took up my lamp, crossed the room, and placed it on a table adjoining my bed. Before lying down, and believing, and indeed hoping, that by this time my unwelcome guest had departed, I looked again, and discovered that the ghost, as I almost began to fancy it was, had turned round, and was regarding me with just the same expression it had from the first. "Well," I exclaimed aloud, "this is too droll; but I won't give it up;" and I grasped my book when in bed, as was my habit, and went on reading for some time without raising my eyes. Whenever I did, however, they invariably encountered the calm gaze of the shadow. At last I extinguished the light, expecting that might dispel the illusion; but no, it was visible as before. Finally, I pulled the counterpane over my head, when, to my relief, I saw it no more, and so went to sleep.

In the morning, I reflected on the strange incident of the previous night, and marveled whether "my eyes were the fools of the other senses or worth all the rest." I hesitated to speak of it then, from dread of ridicule, but I do not know why I should not speak of it now, to show that a hallucination is possible even under conditions apparently unfavorable—with the mind well poised, and the nerves under complete

control. I did not then, nor ever after, believe that I had really beheld a spirit from the other world; but it was certainly unaccountable that, self-possessed as I was, I should be compelled to struggle firmly for some two hours to overpower a fantasy, and then fail.

It was singular, too, that when my back was turned I saw nothing of the figure, nor yet when my eyes were closed. Methinks a mere figment of the brain ought to have been visible in either case. Since that period I have lost relatives and friends nearer than the one in question, and causing me deep affliction, but no such result followed.

This experience is noteworthy for the very reasons assigned by Mr. Wikoff, and others. The apparition was the only one he ever saw, and yet was that of a relative not sufficiently prized by him to affect his emotions as did the death of others. He was calm enough to examine his own state, to test by changing his own location and in other ways, and finally to pull the counterpane over his head and go to sleep. The apparition appeared but a few feet from him. It did not have the expression which characterized the cousin while living, so seemingly was not an objectified memory; moreover, it was not dressed in the garments familiar when he was living, but a "white drapery." It did not appear before his eyes when he stared in another direction, but maintained its place as a real person would, although, when Wikoff lay down on his bed, it turned around, again as a real person would do. For two hours it persisted, in spite of all his efforts to banish it. He did not believe it "a spirit from the other world" and yet it did not act as a "mere figment of the brain" would be expected to act.

## AN EMINENT NATIONAL EDUCATOR DISCOVERS HIMSELF TO BE A PSYCHIC

(JOHANN HEINRICH DANIEL ZSCHOKKE)

This very versatile man Zschokke (1771-1848) was born in Magdeburg, but spent most of his life as an educator, public administrative officer, and writer, in Switzerland. His voluminous writings, which long commanded much influence, embraced history, fiction, ethics, etc. "Zschokke was not a great original writer, but he secured for himself an eminent place in the literature of his time by his enthusiasm for modern ideas in politics and religion, by the sound, practical judgment displayed in his works, and by the energy and lucidity of his style."—*Encyclopedia Britannica*.

His selected works in forty volumes were issued in 1824-28; and a thirty-five-volume edition in 1851-54.

The following statement from his own pen, may be found in his autobiographical work, *Selbstschau*, I, 227, but the translation is taken from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, December 13, 1890.

It has happened to me sometimes, on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and, as it were, dreamlike, yet perfectly distinct before me. During this time, I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger's life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown wherein I undesignedly look, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served, in some measure, as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture and other accessories.

By way of a test, I once, in a familiar family circle at Kirchburg, related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life. People were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke, for that I had uttered was the literal truth. On my part, I was no less astonished that my dream pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part.

"What demon inspires you? Must I again believe in possession?" exclaimed the spiritual Johann Von Riga, when in the first hour of our acquaintance I related his past life to him. We speculated long on the enigma, but even his penetration could not solve it.

I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. As often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer—"It was not so." I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before I spoke. Instead of many, I will mention one example, which präeminently astonished me.

One fair day, in the city of Waldshut, I entered the Vine Inn, in company with two young student foresters. We were tired rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous company at the *table d'hôte*, where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, etc. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite to me, and allowed himself

extraordinary license. This man's former life was, at that moment, presented to my mind. I turned to him and asked whether he would answer me candidly if I related to him some of the most sacred passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me? That would be going a little farther I thought than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant; his school years, his youthful errors, and lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money box, etc.

A dead silence prevailed during the whole narrative, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth? The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even, what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candor, I shook hands with him over the table and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably yet living.

I can well explain to myself how a person of lively imagination may form, as in a romance, a correct picture of the actions and passions of another person, of a certain character, under certain circumstances. But whence came those trifling accessories which in no wise concerned me, with whom I neither had, nor desired to have, any connection? Or was the whole matter a constantly recurring accident? Or had my auditor, perhaps, when I related the particulars of his former life, very different views to give of the whole, although in his first surprise, and misled by resemblances, he had mistaken them for the same? And yet, impelled by this very doubt, I had given myself trouble to speak of the most insignificant things which my waking dream had revealed to me. I shall not say another word on this singular gift of vision, of which I cannot say that it was ever of the slightest service. It manifested itself rarely, quite independently of my will, and several times in favor of persons whom I cared little to look through. Neither am I the only person in possession of this power. On an excursion I once made with two of my sons, I met with an old Tyrolese who carried oranges and lemons about the country, in a house of public entertainment, in Lower Hanenstein, one of the passes of the Jura. He fixed his eyes on me for some time, then mingled in the conversation, and said that he knew me, though he knew me not; and went on to relate what I had done and striven to do in former times, to the consternation of the country people present, and the great admiration of my children, who were diverted to find another person gifted like their father. How the old lemon merchant came by his knowledge he could not explain, either to me or to himself: he seemed, nevertheless, to value himself somewhat upon his mysterious wisdom.

It required moral courage for Zschokke, a man in the possession of an extraordinary reputation for learning and wisdom, and at a period when fewer of the intelligentsia had respect for what we now call psychic research, to give this testimony. That he was speaking honestly we can hardly doubt. He gives the name of a man of reputation, whom his powers had amazed, tells in what inn another such feat had been performed, and the whole account would soon have been discredited had not people who had long known him heard of his psychic gifts.

## TESTIMONY FOR DOWSING

(ZSCHOKKE)

My connection with mining operations brought me acquainted with many persons in whom I was much interested. The operations themselves were unimportant, for the interior of the Jura is mostly poor in metals, but an alabaster quarry which I discovered brought me into a friendly correspondence with the venerable Prince Primate, Karl von Dalberg, and my search after salt and coal to the acquaintance of a young Rhabdomantin of twenty years old, who was sent to me by the well-known geologist, Dr. Ebel, of Zürich. In almost every canton of Switzerland are found persons endowed with the mysterious natural gifts of discovering, by a peculiar sensation, the existence of subterranean waters, metals or fossils. I have known many of them, and often put their marvelous talent to the test. One of these was the abbot of the convent of St. Urban, in the canton of Lucerne, a man of learning and science; and another a young woman, who excelled all I have ever known. I carried her and her companion with me through several districts entirely unknown to her, but with the geological formation of which, and the position of its salt and sweet waters, I was quite familiar, and I never once found her deceived. The results of the most careful observation have compelled me at length to renounce the obstinate suspicion and incredulity I at first felt on this subject, and have presented me with a new phase of nature, although one still involved in enigmatical obscurity.

Even Howitt regarded Zschokke as superstitious as regards his belief in rhabdomancy, or dowsing. But, since his time, such men as Sir William Barrett, as the result of tests, have been brought to the conclusion that there is a valid foundation for it.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> See *The Divining-Rod: An Experimental and Psychological Investigation*, by Barrett and Besterman (London, 1926).

# ARTISTS, SCULPTORS, ACTORS, COMPOSERS AND MUSICIANS

## TELEPATHY OR AMAZING COINCIDENCE <sup>1</sup>

(EVELYN DE MORGAN)

Mrs. William De Morgan (1854?-1919) in her girlhood shocked her aristocratic family by her proclivity for art, as her Uncle Roddam Spencer-Stanhope had already disgraced it. There was no saving her, however, and she became a skilful executor of paintings in the pre-Raphaelite style, many of which are in art galleries and private collections.

On one occasion Mrs. Pickering [Evelyn's mother] was anxious to give a present to her brother, Sir Walter Spencer-Stanhope, and commissioned Evelyn to paint a large picture for this purpose, the subject to be chosen by its future recipient. Sir Walter, however, declared himself unable to think of anything suitable, and finally, as Evelyn sat drawing in her studio in London one evening, it flashed across her that she would like to paint a picture from the text, "*Mercy and Truth have met together, Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other.*" So clearly did she visualize the design that she drew it forthwith.

The following morning brought a letter from her uncle in Yorkshire: "I have at last thought of a subject I should like painted," he wrote; and to her astonishment he suggested the text for which she had drawn the cartoon apparently at the very hour at which he was writing to her!

## THE ARTIST ALSO A PSYCHIC <sup>2</sup>

(ALFRED PEARSE)

Captain Alfred Pearse (.....?-.....) is an English artist, author and inventor who has captured twenty-five prizes for drawing and painting, including a First Prize for figure subjects in black and white at the International Exhibition of 1884. For a number of years he

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<sup>1</sup> *William De Morgan and His Wife*, by A. M. W. Stirling (Henry Holt & Co., N. Y., 1922), 353.

<sup>2</sup> *International Psychic Gazette*, September, 1924.

was special artist for the *Pictorial World*. He painted a number of pictures for the present King and Queen, and was the designer of royal costumes for ceremonial use; also made one hundred Victoria Cross pictures for the Government, etc. Oleographed reproductions of pictures by him are said to be common in English homes.

The following account is the result of a special interview with Mr. Pearse.

A young lady in spirit once came to ask me to tell her sweetheart that she was dead. When I went to him he said, "It is nonsense; I have just had a letter from her." But he went to her house and found she had died at the very time she came to me.

I will tell you of another curious experience. A doctor was attending my wounded foot in London when I came back from France. What was known as "the Belgian murder" occurred at the time. A woman was killed and her body thrown over a railing, in Russell Square, in a sack. When I looked at her picture in the *Daily Mirror* I saw nothing but a man's face, which I drew and took to the doctor. Nobody knew anything then of the murderer. The doctor said to me, "This is Spiritualism; you must not dabble in that; a friend of mine has just died through dabbling in Spiritualism." I thought no more about it. About three o'clock next morning the spirit of a lady appeared to me. She had a beautiful oval face, with fair hair and was standing by my bed in a black dress. She said, "I want you to understand that I did not die through dabbling in Spiritualism; I died from ——," and she told me the true cause of her death. I went off to the doctor and told him what had occurred. He said, "Why, you have absolutely described the woman, but her hair was not fair, it was white." He admitted that her own diagnosis of her trouble was correct. "Then why should you say she died from dabbling in Spiritualism?" I asked. He simply shrugged his shoulders, and had no more to say. It had worried the spirit that he had told a lie about her, and therefore her early morning visit to me. The murderer was not discovered for some time, but when he was, it was seen at once that the drawing I had given to the doctor was undoubtedly of him. The doctor admitted it was so, and he has the sketch still, as he said he would like to keep it.

Mrs. St. John Montagu lately had an article on crystal-gazing in a Sunday paper. I could sketch for her the things she sees in the crystal, just as I drew those of Mr. Von Bourg in the Merstham Tunnel affair. I also made a sketch in connection with the Foxwell murder. Von Bourg had clairvoyantly seen an opening in the bank of the Thames where he said the murdered man's body passed, and it turned over so that he could see the face, with a terrible wound in the forehead. The editor of the *Strand Magazine*, who lived near the place, said to me there was no such opening. After the body was found, however, he asked me to go and sketch the spot. I engaged a boatman



and said, "Do you know where Mr. Foxwell's body was found?" He said, "I was the man who brought it out. It would not have appeared until the fifth day, but we brought it up on the fourth by dropping a sack of coal at the spot." And there *was* an opening in the bank into which the river flowed at high tide. The swirl of the water caused by the mill lade joining the river had turned the murdered man's body over, as described in Von Bourg's vision, and so enabled him to see and describe the face.

The spirit of my own father once appeared to me at seven in the morning while I was dressing. He stood at my bed-room door in full daylight. He had then been dead about two years. He said, "So and so is dead," naming some one, but I did not catch the name. I thought it must be my sister. I told my wife to look, but the figure had vanished. She said, "What is the matter?" I said, "Father has appeared at the door, and said some one has died; I am afraid it is Annie." We telegraphed to her address, but everything was all right, and my wife said, "You are always imagining these things." But next morning I received a letter from Australia, saying that my uncle, who used to be called my father's twin soul, as they had always been so fond of each other, had died. My father had apparently wished to break the news to me.

About four o'clock one morning the spirit of a thin man came to me and said, "I want you to comfort my brother." I had never seen the man before, and could not make out who the brother might be, but I later received an impression that he might be a man I knew. I wrote to this man asking if he was in any trouble and if I could help him. After three days I heard from him, saying that he had only just received my letter, owing to a mistake in the address. He said, "With it a letter has come from my sister, saying my brother died early on the morning you wrote; but there is no connection between the two." Two or three days later he called and said, "Tell me who you saw." I described the man of my vision. He said, "Yes, that was my brother; what did he say?" I told him and said, "You ought to be very pleased to think your brother's last thoughts were of you." Then he said, "I must believe it, for you have absolutely described him." He was an anti-Spiritualist before that. I have since illustrated some of his books.

## A TELEPATHIC IMPRESSION OF AN UNUSUAL CHARACTER <sup>1</sup>

(ARTHUR SEVERN)

Arthur Severn, still living, son of a friend of Keats, husband of a ward and cousin of Ruskin, recollections of whom he is now preparing, is an English artist of reputation, whose paintings have been exhibited in Paris and at the Royal Academy and the Royal Institute in London.

While it was Mrs. Severn who had the telepathic experience, Mr. Severn was the "agent" therein, and gives his signed testimony. The statements were obtained by John Ruskin. Mrs. Severn says:

I woke up with a start, feeling I had had a hard blow on my mouth, and with a distinct sense that I had been cut, and was bleeding under my upper lip, and seized my pocket-handkerchief, and held it (in a little pushed lump) to the part, as I sat up in bed, and after a few seconds, when I removed it, I was astonished not to see any blood, and only then realized it was impossible anything could have struck me there, as I lay fast asleep in bed, and so I thought it was only a dream!—but I looked at my watch, and saw it was seven, and finding Arthur (my husband) was not in the room, I concluded (rightly) that he must have gone out on the lake for an early sail, as it was so fine.

I then fell asleep. At breakfast (half-past nine), Arthur came in rather late, and I noticed he rather purposely sat farther away from me than usual, and every now and then put his pocket-handkerchief furtively up to his lip, in the very way I had done. I said, "Arthur, why are you doing that?" and added a little anxiously, "I know you have hurt yourself! but I'll tell you why afterwards." He said, "Well, when I was sailing, a sudden squall came, throwing the tiller suddenly round, and it struck me a bad blow in the mouth, under the upper lip, and it has been bleeding a good deal and won't stop." I then said, "Have you any idea what o'clock it was when it happened?" and he answered, "It must have been about seven."

I then told him what had happened to *me*, much to *his* surprise, and all who were with us at breakfast.

It happened here about three years ago at Brantwood, to me.

JOAN R. SEVERN.

In reply to inquiries Mrs. Severn writes:

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<sup>1</sup> *Phantasms of the Living*, I, 188-89.

There was no doubt about my starting up in bed wide awake, as I stuffed my pocket-handkerchief into my mouth, and held it pressed under my upper lip for some time before removing it to "see the blood,"—and was much surprised that there was none. Some little time afterwards I fell asleep again. I believe that when I got up, an hour afterwards, the impression was still vividly in my mind, and that as I was dressing I did look under my lip to see if there was any mark.

Mr. Severn's account, dated November 15, 1883, is as follows:

Early one summer morning, I got up intending to go and sail on the lake; whether my wife heard me going out of the room I don't know; she probably did, and in a half-dreamy state knew where I was going.

When I got down to the water I found it calm, like a mirror, and remember thinking it quite a shame to disturb the wonderful reflections of the opposite shore. However, I soon got afloat, and as there was no wind, contented myself with pulling up my sails to dry, and putting my boat in order. Soon some slight air came, and I was able to sail about a mile below Brantwood, then the wind dropped, and I was left becalmed for half-an-hour or so, when, on looking up to the head of the lake, I saw a dark blue line on the water. At first I couldn't make it out, but soon saw that it must be small waves caused by a strong wind coming. I got my boat as ready as I could, in the short time, to receive this gust, but somehow or other she was taken aback, and seemed to spin round when the wind struck her, and in getting out of the way of the boom I got my head in the way of the tiller, which also swung round and gave me a nasty blow in the mouth, cutting my lip rather badly, and having become loose in the rudder it came out and went overboard. With my mouth bleeding, the mainsheet more or less round my neck, and the tiller gone, and the boat in confusion, I could not help smiling to think how suddenly I had been humbled almost to a wreck, just when I thought I was going to be so clever! However, I soon managed to get my tiller, and, with plenty of wind, tacked back to Brantwood, and, making my boat snug in the harbor, walked up to the house anxious, of course, to hide as much as possible what had happened to my mouth, and, getting another handkerchief, walked into the breakfast-room, and managed to say something about having been out early. In an instant my wife said, "You don't mean to say you have hurt your mouth?" or words to that effect. I then explained what had happened, and was surprised to see some extra interest on her face, and still more surprised when she told me she had started out of her sleep thinking she had received a blow in the mouth! and that it was a few minutes past seven o'clock, and wondered if my accident had happened at the same time; but as I had no watch with me I couldn't tell, though, on comparing notes, it certainly looked as if it had been about the same time.

ARTHUR SEVERN.

**“GRIPPED BY PAINFUL FOREBODINGS” ABOUT A CHILD  
THEN UNDERGOING AN OPERATION <sup>1</sup>**

(JAN STYKA)

The writer of the following letter is said by Flammarion to be “a celebrated Polish painter.” It was written November 2, 1920.

Dear Master and Friend:

Here is the occurrence of which I spoke to you. It was in 1912. We had left, my son Tadee and I, for Mentone, in order to go to Gorbio to visit the sanatorium. When we got to Mentone we did not find the automobile there which ran to and from Gorbio. We were obliged to go into a confectioner's shop, and to take something to eat there, that we might be privileged to use the telephone to ask to have the automobile sent for us. While we were waiting for it, drinking chocolate, I was suddenly gripped and tortured by most painful forebodings about my grandson Casper, who at that time was seven years old. At that moment I realized just what it meant,—this relationship of parents and grandparents to their grandchildren. I thought of my wife's father, who was also named Casper. And, sad at heart, I began to weep hot tears; my son, astonished, asked me what was the matter. I told him that I was thinking of my grandchild, and that I did not understand why I was so affected. Well, twenty days afterward I learned, through a letter from my daughter, that at this very moment when I was so overwhelmed, on a Sunday and at the same hour, little Casper had undergone, in Krakow, the operation of trepanning, and had been in danger of dying. The mystery of my emotion was thus explained. Was that not a telepathic phenomenon which confirms the tentative theory which you put forward?

JAN STYKA.

**APPARITION OF A WOMAN COINCIDES WITH THE  
MOMENT OF HER DEATH**

(HARRIET HOSMER)

This, the first prominent American woman sculptor (1830-1908) early manifested her genius by modeling the forms of horses and other animals in a clay pit near her home. After studying art in Boston, she went to Italy with Charlotte Cushman and became a pupil of Gibson.

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<sup>1</sup> *Death and Its Mystery; At the Time of Death*, by Flammarion, 230-31.

Her ideal heads, *Daphne* and *Medusa*, were exhibited in Boston when she was but twenty-two years old. She produced in her lifetime many remarkable pieces of sculpture, a number of which are in St. Louis, where she lived much of her time. Among her patrons were the Prince of Wales (afterward Edward V.), the church authorities in Rome, and Earl Brownlow.

Lydia Maria Child wrote an account of Miss Hosmer's singular experience, which the latter pronounced correct, and it was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1862. According to Miss Hosmer's later statement, the experience occurred in about 1856 or 1857. A briefer account, corrected in minor details and signed by her own hand, is found in *Phantasms of the Living*.<sup>1</sup>

An Italian girl named Rosa was in my employ for some time, but was finally obliged to return home to her sister on account of confirmed ill-health. When I took my customary exercise on horseback I frequently called to see her. On one of these occasions I called about 6 o'clock P. M., and found her brighter than I had seen her for some time past. I had long relinquished hopes of her recovery, but there was nothing in her appearance that gave me the impression of immediate danger. I left her with the expectation of calling to see her again many times. She expressed a wish to have a bottle of a certain kind of wine, which I promised to bring her myself next morning.

During the remainder of the evening I do not recollect that Rosa was in my thoughts after I parted from her. I retired to rest in good health and in a quiet frame of mind. But I woke from a sound sleep with an oppressive feeling that someone was in the room. I reflected that no one could get in except my maid, who had the key of one of the two doors of my room—both of which doors were locked. I was able dimly to distinguish the furniture in the room. My bed was in the middle of the room with a screen round the foot of it. Thinking someone might be behind the screen I said, "Who's there?" but got no answer. Just then the clock in the adjoining room struck five; and at that moment I saw the figure of Rosa standing by my bedside; and in some way, though I could not venture to say it was through the medium of speech, the impression was conveyed to me from her of these words: "*Adesso son felice, son contenta.*" And with that the figure vanished.

At the breakfast table I said to the friend who shared the apartment with me, "Rosa is dead." "What do you mean by that?" she inquired; "you told me she seemed better than common when you called to see her yesterday." I related the occurrence of the morning, and told her I had a strong impression Rosa was dead. She laughed, and said I had dreamed it all. I assured her I was thoroughly awake. She continued to jest on the subject, and slightly annoyed me by her per-

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<sup>1</sup> I, 448-49.

sistence in believing it a dream, when I was perfectly sure of having been wide awake. To settle the question I summoned a messenger, and sent him to inquire how Rosa did. He returned with the answer that she died that morning at five o'clock.

I was living at the Via Babuino at the time.

The earlier account, at the time approved by Miss Hosmer, contains this passage: "I heard in the apartments below familiar noises of servants opening windows and doors. An old clock, with ringing vibrations, proclaimed the hour. I counted one, two, three, four, five, and resolved to rise immediately. As I raised my head from the pillow, Rosa looked inside the curtain and smiled at me. I was simply surprised, etc." This implies that she was fully awake before she saw the vision.

## THE PERSISTENT DREAM OF A STATUE

(HIRAM POWERS)

Hiram Powers (1805-1873) was one of the greatest of the earlier American sculptors. His own country being yet largely unready for his work, he made his home in Florence, Italy, from 1837 until his death. His statue of *Eve* was pronounced by Thorwaldsen, greatest of Danish sculptors, a masterpiece. The *Greek Slave* is the most widely known of his works, and many marble replicas of it are in existence.

Some curious facts were set down by Mr. Powers, in correspondence with his cousin, Hon. Thomas E. Powers, of Woodstock, Vt. The latter printed extracts from the letters in the *Woodstock Standard*, in July, 1873. The first passage is from a letter dated December 31, 1849.

Little did I dream that the day would come when I should be here in Italy, a sculptor; but I used to dream of a white figure standing upon a pillar over the river near your father's house, which I longed to get near to but could not for the water—it was too deep to wade through. This dream haunted me for years afterwards in Ohio, and it ceased when I first began to model in clay. It was a female figure and naked, but it did not seem alive. At that time I had never seen nor heard of anything in the way of sculpture.

Later, on January 8, 1851, he wrote:

I had not heard until Mr. Reed told me that my "Slave" had been in Woodstock. This almost verifies an often repeated dream of mine in all respects but one. It was this: I used to see in my sleep, when a child, a white female figure across the river, just below your father's house; it stood upon a pillar or pedestal, was naked, and to my eyes very beautiful; but the water was between me and it, too deep to ford. I had a strong desire to see it nearer, but was always prevented by the river, which was always high. This dream ceased years after when I began to model. Altogether, one may conclude that this—the dream—was not entirely a phantom. At that time I had no wakeful thoughts of sculpture, nor had I ever seen anything likely to excite such a dream.

Viewed from whatever angle, this dream is worth thinking about. Reduce the whole incident to its lowest possible terms, and consider that the dream fulfilled itself by helping to turn the dreamer toward his true vocation, yet we must inquire, "How did it come about and so persistently recur,—that dream of a nude female figure, that did not seem alive, on some kind of a pedestal—before he had ever seen sculpture or had his waking attention called to the subject of sculpture? Was there an influence external to himself directing him toward his destined career, or was it his own subliminal consciousness, singularly sagacious and prescient?"

## COINCIDENTAL WAKING EXPERIENCES <sup>1</sup>

(CHARLES MATHEWS AND ANNE JACKSON)

Charles Mathews (1776-1835) was one of the greatest comedians which England has produced. He had marvelous powers of mimicry, and did not need to make any changes in his attire in order to produce the appearance of an entire change of personality. Anne Jackson, an actress, became his second wife in 1803, and after his death she wrote an interesting biography of him.

It seems that his first wife early in 1802 was ill, and one day when Miss Jackson was calling, summoned her husband and asked the two to marry after her own decease, causing much embarrassment to both. The wife did not die until May, several months later, and then Miss Jackson, who had no intention of marrying Mr. Mathews (or so she says) for some time maintained very formal relations with him.

At the close of the summer a very remarkable instance occurred of a

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<sup>1</sup> *Life and Correspondence of Charles Mathews*, by Mrs. Mathews (1860), 91-92, 94-95.

coincidence of dreams, befalling Mr. Mathews and myself, a circumstance which I am induced to relate, since it was attested by witnesses who severally and apart were informed of it, before the dreamers had power to communicate with each other, or their mutual friends. Mr. Mathews's account of his impressions was as follows: He had gone to rest, after a very late night's performance at the theatre, finding himself too fatigued to sit up to his usual hour to read; but after he was in bed he discovered—as will happen when persons attempt to sleep before their accustomed time—that to close his eyes was an impossibility. He had no light, nor the means of getting one, all the family being in bed; but the night was not absolutely dark—it was only too dark for the purpose of reading; indeed, every object was visible. Still he endeavored to go to sleep, but his eyes refused to close, and in this state of restlessness he remained, when suddenly a slight rustling, as if of a hasty approach or something, induced him to turn his head to that side of the bed whence the noise seemed to proceed; and there he clearly beheld the figure of his late wife, "in her habit as she lived," who, smiling sweetly upon him, put forth her hand as if to take his, as she bent forward. This was all he could relate; for, in shrinking from the contact with the figure he beheld, he threw himself out of bed upon the floor, where (the fall having alarmed his landlord) he was found in one of those dreadful fits to which I have alluded. On his recovery from it he related the cause of the accident, and the whole of the following day he remained extremely ill, and unable to quit his room.

There is nothing surprising in all this; for, admitting it not to be a dream, but one of those cases called nightmare, so frequently experienced (when the sufferer always believes himself under real influences), it was not a case to excite astonishment. The circumstance which rendered it remarkable, was that at the exact hour when this scene was taking place at a remote distance, a vision of the same kind caused me to be discovered precisely in the same situation. The same sleepless effect, the same cause of terror, had occasioned me to seize the bell-rope, in order to summon the people of the house, which, giving way at the moment, I fell with it in my hand upon the ground. My impressions of this visitation (as I persisted it was) were exactly similar to those of Mr. Mathews. The parties with whom we resided at the time were perfect strangers to each other, and living widely apart, and they recounted severally to those about them the extraordinary dream, for such I must call it, though my entire belief will never be shaken that I was as perfectly awake as at this moment. These persons repeated the story to many, before they were requested to meet and compare accounts; there could consequently be no doubt of the facts, and the circumstance became a matter of much general interest amongst all those who knew us.

Mrs. Mathews thoroughly realized that the experience occurring



to either of the two who remembered the incident at the bedside was easily to be accounted for. It was the close resemblance in the imagery of the two visions, the fact that both fell out of bed, the fact that these things happened on the same night and at the same hour, and the certainty both felt that they were awake throughout, which attracts attention.

## VERIDICAL CRYSTAL VISIONS <sup>1</sup>

(JOSEPH BARNBY)

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896) was educated at the Royal Academy of Music, became a noted church organist of London, and, in addition to other positions, was conductor of the Albert Hall Choral Society for twenty-five years, succeeding Gounod. He composed the oratorio *Rebekah*, many anthems and other church services, and two hundred and forty-six hymn tunes, many of them of high excellence. His work is to be found in most hymnals of the present time. He also composed part songs, including the popular "Sweet and Low."

This is the testimony of Sir Joseph Barnby, given November, 1892.

I was invited by Lord and Lady Radnor to the wedding of their daughter, Lady Wilma Bouverie, which took place August 15, 1889.

I was met at Salisbury by Lord and Lady Radnor and driven to Longford Castle. In the course of the drive, Lady Radnor said to me: "We have a young lady staying with us in whom, I think, you will be much interested. She possesses the faculty of seeing visions, and is otherwise closely connected with the spiritual world. Only last night she was looking in her crystal and described a room which she saw therein, as a kind of London dining-room. [The room described was not in London, but at L., and Miss A. particularly remarked that the floor was in large squares of black and white marble—as it is in the big hall at L., where family prayers are said.—H. M. Radnor.] With a little laugh, she added, 'And the family are evidently at prayers, the servants are kneeling at the chairs round the room, and the prayers are being read by a tall and distinguished-looking gentleman with a very handsome, long grey beard.' With another little laugh, she continued: 'A lady just behind him rises from her knees and speaks to him. He puts her aside with a wave of the hand, and continues his reading.' The young lady here gave a careful description of the lady who had risen from her knees."

<sup>1</sup> *Human Personality*, by F. W. H. Myers, Vol. I, pp. 590-91.

Lady Radnor then said: "From the description given I cannot help thinking that the two principal personages described are Lord and Lady L., but I shall ask Lord L. this evening, as they are coming by a later train, and I should like you to be present when the answer is given."

That same evening, after dinner, I was talking to Lord L. when Lady Radnor came up to him and said: "I want to ask you a question. I am afraid you will think it a very silly one, but in any case I hope you will not ask me why I have put the question." To this Lord L. courteously assented. She then said: "Were you at home last night?" He replied, "Yes." She said: "Were you having family prayers at such a time last evening?" With a slight look of surprise he replied, "Yes, we were." She then said: "During the course of the prayers did Lady L. rise from her knees and speak to you, and did you put her aside with a wave of the hand?" Much astonished, Lord L. answered: "Yes, that was so, but may I inquire why you have asked this question?" To which Lady Radnor answered: "You promised you wouldn't ask me that!"

One more incident in connection with the extraordinary powers of this young lady remains to be noted. Whilst looking in her crystal during one of the days I spent at Longford, she described, amongst a number of things unnecessary to mention, a room which appeared to her to be a bed-room. She appeared to be viewing the room from just *outside* the *open* door, for she said: "If there be a bed in the room it must be behind the door on the left;" in any case the room was a long one and the end of it was occupied by a large window which formed the entire end of the room. She added: "There is a lady in the room, drying her hands on a towel." She described the lady as tall, dark, slightly foreign in appearance and with rather "an air" about her. This described with such astonishing accuracy my wife, and the room she was then occupying at a hotel at Eastbourne, that I was impelled to ask for particulars as to dress, etc. She stated that the dress was of serge, with a good deal of braid on the bodice and a strip of braid down one side of the skirt. This threw me off the scent, as before I had started for Longford my wife had expressed regret that she had not a serge dress with her. My astonishment, therefore, was great on returning to Eastbourne to find my wife wearing a serge dress exactly answering to the description given above. The sequel to this incident comes some sixteen months later on, when my wife and I attended a performance given by the Magpie Minstrels (a society of musical amateurs) at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly. We arrived early, and after placing my wife in a seat I moved about the room, speaking to friends here and there. In the course of ten minutes or so, Lady Radnor and Miss A. entered the room. During the greetings which ensued, Miss A. called my attention to a standing figure, saying: "You will remember my seeing a lady in her bedroom while looking at my crystal; *that* is the

lady I saw." *That was my wife!* I only need add that she had never seen my wife.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

The first of the above incidents was corroborated independently by Lady Radnor and Miss A. herself (See *Human Personality*). A curious point, not at first mentioned by Sir Joseph Barnby, is that Miss A. when the vision began to appear did not at once understand that prayers were going on, and exclaimed: "Here are a number of people coming into the room. Why, *they're smelling their chairs!*"

The second incident was corroborated by Lady Barnby from memory and from her diary.

## PREDICTION, TELEPATHY AND PREVISION <sup>1</sup>

(CHARLES CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS)

Saint-Saëns (1835-1921) wrote his first symphony at sixteen and it was successful. He was a great pianist, also organist nineteen years of the Madelaine in Paris. Two operas did not succeed, but then came *Samson et Dalila*, which is his masterpiece. Other operas were written by him, also a large number of compositions for organ, piano and orchestra, which show "consummate mastery, if not genius." He was also distinguished as a musical critic and produced several books. Among his honors were LL.D. from Cambridge, Mus.D. from Oxford, and the Grand Cross Legion d'Honneur.

Saint-Saëns wrote to his friend Flammarion the astronomer, rather vigorously combating the notion of there being a soul or a God. But his incredulous habit of mind did not prevent his having psychic experiences. The first incident which he cites may be one, really, of remarkable coincidence.

When, for the first time, I made application as a candidate for the Académie des Beaux-Arts, I was not nominated. This rather provoked me, and I told myself mentally, looking at the Egyptian lions that adorn, in such bizarre fashion, the façade of the Institute: "I shall present myself again *when the lions turn around.*" Some time afterward *the lions were turned!*

Professor Flammarion did not think it likely that the wholly un-

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<sup>1</sup> *Death and Its Mystery; At the Time of Death*, by Flammarion, 30-31.

expected event of the lion's being turned to face the other way was mere coincidence. So he argues from the case:

You are the most delightful of friends, the mightiest of musicians, the glory of the Institute, one of the profound thinkers of our era, but *you are not logical*. How could any collection whatsoever of chemical molecules beneath your skull have been able to "secrete" this bizarre premonition? An *idea* cannot be produced by a material mechanism. Your mind saw an aspect of the future, without suspecting it.

But Saint-Saëns testifies to other experiences of a psychic nature, of which he has no doubt.

I, personally, have known cases of telepathy, of prescience of future. I will cite some of them for you:

In the far-off days when I lived in the upper part of the Faubourg Saint-Honore, I worked hard. When I was up to my ears in work, I suddenly thought of a lady of my acquaintance. Some moments afterward—the time it would take to pass through the courtyard and go up the stairs—some one rang: it was the lady of whom I had thought. The first few times I believed it chance; but the twentieth time! This phenomenon lasted several years.

In my youth, a painter, a friend of mine, showed me a picture he intended to submit for the annual Exposition. He had not yet exhibited his work, and did not know whether the picture would be accepted. Looking at it, I saw it in the first room of the Palais de l'Industrie, in a certain place at the top of the stairs. On the day the Salon opened I went there, and saw the picture placed as I had foreseen.

If Saint-Saëns could get momentary possession of a time-periscope so as to see exactly where a picture would hang, both as to room and precise place in the room, there seems to be no reason why he might not peek through it and see the reversed lions.

## WHY WAS SCHUMANN "OBSESSED" TO COMPOSE A "FUNERAL FANTASY"?<sup>1</sup>

(ROBERT SCHUMANN)

Schumann (1810-1856) was a native of Saxony, and became one of the leading musical critics and composers of his time. He was for several years professor of composition in the conservatory of music

<sup>1</sup> *Avant la Mort*, by Flammarion, 109-10. Translated by W. F. P.

founded by Mendelssohn in Leipzig, and from 1850 to 1853 he was musical director at Düsseldorf. He composed an opera, four symphonies, five overtures, other large choral and orchestral works, a large number of songs and piano compositions, etc. His position and significance in the history of German music are very important.

Schumann, in the year 1838, wrote to Clara Wieck, whom he was to marry two years afterward, who herself attained fame as a pianist, and who survived him forty years:

"I must tell you a presentiment I have had; it haunted me from the 24th to the 27th of March, during which I was absorbed in my new compositions.

"There was a certain passage which obsessed me, and some one seemed to be repeating to me from the depths of his heart: *Ach Gott* (O, my God!) While composing I visualized funereal things, coffins, sorrowing faces. . . . When I had finished, I sought for a title. The only one which came to my mind was *Leichenphantasie* (Funeral Fantasy). Is this not extraordinary? I was so overcome that the tears came to my eyes; I truly did not know why; it was impossible to discover any cause for this sadness. Then came Thérèse's letter, and all was clear. Her sister-in-law had notified her that her [the sister-in-law's] brother had just died."

Schumann gave the title *Nachtstücke* (Nocturne) to that suite which originally he had wished to call *Leichenphantasie*.

## A COINCIDENCE WHICH PUZZLED THE SINGER <sup>1</sup>

(DAVID SCULL BISPHAM)

This, one of the greatest of American barytone singers (1857-1921), made his début as the Duc de Longueville in *The Basoche*, at the Royal English Opera in London, and thereafter was with the Royal Opera at Covent Garden, and the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, singing principal rôles in German, French, Italian and English. He was one of the founders of the Society of American Singers, producing classical opera comique in English. Many phonograph records have been made of his songs, such as "Ring Out, Wild Bells," and "Danny Deever," as well as opera selections.

In the spring of 1890, Bispham, then already thirty-three years old, was known only as a church and concert singer; he had not learned

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<sup>1</sup> *A Quaker Singer's Recollections*, by David Bispham (N. Y., 1920), 80-81.

a single part in opera, and had hardly turned his attention in that direction. Then, while in London, "an even stranger thing [than an apparently psychic incident just related] took place for which I have always been at a loss to account."

I had been in London but a few months, was quite unknown to the public, and it is altogether unlikely that I should have been heard of by the old phrenologist to whose quaint little book-shop I was taken one evening somewhat against my will, but I am glad to have had an experience which has always remained a mystery to me.

We dived into a narrow street off Oxford Street, near the British Museum in Dickens land, and climbed a stairway littered with books, as was the passage from the front door. The old man, for all the world like the figure standing upon the top of the library ladder in the well-known picture called "The Book Worm," led us up-stairs. His bald pate was covered with a black skullcap; his long broadcloth frock coat was so shiny that he could have seen himself in it, if he could have looked into his own back as well as he did into other people's brains. He was a gentle old soul, spoke quietly, confidentially, and almost affectionately to each of those who had sought him out, as they sat about the center table under the gaslight in his little parlor over the shop.

He walked about among us, quietly placing his hands upon the head of each as he passed. When he had given each person a somewhat intimate review of his nature, he said that we were all surrounded by the spirits of those whom he called our guardians. Every other person in the room accepted his descriptions of relations or friends who had passed on, except myself, for I was unable to recognize the presence he minutely described as being my guide at the time. He said he saw an elderly, clean-shaven man with gray hair, dressed in a beautiful garment of red brocade with large puffed sleeves over a lighter colored vest of satin, with a sword by his side and around his neck a heavy gold chain from which depended a great jeweled locket. I assured the old phrenologist there was no such person among my ancestors. My forefathers were, as I well knew, such as Michelangelo declared his to be, "Simple persons who wore no gold on their garments." Standing with his eyes lifted ceilingward and gazing into vacancy, the old man persisted that he knew nothing about that and could only tell me what he saw.

I thought no more of the matter for a year and a half. Then, upon the occasion of my first professional appearance at the Royal English Opera in Shaftesbury Avenue in the *opéra comique* by Messager entitled "The Basoche," I, as the Duc de Longueville, found myself, though I had for years worn a beard from which I tried hard not to part, clean-shaven at last, and bewigged and costumed with sword and chain and locket—every detail of the dress that the old phrenologist had described. Let who will explain this; I cannot.

To be sure, there was a certain amount of probability that, should Bispham become an opera singer, he would sometime have a rôle in which he would wear some such costume. But he had then only begun to think of opera, his attention was not on the rôle of the Duc de Longueville, and the "phrenologist," he declares, was not at all likely to have heard even that he was a singer. It is certainly a remarkable coincidence, if the description given by the old man of the "guide" corresponded so closely to the portrait of Bispham as the Duc (shown in connection with the quoted passage) that this should have been the very first operatic part which was assigned to him. To be sure, the "phrenologist" thought he was describing a "guide," but that might have been only his guess to account for the mental picture which presented itself.

### "PLANCHETTE AND PROPHECY" <sup>1</sup>

(DAVID S. BISPHAM)

After a six months' run of *The Basoche*, Bispham returned to concert singing. He was invited by theatre managers to go into light opera, but could not seem to find a part which suited him. It was while in this quandary that, in March, 1892, Baron Waleen, a Swede interested in psychical matters, dined at his house in London, bringing with him a planchette, and some tentative experiments were made. A few evenings later Bispham dined with Waleen and his friend Baron Rudbeck, who, although not a spiritist, was supposed to have some psychic power. "Under Rudbeck's hand, planchette began at once to write rapidly and distinctly."

I was not touching the machine, nor had I propounded any questions to it; yet it soon wrote in large letters, "Opera, by all means." Neither of my companions knew to what this referred or saw any connection in it with anything that had gone before, until I explained. "It is an answer to a question I was about to ask," I told them: "Shall I continue in concert or make further endeavor toward opera?" Here was a direct answer to my unspoken thought.

Needless to say, we three were interested, and grew excited as planchette went on to reply without hesitation to every query I put to it. Rudbeck's right hand was resting upon it, his left hand covering his eyes, which he opened only when the instrument stopped. My first

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<sup>1</sup> *A Quaker Singer's Recollections*, 110-116.

spoken question was, "What operas shall I study?" Let me here remind the reader that at this time I had no operatic repertory, "The Basoche" being the only opera I had ever learned. Planchette replied, "The operas of Verdi and Wagner." I realized instantly that the operas of the two composers named contained remarkably fine barytone parts. But, excepting the romance to the Evening Star from "Tannhäuser," I knew not a note of any of them.

The next question I propounded to planchette was, "Which of these operas shall I study?" The answer was, "Aïda," "Tannhäuser," "Tristan und Isolde," "and Meistersinger." We sat amazed. I was pleased as well, for no better parts exist than are to be found in these works, and my next question followed almost as a matter of course, "What parts shall I study?" There was a surprise for me at the end of the answer, which was "Amonasro, Wolfram, Kurwenal, and—Beckmesser."

This last disclosure puzzled me. I had heard "Die Meistersinger" sung more than once at Bayreuth, as well as in other places, and had laughed at Beckmesser, all the time so loving Hans Sachs that I was then trying to learn the noble music of that rôle, deeming Beckmesser too high, too unvocal, and too difficult for me to consider. I rather fancied myself as a vocalist, and therefore deliberately put away all thought of Beckmesser. Now I was bidden to study it!

I could not account for it, but went on to ask my final question, "When shall I be engaged?" To this the reply was, "In a couple of months you will know." After this, try as we would, no single word came from planchette, whose board I had not touched during the experiments.

I was so impressed by what had taken place that the next day I secured an accompanist and began work on the part of Beckmesser, the length and difficulty of which were appalling to me. This labor was varied by study of the much easier rôles of Amonasro and Wolfram, while Kurwenal, so much shorter and more sympathetic, sank into my mind more readily than any of the others. For two months I worked like a slave on these, accepting, besides, an engagement to prepare the part of Alberich in the entire first scene of "The Rheingold" and the part of Wotan in the first scene of "The Valkyrie." These I worked up with Carl Armbruster, one of Wagner's assistant conductors at Bayreuth.

The concert where he sang the two parts just mentioned took place May 22. Sir Augustus Harris, impressario of the opera at Covent Garden, was present.

As the company walked about the lawn after the affair, I observed among the guests the familiar face of Sir Augustus Harris, the impressario of the opera at Covent Garden, to whom I had been instru-



mental not long before in suggesting that the universal use of the Italian language should be discontinued in opera.

The next morning I had a message from my manager, Daniel Mayer, to say that he had received from Harris a note asking if I knew the part of Beckmesser; as, if I did, I was to come at once to Covent Garden to rehearse it for performance with Jean de Reszke, Madame Albani, and Jean Lassalle, the barytone.

As I read I thought I should die of excitement, for now was the prophecy come true. "In a couple of months you will know," it said, and at that time I had been asked to do the least likely and most difficult of the parts I had been working on.

Bispham accepted and rehearsed Beckmesser, but owing to De Reszke's illness there was a postponement. Then, to his astonishment, Harris said to him:

"I have just had a letter from the German barytone who is here with the company from Hamburg to say that he has a bad cold and cannot sing the part of Kurwenal tomorrow night. I wonder if you know that part?"

I was standing on the stage of Covent Garden where the trap is that in the old version of "Faust" opened and let Mephistopheles through into another region. When Harris asked me the question I felt as if I should sink into the depths, such a failing was there of my heart at being asked to do the second one of the characters which planchette had advised me to study.

Without a single rehearsal, Bispham was able to carry the rôle of Kurwenal, opening June 25, 1892, with Alvary, "the greatest Tristan of his time."

I may say without boasting, for it is merely a matter of record, that for a number of years I had no rival in the part of Kurwenal, nor in the part of Beckmesser. When this latter was finally produced I performed it so as to insure me the part, which, much as I enjoyed performing it, was so strenuous that had I not been blessed with what my mother called "the voice of a bull of Bashan" I should never have been able to live through it and the many other parts which immediately began to crowd upon me.

When people say to me, "What but foolishness did any one ever get out of planchette or any other so-called spiritistic advice?" I tell them the story just narrated. My action in taking the advice I received—whence it came, I know not—resulted at the time indicated in my being fully prepared for what I was asked to do. In accepting this counsel and being ready with the parts I had been told to learn, I was

undoubtedly enabled to accept the responsibilities whose execution straightway resulted in the foundation of my operatic career. . . .

It is to be remembered that I had been advised to pay particular attention to the operas of Verdi and Wagner, that I had been told to study the rôles of Amonasro, Wolfram, Kurwenal, and Beckmesser; that a "couple of months" later I was actually engaged to sing Beckmesser, and that, upon the postponement of that part, I did in reality perform the rôle of Kurwenal.

Now occurred another curious thing. One day as I was leaving Covent Garden after a rehearsal, I was accosted by Castelmary, the *régisseur* of the company, and asked whether I knew the part of Amonasro well enough to take it that evening in the place of Victor Maurel, who had notified the management of his sudden indisposition. The state of internal panic that ensued—for the prophecy had now come true for the third time—left me outwardly calm and I accepted the responsibility. . . . [Maurel, however, recovered sufficiently to sing.] Though I did not perform it, the part was offered to me, the third of the four characters I had been advised to study, and I was ready to sing it.

An examination of Mr. Bispham's musical career shows that of the four parts which "planchette" counseled him to study, two—Beckmesser and Kurwenal, not from his will, but from invitations of impresarios and popular approval—became principal rôles with him for years, in which he had no peer; the third, Wolfram, he sang season after season in London and afterward in America; and the fourth, Amonasro, he was unexpectedly called upon to assume, within a few months after being told by planchette to prepare it, although he does not seem actually ever to have appeared in it.

### THE PRIMA DONNA SEES THE COMPOSER AS HE IS DYING <sup>1</sup>

(GALLI-MARIÉ)

Mme. Galli-Marié was the creator of the character *Carmen* in Bizet's opera of that name, his masterpiece. She first sang in that part at the Opera Comique in Paris, March 3, 1875. He died just three months later, June 3. Of course the composer and the singer during the three months and earlier became familiarly acquainted. It was on the evening of June 2 that she had her experience. Bizet was

<sup>1</sup> *Autour de la Mort*, by Flammarion, 224-25.

ill only a few hours before his death, and there was no known reason for anxiety about him while the opera was going on that night.

The incident was generally reported in the French newspapers, and differently told, but M. Flammarion is satisfied that the essential facts as set forth in *l'Eclair* for September 24, 1875, are authentic.

Mme. Galli-Marié was on the stage on a certain evening in June [June 2]. Suddenly she ceased to sing. She had felt in her side a shooting pain, like the blow of a hammer in her heart. She regained possession of herself, and finished the act; but on reaching her dressing-room said to those about her: "Some misfortune has happened to our Bizet. As the blow seemed to strike me, I saw his face in front of me, for just a second. . . . My God! My God! How pale he was!"

They hurried to make inquiry. Bizet had just died.

But he could not have just died unless news was not brought until some time past midnight. Probably the real news was that he had been stricken with the heart malady and was dying.

## FINDING OF THE LOST WILL <sup>1</sup>

(TITO SCHIPA)

Tito Schipa (1890- . . . .) was born in Lecce, Italy, his voice was trained for five years by the maestro Gerunda, he then made his début at Milan in *Traviata*, and at once achieved success. After singing in many cities of Spain and South America he was engaged, in 1919, by the Chicago Opera Company as its leading lyric tenor. His principal rôles have been in *Somnambula*, *Barber of Seville*, *Lakmé*, *Traviata*, *Lucia* and *Tosca*.

Under his signature Mr. Schipa tells two psychical experiences of his own. Once, when a boy, he saw the apparition of a woman with Spanish veil and fan. Months after he visited his uncle in Parma, where he had never previously been. Glancing through a photograph album he came upon one of his uncle's lately-deceased wife, taken in Spain at the time of her marriage, and exclaimed to his mother that this was the lady he saw. It proved to be his uncle's wife whom, as well as whose portrait, he had never seen, and it was also ascertained that the apparition appeared on the night of her death. Mr. Schipa also tells how he exposed a very clever spiritistic imposture. The re-

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<sup>1</sup> Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, February 12, 1928.

maining incident we now present. The ingenuity shown at the close of the story, in trying to account for the facts, indicates that the narrator has a critical, rationalizing tendency.

Still more interesting was another incident which happened in my early days of opera singing and shortly after my career had started. It was at Vercelli, where I made my *début* in *Traviata*. The little inn, a very old one, where I stopped seemed steeped in gloom, which extended from the manager through the entire personnel. It developed that the man's father had died and left no will; at least none which could be found. For generations that inn had been inherited by the eldest son, whose early life was spent in preparation for its future management. Owing to absence of a will, the then eldest son in charge would lose it, as the place must be sold and the proceeds divided among the dead man's heirs.

This eldest son proved a nice fellow, telling me with frank honesty and thinking I might have scruples, that his place was crowded and the sole room he could give me was the one in which his father had died. Having no foolish fears in the matter, I promptly took it, sleeping soundly the night through.

The second night proved less fortunate. Tossing restlessly for hours, at last I fell asleep, though it seemed to me only briefly, when I was awakened by a whirring noise as of some big bird circling just above my head. Thinking probably a bat had flown in through the open window, I got up, lit a candle and made search. No bat was there.

Sleeping from then on, I was again aroused in the half-dawn by repetition of the whirring noise just above my head. Only partially awake, I struggled against sleep until startled by spoken words. Sounding husky, and uttering the words singly, as if with strong effort, the voice said: "Look-on-left-wall." The last word was almost inaudible. Whether I had dreamed this or really heard it I felt uncertain. But I got up and looked in the dim light. The left wall looked exactly like any other wall, wainscoted to the ceiling with wood panels, against which hung an old oil painting.

Smiling to myself at what seemed a freak of imagination, I climbed into bed. Presently three sharp knocks against the wooden wainscoting of the left wall decided me that a bat was blindly seeking freedom. Then I began to search more thoroughly, for I was tired of having my peace wrecked.

Perhaps the bird had been caught behind the old painting, was my next thought. Dragging a tall table across the floor, I climbed up on it, taking down the picture, which proved to be the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, gloomy and cruel, showing the bleeding wounds and piercing arrows. I placed the face of the picture against the wall. Before I climbed back to hang it up, and in the daylight which had meanwhile grown stronger, the gleam of a white paper caught my eyes. It was

neatly folded and stuck at the back of the picture between a wooden stretcher and the canvas. Pulling the paper out, I took it to a window to investigate. It was the lost will, leaving the inn to the writer's eldest son.

Frankly speaking, a cold sweat covered me. The will dropped from my hands. The voice speaking must have been that of the dead! Then reason began to assert itself. Possibly, my mind filled with the story of the will, I had dreamed those words, or, half awake, had fancied them. As for the whirring noise and knockings, they might, after all, have been made by a bat now flown.

Then, too, I considered the situation along another line. As a singer I was keenly sensitive in my response to surrounding influences, often reading the thoughts of those about me, much as the antenna of a radio receives sounds. Why might not that same sensitive response to the hidden paper have inspired me, driven on by a half-dream, to the finding of the will? At any rate, there it was.

### RUBINSTEIN'S DEATH COMPACT<sup>1</sup>

(ANTON RUBINSTEIN; GUARANTOR, LILLIAN NICHIA)

Lillian Nichia, a pupil of Rubinstein, the great pianist and composer (1829-1894), tells this story.

One wild, blustery night I found myself at dinner with Rubinstein, the weather being terrific even for St. Petersburg. The winds were howling round the house, and Rubinstein, who liked to ask questions, inquired of me what they represented to my mind. I replied, "The moaning of lost souls." From this a theological discussion followed.

"There may be a future," he said.

"There is a future," I cried, "a great and beautiful future; if I die first, I shall come to you and prove this."

He turned to me with great solemnity.

"Good, Liloscha, that is a bargain; and I will come to you."

Six years later in Paris I woke one night with a cry of agony and despair ringing in my ears, such as I hope may never be duplicated in my lifetime. Rubinstein's face was close to mine, a countenance distorted by every phase of fear, despair, agony, remorse and anger. I started up, turned on all the lights, and stood for a moment shaking in every limb, till I put fear from me and decided it was merely a dream. I had for the moment completely forgotten our compact. News is

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<sup>1</sup> *Harper's Magazine*, December, 1912.

always late in Paris, and it was *Le Petit Journal*, published in the afternoon, that had the first account of his sudden death.

Four years later, Teresa Carreno, who had just come from Russia, and was touring America—I had met her in St. Petersburg frequently at Rubinstein's dinner-table—told me that Rubinstein died with a cry of agony impossible of description. I knew then that even in death Rubinstein had kept, as he always did, his word.

Here again we are at liberty to accept the testimony regarding the remarkable and complex coincidence, and to disregard what is really an expression of opinion in the last sentence. Whether Rubinstein remembered his compact in his dying hour, or the impression upon his far-away pupil was automatically produced by some obscure telepathic process, the dying man having in his mind no conscious thought of his promise, or some intervening *tertium quid* produced the impression, could never be determined by this incident alone.

## CLERGYMEN, THEOLOGIAN AND EVANGELIST

### TESTIMONY TO PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES BY A MODERN APOSTLE

(WILLIAM BOOTH)

This famous religious organizer and leader (1829-1912) rivalled St. Paul and John Wesley in his tireless energy and glowing zeal. He was the founder and for thirty-four years the General of the Salvation Army, which has spread to nearly all lands, and, besides its purely evangelistic work, maintains a host of institutions for the help and improvement of the destitute and submerged classes.

In the *War Cry*, November 27, 1897, under the heading, "Communion with the Departed," General Booth testified:

Through all my history my personal intercourse with the spirit world has been but limited. I have not been favored with many visions, and yet I have a spiritual communion with the departed saints that is not without both satisfaction and service, and especially of late the memories of those with whom my heart has had the choicest communion in the past, if not the very beings themselves, have come in upon me as I sat at my desk or lay wakeful in the night-season. Among these, one form, true to her mission, comes more frequently than all besides, assuring me of her continued partnership in my struggle for the temporal and eternal salvation of the multitudes—and that is my blessed and beautiful wife.<sup>1</sup>

### A COMPANY OF EMIGRANTS SAVED BY A DREAM<sup>1</sup>

(HORACE BUSHNELL, GUARANTOR)

This distinguished American clergyman and author (1802-1876) graduated from Yale, studied law and edited the *Journal of Commerce*, but at twenty-nine entered the ministry and became pastor of North

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<sup>1</sup> It is not evidence, but it is interesting, that the noted London clergyman Joseph Parker used to pray that his wife's spirit should accompany him to his pulpit (See *Widow's Mite*, by I. K. Funk, 144), and that Samuel Johnson would more cautiously

Congregational Church in Hartford, Conn., where he remained for twenty-four years. This was his last parish. He helped found the University of California and was invited to be its president. He wrote about a dozen books, mostly theological. Old modes of expression did not satisfy him, he was tried for heresy but acquitted. His literary style has been much admired.

I will instance, first of all, a case not so clearly religious, but explicable in no way by the mere causalities of nature. As I sat by the fire, one stormy November night, in a hotel parlor, in the Napa Valley of California, there came in a most venerable and benignant looking person, with his wife, taking their seats in the circle. The stranger, as I afterwards learned, was Captain Yonnt, a man who came over into California, as a trapper, more than forty years ago. Here he has lived, apart from the great world and its questions, acquiring an immense landed estate, and becoming a kind of acknowledged patriarch in the country. His tall manly person and his gracious paternal look, as totally unsophisticated in the expression, as if he had never heard of a philosophic doubt or question in his life, marked him as the true patriarch. The conversation turned, I know not how, on spiritism and the modern necromancy, and he discovered an inclination to believe in the reported mysteries. His wife, a much younger and apparently Christian person, intimated that probably he was predisposed to this kind of faith, by a peculiar experience of his own, and evidently desired that he might be drawn out by some intelligent discussion of his queries.

At my request he gave the 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 gullies of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons and the look of their particular distress. He woke, profoundly impressed with the distinctness and apparent reality of his dream. At length he fell asleep and dreamed exactly the same dream again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in shortly with an old hunter comrade, he told him the story, and was only the more deeply impressed by his recognizing, 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 to his description. By this the unsophisticated patriarch was

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petition, "If thou hast ordained the souls of the dead to minister to the living, and appointed my departed wife to have care of me, grant that I may enjoy the good effects of her attention and ministration, whether exercised by appearance, dreams or in any other manner" (*Johnsonian Miscellanies*, I, 11).

<sup>1</sup> Bushnell's *Natural and Supernatural*, 475-6 (Scribner's, 1859).



decided. He immediately collected a company of men, mules and blankets, and all necessary provisions. The neighbors were laughing in the meantime at his credulity. "No matter," said he, "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 in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive.

A gentleman present said, "You need have no doubt of this; for we in California all know the facts, and the names of the families brought in, who now look upon our venerable friend as a kind of saviour." These names he gave and the place where they reside, and I found afterwards that the California people were ready everywhere to second his testimony! <sup>1</sup>

## MONITION OF HIS SON'S DEATH

(JOSEPH BUCKMINSTER)

The Rev. Dr. Buckminster (1751-1812) graduated from Yale and spent three additional years there as Berkeley Scholar. He was a tutor at Yale for several years, and then became pastor of North Congregational Church, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, following Ezra Stiles, who had become president of Yale, as *his* predecessor, Samuel Langdon,

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<sup>1</sup> Rev. Thomas Marques (1753-1827) was a pioneer American Presbyterian clergyman. He had a place in Sprague's *Annals of the American Pulpit*, IV, 84. He began to study for the ministry at the age of thirty-six. Here is the story which one of his contemporaries says, "he often related."

"During the period that he was thus employed in study his family were often driven to great straits in procuring means of support; and upon his infrequent and brief visits at home he was on the alert in providing for their wants. He often related the following incident, not as miraculous but as an instance of God's special providence in his behalf. On reaching home one evening, he found his family destitute of food except some small vegetables of which they made a light and unsatisfactory meal. Earnest were their prayers around the evening altar, that Jacob's God would provide for their wants. But no light came to their minds, and they lay down to unquiet rest. In his broken sleep, Mr. Marques dreamed of a hunting excursion, and saw in a ravine near his farm, where he had often procured game before, three deer, all of which, by a hunter's stratagem, he secured. So strong was the impression on his mind, that he arose, and at early dawn was on his way to the ravine, equipped as a hunter. As was the dream, so was the fact. The three deer were there in size and position, just as he saw them in sleep; and by his skill he secured them all as food for his family, and returned to school, joyful in the good providence of God."

If Mr. Marques found the deer in the very spot where he saw them in the dream, and they were of the same respective sizes, and the same number, and he was able to kill them all, exactly as dreamed (of course we cannot be certain of all these particulars, but there must have been an extraordinary amount of coincidence involved or Marques would not have repeated the story frequently), whence did the information come? Was it telepathy from the deer (for we shall not be satisfied to ascribe it to an abstract "Providence") or a group of astonishing chance coincidences?

had become president of Harvard. He continued pastor until his death, an incumbency of thirty-three years. He was D.D. from the College of New Jersey, now Princeton University. Daniel Webster attended his church for several years and was attached to him.

The Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster (1784-1812) son of the preceding, was important enough to find a place in the *Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge*, which states that he graduated at Harvard, became pastor of Brattle Street Church, Boston, and lecturer on Biblical criticism at Harvard, was "a forerunner of the Unitarian movement," and "one of the founders of the literary reputation of Boston." Sprague's *Annals* (Unitarian volume) has a long sketch of his short career, containing extended tributes by Edward Everett, John G. Palfrey and other notables. Everett says that for a combination of intellect, learning, eloquence, judgment and other qualities he never saw the equal of J. S. Buckminster, and that if he had lived he would have become the greatest in his profession in America. His works, in two volumes, were printed in 1839.

The following incident was taken down from the lips of Mrs. Joseph Buckminster, by his daughter who reports it.<sup>1</sup>

On Tuesday evening, June 9, he (the son) expired. . . . When his [Dr. Buckminster's] wife entered his chamber the next morning he said to her, with perfect composure, "My son Joseph is dead." Mrs. Buckminster, supposing that he had slept and dreamed that his son was dead, although no news of his illness had reached him, assured him that it was a dream. "No," he replied, "I have not slept nor dreamed; he is dead!" This incident is related as received from the lips of her to whom the words were spoken, and there can be no shadow of a doubt of their truth. . . .

Dr. Joseph Buckminster was living at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he had been for many years pastor of a church. On the 1st or 2nd of June, 1812, he left Portsmouth, intending to travel for his health. He reached Reedsborough [misprinted as "Peedsborough" in *Phantasms of the Living*], a little village, on the 9th of June, and died there the following morning. The Rev. J. S. Buckminster (the son) was living at Boston in delicate health. He was taken suddenly ill on June 3, and died on June 9, twenty-four hours before the death of his father. Dr. Buckminster must have been aware of his son's delicate state of health, but no one seems to have expected his death to occur when it did. There is no mention of letters being sent to warn Dr. Buckminster, nor do the family seem to have been aware of the son's illness until after the father's death. Indeed, Dr. Buckminster had

<sup>1</sup> *Memories of the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, D.D., and of His Son, the Rev. J. S. Buckminster*, by Eliza Buckminster Lee (Boston, 1851), 464, 476-77.

intended to visit his son and daughter at Boston, on his return from the expedition which was cut short by his own death.

I have found another, and substantially agreeing, account of the incident, also by Mrs. Lee,<sup>1</sup> which adds several particulars. Dr. Buckminster had reached Marlboro, Vermont, by the evening of June 9. "My brother at Boston was at this moment dying after a short and severe illness [begun after his father's departure], but my father was wholly ignorant of the fact." It appears, also, that while the health of the son was "delicate," he was regarded as in good health for him when the journey began, so that there seems to have been no grounds for apprehension.

### TELEPATHIC(?) EXPERIENCE OF A GREAT CHURCH LEADER <sup>2</sup>

(JOHN CALVIN; GUARANTOR, THEODORE BEZA)

Having been a student of both law and Roman Catholic theology, Calvin (1509-1564), as early as his twenty-fourth year, was already reputed for his learning and was the head of the Reformation movement in France. Four years later he took up residence in Geneva and was identified with that city, where he helped to establish a theocratic government, the rest of his life. His system of church polity spread through Switzerland and into France and Scotland. In his celebrated *Institutes* he outlined a system of theology which for three centuries dominated a large part of Protestantism, and against which Methodism in particular was a revolt. Historically, Calvin ranks with Augustine as a theologian. He was a man of immense learning, intellect and industry.

Theodore Beza (1519-1605) was of French birth, became professor of Greek, first in Lausanne, then in Calvin's academy in Geneva. He was Calvin's supporter, and succeeded him as teacher of theology and leader of the Calvinist party.

It is Beza who relates the following incident:

It affords us satisfaction to mention in this place a circumstance which deserves to be stated. On the 19th of December [1562], which was the Sabbath, the north wind having been unusually high for two

<sup>1</sup> Sprague's *Annals of the American Pulpit* (1859), ii.

<sup>2</sup> *Life of John Calvin*, by Theodore Beza (Philadelphia, 1836), 77.

days, Calvin (although confined to bed by the gout) said, in the hearing of a number of friends, "I know not indeed what it means. I thought I heard last night a very loud sound of drums used in war, and I could not divest myself of the opinion that it was reality. I entreat you to pray, for some event of very great moment is undoubtedly taking place." On this very day, the battle of Dreux, distinguished for its great cruelty, was fought, the news of which reached Geneva a few days after.

It could not have been unusual for Calvin to hear the wind blow. And even though we should concede, what would be a matter of mere conjecture, that the beating of war drums was an auditory illusion, it would not annul the fact that the illusion and oracular utterances of Calvin were vindicated by the news which several days later arrived. Nor will it be claimed in this instance that it was a case of auditory hyperæsthesia, since Dreux is more than 300 miles from Geneva.

But was not the fighting at Dreux simply the most conspicuous event that happened to be taking place that day, and could not some event as striking and of as much moment to Calvin and his friends have been found almost any day, somewhere in the world? We are forced in honesty to answer, No. Calvin was deeply interested in the affairs of the Huguenots in France, and through his letters and particularly through his able emissary, Beza himself, had exerted much influence among them and in their behalf. Now the battle fought in Dreux on the day of Calvin's utterance (and, considering the mental make-up of Beza and the fact that he was Calvin's most intimate associate, we can hardly doubt the essential correctness of the account) was the first great battle of the religious wars of France, wherein the Huguenots suffered a great defeat, and their leader, Condé, was taken prisoner. The slaughter on both sides, in this battle, was very great. So it was no ordinary event that took place on the day that Calvin bade his friends to pray, but one of very unusual character, and one which deeply concerned the group in that chamber, since it seemed to indicate the downfall of the Protestant cause in France.

### SEES HIS FUTURE WIFE IN A DREAM <sup>1</sup>

(ROBERT COLLYER, GUARANTOR)

Robert Collyer was a noted Unitarian clergyman, born in England, pastor of Unity Church in Chicago, 1860-79, and thereafter for many years pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York City. He was

<sup>1</sup> *Religious Magazine and Monthly Review*, August, 1872.

author of *Nature and Life*, *The Life That Now Is*, *Things New and Old*, etc. Although originally a blacksmith and untrained in schools, he was remarkable for the purity and beauty of his literary style.

This incident is taken from a sermon delivered by Mr. Collyer, and finds place expressly because a man so eminent and conservative knew the original narrator well, vouched for his intelligence and trustworthiness and was convinced by his account.

I have a friend, a man of great intelligence, who told me that when he was in the middle of the Pacific on a voyage, he saw a face in a dream, and it was borne in upon him that this was the face of his wife. He went through many adventures after that, was away about seven years, came back, went home, went to a quarterly Quaker meeting in Bucks County, Penn., and there saw, in a Quaker bonnet, for the first time with his human eyes, that face he had seen in his dream. The maiden became his wife, and I never saw a happier pair on earth, or a sweeter home of children, and I have no doubt of the perfect truth of the story.

#### AN APPARITION BY AUDIBLE VOICE GIVES PROOF <sup>1</sup>

(RUSSELL HERMAN CONWELL)

The Rev. Russell H. Conwell (1842-1925) was one of the most noted American clergyman of the last half century. LL.B. of Albany Law School, D.D. and LL.D. of Temple University, he was the pastor of the Baptist Temple in Philadelphia from 1891, founder and president of Temple University in the same city from 1888, founder of two hospitals, author of a number of biographies and other books. He was very popular as a lecturer, and one particular lecture was delivered by him nearly 6,000 times. In lecturing alone, he earned about a million and a half dollars, all of which was devoted to the education of poor young men. He probably would never have credited any "psychical" stories outside of the Bible but for his own experiences, and is chary of coming to any logical conclusion regarding these. He felt no interest, apparently, in psychic research as such, and when I asked him questions at the time that the newspapers told the story of his peculiar experience, he politely declined to answer them, though acknowledging that the account which had been printed was essentially correct.

The form of the story which follows is as Dr. Conwell told it to

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<sup>1</sup> *American Magazine*, July, 1921.

Bruce Barton, and there can be no doubt that it is correct. Mr. Barton is A.B. of Amherst College, Litt.D. of Juniata College, formerly an editor, and is a conscientious, original and forceful writer of books and articles on religious and other subjects.

Mr. Barton: A physician told me once of seeing a dying man lift himself on his elbow, and his face was transfigured, as though he caught a glimpse of another world. Have you ever seen that happen, Doctor Conwell—a sort of exaltation?

Doctor Conwell: It would be no exaggeration to say that I have seen it literally hundreds of times. We too often do death an injustice in our thought.

We think of the suffering and pain of a last illness as the accompaniment of death. But the suffering is not death. Death is the kindly visitor who comes to *end* the suffering, to lift the burden, to break the chains. And no one who has stood often by the bedside can doubt that for an instant before the end the soul *does* hover hesitant between two worlds. I could tell you scores of instances—very impressive, very solemn instances. (*After a pause.*) I wonder whether you will understand me if I tell you a very personal incident. There is so much loose thinking and talking on the subject of our relations with the other world . . . so much spiritualistic rubbish . . . one hesitates lest he be misunderstood. And yet I speak only what I myself have seen. . . . I do not presume to draw conclusions.

Some years ago I had a dream that recurred every morning just before I awoke. It seemed to me that the figure of Mrs. Conwell appeared each morning and sat smiling at the foot of my bed. I said nothing about it to anyone; it must be, I thought, a delusion of age. Yet the figure was as real as life, smiling, and asking questions and answering my own.

One morning I said, or seemed to myself to say, "I know you aren't really there."

"Oh, but I am!" she replied.

"But how can I be sure?" I persisted. "Are you willing that I should test you?"

She nodded, still smiling.

"All right," I said, "to-morrow I will ask you a question. Will you be ready for it?"

She nodded again and, with another smile, disappeared. The next morning she was there again.

"I see you have come," I said. "Are you still willing?"

She smiled and nodded, seeming to enjoy it all immensely.

"Tell me, then, where is my army discharge paper?" I had not seen it for years, and to the best of my knowledge was utterly ignorant of its whereabouts.

In a voice that seemed as distinct as though she had uttered the

words aloud, she answered, "Why, it is in the black japanned box behind the books in your library."

I got out of bed and went into the library. There, after some search, I found the box, hidden away behind a row of books; and in it, under a varied collection of documents, was the discharge paper.

Again the next morning she appeared, with a little smile of triumph, as if to say, "You see it was there, just as I told you; *now* will you believe?" But I was not satisfied, of course. I asked her if I might make another test, and with the same happy smile, as though the game entertained her greatly, she promised again.

That morning at breakfast I spoke to one of the maids, who had lived with us for fourteen years.

"Mary, you remember the gold fountain pen that Mrs. Conwell gave me years ago. I want you to take it off my desk today and hide it. And you are not to tell me or anyone else where you hide it. Do you understand?"

Again the next morning the figure appeared, and we seemed to joke about it all for a little while. Finally I said:

"Do you know where Mary hid my pen?"

"Of course I do."

"Can you tell me the place?"

"Get out of bed and come with me," she answered laughingly.

I rose and, seeming to hold her hand, was led to one of the closets in my room. The top shelf of the closet had been built into a little closet with a door which covered only a part of the closet front. She motioned me to it, and I took a chair and climbed up. I ran my hand over the shelf this way, and that, but without encountering the pen. I felt then that the whole thing must have been a delusion, and turned to step down from the chair.

But she was still in the doorway and pointed again to the shelf, shaking her head emphatically, as if to say, "It is there! Look again; you will find it."

I did look again. I stretched my hand far in behind the door on either side, and this time, to my amazement, I found the pen.

I told that simple incident some weeks later in private conversation to a friend. He told it to another friend. And so, somewhat to my embarrassment, it came back to me one morning on the front page of the morning newspaper. Since it has been published once, I feel no reticence in repeating it . . . only a certain reluctance lest some readers should force into it an interpretation which I myself do not pretend to give.

A DYING VISION OF THE THIRD CENTURY <sup>1</sup>

(THASCIUS CAECILIUS CYPRIANUS)

Cyprian (*circa* 200-254 A. D.), one of the "Ante-Nicene Fathers," was a patrician, wealthy, highly educated, and for a time taught rhetoric at Carthage. He debated with Christians, but became a Christian himself, and at length Bishop of Carthage. He had a clear mind, and his writings are prolific with information regarding early church history and ecclesiastical law. In the course of a persecution in the reign of Valerian, he was arrested and beheaded. His is one of the most illustrious names of primitive Christianity.

When one of our colleagues and fellow priests, wearied out with infirmity, and anxious about the present approach of death, prayed for a respite to himself; there stood by him as he prayed, and when he was now at the point of death, a youth, venerable in honor and majesty, lofty in stature and shining in aspect, and on whom, as he stood by him, the human glance could scarcely look with fleshly eyes, except that he who was about to depart from the world could already behold such a one. And he, not without a certain indignation of mind and voice, rebuked him, and said, "You fear to suffer, you do not wish to depart; what shall I do to you?" It was the word of one rebuking and warning, one who, when men are anxious about persecution, and indifferent concerning their summons, consents not to their present desire, but consults for the future. Our dying brother and colleague heard what he was to say to others. For he who heard when he was dying, heard for the very purpose that he might tell it; he heard not for himself, but for us.

THE "DÆMON" OF AN EARLY BISHOP <sup>2</sup>

(ST. GREGORY)

Gregory, known as Thaumaturgus (wonder worker), born about 213, died about 270 A. D., the son of noble and wealthy Greek parents. He was on the way, when about twenty years old, to Berytus to complete his training in civil law, when he met Origen, next to Augustine the greatest theologian of the early church, at Cæsarea, and there became his pupil and convert. He was for thirty years bishop of

<sup>1</sup> *On the Mortality*, by Cyprian, section 19.

<sup>2</sup> *Panegyric Address to Origen*, by Gregory Thaumaturgus.



his native city of Neocæsarea in Pontus, and is reckoned among the Ante-Nicene Fathers of the Church. It was when he left the school of Origen, at the probable age of about twenty-five, that Gregory delivered the Panegyric in the presence of his master, from which the following excerpts are taken. This oration contains the earliest Christian autobiographical account extant.

If I may seek to discourse of aught beyond this and in particular, of any of those beings who are not seen, but yet are more godlike, and who have a special care for men, it shall be addressed to that being who, by some momentous decision, had me allotted to him from my boyhood to rule, and rear, and train,—I mean that holy angel of God who led me from my youth . . . that angel, I say, who still at this present time sustains, and instructs, and conducts me; and who, in addition to all these other benefits has brought me into connection with this man [Origen], which, in truth, is the most important of all the services done me.

Gregory goes on to give details of his life up to the time that he reached Cæsarea. He gives some, but expressly says that he has not time to recount all of his reasons for thinking that he was led there in order to meet Origen, then continues:

Wherefore it was not that soldier, but a certain divine companion and beneficent conductor and guardian, ever leading us in safety through the whole of this present life, as through a long journey, that carried us past other places, and Berytus in especial, which city at that time we seemed most bent on reaching, and brought us hither and settled us here, disposing and directing all things, until by any means he might bind us in a connection with this man [Origen] who was to be the author of the greater part of our blessings. And he who came in such wise, that divine angel, gave over this charge to him, and did, if I may so speak, perchance take his rest here, not indeed under the pressure of labor or exhaustion of any kind (for the generation of those divine ministers knows no weariness) but as having committed us to the hand of man who would fully discharge the whole work of care and guardianship within his power.

It is evident that Gregory intends to express his conviction that he was led by a discarnate intelligence. He is not as clear as Socrates was in his statement, but apparently means much the same thing. Of course his concept of an "angel" was not that of mediæval and modern art, a monstrosity with wings attached to its shoulder-blades. Nor did "divine" (*divinus*) necessarily mean anything more than super-

excellent or admirable. Gregory did not attempt to declare what was the precise nature of his guide; he probably did not know, for, again referring to him he says "that being, whosoever he is, who has been the wonderful guide of our childhood, who in all other matters has been in time past my beneficent tutor and guardian."

### APPARITION OF PERSON SEEN COINCIDENTLY WITH HIS DEATH <sup>1</sup>

(ALEXANDER VIETS GRISWOLD)

Alexander Viets Griswold (1766-1843) was an Episcopalian clergyman who became prominent as a pastor of churches, and in 1811 was consecrated Bishop of the then Eastern Diocese, composed of all the New England States save Connecticut. He was D.D. from Brown University and the College of New Jersey.

The following was sent to the S. P. R. by a physician of Providence, R. I., on August 28, 1884. The Mr. Collins referred to, it was ascertained, died July 4, 1807, which fixes the date of the Bishop's experience.

I have been for many years a practitioner of medicine in this city; my birthplace was the town of Bristol, some fifteen miles distant, where I resided for more than thirty years, and for the greater part of that time was a next-door neighbor of Right Rev. A. V. Griswold, Bishop of the Eastern Diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and who died some forty years ago. He was, as all churchmen in this country know, greatly esteemed for his talents and piety.

For what follows the Bishop himself was my informant. He told it to others, and I heard it frequently spoken of by different members of the family.

One afternoon, while standing at his desk writing in his study, a door opened <sup>2</sup> from an adjoining room, and Mr. Collins, his son-in-law, entered, and passed slowly through the room and out of another door; the Bishop said he had not been thinking or talking of Mr. Collins, and had not heard from him for some time. He knew that he could not be within a thousand miles of him, and yet he had distinctly seen him pass through the room. This of itself was a very remarkable occurrence, but what follows renders it still more so.

<sup>1</sup> *Phantasms of the Living*, II, 543.

<sup>2</sup> Probably it is not to be understood that the door really opened but that this was a hallucination.

When the mail from Charleston arrived, some three or four days after (there were no telegraphs or railroads at that time), a letter was received announcing the death of Mr. Collins, on the very day and hour when the Bishop saw him apparently pass through his study.

The good Bishop (who was no believer in ghosts, necromancy, or anything of the sort) said it was a most remarkable and singular circumstance, the coincidence rendering it still more remarkable, and he could not account for it, but supposed it must be some sort of a hallucination; for, as he was standing at a high desk, he could hardly have been *dreaming*.

JOHN J. DEWOLF, M.D.

The incident is at second-hand and was old when Dr. deWolf wrote his letter, but in view of various statements therein there is little reason to doubt that it is true in its essence.

## POSSIBLE TELEPATHY OR CLAIRVOYANCE

(NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, INVESTIGATOR OF THE FACTS)

The Rev. N. D. Hillis (1858- . . . ), A.B. and A.M. of Lake Forest University, D.D. of Northwestern University, L.H.D. of Western Reserve University, was pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., from 1899 to 1924, and is now its pastor emeritus. He followed Dr. Lyman Abbott, the successor of Henry Ward Beecher. His books and articles have been many.

He reported this case to Dr. Isaac K. Funk, the eminent editor and publisher, and the letter was turned over to Dr. Hyslop and published by him.<sup>1</sup>

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 10, 1907.

My Dear Dr. Funk:

I have just had a rather extraordinary experience, in which I think you will be interested. One of the leading members of Plymouth Church has a son who occasionally drinks. His mother, a woman of fifty-five, has been much disturbed about the son, a young man of twenty-five or twenty-eight. Last January I knew that the son had gone to another city, and while there had been drinking, and returned the next day showing signs of dissipation. Two months passed by, and the experience was repeated in another city. In April the mother returned home from the South. When the evening came, she asked her son to come to

<sup>1</sup> *Journal A. S. P. R.*, November, 1909.

her bedroom, and made him sit down beside her, and began by saying, "Now I want you to tell me all about what has happened in \_\_\_\_\_. Don't deceive me. I saw you in the hotel, I saw you surrounded by men, and I saw you when you took the first drink." He then told his mother what had happened, thinking all the time that some one present had written his mother. After that chapter had been thoroughly discussed, she said, "Now I want you to tell me what happened in (such and such) a city." He then discovered that she knew all about this event. The husband and son had both carefully guarded the secret from the mother. The father came to me with a full statement of it. Another experience, in a way, prepared both husband and son for this strange knowledge. Several years ago the wife wakened her husband up, saying that her son had just suffered a railroad accident in the South, and the next day brought a message from him, saying that he had been injured but that his injuries were slight, and the railroad accident occurred at the very hour in the night when the mother saw the event. I have been investigating the matter, and can find no break in the testimony. How do you account for the experience?

Faithfully yours,

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

Dr. Hyslop tried to get a detailed statement from the lady, but Dr. Hillis replied, June 10, 1907: "The lady who had the experience, and saw her son, etc., is unwilling that I should give out the story. But for this I would gladly fulfill your request."

The facts being such as they were, it is no wonder that the mother did not wish the details printed, with the very possible consequence that the identity of her son would be correctly guessed by some readers. But Dr. Hillis says that he had investigated the matter, and the result was that he was convinced. We should bear in mind, also, that the father was one of the leading members of Plymouth Church. This being the case and the facts being of such a distressing nature, it is exceedingly unlikely that there was any deceit in the testimony.

## INCIDENTS RELATED BY A NOTED CHURCHMAN

(SAMUEL REYNOLDS HOLE)

The Very Rev. Samuel R. Hole (1819-...?), Dean of Rochester, England, was not only an effective preacher and popular lecturer, but likewise the author of fascinating books, composed of reminiscences and shrewd and witty comments upon men and affairs. He made two lecturing tours in America.

His *The Memories of Dean Hole* (London, 1892), contains a remarkable dream of his own, and one of similar character told him by a trusted friend. They may be found on pages 200-201. After rehearsing the account of a dream and its tragic sequel, told him many years before, he goes on:

Are these dreams coincidences only, imaginations, sudden recollections of events which had been long forgotten? They are marvellous, be this as it may. In a crisis of very severe anxiety, I required information which only one man could give me, and he was in his grave. I saw him distinctly in a vision of the night, and his answer to my question told me all I wanted to know; and when, having obtained the clearest proof that what I had heard was true, I communicated the incident and its results to my solicitor, he told me that he himself had experienced a similar manifestation. A claim was repeated after his father's death which had been resisted in his lifetime and retracted by the claimant, but the son was unable to find the letter in which the retraction was made. He dreamed that his father appeared and told him it was in the left-hand drawer of a certain desk. Having business in London, he went up to the offices of his father, an eminent lawyer, but could not discover the desk, until one of the clerks suggested that it might be among some old lumber placed in a room up-stairs. There he found the desk and the letter.

Then, as regards coincidence, are there not events in our lives which come to us with a strange mysterious significance, a prophetic intimation, sometimes of sorrow and sometimes of success? For example, I lived a hundred and fifty miles from Rochester. I went there, for the first time, to preach at the invitation of one who was then unknown to me, but is now a dear friend. After the sermon I was his guest in the Precincts. Dean Scott died in the night, almost at the same time in which he who was to succeed him arrived at the house which adjoins the Deanery. There was no expectation of his immediate decease, and no conjecture as to a future appointment, and yet when I heard the tolling of the cathedral bell, I had a presentiment that Dr. Scott was dead, and that I should be Dean of Rochester.

Again, Dean Hole in his *Then and Now* (London, 1902), pages 9-11, together with some opinions of his sets down a seeming premonition and what he considers answers to prayer.

There is an immeasurable difference between ghosts and other apparitions—between that which witnesses declare they saw with their own eyes when they were wide awake, as Hamlet saw the ghost of his father and Macbeth saw Banquo, and that which presents itself to us when we are asleep, or in that condition between waking and sleeping

which makes the vision so like reality. I do not believe in the former, and I am fully persuaded in my own mind that the wonderful stories which we hear are to be accounted for either as exaggerations or as the result of natural causes which have been misstated or suppressed; but many of us have had experience of the latter—of those visions of the night which have seemed so real, and which in some instances have brought us information as to occurrences before unknown to us, but subsequently proved to be true.<sup>1</sup> . . .

George Benfield, a driver on the Midland Railway living at Derby, was standing on the footplate oiling his engine, the train being stationary, when he slipped and fell on the space between the lines. He heard the express coming on, and had only just time to lie full length on the "six-foot" when it rushed by, and he escaped unhurt. He returned to his home in the middle of the night, and as he was going up the stairs, he heard one of his children, a girl about eight years old, crying and sobbing. "Oh father!" she said, "I thought somebody came and told me that you were going to be killed, and I got out of bed and prayed that God would not let you die." Was it only a dream, a coincidence? George Benfield and some others believed that he owed his life to that prayer.

Dean Hole is the first person whom we remember to have held that a man's testimony respecting a given species of experience is more credible if he was asleep at the time that he claims to have had it, than if he was awake. He states that dreams "in some instances have brought us information as to occurrences before unknown to us, but subsequently proved to be true," but the same is asserted in respect to waking apparitional experiences, on exactly as satisfactory evidence in many cases. He accounts for "the wonderful stories we hear" in respect to waking apparitions, and discredits them, on exactly the same grounds that others account for and discredit his dreams. The fact is, that with Dean Hole as with many others, the personal equation is operative. He believes in coincidental dreams because he himself has experienced them and knows that he is not guilty of "exaggerations" in recounting them, nor can see how "natural causes" can explain them! He never has had a waking apparition, therefore is inclined to conjure up guesses as to the inaccuracy and unveracity of those who have—guesses which he would resent if they were applied to himself.

But the Dean's testimony is one matter, his opinions or prejudices another.

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<sup>1</sup> A reference to his dream, which we have already quoted from *Memories*, is here omitted.

AN EVIDENTIAL APPARITION <sup>1</sup>

(BISHOP HUNTINGTON)

Frederick Dan Huntington, S.T.D. (Columbia University and Amherst College), LL.D. (Amherst), L.H.D. (Syracuse University), was born in 1819 and died in 1904. Graduated from Amherst College and Harvard Divinity School, he became pastor of one of the important Unitarian churches of Boston (the South Congregational) and so continued for many years, during five of which he was a professor and preacher at Harvard, and, having entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church in 1860, was later lecturer at the Episcopal theological schools in Cambridge, Mass., and New York City. He was editor of the Unitarian *Christian Register*, and of two church periodicals in later years, and the author of a number of books. Rector of Emmanuel Church, in Boston, 1861-1869, he was in 1869 consecrated first bishop of Central New York. First among the Unitarians, then among the Episcopalians, Dr. Huntington was for more than half a century one of the notable figures in the ecclesiastical life of America.

The direct reporter of the incident from the lips of Bishop Huntington is also a distinguished Episcopalian clergyman, later reputed to ascribe most psychic incidents to "satanic agencies," but who appears to have vulnerable spots in his armor.

## THE APPARITIONS AT "ELM VALLEY," HADLEY, MASS.

The fine colonial mansion above mentioned was built about 1750 as the seat of the family of Phelps, and passed by inheritance to the late Bishop F. D. Huntington, of Central N. Y., who was born in 1819 and died in the room where he was born, 1904. He related these incidents to the narrator.

A small bed-chamber was partitioned off from the huge attic under the gambrel roof. Whoever sleeps in that room hears the door at the foot of the attic stairs open and shut, and a soft muffled footstep climbs the stairs and crosses the attic floor, stopping outside the bed-room door. The footstep sounds like that of some one in stocking feet or in moccasins. When the door is opened nothing is to be seen. A small bed-room is entered by the staircase from the wood-house and is set apart for the use of one of the "hired men." Some years before Bishop Huntington's death he had difficulty in retaining men one summer; and questioning one of them as to reason for his departure, heard this story. The man said, "You are a good master, Bishop, the wages are all I want and I should like to stay, but I cannot sleep in that room. Last

<sup>1</sup> *Journal A. S. P. R.*, January, 1910, p. 49.

night I went to bed and was going to sleep when I felt some one in the room. I sat up in bed and saw an old woman short and bent, and dressed in an old-fashioned way, with a cap and handkerchief crossed on her breast, moving around changing the position of the furniture and rearranging things. I thought it was rather cheeky of her, and started to ask her what she was doing. She came over and stood at the foot of the bed, looking at me, and I saw that I could see right through her to the window beyond. Then I put my head under the bed-clothes, and when I looked again she was gone, and I don't want to sleep in that room again." The Bishop added that the description precisely fitted an old woman who had been a pensioner of his mother's when he was a little boy and who had died in that room about 1825.

## THE BISHOP IS IMPRESSED

(THE BISHOP OF LONDON)

The Rt. Hon. and Rt. Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington-Ingram, D.D., the present Bishop of London, prelate, scholar, author, and noted for his work among the poor, had an experience which was below the grade of evidentiality for telepathy of some others given in this volume, but which, nevertheless, impressed him sufficiently for him to report it.

The incident was found in Isaac K. Funk's *The Psychic Riddle*, pp. 166-67.

The private secretary of the Bishop of London wrote under date of February 3, 1906: "The bishop desires me to say the enclosed is a correct account of an experience by him."

The following is the account enclosed:

"I was sitting in my room one morning, when I was told that a woman wanted to see me. I was very busy, and almost said at first: 'Oh, I'm too busy to see anyone this morning,' but I thought and said, 'No, I have made a rule never to refuse to see anybody, in case it is some one in trouble.' So I said, 'Let the woman come up-stairs.' She came, and the first thing she said to me was this: 'I was going to ask you whether you can find a use in your work for £1,000?' I said, 'It is the very thing I have been wondering all the morning how I was to get.' I showed her exactly what I was going to spend the £1,000 on, and the whole scheme was carried out."



TESTIMONY TO THE FACT OF PREMONITIONS <sup>1</sup>

(JOHN KNOX)

Knox (1505-1575) was a student at the University of Glasgow who for some reason did not take his degree. He is believed to have become a secular priest of the Church of Rome and to have been connected with a religious establishment for ten years. The martyrdom of Wishart made him a Protestant, and as a religious reformer he was to Scotland much what Luther was to Germany, his conflicts and perils were similar, and he also was indefatigable in writing and preaching.

I dare not deny, lest I be injurious to the giver, that God hath revealed unto me secrets unknown to the world; yea, certain great revelations of mutations and changes where no such things were feared, nor yet were appearing. Notwithstanding these revelations I did abstain to commit anything to writing, contented only to have obeyed the charge of Him who commanded me to cry.

MYSTERIOUS GROANING WHICH DEPARTED AT  
DEMAND <sup>2</sup>

(JOHN LELAND; GUARANTOR, GEORGE NIXON BRIGGS)

The Rev. John Leland (1754-1841) was a Baptist clergyman of great reputation in his time. He is listed in the "Condensed Biographical Dictionary of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 9th edition. In addition to his zeal and popularity as a preacher, it was affirmed by the Virginia statesman and soldier J. S. Barbour that, but for him, the United States Constitution would not have been adopted at the time it was, since adoption would have failed without the assent of Virginia, that State would have yielded to the opposition of Patrick Henry but for the influence of James Madison, and Madison would not have been elected to the Virginia Convention but for the political influence of Leland. It appears that Madison and Leland were to debate on the very subject of the proposed Constitution, but Madison by a previous talk with Leland and by his speech converted the latter so that he supported Madison when he rose in his turn to speak, and used his influence to elect the future President. The two corresponded for many years.

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<sup>1</sup> Howitt's *History of the Supernatural*, II, 100.

<sup>2</sup> Sprague's *Annals of the American Pulpit*, VI, 180-81.

The guarantor was no less a person than George N. Briggs, LL.D. (1796-1861), Governor of Massachusetts and jurist, who tells the story as he heard it from Leland himself, about the year 1838. Mr. Briggs wrote his sketch of Leland in 1857, but he records so many things besides, uttered in the same interview, that it is proof presumptive that he wrote them down soon after it took place.

While I was at his house, I inquired of him about a remarkable noise, which I had, when a boy, heard that he and his family had been annoyed by, when they lived in Virginia. He gave this account of it: His family, at the time, consisted of himself, wife, and four children. One evening, all the family being together, their attention was attracted by a noise, which very much resembled the faint groans of a person in pain. It was distinct, and repeated at intervals of a few seconds. It seemed to be under the sill of the window, and between the clap-boards and the ceiling. They paid very little attention to it, and in a short time it ceased. But, afterwards, it returned in the same way—sometimes every night, and sometimes not so frequently, and always in the same place, and of the same character. It continued for some months. He said it excited their curiosity, and annoyed them, but they were not alarmed by it. During its continuance, they had the siding and casing removed from the place where it appeared to be, but found nothing to account for it; and the sound continued the same. He consulted his friends, especially some of his ministerial brethren, about it. I think he said it was never heard by any except himself and his family; but it was heard by them when he was absent from home. Mrs. Leland said that often, when she was alone with the children, and while they were playing about the room, and nothing being said, it would come, and they would leave their play, and gather about her person. They had a place fifty or sixty rods from the house, by the side of a brook, where the family did their washing. One day, while she was at that place, it met her there precisely as it had in the house.

After the noise had been heard at brief intervals for, I think, six or eight months, they removed their lodgings to quite an opposite and distant part of the house; but it continued as usual, for some time, in its old locality. One night, after they had retired, they observed, by the sound, that it had left the spot from which it had previously proceeded, and seemed to be advancing, in a direct line, towards their bed, and was becoming constantly louder and more distinct. At each interval, it advanced towards them, and gathered strength and fulness, until it entered the room where they were, and approached the bed, and came along on the front side of the bed, when the groan became deep and appalling. "Then," said he, "for the first time since it began I felt the emotion of fear; I turned upon my face, and if I ever prayed in my life, I prayed then. I asked the Lord to deliver me and my family from that annoyance, and that, if it were a message from Heaven, it

might be explained to us, and depart; that if it were an evil spirit, permitted to disturb and disquiet me and my family, it might be rebuked, and sent away; or if there was anything for me to do, to make it depart, I might be instructed what it was, so that I could do it." This exercise restored his tranquility of mind, and he resumed his usual position in the bed. Then, he said, it uttered a groan too loud and startling to be imitated by the human voice. The next groan was not so loud, and it had receded a step or two from the front of the bed, near his face. It continued to recede in the direction from which it came, and grew less and less, until it reached its old station, when it died away to the faintest sound, and entirely and forever ceased.

No explanation was ever found. "I have given you," said he, "a simple and true history of the facts, and you can form your own opinion. I give none." His wife confirmed all he said. I think I can say that I never knew a person less given to the marvelous than Elder Leland.

### PREVISIONAL DREAM <sup>1</sup>

(GEORGE HERBERT KINSOLVING)

This gentleman, at the time he wrote out his peculiar experience for Dr. Hodgson, was rector of the Episcopal Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia. The following year, 1892, he became, and still is, the Bishop of Texas. He is D.D. and S.T.D., and is the author of two books. The date of the letter is October 14, 1891.

My dear Sir:—The dream was this. I seemed to be in woods back of the hotel at Capon Springs, W. Va., when I came across a rattlesnake, which when killed had two black-looking rattles and a peculiar projection of bone from the tail, while the skin was unusually light in color. The impression of the snake was very distinct and vivid before my mind's eye when I awoke in the morning, but I did not mention the dream to anyone, though I was in the act of telling my wife while dressing, but refrained from so doing because I was in the habit of taking long walks in the mountains, and I did not wish to make her nervous by the suggestion of snakes.

After breakfast, I started with my brother along the back of the great north mountain, and when about twelve miles from the hotel we decided to go down out of the mountain into the road and return home. As we started down the side of the mountain I suddenly became vividly conscious of my dream, to such an extent as to startle me, and to put

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings S. P. R.* XI. 495.

me on the alert. I was walking rapidly, and had gone about thirty steps, when I came on a snake coiled and ready to strike. My foot was in the air and had I finished my step I would have trodden upon the snake. I threw myself to one side and fell heavily on the ground. I recovered myself at once and killed the snake with the assistance of my brother, and found it to be the same snake in every particular with the one I had had in my mind's eye. The same size, color, and peculiar mal-formation of the tail.

It is my belief that my dream prevented me from treading on the snake, but I have no theory on the subject, and get considerably mixed and muddled when I try to think on the line of such abnormal experiences.

G. H. KINSOLVING.

The brother referred to is the Rev. Arthur B. Kinsolving, a prominent Episcopalian clergyman, formerly rector of Christ's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., but now and for twenty-two years rector of St. Paul's, Baltimore. A letter by him, written without any communication about the incident having been had during the eight months which had elapsed since it occurred, fully corroborates the story of coming upon the snake, states that his brother said, even before the reptile was killed, "That is strange! I will tell you something remarkable about that snake in a moment," and after the snake was killed he related the dream and said that it had not come into his mind during the walk until a moment before he saw the creature, when it occurred to him with such vividness as to cause him to look carefully where he was walking, also that the brother at that time said that the peculiarity of the snake's tail was as he saw it in his dream.

An unusual feature of this experience is that in addition to having the dream, Mr. Kinsolving had it come into his mind vividly before he saw the snake. If right that he was still some thirty steps (approximately seventy-five feet) from the snake, when the memory of the dream returned, it does not appear very probable that he could then see the snake on the mountain path. But, at any rate, the memory that the dream vividly returned to him at that moment, and also the earlier mental decision not to tell his wife about it, are bars to any theory that after he saw the snake he underwent a delusion of having dreamed about it previously.

DYING VISION: WHOM DID HE SEE? <sup>1</sup>

(PÈRE HYACINTHE)

Charles Jean Marie Augustin Hyacinthe Loyson, better known as Père Hyacinthe (1827-1912), was educated at the Seminary St. Sulpice, Paris, and was ordained a priest of the Roman Catholic Church in 1851. He was professor of philosophy for a time and afterwards a professor of dogmatic theology, and in 1862 became a Carmelite monk and noted for his eloquent preaching. The freedom of his utterances were such that he was admonished by the head of his order, and excommunicated in 1869. He visited the United States, where his addresses both excited enthusiasm and opposition. In 1877 he organized a "Catholic Gallican Church" which was not legalized until 1883. From 1884 he lived in Geneva. Père Hyacinthe was a man of great charm of speech and manners. He wrote a number of books on religious subjects.

Desirous of causing no trouble, the Father did not wish to have any one pass the night near him. In spite of his objection Laura remained awake, outside of his chamber, the door of which she left slightly open. In the night of the 5th to the 6th, about two o'clock in the morning, she heard his voice. It was a triumphant cry, like the blast of a trumpet: "He is there!" Laura sprang to him. The Father was transfigured. He seized her hands: "I am overflowing with joy. You understand, my dear girl?" In reality he was radiant, in a state in which she had never before seen him. He seemed in an ecstasy. The joy of that hour did not leave him until the end.

The Rev. Dr. William L. Sullivan, who called my attention to this passage, adds his own statement:

The Laura of the incident is his daughter-in-law, Madame Paul Loyson, born an American. She told me herself of this incident, of that tremendous cry in all the old power of his superb voice, "*Il est là!*" and of his appearance when she ran to him, no longer the old man (in his eighty-sixth year) whom she had left feeble and far gone in the final weakness, but, as Houtin says, "*rayonnant*" and "*en extase.*"

Whom did Père Hyacinthe see? Why did it produce such a tremendous effect upon him, and what caused the joy which "did not leave him until the end"? We do not know, but he must have had some overwhelming vision as he was slowly dying, such as constituted a "psychical" experience.

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, III, 221.

## RAPS AND BANGS AND SOUNDS RESEMBLING FOOTSTEPS <sup>1</sup>

(MARTIN LUTHER)

Luther (1483-1546) was, of course, one of the most forceful and significant figures in the history of Western civilization. Peasant, scholar, monk, consummate pulpit orator, fighter against papal abuses, finally supreme leader of the German religious reformation, enormously prolific writer, translator of the Bible into the vernacular of his people, he seems like a superman of boldness, energy and industry.

He was a believer in not only the devil, but in devils everywhere seeking to ensnare men. What was very likely an innocent ordinary experience of an apparition he interpreted to be the devil, threw his inkstand, ink and all, at the head of the figure which disappeared, as it would probably have done, devil or no devil.<sup>2</sup> But he does not leave on record that the figure had horns. If it appeared, as probably it did, like an ordinary person, Luther was no less convinced that it was the devil, for did he not know that that personage could take on whatever form he pleased?

We would not give a rap for his opinions or interpretations about such things, but so far as he testifies to and describes facts of his experience he is entitled to be heard.

Here is his testimony, given in his *Table Talk*:

When, in 1521, on my quitting Worms, I was taken prisoner near Eisenach, and conducted to my Patmos, the castle of Wartburg, I dwelt far apart from the world in my chamber, and no one could come

<sup>1</sup> *History of the Supernatural*, by William Howitt (Philadelphia, 1863), II, pp. 93-4.

<sup>2</sup> In Sprague's *Annals of the American Pulpit* (1860), VI, 58, there is a curious story resembling the one relating to Luther. Isaac Backus (1724-1806) was a Baptist clergyman who gained some prominence in his sect, especially as Agent of the Massachusetts Churches in their struggle to gain exemption under law from taxation to support the established Church. He wrote a three-volume *History of the Baptists*. Says the Rev. Z. Eddy:

"It need not be disguised that Mr. Backus partook of the spirit of the Mathers and others, in taking a peculiar interest in what were called 'Wonder-working Providences,' and in admiration of striking coincidences and extraordinary appearances, bordering hard on the miraculous. Indeed, he himself related an assault of the adversary, in his experience, strongly resembling that which Luther relates as made upon himself, which he returned with his inkstand and all its contents. He was exhorting to constancy in prayer, and regular seasons of private devotion, notwithstanding all the wiles and opposition of Satan, and in that connection related the following case of his own experience: He retired to his closet at the usual season, and, as he made the attempt to pray, Satan presented himself in bodily form, and frowned upon him in grim opposition. He turned to another side of his closet, and the same forbidding form still frowned upon him. He turned to the third, and then to the fourth, side, and still he had to encounter the same horrible appearance; 'and then,' he added, 'I said to myself, I will pray, if I have to pray *through you*; and I did pray *through the devil*.'"

to me but two youths, sons of noblemen, who waited on me with my meals twice a day. Among other things, they had brought me a bag of nuts, which I had put in a chest in my sitting-room. One evening, after I had retired to my chamber, which adjoined the sitting-room, had put out the light and got into bed, it seemed to me all at once that the nuts had put themselves in motion; and jumping about in the sack, and knocking violently against each other, came to the side of my bed to make noises at me. However, this did not harm me, and I went to sleep. By and by I was wakened up by a great noise on the stairs, which sounded as though somebody was tumbling down them a hundred barrels, one after another. Yet I knew very well that the door at the bottom of the stairs was fastened with chains, and that the door itself was of iron, so that no one could enter. I rose immediately to see what it was, exclaiming, "Is it thou? Well, be it so!" (meaning the devil) and I recommended myself to our Lord Jesus Christ, and returned to bed. The wife of John Berblibs came to Eisenach. She suspected where I was, and insisted upon seeing me; but the thing was impossible. To satisfy her, they removed me to another part of the castle, and allowed her to sleep in the apartment I had occupied. In the night she heard such an uproar, that she thought there were a thousand devils in the place ("Tischreden," 208).

"Once," he says, "in our monastery at Wittenberg, I distinctly heard the devil making a noise. I was beginning to read the Psalms, after having celebrated matins, when, interrupting my studies, the devil came into my cell, and there made a noise behind the stove, just as though he was dragging some wooden measure along the floor. As I found that he was going to begin again, I gathered together my books and got into bed. . . . Another time in the night, I heard him above my cell, walking in the cloister, but as I knew it was the devil, I paid no attention to him, and went to sleep."

## CLERGYMAN BELIEVES THAT HE CONVERSES WITH HIS DECEASED WIFE <sup>1</sup>

(WILLIAM H. MORGAN)

Dr. Morgan (1861- . . . .) is A.B. of Hamline University, B.D. of Drew Theological Seminary, and D.D. of Mt. Union College. He has been among the prominent clergymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at one time pastor of Calvary, a leading church of New York City, and afterward occupying the pulpit in the monumental First

<sup>1</sup> Mostly from *Journal A. S. P. R.*, November, 1919. Also to be found in Dr. McComb's *The Future Life in the Light of Modern Inquiry*.

Church of Baltimore. At present he is Superintendent of the Metropolitan District (New York City) of the Anti-Saloon League.

I knew Dr. Morgan in his early manhood, and met him almost daily for several years. He was characterized by a vigorous intellect, a big heart, and athletic masculinity. Already his career had been unusual, owing to his determination and energy.

The story of his meeting and winning the lady who became his wife is a romance, which finds no place here. But it is proper to say that the inspiration for the energy referred to came largely from her appreciation and influence. She was a rare character, in mind and heart. About twenty years ago she passed away. Already her husband had come to some theoretical belief in the possibility of spirit communication, and so great had been her participation in his life that he hoped that she might be able to give him some sign after her death. And now follows his own statement, taken literally as he uttered it, January 21, 1919, in the office of the American Society for Psychical Research:

When my wife was dying I said to her, "You know what I believe as to the communication between spirits. Will you come?" She said, "I will, if the Good Father will let me."

Eleven months had passed away and not even a dream about the one I loved better than my soul. She had left me with four children, and at no time during that period was there a hint to my soul that she was interested in us at all. I had fussed over the thing, I had prayed over the thing, and I had wondered why nothing had come to me.

During our life we had a very extraordinary relation. We were exceedingly sensitive to each other's condition, and when she was in difficulty or ill and away from me I almost always knew it. I call it telepathy myself.

She died in May. The following April I was in the city of Philadelphia, in the Bingham House. I went to my room about twelve o'clock. There was a large chandelier with four or five lights in it in the center of the room and a push-button right at the head of the bed. I was lying with my eyes closed, not asleep,—as truly awake as ever in my life. I was thinking of her. That was all I was doing in those days. It didn't seem to come suddenly, it seemed to come naturally, the room was filled with her presence. I could see, though my eyes were closed, her form, shadowy, with something that looked like the mist of the morning about it, and I said, "Darling, why have you not come before?"

She answered, "The Good Father would not permit me."

I said, "I have been so lonesome and so heartbroken that I have hungered for you. Where did you come from?"

"I have been up to see the children." (They were up near Lake



Hopatcong.) "They are lovely." She seemed to be sitting on the edge of the bed. The vision was so real that I reached up and touched the button and made an attempt to put my arms about her, as the room was flooded with light. I saw nothing and felt nothing. I could have cried. "What have I done! What have I done! O Father, forgive me, let her come back!" That was my prayer.

I do not know how long I waited, praying earnestly and thinking intensely, when she was in the room again. I could see the smile on her face. My eyes were still closed. I never moved, never moved a hand or opened my eyes. I just let my soul do the talking. I was afraid to move and destroy it. I could see her. I have never lost the vision at all. I can see her this second! She came in with a gentle laugh, said, "Why did you do that? Don't you know you can't see me?" I do not know how long we talked. I know I never slept a wink that night, and we talked of our life, of our children, of her father and brother that had passed on and whom she said she was instructing on the other side. God knows they needed it. She said that she was instructing them. That has destroyed my belief in hell as much as in hellfire. I have never preached hell since. And I have never feared death since. Death to me is only a little change. That's all.

That was our conversation, there wasn't a silly thing, there wasn't a trivial thing, nothing but what was of interest to her and me.

Now, here is the climax. She said, "I have come to you that you may stop your grieving, for it's making it impossible for you to do your work. That must be done." I went back home, took the first train to my children, gathered them about me, and told them I had seen and talked with their mother and that she was watching over us. That had a powerful effect upon my children.

Once again she came to me, but that seemed more like a half-waking, half-sleeping dream, just as satisfactory to me as the other. But not so vivid or evidential.

My little girlie of twelve did not appear to me for a year after her passing, but she came then in much the same fashion as the mother on the second occasion.

During that first occasion I could hear the rumble of the noises on the street but in addition I could hear this voice in my soul, it was real, like a sounding board. I could hear her little laugh and her voice. She was there to me tangibly and I felt that I could touch that button and grab for her. There was nothing different about my emotional state or my need for her at that time.

[Signed.]

I asked Dr. Morgan what, previous to the vision, he had read or heard in reference to developed spirits doing missionary work for less developed ones. His reply was convincingly quick and decided: "I never heard anything of the kind." He was asked if he now believed

that such things are done on the other side. "I believe it because my wife said so." The claim was not only an unfamiliar one, but opposed to his previous beliefs, and yet, so great was his assurance that a communication had been made to him by his wife and that she could tell nothing but what was true, that a permanent doctrinal alteration dated from that moment. If the vision was the work of the "subliminal," it was functioning in an odd fashion! Furthermore, if auto-suggestion was to bring about a hallucination through extreme emotion, we would expect this to take place soon after the death, whereas eleven months had elapsed.

People sometimes ask, "What is the *good* of spirit communication, even if it is a fact?" It is a particularly stupid question to ask, and perhaps it is as hopeless to reason with such persons as it is with oysters. But did it do no good in this case? By what he felt to be as absolute a demonstration to him as those experienced by the apostles, this religious leader was able to more than recover his former vigor in the business of life, a powerful influence for good was exerted upon his children, and henceforth a new and tremendous assurance pervaded his sermons relating to the life which is beyond.

### A DYING VISION <sup>1</sup>

(BISHOP E. W. PARKER; GUARANTOR, BISHOP WARNE)

Bishop Warne, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the *Christian Advocate* of July 11, 1901, relates the closing scenes of the life of Bishop E. W. Parker, who died in India, June 4, of the same year.

When I saw him last, toward the end of January, the previous night he had a vision in which the Saviour appeared to him and gave him the choice of living and suffering or of going to heaven with the Saviour. In the vision he was carried into what he called the lowest department of heaven and saw heights and heights of glory above him. Then the Saviour said to him: "These are my little ones who have received me but have not had much teaching; if you will choose to come with me I will appoint you to teach these little ones." As the bishop told me of this vision he said: "I have an entirely new idea of heaven. I have a new appointment. I am appointed to continue in service for India and teach Christ's little ones. I am so happy; O, so happy!"

This was perhaps not strictly a "dying vision," as the Bishop did

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<sup>1</sup> *Journal A. S. P. R.*, August, 1921.

not die until some four months after it occurred, but as he was already stricken with his last illness, it is liable to similar criticism. Whatever its origin, the "message" that he was to teach a particular class of persons after his death articulates well with what is said in the best class of purported communications from spirits. And his attaining "an entirely new idea of heaven" is like the experience of many others who have received in one way or another what they believed to be intimations from the other world, and the change of opinion was in the same direction.

The vision classifies with that of St. Paul (II Cor. 12:1-4), in which he was "caught up even to the third heaven," except that the latter "heard unspeakable words." Perhaps a similar alternative was offered Paul, who in another place (Phil. 1:23-24) said: "But I am in a strait betwixt the two, having the desire to depart and be with Christ; for it is very far better, yet to abide in the flesh is more needful for your sake" (Revised Version). This is conjecture, and yet, since Paul cannot be suspected of having contemplated suicide, it is not an entirely fanciful one.

### "ABSENT TREATMENT," BY PRAYER <sup>1</sup>

(MATTHEW SIMPSON)

Matthew Simpson (1811-1884) was one of the most eloquent pulpit orators of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Besides his pastorates, he was professor of natural science in Allegheny College, afterwards president of what is now De Pauw University, then editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and finally bishop for about thirty years. He was an intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln.

Thomas Bowman, the narrator, who also had a part in the incident, was also a Methodist Episcopal bishop. He said:

I remember once, when there was a conference at Mount Vernon, Ohio, at which I was present, Bishop Janes was presiding one afternoon, and after reading a dispatch saying that Bishop Simpson was dying in Pittsburgh, asked that the conference unite in prayer, that his life might be saved. We knelt, and Taylor, the great street preacher, led. After the first few sentences, in which I joined with my whole heart, my mind seemed to be at ease, and I did not pay much attention to the rest of the prayer only to notice its beauty. When we

<sup>1</sup> *Studies in Psychic Science*, by Hudson Tuttle (1889), 174-5.

arose from our knees, I turned to a brother and said, "Bishop Simpson will not die; I feel it." He assured me that he had received the same impression. The word was passed around, and over thirty ministers present said they had the same feelings. I took my book and made a note of the hour and circumstance. Several months afterwards, I met Bishop Simpson, and asked him what he did to recover his health. He did not know; but the physician had said it was a miracle. He said, that one afternoon, when at the point of death, the doctor left him, saying that he should be left alone (by the doctor) for half an hour. At the end of that time, the doctor returned, and noticed a great change. He was startled, and asked the family what had been done, and they replied, nothing at all. That half hour, I find, by making allowance for difference of localities, was just the time we were praying for him at Mount Vernon. From that time on he steadily improved, and has lived to bless the Church and humanity.<sup>1</sup>

## A PSYCHIC IN THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH <sup>2</sup>

### (QUINTUS SEPTIMIUS FLORENS TERTULLIAN)

Tertullian (died in first half of the third century A. D.) was "the

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. William H. Raper (1793-1852), a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was important enough to find a place in Sprague's *Annals of the American Pulpit*. In volume VII, page 620, we find the following statement, written by the Rev. Dr. W. P. Strickland, who knew him well. It appears that, in those days of poor roads and few bridges, Mr. Raper was frequently compelled to swim his horse across rivers in order to reach a preaching appointment.

"On one of these swimming excursions he met with a singular accident. His horse by some means became entangled while swimming and sank, throwing him off. It was a cold morning, a little before sunrise, and being encumbered with a great coat and leggins, he found it very difficult to swim, but with great effort succeeded in catching hold of the limb of a tree which was hanging over the stream, where he was enabled to rest and keep his head above water. While thus suspended in the stream, the thought came to him with irresistible force, 'My mother is praying for me, and I shall be saved.' After thus resting for a moment or two, he made the effort and got ashore. His horse also had made a safe landing, having the saddlebags on his back, also safe. His clothes and books were wet, and himself very much chilled by the early bath. But, while this was going on with himself in the stream, his mother, distant some eighty or a hundred miles, awoke that morning suddenly as from affright, when this thought suddenly rushed upon her, 'William is in great danger;' upon which she sprang from her bed and, falling on her knees, prayed for some time with great earnestness for her son's safety, until she felt an assurance that all was well. When they met and related to each other the facts, the agreement as to time they found to be exact."

As related, this was a reciprocal experience, the son being conscious that his mother was praying for him, and the mother that her son was in danger. It may well be that the story was not remembered by Dr. Strickland with complete accuracy, but improbable that the mother was not oppressed by a feeling that her son was in danger, for otherwise there would have been no story to reach Strickland's ears, and no reason for establishing the hour on both sides.

<sup>2</sup> *Treatise on the Soul*, by Tertullian.

first great writer of Latin Christianity and one of the grandest and most original characters of the ancient Church.”<sup>1</sup> He was a man of learning, wrote several books in Greek, as well as those in Latin, and was at one time a prominent advocate in Rome. Converted to Christianity, he became a presbyter in Carthage, and later the leader of the Montanists, who were regarded by the main body of the Church as schismatics.

He is evidently now speaking from personal knowledge of the woman to whom he refers.

We have now amongst us a sister whose lot it has been to be favored with sundry gifts of revelation, which she experiences in the spirit by ecstatic vision amidst the sacred rites of the Lord's day in the church; she converses with angels, and sometimes even with the Lord; she both sees and hears mysterious communications; some men's hearts she understands, and to them who are in need she distributes remedies. Whether it be in the reading of Scriptures, or in the chanting of psalms, or in the preaching of sermons, or in the offering up of prayers, in all these religious services matter and opportunity are afforded her of seeing visions. It may possibly have happened to us, whilst this sister of ours was rapt in the spirit, that we had discoursed in some ineffable way about the soul. After the people are dismissed at the conclusion of the sacred services, she is in the regular habit of reporting to us whatever things she may have seen in vision (for all her communications are examined with the most scrupulous care, in order that their truth may be probed). “Amongst other things,” says she, “there has been shown to me a soul in bodily shape, and a spirit has been in the habit of appearing to me; not, however, a void and empty illusion, but such as would offer itself to be even grasped by the hand, soft and transparent and of an ethereal color, and in form resembling that of a human being in every respect.” This was by vision, and for her witness there was God; and the apostles most assuredly foretold that there were to be “spiritual gifts” in the church.

This woman, in good standing in the Church, had “visions” and received “communications” during the religious services, which she regularly reported to Tertullian and other leaders, who examined her statements “with scrupulous care, in order that their truth may be probed.” So the leaders, to the extent of their knowledge how to deal with such problems, were psychic researchers. We may fairly presume, then, that her predictions were watched to see if any or how many were realized, and that her statements about people were compared with the facts believed to be inaccessible to her, producing the conviction that “some men's hearts she understands.” We may infer, too, from the

<sup>1</sup> Philip Schaff, in *Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge*.

word "some" that it was ascertained that she did not succeed in getting, by telepathy or whatever means, the facts correctly about every one. It would seem that the leaders were also rather impressed by her diagnosis of and prescription for maladies, the more so because they did not know as we do how the problem of the causation of such cures is complicated by the possibilities of suggestion. Finally, she testified to the frequent appearance to her (by what would now be technically called quasi-visual and quasi-tactual hallucination) of a particular spirit, which, had she lived 1700 years later, she might have called her "guide."

### MONITION OF A MISHAP TO A PARTICULAR SON <sup>1</sup>

(BISHOP SAMUEL WILBERFORCE)

Samuel Wilberforce (1805-1873) was a son of William Wilberforce, famous for his leadership in the movement to abolish the British slave-trade. Samuel graduated from Oxford, and thereafter rapidly rose in the ministry of the Church of England, until in 1845 he became bishop of Oxford, and after twenty-four years more was appointed bishop of Winchester. He was perhaps the most noted prelate of his church and generation, a prolific writer, a remarkable organizer, eloquent, magnetic, and while courageous in controversy, so adroit and conciliatory that his enemies called him "Soapy Sam."

In a letter by Bishop Wilberforce, March 4, 1847,<sup>2</sup> he says, referring to Herbert:

It is curious that at the time of his accident I was so possessed with the depressing consciousness of some evil befalling him that I was quite unable to shake off the impression that something had happened to him, and noted this down for remembrance.

A note here says: "This refers to an accident which had happened to his eldest son Herbert, then at sea. At the moment when it took place the Bishop was in his library at Cuddleston with three or four of his clergy writing with him at the same table. He suddenly raised his hand to his head and exclaimed, 'I am certain that something has happened to one of my sons.' It afterwards transpired that just at that time his son's foot was badly crushed by an accident on board his ship."

It should be observed that the Bishop did not have any impression

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S. P. R., I, 59.

<sup>2</sup> In *Ashwell's Life of Wilberforce*, I, 397.

that a son was dead, as has been the case in so many instances where a death had really occurred, but only that "some evil had befallen" him. And the Bishop's letter testifies that he connected it with Herbert, the particular son who in fact at that time had his foot crushed.

## THE CUMÆAN SIBYL <sup>1</sup>

(JUSTIN MARTYR?)

It is not at all certain that the extracts below are from the stylus of the famous apologist of the second century, Justin Martyr (?-114?). But they were by some man, perhaps Apollinaris of Laodicea, or Apollinaris of Hierapolis, prominent in his time, and their value consists in giving a picture of mediumship of ancient times, with features which we recognize today.

And both by many other writers has the Sibyl been mentioned as a prophetess, and also by Plato in his *Phædrus*. And Plato seems to me to have counted prophets divinely inspired when he read her prophecies. For he saw that what she had long ago predicted was accomplished; and on this account he expresses in the Dialogue with Meno his wonder at and admiration of prophets in the following terms: "Those whom we now call prophetic persons we should rightly name divine. And not least would we say that they are divine, and are raised to the prophetic ecstasy by the inspiration and possession of God, when they correctly speak of many and important matters, and yet know nothing of what they are saying"—plainly and manifestly referring to the prophecies of the Sibyl. For, unlike the poets who, after their poems are penned, gave power to correct and polish, especially in the way of increasing the accuracy of their verse, she was filled indeed with prophecy at the time of the inspiration, but as soon as the inspiration ceased, there ceased also the remembrance of all she had said. And this indeed was the cause why some, only, and not all, the metres of the verses of the Sibyl were preserved. . . . And besides all else which they told us as they had heard it from their fathers, they said also that they who then took down her prophecies, being illiterate persons, often went quite astray from the accuracy of the metres; and this, they said, was the cause of the want of meter in some of the verses, the prophetess having no remembrance of what she had said, after the possession and inspiration ceased, and the reporters having, through their lack of education, failed to

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<sup>1</sup> *Hortatory Address to the Greeks*, by Justin Martyr or some other writer not later than the third century.

record the meters with accuracy. And on this account, it is manifest that Plato had an eye to the prophecies of the Sibyl when he said this about prophets, for he said, "When they correctly speak of many and important matters, and yet know nothing of what they are saying."

We recognize the state of trance, amnesia of what is said in trance, the claim to predict which in some cases is made impressive by subsequent events, and the urge with a few mediums to present in literary form, in a very few cases strikingly, and in the "Patience Worth" case astoundingly successful.

### PSYCHIC HEALING BY LUTHER <sup>1</sup>

(PHILIP MELANCTHON AND SOLOMON GLASSE)

Philip Melancthon (1497-1560), an eminent German religious and educational reformer, studied at Heidelberg and Tübingen, taking his doctor's degree from the latter institution at the age of seventeen. In another year Erasmus, the greatest scholar of the age, was exclaiming in wonder at the learning and intellect of Melancthon. Becoming professor of Greek at Wittenberg at twenty-one, students flocked to him in great numbers and, as the historian Planck affirms, "Wittenberg became the school of the nation." He broke from mediæval modes of teaching, and his methods spread throughout the learned world. He became a disciple and the closest coadjutor of Luther in the religious reformation, and collaborated with him in the work of translating the Bible into the language of the German people.

Solomon Glasse (1593-1656) was an eminent German theologian and Biblical critic, whose *Philologia Sacra* remains a monument of hermeneutics. He was a professor first of Oriental languages, then of theology, at Jena. Then he became a general superintendent of church and education reforms in the duchy of Gotha.

It is related by Leckendoye, on the authority of Solomon Glasse, Superintendent-general of Gotha, that Melancthon was recalled from the verge of death by Luther's prayers. "Luther arrived, and found Philip about to give up the ghost. His eyes were set, his understanding was almost gone, his speech had failed, and also his hearing; his face had fallen; he knew no one, and had ceased to take either solids or liquids. At this spectacle Luther is filled with the utmost consterna-

<sup>1</sup> Howitt's *History of the Supernatural*, II, 98.



tion—turning away towards the window, he called most devoutly upon God. After this, taking the hand of Philip, and well knowing what was the anxiety of his heart and conscience, he said, ‘Be of good courage Philip; thou shalt not die.’ While he utters these things, Philip begins, as it were, to revive and to breathe, and gradually recovering his strength, is at last restored to health.” Melancthon, writing to a friend, said, “I should have been a dead man, had I not been recalled from death by the coming of Luther.” A similar detention in life of Myconius by Luther’s prayers is recorded; and that six years afterwards Myconius, being again at the point of death, sent a message to Luther desiring him this time not to detain him by his prayers.

### A PREMONITION OF DANGER <sup>1</sup>

(DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY: GUARANTOR, WILLIAM  
REVELL MOODY)

The name of D. L. Moody (1837-1899) is very familiar as that of one of the most famous evangelists of modern times. In company with Ira D. Sankey as vocalist he held, through a number of years, gigantic religious meetings in the large cities of the United States, Great Britain and Ireland, and it is estimated that he addressed altogether fifty millions of people. He founded the Northfield (Mass.) schools which still flourish.

William R. Moody, his son, is A.B. of Yale and Litt.D. of Rutgers College. He has conducted the Northfield schools since the death of D. L. Moody, whose biography he wrote. The following letter was written by Dr. Moody to Dr. J. H. Hyslop, April 12, 1911:

Yesterday in looking through some papers I found a letter dated March 24, 1909, addressed to my sister, Mrs. A. P. Fitt, of this place, making inquiry in regard to some important experience in connection with our father, the late Mr. D. L. Moody. The letter I remember was referred to me by my sister, and at her request I had consented to reply to it, and how it was mislaid I do not know. Please accept my apologies for the tardiness in its acknowledgment.

I could better answer the inquiry if I knew exactly what the nature of the incident was to which you refer, but it is possible, and even probable, that the incident deals with the occult, and I infer, therefore, that the experience is one of which you have probably heard, which I have heard my father describe several times, although he never made refer-

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<sup>1</sup> *Journal A. S. P. R.*, April, 1918.

ence to it in public, feeling that it was too sacred an experience and too open to misunderstanding.

On his first evangelistic mission to Great Britain in the early seventies, he was invited to the city of Liverpool. You will remember that the prejudice against Americans, especially Yankees, was strong in the city of Liverpool, and even when Beecher made his famous trip to England in the interests of the North during the War he had his greatest difficulty in pleading the cause of the North in the city of Liverpool. How far this feeling influenced the press against my father I do not know, but during the earlier part of the meetings the opposition on the part of the secular press was very strong, and Mr. Moody was made the object of numerous bitter attacks, his motives being impugned, and he himself being made the object of all sorts of ridicule. To this he paid no attention. My mother was not with him at the time, being with friends for a few days, when suddenly he had come over him a peculiar sense of fear or nervousness. My father was one of the most fearless men that I have ever known, and the experience was so new to him that he began to feel anxiety about his own condition, questioning whether he might have been overworking, with the result that his mind was affected. He would frequently cross the street if he heard anyone coming up behind him, and at night was careful to look under his bed, examine the closet, and always see that his door was locked. This experience lasted for several days and left him as suddenly as it had come, one day while going to the hall where he was preaching. At the close of his service he was surrounded by the gentlemen who constituted the committee who had invited him to Liverpool, and on one pretext or another they detained him for a few minutes until a police officer came to them and explained that everything was now satisfactory. The chairman of the committee then explained to my father that they had learned that day that for a week there had been at large in the city of Liverpool an escaped lunatic from a neighboring asylum, who was obsessed with the idea that he was commissioned to assassinate my father. For days he had been trying to get an opportunity to stab him and he had only just been caught and placed under arrest.

The experience was one that left a deep impression upon my father, and he felt that it was a distinct interposition of Divine care. For that very reason he felt it was too sacred to speak of frequently, and as I have said, he never referred to it in public, although I have heard him relate the incident on several occasions. If this is the incident regarding which you make inquiry I am very glad to have been able to give it to you for your records, although I share with my father in the conviction that if it has a scientific value it has also to us a spiritual significance, and that it was a case where there was Divine interposition in behalf of one of God's servants.

Respectfully yours,

W. R. MOODY.

The above incident belongs to a type of which there are innumerable instances alleged. The only advantage that this has over many others is that Mr. D. L. Moody was not only a man of note, but one of unquestioned character and sober common-sense. Dr. W. R. Moody's standing, also, is such that few will question the accuracy of the account which he heard from his father's lips so many times.

The points in the narrative are so obvious that there is no need of calling attention to them. Referring to the last lines of it, Dr. Moody will probably agree with us that "scientific value" and "spiritual significance" are not necessarily mutually exclusive terms, but may, if not must, cohere in the same incident.

## A DYING VISION INVOLVING APPARENT RECOGNITIONS <sup>1</sup>

(DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY)

On his last day he was heard to exclaim:

"Earth recedes; Heaven opens before me." The first impulse was to try to arouse him from what appeared to be a dream. "No, this is no dream, Will," he repeated. "It is beautiful. It is like a trance. If this is death, it is sweet."

He then conversed with perfect rationality about what should be done regarding his work after his death.

Then his face lit up, and he said in a voice of joyful rapture: "Dwight! Irene! I see the children's faces," referring to the two little grandchildren God had taken from his life the past year.

He became unconscious, revived and said: "What does all this mean? What are you all doing here?"

Then, realizing the situation, he went on:

"This is a strange thing. I have been beyond the gates of death and to the very portals of Heaven. And here I am back again."

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<sup>1</sup> *Life of D. L. Moody*, by his son, W. R. Moody, Litt.D. 1900), 552-3.

## PERSONS OF TITLE,<sup>1</sup> FINANCIERS, TEACHERS, TRAVELERS AND MAGICIANS

### A TITLED LADY'S SUPERNORMAL WORK CORROBORATED BY TITLED PERSONS, A NOTED GENERAL AND AN EMINENT PSYCHICAL RESEARCHER <sup>2</sup>

(LADY HOWARD, LADY VANE, SIR HENRY VANE, GEN.  
BULLER, F. W. H. MYERS)

If I identify the automatist correctly, she was Lady Mabel Harriet Vane, a daughter of the Earl of Antrim, and wife of Henry Charles Howard, J.P., D.L. Sir Henry R. F. Vane was a baronet, D.L., J.P.; and Lady Margaret, his wife, was daughter of Samuel Stewart Gladstone, governor of the Bank of England.

See page 80 for biographical data about General Buller, one of the most distinguished military leaders of England in his period. Dorothy E. Howard was his step-daughter.

Frederic W. H. Myers (1843-1901), Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Honorary Secretary of the S. P. R., 1888-1899, and its President 1889, probably contributed more genius coupled with enormous industry to Psychic Research than any other man. A thorough classical scholar, a poet and master of prose style, he became a psychologist of such rank that William James could term him "the original announcer of a theory (of the Subliminal Self) which, in my opinion, makes an epoch, not only in medical, but in psychological science," and declare his belief that "Frederic Myers will always be remembered in psychology as the pioneer who staked out a vast tract of mental wilderness and planted the flag of genuine science upon it." Psychic Research in English-speaking lands owes its terminology and modes of classification more to him than to any other. Among his books, *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death* is the masterpiece. He was co-author with Gurney and Podmore of the very important *Phantasms of the Living*.

There is not space for all the evidence reported on Lady Howard's work, even for the incidents I select.

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<sup>1</sup> This term is employed only where the compiler does not happen to know what greater claim to distinction exists.

<sup>2</sup> Myers' *Human Personality*, II, 434-440.

Lady Howard testifies that she began to write automatically occasionally when a young girl and got her first evidential "message" when 18. Later, in 1885 (her account was written in 1893), certain robbers were caught at Tebay Station, but the jewels they had stolen were not found. She was asked where the jewels were, and wrote: "In the river, under the bridge at Tebay." (Corroborated.) Months afterward they were found in the river "*near* the railway bridge." The automatic writing was received before a jewel was found by the water-side, leading to search in the river. The Bullers, the Hon. Edith Cropper and her husband, etc., were acquainted with the facts, says Lady Howard.

We pass on to the incident vouched for by General Buller and his step-daughter, under date April 8, 1893.

Lady Mabel Howard was stopping with us this week. She was writing with her pencil just after arriving. Some one asked: "Where is Don?" The pencil immediately answered, "He is dead." Lady Mabel then asked who Don was, and was told that he was a dog. No one in the room knew that he was dead; but on inquiry the next day, it was found that it was so. One of the party then asked how many fish would be caught in the river the next day. The pencil at once wrote *three*, which was the number obtained the next day.

A little girl in the house, who attends a school in London, asked who was her greatest friend at this school. The pencil answered *Mary*, which was again a fact absolutely unknown to Lady Mabel.

DOROTHY E. HOWARD,  
REDVERS BULLER.

Mr. Myers testifies:

I have myself [F. W. H. M.] succeeded in getting two correct answers to questions absolutely beyond Lady Mabel's knowledge. From Thornes House I was asked to luncheon at the house of a gentleman whom I knew only by correspondence, and of whose home and *entourage* the rest of the party knew absolutely nothing. On my return I asked, "How many people sat down to luncheon?" The answer was, "Six," which was right. "What was the name of the gentleman, not my host, with whom I sat and talked after luncheon?" The pencil wrote MO, and then began to scrawl. The name was *Moultrie*. It was impossible that Lady Mabel should have had any kind of notion that a gentleman of that name would have been present in a group of which she knew nothing whatever. But here the impulse to write seemed spent, and a few further questions were answered by erroneous words or mere scrawls.

Now comes a narrative written by Lady Vane and endorsed by Sir Henry, her husband.

Hutton-in-the-Forest, April 8, 1894.

About a month ago I lost a book, a manuscript one, relating to this house. I thought I had left it in my writing-table in my sitting-room, and intended to add a note about some alterations just completed—but next day the book had vanished. I looked through every drawer and cupboard in my room and then asked Sir Henry to do the same, which he did twice. I also made the head housemaid turn everything out of them and helped her to do so—so that four thorough searches were made; but in vain. We also looked in the gallery and library (the only other rooms to which the book had been taken), and could not find it. On March 28 I asked Lady Mabel Howard to write about it. She wrote, "It is in the locked cupboard in the bookcase—hidden behind the books."

I said, "Then it *must* be in the library, because the bookcases are locked," and Lady Mabel wrote, "Not in the library." I said, "Then it must be in the anteroom in the cupboard," and asked if *I* should find it. Lady Mabel wrote, "No, send Sir Henry." I asked, "Will he find it?" and she wrote, "Of course."

Still thinking it could only be the anteroom or the library—on account of the locked cupboard and bookcase, I asked, "Which end of the room?"

Lady Mabel wrote, "The tapestry end." I asked, "Is it on the window side of the room or on the other?" and she wrote, "The other." A friend staying in the house looked in the bookcases in the library at the tapestry end, and in the cupboard in the anteroom (I had met with an accident and could not go myself) and could not find the book, so we gave it up.

On April 5 Sir Henry was in my sitting-room and suddenly said, "I have an idea! Lady Mabel meant *this* room. There is the bookcase and the locked cupboard in it—and the wall outside the door is covered with tapestry." I said, "You *have* looked in that cupboard twice, and so have I and the housemaid, and the book is not there—but look again if you like." Sir Henry unlocked the door of the cupboard and took out all the books (there were not more than half-a-dozen) and put them on the floor. The last he put back into the cupboard was a scrap-book for newspaper cuttings, and as it was rather dark at 6:30 p. m. he could not see the name on the back and therefore opened it to see what it was, and the lost manuscript book fell out.

Having searched this very small cupboard four times previously, either of us would have been ready to swear that this book was not in it.

(Signed) MARGARET VANE,  
HENRY VANE.

The chronological sequences appear from further testimony to be these:

Lady Howard saw Lady Vane on February 24, at which time the book had not been lost.

Some time in March repairs were made in the Vane house, Lady Vane made an entry in the book, put it down somewhere and it was lost. At this time and the most of March, Lady Howard was abroad.

Lady Howard next saw Lady Vane, calling upon her, March 26, "and the moment I got up-stairs she [Lady Vane] exclaimed: 'I want you to find a book for me that is lost.'" No pencil or paper was forthcoming, so she said, "Never mind, write when you get home," but Lady Howard forgot to do so.

On March 28 they met, Lady Vane made the same request at luncheon on a race course, and the writing was done on the sandwich paper. At this time Lady Howard, she herself says, did not know of the existence of the little cupboard in the middle of a glass book-case, or of the tapestry in that room.

## TELEPATHIC (?) MONITIONS OF A DEATH <sup>1</sup>

(SIR LAWRENCE J. JONES, BART.)

Sir Lawrence Jones, Fourth Baronet, is an Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge man. He has been a member of the Governing Council of the S. P. R. for about twenty-three years, and is now president of the S. P. R.

Cranmer Hall, Fakenham, Norfolk, April 26, 1893.

On August 20, 1884, I was staying at my father-in-law's house at Bury St. Edmunds. I had left my father in perfectly good health about a fortnight before. He was at home at this address. About August 18 I had had a letter from my mother, saying that my father was not quite well, and that the doctor had seen him and made very light of the matter, attributing his indisposition to the extreme heat of the weather.

I was not in any way anxious on my father's account, as he was rather subject to slight bilious attacks.

I should add, though, that I had been spending that day, August 20, at Cambridge, and should have stayed the night there had not a sort of vague presentiment haunted me that possibly there would be a letter from home the next morning. My wife, too, had a similar strong feeling that if I stayed the night at Cambridge I might regret

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<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings* S. P. R., XIV, 290-91.

it. In consequence of this feeling I returned to Bury, and that night woke up suddenly to find myself streaming with perspiration and calling out: "Something dreadful is happening; I don't know what." The impression of horror remained some time, but at last I fell asleep till the morning.

My father, Sir Willoughby Jones, died very suddenly of heart disease about 1 A. M. on August 21. He was not in his room at the moment, but was carried back to his room and restoratives applied, but in vain.

My brother Herbert and I were the only two of the family absent from home at the time. The thoughts of those present (my mother, brother, and three sisters) no doubt turned most anxiously towards us, and it is to a telepathic impression from them in their anxiety and sorrow that I attribute the intimations we received.

LAWRENCE J. JONES.

Lady Jones writes:

I have a vivid remembrance of the occurrence related above by my husband. I was sound asleep when he awoke, and seizing me by [the] wrist exclaimed: "Such a dreadful thing is happening," and I had much difficulty in persuading him that there was nothing wrong.

He went to sleep again, but was much relieved in the morning by finding a long letter from Sir Willoughby, posted the day before, and written in good spirits. Having read this and gone to his dressing-room, however, he soon returned with the telegram summoning him home at once, and said as he came in: "My impression in the night was only too true."

EVELYN M. JONES.

Mr. Herbert Jones, the other percipient, describes his experience as follows:

Knebworth Rectory, Stevenage, April 4, 1893.  
Recollections of August 20, 1884.

I had spent the day at Harpenden, and returned home about 8 P. M., and went to bed about 10:30.

I woke at 12 o'clock, hearing my name called twice, as I fancied. I lit my candle, and, seeing nothing, concluded it was a dream—looked at my watch, and went to sleep again.

I woke again and heard people carrying something down-stairs from the upper story, just outside my room. I lit my candle, got out of bed, and waited till the men were outside my door. They seemed to be carrying something heavy, and came down step by step.

I opened my door, and it was pitch dark. I was puzzled and dumb-founded. I went to my sitting-room and into the hall, but everything was dark and quiet. I went back to bed convinced I had been the sport of another nightmare. It was about 2 A. M. by my watch. At breakfast next morning on my plate was a telegram telling me to come home.



This whole story may be nothing, but it was odd that I should have twice got up in one night, and that during that night and those hours my father was dying.

H. E. JONES.<sup>1</sup>

Let us recapitulate. An hour after midnight Sir Willoughby Jones died. That same night—the hour seems not to have been ascertained, but it was some time before morning—a son wakes with a feeling of horror and the definite exclamation: “Something dreadful is happening. I don’t know what.” One hour before the impending death another son wakes, thinking he has heard his name called twice, and is wakened by the significant hallucinatory impression that he hears men coming slowly down-stairs, carrying something heavy.

Each incident taken by itself would be impressive; taken together they are vastly less likely to involve mere fortuitous coincidence.

## A FULFILLED DREAM PREDICTION <sup>2</sup>

(LORD LYTTTELTON)

Lord Thomas Lyttelton (1744-1779) was son of the First Baron, George Lyttelton Lyttelton, an English statesman of distinction. The son played some part in politics, but was chiefly noted for his wild and dissolute character, which caused him to be known as “the wicked Lord Lyttelton,” while his father was termed “the good lord.”

The following account was written by Lord Westcote, an uncle of Lyttelton, after examination of the witnesses.

On Thursday, the 25th of November, 1779, Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, when he came to breakfast, declared to Mrs. Flood, wife of Frederick Flood, Esq., of the kingdom of Ireland, and to the three Miss Amphletts, who were lodged in his house in Hill Street, London (where he then also was), that he had had an extraordinary dream the night before. He said he thought he was in a room which a bird flew into, which appearance was suddenly changed into that of a woman dressed in white, who bade him prepare to die. To which he answered, “I hope not soon, not in two months.” She replied, “Yes, in three days.” He said he did not much regard it, because he could in some measure account for it; for that a few days before he had been with Mrs. Dawson when a robin-red-breast flew into her room.

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<sup>1</sup> At that time a curate in London.

<sup>2</sup> *Glimpses of the Supernatural*, by Rev. F. G. Lee, D.C.L. (1875), 27 ff.

When he had dressed himself that day to go to the House of Lords, he said he thought he did not look as if he was likely to die. In the evening of the following day, being Friday, he told the eldest Miss Amphlett that she looked melancholy; but, said he, "You are foolish and fearful. I have lived two days, and, God willing, I will live out the third."

On the morning of Saturday he told the same ladies that he was very well, and believed he should bilk the ghost. Some hours afterwards he went with them, Mr. Fortescue, and Captain Wolseley, to Pitt Place, at Epsom; withdrew to his bed-chamber soon after eleven o'clock at night, talked cheerfully to his servant, and particularly inquired of him what care had been taken to provide good rolls for his breakfast the next morning, stepped into his bed with his waistcoat on, and as his servant was pulling it off, put his hand to his side, sunk back and immediately expired without a groan. He ate a good dinner after his arrival at Pitt Place, took an egg for his supper, and did not seem to be at all out of order, except that while he was eating his soup at dinner he had a rising in his throat, a thing which had often happened to him before, and which obliged him to spit some of it out. His physician, Dr. Fothergill, told me Lord Lyttelton had in the summer preceding a bad pain in his side, and he judged that some gut vessel in the part where he felt the pain gave way, and to that he conjectured his death was owing. His declaration of his dream and his expressions above mentioned, consequential thereon, were upon a close inquiry asserted to me to have been so, by Mrs. Flood, the eldest Miss Amphlett, Captain Wolseley, and his valet-de-chamber Faulkner, who dressed him on the Thursday; and the manner of his death was related to me by William Stuckey, in the presence of Mr. Fortescue and Captain Wolseley, Stuckey being the servant who attended him in his bed-chamber, and in whose arms he died.

WESTCOTE.

Lord Lyttelton's valet made the following statement:

That Lord Lyttelton made his usual preparations for bed; that he kept every now and then looking for his watch; that when he got into bed, he ordered his curtains to be closed at the foot. It was not within a minute or two of twelve by his watch; he asked to look at mine, and seemed pleased to find it nearly keep time with his own. His lordship then put them both to his ear, to satisfy himself if they went. When it was more than a quarter after twelve by our watches, he said, "This mysterious lady is not a true prophetess, I find." When it was near the real hour of twelve, he said, "Come, I'll wait no longer; get me my medicine, I'll take it, and try to sleep." I just stepped into the dressing-room to prepare the physic, and had mixed it, when I thought

I heard my Lord breathing very hard. I ran to him, and found him in the agonies of death.

Boswell informs us that Samuel Johnson said: "It is the most extraordinary occurrence in my days. I heard it from Lord Westcote, his uncle."

The question now comes up whether Lord Lyttelton died from auto-suggestion, but it does not appear likely from the account that his apprehension was anything of the degree which would make such a theory plausible. Besides, on that theory he should have died before midnight by the true time, whereas his death occurred when he supposed that the last moment of danger within the terms of the dream was already fifteen minutes past.

The evidence is also good that "the wicked lord's" apparition was seen by his friend Andrews, thirty miles away, on the night he died. Mr. Plumer Ward recorded the story<sup>1</sup> as he got it, reluctantly told, by Andrews himself when both were members of Parliament.

## SEES FACE OF HIS FATHER AT ABOUT THE HOUR OF A FATAL APOPLECTIC SEIZURE<sup>2</sup>

(PRINCE VICTOR DULEEP SINGH AND LORD CARNARVON)

Prince Singh, who had the experience, was a son of one of the reigning native rulers of India. The Earl of Carnarvon, who corroborated the incident, was a son of that Earl of Carnarvon who had been Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

Highclere Castle, Newbury, *November 8, 1894.*

On Saturday, October, 1893, I was in Berlin with Lord Carnarvon. We went to a theatre together and returned before midnight. I went to bed, leaving, as I always do, a bright light in the room (electric light). As I lay in bed I found myself looking at an oleograph which hung on the wall opposite my bed. I saw distinctly the face of my father, the Maharajah Duleep Singh, looking at me, as it were out of this picture; not like a portrait of him, but his real head. The head about filled the picture frame. I continued looking and still saw my father looking at me with an intent expression. Though not in the least alarmed, I was so puzzled that I got out of bed to see what the

<sup>1</sup> *Illustrations of Human Life*, by Plumer Ward, I, 165.

<sup>2</sup> *Journal S. P. R.*, VI, 368.

picture really was. It was an oleograph commonplace picture of a girl holding a rose and leaning out of a balcony, an arch forming a background. The girl's face was quite small, whereas my father's head was the size of life and filled the frame.

I was in no special anxiety about my father at the time, and had for some years known him to be seriously out of health; but there had been no news to alarm me about him.

Next morning (Sunday) I told the incident to Lord Carnarvon.

That evening (Sunday) late, on returning home, Lord Carnarvon brought two telegrams into my room and handed them to me. I said at once, "My father is dead." That was the fact. He had had an apoplectic seizure on the Saturday evening at about nine o'clock, from which he never recovered, but continued unconscious and died on the Sunday, early in the afternoon. My father had often said to me that if I was not with him when he died he would try and come to me.

I am not subject to hallucinations, and have only once had any similar experience, when, as a schoolboy, I fancied I saw the figure of a dead schoolboy who had died in the room which I slept in with my brother; but I attach no importance to this.

VICTOR DULEEP SINGH.

Lord Carnarvon writes:

I can confirm Prince V. Duleep Singh's account. I heard the incident from him on the Sunday morning. The same evening, at about 12 P. M., he received a telegram notifying him of his father's sudden illness and death. We had no knowledge of his father's illness. He has never told me of any similar previous occurrence.

CARNARVON.

The S. P. R. ascertained from other sources that the Maharajah did die on Sunday, October 22, 1893.

Apparently the glass of the picture took the place of the scryer's glass ball and the phenomenon was that of crystal gazing. But that term only implies the outer aspect of a phenomenon and in itself gives no light upon the question of causation. To be conservative we would say that telepathy was involved.

## AN APPARITION THAT PERFORMS A SYMBOLIC ACT

### (THE EARL OF WARWICK)

Francis Richard Charles Guy Greville (1853- . . . ), Earl of Warwick and Earl Brooke, a scion of one of the most distinguished families of England, member of the House of Lords, with seat at historic Warwick Castle, in 1917 published his *Memories of Sixty Years*, which records this incident:

My father, though a very delicate man and much confined to the castle, never saw an apparition of any kind there, and was decidedly skeptical.

But once, when away from Warwick and staying in furnished rooms at St. Leonard's, he had an experience that affected him considerably. He had gone to sleep one night rather early, and awakened at midnight to find a soft, mysterious light in the room. It lit the end of his bed, where he saw a figure partly draped with a red scarf and holding a javelin. As my father gazed the figure poised and threw the javelin, which apparently passed through the wall above my father's head.

When his valet entered in the morning with hot water he noticed that the man was looking very perturbed, and asked him what was the matter. "Something very sad, my lord," was the reply. "The landlady's daughter, a young girl, who sleeps in the room next to this, has died suddenly in the night." To me the special interest of this account, which I had from my father's lips, lies in his eminently practical nature and mind. The supernatural had no hold on him.

This is another of the host of cases which show that such experiences are not respecters of persons, for the most skeptical, as well as the most learned and even scientific, at times have them.

If imaginative although skeptical, it would seem that the history-haunted chambers of Warwick Castle were well calculated to rouse hallucinations. But no, it was not there but in more commonplace rooms at St. Leonard's, where the same night a death was taking place, that the experience was incurred.

In the light of my large experience in the examination of various types of human testimony, there is another thing which forcibly impresses me. If the Earl who tells this story which he had heard, probably many times, from the lips of his father, had felt an urge to make it as attractive or convincing as possible, if he had not been compelled by his mental make-up to keep to the exact facts as he remembered them, we should almost certainly read that the wall through which the javelin seemed to pass was that which separated the father from the landlady's daughter. Perhaps, if we could have had the story at first-hand, that was actually the case, but if so the writer forgot it. But one with whom, as years pass, an incident of this kind improves, would have thought that he remembered that this was so.

THE "MYSTERIOUS FOREBODINGS" OF A FINANCIER <sup>1</sup>

(HENRY CLEWS)

Henry Clews, Ph.D., LL.D. (1840-...?), was one of the most notable financiers in the history of America. His services as financial agent of the Government to sell bonds in order to carry on the Civil War were invaluable. Under President Grant he was United States fiscal agent with all foreign nations. He was adviser and agent in organizing a new financial system for Japan, and was decorated by the Japanese Government. Twice he declined appointment to be Secretary of the Treasury, also the nomination as Mayor of New York and the office of Collector of the port of New York. He was also active in various civic affairs, and issued a volume of his speeches and essays. In 1885 he published *Twenty-eight Years in Wall Street*, and in 1908 *Fifty Years in Wall Street*.

The two firms whose paper I was unable to dispose of were about the first to fail, and before the maturity of any of the balance of the paper which I had successfully negotiated both the drawers and endorsers thereon, without a single exception, all collapsed.

The height which Gilroy's kite attained would have been nowhere in point of altitude to that which I should have reached had I not had the good luck to have cleared my decks as I did, in the nick of time.

My safety in this instance was due to my inspiration, to which I believe myself more indebted than anything else for the privilege of remaining in Wall Street up to the present date.

I am no spiritualist nor theosophist, but this gift or occasional visitation of Providence, or whatever people may choose to call it, to which I am subject at intervals, has enabled me to take "points" on the market in at one ear and dispose of them through the other without suffering any evil consequences therefrom, and to look upon these kind friends who usually strew these valuable "tips" so lavishly around with the deepest commiseration. My ability to do this, whatever may be its source, whether human or divine, has saved me from being financially shattered at least two or three times annually.

I do not indulge in any table-tipping or dark séances like the elder Vanderbilt, but this strange, peculiar and admonitory influence clings to me in times of approaching squalls more tenaciously than at any ordinary junctures.

I have known others who have had these mysterious forebodings,

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<sup>1</sup> *Twenty-eight Years in Wall Street*, by Henry Clews, 79-80.

but who recklessly disregarded them, and this has been the rock on which they have split in speculative emergencies.

So it appears that Henry Clews had his dæmon, which, as in the case of Socrates, frequently warned him what *not* to do.

## PREMONITION OF THE QUAKERESS <sup>1</sup>

(ISAAC TATEM HOPPER, GUARANTOR)

Isaac T. Hopper (1771-1852) was a noted Quaker merchant of Philadelphia, later of Boston, who personally sheltered escaping slaves, and was very zealous for the reform of convicts. An institution for the latter purpose was founded in New York City by his daughter, Mrs. Abby H. Gibbons, and named the "Isaac T. Hopper Home." He was distinguished for shrewdness and wit, as well as for his religious and social activities, and in personal appearance much resembled Napoleon.

Mr. Hopper was convinced that "psychical" events do occur. A very remarkable alleged one is related regarding a friend of his, Arthur Howell, which he "vouched for"—and that probably means that he knew so much about the facts that he was convinced that they were true. Then the narrative, compiled by Mrs. Child, not only a well-known writer of her period, but a conscientious and careful one, goes on:

A singular case of inward perception likewise occurred in the experience of his own mother. In her diary, which is still preserved in the family, she describes a visit to some of her children in Philadelphia, and adds: "Soon after this, the Lord showed me that I should lose a son. It was often told me, though without sound of words. Nothing could be more intelligible than this still, small voice. It said: 'Thou wilt lose a son; and he is a pleasant child.'"

Her son James resided with relatives in Philadelphia, and often went to bathe in the Delaware. On one of these occasions, soon after the mother's visit, a friend who went with him sank in the water, and James lost his own life by efforts to save him. A messenger was sent to inform his parents, who lived at the distance of eight miles. While he stayed in the house, reluctant to do his mournful errand, the mother was seized with sudden dread, and heard the inward voice saying, "James is drowned." She said abruptly to the messenger, "Thou hast

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<sup>1</sup> *Life of Isaac T. Hopper*, by Lydia Maria Child (Boston, 1853), 262-63.

come to tell me that my son James is drowned. Oh how did it happen? " He was much surprised, and asked why she thought so. She could give no explanation of it, except that it had been suddenly revealed to her mind.

It might be that the messenger's manner suggested bad news, but why should it suggest exactly what had happened and to whom? Nor must the previous record in the Bible, still in existence when Mrs. Child took down the story, be forgotten.

### TELEPATHICALLY PRODUCED HALLUCINATION OF BODILY PRESENCE <sup>1</sup>

(W. STANTON MOSES)

Mr. Moses (1839-1892) was M.A. of Oxford, an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, and was by occupation a teacher in a school for boys. He was himself a medium and what he regarded as the cream of his messages were gathered in his *Spirit Teachings* (M. A. Oxon). Other works of his were *Direct Writing by Supernormal Means*, *Higher Aspects of Spiritualism*, *Second Sight* and *Spirit Identity*.

However some may have discounted certain of the recorded experiments of Mr. Moses as hallucinatory or illusionary, it can hardly be that a sane person would imagine that another person had conversed with him and verified in detail the results of an experiment, and all those who knew him seem convinced of his honesty and his sanity.

Says Gurney:

The percipient is our friend, the Rev. W. Stainton Moses, who believes that he has kept a written memorandum of the incident, but has been prevented by a long illness, and by pressure of work, from hunting for it among a large mass of stored-away papers. The agent's account was written in February, 1879, and includes a few purely verbal alterations made in 1883, when Mr. Moses pronounced it correct.

This is what Mr. Moses wrote:

One evening early last year, I resolved to try to appear to Z.; at some miles distance. I did not inform him beforehand of the intended

<sup>1</sup> *Phantasms of the Living*, I, 103-04.



experiment; but retired to rest shortly before midnight with thoughts intently fixed on Z., with whose room and surroundings, however, I was quite unacquainted. I soon fell asleep, and awoke next morning unconscious of anything having taken place. On seeing Z. a few days afterwards, I inquired, "Did anything happen at your rooms on Saturday night?" "Yes," he replied, "a great deal happened. I had been sitting over the fire with M., smoking and chatting. About 12:30 he rose to leave, and I let him out myself. I returned to the fire to finish my pipe, when I saw you sitting in the chair just vacated by him. I looked intently at you, and then took up a newspaper to assure myself I was not dreaming, but on laying it down I saw you still there. While I gazed without speaking, you faded away. Though I imagined you must be fast asleep in bed at that hour, yet you appeared dressed in your ordinary garments, such as you usually wear every day." "Then my experiment seems to have succeeded," said I. "The next time I come, ask me what I want, as I had fixed on my mind certain questions I intended to ask you, but I was probably waiting for an invitation to speak."

A few weeks later the experiment was repeated with equal success, I, as before, not informing Z. when it was made. On this occasion he not only questioned me on the subject which was at that time under very warm discussion between us, but detained me by the exercise of his will some time after I had intimated a desire to leave.<sup>1</sup> This fact, when it came to be communicated to me, seemed to account for the violent and somewhat peculiar headache which marked the morning following the experiment; at least I remarked at the time that there was no apparent cause for the unusual headache; and, as on the former occasion, no recollection remained of the event, or seeming event, of the preceding night.

Mr. Moses added, on September 27, 1885:

This account is, as far as my memory serves, exact; and, without notes before me, I cannot supplement it.

Mr. Moses tells us that he has never on any other occasion seen the figure of a living person in a place where it was not.

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<sup>1</sup> "It is possible, of course, that this detail as to the prolonging of the interview has become magnified in memory; or that the second vision partook more of the nature of a dream than the first." *Gurney*.

COINCIDENTAL DREAM<sup>1</sup>

(WILLIAM ROMAINE NEWBOLD)

Professor Newbold (1865-1926) was A.B., Ph.D. and LL.D. of the University of Pennsylvania. He was first lecturer, finally professor of philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania from 1889 to his death, with the exception of one year spent at the University of Berlin, etc. He was also Dean of the Graduate School from 1896 to 1904. He had an intellect of extraordinary keenness, and it was he who first unriddled the Roger Bacon cipher, and solved similar problems which had baffled scholars. Among his printed monographs and articles a considerable percentage dealt with psychic research.

Professor Newbold's letter was written to Mr. Myers on August 29, 1900.

Sedgwick, Maine.

This morning my wife and I reached this out-of-the-way nook, some forty miles by water, though I believe but twenty by land, from Bar Harbor, and a few hours after our arrival I got the details of a coincidence which I wish to record and send you at once.

My wife's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Geo. T. Packard, and her brother Kent, aged thirteen and one-half, have been spending the summer here. Kent met us on the wharf, and on the way up told me something about being "chased by a white horse," but I paid little attention to him. After dinner, while his mother and sister and I were talking over the happenings of the summer, Kent came into the room and said to his mother something—I did not catch the exact words—as to the dream he had some time ago about being chased by a white horse. Great excitement ensued, all began to talk at once. I scented something of value for the S. P. R., and succeeded in quieting the confusion. Then I made them tell their stories in due order and took them down in writing. From the notes which I then made I have written out the following account. It has been verified by the witnesses.

(1) Mrs. Packard's recollections. (Kent heard her tell this, but was not allowed to comment on it.) At home in Boston, not long before they came down here, Kent one night had a severe nightmare. He began to scream, thrash about in the bed and strike wildly in all directions. Mrs. P. tried to soothe him, and finally got him awake. He said he had dreamed that a white horse was chasing him around a wharf. He was so excited that he slept but little more that night, waking and crying out at intervals. Mr. Packard was awakened by the noise of the first attack, and Mrs. P. remembers going in and ex-

<sup>1</sup> *Journal S. P. R.*, X, 22-24.

plaining to him the cause. She remembers no further details of the dream.

(2) Ethel Packard Newbold remembers that she was told about the dream next morning, and that Kent at breakfast kept saying, "Oh, that white horse;" with expressive gestures of horror. (N. B.—This would fix the date as falling between May 28, when E. P. N. went to Boston, and June 16, when I went there. I heard nothing of this. The family left Boston June 25.)

(3) Kent is at first sure he had the dream *after* he came to Sedgwick, and that "Ethel only imagines she remembers it." After some reflection he concludes that it was in Boston he had it. He dreamed that he was on a wharf, walking along. Some people, among them his mother, had just got out of a row-boat, upon the wharf. He had just passed them,—heard cries and "yells" of "Look out," heard footsteps, but they were not heavy—very light indeed for a horse. Glanced over his shoulder and saw a white horse, mouth open, long jaw, about to bite him,—then he sprang into the water and—woke to find his mother shaking him.

(4) What happened. Kent's account. He had just come out of the baggage-room on the wharf at Sedgwick and was walking along the end of the wharf. A row-boat came up and the people got out, as happened in the dream, but his mother was *not* among them. He passed them, heard the cries, the footsteps, looked back and saw the white horse, the open mouth, the long jaw and face, the ears pressed back; he jumped, not into the water, but into a gangway about ten feet wide, which ran from the level of the pier to high water mark. About two hours afterwards he recalled the dream and was much startled when he recognized the coincidence.

(5) Mr. Packard remembers being awakened by the nightmare, and is sure it was in Boston, but did not at first remember anything about the content of the dream. Upon reflection he has a dim memory of the horse incident.

Kent laid stress upon the points that both in the dream and in fact the people who got out of the row-boat were among those that called to him, that the footsteps were *light*, not *heavy*, as one would suppose those of a horse would be, and that the horse's jaw and head seemed so *long*. These items are of course of no evidential value, but the main facts,—of being chased on a wharf by a white horse,—are, I think, pretty well established.

I have read this over to the witnesses, and it has been approved by them all with the changes indicated [in the original manuscript and here incorporated]. Kent says he cannot be sure the wharf of his dream was the same wharf he was on this morning. It was "just a wharf, and all wharves are pretty much alike." And he did not notice in the dream that the white horse was attached to a buggy. It might have been, but he did not observe whether it was or not.

*November 13, 1900.* On the afternoon of the same day on which the above was written I saw a young man named Dority, who had been on the wharf that morning. After chatting with him a while, I asked him whether he had seen Kent's narrow escape that morning. He looked somewhat blank and said, "What narrow escape?" "I heard," I said, "that he was chased by a white horse." "Oh, yes," said he, "yes, I saw that. That's a very vicious horse of Collier's; they shouldn't allow him on the wharf." I found he had seen the horse chase Kent and saw Kent jump into the depressed gangway. A week later I saw young Dority's father, who drives the stage from Sedgwick to Blue Hill. He gave the same account. I said nothing to either of the Dority's about the dream.

I regard it as conclusively proved (1) that Kent really was chased by a white horse on the wharf at Sedgwick, Maine, on August 29, and (2) that he dreamed prior to June 25 of being chased by a white horse on a wharf. This coincidence is either due to chance or to supernormal faculty. Kent's experience of wharves is limited. In his fourth, fifth, and sixth year he spent the summer at Castine, Maine, where there is a wharf like that at Sedgwick. In the summer of 1899 he spent two weeks at Harpswell, Maine. I do not know whether there is a similar wharf there or not. His other summers have been spent inland. The other identifying circumstance which he remembers—the people disembarking from a row-boat, the *light* footsteps, the long jaw and head, the jump—are attested by his evidence only. His apparent ability to discriminate the two memories, and his recognition of discrepancies between them, inclines me to place more confidence in his recollection than I usually would give such evidence, and to regard the coincidences between the dream and the fact as too numerous to be explained by chance.

A word or two about Kent himself may not be out of place. He is tall and strong for his age, and very fond of all boyish sports. But he has always been a precocious child. His mind is as active as his body. He has a vivid fancy, dreams much and often has nightmares, though never before one as bad as this. He is singularly truthful. I have never known him to lie, even in self-defence. I have known him to invent preposterous yarns in order to mystify his auditors, but in such cases he always, after enjoying their astonishment for a minute or two, makes a clean breast of it. In this case the evidence of others, as well as his own obvious excitement, makes it impossible to suppose that the whole thing was got up for purposes of mystification.

The dream was previsionary or merely coincidental by chance. Against the latter theory may be urged the number of coincident details. But what to my mind is probably very significant is the extremely emotional character of the dream, its terrific vividness. This

feature nearly always characterizes those dreams which, on other accounts, as the complexity of the coinciding details and the closeness of time, seem unlikely to be coincidental merely by chance.

### MONITIONAL DREAM <sup>1</sup>

(ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL, GUARANTOR)

Professor Tyrrell, Litt.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin (1844- . . . ), occupied first the chair of Latin and then of Greek at Trinity College, for many years. He issued many books; editions of works by Euripides, Cicero, Plautus, Aristophanes, Sophocles, etc., an *Anthology of Latin Poetry, Dublin Translations into Greek and Latin Verse*, etc.

His sister thus relates her experience:

February 3, 1886.

I am happy to give you an exact account of the dream which I had about my brother, Professor of Greek in Trinity College, Dublin. I cannot fix the exact time; it was probably two and a half or three and a half years ago. It was simply a *vivid* dream; I by no means saw an exact enactment of what was going on. I dreamed (being at home in my own house in Killiney, my brother being in his, in Dublin) that I saw my brother covered with blood, and that I threw my arms round him and implored him not to die, and that I *felt* the blood touch me, and saw it drop on me. I awoke in great distress, and remained awake lest I should dream it again. In the morning I told my husband I had had a fearful dream. I did not in the least think it was true, but it was very real, and it frightened me. In spite of daylight, and companions around me, I still felt a vague uneasiness, and in order to dispel the feeling by seeing my brother in perfect health (as I quite expected I should), I went into Dublin by train, and to his rooms in college to see him. I found him sitting by the fire, and I asked him if he would come to us next day and play tennis. He replied, "that he should not be able to play tennis for many a day," and then told me "he had had an accident the evening before; he was in the garden with his children, and one of them had got up on the roof of a small tool-house, which had a glass window in the roof; the child was frightened, and my brother went up the ladder to lift him down; he put one foot on the window and reached forward for the child, when the glass broke and my brother's leg went through, cutting a vein in the leg; it bled *profusely* for a

<sup>1</sup> *Phantasms of the Living*, II, 403-4.

couple of hours before a doctor could be found to bandage it up. This accident took place early in the evening; I, probably, was not in bed until after the bleeding had been stopped.

My brother noticed how white I had become while he was telling me of his accident. I told him my dream, and he agreed with me in thinking it a very remarkable coincidence. He evidently had not thought of me the previous night, or he would have said so. My attachment for him is, I believe, unusually strong, and my sympathy in all his pursuits extreme. It is right to mention that in 1879 he had had a much more serious accident, about which I had no dream.

M. GERALDINE J. BRAMLY.

Mr. Bramly at the same time wrote that he remembered his wife telling him of the dream in the morning before she learned the corresponding facts.

Professor Tyrrell added, above his signature:

I remember the incident communicated to you by my sister, Mrs. Bramly. The details are accurate. She told me of her dream when she called on me in college the following morning.

Evidently he winced as he wrote, and he hastened to clear his own reputation:

I should wish it to be understood that I look on the dream and the accident as mere coincidence. The accident was slight, but there was considerable effusion of blood.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

But in answer to inquiries, Mrs. Bramly added:

I am a *very* restless, uneasy sleeper, and every night dream the wildest dreams possible. I have never, however, except in this instance, dreamed of any accident to anyone, or of the death of anyone.

Let us see how the account stands. A woman dreams not that somebody, but a particular brother, is not just hurt in some fashion nor does she just have a feeling that something unpleasant has happened to him, but that he is bleeding profusely; and that brother does bleed profusely, not a week or two days after or before, but that very night, a few hours before the dream. The woman is accustomed to having "the wildest dreams," but this one so surpassed her customary ones in vividness or emotionality or both, that she took a special journey to Dublin the next day to be certain nothing had happened to him.

And furthermore, she had never previously dreamed—of course she meant so far as she remembered—of any accident to anyone or of anyone's death. Put it this way: take only the last twenty years of her life (her brother was then forty-four years old), the only time out of the 7,300 nights that she remembered dreaming of an accident or death to *anyone*, was the night when she dreamed that a particular brother had met with a bloody accident, and that brother did undergo such an accident that very night. It may be added that if she ever had had a dream of an accident which affected her to the point that she made a journey expressly to assure herself that the person dreamed about was well and unharmed, she probably *would* have remembered it.

### PECULIAR DEATH-BED INCIDENT<sup>1</sup>

(CHARLES JESSE JONES)

Mr. Jones, popularly known as "Buffalo Jones," had considerable repute as a hunter, traveler, lecturer, etc. His daughter, Mrs. Olive Jones Whitmer, wrote out the incident witnessed by her and two others, at the time of his death.

The day wore along, and his respiration became lighter. The pulse, however, was steady and I felt he might live several days, as the doctor had told me he might. As the hour of three approached, however, he seemed to sink rapidly, and from two-thirty on he breathed ever so lightly. Nurse tried to call the doctors, but none were in. Just on the stroke of three he breathed his last. . . .

Now came the miracle, for such it was to me. I had been giving him water from a spoon from a glass of water which was on the table beside his bed. I had laid the spoon aside, as Nurse Marshall had told me to be careful or the water might strangle him. I had then taken a soft cloth and wiped his lips and mouth from time to time with water from the glass. Exactly as the breath left him, we, Nurse Marshall, Wallace, my housekeeper and I, heard two clear tinkling sounds.

It came from the glass in which there was only a little water, and before our eyes, the glass split in two parts, a rim about a half inch from the top breaking from the rest of the glass. I had prayed that if mamma was there that she tap twice, but I had expected it on the door. I had been told that two raps were "yes." The picture shows very plainly the line of the break. No one was near the table then, it being all of two feet from any of us.

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<sup>1</sup> *Journal A. S. P. R.*, September, 1924.

Appended were the affidavits of the nurse, Ella Marshall, and the housekeeper, Florence Brown Wallace, that they distinctly heard the two sounds, the first saying that they were "sharp rings as if a hard substance had come in contact with a water glass," and the other that they were "two rings on the glass."

Pictures from photographs showing the glass and the detached rim entire are to be found in the magazine. I do not know how peculiar the sudden separation of the edge of a glass tumbler around its entire circumference from no visible cause may be,<sup>1</sup> but the coincidence of the event with the moment of the death, and the coincidence of the number of sounds with the two "raps" mentally asked by Mrs. Whitmer are surely very odd.

### PREMONITION OF THE DEATH OF A PARTICULAR PERSON <sup>2</sup>

(HENRY MORTON STANLEY, G.C.B.)

This distinguished explorer (1841-1904), born in Wales, emigrated to the United States at the age of sixteen, was adopted by a New Orleans merchant named Stanley, and took his name. In 1870, when Livingstone had not been heard from for two years, the *New York Herald* sent him to Africa to search for the explorer, whom he found. He went again to Africa in 1874, and discovered the course of the Congo. He again went to Africa for King Leopold of Belgium, 1879-84, and his work resulted in the founding of the Congo Free State. Later, at the head of another expedition, he rescued Emin Pasha. Then he served for some years as a Member of Parliament. He was the author of *How I Found Livingstone, Through the Dark Continent, In Darkest Africa*, and a number of other books about Africa and his travels there.

Mr. Stanley was a private of the Confederate Army when the in-

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<sup>1</sup> Two or three weeks after writing the above, I was seeking a glass tumbler on a shelf of the pantry of my residence, and found one broken in exactly similar fashion. The ring was "about a half inch wide" and the detachment complete, though it still rested on the top of the glass. There was no visible cause for the break at that particular place. A resolute Spiritualist would hold that the event, occurring for the first time in my life, was intended to prove to me that spirits can break tumblers; if so, it failed to achieve its purpose. But there were no coincidental features in my incident.

<sup>2</sup> *Autobiography of H. M. Stanley*, edited by Dorothy Stanley, Houghton & Mifflin Co., 1909, 207-8.



cident occurred. He had been captured at the battle of Shiloh and sent to Camp Douglas, near Chicago. Here is his story:

On the next day (April 16), after the morning duties had been performed, the rations divided, the cooks had departed contented, and the quarters swept, I proceeded to my nest and reclined alongside of my friend Wilkes, in a posture that gave me a command of one half of the building. I made some remarks to him upon the card-playing groups opposite, when, suddenly, I felt a gentle stroke on the back of my neck, and, in an instant, I was unconscious. The next moment I had a vivid view of the village of Tremeirchion, and the grassy slopes of the hills of Hirradog, and I seemed to be hovering over the rook woods of Brynbella. I glided to the bed-chamber of my Aunt Mary. My aunt was in bed, and seemed sick unto death. I took a position by the side of the bed, and saw myself, with head bent down, listening to her parting words, which sounded regretful, as though conscience smote her for not having been so kind as she might have been, or had wished to be. I heard the boy say, "I believe you, aunt. It is neither your fault, nor mine. You were good and kind to me, and I knew you wished to be kinder; but things were so ordered that you had to be what you were. I also dearly wished to love you, but I was afraid to speak of it, lest you would check me, or say something that would offend me. I feel our parting was in this spirit. There is no need of regrets. You have done your duty to me, and you had children of your own, who required all your care. What has happened to me since, was decreed should happen. Farewell."

I put forth my hand and felt the clasp of the long thin hands of the sore-sick woman. I heard a murmur of farewell, and immediately I woke.

It appeared to me that I had but closed my eyes. I was still in the same reclining attitude, the groups opposite me were still engaged in their card games, Wilkes was in the same position. Nothing had changed.

I asked, "What has happened?"

"What could happen?" said he. "What makes you ask? It is but a moment ago you were speaking to me."

"Oh, I thought I had been asleep a long time."

On the next day, the 17th April, 1862, my Aunt Mary died at Fynnon Bueno! [In Wales.]

I believe that the soul of every human being has its attendant spirit—a nimble, delicate essence, whose method of action is by a subtle suggestion which it contrives to insinuate into the mind, whether asleep or awake. We are too gross to be capable of understanding the signification of the dream, the vision, or the sudden presage, or of divining the source of the premonition, or its import. We admit that we are liable to receive a fleeting picture of an act, or a figure, at any moment, but,

except being struck by certain strange coincidences which happen to most of us, we seldom make an effort to unravel the mystery. The swift, darting messenger stamps an image on the mind, and displays a vision to the sleeper; and if, as sometimes follows, among tricks and twists of the errant mind, by reflex acts of memory, it happens to be true representation of what is to happen, we are left to grope hopelessly as to the manner and meaning of it, for there is nothing tangible to lay hold of.

There are many things relating to my existence which are inexplicable to me, and probably it is best so; this death-bed scene, projected on my mind's screen, across four thousand five hundred miles of space, is one of these mysteries.

The precise meaning of the passage wherein Sir Henry speculates on the nature and meaning of such facts is not entirely clear. Does he, by the word "spirit," mean what is usually meant by that term, or some part of the mind functioning upon the rest as its object, like Freud's "psychic censor" though with a different purpose? And the affirmative employment of the terms "presage" and "premonition" does not seem to consist with the expression "it *happens* to be a true representation of what is to happen." It seems plain that the distinguished explorer did believe that the death-bed scene was "projected on" his "mind's screen, across four thousand five hundred miles of space." However, what Stanley thought about the facts is of much less importance than the facts themselves, as reported by one whose life was one long drill in observing, appraising and recording facts.

## THE OLD GENTLEMAN OF THE ATTIC

(HENRY RIDGELY EVANS)

Henry R. Evans, since 1911 in the editorial division of the Bureau of Education, Washington, is LL.B. and Litt.D. of the University of Maryland. He is author of *The Spirit World Unmasked*, *Old and New Magic*, *The Napoleon Myth*, and a number of other works. The most important, an exhaustive *History of Conjuring and Magic*, is soon to issue. He is of skeptical bent but has at length come to recognize that there are certain types of supernormal facts.

He wrote me the incident quite informally, on January 14, 1928, but afterwards consented to its use.

I am enjoying your *Psychic in the House*, which is certainly a

painstaking and interesting presentation of a subject that interests me profoundly. When I was a small boy some similar experiences were felt in an old Colonial House, located in Georgetown, D. C., which my father had leased. One day, one of my young sisters said to my mother: "O Mother, who is the strange old man who comes in at the basement door and goes up-stairs to the attic. He has a long white beard." My mother chided the little one for her over-zealous imagination, setting down the remark to "children's lies." But the little girl persisted in her statement. A short time after the above occurrence another small sister made the same remark, and my mother was puzzled. The child declared that she had seen the old man ascending the steps to the attic. Subsequently my mother paid a social call on a lady living opposite our home, who incidentally remarked during the conversation: "By the way, Mrs. Evans, who is the old gentleman who is visiting at your home?" "Old gentleman?" replied my mother, somewhat incredulously. "Yes," answered the lady, "the old gentleman with the long white beard. I saw him looking out of your attic window the other day."

These facts are absolutely true, as I record them. But the interpretation?—ah, that is the question. My mother and father, however, were convinced of the fact that the figure seen by the children and the neighbor was an *apparition*. It is an interesting case, and has remained in my memory for many years. My mother often spoke of it.

In a letter dated February 4, 1928, Mr. Evans added:

I have no objection to your using the story about the "apparition" seen in my old home in Georgetown, D. C., and also linking my name with it. The old mansion is located on the south side of P Street, Northwest, near Thirty-first Street, in Georgetown, D. C. (now a part of Washington). It is a handsome old house. It was rented by my father, Henry C. Evans, and the event I write about occurred in the year 1871, when I was nine years of age. I recall all the incidents vividly, as they made a great impression on me.

The facts are of old date and uncorroborated, but they come with the authority of a man of trained intellect and critical habit, who declares that he distinctly remembers hearing the testimonies at the time they were originally made because they wrought a deep impression on him, and that he remembers his mother's subsequent frequent references to the facts. The incident closely resembles that of the Blank residence in Philadelphia, related in Bulletin IX of the Boston Society for Psychic Research.

LING LOOK AND YAMADEVA <sup>1</sup>

(HARRY KELLAR)

Harry Kellar (1849-...?) was one of the most skilful and noted conjurors of the last generation. At the age of eighteen he was "business manager" for the famous Davenport Brothers, who posed as spirit mediums; was then partner with William Fay (who also had worked with the Davenports and used their trick rope-tie) in a trip through Mexico and South America; was next associated with Ling Look and Yamadeva, showing in South America, Africa, Australia and several countries of Asia; then, with Cunard, he gave entertainments for five years in Asiatic lands; finally performing mostly in America. "Dean" was a title of honor conferred upon him by the magical fraternity.

Ling Look, one of the best of contemporary fire performers, was with Dean Harry Kellar when the latter made his famous trip around the world in 1877. Look combined fire-eating and sword-swallowing in a rather startling manner. His best effect was the swallowing of a red-hot sword. Another thriller consisted in fastening a long sword to the stock of a musket; when he had swallowed about half the length of the blade, he discharged the gun and the recoil drove the sword suddenly down his throat to the very hilt. Although Look always appeared in a Chinese make-up, Dean Kellar told me that he thought his right name was Dave Gueter, and that he was born in Buda Pesth.

Yamadeva,<sup>2</sup> a brother of Ling Look, was also with the Kellar Company, doing cabinet manifestations and rope escapes. Both brothers died in China during this engagement, and a strange incident occurred in connection with their deaths. Just before they were to sail from Shanghai on the P. & O. steamer Khiva for Hong Kong, Yamadeva and Kellar visited the bowling alley of The Hermitage, a pleasure resort on the Bubbling Well Road. They were watching a husky sea captain, who was using a huge ball and making a "double spare" at every roll, when Yamadeva suddenly remarked, "I can handle one as heavy as that big loafer can." Suiting the action to the word, he seized one of the largest balls and drove it down the alley with all his might; but he had misjudged his own strength, and he paid for the foolhardy act with his life, for he had no sooner delivered the ball than he grasped his side and moaned with pain. He had hardly sufficient strength to get back to the ship, where he went immediately to bed and died shortly afterward. An examination showed that he had ruptured an artery.

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<sup>1</sup> *Miracle Mongers and Their Methods*, by Harry Houdini (Dutton & Co.), pp. 84-7.

<sup>2</sup> Elsewhere I found this spelled *Yamadura*.

Kellar and Ling Look had much difficulty in persuading the captain to take the body to Hong Kong, but he finally consented. On the way down the Yang Tse Kiang River, Look was greatly depressed; but all at once he became strangely excited, and said that his brother was not dead, for he had just heard the peculiar whistle with which they had always called each other. The whistle was several times repeated, and was heard by all on board. Finally the captain, convinced that something was wrong, had the lid removed from the coffin, but the body of Yamadeva gave no indication of life, and all save Ling Look decided that they must have been mistaken.

Poor Ling Look, however, sobbingly said to Kellar, "I shall never leave Hong Kong alive. My brother has called me to join him." This prediction was fulfilled, for shortly after their arrival in Hong Kong he underwent an operation for a liver trouble, and died under the knife. The brothers were buried in Happy Valley, Hong Kong, in the year 1877.

All this was related to me at the Marlborough-Blenheim, Atlantic City, in June, 1908, by Kellar himself, and portions of it were repeated in 1917 when Dean Kellar sat by me at the Society of American Magicians' dinner.

Since Kellar was in general very skeptical regarding the purported occult, and was impressed by this incident because he was a participator therein, he probably did not exaggerate the facts. Of course it is open to conjecture whether the "whistle" may not have had some normal source, and one would suppose that Kellar was just the man to investigate that theory. At any rate, Yamadeva's premonitory feeling, based on the whistle, that he was speedily to die, was justified, nor was his death from auto-suggestion, since he died of an operation for liver trouble.

We get the story immediately through Houdini, who says that he heard it twice, in whole and part, from Kellar's lips. Since Houdini was, in general, of the most pronounced skeptical type, I doubt if he, either, exaggerated, or that anything else than his profound respect for Kellar would have induced him to put the incident on record. From *Who's Who in America*, 1907, I find this: "Ling Look and Yamadura died in China, 1877."

THE CONJUROR SKEPTIC CONVINCED BY THE EXPERIENCE OF HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW <sup>1</sup>

(JOHN NEVIL MASKELYNE)

Mr. Maskelyne was a celebrated English conjuror a generation ago, who was, moreover, almost as bitter in his attacks upon "Spiritualism" as Houdini was later. He was the author of several thin books, among which were *Modern Spiritualism* and *The Fraud of Modern "Theosophy" Exposed*.

Egyptian Hall,

October 21, 1881.

Sir,—Having for many years been recognized by the public as an anti-Spiritualist and exposé of the frauds practised by spirit media, it may surprise some of your readers to learn that I am a believer in apparitions. Several similar occurrences to those described by many of your correspondents have taken place in my own family, and in the families of near friends and relatives. The most remarkable one happened to my wife's mother some years ago. Late one evening, whilst sitting alone busily occupied with her needle, a strange sensation came over her, and upon looking up she distinctly saw her aged mother standing at the end of the room. She rubbed her weary eyes and looked again, but the specter had vanished. She concluded it was imagination, and retired to rest, thinking nothing more of the vision, until the next day brought the news that her mother, at about the same time the apparition had appeared, had fallen down in a fit and expired.

JOHN NEVIL MASKELYNE.

Mr. Gurney adds:

In answer to our inquiries, Mr. Maskelyne writes that he regrets not to be able to get this case from his wife's mother in her own words. "She was a little vexed with me," he says, "for giving publicity to the circumstance. I have written it exactly as I have often heard her relate it."

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."<sup>2</sup> Probably Maskelyne would have continued skeptical to all claims of the supernatural, if his wife's mother, whom he knew so well and respected so much, had not told him her experience. So I have known a psychologist, hitherto obdurate, to "fall with a dull, sickening thud," so to

<sup>1</sup> *Phantasms of the Living*, II, 532-33; originally in the (London) *Daily Telegraph*.

<sup>2</sup> I use this line in its commonly-used sense, not as Shakespeare really meant it.

speaking, when one of his children began to display curious phenomena, and a physician, especially scornful until he was brought face to face with phenomena in exactly the same fashion. I am personally acquainted with a man of science who was apparently more impressed by what happened in his own family than by all the records in all the books, and with several others suspected of being brought to open-mindedness chiefly by the experiences which happened to befall their relatives or themselves. Probably the best way of turning the attention of learned professional men to this field of inquiry, if it could be effected, would be to "develop" their wives and daughters.

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