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## REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON PHANTASMS AND PRESENTIMENTS.

WE who collect narratives from many sources are usually supposed to be very much at the mercy of our informants. We shall reach, most people say, either no results at all, or only such results as popular prejudices and superstitions already support in advance. When the English society first asked for stories of the sort that this committee is now studying, critics declared that such a call for ghosts, dreams, and vain imaginations took down every barrier which science usually puts between itself and pure superstition. To ask every man to tell what was in his head about his presentiments, and his other wild fancies, was at best, even if, *per impossibile*, such fancies had any basis, very like asking mankind at large to write down their views on electricity or on medicine. If there was any scientific explanation for all these visions, surely this could not be the way to get at the truth of the matter.

In beginning a report to the society on the present occasion, I am glad to be able to declare that a study of a good many stories, such as have come to hand in the work of your committee, convinces me that this method of work does *not* leave us at the mercy of our correspondents, and is neither essentially unscientific nor necessarily unfruitful. The principal positive generalization that I shall offer in this paper is, namely, one which not a single one of our correspondents has had in mind, although many of them will be found to bear unconscious witness to its truth. And this generalization, such as it is, has no standing as a popular superstition; and, as a psychological doctrine, has some genuine novelty. From this point of view I regard our method of research as in this case well justified by the event, and I am hereby well encouraged to continue the work. Moreover, whilst a large number of our cases are not as yet certainly capable of being brought under any established laws, new or old, still, even these cases are not generally what the objectors to the methods of the English society expected to find as the results of a request for stories about apparitions and presentiments. That is, our stories bear in general the marks of being not mere products of folk-lore, or of systematic superstition, but rather expressions of genuine experience, — of experience which our correspondents do indeed often misinterpret, but which is, in most cases, the fresh, live product of real mental processes, and *not* the manufactured tale of popular legend. Superstitious creations are, indeed, found amongst

our narratives ; fanciful and credulous people, influenced by systematic and unenlightened conceptions, derived from some lower form of popular faith, occasionally do give us their confidences ; but even such people are, as I find to my delight, very commonly people whose interpretation of their experience is not nearly so prominent in their stories as is their real inner experience itself, in all its freshness, its abnormality, and its consequent instructiveness. For abnormal experiences also, the products of over-excitement and of mental disease, may be, when studied by the comparative method, even more instructive to the student of psychology than are the reports of perfectly commonplace folk. And in *our* comparative study we have been also aided by large numbers of people who are neither commonplace nor superstitious.

The *comparative method*, — that, as I need hardly say to intelligent students of facts of this kind, is the key to all useful examination of such narratives. Your correspondents may tell you what they will themselves ; they cannot know or predict what shall appear when many stories, from independent sources, are put together. What mere folk-lore consciously or unconsciously creates, and what genuine inner experience actually supplies, come to be thus quite easily distinguishable when you look at narratives of the same group in large collections. Where your classification does not depend on the intentions of any of your individual correspondents, but on characteristics that are common to many of their separate stories, you can get by your analysis the unconscious testimony, so to speak, of all the many persons. And this unconscious testimony is, in large part, what we shall have to depend upon for results in this class of evidence. Hence the justification of our methods, of our public requests for stories, and of our whole undertaking.

Yet in this report I want to give much more than the still very incomplete scientific results of the inquiry as thus far prosecuted. Even at the risk of seeming to heap up mere anecdotes, I want to give some notion of the variety of our material. Where no results are apparent, where the tales cited either illustrate well-known classes of psychological facts, or, on the other hand, stand alone as inexplicable curiosities of mental life, I hope that the society will understand why I repeat them here. Old classes of facts, such, for instance, as purely subjective hallucinations, are, nevertheless, to-day in much need of fresh examination and illustration. I want to show that by our method we can hope ere long to furnish further material for the comparative scientific study of such known classes of facts. Novel facts, even if our scrutiny of them is still very incomplete, ought to be mentioned, so as to give members of the society

an idea of what novelties are reaching us. In short, I think it due to the society to make this paper not only a statement of one or two probable general results that I think we have reached, but also, to a certain extent, a collection of specimens of our material, — a little cabinet of curiosities, if you will, not meant solely to mark definite additions to general knowledge, but in part intended to illustrate the variety of our sources, and the fresh interest of our letters. I propose to show, at all events, that if this research is soon to cease, it should not do so because of the lack of promising material; and that, if the members of the society want the research to continue, they can easily find, in the wealth of the ripened harvest, a reason for sending out further laborers into the standing corn.

My illustrative facts will differ much both in intrinsic value and in interest for the curious. I shall begin with the less interesting types of cases, and shall gradually come to those which may be supposed to throw some possible light on the reality of telepathy. First of all I shall speak of the cases that possess only a subjective interest, as illustrating curious events of the inner life of some people. I refer, of course, to subjective hallucinations, such as lack discoverable objective reference. Secondly, I shall describe a few experiences that are probably to be explained as instances of what is generally called "unconscious cerebration." Thirdly, I shall give a part of the evidence for what I have called the principal result of this paper, viz., the evidence for the existence of a not generally recognized species of mental experience, — a species which simulates presentiment, but which is not presentiment. I mentioned in an earlier informal report to this society, not published in the Proceedings, the possible existence of this species of unreal presentiments; but only now have I evidence well in hand. Having disposed of all these classes of cases, I shall come at last to the seemingly telepathic coincidences now in our hands, and shall give, as fairly as possible, the exact evidence that we have for these coincidences, and an estimate of their value. The way may seem long, and only the possible amusement that some may find in the occasionally rather surprising originality of statement in the stories can beguile its dullness. But in any case these stories may serve, for better or for worse, as documents illustrating the psychology of the American people.

#### I. — SUBJECTIVE HALLUCINATIONS OF FAMILIAR TYPE.

Not a few of our correspondents tell us of hallucinations, and of remarkable dream impressions, which indeed lack any possible verification, and suggest no objective test, but which are in themselves

good examples of what may occur to perfectly sane and reasonable people. Few persons who do not inquire into the matter know what remarkable hallucinations of the sane are on record, and how plastic and vivid some of these purely subjective experiences are. Unreflective people, in fact, do not observe the obvious truth that a thing is not real merely because it is vividly present to my senses when I am quite awake and apparently quite well. Only that is objective whose existence can be tested from without, either by the fact that other people see it, or by the fact that it gives some otherwise externally verifiable sign of its reality. Yet some of our correspondents, in telling us about vivid hallucinations, add that the hallucination must have been somehow a real thing, because, says one, "I was not in the least expecting it," or because, as another remarks, "It lasted some time;" or because, as is very commonly stated, "I was quite awake at the time," or "quite well." Now, all these tests are, of course, meaningless in the light of the fact that such hallucinations, leaving no trace of their reality on earth, and vanishing into the dream-land whence they came, are known to occur, not, to be sure, frequently, but sporadically, in the lives of tolerably sound and wide-awake people. Of course one cannot question that such appearances are, in proper connections, important pathological symptoms, but they surely do sometimes come to persons who, at the time, seem to themselves to be fairly or quite well. In fact, as is well known, one of our society's blanks asks particularly for reports of experiences of this sort. I will here give one or two of the communications illustrating these subjective hallucinations, merely adding that I feel convinced, in respect of all the cases reported in this paper, that they are reported by sincere people. The conviction is based either upon our official knowledge of the people, or upon a proper examination of second-hand evidence as to their character. In the later classes of cases discussed herein, my conviction needs, of course, to be founded on a closer scrutiny than it is necessary to give to the evidence for these earlier subjective cases, whose type is well known, and whose value is mainly illustrative.

[1]

*(From C. H. W.)*

BALTIMORE, Dec. 18, 1887.

*To the American Society for Psychical Research:—*

In answer to question VIII., let me say that I had a very remarkable experience.

In the year of 1872 or '78 I was listening to a lecture on geology, in the Boston Natural History Hall. Suddenly a human face appeared before me of a young lady who had died three or four years before. She lived in Newton, and was only known to me by having seen her occasionally on the street in Newton. I had never been introduced to her, and

had probably heard of her death and never thought of her again until her face appeared about six feet in front of me at a lecture in which I was much interested, and which could not have lifted my mind to thoughts spiritual, as they were way down in the tertiary period. It affected me so deeply that I kept it to myself for about three years. I then happened to make a wedding-call on a young lady who lived next door to the one of my dream. I related it to her. In a few weeks she died, and I was one of her pall-bearers. A celebrated bank president, who now resides in Canada, officiated also in the same capacity, and I believe he carried several thousand dollars of the officiating clergyman with him to that haven.

Very truly yours, etc.

The hallucination and the narrative are a trifle droll, and no one will lay any stress on the coincidences, which amuse the author as much as they do ourselves. The misfortune with the case is the lapse of time since the event. To test the accuracy of our informant's memory, we sent him a question blank, to which we received the following replies: —

BALTIMORE, Dec. 27, 1887.

DEAR SIR, — Your letter, with circular G, at hand. In answer to questions: —

1. Q. Is the experience which you narrate the only one of the kind which you have had in your life?

A. Yes, it is the only experience of the kind.

2. Q. Did you see the *face alone*?

A. To the best of my recollection, I saw the whole head.

3. Q. Did you recognize the face clearly at the time?

A. Yes.

4. Q. Was there anything peculiar about the appearance?

A. No; she looked natural.

5. Q. Did the face shut out your sight of other objects behind it?

A. Of course.

6. Q. What position did the face occupy in space, high or low, etc.?

A. High. I first saw her, I think, while looking at the clock.

7. Q. Was the face seen by any other person than yourself?

A. I think not. I was sitting in one of the back seats in the lecture-room, and I don't think any one else was sitting at an angle at which she could be seen.

The same informant has had one comparatively insignificant dream experience, which he narrates to us; but he seems to have been otherwise quite free from such visitations, an instance of a quasi-presentiment, which he sends us, having no importance. He declares himself to be of a phlegmatic temperament, free from superstition, and adds that he has never been mesmerized, although he has submitted to experiments for that purpose.

Our next case is from a Southern lady, — C. B. Here are two

hallucinations, one of the well-known type of hallucinations on the borderland of sleep, the other a day-illusion, generated as a sort of reflex by an appropriate sense-impression under peculiar circumstances. About the writer's intelligence and temperament I have none but internal evidence, but that is favorable.

[2]

APRIL 8, 1888.

RICHARD HODGSON, *Secretary Society for Psychical Research*: —

DEAR SIR, — I have become very much interested in the work of your society, and would like to submit some strange personal experiences; only requesting that, if you see fit to publish the following, my name and residence be withheld.

A few years ago I was visiting a friend living in the country, thirty miles from the nearest town. The family was small, — only the doctor, his wife, my friend, and myself. One night S. and I had gone to our room about eleven o'clock, and after retiring had talked quite a while, till S. said she was going to sleep, and, turning over, was soon in dreamland. The room was large, and lighted by four windows, through which the moonlight poured in brightly. The door was closed, but not fastened, and was almost opposite the bed. For nearly an hour I lay looking out over the orchard and garden, when suddenly I became conscious of a presence in the room, and, turning, saw the door was open, and standing in the middle of the room was a figure clothed in black, with a heavy veil concealing the face and figure. It advanced slowly to the foot of the bed, which so terrified me that I hastily drew the sheet over my face, and began to shake S., and whisper to her that there was somebody in the room. It was fully ten minutes before she wakened to understand, and then our strange visitor had gone. Of course she said I was dreaming; but the open door was unaccountable, and I had not even closed my eyes, and the moonlight was too bright for me to have mistaken any object for something supernatural.

The following winter I was in New Orleans, and went one Sunday with my sister to Trinity Church to hear Dr. (now Bishop) Hugh Miller Thompson. The church being crowded, a single row of seats had been placed in the aisle next the windows. My sister took a chair just behind mine, the one in front of me being vacant. During the Litany, at the clause, "from sudden death," a hand was laid on my prayer-book. It was a large, well-shaped, white hand, evidently a man's, with nails well-cared for. This I took in at a glance, and before I had time to speculate on the subject it was gone. I questioned my sister, but she had seen nothing. The aisle was too broad for any one to reach across, and no one had passed down the aisle after service had begun; so it could not have been human.

In answer to further inquiries, this correspondent tells us that the hand in question was not a hand that she could recognize as belonging to any known person, and adds that she knows of no connection between this experience and any previous or subsequent events. Her sister, who was with her in church, confirms her view that the

apparition in question could not have been the hand of any real person.

I have numerous other sporadic hallucinations that have been reported, and in the supplement to this report will be found further material. I cite these cases here mainly for a reason previously suggested, viz., although the existence of hallucinations in health and in disease is well recognized, still the comparative study of their forms and conditions is yet in its infancy. Some recent writers, such as Kandinsky, of St. Petersburg, have lately been defining afresh and prosecuting such a study, and it is much to be desired as a contribution to psychology. Now, surely a committee like our own might hope, in time, to add valuable material to the mass. Of course I have no illusions about the small scientific value of any such limited collection of reported hallucinations as we now have. What I suggest is, however, that we may yet, if we continue, have a large and important collection of these interesting phenomena. The effort is worth making.

## II. — INSTANCES OF RECOGNIZED SORTS OF UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION.

Text-books of mental science have for many years contained mention of the interesting cases where people by the aid of dreams have recalled forgotten facts, have found lost articles, or have solved problems that they had vainly attempted in their waking life. It is not surprising, therefore, that we should receive a good many fresh instances of this sort. Their type is not new, and their general explanation is sufficiently well known, although that general explanation is not yet very satisfactory to such minds as want to understand the specific laws of mental life. In general, then, it is known that much of our mental life is not in our own personal consciousness from minute to minute, and may never get into our clear consciousness at all. How this unconscious mental life is related to our consciousness we do not very well know. We only know the relation is genuine, close, and constant, affecting our whole conscious life. Now, in certain cases, what one can no longer consciously make out to himself by any effort is still somehow clear to what we may call his unconscious self, and the curious conditions of dream-life may therefore suddenly supply, as a free gift to the conscious person, results that no amount of conscious toil can give him, but that this unconscious self has elaborated. This is still the best account, very vague indeed though it be, of the mental processes that are illustrated by the following among our cases.

The first case, or rather set of cases, which I quote under this head will be seen to have a somewhat puzzling character, and probably not all the instances in question belong to this particular type; yet I cite them all here, first, because the source from which they come makes them especially noteworthy, and, secondly, because the instances that suggest any other explanation than pure coincidence *may* be cases of our unconscious cerebration type. In quoting I give the letters of our well-known correspondent almost in full, omitting only a few sentences of no importance here: —

[3]

*(From Prof. Coleman Sellers.)*

3301 BARING ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 10, 1888.

. . . About Mr. Wilson<sup>1</sup> I will tell you a curious circumstance. Some years ago, before I had met him, I was one evening on my way to a meeting of the Photographic Society. I stood at a corner waiting for a car; I saw a dark-haired man waiting also. We got in the first car, and sitting on opposite sides of the car we looked at each other. I, impressed with a desire to speak, crossed to him and said, "Is your name Wilson?" "Yes," he replied. "Is your name Sellers?" I then said, "But I thought you had light hair," and he said, "I thought you had dark hair."

That was the beginning of a long friendship, now nearly twenty-five years' standing. . . .

Wilson and I may have seen pictures of each other, but neither could remember having done so. I have no doubt, however, but that was the way we came to know each other.

Another letter, dated Philadelphia, Feb. 14, 1888, continues, in answer to questions, thus: —

In regard to the meeting with him (Mr. Wilson) it was as I stated, with the exception that I had been informed that he was coming to the city, and yet I did not know that he had come. I admit nothing out of the common in the event. I can explain it in many ways. There may have been a family likeness, and I knew his father. All admissions being made, the coincidence was a good one, as it influenced two persons.

Now let me tell you another case. Business called me to Altoona, Pa. I was to go up at night. I noticed a very good-looking man walking in the station, waiting for the gate to open. We entered the same sleeping-car. Our berths were near to each other. It was bright moonlight, and as we passed the park he asked me some questions about West Philadelphia, and finding that I resided there he questioned me about the religious denominations there. I could give him little information, but I mentioned having heard a great Unitarian preacher speak in Chicago. He then told me many anecdotes about this man, who had been, if I mistake not, a blacksmith at one time. We went to bed, and in the morning we were both up before my reaching Altoona. We chatted, and during the talk he

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<sup>1</sup> The President of the Franklin Institute. [Note by J. R.]

said, "I was at the seaside once, and met a very bright German who was there with his microscope —" — "Yes, I know," said I, "it was Carl Meinerth, of Newburyport, Mass." He looked at me with wonder, and admitted that I was right, and asked me why I had named him. I could give no reason, for I know many bright Germans who are microscopists. He was so astonished that he could not speak, and at that moment we reached Altoona. I said good-by and we parted, neither knowing the other.

While at the hotel in Altoona I wrote to Meinerth, and told him the story, and, describing the man, asked if he could tell me his name. When I reached home I found a letter from Meinerth enclosing the picture of the man, and saying that he had written to ask who I was, and our letters crossed. That is, Meinerth wrote to me before receiving my letter to him. The man was an Episcopal divine, living in the West, who had come to Philadelphia to look at the church that had given him a call. This led to a long correspondence, that was continued for some years, but now I cannot recall his name. I cannot consider this in any other light than pure chance. During the war of the Revolution my grandfather was called home from his place in the army to make paper moulds that were needed, he being the only one in America who could make them. It was an act of Congress that recalled him, and after that the government had him employed in many ways besides fighting. He continued to make paper moulds and other work of that kind, under the firm name of Nathan and David Sellers, later Sellers & Pennock. My father invented a machine to lay paper moulds, and was working at it in the city after his father had retired from business to his country-place in Delaware county. The machine did not work well, and both of them were bothered over the failure. One night my father dreamed that an old man came to see him and said, "If you want that machine to work you must turn it upside down." Father was astonished, for he saw at once that it would be better to have the mould below, and not above, the laying machinery. He called for his horses, and, taking my mother with him, drove out to Mill Bank. As he came near the house he was surprised to see his father waiting for him, saying, as he drove up to my father, "Coleman, I am glad thee has come. I expected thee, for I have had a dream and want to tell thee about it." Upon comparing notes the dreams were the same and at the same moment. My ancestors were Quakers, but of course grandfather's joining the army lost him his place in the society, and his son had no birthright, but in the family they both used the language of Quakers.

I have given this story as it was given to me; but at the same time, with the most implicit faith in the veracity of all connected with it, I cannot but think that perhaps it has been exaggerated, and I have very little interest in such stories unless they happen under my eyes.

I met James Russell Lowell in London, and presented a letter from his predecessor, Mr. Welsh. I was received with open arms, he saying, "I am so glad to see you; all my early recollections of residence in Pennsylvania are connected with your family, and I remember many interesting things about your ancestors. There was a very pleasant old gentleman, one Nathan Sellers, who told me that when your ancestor was about leaving England for America, in 1682, he dreamed about seeing a very singular person, who showed him land that he advised his taking up.

When he reached Philadelphia he recognized the person of the dream in the land agent of William Penn, who showed him the land that he had dreamed of. Part of that land I yet hold." It seemed odd to go to London to meet a man unknown to me, who should tell me so many things about my people.

I could tell you many other things of this kind, and many relating to my own inventions, which seem remarkable, if I did not fully understand the value of unconscious cerebration.

In a letter dated Feb. 24, 1888, Professor Sellers gives us further information about his experiences of unconscious cerebration:—

In reply to one of your recent letters I would say that the story of my father's dream cannot be obtained from any of the parties concerned, as all have died. My father died in 1834, and his father a few years before that. I have written to my older brothers, asking them to say what they have heard about the dream.

Our brain works after we have striven to give it rest. In regard to inventions, I have many times worked for many hours to obtain a result much desired, and, having failed to devise what would be satisfactory, have given it up for the time, and been surprised with the solution coming to me when my mind has been directed to other subjects.

This has happened so often that I am no longer surprised at it. It is what happens to us continually when, failing to recall the name of a person, we give up thinking of it, certain that it will come to us when we least expect it. See Dr. Holmes in his "Mechanism of Thought and Morals."

Our minds receive impressions from all sounds and all objects we see in the most heedless manner. Some persons have the power to recall these impressions easier than others; to all they come when not expected.

I have more than once been startled from my sleep by an impression that an error had been made by one of my draughtsmen in his work, and when I see his drawing after, I find that it is as I have dreamed. In this case I must have seen the error without heeding it, and my brain, after a while at seeming rest, has, during its unconscious cerebration, called my attention to the fact; once when we were making the large planing-machine for the Russian government, a machine to be used on the bed-plates of the large steam-engines used in ships-of-war, the slotting attachment was to be operated by a large screw of quick pitch, which would require some restraining device to prevent its reaction from the weight of the part lifted. I gave one of my men the idea and asked him to make a drawing.

That night I was impressed with the notion that the idea was not original, but had been patented, and, to avoid complication, I tried to think of some other way to do what was wanted. I told the man, the next day, that he would have to think of some other method, as that was patented, I felt sure. He looked surprised, and when he found I was in earnest he went to the patent-drawing drawer and showed me my patent for the invention, taken out some years before. You see I was right, but mistaken in regard to the fellow who had made the invention.

The following is added by Prof. Sellers in a letter of Dec. 20, 1888: —

As another example of the unconscious mental work that has with me so often accomplished good results, I will give you a recent example. I called to see the agent of the Remington Typewriter and asked him why they did not place on the instrument a means of "racking back" after the manner of the spacing-key, which will cause the sheet to advance without letters being formed. He said such a thing would be good, but he did not know how it could be done, and asked me if I knew of any way of doing that kind of "racking back." I replied that I *did not know* how to accomplish it, but, as I thought it would be a good thing for me, I intended to make the attachment to my machine. I left him, giving little thought to the subject, and went home — reaching my house in about forty minutes — and as I was entering the front gate I was astonished by a flash of thought coming to me with the full and perfect invention so well worked out that the next day I made the required attachment, and am now at the present time using it as needs be in writing this letter. This is one of the many examples of thought going on after it is once started; and sometimes the mind, if not forced, will do work more rapidly for the want of attention. I have so much confidence in this kind of mind-work that I am used to trusting to it many times when I want to reach any desired conclusion requiring invention.

Ancestral stories of any sort can have, of course, as such, very little historical worth, and I give the family stories communicated by our correspondent merely because they are in the context with Prof. Sellers' own personal experiences. A natural explanation in case of the incident of the microscopist is, of course, that Prof. Sellers had really had some previous knowledge of his travelling acquaintance, and was merely unable consciously to recall where and when he had met him. This amnesia happened to be interrupted in respect of the one matter of the acquaintance with the microscopist. The coincident forgetfulness of both the travellers is, after all, not so astonishing. Travelling on sleeping-cars is probably peculiarly favorable to forgetfulness, and if one may judge by the people whom one usually sees in the smoking-room at the beginning of night journeys, most of the cerebration that occurs in Pullman cars is probably of the unconscious type.

Unconscious cerebration is well known to have frequent reference, in some people, to estimates of time. A good case of this sort comes to us from a trustworthy source. A correspondent in Providence, R.I., writes, "The only personal experience which I have had that would be of any interest was a dream, in which I saw an enormous flaming clock-dial with the hands standing at twenty minutes past two; awaking immediately I struck a match, and upon looking at

my watch found it was a few seconds past twenty minutes past two." But phenomena of just this sort, *i.e.*, unconscious but correct reckoning of time, are not known to science merely through hearsay, but can be, and have been, verified experimentally in the study of hypnotic patients.

Of the finding of lost articles through dreams I have three fairly good cases to report here. Unfortunately only one of them depends upon the memory of more than a single person. But partly in view of the known reality of the class in question, partly because I feel pretty sure of the general correctness of these instances, and finally, because the stories are all told *con amore*, I report all three. Of course what seems to have happened in each case is, that the loser of something valuable, though unable to pay conscious attention to the place of the lost article, had actually seen it in its hiding-place. This knowledge of the lost article was then restored by the unconscious activity to the personal consciousness of the loser during a dream.

The first case comes to us from a lady (M. B.) to whom we had applied for an account of another and more remarkable experience, which she was unable, however, to relate to us at present. As a compensation she gave us this less important experience, of whose incidents she feels very sure: —

- [4] A number of years ago I was invited to visit a friend who lived at a large and beautiful country-seat on the Hudson. Shortly after my arrival I started, with a number of other guests, to make a tour of the very extensive grounds. We walked for an hour or more, and very thoroughly explored the place. Upon my return to the house I discovered that I had lost a gold cuff-stud, that I valued for association's sake. I merely remembered that I wore it when we started out, and did not think of or notice it again until my return, when it was missing. As it was quite dark, it seemed useless to search for it, especially as it was the season of autumn and the ground was covered with dead leaves. That night I dreamed that I saw a withered grape-vine clinging to a wall, and with a pile of dead leaves at the base. Underneath the leaves, in my dream, I distinctly saw my stud gleaming. The following morning I asked the friends with whom I had been walking the previous afternoon if *they* remembered seeing any such wall and vine, as *I* did not. They replied that they could not recall anything answering the description. I did *not* tell them *why* I asked, as I felt somewhat ashamed of the dream, but during the morning I made some excuse to go out on the grounds alone. I walked hither and thither, and after a long time I suddenly came upon the wall and vine *exactly as they looked in my dream*. I had *not the slightest recollection* of *seeing* them, or passing by them on the previous day. The dead leaves at the base were lying heaped up, *as in my dream*. I approached cautiously, feeling rather uncomfortable and decidedly silly, and pushed them aside. I had scattered a large number of the leaves when a gleam of gold struck my

eye, and there lay the stud, *exactly as in my dream*. My friends refused to believe when I told them, and vowed there was some trick about it, but as I had not told *any one* the *particulars* of the dream, that was impossible, and the matter will always be somewhat "uncanny" in my memory.

The next case depends upon a memory of many years' standing, and, were it not for the cleverness and the freedom from superstition which the narrator shows, I should lay no stress upon the incident. But pretty plainly something of the sort did occur to our correspondent, although, after twenty-five years, memory is a poor guide, and obviously his story has been often told by him:—

[5]

(From C. H. H., C.E. and Surveyor.)

CALIFORNIA, Dec. 26, 1887.

Seeing an invitation, or request, in the "New York Herald" from any and all parties in reference to Dreams or *Hallucinations*,—is not the latter a rather harsh term?

I don't think there is a particle of foolishness in my composition; at least, I hope not. I don't say this boastingly, but treating the present subject. In former days I have endeavored to investigate spiritualism and other so-called supernatural phenomena, but failed to find anything that, in my opinion, would be beneficial to the human family, and am unusually free from superstition. I would wish the above to read, failed to find in spiritualism anything beneficial, but other phenomena I think worthy the most profound investigation. With this preface I will state my dream:—

Upwards of twenty-five years ago I was residing on the banks of the Delaware river, in Sullivan co., State of New York. Before I left home my only sister had presented me with a gold ring and told me to never lose it. In a beautiful little grove near the bank of said river a lot of us young folks had fixed up a scup, or swing, among the trees, and we indulged in that pastime to that extent that the land immediately under the swing became so lively that my foot would make a deep impression. One beautiful moonlight night, after getting tired of swinging, I had seen my best girl home, as in duty bound, and was returning along towards morning, as usual, when I missed my ring. It gave me quite a shock when I made that discovery; the first impression I had was, there I've lost that ring, but it must be found, and that I would find it. Went home and searched round my room and went to bed. Had a hazy sort of dream about the ring, but nothing definite. Got up early and searched before breakfast. After breakfast followed the direction we had taken the night before to the swing, and from there to the young lady's home; but found it not. In fact, I searched diligently all day, and went to bed thinking very seriously of the ring. Along towards morning had a very impressive dream. I saw the ring covered by a little ridge of sand, between two footprints under the swing. That dream was so vivid that on awaking I could see the road, buildings, fences, trees, swing, and sand, with the footprints therein the same as in the dream, and as soon as it was light enough to see I started for that swing, not attempting to look for it on the way. On arriving at the swing I walked deliberately into the sand until I reached the before-

mentioned ridge, between said footprints, and with the toe of my boot removed a little sand from the top of the ridge, and out rolled the ring. The birds were singing overhead in the trees, the river was rushing on its way to the sea, a train of cars on the York and Erie R.R. across the river passed along. I banged my head several times with my fist, to make sure I was not still in the land of dreams; no, I was there, standing in the sand, and there laid the ring. There was no hallucination about that, but a good, square, honest, useful dream. I picked up the ring and went home, and ate more for breakfast than I had in the last twenty-four hours, and I kept up an awful thinking, and am thinking yet. I would state I was about nineteen years of age at that time, enjoyed perfect health, and thought I knew more than all creation; but don't think so now. My sister was also living at that time.

Several years after the above I had another dream, and the last one; but this has been so long that I will close for this time to see what you think of it, and whether the second will be of interest to you, and will merely remark that I have endeavored to work this dream business up to a practical use in the years gone by; but it has been a total failure, so far, — can't concentrate the mind with that *intenseness* that seems to be necessary with me to bring forth dreams.

Any one used to narratives recognizes at once that this story, as I have suggested, has grown not a little with years, and I am not sure of more than that it has a probable foundation in fact, and is no doubt sincerely told.

The third case to be quoted in this connection has a better basis, and is more critically told: —

The narrator is a Southern gentleman, Col. A. v. S., of Texas.

[6]

DECEMBER 15, 1887.

In the "New York Herald" of Dec. 11th inst. I have noticed your interview, in which you say that you request any person having some unusual experience, such as an exceptionally vivid dream, etc., etc., should address you. The following seems to me a very extraordinary dream, for the truth of which I pledge you my word of honor.

About five years ago I lived with my four children, one boy and three girls, on a farm in Massachusetts. This only son, at the age of about fourteen years, lost his life in an accident, about six months previous to this narration. The youngest of my girls was the pet sister of his since her birth. My wife had died some six years previous to this story; being motherless, made these children unusually affectionate toward each other. One day I had occasion to buy for my girls each a very small lady's knife, about two and a half inches long. A few days afterwards the girls received company from our neighbors' girls, some five or six of them. My youngest one, some eight or nine years old, was so delighted with this, her first knife, that she carried it with her at all times. During the afternoon the children strolled to the large barn, filled with hay, and at once set to climbing the mow to play, and jumping on the hay. During the excitement of the play my little girl lost her knife. This terrible loss nearly broke her

heart, and all hands set to work to find the lost treasure, but without success. This finally broke up the party in gloominess. In spite of my greatest efforts to pacify the child with all sorts of promises, she went to bed weeping. During the night the child dreamed that her dead dear, beloved brother came to her, taking her by the hand, saying, "Come, my darling, I will show you where your little knife is," and, leading her to the barn, climbing the mow, showed her the knife, marking the place. The dream was so life-like that she awoke, joyfully telling her sister that her brother had been here, and showing her where she would find her knife. Both girls hastily dressed, and running to the barn, the little girl, assisted by her sister, got on top of the hay, and walked direct to the spot indicated by her brother, and found the knife on top of the hay. The whole party said that they all looked there many times the day before, and insisted that the knife was not there then.

This, I think, is a very remarkable dream.

Yours, etc.

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In answer to a request for further confirmation, our correspondent writes, under date of December 29, 1887: —

Yours of Dec. 22 inst. to hand. According to your request I will give the statement of my girls. The little dreamer says: —

"I have a very vivid recollection of my dream up to this day. I could to-day walk every step that I walked in my dream with brother. I cannot recollect at what time of the night I had my dream. I don't think I ever was awake during the night, but, on awaking in the morning, I had the feeling that I was sure I could go and get the knife. I told my sisters. They at first laughed at my dream, but I insisted that brother had shown me the knife, and I could not have peace in my mind until I went to the barn to get it. One sister went with me. On reaching the hay, I told her to let me go ahead, and walked direct to the spot without hesitating a moment, and picked up my knife!"

She never had any other similar experience, and no other similar experience happened in my family. The sister who went along with her says: —

"As we got up and were dressing, sister told me she knew where her knife was; that brother took her out to the barn during the night and showed it to her. I laughed and tried to persuade her that this was only a dream, but she said that she was so sure of seeing the knife that she would show it to me. She said that brother took her by the hand, and led her to the place, talking to her all the way, and tried to quiet her. She would not give peace until I went along. On getting on top of the hay she walked direct to the spot, saying, 'Here brother picked the knife up out of the hay,' and at once said, 'and oh, here it is,' picking up the knife. We had been looking this place all over, again and again, the previous evening."

The case calls for no special comment, except a remark that its details are now probably somewhat too vivid in the minds of the family,

who have often talked the matter over, and have often told the story. Yet there can be no error as to the main fact, of the finding of the knife through a dream that depended upon an unconscious memory of where the knife had been lost.

I close this study of cases of unconscious cerebration with an instance of a decidedly different sort. As the society knows, we have done what we could to collect cases of unrealized presentiments, as well as of realized ones. And we have at hand, from a very obliging correspondent (one of our own members), a rather amusing instance where an unconscious mental process led him to dream of a calamity as happening to a friend in Europe, whose intention to visit Italy, where the dream placed the scene of the calamity, had even been forgotten by his conscious self. The dream, by good fortune, proved to be entirely without connection with fact. I give the case because it illustrates so well what we desire our friends to do for us in all this inquiry. Note, namely, the kindness and the forethought of our correspondent in making an exact note of his dream at once. Here is the statement of W. S. : —

[7]

ВОЗТОН, Feb. 19, 1888.

In the latter days of March, 1887, we bade farewell to an elderly friend who was soon to sail for several months' travel in Europe. From this time until the night of my dream I think I did not hear her name mentioned, nor do I remember that I ever thought of her.

On the morning of May 12, 1887, I, not being accustomed to dream, awoke my wife suddenly (about 6.45 A.M.) and asked, "Did you tell me that Mrs. R. was dead?" — "Why, no. What Mrs. R.?" she answered. "But surely some one has said so, or did I dream it?" I asked, now fully awake, and continued, "Professor A. (somewhat doubtful about the person) came to me with a cablegram, which read, 'Mrs. R. dropped dead on the steps of a building in Rome.'"

My wife asked that I should get up at once, write down my dream, with the date and hour, which I did.

This autumn my wife called on Mrs. R., who had returned, told her my dream, and asked if she could recall what happened on May 12. (I had known that Mrs. R. intended to visit Italy, sailing as she did by the Italian line, but I had entirely forgotten it.) As it happened, Mrs. R. kept a journal through the summer, and it read, "May 12, arrived at Venice in the best of health and spirits."

An officer of the society has added, from his own knowledge of the persons, the following statement : —

A few days after this dream occurred Mrs. S. mentioned it to me, referring to Mr. S. for corroboration. He told me the story as written above, with this exception; he said, "A curious thing was that I never even heard that Mrs. R. was going to Rome."

I said nothing about it at the time, but mentally noted the fact that he had heard that she was going to Italy, for I was also at the house of Mrs. R. on the evening when Mr. and Mrs. S. bade Mrs. R. farewell. Mr., Mrs. S., and I, all left at the same time and walked up the street together.

Mrs. S. exclaimed that she envied Mrs. R. more than any woman in Boston. When Mr. S. asked why, she replied, "Because she is going to Rome (?) or Italy (?)." I don't remember which place she named.

This case, viewed quite impersonally and scientifically, arouses, of course, certain — shall I dare to say? — but no, I do not mean that — my pen was about in its insensibility to write regrets. The case was so well noted, the presentiment was so demonstrable! If it had only been a kindly presentiment, leaving Mrs. R. an immense fortune, or declaring that she had just discovered for us the real truth about telepathy, and if the dream so well noted had then only been verified, both our friends and ourselves would have rejoiced together, science would have advanced appreciably, and nobody would have been hurt. Meanwhile, as it is, let us use this occasion once more to beg all our friends and correspondents to make instant note of their dreams, hallucinations, and presentiments, with mention of day, hour, and precise content. I will not trouble the society with further cases of this sort, although I have more than one on hand.

### III. — PSEUDO-PRESENTIMENTS.

I now come to a class of facts whose very existence has not heretofore been generally recognized, and I think that the discovery of their existence among the people at large is an important result of the investigations of our committee. This result, in fact, is the one that I referred to in the beginning of this paper as an example of the value of a comparative method of study in matters of this sort. The society has already heard, in the before-mentioned preliminary and unpublished report of my own, the hypothesis for which I now undertake to give further evidence in the present report. This hypothesis is, *that in certain people, under certain exciting circumstances, there occur what I shall henceforth call PSEUDO-PRESENTIMENTS, i. e., more or less instantaneous and irresistible 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, although this seeming is wholly unfounded, and although the supposed prophecy really succeeds its own fulfillment.* On the subject of these pseudo-presentiments I some time since wrote a letter, which was published in last April's number of *Mind*. I shall here quote the argument of this letter in so far as

it is relevant, in order to introduce the present study. After classifying supposed telepathic cases in three groups, and disposing of two of them, my letter went on : —

“ The *third* class of cases consists of *stories of recent date*, told by people of good character, and of generally sound memory, whose ‘telepathic’ experiences have been sporadic, and who are *not* themselves open to the charge of being systematically or superstitiously imaginative. That such stories are comparatively frequent, and that they cannot be dismissed as mere folk-lore, or as mere superstition, or as mere fraud, Mr. Gurney’s book has pretty clearly shown. Now, my hypothesis concerns not all of these stories, but a very large proportion of them. I ask myself, ‘Why should people who have no interest in believing in telepathy, who are themselves often despisers of the whole idea, and also haters of all superstitions, whose own personal honesty is undoubted, and whose memory is generally good, — why should such people suddenly believe and relate that at some very recent time, just before an affliction, or at the moment of a calamity, they knew, or were warned by dream or presentiment, of the distant and, for them, otherwise unknowable fact of the affliction or calamity in question? Why should such tales be told at once, or very soon after the accident, and before the *ordinary* errors of imaginative memory could have time to distort the facts? Why should the experiences be sporadic for such people, so as to be almost wholly isolated in their lives, and so as not especially to affect their beliefs thenceforth?’ And I answer these questions hypothetically, by suggesting that in such cases we probably have to do with a not yet recognized type of *instantaneous hallucination of memory, consisting in the fancy, at the very moment of some exciting experience, that one has EXPECTED it before its coming*. Such an hallucination might, of course, be as irresistible as a delusion of the senses often is. Two or more persons among those concerned in any case might be equally subject to it, and then their stories might corroborate each other. On the other hand, as some peculiar state of health or some peculiarly painful excitement might be required for its appearance in any one person, a given sane and sound individual might plod on for years without any ‘telepathic’ experiences, and then at the very moment when he heard of his brother’s death might with a sudden assurance exclaim: ‘How strange! I dreamt of receiving this news only last night, and have been oppressed in mind by the presentiment all day.’ Members of the same family would be especially apt to be similarly subject to this form of illusion, and then the same news would show them all the same mirage of memory with startling results in the way of ‘telepathic’ evidence. As for mere supplement-

tary corroboration, taking the well-known shape of a friend's assurance that 'he believes the story to be true as it is told, for the people directly concerned assured him of its truth from the very first,' all that would be forthcoming in a very few weeks, and with the best intentions on the part of all concerned.

"The illusion of double memory in one familiar type, viz., in case of the feeling that one 'has been here before,' is universally recognized. This newly suggested form of instantaneous hallucination is *à priori* just as probable as that old and well-recognized form. Its existence, however, is hard to verify, because while the double memory of the first and well-known type at once corrects itself through the sane knowledge that we are *not* living our lives twice over, the illusion of the second kind might persist as long as you please, either in the form of a general belief in presentiments, or else merely in the shape of an isolated 'telepathic' experience that one looks back upon. Even so diplopia is self-correcting for a normal consciousness; but a projected hallucination of vision is not so self-correcting. Such might also be the case with the two illusions of memory.

"But, of course, to verify this hypothesis, even remotely, requires more than such *à priori* suggestions. And it has occurred to me that the best course would be to ask whether any such hallucination of memory as my hypothesis demands is ever observed among the actually insane in asylum practice. I have consulted the literature to this end, and for some time had little success. Krafft-Ebing (*Lehrbuch der Psychiatrie*, 2d ed., II. 146) mentions one case where a patient suffering from Primäre Verrücktheit was accustomed to say that, as he fell asleep at night, he sometimes heard voices telling him what he was to dream that night, and he dreamt accordingly. This looks like our desired form of hallucination of memory. But only recently, and very opportunely, have I met with two cases, fully described, in the *Archiv f. Psychiatrie* (XVIII., 397), by Prof. Emil Kraepelin. Kraepelin himself had already distinguished the very class of hallucinations of memory of which I was in search. He speaks of it (l. c., p. 395) as represented by a 'small group of observations.' He classifies the cases as those where the patient, with perfect consciousness of his real surroundings, regards these surroundings as in some respect familiar or expected, because a supposed previous warning has given him notice of what was to come. Kraepelin adds that he himself has sought in vain through the literature for any previous account of such hallucinations. Of the two cases the first is less marked. A servant girl, twenty years of age, is taken ill, first with hallucinations and general excitement, and these pass over into what Krafft-Ebing has called Erotomania,

*i.e.*, innocent love-madness of the Elaine or Ophelia type. The actual lover had in this case been a soldier. In her madness the girl converts him into a prince, and expects a wonderful future. In the asylum she declares, from time to time, when a new event attracts her notice, that her lover not long since predicted it to her. So a change of physicians in the asylum has been prophesied to her. And, in particular, when she is sent away to another place, she remembers at once precisely how her lover had predicted this event also, and in what words. The second case, which Kraepelin regards as 'quite classical,' is one of Primäre Verrücktheit. A young commercial traveller, who from childhood up had been eccentric, ill-tempered, and foppish, devoted to fine toilets and to money-spending, but otherwise free from vices, first makes himself impossible in business by continual quarrels, and then begins to discover that he is a person of consequence, whose life is the object of great consideration on the part of both friends and enemies. The *Fliegende Blätter* publishes paragraphs about him; the journal *Ueber Land und Meer* makes caricatures of him. At last he reads in the newspapers that he is a promising pretender to the throne, and so he reaches the asylum. He appears at first very cool and rational, and evades discussion of all delicate subjects. But at length he begins to confide to the physician his curious observation that nearly all the patients in the asylum are known to him from previous experience or from warnings. In fact, he heard in conversation some time before he reached the asylum all the details concerning everybody there, and concerning the management of the establishment. Characteristic is his assertion, given in Kraepelin's words (p. 399), that when he heard these things spoken of before he came, the matter did not especially attract his attention. But when he saw the various things and people, these reminded him ere long, he said, of the previous conversations. Such assurances from the patient were not in this case occasional incidents, but soon became fixed features of the illness. The asylum, so the patient said, had once been described in detail in the *Fliegende Blätter*. The chapel also appeared well known to him from previous descriptions. The news of the day was sometimes a matter not so much of direct presentiment to him as of curious and imperfect coincidence with long past conversations. Thus, a murder being committed in Munich, he remembers, after hearing of it, how he had not long since been asked about that very street where the murder was committed. In short, his abnormal memory gave him, in the form of somewhat slowly formed, but always irresistible, hallucinations, all our own best-known types of reported presentiments. Meanwhile he possessed an actually very good memory for real events. In addi-

tion to the delusions of memory, the same patient had elaborate systematic delusions, which included among other things the discovery that a great quantity of what he read in the papers had been really composed by himself.

“Had I not been in search of evidence of the possibility of this form of hallucination, I should probably not have read Kraepelin's article, at least at the present time. I hardly need add that I find in his discussion no effort to draw analogies with sane presentiments of the type discussed in ‘Phantasms of the Living.’ The fact, however, mentioned by Kraepelin (l. c., p. 428), that our so well-known hallucination of the ordinary double-memory consciousness appears almost exclusively among the sane, encourages me to suppose that this new form of double memory, once verified as an existing fact among the insane, may be found to be an incident of normal life sufficiently frequent to explain a large number of ‘telepathic’ incidents. At all events, if there is any fair chance of such an explanation for stories that are not based upon purely documentary evidence, nearly the whole mass of narrative facts in the ‘Phantasms of the Living’ will have to be reviewed with this hypothesis in mind.

“The foregoing suggestion, as soon as formulated, seems so simple and commonplace that I should not have ventured to bring it forward here had I found Messrs. Gurney and Myers apparently well aware of the force of such a consideration. I have looked in vain in ‘Phantasms of the Living,’ as well as in Mr. Gurney's reply to Professor Preyer, for evidence of any consciousness of this hypothesis. I need not say that the value of the collection of stories in ‘Phantasms of the Living’ is in no wise affected for scientific purposes by the discovery that these stories may prove rather the existence of a typical hallucination of the human memory, than the reality of ‘telepathic’ communication between mind and mind. If it is the truth as such, that we want to ‘bag,’ it is not ours to decide whether the truth shall turn out to be a wild goose or some other fowl.”

The new evidence that I have to present upon the subject of my letter to *Mind* is varied, and, as it seems to me, fairly convincing as to the actual existence of pseudo-presentiments. Of course, in classing for this one purpose, as belonging to one group with Kraepelin's insane cases, a large number of the experiences of some of our best and most-honored correspondents, I fear no misunderstandings. What occurs as a regularly repeated phenomenon in an insane case can occur sporadically and rarely in perfectly sane life. This we all realize, and every hallucination, yes, even every mere dream, is an instance of a state in sane life that more or less exactly

resembles symptoms such as persist through the whole course of certain forms of insanity. These pseudo-presentiments do, then, as I maintain, occur sporadically among the sane, even as they occurred persistently in Kraepelin's young patient.

I begin the evidence with a comparatively insignificant, but still suggestive, case. Possibly here is a mere coincidence:—

[8]

*(From J. R., Boston, Mass.)*

On the night of April 17, 1888, I had a (for me) quite vivid dream, in which I caused a guitar to fall and break, injuring in particular the head, which was so broken as to show almost the whole of the white tuning-pins.

On the following morning about 9.30, while in a horse-car near Hollis street, a passenger in going out stumbled against a violin case held by a lady, which fell to the floor, and, opening, threw out a violin, stringless, and with the head broken off.

The foregoing may be, however, no coincidence, but an instance of a curious incident attracting the narrator's attention, and thereupon producing a sort of secondary image of itself, — a psychical mirage in the form of a seemingly remembered dream, which had very probably never taken place at all. But if the hypothesis is barely possible in this instance, how about its value when, as in the following case, that which I suppose to be a pseudo-presentiment is a repeated experience, and has curious, characteristic relations to other dreamy fantasies. Here is the statement of our informant:—

[9]

*(From E. C. P., Cambridge, Mass.)*

I, E. C. P., of Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., do hereby declare:—

I have been in situations and experienced certain incidents of actual occurrence which, at the time, startled me vividly, upon recollecting that previous to occurrence of said situation, or experiencing of certain incidents, I had previously had a mental vision of some future time in which said situation or experiencing of incidents would be realities. I can recollect distinctly three such coincidences.

I have in mind now very often a scene, always alike, in which I seem to be standing with a female figure alone upon a lofty mountain top watching the sun rise. I have clearly had this scene in my mind at least four times, always exactly the same as to details.

Our correspondent supplied us with an outline sketch of his romantic phantom trysting-place, and, in answer to further inquiries, added an account of one of his fulfilled presentiments:—

There lingers in my mind an obscure recollection (truthful even if hazy) of a dining-table with certain people enjoying a meal at it, and some

turn that the conversation took that sent the laugh around the table. Suddenly, some remark caused me to stop laughing suddenly, and I repeated to myself the words, and added (out loud I think, though it may have been to myself), "Why, those are the very words!"

There came to me a distinct recollection that I had foreseen the dining-room with its occupants; had been conscious that there was merriment, and heard the words before which were then, in reality, uttered, with the identical tenor of voice and shade of inflection.

I think the foreseeing was one particular time when I was in the United States, the realization I think almost surely was in Bermuda.

I think I can make myself plain by saying that I distinctly remember this foreseeing and realizing to have actually occurred, and to have had mental recognition, but all knowledge of definite time or place has gone from me.

MAY 22, 1888.

This dim recollection suggests the well-known reminiscence in Tennyson's "Maud": "Viziers nodding together in some Arabian night." But the very defects of the narrative constitute, to speak not very paradoxically, its merits. Here is plainly a subjective experience, of no historical importance whatever, because it is far too dreamy. Yet just that makes it instructive. It is almost, but not quite, an ordinary case of doubleness of memory, — the vague feeling, "I have been here before," which so many people report and know. Yet the *not quite*, shows us that we are on the borderland of another kind of experience. Our correspondent feels not exactly, "I have seen and heard this all before;" but he rather feels, "I have been warned of this before — warned in the United States of what now occurs in Bermuda." Here we are on the boundary line between the pseudo-presentiment proper and that ordinary double vision of memory from which one must of course carefully distinguish our new form of typical hallucination. In the next case that I shall cite we have crossed the boundary line, and are dealing with a pair of most beautiful pseudo-presentiments. They belong, to be sure, so many years back in time that, were it not for the person from whom they come, and for the evidence that one of the supposed presentiments was mentioned a good many years since, nearer to the time when it was experienced, I should hardly venture to use them as evidence. A well-known gentleman of a suburban community has, namely, a reminiscence concerning Mr. Lowell's Commemoration Ode, and another concerning President Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, both of which, with the comments of Mr. Lowell himself in a letter to Prof. Wm. James, I am able to quote here. The position of our informant, Mr. W., leaves

no question as to his general good judgment and his integrity, and what he remembers is this:—

[10] MY DEAR MR. JAMES,— I passed the night before commemoration day on a lounge in Hollis 21, the room of my college chum H., who had been tutor since our graduation, three years before. I woke (somewhat early, I should say) saying to myself these words: “ And what they dare to dream of dare to die for.” I was enough awake to notice the appropriateness of the words to the occasion, but was sleepy enough to wonder whether they really expressed a lofty thought, or were lofty only in sound. Before I had made up my mind I dropped to sleep again.

In the afternoon I was in about the middle of the tent. Mr. Lowell stood under Hollis, at nearly the same table. I heard very distinctly as he read “ Those love her best.” I felt that something was coming which was familiar, and as he ended the line I felt that I could repeat the next one, and I did so, ahead of him. But as we proceeded I was confounded with the fact that apparently my line would not rhyme with his. As I said “ die for,” he said “ do.” I spent some minutes in trying to determine whether I liked his sentiment or mine the most.

That is all. After twenty-one years, details are dim. Some years ago, just before Mr. Lowell sailed for England, I sent him a statement, more detailed probably than this; but no doubt it became carbonic acid and water before he left the house.

I do not know that I have any further contribution to make to the facts which you are collecting. On the day of Mr. Lincoln's address at Gettysburg I was walking at about the time when, as I supposed, the exercises were taking place. Remembering this I tried to invent such a speech as Mr. Lincoln, or I in his place, would probably deliver. I was astonished the next morning to find that I had duplicated his address, from the third or fourth sentence to the end; and to the passage “ It is for us the living rather to be dedicated ” I had given almost exactly the words.

But I am vain enough to think that this coincidence is to be explained in a different way from the other.

Hoping that these reminiscences may be amusing to your society,

I am very truly yours,

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Here follows the letter of Mr. Lowell, who was asked what he could contribute to a possible use of this experience for the purpose of illustrating telepathy:—

17th Feb., 1888.

DEAR DR. JAMES:— My Commemoration Ode was very rapidly written, and came to me unexpectedly, for I had told Child, who was one of the committee (I suppose), that he must look for nothing from me. I sat up all the night before the ceremony, writing and copying out what I had written during the day. I think most of it was composed on that last day. I have no doubt the verse quoted by Mr. W. came to me in a flash, but

whether during that last night or not I cannot say. Perhaps my MS. would show, if I had kept it, or if anybody else has. Child will remember my taking him apart under an elm, between Massachusetts and the Law School, that morning, that I might read him a part of the Ode, "to see if it would do," for 'twas so fresh that I knew not, having probably not even had time to read it over. It was such a new thing in more senses than one.

I recollect Mr. W.'s letter, and think it was substantially like that to you. I did not burn it, I am sure, and 'twill, no doubt, turn up somewhere in my haystack of letters when I am "up back of the meetin'-house," as Yankees used to say while there were any Yankees left.

But what he says about the Gettysburg address waters my interest in what he had told me about the verse in my Ode. Had I known of his talent beforehand I might have saved myself a very killing piece of work. That one day's labor *mi fece magro*. I believe I lost ten pounds of flesh, which it took me weeks to pick up again. *Vaya* for a single verse, but so much of Lincoln's incomparable English? Fancy must come in for a share in the miracle. A man who has heard so many speeches as I, can, alas, make a pretty good forecast of what is coming; but I trust that Mr. W. has not been exposed to such trials.

There is one painful suggestion in the fact of Mr. W.'s anticipation, which I hardly venture to speak of. Was the verse already *da*? Did I steal it? Not to my knowledge; but perhaps it might be well to set a literary detective on my trail.

I return the letter.

Faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

An experience as old as this one is no very satisfactory evidence, of course, but still it seems, after all, tolerably clear that, at the two times in question, our correspondent, a literary student himself, and one much interested in the study of style, was so deeply struck by these two passages that they produced in his mind, in this irresistible fashion, memory hallucinations similar to those which Kraepelin's paranoiac patient so regularly had. Notice the similarity in detail. Kraepelin's patient recognizes as his own product whatever he finds to be of interest in the newspapers that he reads. Our informant, in these two cases, where his literary interest was excited in an especially passionate way, recognized as passages before known to him, and as even composed by him, the very words that had so much excited his interest. That this was a case of prophecy after the fact no one can easily doubt. The puzzle would be to see how so sincere an impression could arise. Our hypothesis partially explains this fact by the excitement of the moment when our correspondent first heard or read the passages in question, and by the general law that makes pseudo-presentiments likely to happen.

But for the purpose of demonstrating the existence of a still un-

recognized class of mental facts recent instances are peculiarly valuable. My next case is one related but a week after the events in question, which occurred in December of last year. Of course, if pseudo-presentiments exist, they may easily be created or reinforced by dreams. In the case now to be reported, a man had heard a gruesome bit of bad news. My theory is, that he dreamt about it when next he slept, and then, by an instantaneous and irresistible hallucination of memory, projected the dream backwards so as to make it seem prophetic, or at least telepathic. The informant is a member of Harvard University, whose statement was taken down and signed.

[11]

*(From F. C. W.)*

One week from to-night (Friday, Dec. 9) I had a vivid dream. I was in a store with a friend, selecting a pistol. My friend was purchasing the pistol with the intention of committing suicide. I seemed to favor my friend's project, and was busy helping him pick out a suitable one. I can see the store, the pistols, and all, very vividly now. The picture has fixed itself in my mind.

The following night, my friend, G. Z., shot himself in a New York hotel.

I did not mention the dream to any one, thinking it of no consequence. The shooting was a great shock to me, as I had no suspicion of such a thing.

(Signed)

F. C. W.

The gentleman from whom we received the case adds:—

He (*i.e.*, F. C. W.) saw Mr. Z. for a few minutes Wednesday night, but there was no conversation that would in any way suggest pistols or suicide. He does not recognize the store, though he can form a vivid picture of it. In the dream it seemed as if it were a New York shop.

This is correct.

(Signed)

F. C. W.

From Mr. F. C. W. we have received this further statement:—

As was said before, the shop seemed to be in New York. It was deep and narrow, and we were at the further end of it. Crosby's, on the corner of Washington and Avon streets, Boston, is the kind of shop, save that it was not on a corner, and was dark at the further end, there being only front windows. The shop-keeper was short and round, with gray side-whiskers and bald head. He stood behind counter, two-thirds down the store, on left. My friend received the pistols across the glass case (which was full of them), from the man, and passed them to me for inspection. I was standing some four feet away from the counter, and nearer the end of the shop. We decided upon one, — a very handsome make, — and took it. We were, seemingly, selecting it for suicidal purposes.

(Signed)

F. C. W.

In a third statement F. C. W. further assures us of the coincidence by saying, "I was certainly dreaming of Mr. Z., as his face was the most vivid part of the whole picture."

I think that there can be no doubt that the dream actually occurred, only, in all probability, it followed the news of the suicide. That we are here dealing with no exaggeration of the ordinary sort, with no myth-making of the kind so customary when people have often repeated a tale for the benefit of their friends, is sufficiently clear from the freshness and the elaborate detail of the story in their combination.

My next case has the advantage not only of being very recent in date, but also of coming from one of our best-known correspondents, a lady of this city, whose accuracy is undoubted except as to the fact of what I suppose to be the irresistible pseudo-presentiment itself, which of course her own judgment could not be expected to correct, as she did not know it to be possible; as usual in these reports, I give no name: —

[12]

BOSTON, March 28, 1888.

I have long intended complying with your request to write out the following experience, but time has prevented.

On the morning of July 6, 1887, I wakened about 5 A.M. from a singularly profound sleep, and with a feeling of wonderful freshness and elasticity, as if unconscious of a body at all. I had fallen asleep about 4 P.M. the previous afternoon. For some days the heat had been intense, and I had had very little sleep, so on the previous afternoon I had thrown myself down for a little sleep before dinner, telling my maid not to let me be disturbed by any call, and thus my slumber had been prolonged till the following morning, and I wakened in a kind of semi-bewilderment, and looked out in the gray dawn, hardly knowing whether I was in the to-day or the yesterday. I recalled the vivid dream from which I wakened, to this effect. In the dream I was reading aloud to a friend, Miss N., a letter just received from another friend, Miss T. This letter was, in my dream, written on the Fourth of July (two days previous), and bore playful inscriptions of the national flag, and related to the health of the mother of the writer, and to a new poem that the writer had just produced. The entire subject-matter of the letter was perfectly clear in my mind. On rising I went to my parlor, where lay untouched the mail of the previous evening. In it was a letter from my friend Miss T., of the identical date (July 4), and the identical subject-matter of the dream, even to the playful illustrations of the stars and stripes.

My theory is, that in this unusually profound sleep my spirit looked out of the body, and was so far released as to read this letter with the spiritual sight. I wakened with an indescribable feeling of having been abroad, so to speak, and was conscious of an exceptional elasticity and freshness of feeling.

The letter in question I believe I gave to you at the time.

Our correspondent's hypothesis is not ours, but what we find to be of especial importance is her account of her condition at the moment. She wakes from the long sleep uncommonly sensitive, impressionable, active-minded. She opens the friend's letter, and at once (such is our hypothesis) the feeling comes over her, "Why, I just dreamed all this before I woke!"

But next I come to a statement that, if there were no other evidence, would by itself suffice to show how the ordinary vague experience of double memory does, in some cases, take forms which give it the character of a pseudo-presentiment. I quote in full the letter of one who proves in this connection a very helpful correspondent, Mr. T. L. D., of New York city:—

[13] I was very pleased [he says, under date of Dec. 13, 1887] to read the article . . . in "Herald" of last Sunday, and think it very interesting, especially to me. I am rather a sceptic in the belief in dreams, etc.; but it seems strange that I almost invariably have dreams before anything unusual happens, indeed so much so that after the occurrence of these dreams I always look for something unusual. What I wish more particularly to bring under your notice is the prevalence of what I call recurrent ideas. Formerly it was continually happening to me, but not so now. I will endeavor in some shape to describe what I mean, but the real facts as regards myself I could not possibly put into language. Sometimes, when in a room, something would be going on of which I had a most vivid recollection of having occurred before, and I could always tell what was going to happen next, which has been fully carried out in precisely the manner I had realized. I could have no control under the circumstances, but only knew exactly what is next going to happen. Now, I am a fairly educated man, not at all given to superstition, but it has often and often unsettled and upset my mind for days when this has happened. Even in the daytime these ideas frequently come to me. Perhaps in the course of your deliberations you may possibly assign some reason for same; and apologizing for trouble,

Yours, etc.

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P.S. — I am now salesman in one of N.Y.'s largest chemical houses. Age, 35. These things most frequently occurred between the ages of 22-30.

Here our correspondent, for a term of years, found pseudo-presentiments a constantly disturbing factor in his busy and practical life, and so strong was the experience as frequently to "unsettle and upset" his mind for days together, *i.e.*, the phenomenon was attended with vexatious confusions of consciousness, or was, in other words, a very mildly pathological condition. As he approaches middle life

this condition vanishes from waking life, but his dreams are still often full of it.<sup>1</sup>

Can there be any doubt, then, that the pseudo-presentiment is a *vera causa*, accounting for many otherwise incomprehensible experiences? The final section of this paper will, indeed, show plainly enough that I have no desire to use this hypothesis beyond its own field, and that I am very far indeed from imagining it to be a settlement of the question of telepathy. But this society is not here to settle the affairs of the universe overnight, and if anybody either puts arbitrary limits *à priori* to the hypotheses that shall here be propounded, or, on the other hand, tries to settle any question either by a vague guess, or by a sneer, or by anything but a square looking of facts in the face, we all know what to do with him. My present hypothesis, only undertakes to look certain facts in the face; the facts that do not belong to its province rest or soar in their own regions, and it plods along in its humble way in its appointed path.

What it can do, however, I must exemplify by cases that still more fully establish its rights to existence. For this further study I have here eight cases, each involving either one narrative, or a group of narratives. All of these cases I regard as coming from sincere persons, and all of them suggest to my mind more strongly the hypothesis of pseudo-presentiment than they do any other. They are not all of them cases of first rank, by any means. Lapse of time or inexactness of statement has left much room in some of them for other sources of error to creep in. Others are again decidedly good cases. I give them for what they are worth. In addition to these cases, however, I have material which has come to us from two distinctly insane persons, neither of whom, however, was at the time of writing under asylum treatment. Both of these persons are capable of very fluent and moderately coherent statement, and both of them, in the course of their elaborate account of inner life, have supplied us with unconscious testimony to the existence, in their own cases, of typical pseudo-presentiments. I consider their contributions to this branch of the investigation as a useful addition to Kraepelin's material, although, of course, all that these subjects can give us on paper is not nearly as valuable as even very brief clinical observations of an expert might prove, and that even as to this minor matter of their psychology. I proceed first to the normal cases.

A series of narratives begin this list, all coming from a lady, C. W.

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<sup>1</sup> In Westphal's *Allgemeine Psychopathologie*, p. 130, the phenomenon of the ordinary "doubleness of memory" is described as often accompanied by this feeling, "*as if one could predict what is about to happen next.*" In Westphal's observations, however, this feeling remains always "*nur dunkle Ahnung,*" and never acquires the importance attributed to it by our correspondent.

E., who is vouched for by a very well-known and competent member of the society, as a person with whom he is well acquainted, "and who is incapable of conscious misstatement or inaccuracy." All of her experiences, when taken in connection with her own very clear and straightforward replies to our questions, seem to me sincere and well-remembered. Only they are all of them, as I think, pseudo-presentiments. An exciting event occurs, and the lady unconsciously projects a presentiment of it into the past. She is most likely to do this when she is in a poor state of health, or is otherwise over-sensitive.

[14]

FEBRUARY 4, 1888.

(a.) In Chicago, about December, 1869, I dreamed that an engine ran into a heavy stone wall in a dark place, causing great commotion and throwing down the wall. I told my dream at the breakfast-table, because it seemed so real to me. A few moments after I told it a member of the family read from the newspaper that in the night a steam fire-engine, in passing through the tunnel, ran into the wall, causing a serious break, so that it would be obliged to be closed for repairs.

(b.) In Worcester, July, 1874, I dreamed that a friend was dangerously ill, and that her brother was extremely anxious about her. Her brother and I seemed to be spending much time in the horse-cars hunting for nurses. I wrote my sister of the dream, I was so impressed with its vividness.

In October the lady called upon my sister and me, and told us that she was dangerously ill in July, and that her brother was quite worn out with anxiety.

I was not at all intimate with the family, nor had they been in my thoughts previous to the dream.

(c.) In Chicago, 1879, I had a disturbing dream of sailors in distress at sea. The sea was tempestuous, and the sailors were hanging to the rigging calling piteously for help. I told the dream at breakfast, and while I was telling it we saw the lifeboat rushing through the avenue. We ran to the back windows, from which we saw a schooner and the men hanging to the rigging as in my dream.

(d.) In Chicago, January, 1884, about four o'clock in the morning, I awoke from a very vivid dream of a vessel at sea. At first, everything seemed bright and pleasant. Then a man came to me and said that the captain, whose name I thought was Moonshine, had mistaken the course of the vessel, and that we were in danger. In a few moments we were all in the water among rocks. I told my dream because I was impressed with its intense reality. In a few hours we read of the loss of the "City of Columbus" among the rocks, and in bright moonlight, at the hour I had dreamed of the wreck.

In answer to the questions suggested by these statements the lady says: —

I suppose it will be no unexpected disappointment to the Society for Psychological Research to learn that I am unable to answer their questions satisfactorily, but I will do the best I can.

I think that people who hear the accounts of dreams, and also know of the events in connection with them, are often so absorbed in the events as to forget the dreams, particularly if they are contemptuous of, or have no interest in, what is mysterious. I will reply to the questions in the order that they were given to me:—

1. Is the contemporary account of the engine accident still in your possession? No.
2. Can accounts be obtained from any other members of the family to whom you mentioned your dream before the account was read? No.
3. Had any member of the family read the account in the newspaper before you had your dream? No; the dream happened in the night, also the accident, and I spoke of the dream at breakfast.

#### DREAM OF 1879.

1. Did the room in which you dreamed look over the sea, and if so were the blinds up or down? (Answer.) My room looked south. The lake was east and the wreck north-east, a block north and two blocks east. I could see the lake from my window, but not the wreck.
2. Could you have seen the ship before when you were wide awake, and had the dream afterwards? (Answer.) No.
3. Can you obtain accounts from any other members of your family to whom you mentioned your dream at breakfast? (Answer.) No.

Of the dream of 1874 we find, after inquiry, that it is impossible to get any account that amounts to confirmation from any source but the narrator's own memory.

#### DREAM OF 1884.

1. Can accounts of the dream of 1884 be obtained from any persons to whom you told it before you heard of its corroboration? (Answer.) Possibly. The friends I was visiting are in Paris, and I have not been able to hear from them for some months, on account of illness in their family.
2. Had any member of your family read of the loss of the vessel before you told your dream? (Answer.) No; I dreamed at four A.M.,—the hour the vessel was wrecked,—and told it that morning at breakfast, and the telegram of the news did not reach Chicago for some hours later.
3. Could it have been possible that you yourself could have read of the loss of the vessel before you had your dream? (Answer.) No.
4. How long before your dream was the ship lost? (Answer.) At the very same hour.

#### GENERAL QUESTIONS.

1. Have you any explanation to offer concerning the periodical occurrence of these dreams, which seem to have been separated by intervals of five years? (Answer.) No.
2. Were you in good health at the time of these dreams?

Have you any objection to stating your age?

(Answer.) At the time of the first dream I was in perfect health, and very active in mind and body. I was under much excitement, in a gay life.

At the time of the second dream I was a great invalid. In the evening I had seen a boy thrown from a carriage and dangerously hurt. At the time of the third dream I was in fairly good health. At the time of the fourth dream I was in a peculiarly excitable condition, preceding a serious illness of congestion of the brain from blood-poisoning. My age is thirty-seven.

3. Are you in the habit of dreaming? (Answer.) Yes.

4. Are these the only incidents in your experience where the dreams correspond with the real facts? (Answer.) Yes.

I have no doubt the society will have less respect for my dreams on account of the nervous conditions I confess to; but I think nervous people are more receptive, and often more acute, than those who are not nervous. I always hear more, and am more acutely conscious, at such times than when in rugged health. I felt that the dreams were unusual before I knew of the corresponding facts.

Narratives (*a*), (*c*), and (*d*) in this statement most strongly suggest the hypothesis of pseudo-presentiment. Narrative (*b*) may be an ordinary error of memory, in view of the length of time that had elapsed between the illness and the announcement of the news to our informant, as well as in view of the impossibility of getting in this case the much-needed confirmation of the letter that is supposed to have been written. Our correspondent's "nervous conditions" have an obvious bearing on the theory that these were all pseudo-presentiments.

Next in order I give a case that belongs to a long-past period; yet the vividness of the memory of the coincidence in question is hard to explain, in case of a person free from systematic superstitions, unless we suppose that we are here dealing with a pseudo-presentiment; granting the substantial accuracy of our correspondent's account of his experience, the hypothesis of a pseudo-presentiment is simply irresistible:—

[15]

(From M. V. F.)

PROVIDENCE, R.I., Dec. 12, 1887.

In response to the article on Psychical Research in the "Herald" of to-day, I write you of a dream of mine and its connecting circumstances.

With as little detail as possible it is as follows: I dreamed of being in a ship-yard and climbing the rigging of a vessel still on the ways, and was accompanied by some person entirely unknown to me, nor bearing the slightest resemblance to any one whom I had ever seen.

The dream was forgotten, apparently, in a few days. Some time after-

ward, certainly two years, my school-class had occasion, in connection with certain studies, to visit a large factory.

In a lower class, just entered the school, was a young man with whom I had become quite intimate, and his request to go with us to the factory was readily granted.

Having finished our tour of inspection, my friend suggested that he and I should take a tramp into the country, which we started to do, passing on the way a marine railway in which a large schooner was being repaired.

Never having seen a ship hauled up on the dry dock, in fact never having been in a ship-yard before, we left our intended road and entered the yard, where he (not I) proposed climbing on shipboard and into the rigging.

Not until we were in a certain position in the rigging and he had made a joking remark, accompanied by a peculiar expression of countenance, did the circumstances of the dream occur to me. And then when I saw it work itself out, even in the minutest details, after two years' duration, it seemed to me rather curious.

More recent is a case which I transcribe from the letter of a lady in Boston, a person of well-known family and position, whom we shall call Mrs. X. :—

[16]

Boston, July 15, 1887.

. . . It was last December. I knew Mrs. J. was very ill, and either one or two nights before she died I dreamt that I received a letter, directed to Mrs. X., — street. On opening it I read the first few lines, beginning with a name (not my own first name, but I forget now what it was), and mourning the loss of a mutual friend; in my dream I knew the letter was meant for Mrs. Q. X. [*i.e.*, not for our correspondent, but for a lady of the same family name, with whom our correspondent is not personally acquainted, and who lives on another street], and that it was from Mrs. Y., in Paris [whom our correspondent knows, but only slightly], on the subject of Mrs. J.'s death. Next morning I remembered the dream perfectly, and the words as much as I had read of the letter. Then came the news of Mrs. J.'s death, after which I confidently expected the letter, which arrived a fortnight later, directed to Mrs. X., — street; and when I opened it, it began in exactly the words I read in my dream. I sent it to Mrs. Q. X. [for whom, of course, it had been meant] . . . and she said it was her letter, and from Mrs. Y. I cannot offer any explanation of my dream.

In answer to further inquiries, our correspondent can give no precise dates, but remains confident about the relative order of events as described in her first letter. Asked whether she mentioned her dream to any one before its fulfilment, Mrs. X. replies :—

I did not mention my dream to any one, except my husband, who has forgotten all about it, and two other people, about a month later, I think.

Our correspondent adds that her "memory is very bad," and that

she can tell us nothing further. But she seems to be free from any systematic craving for wonders, and I have no doubt that the experience was a typical pseudo-presentiment, which had its origin at the moment when she opened the misdirected letter.

I shall put next what I take to be a pseudo-presentiment, relating to a boating accident. It may, however, be a mere coincidence.

[17]

(*From F. G., C—, Minnesota.*)

For the benefit of your society I will state the following facts: —

A number of years ago the writer was in a boat alone, on a lake in this State. It was a beautiful day in May. Your correspondent was looking over the side of the boat down among the roots of the water-lilies, which at that season had not yet commenced to grow. Suddenly a feeling of impending evil, and a feeling that death was near, came over the occupant of the boat. It appeared to be an impression on the mind; nothing was seen or heard. The impression was very vivid; can scarcely be described in words. The next day the writer heard that a very near relative of his came very near death, by drowning, at the very hour the singular impression was made upon his mind in the boat. The person who came nearly being drowned was upset in a boat on a river many miles from the occupant of the boat on the lake.

The writer is not superstitious. Never had such an experience before or since. Might it not be the mind has some way of taking note of events sometimes, in other manner than through the usual sensory nerves?

I have another experience that I might relate, but it relates to altogether a different branch of psychical research; but I have already said enough about what is now a very obscure subject, but which I hope some day may be made plain to everybody, that is, so far as God sees fit to let the mind of mortal take cognizance of what we can't see with our eyes or hear with our ears.

The experience is plainly sporadic, and I will not dispute the possibility of using it to illustrate telepathy. To my mind it looks much more like a pseudo-presentiment than even like a coincidence. I am unable to know more of the narrator than his own statement shows.

The case which follows would have no value, in view of its very great age, were it not for the peculiar detail of the narrative. If it is remembered with approximate accuracy, it is unquestionably a pseudo-presentiment. Our correspondent's second narrative is of a different sort, and is given here only as throwing light on the general course of her experience. Without confirmation, a story of 1864, of the sort here told, can neither be explained nor criticised. It lacks the points of detail which make the earlier narrative valuable.

[18]

(From Mrs. J. W. B.)

MARCH 26, 1888.

I shall try to give you a correct account of the dream concerning which you inquire, and trust I shall not seem verbose. Perhaps it is in order for me to state that my memory — except where figures are in question — has always been better than the average. I distinctly remember the dream and attendant circumstances, but can come no nearer the date than that it was in the summer of 1855.

I was then a young wife; my friend, Miss H., a girl seventeen. My relations with all her family were of an intimate and affectionate character. The death of her mother, five years previous to the time of which I write, was the deepest grief of my girlhood. Several months before the dream, while her father was in the West, where he expected to be for a year or more, some [circumstances which do not affect the narrative] led to the removal of Miss H. and her young brother to Providence, R.I. They were all originally from that place, and the young people were in charge of relatives of their father. An elder brother had settled in Providence, and I did not think any of them likely to return to Louisville. One night, about a year after this change of residence, I dreamed that I was sitting sewing in my room, which opened into a hall. I heard, I thought, a knock on the door, — a timid, tentative sort of a knock; went to the door, opened it, and saw standing there Miss H., in a gray dress, her head hanging down, and her face half-hidden by what was then called a corded sun-bonnet, made of pale yellow — buff — cambric. She lifted her head with a demure smile at my surprise, as her features were disclosed. She was very small, below the average stature of woman, while I am tall. I either wakened at this point, or went off into another dream.

The bonnet would perhaps be "curious" now, but was not so then, and may still be found in some rural districts.

This is a rough sketch. [Our correspondent here adds sketch.] A shade bonnet, that a lady would not wear when calling, but might put on when about to *drop in* on a near neighbor. The front was stiffened by cords stitched close together, and all edges were ruffled.

When I arose next morning I recalled all the details of the dream, but thought no more of it until in the afternoon, as I sat alone in my room sewing, I heard the same sort of knock at the door. I opened it, and saw my friend standing there in the dress and attitude of the dream.

The explanation of the visit was simple enough. The father had returned from the West, and notified the children to meet him here. They had arrived on the day previous and taken rooms in my neighborhood. As we had not then heard of thought-transference, we did not know how to look for a solution of the affair of the dream. I *now* suppose she was planning the visit, probably picturing in her mind her appearance and my surprise, and her thought was reflected on my mind, shaping the dream. Miss H. has long been dead. You will, of course, understand that the names and some of the circumstances connected with the story must be private.

I was once strongly impressed by an experience of my waking hours, but that sort of thing is usually dismissed with the easy verdict of "coincidence."

In the summer of 1864 a dear and intimate friend, Mrs. S., was spending two or three weeks with me. On this occasion she had gone to spend a long day with Mrs. C., to whom she was much attached, and whose society she always enjoyed. She had gone early in the forenoon, intending to remain until after tea. A certain matter had occurred which I was anxious to discuss with Mrs. S. confidentially. After the children had gone to school, and the house was quiet, I fell to thinking of the affair and longing for Mrs. S. I felt that I could hardly be patient till evening, and also that then there would be little opportunity for the long private talk I wanted. I, not very wisely, kept thinking and wishing until about eleven o'clock, when Mrs. S. appeared, and with a somewhat excited manner explained that she had for some time been so strongly impressed by a feeling that she *must* return, and had become so uncomfortable and distrait at last that she made some lame excuse to Mrs. C., and asked that lady to let a servant bring her home.

I should state that Mrs. S. has been entirely blind from her childhood. Her son, then a little boy, was her usual guide, but he had gone to school, expecting to join her at Mrs. C.'s in the afternoon. She is a lady of delicate sensibilities, and would not have done anything that seemed like a bit of caprice, or made even a slight trouble for her friend, except under very strong stress of feeling. When I related to her my morning's experience, she quietly said, "I see it all now; you *drew* me back here."

Thank you for the circulars. I am deeply interested in psychical research, though only as an uninstructed outsider. I trust you will not find this tedious, and that you will excuse the irregularity of the handwriting.

A lady who has frequently coöperated with us, and who has been one of our best friends in this research, has obtained for us, from a Miss C., for whose character she vouches, the following, which further illustrates my hypothesis. I give the relevant portions of two statements, one given by Miss C. herself to our correspondent, the other an answer reported by our correspondent to a further question that was communicated to Miss C.: —

[19]

FIRST STATEMENT.

(By Miss C.)

On the morning of Friday, April 22, 1867, I had the following dream: —

I thought I was walking up the steps to my aunt's house, when some one met me and told me that my aunt was ill, but that it was impossible at that time to say what was the matter with her, but it would be decided very soon. I went to the steps again in an hour or two, and then was told (I think by the doctor) that there was no doubt now, — it was pneumonia. On the afternoon of that day we heard that my aunt had been taken ill the day before, and that the trouble was nearly akin to pneumonia; it was acute bronchitis, of which she died on the Monday following. I ought, perhaps, to state that my aunt was a particularly vigorous woman, and very seldom ill; also that she was particularly dear to us all.

## SECOND STATEMENT.

*(Reported by our correspondent.)*

Mr. Hodgson asks a question, which Miss C. thus answers: Her own younger sister came home from town, and began to say, "Aunt G. is ill —" — "Stop!" said the elder sister. "Before you say another word let me tell a singular dream which I have had," and she related her dream in the words of the preceding statement. She is as conscientious as her handwriting looks, and has doubtless weighed every word before recording it.

At every turn in this study one comes upon new evidence of the liveliness of our typical hallucination: "Aunt G. is ill —" — "Stop! let me tell you of a singular dream." The news and the dream *may* have been a mere coincidence; but the chances are that the news produced the dream, or rather the pseudo-reminiscence of it.

The mysterious importance which has seemingly been attached to a pseudo-presentiment by a person of decided intelligence, who reports her experience in the next case on my list, makes me all the more convinced of the practical value of the discovery that there are such things as constitute our new class of mental phenomena. How much that sincere people have found mysterious in their lives, and that unsympathetic people have laughed at as mere superstition, becomes thus familiar, and, in one sense, obvious. In order to show how much attention these now so comparatively simple phenomena have attracted, and do attract, amongst people who do not understand their nature, I therefore quote almost in full the correspondence of our informant in so far as it relates to her own case. She reports an experience of some one else, which I also regard as a pseudo-presentiment, but which I am unable to discuss at present. Our correspondent consents freely to the use of her name, and, although we have not any personal acquaintance with her, I regard her narrative as very satisfactory: —

[20]

[FIRST LETTER.]

*(From Mary H. Watkins.)*

NOVEMBER 14, 1887.

MR. HODGSON, *Secretary American Society Psychical Research* :

DEAR SIR, — In the year 1868 I had an intensely vivid dream of the drowning of some one dear to me, and awoke in tears. That afternoon, on my return from school, I was told that my brother had been drowned that morning by the burning of the steamer "Sea-Bird," on Lake Michigan. According to all accounts, my dream and his death must have taken place at nearly the same time.

It has always been mysterious and unaccountable to all who have heard of it. If you will send me Blank G, I will try to send you a clear narrative of the dream.

Very respectfully,

MARY H. WATKINS.

[SECOND LETTER.]

380 CONGRESS ST.,

E. DETROIT, MICH., NOV. 21, 1887.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON : —

DEAR SIR,— Enclosed you will find an account of the dream about which I wrote to you. At the time I sent for Blank G, I supposed it was one that I should fill with my statement. I shall, however, try to fill it as requested, although with the little time at my disposal I shall not be able to do so very soon.

In regard to the action of one mind on another, I would say that I think that I have sometimes, when very anxious that a pupil should acquit himself well, caused him to know what was required by willing him to do so. I cannot do it at all times, or with all pupils, nor have I given the subject attention enough to know the conditions under which my mind has this power over others. The fact I cannot doubt.

Hoping that I may some time be able to give the society some interesting data, I am

Very sincerely yours,

MARY H. WATKINS.

#### STATEMENT APPENDED.

##### A SINGULAR DREAM.

I was living in Ypsilanti, and was in my usual health and good spirits, when I had the following remarkable dream : —

Between six and seven o'clock on the morning of the ninth of April, 1868, I dreamed that I was standing on the shore of a large lake or sea, with a wall extending for some distance along the bank between myself and the edge of the water. Suddenly I became conscious that people were hurrying around the nearest end of the wall, and knew that something had happened. But when I attempted to follow the crowd, I could not move; I was powerless under the terrible realization that some one dear to me, I knew not who, lay drowned on the other side.

Just then I awoke, weeping bitterly. All that morning I was oppressed by a feeling of impending evil, a feeling that I struggled unsuccessfully to throw off, as having its source in the unreal experience of a few hours previous.

On my return from school that noon I found the household in a state of great agitation, caused by the receipt of a despatch from a friend in Chicago, saying that the "Sea-Bird" had burned on Lake Michigan that morning; that Steve, my brother, was among her passengers, and was supposed to have perished. As my mother broke the sad tidings to me, she hastened to add, "But we do not think that Steve is lost, for he is a splendid swimmer, and always self-possessed."

"Oh, but he is lost — he is drowned! I know it! And that is why I had that terrible dream." And I could receive no consolation.

I then related my dream, and the intensity of my belief in the truth of it so affected the rest of the family that I think their loss of hope dated from the telling of my tale. A few sorrowful days, and the uncertainty was ended, — my dream was a reality.

Our rector, the Rev. John A. Wilson, was desirous of finding a cause for my sleeping vision, and thought that it probably lay in the association of ideas; but upon questioning me he was unable to find anything in support of his theory, and confessed that it was indeed "very strange."

My brother cared more for me than for any one else in the world, and when he realized that his hours were numbered, his thoughts would naturally turn to me. And that in this case, at least, mind was stronger than matter, I have always believed.

MARY H. WATKINS.

DETROIT, MICH.

[THIRD LETTER.]

(From Mary H. Watkins.)

380 CONGRESS ST.,

E. DETROIT, MICH., Nov. 30, 1887.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON:—

DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 25th was duly received. In regard to the statement appended to my account, I would say that it was made by my sister.<sup>1</sup> The Rev. John A. Wilson died several years ago. I am sorry that you cannot correspond with him concerning the dream, as I think he was much impressed by it at the time.

As you know nothing about me save what I have written, I think that I may take the liberty of referring you to Messrs. Bela Hubbard and S. M. Cutcheon of this place, Prof. W. H. Payne of the Michigan University, and Prof. F. A. Gully of the A. and M. College of Miss., in case you may wish to assure yourself of the trustworthiness of any statement that I make. I am teaching in the public schools, the building in which I am being the Barston School.

I do not know whether the scene of the dream corresponded with any place on the shore of Lake Michigan or not. The disaster occurred between Milwaukee and Chicago, and it was owing to the intense cold of the water that my brother lost his life.

I have no objections to the use of my name, and shall be glad to answer any questions that may arise, as I am very much interested in your work, and shall do all I can to further it. I am making slow progress in filling of Blank G, as I have but little time at my disposal. I do not despair, however, of eventually getting the report from a number of people.

Yours truly,

(MISS) MARY H. WATKINS.

[ENCLOSURES.]

I have known Mary H. Watkins for many years, and have always found her not only perfectly truthful, but more than ordinarily exact in her statements.

The dream relating to the death of a brother by drowning was told me years ago.

CAROLINE CROSMAN,

*Principal Barston School.*

DETROIT, MICH., Dec. 1, 1887.

<sup>1</sup> These words refer to the second "enclosure" appended below.

The foregoing account of the strange dream is the same that I heard at the time of the calamity which it foreshadowed.

SARAH B. STEVENS.

(*Sister of Miss Watkins.*)

I pass without further comment to the last case of this class which I shall use in the body of the present report. A supplement will contain some further illustrative material. The closing case is one that may possibly be regarded as almost too good a story; but at all events it is plausible, and, if accurately remembered, it illustrates most perfectly our type. It happens, moreover, to be quite amusing.

[21]

[STATEMENT OF A. V. H.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 8, 1887.

I have touched lightly upon psychological phenomena, studied a little here, and read a little there, so that I am not absolutely ignorant upon the subject, but I am perplexed as to the following:—

One night in June, 1886, I retired at half-past eleven. I awoke at three o'clock, but fell asleep in fifteen minutes. At once I was in Japan, at what appeared to be a dramatic representation. At a distance of perhaps ten feet from me, on my right hand, were three young women chatting. I noticed one very closely. Her face was of a very light yellowish hue; her hair was very yellow; strangest of all were her eyes,—they were perfectly round, the white of the eye showing very little; they were purple in color, and they were without pupils,—the iris appeared to have grown all over the eye. This young lady separated herself from her companions, and I followed. We came to a bridge over a small gully; as she reached the centre of the bridge she stopped and leaned over the hand-rail, which instantly broke, and she fell into the gully. I awoke a few minutes before eight o'clock, with the face and peculiar eyes still before me. I lived in Thirty-first street then, near Eighth avenue. After breakfast I got an Eighth-avenue car, to go down town. At Twenty-second street the car stopped to let a gentleman get off; he was lame and moved slowly. The driver became impatient. Unknown to the driver or conductor a young lady was waiting to get on the car, on the same side the gentleman was leaving. As soon as the gentleman was off the car, the conductor pulled the bell-strap, and the same instant the young lady attempted to mount the step. I stood upon the platform and saw her face distinctly. It was the young woman I had seen in the dream of the night before, absolutely the same in every feature except the color of the skin. At the instant she put her foot upon the step the car started quickly and she was thrown violently to the pavement. Several people went to her aid, and the car continued its way.

I had never known her or anybody resembling her. I had completely forgotten the incident when, as I was dozing upon the sofa, I fell asleep, and in a moment I saw the young woman again; this time in her own home, sitting in an easy-chair, and her husband standing by a grate-fire, holding a little girl on his shoulder. Her eyes were exactly like those of

her mother, whom she greatly resembled. I have never seen this young woman except that one instant when she was thrown from the car. I have searched diligently, but I cannot find a trace of her. Perhaps I shall hear further from you.

I have promised to make some mention of the contributions of our two insane correspondents to the data of my hypothesis. I am at present without any means of getting direct advice from those who know them as to the precise nature of their maladies, since neither is under treatment, and both communicate with us in confidence, so that I may not print their names. But the elaborate statements that they make in giving the committee the benefit of their newer insight furnish us, of course, with much internal evidence as to their condition. One of them is a systematic subject, who has long been developing a scheme of delusions of a well-known type. He was originally in business; but ill-health, and, still more, the persecutions of certain people, particularly of a very malignant woman, have more and more separated him from his kind. Meanwhile, however, there are compensations. Symbolic visions have revealed to him that a great future as a spiritual teacher is before him; only he must first pass through much "darkness." The "darkness," which seems to be a painful confusion of judgment joined with moodiness, and even with occasional temporary dementia, but which plainly never takes the form of true melancholia, does not deprive him of frequent spiritual revelations, nor yet of continual growth in his systematic delusions. Persecutions still beset him; but his relations with his spiritual environment are growing constantly more elaborate. A band of nine spirits have recently entered into intimate relations with him. These "protect him from evil;" they are sharply distinguished from one another by the special feeling of the sort of "magnetism" that each one excites in him when it is present; and their names are known. Our correspondent is meanwhile, as it seems, comparatively uninfluenced by mediums or clairvoyants; he has found it worse than useless to consult them, and his experiences are strictly his own. In short, if one may venture to judge him by his manuscript, he is a fairly well-developed paranoiac. He gives us his recent biography at great length, and with fair coherency. Every page of it is full of illustrations of his type of disease. His sincerity and industry are meanwhile as obvious as his prolixity. He seems to have had occasional pseudo-presentiments from the first. How far his experiences of this general type are sufficiently well-related to be capable of identification as what I here call pseudo-presentiments, is hard to say, of course; yet I feel tolerably sure, from internal evidence, that at least

the following was experienced, in the form of a pseudo-presentiment, very much as the story tells it: —

At one time, during the period of his "persecution" by his malignant enemy, a woman whom we may call L. T. Z., our informant remembers that he rose one morning and said to an acquaintance, "That woman" (meaning L. T. Z.) "will come to see me to-day." He "named the particular kind of business, and the lawyer she would want me to go with her to see." The acquaintance replied, "*That* woman will never come here to see you." For the bitter enmity between the two was well known. But

about 9 A.M. I was called, and told, "a lady wished to see me in the parlor." — "Yes," I replied, "it is Mrs. Z." It was, and she wanted me to go to the same lawyer's office, and about the same business that I had named. I was about *one-half mile*<sup>1</sup> from where Mrs. Z. lived, and did not know she was in the city.

When taken in connection with other experiences of presentiments narrated in this correspondent's lengthy paper, the evidence to my mind is considerable, that in his case our typical hallucination of memory, whereby the present, in many specific details, is projected back into the past as a prophecy, coexists with the vaguer and more frequently observed belief, natural to his disease, that the present has been in its outlines symbolically foreshadowed in visions.

The other case of insane type is one that needs further consideration; and I have reason to hope that without misusing any confidences we shall receive a fuller account of the symptoms and of the disease of this subject, and that, too, from a competent source. Meanwhile our correspondent, who reveals no *system* of delusions, and who is, on the whole, in a cheerful, mildly exalted, unsteady but very active state of mind when he writes, begins his letter to Mr. Hodgson in a very characteristic way.

I have never had such a dream as you speak of [he says, in answer to our committee's request for coöperation], but I have powerful impressions.

For instance, my brother brought your letter up from the post-office this noon. I looked out at the window and saw him coming, and *knew at once* that your letter was in his pocket. This is a common occurrence with me. To know whom I am going to meet before I go out anywhere is also quite common.

Our correspondent later gives other instances, but some of these are so closely connected with expressions of his generally exalted

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<sup>1</sup> Italics in original.

sense of his own powers, that one cannot easily tell where the pseudo-presentiment ends, and where an ordinary delusion of power takes its place, and creates the very facts that shall have been predicted by the presentiment which he recounts.

The indications given by these two cases suggest strongly that Kraepelin's observations of our pseudo-presentiments in insane patients ought to be easily verifiable in asylum practice, and I look hopefully for further light to the coöperation of the specialists in insanity when once their attention has been directed to the existence of this curious class of mental facts.

I have little doubt but, now that pseudo-presentiments may be regarded as genuine and not infrequent human experiences, a further study will throw great light on their connection with other mental processes. Theoretically speaking, they may possibly stand in normal people for what one might call momentary spasms of the activity of apperception. A sensitive or weary person, in an excitable state, is surprised by a noteworthy, perhaps very painful, event. There follows the effort, as one says, to "realize" the thing, to recognize it as familiar, to give it its place in the mental home which it has so confused by its invasion. As one to whom a stranger has accidentally bowed on the street momentarily tries to believe that he does, after all, recognize the stranger, so one surprised by a calamity, even in the midst of the shock of it, still dumbly tries to believe that things were always so with him. "Just my luck!" cries one man at such a moment. "Yes, I always knew it would turn out so," says another. These are only half sincere ways of meeting the strange experience. They are conventional resources; they produce in general no hallucinations; we know them to be falsehoods even while we utter them. But sometimes, under the quick strain, or soon after the surprise, during the hours of weakness and suffering, the stunned consciousness gives way under its strain, and a sort of cramp of recognition takes place. We *must* recognize this intolerably new thing. "Well, then," our unconscious memory-building process seems to declare, "we *will* remember it despite its novelty." And so the pseudo-presentiment enters consciousness, possibly to remain there forever in the form of the memory of some more or less fantastic presentiment. In abnormal cases this, which is ordinarily a mere spasm, may become a more or less regularly recurrent process.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> I feel, of course, that the theoretical half explanation here indicated for pseudo-presentiments has value only as a provisional and also very vague suggestion, and I beg in advance the indulgence of critical students for my boldness in attempting any such account at the present stage. But it is not well in science for facts to be alone, if they can find even temporary partners. Only, of course, their provisional marriages, like Adam's first union with Lilith, may soon have to be followed by divorce.

## IV. — COINCIDENCES.

The whole value of this research into narratives of Phantasms and Presentiments is popularly supposed to centre about the discovery of coincidences of what are now commonly known as the "telepathic" sort. I hope that I have sufficiently shown, in what precedes, how significant our research may be, and what new light it may throw upon obscure matters, quite apart from any true connection between its facts and Telepathy. But still I now have coincidences to describe, coincidences which are dependent for their reality upon the memory of more than one person, and which are of a sort that, in case they should prove sufficiently numerous, well-established, and detailed, would demand from us either an acceptance of the hypothesis of Telepathy as the true hypothesis, or the invention of some still more novel mode of explanation, or, finally, an entire abandonment of the facts in question as wholly inexplicable. The coincidences of this sort actually on hand, after the sifting out by Mr. Hodgson and myself of a very great number of less significant cases, and after the separation of all that probably represent pseudo-presentiments, may be said to be numerous enough, sufficiently well-established, and sufficiently detailed, to require serious attention, and to justify in great measure the trouble that has been taken to bring them together. They warrant as yet, in my opinion, no final inferences, but perhaps some of the members, on considering certain of these cases, may find me too stubborn a sceptic. To this accusation I can only respond that stubborn sceptics make the best converts; and that whenever Telepathy, this capricious Undine of recent discussion, really gets her head above water, and takes to dry land, as a creature of immortal soul and of mortal steadfastness of purpose, I shall be the most devoted of her knights. As it is I can only fish for her in deep water, and therefore I have to spread my nets with great care, and take heed lest she rend them altogether and whirl away with a foamy shake of her tail.

Meanwhile the success of our investigation of the pseudo-presentiments encourages me to hope that the comparative method will, in time, enable us to get definite results in this field also, whereby I do not mean to imply that these results must be telepathic, nor that they must be opposed to telepathy.

In reporting our coincidences I shall here begin with the best of the group, namely, three cases of the sort that I call "documentary," *i.e.*, cases where a significant part of the testimony is in a document or in documents accessible to us. These I shall call Sub-Class A of our coincidences. Then I shall mention, as Sub-Class B, non-docu-

mentary cases of a comparatively high degree of value. Under Sub-Class C, I shall finally mention a few cases of less value, in some of which there may, indeed, be a telepathic coincidence, but either the coincidence is too slight, or the evidence is too inconclusive, to make the cases as important for present purposes as those in Sub-Class B.

#### SUB-CLASS A.

Coincidences supported not merely by memory, but by any sort of documents, are extremely rare in these researches. Hence the high relative value of the three cases now to be presented. One was reported to the society in my earlier informal statement. A second was also once read to the society when the principal letters were first received, but now it is fortified by interviews with one of the persons concerned, and by two brief but valuable documents which our secretary has seen and copied. The third case is now for the first time reported.

The first of these "documentary cases" came to us, along with much other valuable material, from a professor in a Western college, whose name we need not give, but who is well known to Rev. Edward Everett Hale. From the latter we have the best assurances as to our correspondent's high character. The experience in question did not happen to our correspondent himself, but to family connections of his, from whom he obtained for us the documentary evidence. The narrative may be introduced by a few words of explanation: In the latter part of February, 1886, a very severe snow-storm visited England and the British Provinces. It was especially inconvenient in the North, and long blockades on the northern railways were the result. In the "Boston Advertiser" of Tuesday, March 2, I find a despatch from Halifax, reporting that "the storm in northern New Brunswick is the worst known for many years," the snow being fifteen feet at one place. "The special train" (continues the despatch) "which should have arrived here Saturday noon" (February 27) "is not likely to reach Halifax till Wednesday." "Another heavy snow-storm is now raging along the entire line of the Intercolonial, accompanied by a gale of wind. No American mails have been received since last Thursday" (February 25). This item, which I have hunted up in the news of the day, will form a sufficient basis for understanding the letter which follows. A gentleman, Mr. J. T., a connection of our Western correspondent, was at this time in New Brunswick, on business for a Montreal house. Wednesday, March 3, he wrote a letter dated St. John, N.B., and written on the paper of the Hotel Dufferin. I have had

a part of the original in my hands. The letter is addressed to his wife.

[22] I have not heard of you for an age. The train that should have been here on Friday last has not arrived yet. I had a very strange dream on Tuesday night. I have never been in Ottawa in my life, and yet I was there, in Mr. E.'s house. Mrs. E., Miss E., and the little girls were in great trouble because Mr. E. was ill. I had to go and tell my brother [Mr. E.'s son-in-law], and, strange to say, he was down a coal-mine.

When I got down to him I told him that Mr. E. was dead. But in trying to get out we could not do it. We climbed and climbed, but always fell back. I felt tired out when I awoke next morning, and I cannot account for the dream in any way.

This fragment, obtained for us, after much trouble and delay, by the kindness of our correspondent, from the family of Mr. J. T., bears his special certificate that it is authentic, and that it was written at the time in question. There is no postmark or envelope accompanying the document, but I think that we now cannot doubt its genuineness, nor can we doubt that the writer, when he wrote these words, could have had no ordinary information of the actual death of the Mr. E. of whom he speaks. This death, according to our Western correspondent, had actually occurred at New York City at midnight, on Tuesday, February 23, one week before the dream.<sup>1</sup> The delay of the mails, the substance of the "Advertiser" despatch of March 2, and the tone of the letter itself, seem to make it very improbable, in any case, that Mr. J. T. could have had any intimation of the death of Mr. E., or any special cause for anxiety about him before the occurrence of the dream. As to the circumstances of Mr. E.'s death, they were as follows, according to our correspondent: —

<sup>1</sup> The coincidence *may* have been much closer. The letter quoted says "Tuesday night," not specifying the date. Was Tuesday, February 23, meant, or the night *immediately* preceding the date of the letter? On this point we have the following further correspondence:—

JANUARY 22, 1888.

RICHARD HODGSON, Esq.:—

MY DEAR SIR, — . . . I enclose a slip which puts a new aspect on the dream of my brother-in-law. You will remember that I promised to inquire and, if possible, obtain from him definite information of the date of the dream; whether on the day of Mr. E.'s death, or, as the letter, looked at on its face, seemed to imply, a week afterwards. Mr. T. sent me word, as you will see, that it occurred on the very night. This, of course, renders needless all proof that there had been no communication between Montreal and the town where he then was.

The note is in the handwriting of Mrs. C.'s mother, who is in Montreal, and has been staying at his house. I requested her to inquire, as he himself is so busy and so much away from home that it was not likely that I should get an early answer from himself.

Yours truly,

E. W. C.

ENCLOSED STATEMENT OF MRS. T., MOTHER OF J. T.

John says he dreamed that dream the very night Mr. E. died. He told me of one he had some time since, — that he went to hell. Horrible, was it not?

Early in February, 1886, a gentleman, Mr. E., living at Ottawa (a connection of my family by marriage, and with whom I was well acquainted), went from home on business. He was at the time suffering from a severe cold. While in New York he became worse, and was finally seized with pneumonia, and taken to a private ward in one of the hospitals in that city. His situation became critical, and the physician in attendance, or his daughter, who was with him, telegraphed to his relations at Ottawa. Later an improvement set in and more favorable accounts were despatched. Suddenly, however, and before any of the rest of his family could reach him, he became worse, sank rapidly, and died about midnight on the 23d of February. This was on Tuesday. He had then been unconscious for some hours.

Mr. J. T., also connected with Mr. E.'s family, but having no close connection with himself, was at the time somewhere in New Brunswick on business for his firm in Montreal, which had no transactions with Mr. E.

In confirmation of this account our correspondent has sent us a letter from his wife's mother to his wife, dated February 28, and giving an account of the facts. From the original letter we have the following copied extract; the original letter was seen in June, 1887, by Mr. Hodgson and myself: —

. . . The events of this week have been such a shock — I have not recovered from it — poor Mr. E. dying there all alone! His daughter was there three hours before his death, but he was insensible; she thought he returned the pressure of her hand, but it is doubtful. . . . Your brother and his wife had come in on Wednesday morning to make purchases. Then the telegram came telling of his death; they had not heard of his illness, only of his having a cold. Of course it put other business aside, and W. had to make arrangements for the funeral, and everything devolved on him. Mrs. E. came in from Ottawa. I did not hear anything till Thursday, when B. came up to tell us — it was all so hurried.

. . . Pneumonia had caused paralysis of the heart, which caused his sudden death. They had telegraphed that he was very ill, and they feared the result; then, again, that he was better, and they hoped danger was past; then in a few hours that he was gone. In less than two days he was brought to Montreal and buried — so very hurried.

In addition, we have the following, written in a letter from the wife of Mr. J. T. to a member of the family. The original of this letter also has been in our hands.

. . . I expect J. home about the middle of next month. What a strange dream J. had about Mr. E.'s death! He last saw him a few days after Christmas, when they both called to see us. I will answer your questions about the dream as far as I can; I fortunately kept J.'s letters telling about his dream, as I thought it very remarkable. For several days before, and *exactly* a week after Mr. E.'s death, there were heavy snow-storms in N.B., so that J. did not see a Montreal paper or hear from me

in that time; *eleven* trains were snowed up on the line together. This explains why he did not hear from me.

I will copy what he says in his letter of Wednesday, the 3d of March, from St. John, N.B. [Then follows the extract already given.]

In answer to questions Mrs. J. T. has assured us in writing, (1) that her husband had heard *nothing* of Mr. E. for a long time, and did not know where he was, and (2) that she herself heard of Mr. E.'s death on Thursday, the 25th, and at once wrote to her husband, but that he did not get this or any further letter from her before Thursday, March 4. The coincidence is remarkable, and is excellently established. As to the closeness of the coincidence, the dream either occurred (as is possible) at the time of the death or else (as I think likely) a few days later, while in any case *no* news of the actual death could have passed; and it was a dream of serious illness, with a sense of something mysterious and dark connected with the matter, and in the course of it the impression arises that Mr. E. is dead. Seldom, however, is the fact of a coincidence so well proved by the data at hand; and seldom, indeed, is a correspondent more courteous, laborious, and obliging than our informant has been in getting us the evidence for this case, and for others of which he has written us.<sup>1</sup>

The second case comes from a gentleman of this city, who has put us under no small obligations by his various communications. We know him now by frequent interviews, and there can be no doubt of his high character and general good judgment. His own account of an experience which he remembers is next given; we shall call him M., and his companion in the curious experience related we shall call N.

[23]

Boston, Nov. 16, 1886.

PROF. ROYCE:—

DEAR SIR, — Some years ago, perhaps eight or nine, while in a city of Rhode Island on business, my house being then, as now, in Boston, I received news which was most unexpected and distressing to me, affecting me so seriously that I retired to my room at the hotel, a large square room, and threw myself upon my bed, face downward, remaining there a long time in great mental distress. The acuteness of the feeling after a time abating, I left the room. I returned next day to Boston, and the day after that received a short letter from the person whose statement I enclose herewith, and dated at the town in western New York from which her enclosed letter comes. The note begged me to tell her without delay what

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<sup>1</sup> The family of the wife of our correspondent, E. W. C., have had numerous more or less well-remembered experiences of this sort amongst the various brothers and sisters. I feel it well to add, therefore, to this particular case, that all of this family are apparently good dreamers, and that they seem to me to have often been subject to pseudo-presentiments of a vivid sort.

was the matter with me "on Friday, at 2 o'clock,"—the very day and hour when I was affected as I have described.

This lady was a somewhat familiar acquaintance and friend, but I had not heard from her for many months previous to this note, and I do not know that any thought of her had come into my mind for a long time. I should still further add that the news which had so distressed me had not the slightest connection with her.

I wrote at once, stating that she was right as to her impression (she said in her letter that she was sure I was in very great trouble at the time mentioned), and expressed my surprise at the whole affair.

Twice since that time she has written to me, giving me some impression in regard to my condition or situation, both referring to cases of illness or suffering of some kind, and both times her impressions have proved correct enough to be considered remarkable, yet not so exact in detail or distinctness as the first time. I feel confident that I have her original letter, but have not been able to command the time necessary to find it.

I will add that the lady has told me that her vivid impression about me was only one of ten or twelve experiences of like sort near that time in relation to other people, and that in every case her impression proved correct. She was recovering then from a long and nearly mortal illness, malarial fever contracted in Italy, and was for a long time in most delicate and precarious condition. As her restoration to health progressed she tells me she found herself less and less susceptible to impressions of the sort described.

(Signed)

M.

P.S. — The three occurrences above detailed comprise all the experiences of this sort which I have had in my life.

The accompanying statement from N. reads as follows, — N. is a physician by profession, and writes from New York State; we have not interviewed her personally: —

[POSTMARKED Aug. 16, 1886.]

PROF. ROYCE, — In the convalescence from a malarial fever during which great hyperæsthesia of brain had obtained, but no hallucinations or false perceptions, I was sitting alone in my room looking out of the window. My thoughts were of indifferent trivialities; after a time my mind seemed to become absolutely vacant; my eyes felt fixed, the air seemed to grow white. I could see objects about me, but it was a terrible effort of *will* to perceive anything. I then felt great and painful sense as of sympathy with some one suffering, who or where I did not know. After a little time I knew with whom, but how I knew I cannot tell; for it seemed some time after this knowledge of personality that I saw distinctly, in my brain, *not* before my eyes, a large, square room, evidently in a hotel, and saw the person of whom I had been conscious, lying face downward on the bed in the throes of mental and physical anguish. I felt rather than heard sobs and grieving, and felt conscious of the nature of the grief subjectively; its objective cause was not transmitted to me. Extreme exhaustion followed the experience, which lasted forty minutes intensely, and then very slowly wore away. Let me note: —

1st. I had not thought of the person for some time and there was no reminder in the room.

2d. The experience was remembered with more vividness than that seen in the normal way, while the contrary is true of dreams.

3d. The natural order of perception was reversed, *i.e.*, the emotion came first, the sense of a personality second, the vision or perception of the person third.

I should be glad to have a theory given of this reverse in the natural order of perception.

Respectfully,

N.

The letters that passed between the persons at the time of this singular experience have probably been preserved, but are now lost in a mass of old letters, but may yet be found. Meanwhile we have used every urgency to get our friend to discover any correspondence bearing upon these experiences; but he is a very busy man, and only lately have letters bearing, *not* upon this first experience, but upon one of the later ones, come to hand. The originals of these letters have been seen by Mr. Hodgson. I quote, however, next in order, an explanatory letter from M. to myself: —

BOSTON, Dec. 6, 1888.

PROF. J. ROYCE, 20 Lowell street, Cambridge, Mass.: —

MY DEAR SIR, — At suggestion of Mr. Richard Hodgson, I write you in regard to the experience I once reported to you, *viz.*, with M. of New York. Mr. Hodgson especially wants me to send you details of the second and third experiences reported. It is at present, I am very sorry to say, quite impossible for me, on account of pressure of business duties, to undertake another search for letters received from N. at the time of the experiences mentioned. I think that they are in existence, but it would take much time to find them. My recollection of the three experiences is that the first was far more pronounced and distinct in its details, and that the second and third were yet sufficiently so to be called somewhat remarkable and worthy of notice. There was *less* definiteness about them as to time, *etc.*, and the last was least definite. It may be worthy of note that, as Dr. N. gradually recovered her health, her impressionability in this manner seemed to decrease, and I understand that of late years, being in good health, she has had no experiences of the kind.

This is my recollection of our last words on the subject. The second and third experiences referred to, on her part, had *sufficient* cause in my own condition, if my condition (of suffering and trouble) may be considered the cause, though it should also be said that in that sense the cause of the first experience was much more pronounced.

With great regret that I cannot at this time give you additional data, I am,

Yours very truly,

M.

And now follow the two letters, — one is a very brief note, — as follows : —

(*Copy. June 6, 1887. R. II.*)

DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

If I don't hear from you to-morrow I shall write you a letter!!  
I am anxious about you.

N.

JULY 24. [Year not given.]

The answer runs as follows : —

(*Copy made June 6, 1887. R. Hodgson.*)

BOSTON, July 26, 1883.

What clairvoyant vision again told you of me Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday? Was it as vivid and real as the other time? It had, at least, a very closely related cause.

It is past 1 A.M., but I will not go to bed till I have sent you a word. A letter will follow very soon. For two days I have been thinking of the way you wrote to me that time, and I should have written to you within twenty-four hours if I had not received the note from you. Please write to me as you proposed. This is only to tell you that I am alive and not ill, but tired, tired! Tell me of yourself. I have had a hard three months in the West, eighteen to twenty hours a day, scarce a respite — I am not ill; I am sure I am not, but I am *worked out*. I couldn't get to — or write.

I used the telegraph even with my sisters.

I hope for a letter and will surely send you one.

Yours,

M.

Pending the discovery of the documentary evidence for the first instance, I need only remark that the coincidence as reported is, by reason of the remarkable definiteness of the remembered experience, the most promising of the coincidences that have come into our hands in cases where the evidence is nearly as good as here. *If* there is here no entirely unsuspected source of error, this case may be considered, therefore, even in the present incomplete state of the evidence, as in the highest degree noteworthy. And if many such cases come to light in the course of our inquiries, they may have a bearing on the hypothesis of telepathy whose significance we can now only faintly conjecture. The trouble is that such cases are so rare, and the links of the chain are so hard to piece together into perfect completeness.

The third of our documentary cases is, I think, a case of an unquestionable coincidence. Only here the coincidence has far less significance than in the former case, because, after all, it is not so uncommon to dream of death as happening to one busy in a mine.

Our informant is a Mrs. N. W. C. H., with whom Mr. Hodgson has had several interviews. She has had some other experiences of coincidences of a type that might be telepathic. But after a discussion with Mr. Hodgson she wrote to him as follows:—

[24] Perhaps you remember when you asked me if I ever had other dreams which coincided with real events, I told you I once dreamed that Wm. T. H. was dead, and that the same night he was in a mine where he had on exhibition a diamond drill, and was thrown down several feet on to one of two working engines which ran the drill. The injuries which he received did not prove to be serious, though when he was taken up it was thought he was dead, and he remained unconscious some time.

You then asked if I had letters which were received at the time, relating to either dream. I said I did not think I had. I was about five minutes too late to mail the account of the first dream and paper with mother's signature to you by the morning mail, and curiously, to me, before the next mail left I accidentally came across Wm. T. H.'s letter to me, in reply to one from me to him, telling him of the dream I had about him, and I hastily enclosed it to you. If you look at it again you will see it to be from him to me, not to my mother. Perhaps he addressed to "Dear N.," as he often used to do.

He is living.

Yours respectfully,

N. W. C. H.

The original of the letter mentioned above is in our hands, and it is sufficient by itself to establish the fact of a certain coincidence. Unfortunately we have not received permission to publish it, the exact closeness of the coincidence between dream and event not yet having been ascertained. (See p. 527 for later statements.)

#### SUB-CLASS B.

A decidedly interesting coincidence dependent upon the observation and memory of several people is reported to us by our friend Dr. S. L. Abbot. The coincidence occurred in his own practice. He originally wrote an account of it to Dr. Bowditch, and has since been at considerable trouble to get the statements that are printed here along with his letter. We hoped at the outset, and we hope still, for assistance in our work from physicians, whose practice must give them many opportunities of learning what would interest us. It is not too often that our hope has been realized, and we feel very strong gratitude to busy men who can thus keep our inquiry in mind. All the names except Dr. Abbot's are represented in the following by initials: Mrs. E. D. was the patient, M. B. was her nurse, Miss E. A. P. is the sister of Mrs. E. D.:—

[25]

(From Dr. S. L. Abbot.)

BOSTON, May 15, 1886.

DEAR DR. BOWDITCH:—

The story which I told you is as follows:—

A few weeks since I was in attendance on Mrs. D., who was quite ill. One evening at dessert we happened to have some very nice ice-cream which our cook had compounded, and Mrs. Abbot said she should like to send some to Mrs. D. if I thought it would do her no harm. I told her that at that hour of the day I did not think it prudent for her to eat it, and it was not sent. The next morning I said to Mrs. D., during my professional call, "Mrs. D., you don't know what I saved you from last evening."—"Why, what was that?" was the reply.—"Some delicious ice cream," was my answer, "which Mrs. Abbot wanted to send you, but I wouldn't let her." She then said that when she awoke from her first nap the night before, between seven and eight o'clock, she said to her nurse, "I think I'll have a little of my ice-cream." The nurse was puzzled, and asked her what she said, and she repeated her remark. The nurse thought she was a little flighty, perhaps, and turned the subject by saying it was about time for her to take her cough-pill, which she proceeded to give her. After she had taken it Mrs. D. said, "And now I'll have my ice-cream."—"What ice-cream?" said the nurse.—"Why, that ice-cream *over there*, in a glass," pointing across the room,— "the ice-cream that Mrs. Abbot sent me!" And Mrs. D. added, in telling me the story, "I was so disappointed in finding there was none for me that I couldn't help crying." I will only add that neither Mrs. Abbot nor myself had suggested to her at any time the idea of sending her any ice-cream.<sup>1</sup>

S. L. ABBOT.

NOVEMBER 28, 1888.

I hereby certify that the above statement is true.

(Signed)

E. D.  
M. B.

I hereby declare that the occurrence certified to by Mrs. D. and Mrs. B. was reported to me by them on the morning following, and I believe that their statement is true.

(Signed)

E. A. P.

DECEMBER 10, 1888.

We dined at six o'clock, and it was probably towards seven P.M. that Mrs. Abbot made the remark about the ice-cream.

S. L. ABBOT.

The conditions are not such as to make the discovered coincidence, with any degree of probability, a mistaken reminiscence on Dr. A.'s

<sup>1</sup> In a conversation with me on Jan. 3d, 1889, Dr. Abbot stated that he thought that about four years before this incident occurred, Mrs. Abbot had sent Mrs. D. some ice-cream, but that Mrs. Abbot had entirely forgotten it.—R. H.

part, produced by his patient's own inquiry as to the ice-cream, and I think the case as it stands a very good coincidence.

From physicians come also the two following cases, Nos. 26 and 27 on the list of this paper. They speak for themselves, and I give the full evidence without comment. Each is a noteworthy coincidence, each is well established so far as observation and memory can establish such things, and, of course, neither alone is enough to put us on the right track in the search for any explanation of the causes of such complex events. In Case 26, documents appear, but not as establishing the date of the supposed telepathic experience, only as establishing the reality of the events with which the experience seemed to have some connection.

[26]

[FIRST LETTER.]

(*Experience of Mrs. W. H. X.*)

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 13, 1888.

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ. :—

DEAR SIR,—. . . Dr. X. gave me the enclosed account of his wife's experience. It seems, to me, interesting from the coincidence of the dates pointing to the probability of "mental telepathy" between the writer of the letters in France and Mrs. X. in Philadelphia.

Permission is given to publish this account, *not using the name.*

Yours truly,

G. M.

Statement of Dr. X., of Philadelphia, enclosed with first letter, and written October, 1888 :—

On the evening of the 29th of June, 1888, my wife became hysterical for the first time, to my knowledge, during seven years' marriage. She had a paroxysm of weeping, almost violent, fearing some unknown disaster to some member of her family in France. This lasted about half an hour. On the 7th of July there was a similar nervous attack.

A letter, bearing date of the 29th of June, announced the serious sudden illness (apoplexy), already of several days' duration, of her father, and another announced his demise on the 6th July.

Statement of Mrs. X., November, 1888 :—

I made no note of time or date of my experience as above noted, and had forgotten it until shown your questions and note by my husband. I certainly remember that I had the experience about the time stated. The extracts from the letters are correct.

[S. X.]

[SECOND LETTER.]

(From Dr. X. to Mr. Hodgson.)

NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON, *Sec'y American Society for Psychical Research* :—

MY DEAR SIR,— I must apologize for not replying at once to yours of the 18th ult. It reached me when I was exceedingly busy, and a necessary delay degenerated to carelessness. Besides this, my wife had a similar nervous attack on the 28th of September, and was very sure that something unpleasant had happened to her sister. I desired to await a letter. This came about two weeks ago (from the sister), and there was no mention of anything untoward. Up to this time (the arrival of said letter) I had not spoken to my wife of any relation between her nervous spells of last summer (which I attribute to overwork indoors, and nervous exhaustion) and the sickness and death of her father. I consider that the case is purely coincidence, although not prepared to deny all influence of telepathy.

I have answered the questions as fully as I think will meet your requirements, and my only objection to sending letters is that they are concerned with family matters, and such I always consider sacred.

For the benefit of those who wish to see a *certain* telepathy in the case, as well as in the interest of impartial judgment, I ought to state that between the two letters mentioned there was received another, written on the 6th July, and mailed before 3 P.M., the same day, stating that my father-in-law was dying. This letter was received on the morning of the 16th of July.

(Signed)

[DR. X.]

Enclosed answers of Dr. X. to questions :—

1. Q. Did your wife have any similar experience before marriage?  
A. No.
2. Q. At what time in the evening, on the 29th of June, did the experience occur to your wife?  
A. About 9 P.M.
3. Q. Can you ascertain at what time the letter was being written?  
A. It was written before 3 P.M., that being the hour stamped on the envelope.
4. Have you any objection to our seeing the letter of the 29th of June, and taking a copy of the passage having relation to the case?  
A. Yes. The passages are, "Le pauvre père est très malade. . . . Le médecin dit qu'il n'ira pas plus loin qu'un ou deux jours."
5. Q. At what time on the 7th of July did your wife have her second experience?  
A. About 10 P.M. It might have been as early as 8, — not earlier.
6. Q. At what time did her father die on the 6th of July?  
A. About 6 P.M. (See question 10.)
7. Q. Had your wife any reason to be apprehensive as regards the state of health of any member of her family in France?  
A. No.

8. Q. At what date was the letter of the 29th of June received?  
A. The morning of the 10th of July.
9. Q. At what date was the letter announcing the death received?  
A. The morning of the 28th of July. It was written (date of letter) on the 10th, but posted on the 17th.
10. Q. Can we see the letter announcing the death, and take copy of passage referring to it?  
A. No. The passage is, "Papa est mort le 6 juillet, a 6<sup>h</sup> du soir." (Letter from my wife's sister.)
11. Q. Can your wife kindly, herself, write out a brief statement of her experiences, or confirm the account given by yourself, a copy of which I enclose for her signature?
12. Q. Were you yourself present at both her experiences?  
A. Yes.
13. Q. Were any memoranda made of your wife's experiences on the days of their occurrence, and, if so, can we see them?  
A. The only memoranda made are small lead-pencil marks opposite the dates on a calendar. These marks were not made until after the letter announcing the death of my father-in-law was received. I am sure they are correct, for the occurrence was fresh in my memory. I would have forgotten them by this time.

Further answers to subsequent inquiries, together with other supplementary statements received, show that the nervous attacks of this lady have continued at intervals since the time above mentioned, but leave us in no doubt of the coincidence between the first two attacks and the events in France, as set forth above. The hypothesis of chance coincidence is, of course, very plausible in this case.

[27]

[FIRST LETTER.]

(From W. O. S.)

ALBANY, NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1888.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON, 5 *Boylston place, Boston, Mass.*: —

DEAR SIR, — I had a personal experience during the past week which would, I think, be of interest to your *Committee on Apparitions*, and I send it as I understand you wish to collect as many accounts as possible.

I am not a subscriber to your society, and would like to know a little more of its scope and aims. I have been aware of its existence through an advertisement which I clipped from a paper, and through friends who are subscribers.

Yours truly,

W. O. S.

[STATEMENT: FOR COMMITTEE ON APPARITIONS.]

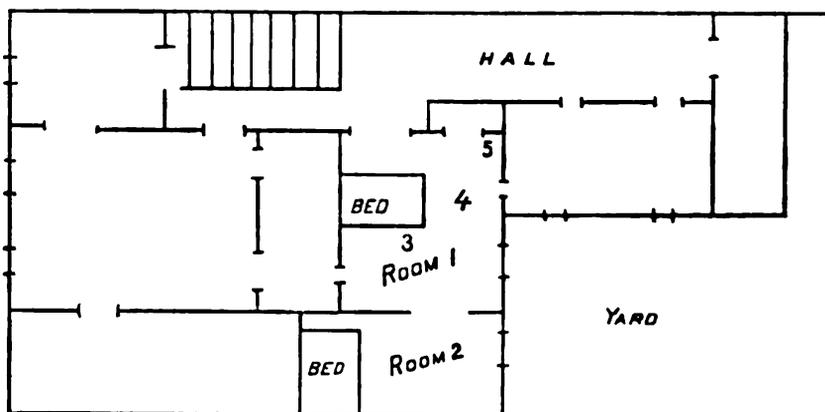
(*Mem. from W. O. S., M.D., Albany, N. Y., Sept. 10, '88.*)

I am a physician, have been in practice about eleven years; am in excellent health, do not use intoxicants, tobacco, drugs, or strong tea or

coffee. Am not subject (in the least) to dreams, and have never been a believer in apparitions, etc.

On Monday last, Sept. 3, 1888, I went to bed about 11 P.M., after my day's work. Had supper, a light one, about 7 P.M.; made calls after supper.

My bedroom is on the second floor of a city block house, and I keep all my doors locked except the one leading to my wife's room, next to mine, opening into mine by a wide sliding door, always left wide open at night. The following diagram will illustrate the relation of the rooms.



I occupy room 1 and my wife room 2. Her room has but one window, and a door opening only into my room. My room has three doors (all bolted at night) and one window. Both windows in our rooms have heavy green shades, which are drawn nearly to the bottom of the window at night, shutting out early daylight. No artificial lights command the windows, and the moonlight very seldom.

I undressed and went to bed about 11, and soon was asleep. In the neighborhood of 4 A.M. I was awakened by a strong light in my face. I awoke and thought I saw my wife standing at Fig. 3, as she was to rise at 5.30 to take an early train. The light was so bright and pervading that I spoke, but got no answer. As I spoke, the figure retreated to Fig. 4, and as gradually faded to a spot at Fig. 5. The noiseless shifting of the light made me think it was a servant in the hall and the light was thrown through the keyhole as she moved. That could not be, as some clothing covered the keyhole. I then thought a burglar must be in the room, as the light settled near a large safe in my room. Thereupon I called loudly to my wife, and sprang to light a light. As I called her name she suddenly awoke, and called out, "What is that bright light in your room?" I lit the gas and searched (there had been no light in either room). Everything was undisturbed.

My wife left on the early train. I attended to my work as usual. At noon, when I reached home, the servant who answers the door informed me that a man had been to my office to see about a certificate for a young lady who had died suddenly early that morning from a hemorrhage from the lungs. She died about 1 o'clock — the figure I saw about 4 o'clock. There was but little resemblance between the two, as far as I noticed,

except height and figure. The faces were not unlike, except that the apparition seemed considerably older. I had seen the young lady the evening before, but, although much interested in the case, did not consider it immediately serious. She had been in excellent health up to within two days of her death. At first she spit a little blood, from a strain. When she was taken with the severe hemorrhage, and choked to death, she called for help and for me.

This is the first experience of the kind I have ever had, or personally have known about. It was very clear — the figure or apparition — at first, but rapidly faded. My wife remarked the light before I had spoken anything except her name. When I awake I am wide awake in an instant, as I am accustomed to answer a telephone in the hall and my office-bell at night.

[SECOND LETTER.]

(*From W. O. S.*)

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 29, 1888.

DEAR SIR, — I enclose my wife's statement, as requested. The parents of the young lady who died are ignorant and superstitious, and I can get no statement (signed) out of them. I have no objection to publication.

Yours truly,

W. O. S.

SEC. A. S. P. R.

(*Letter from Mrs. W. O. S.*)

ALBANY, Sept. 27, 1888.

DEAR SIR, — On the morning of Sept. 4 I was suddenly awakened out of a sound sleep by my husband's calling to me from an adjoining room. Before I answered him I was struck with the fact that although the green shade to his window was drawn down, his room seemed flooded by a soft yellow light, while my chamber, with the window on same side as his, and with the shade drawn up, was dark. The first thing I said was, "What is that light?" He replied he didn't know. I then got up and went into his room, which was still quite light. The light faded away in a moment or two. The shade was down all the time. When I went back to my room I saw that it was a few moments after four.

Very truly,

F. S. [wife of W. O. S.]

[THIRD LETTER.]

(*From Mrs. W. O. S.*)

MR. HODGSON: —

DEAR SIR, — Your note of Oct. 11 is at hand. In reply I would say, in regard to the light in my husband's room, that it seemed to me to be perhaps more in the corner between his window and my door, although it was faintly distributed through the room. When I first saw the light (lying in bed) it was brilliant, but I only commanded a view of the corner of his room, between his window and my door. When I reached the door the light had begun to fade, though it seemed brighter in the door-way where I stood than elsewhere. My husband seemed greatly perplexed, and said,

"How strange! I thought surely there was a woman in my room." I said, "Did you think it was I?" He said, "At first, of course, I thought so, but when I rubbed my eyes I saw it was not. It looked some like Mrs. B—" (another patient of his, — not the girl who died that night). He, moreover, said that the figure never seemed to look directly at him, but towards the wall beyond his bed; and that the figure seemed clothed in white, or something very light. That was all he said, except that later, when he knew the girl was dead, and I asked him if the figure at all resembled her, he said, "Yes, it did look like her, only older."

Respectfully,

MRS. W. O. S.

OCT. 16, '88.

The case is interesting, as being very well reported, and as leaving us in no doubt about the reality of this odd experience. The conditions do not make any detailed explanation of the occurrence at all plausible, although many possible causes for the experience may suggest themselves to our readers. We will offer no conjectures at present.

The next case is one of a decidedly puzzling sort, to which our attention was attracted by the following item from a Philadelphia newspaper, which was going the rounds of the press: —

[28]                    A CASE OF REAL CLAIRVOYANCE.

WHILE LYING SICK IN BED A WOMAN SEES A MURDER AND A SUICIDE.

A most remarkable case of clairvoyance is the absorbing topic among the residents of South Camden, and is perplexing the wise people of that city.

The case is that of Mrs. Annie Field, of 805 Broadway, who died a few days ago, and who was a very highly respected and estimable lady.

One day, while sick, she made inquiry, during a few moments of consciousness, relative to the health of Turner Berry, a well-known business man in that locality, and who had been seen that morning in excellent health. An hour or two afterward a little daughter of Mr. Berry called at the Fields' residence, and said her father had been taken very ill. On the following day Mrs. Field rose up suddenly from her stupor and, in apparently great agony of mind, declared that a well-to-do brother-in-law, residing in Pennsylvania, was way up among the Pennsylvania forests, seriously ill, and his family were greatly agitated over his disappearance, and could not find him. A day or two later a letter came confirming this.

The most mysterious case in connection with Mrs. Field's clairvoyance, however, was that in connection with the murder of Amelia Walker by Michael Finnigan, and the latter's suicide.

On the night of the murder Mrs. Field suddenly sprang up in bed, after having been in a stupor for a long time, and in terror cried out: "See that man and woman and the carriage at the City Hall; see the confusion; let me get near the man; let me get near him!" The old lady was with

difficulty quieted, and then she broke out again, declaring that a terrible thing was happening, and the man was causing them trouble. Then, in a very weakened condition, the old lady fell back in her bed.

On the following morning, Mr. Field began to read the account of the murder to his daughters, when one of them seized the paper from his hand, and was shocked to discover that the facts were identical with those their mother had seen in her stupor. Two days later Mrs. Field died.

In answer to our inquiries we have come into possession of the following correspondence relating to Mrs. Field's experience:—

[FIRST LETTER.]

*(From the late Mrs. Field's son-in-law.)*

CAMDEN, N.J., May 1, 1888.

RICHARD HODGSON, Esq.:—

DEAR SIR,—Yours of March 20 and April 21 were duly received. . . . I shall endeavor to narrate the incidents of the last illness of Mrs. Anne J. Field, to which the "Evening Telegraph" of March 6 alluded as "manifestation of clairvoyant power." Should you desire a more systematic paper, please forward the form used in such instances.

Mrs. Anne J. Field, æt. fifty-four, was a woman of unusual intelligence, possessing all the characteristics of the pure English woman of higher birth, and no trace of superstition, save that found in a strict adherence to the traditions and doctrines of the High Church of England.

On the 15th of February Mrs. Field contracted a cold, which culminated in pneumonia with typhoid fever. Five days later the suspicions of her physician were aroused by a marked symptom (the patient also steadily growing weaker with the pneumonia and fever conquered), and an examination revealed undoubted evidence of Bright's disease suffusing the body with its fatal poison,—influencing the mind to the extent of a tendency to reflection upon vanished possibilities.

Upon the evening of the murder and suicide near our City Hall, Mrs. Field lay, probably in a semi-comatose condition, though apparently awake, as her eyes were open, with nothing unusual to attract attention in her occasional remarks, when suddenly she raised herself in her bed, exclaiming, "Help! He's killing her—won't some one go to her assistance?" She then recited to her daughter, in close attendance upon her through her illness, a long story, detailing a walk that evening upon the avenue upon which the City Hall is situated, stating that, while there, a sorrel horse, pulling a light carriage or buggy, in which a quarrelling pair of human beings were seen, passed her, and shortly after stopped. It was then the quarrel became fatally warm, as Mrs. Field, at this juncture, startled her daughter with her outcry.

This is a succinct description of this incident, which was laughed at as a mere dream, and accounted for by the theory that her hearing, unnaturally quickened by disease, had caught a conversation relating to the occurrence carried on in the street outside, appropriating it to her use as a personal adventure. To offset this, however, is the fact that some years previously Mrs. Field's entire left side had been paralyzed, and her brain, eye, ear,

and arm of that side rendered almost useless, and at the time of this occurrence she was at least fourteen feet from a closed window. Her daughter, a young woman of unusually quick perception, at that time thoroughly wide awake, and six feet (or more) closer to the windows of the room, heard nothing in allusion to the matter, — in fact, nothing save the tramp of the pedestrians to and fro.

There was no attempt at description, either of personage or mode of murder, but a plain, unvarnished tale of a supposed stroll, aimless as could possibly be in comparative midwinter, and the single descriptive attempt comprised in the allusion to the sorrel horse walking out of the city, via the avenue on which the City Hall stands.

Mr. Turner Berry, of Camden, alluded to in the publication, was an acquaintance of Mrs. Field, who had been in ill-health for a long time, though for a short while previous to this occasion had sufficiently recovered to resume his outdoor habits, and was noticed upon the street a few hours before the following: —

On the morning of the City-Hall tragedy, Mrs. Field, in the course of a desultory conversation, remarked that she would like to know how Mr. Berry was "getting on," as he was "again very ill and in bed," — a remark which occasioned a smile, and the assurance that she was wrong, as he had been recently seen on the street. She insisted, however, that he was seriously indisposed, and was indulged in her belief as a mere harmless whim. Toward evening a daughter of Mr. Berry called, by advice of her mother, to inquire about the condition of Mrs. Field, informing her hostess that her father was again critically ill, having been compelled to retire from public gaze that A.M.

This covers this case of "*manifestation*," I believe.

My little pet dog, left alone during business hours, by reason of my wife's (*Miss Field's*) attendance upon her mother some distance away, and my absence in Philadelphia, betrayed signs of loneliness, evinced by depression of spirits and loss of appetite, crouching in a corner of a lounge, and barely returning my salutations at night. During another conversation, at about the same time as the above-mentioned, Mrs. Field questioned her daughter about her home affairs, woman-like, suddenly alluding to the "poor little dog sitting in the corner," frightened. Upon my visit that evening, after the customary inquiries, I endeavored to change the current of thought by the sportsmanlike allusion to the invalid dog sitting in the corner of the lounge at home, and was astonished to learn that it had been "divined" correctly, save in regard to location, although the corner of the lounge was as near as could be in the corner of the room.

In the absence of knowledge of your wants, this is the best I can do for you at present, beyond assuring you of the truth of everything herein contained.

I have not read, or even seen, the publication in the "Evening Telegraph," and but two elsewhere, one of about ten lines in a "Sunday World" (New York), and a twenty-liner in the "Evening Call" (Philadelphia), of March 7, evidently a condensation of the original; hence you have the story as I know it, in full, without embellishment of any kind, or concealment of any kind on the other hand.

Hoping this will prove satisfactory to you, or at least for the present, I

tender you freely any service in my power to give you. My delay was due to pressure of other matters, but you will pardon this tardy reply, but unintentional discourtesy.

Very truly yours,

EMILE G. TRAUBEL,

633 Royden st.,

CAMDEN, N.J.

For family of Mrs. FIELD (dec'd Feb. 24, 1888).

[Appended Statement.]

It may be necessary to add that the events detailed occurred within a period of twenty-four hours, beginning with the allusion to Mr. Berry (1), the dog (2), and the *trip to Murderland* (3).

[ENDORSEMENT ON FIRST LETTER.]

I have examined the foregoing and subscribe to its correctness in every detail.

Respectfully,

MRS. HELEN ESTELLE TRAUBEL

[NÉE FIELD].

[SECOND LETTER.]

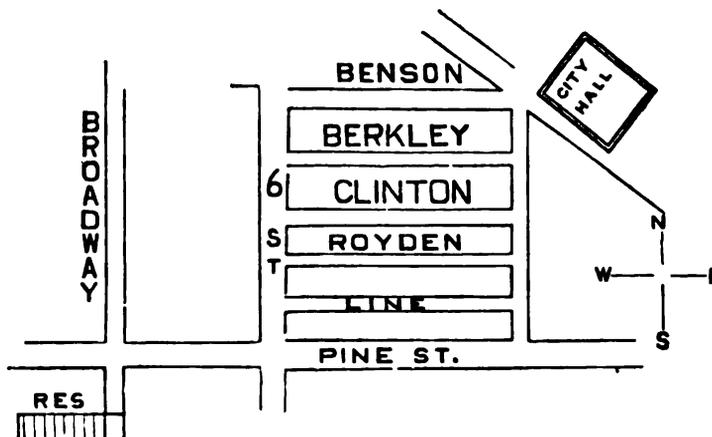
CAMDEN, N.J., May 16, 1888.

RICHARD HODGSON, Esq., *Boston, Mass.* : —

DEAR SIR, — If you will send me a copy of my communication of first, I will secure the statement of my wife regarding correctness of contents, over her signature. [See above.]

I have *not* preserved a copy of any paper containing an account of the “Walker-Finnegan” murder, but will try to secure one for you, if desired.

A rough calculation of the bee-line distance of Mrs. Field from the scene of the murder would give at least 2,500 feet, perhaps 3,500, about eight “blocks” distant, north to east.



I will not vouch for these figures, as I have no means at hand for securing measurements, but will assure you that the strongly outlined blocks are not within “speaking distance.”

Until you have Mrs. Traubel's version of these occurrences at her mother's bedside, I think it advisable for me to avoid further attempt at description. You will receive, I think, full reply to your second, third, and fourth queries embodied in yours of 11th inst. when we receive the copy of my last.

Please do not quote me as endorsing any form of spiritualism because of my writing replies to your favors; courtesy demanded my action, and I am, moreover, quite interested in mystery unravelling, so much so at least as a plain matter-of-fact person of no scientific knowledge can be.

If successful, will send you a paper containing description of murder.

Respectfully yours,

E. G. TRAUBEL,

683 Royden street,

CAMDEN, N.J.

[THIRD LETTER.]

CAMDEN, N.J., June 4, 1888.

RICHARD HODGSON, Esq., *Boston, Mass.* :—

DEAR SIR, — Demands compelling attention have prevented my replying to yours of 23d ult. until to-day.

I enclose your "typewritten" copy of communication of May 1, upon which you will find (on back of fifth page) the statement of Mrs. Traubel (Miss Field) over her signature; it testifies to the correctness of the narrative of the letter, which will, I hope, add to your confidence. [The endorsement in question has been printed above, with Letter 1.]

It is impossible to go further into detail; the parties who "heard and saw" are afraid of their memories, and unwilling to add to the story though fully able to corroborate my compilation of events, which, it is claimed, covers the ground quite fully.

I am compelled to depend upon accident for a copy of a paper containing an account of the murder alluded to. It appears that the publishers destroy all papers unused a few weeks after publication (fourteen days in some instances), and as I applied six weeks after, was not supplied; March 1-May. How would it answer to request one of the papers, say "The Record," to give, in its correspondent's column, a brief account of the occurrence?

This would prove the fact of the murder, without extended description. If acceptable, I will make the request upon advisement. No Philadelphia Daily will part with a filed copy of their publication.

Should further service, as indicated above, be desired, please feel at liberty to demand it.

Very respectfully,

EMILE G. TRAUBEL,

683 Royden street.

[FOURTH LETTER.]

PHILADELPHIA, June 15, 1888.

DEAR MR. HODGSON, — I send you the story you desire. It is written hurriedly, but is accurate. It happened, as you see, in Camden, just across from Philadelphia.

Very respectfully yours,

H. M. WATTS.

Copy of the appended statement, with account of the murder:—

At half-past eight o'clock, on the evening of Wednesday, February 23, within a stone's-throw of the City Hall of Camden, N.J., opposite Philadelphia, Michael Finnegan, a dissolute character, aged about thirty-five years, shot and fatally wounded Amelia Walker, another worthless creature and faithless wife, and then sent a bullet through his own brain. His death was instantaneous, but the woman was taken to Cooper Hospital, where she lived until 11.17 o'clock without recovering consciousness. The murder and suicide took place in a lonely part of the town, as the Camden City Hall is out in the suburbs. An old lady living at 436 Trenton Avenue gave the alarm to the police. The police took the body of the murderer to the morgue, and the woman to the hospital. On searching around, they found a horse and buggy, which had conveyed the disreputable pair from Philadelphia to the fatal spot. Woodford Hughes, a switchman at Haddin Avenue, was the only witness. He saw the flash of the pistol and heard the report. He saw a man leaning over the dashboard of the buggy; soon after he heard another shot, but he went on his way. It is supposed that, after shooting his companion, the murderer started to drive off, but, being overcome with remorse, walked back to her body and killed himself.

The murderer had blond hair and a sandy mustache. The woman was about twenty-four, plump and good-looking. The police traced them across the river, and it was finally discovered that the brother of the murderer lived at 713 South Third street, Philadelphia. He identified the body of his brother, and the woman as "Amelia." Frank Tapping, of 814 South Sixth street, Philadelphia, identified the body as that of Amelia Walker, who, with her husband, a huckster, had lodged at his house. Both persons were low, disreputable, and depraved.

The story in brief is this: On Wednesday, at two o'clock, the man and woman started from McCauley's livery-stable, on Griscom street, Philadelphia. They drove away, having a whiskey-bottle with them. They crossed on ferry-boat Beverly to Camden, and finally brought up at the City Hall region at half-past eight o'clock.

The murderer was a politician of a low type in the fourth ward of Philadelphia.

[FIFTH LETTER.]

PHILADELPHIA, June 23, 1888.

DEAR MR. HODGSON, — Replying to your first question I answer that the account I sent you was obtained from the file of "The Press" for February 23 and 24. As I would not mutilate the file, I was unable to send you the printed account; but the facts sent I can vouch for as being taken from the two reports in the paper of the dates mentioned. . . .

Yours respectfully,

H. M. WATTS.

This is all the information at present on hand as to this interesting case. The courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Traubel in taking such trouble in our behalf must be warmly acknowledged. Without

more specific statements, however, as to the precise circumstances of Mrs. Field's experiences, statements depending upon a fuller report of the separate memories of all who heard her mention these experiences, or who knew of the circumstances at the time, we are still unable to decide upon the value of the remarkable coincidences reported. We hope that by means of interviews we may yet succeed in substituting for the general summary of the family's recollection, as Mr. and Mrs. Traubel have given this summary, the more specific recollections referred to. For the present one must simply suspend judgment upon the final significance of the case, although it is a promising case.

#### SUB-CLASS C.

The cases which I finally give in this sub-class are by no means worthless, although they vary in value, and one or two are interesting mainly as mere curiosities of our collection.

[29]

*(For the American Psychological Society.)*

One Monday, last winter, I called on Rev. and Mrs. X. During the call our conversation turned on their previous evening's visit with one of the Baptists' visiting ministers, and eventually we talked of dreams.

I remarked that I dreamed nearly a whole novel the previous night. On inquiry I told the dream as follows:—

The story was laid in ancient Greece. It appeared that a young man, a member of the nobility, was visiting on the mainland, and received a command from his father, who lived on an island of the Greek Archipelago, to return home. During his visit he became acquainted with a beautiful young girl of a lower station in society. A love affair sprang up between them, and on his preparing to return, she resolved to run away and accompany him. Before doing so, she visited the temple and procured a charm of the priest. She received three Greek words, two of which I saw plainly and recalled after I awoke; the other one I had great difficulty in seeing, and could not distinguish or recall it. It seemed a matter of great perplexity that I could not do so.

Eventually the girl arrived in the boat, where a servant and a friend of her lover had already arrived. Her lover had not.

Here the story ended. I awoke presently, but the next morning could not recall the Greek words, although my mind retained a vivid impression and desire to do so.

Mrs. X. asked me a few questions, and then said, "I have something connected with that to tell you." But some company calling just then, her narrative was deferred until a later visit, when she told the story she has written out.

I will add that it is no unusual thing for me to read books of history, poetry, etc., when asleep. The books read are never those I have seen while awake. I have often recalled one or two stanzas of poetry which were well constructed. I never write them down and soon forget them.

On a previous occasion Mrs. X. had mentioned dreaming that she entered the room in which I sat reading so intently, that she entered the room, came and stood beside me, and then left the room apparently without my being aware of her presence.

To which I replied, "I was reading a very interesting book until very late last night."

These coincidences suggest a theory of dreams briefly stated thus:—

The sleeper being in the percipient state, receives as dreams, through thought-transference, real events or thoughts of one or more active agents who may be near or far away.

This will account for the foreign elements, complex images, and incongruities of dreams.

Respectfully,

(Signed)

ERNEST HOLLENBECK.

DAVISON, MICH., May 5, 1888.

*(For the American Society of Psychical Research.)*

In compliance with your request I make the following statement:—

On the afternoon of Jan. 29, 1888, in studying the lesson for the following Sunday, I came upon the Greek *kurion, oikos*, which words were contracted into *kuroik* and *kuriake*; hence *kirk* and *church*.<sup>1</sup> Before I finished the lesson Mr. F., our State missionary, arrived. I went at once to prepare tea; but *kurion, kuroik*, and *kuriake* were constantly recurring to my mind, but I could not recall *oikos*, though I was frequently conscious of an almost involuntary effort to do so. I attended evening service, and afterwards Mr. F., my husband, and I conversed on "Psychical Research" until one o'clock. Before we parted that night Mr. F. showed us his wife's picture, and related an instance in which he apparently obtained a mental impression from her when at quite a distance away. This occurred during the early part of their acquaintance, and led him to speak of their courtship and marriage. He also informed us that she was in Kansas, and that he intended going after her soon.

After nine o'clock, very frequently, I may almost say constantly, I thought of Mr. Hollenbeck. I knew that he was deeply interested in the subject under discussion, and I tried to impress our guest's experience and opinions on my mind in order to repeat to him, and I remarked to Mr. F. that had I known that he had made a study of such matters I should have invited Mr. Hollenbeck to be present.

I was interested during the whole time, but that did not prevent my mind from wandering after the last word. The book containing it lay upon a table near me. Once I was about to take it up to satisfy myself, but the thought that Mr. F. might think that I was weary of the discussion prevented me. The book was still upon the table with my S.S. Quarterly laid between the leaves, marking the place where *oikos* was to be found, when, on the afternoon of the following day, Mr. Hollenbeck called and related his dream and asserted that the missing Greek word annoyed him.

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<sup>1</sup> It is hardly necessary to remark that our correspondent's Greek compounds and her etymology have a sort of Chautauquan quality (if we may be pardoned the word), for which we must decline to be responsible.

I asked if he had read Greek lately; he replied that he had not even thought of it, and did not know why he should dream of it.

Owing to the presence of uninterested persons I did not then refer to my experience of the preceding night. I did not see Mr. Hollenbeck in some days, and when I did he still had a clear remembrance of the dream, but could not recall any of the Greek.

Respectfully,  
[Mrs. X.]

(Signed)

The coincidence is extremely slight, but my mention of it here may remind some correspondent of similar and possibly more important experiences.

The next case is interesting, but needs no further comment, except, possibly, the remark that if telepathy were as well established as it is still questionable, we should regard this as a probable illustration of the process. Meanwhile, the case is still problematic.

[30]

*(From Mrs. C. L. C.)*

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1, 1887.

PROF. H. P. BOWDITCH:—

DEAR SIR,—A paragraph relating to your Psychical Society, which I read in the paper last evening, induces me to send you an experience of my own, which I think may interest you, bearing, as it does, upon the curious influence of mind upon mind.

Some years ago, when my children were young, I was sleeping in the room with them, they in one bed, and I in another. I went to sleep as usual. I dreamed a fearful dream. I thought that, with my oldest child, I had taken passage on a steamer, and was crossing a wide expanse of water. My boy had left me, to play about the boat, when I suddenly heard the most piercing shrieks, and recognized his voice. Filled with agonizing apprehensions, I made my way to the engine-room, from which the sounds proceeded, and was met by an old servant, who told me that, the fuel having given out, they had cut up my boy and fed his body to the flames.

I awoke, shivering as in an ague, stone-cold perspiration bedewing my whole body. I immediately became conscious of stifled moans proceeding from the opposite bed. I sprang from mine, and, running across the room, found that my eldest boy was struggling with nightmare, making inarticulate sounds, in a vain effort to speak. I shook and called him two or three times before I succeeded in breaking the spell, when he cried out, in tones of the utmost anguish, "Mamma! Mamma! *I dreamed they were cutting me up for kindling-wood.*" I slept no more that night; the dream had been too vivid.

I have told this experience of mine several times; sometimes to sympathetic, oftener to scoffing, listeners, who declared that the boy must have *uttered* the words in his sleep, thereby giving rise to *my* dream. But that is impossible, because I found him struggling in vain to speak. His painful moans would have accounted for my having a painful dream of him; but what except the sympathy of mind with mind could have

caused us to have the *same* dreams, for I am never known to talk in my sleep, and therefore no exclamation of mine could have caused *his* dream?

How do you account for it? I am of an exceedingly anxious temperament where those whom I love are concerned; and my boy is of a quick, merry, active temper, imaginative and impressionable, and, like most *men*, impatient at the thought of suffering, either in his own person or that of others.

Hoping the incident may prove of some value in aiding your researches, I am,

Very truly yours,

C. L. C.

(From Mrs. C. L. C.)

GEORGETOWN, April 7, '88.

MR. HODGSON:—

DEAR SIR,—I have delayed returning blank G, hoping to send it well filled, but the indifference of friends and my own forgetfulness have proved obstacles. Some seem to be afraid that they are to be entrapped in some way; others fear being thought superstitious; and others, again, pronounce it sheer nonsense. I am much interested myself in any study of the laws of mental action.

You requested that I would give you more nearly the ages of my son and self at the time the dream occurred, of which I wrote you. I was not over thirty-six, and he could not have been more than ten. I told the dream, on the same day, to my mother and the family generally. Whether they remember it I cannot say, but shall see them soon, and will forward any statement to that effect that you care to have.

At the time of the dream my son and self were both in ordinary, though not rude, health, and he is of a sensitive, impressionable temperament, while I was, and had been for many months, undergoing great mental strain, owing to troubles it is needless to mention.

(Signed)

C. L. C.

Of the next case I can also say little, except that, on the one hand, it may be an instance of a mere coincidence, while, on the other hand, notwithstanding the sincerity of our correspondents, there *may* be here only a pseudo-presentiment, since Mary B. may somehow have learned the contents of the telegrams before she mentioned her dream. Errors of memory on the part of all concerned would then account for the rest, without in any wise making doubtful the general trustworthiness of the people in question. For slight errors of memory are, after all, so easy.

[31]

(From Miss A.)

NEW YORK, April 27, 1888.

R. HODGSON:—

DEAR SIR,—A curious coincidence occurred this morning which I report immediately.

A young woman in our household, North Irish by birth, Mary B., said

early this morning that she had had a bad dream in the night. Her mistress, an elderly lady and an invalid, in whose room Mary B. sleeps, complained of being very restless in the early part of the night, and of having unpleasant dreams, but she slept soundly later on. Mary B. then got to sleep too, when her dream occurred. She says she saw distinctly the sister of her mistress — whom she has not seen in a year, and then only in a passing sort of way — standing on the threshold of the door, in a long black gown and her hands folded in front of her. Mary B. related this as soon as she rose in the morning to a member of the family, and said impressively, "I am sure something is going to happen." A half-hour later, the door-bell rang and the messenger handed in a telegram, which was brought up to me directly. (Mary B. was then upstairs and knew nothing of it for some hours after.) The telegram stated that Mrs. D. of ——— had been taken suddenly ill and was not expected to live. This was the lady (the sister of her mistress) whom Mary B. had seen in the night. . . .

(Signed)

[Miss A.]

May 2d, 1888.

MR. R. HODGSON: —

DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 1st inst. has been received, and I note that you request further statement concerning the curious dream coincidence I reported on April 27th.

First. Inquiries made of Mary B.'s mistress evince nothing definite of the precise nature of the bad dreams she had on the night of April 26th before 12 o'clock. She could remember nothing clearly about them, even on the following morning, beyond the very strong impression they had made of a nightmare character. She retains still a vivid recollection of the disagreeable and painful nature of the dreams, and speaks of them with reluctance when questioned.

Mary B. says that between 11 and 12 o'clock she noticed how restless her mistress was, and that she moaned in her sleep; this made her anxious and wakeful. About 12 o'clock her mistress awoke and then complained to Mary of having had bad dreams, but did not state what they were about, nor did she name her sister at all. Indeed, Mary B. declares that her mistress had not spoken to her of her sister in many weeks, not since the great storm of March 12th, when she was worried about her sister being snowed up in the country. Mary B. says, "I fell asleep and dreamed about 2 o'clock, for the dream was so sharp that it woke me up, and I thought some one was standing in the room. When I looked again I thought I saw Mrs. D. standing in the doorway in a long black dress and her hands in front of her, waiting to come in. It was so sharp that I was frightened, got up and went to the door, because I thought some one might have come down from upstairs. I could not get to sleep again. Mistress was then sleeping quietly and slept well till morning "

Second. The person to whom Mary B. related the dream was Miss C., a member of the family who is the first up and downstairs in the morning. The first telegram announcing the sudden illness of Mrs. D. was delivered about 8 A.M. Another, about 2 P.M., warned us that there was no hope, and a third, about 6 P.M. (April 27th), announced the death. The tele-

grams, I find, have not been kept, but I could get copies of them from the telegraph office, probably.

Mrs. D. was over seventy years of age and had been in delicate health since January first, but her doctors thought she might live, with care, many months, and in the strength of their opinion her son had left the country for several weeks. The disease that carried her off developed very rapidly and unexpectedly. Her sister (Mary B.'s mistress) knew nothing of her being worse till the telegram came. She had not been especially anxious about her latterly, as she had a very cheerful letter concerning her condition on April 25th, and thought her sister was better.

Miss B. has had repeatedly dreams of this nature, which have been followed by death or illness of the person she has dreamed of. About four months ago, she had a similar dream concerning her father, an old man in Ireland, the news of whose death arrived about a fortnight after. She seems to have something of the Scotch second-sight. These dreams make a very strong impression on her, and she relates them in the morning after having dreamed them.

I will send the telegrams when I get a copy of them. Hoping this will prove satisfactory.

(Signed)

[Miss A.]

Mrs. D. was wholly unconscious for twelve hours preceding her death, and partially so for twenty-four hours previous.

May 4th, 1888.

MR. R. HODGSON:—

DEAR SIR,—I enclose the statements of Mary B., as desired, taken down from her lips and read over to her, to which she has added her signature. Miss C. has written her own account.

The copies of the telegrams are enclosed, but the first one, thus worded, "Mother has become suddenly worse," the man has omitted to send. This was the one that was delivered about 8 A.M. on the morning of the 27th. The other two were delivered at about 2 P.M. and 6 P.M.

Mary B.'s other dream experiences are not sufficiently clear as to detail (having occurred some four and six months ago) to be worth very much now. A good deal concerning the exact time and circumstances is no longer fresh in her memory, nor in ours. Mary B. could be seen by any of your committee who may be in New York, to whom she could relate her experiences.

(Signed)

[Miss A.]

The notices of Mrs. D.'s death can also be found in the New York papers of April 28th, 29th, and 30th.

#### ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 26TH, 1888.

"Mistress had been quite restless like and uneasy in sleep, and moaning a little before 12 o'clock. When she woke a little after, she said she had 'such an unpleasant dream,' but she did not say anything at all about what it was. When I fell asleep I had a sharp dream of Mrs. D. standing

at the sitting-room door, facing me and waiting to come in, in a long black gown; the long, long train of it took my attention first; her hands folded across her in front. I thought it was really so, and got such a fright, because I thought Mrs. D. was really standing there. I felt that she was either dead or dying, and said to Miss C. in the morning, 'There is going to be a death in the family, I am sure.' I did not know she was ill, or any telegram received till about 4 o'clock on April 27th."

(Signed)

[MARY B.]

Mary adds that she is a "very sharp dreamer," and that before hearing of her father's death, some months ago, she dreamt that he came here to the house, and she saw him distinctly before her. The news of his death came about a fortnight later.

[MISS A.]

On the morning of April 27th, Mary B. told me she had a vivid dream in the night, of Mrs. D., whom she saw standing at the sitting-room door. It made such a strong impression that she waked, and thought some one was actually in the room. Mary B. knew nothing of the receipt of the telegrams till evening.

(Signed)

[MISS C.]

[SECOND TELEGRAM.]

APRIL 27, 1888.

Prepare your mother for the worst.

[THIRD TELEGRAM.]

APRIL 27, 1888.

Aunt died this morning. Tell Miss ——.

OCTOBER 28, 1888.

Called this evening at Miss A.'s. She was away. I saw Miss C., and she affirmed that Mary B. told her of the dream immediately on her arrival downstairs in the morning, at about 9 A.M., and before any telegram arrived.

R. HODGSON.

MISS A.'s. OCTOBER 30, 1888.

Miss C. says that she usually goes downstairs between 8 and 9, and as soon as she went down on the morning in question, "Mary B. told me of her dream, and seemed much impressed by it." She thinks the telegram came about 10 o'clock, — and heard about it at the time.

R. HODGSON.

MISS A.'s. OCTOBER 30, 1888.

About half an hour after I told Miss C. about it, the telegram came. Mrs. D. had been ill through the winter, but was better. I told Miss C. somewhere about 9.30 or 10 o'clock in the morning.

[Mary B., in reply to my questions. — R. H.]

OCTOBER 30, 1888.

Mary B. appears to be a thoroughly honest, but emotional girl, with strong faith in a certain class of dreams perhaps amounting to superstition; but I see no reason to doubt the main facts of her story, which she repeated to me substantially as previously sent by Miss A.

R. HODGSON.

In a letter of November 14, 1888, Miss A. writes:—

The first letter I wrote, containing the account of the experience, was previous to the last telegram announcing the death.

NOVEMBER 16.

MR. HODGSON:—

DEAR SIR, — . . . Mrs. D. was Mrs. E.'s [Mary B.'s mistress] sister, and a circumstance which makes the case more curious, is that all through Mrs. D.'s illness she had been very anxious to see her sister, but her physicians were opposed to her making the journey. Early in April she seemed (Mrs. D.) rather better, and the desire was so strong to come to New York that the doctors consented, and all preparations made and the day set for starting; but when the day arrived it was very stormy, and the journey had to be postponed. Mrs. D. was never sufficiently well after that to make the attempt to leave home. It was about a year since the sisters had met, and they were the two survivors of a very large family, and always very devoted to each other.

(Signed)

[Miss A.]

We have also obtained the following statements concerning the dream of Mary B. mentioned by Miss A. in her letter of May 2, 1888. No record was made as to the date of the dream at the time.

[32]

OCTOBER 30, 1888.

My father had been ailing, but was better. My mother was dead. I dreamed on January 6th that my father came and called me. I recognized his voice. I saw my mother's grave opened right up, and my father was there, and I thought it was he opened it up; and then my father disappeared in the grave alongside of my mother. I told Miss C. in the morning, and said I should hear bad news. Father died the same night, January 6, 1888.

I have had other dreams much the same, but don't remember them now very well. The dreams are different from ordinary dreams. They always wake me up in a fright, and leave a disturbing impression afterwards. I generally wake up very warm when I have a dream like that. The experiences are always dreams.

(Signed)

[MARY B.]

<sup>1</sup> It should be remarked that this statement adds decidedly to the interest and to the possible value of this case.

OCTOBER 30, 1888.

I recollect Mary B.'s telling me of her dream the next morning, and saying she thought bad news would come.

(Signed)

[Miss C.]

I close this series of cases with the following very curious incident, which, at all events, will supply some of our readers with an excellent story for use in late evening gatherings. I should add that the narrator is known to us as a man of general good sense and of integrity. Nevertheless, whatever be the explanation of the tale, your committee feels itself unable to hope that it will, after all, very seriously revolutionize any one's views about either telepathy or immortality.

[33]

(From Mr. F. G.)

BOSTON, January 11, 1888.

*Secretary American Society for Psychical Research, Boston, Mass.: —*

SIR, — Replying to the recently published request of your society for actual occurrences of psychical phenomena, I respectfully submit the following remarkable occurrence to the consideration of your distinguished society, with the assurance that the event made a more powerful impression on my mind than the combined incidents of my whole life. I have never mentioned it outside of my family and a few intimate friends, knowing well that few would believe it, or else ascribe it to some disordered state of my mind at the time, but I well know I never was in better health or possessed a clearer head and mind than at the time it occurred.

In 1867, my only sister, a young lady of eighteen years, died suddenly of cholera, in St. Louis, Mo. My attachment for her was very strong, and the blow a severe one to me. A year or so after her death, the writer became a commercial traveller, and it was in 1876 while on one of my Western trips that the event occurred.

I had "drummed" the city of St. Joseph, Mo., and had gone to my room at the Pacific House to send in my orders, which were unusually large ones, so that I was in a very happy frame of mind indeed. My thoughts, of course, were about these orders, knowing how pleased my house would be at my success. I had not been thinking of my late sister, or in any manner reflecting on the past. The hour was high noon, and the sun was shining cheerfully into my room. While busily smoking a cigar, and writing out my orders, I suddenly became conscious that some one was sitting on my left, with one arm resting on the table. Quick as a flash I turned and distinctly saw the form of my dead sister, and for a brief second or so looked her squarely in the face; and so sure was I that it was she, that I sprang forward in delight, calling her by name, and, as I did so, the apparition instantly vanished. Naturally I was startled and dumbfounded, almost doubting my senses; but the cigar in my mouth, and pen in hand, with the ink still moist on my letter, I satisfied myself I had not been dreaming and was wide awake. I was near enough to touch her, had it been a physical possibility, and noted her features, expression, and details of dress, etc. She appeared as if alive. Her eyes looked

kindly and perfectly natural into mine. Her skin was so life-like that I could see the glow or moisture on its surface, and, on the whole, there was no change in her appearance, otherwise than when alive.

Now comes the most remarkable *confirmation* of my statement, which cannot be doubted by those who know what I state actually occurred. This visitation, or whatever you may call it, so impressed me that I took the next train home, and in the presence of my parents and others I related what had occurred. My father, a man of rare good sense and very practical, was inclined to ridicule me, as he saw how earnestly I believed what I stated; but he, too, was amazed when later on I told them of a bright red line or *scratch* on the right-hand side of my sister's face, which I distinctly had seen. When I mentioned this, my mother rose trembling to her feet and nearly fainted away, and as soon as she sufficiently recovered her self-possession, with tears streaming down her face, she exclaimed that I had indeed seen my sister, as no living mortal but herself was aware of that scratch, which she had accidentally made while doing some little act of kindness after my sister's death. She said she well remembered how pained she was to think she should have, unintentionally, marred the features of her dead daughter, and that unknown to all, how she had carefully obliterated all traces of the slight scratch with the aid of powder, etc., and that she had never mentioned it to a human being, from that day to this. In proof, neither my father nor any of our family had detected it, and positively were unaware of the incident, yet *I saw the scratch as bright as if just made*. So strangely impressed was my mother that even after she had retired to rest, she got up and dressed, came to me and told me *she knew* at least that I had seen my sister. A few weeks later my mother died, happy in her belief she would rejoin her favorite daughter in a better world.

I submit this in all earnestness, but request *that my name should be omitted*, should it become public, or given to the press, which you are at liberty to do if you should so desire.

Very truly,

(Signed)

[F. G.]

Could any one ask for stronger proof of supernatural visitation than this?

Boston, January 14, 1888.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON, *Secretary A. S. P. R., Boston* : —

DEAR SIR, — Thanks for your favor 13th and circulars, all of which are at hand.

Will follow your suggestion and write my father and others who were present when I explained the apparition, and on receipt of their replies will forward same to you.

I will add here that there was nothing of a spiritual or ghostly nature in either the form or dress of my sister. She appearing perfectly natural, and dressed in clothing that she usually wore in life, and which was familiar to me. From her position at the table, I could only see her *from the waist up*, and her appearance and everything she wore is indelibly photographed in my mind. I even had time to notice the collar and little

breastpin she wore, as well as the comb in her hair, after the style then worn by young ladies. The dress had no particular association for me or my mother, no more so than others she was in the habit of wearing; but *to-day, while I have forgotten all her other dresses, pins, and combs*, I could go to her trunk (which we have just as she left it) and pick out the very dress and ornaments she wore when she appeared to me, so well do I remember it.

You are correct in understanding that I returned home earlier than I had intended, as it had such an effect on me that I could hardly think of any other matter; in fact, I abandoned a trip that I had barely commenced, and, ordinarily, would have remained on the road a month longer.

I will also add that about ten days *before my mother died* she in all seriousness told me that if it was His will, or in her power, to appear to me after her death, she would surely do so, just as my sister had done; but I have never had a similar experience. But I can swear to this fact, that notwithstanding my life of constant travel in Europe and America, my mind has so frequently been full of thoughts of both my mother and sister, and *at such odd and unusual times*, as to half convince me that even after their death they were exerting a more powerful influence over me than when they were on earth, through some subtle unknown agency.

The members of our family are all strong-willed, positive, and naturally of a sceptical mind, with an inclination to go into "cause and effect" and investigate before believing; and none of us are in the least superstitious, believing only what we can comprehend or what seems natural. I have no doubt that many intelligent people have had a similar experience, but through fear of ridicule, or being considered of a morbid mind, have kept it secret. It seems natural for us to make light of these alleged visitations, or whatever they are; but no mortal man could convince me, or any one who has had a similar experience, that we did not see just what we *know* we saw, and still not be superstitious, merely being unable to account for it. I have often said to myself, "I wonder what the feelings of another would be, if he had, when wide awake and in his right senses, seen what I saw with wide open eyes in broad daylight?" If it was a common occurrence, I am sure it would set people to thinking. I never expect to convince others; in fact, I don't blame them for doubting. Had it occurred to another instead of myself, I would ascribe it to some freak of memory, or morbid state of mind. Had it occurred at night, I would have doubted my own senses, but remember this was at noon, in broad daylight, when I was smoking, writing, and full of business.

We all know, or are pretty well satisfied, that there is such a thing as "thought-transference," and if the soul is immortal it would not seem unreasonable to think such a connection might continue after death; but the learned men who are associated with you are better able to solve such problems than the writer, if such a thing is possible to do.

A few years ago I read the account of an eminent Englishman having had a similar experience, but cannot recall his name. In his case, a brother professor of his (an intimate associate long dead) appeared to him while he was at his desk writing, and he published the facts. Possibly your society has the account of it. His experience is valuable, from the fact of his high position and learning, and I am sorry I cannot recall his name and profession.

Am afraid I have written too much in the matter, but was anxious to give you all the points I could.

Very truly,  
(Signed) [F. G.]

BOSTON, JAN. 23, 1888.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON, *Secy. A.S.P.R., City* : —

DEAR SIR, — Thanks for your very interesting letter, duly received last week. As per your request, I enclose a letter from my father which is indorsed by my brother, confirming the statement I made to them of the apparition I had seen. I will add that my father is one of the oldest and most respected citizens of St. Louis, Mo., a retired merchant, whose winter residence is at —, Ills., a few miles out by rail. He is now seventy years of age, but a remarkably well-preserved gentleman in body and mind, and a very learned man, as well. As I informed you, he is slow to believe things that reason cannot explain. My brother, who indorses the statement, has resided in Boston for twelve years, doing business on — street, as per letter-head above, and the last man in the world to take stock in statements without good proof. The others who were present (including my mother) are now dead, or were then so young as to now have but a dim remembrance of the matter.

You will note that my father refers to the "scratch," and it was this that puzzled all, even himself, and which we have never been able to account for, further than that in some mysterious way I had actually seen my sister *nine years after death*, and had particularly noticed and described to my parents and family this bright red scratch, and which, beyond all doubt in our minds, was unknown to a soul save my mother, who had accidentally caused it.

When I made my statement, all, of course, listened and were interested; but the matter would probably have passed with comments that it was a freak of memory, had not I asked about the scratch, and the instant I mentioned it, my mother was aroused as if she had received an electric shock, as she had kept it secret from all, and *she alone* was able to explain it. My mother was a sincere Christian lady, who was for twenty-five years superintendent of a large infant class in her church, the Southern Methodist, and a directress in many charitable institutions, and was highly educated. No lady at the time stood higher in the city of St. Louis, and she was, besides, a woman of rare good sense.

I mention these points to give you an insight into the character and standing of those whose testimony, in such a case, is necessary.

Very truly,  
(Signed) [F. G.]

(From Mr. H. G.)

—, ILLS., JANUARY 20, 1888.

DEAR F., — Yours of 16th inst. is received. In reply to your questions relating to your having seen our Annie, while at St. Joseph, Mo., I will state that I well remember the statement you made to family on your return home. I remember of your stating how she looked in ordinary home dress, and particularly about the scratch (or red spot) on her face, which

you could not account for, but which was fully explained by your mother. The spot was made while adjusting something about her head while in the casket, and covered with powder. All who heard you relate the phenomenal sight thought it was true. You well know how sceptical I am about things which reason cannot explain.

The transference of thought may be a possibility; I will think of it. As to soul or spirit leaving the body while living and visiting departed and living persons, I cannot believe. If the breath of life gives us a soul and keeps us in existence, how can the body exist while the spirit is absent from the body?

Apparitions, dreams, ghosts, and such are unknowable. I am a know-nothing.

Very cold; all well; no news.

Affectionately,

(Signed)

[H. G. (father).]

I was present at the time and indorse the above.

(Signed)

[K. G. (brother).]

In closing this hasty account of the work of your committee, I feel called upon to say something in general as to the worth of the undertakings of the society, in so far as we have had anything to do with them. I need not remind you that mine is the most expensive of your committees. Nearly the whole work of collecting our facts, and of corresponding with our friends and with our other informants, has fallen upon the shoulders of the one paid officer of the society, our able and devoted secretary, Mr. Hodgson, and our committee alone has employed nearly all of his time, as well as the time of his clerical aid. If our results are meagre, however, you must blame us for the fact, for he has done all that he could. In giving my own account of my stewardship, I confess that I stand before you much in the position of the unjust steward, after all; for even now, at the close of this stage of our work, when, perhaps, one who has so little to show you may be easily accused of having wasted your substance, I do even worse than that, and, as you see, when people come to me saying that they have accounts of telepathy, I say to more than one of them, "Take thy bill, and write 'pseudo-presentiment.'" That is sad, I confess; but I did not make these results, they have been brought upon me by fate; and I hope that the truth has had its own share in their production.

Yet, after all, what you want to know is whether this work looks to me worth continuing; and I say, yes, by all means it ought to go on. We have shown, by our study of the pseudo-presentiments, that results, even if they are not always startling, can really be

obtained. We have shown that the collecting of stories is not idle play, that a true comparative method can be applied to them, and that this our research must, if continued, throw light on the dark things of mental life. Light, the light of truth, is what you want to have thrown. Is it not well worth while to continue our efforts?

As for telepathy, you see how near it often seems to us in our inquiry, and yet how skilfully it again and again eludes our pursuit. It may be a fact. If so, it simply cannot resist a careful and patient search, pursued by varied methods such as this society has tried to use. It may be a delusion. If so, however, some of the classes of the facts which we now have in hand need, most cryingly need, a rigid explanation by some other means than we yet have invented. May not that means be discoverable a little further on? Ought we not to look then this little further? A cruel mistress telepathy indeed is, if, after all, she does somehow exist.

Room after room  
I hunt the house through  
We inhabit together,  
Heart, fear nothing, for heart, thou shalt find her,  
Next time, herself! — not the trouble behind her.

. . . . .

Yet the day wears  
And door succeeds door;  
I try the fresh fortune —  
Range the whole house from the wing to the centre.  
Still the same chance! she goes out as I enter.  
Spend my whole day in the quest — who cares?  
But 'tis twilight you see, — with such suites to explore,  
Such closets to search, such alcoves to importune!

In short, to cease this profaning of Browning, and to turn elsewhere for figures, “*Phillida flouts me.*” Perhaps, however, the society may find in this report internal evidence that it is the chairman of your committee who is the unfaithful one. Be it so! In the slightly adapted words of an old song, “*If of herself she will not exist, nothing can make her*” — you remember the rest of the rhyme. I confess it does often seem to me, on second thoughts, that the world without telepathy would be after all a very tolerable kind of place to live in, in view of all the other psychological curiosities that there are in it. Shall we not then agree upon so much, and pursue our labors with joy?

But seriously, my genuine interest in this research, and, as I have no doubt, your interest too, is to search out God's truth in these

obscurer realms. We need not fancy the truth to be in itself obscure, because the realms are still so. We need not add mysteries to things to make them more charming. The spiritual existence of this world, full of God's thoughts and ideals, is not more spiritual because we cannot read some of the thoughts, nor as yet glow with the realization of all the ideals. What we all want is more knowledge, and more enthusiasm. If this society offers to any of us a means whereby we can get either, for Heaven's sake let us not miss the opportunity! The world needs not our romances to make it romantic; it is too full already of horror and of joy, of humor and of sacredness, for anything of that sort. When we know it best we shall find it most awful — and most charming. We come back, then, from all emotional tests of the worth of a work of this kind once more to the simple, matter-of-fact test: Is this thing likely to throw any light on human life? I have tried to give you a mere fragment of the work, whereby you may somehow judge it. If we think that it does promise to throw any light on human life, let us not only be unwilling, but deeply afraid, to withhold from it our proper encouragement.

JOSIAH ROYCE.

## APPENDIX

TO THE

### REPORT ON PHANTASMS AND PRESENTIMENTS.

The following cases are quoted as additional specimens of the material supplied to the Committee on Phantasms and Presentiments. Comments upon most of these cases will be found on pp. 516–526.

[34]

1.

Our attention was first drawn to this case by the following account, which appeared in the Oil City "Derrick" (Oil City, Pa.), Dec. 12, 1887:—

#### A STRANGE CASE.

##### GEORGE FRY HAS A PRESENTIMENT OF HIS BROTHER'S DEATH IN MICHIGAN.

Depot-master George Fry, whose brother Gideon died at Big Rapids, Mich., Sunday night, December 4, had a strange presentiment of his death. On Monday morning, Mr. Fry received a telegram, announcing the death of his brother, but giving no further information; and in the afternoon, in conversation with a "Derrick" reporter, said, "I wrote a letter to Gid last night, and just as I had finished it I glanced up and noticed the clock had stopped. I got up and wound the clock, and pulled out my watch to set it by. It was 15 minutes to 10; I set the clock, and just as I started it, I heard the words, 'I'm gone! I'm gone!' It was Gid's voice, and it seemed to come out of the clock. I heard it as distinctly as I ever heard anything in my life. It startled me, and I related the occurrence to my family. I am no Spiritualist, but I believe that must have been the time, and those the last words of brother Gid." Yesterday, Mr. Fry showed the "Derrick" a letter from Big Rapids, giving an account of his brother's last moments. The letter stated that Gideon died at 15 minutes of 10 Sunday night, December 4, and his last words were, "I'm gone! I'm gone!" the identical time and words as related to the reporter Monday last. "Please explain it to me, will you?" said Mr. Fry.

In a later account Mr. Fry is described as saying:—

"I do not pretend to account for this extraordinary circumstance, but I relate the facts exactly as they occurred. I am not a Spiritualist, and never had any such experience before. The clock that stopped belonged to brother Gid. He left it at his boarding-house when he left Oil City, and afterwards wrote me to get it for him."

In reply to our inquiries, Mr. Fry wrote as follows:—

2.

106 SYCAMORE ST.,  
OIL CITY, PA., July 9, 1888.

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ.:—

DEAR SIR,—The account of my experience in regard to my brother's death is true; that is, the way the Oil City or Pittsburgh papers had it.

I have not received any circulars concerning your society as yet. Hoping this will be satisfactory, I remain,

Yours respectfully,  
GEO. W. FRY.

Recently we have received the following evidence in relation to the case, for which we are indebted to the kind courtesy of Mr. R. W. Criswell, Editor of the Oil City "Derrick," who adds, in a letter of Jan. 13, 1889, "I enclose you the result of investigation of the Fry case. The witnesses are all reliable."

3.

(*From R. W. Criswell, Editor of Oil City "Derrick".*)

OIL CITY, PA., Jan. 15.

The American Society of Psychological Research, Boston, has been much interested in the "Fry Case, at Oil City," and under the direction of Richard Hodgson, secretary of the society, the writer has investigated the remarkable case for publication in their Proceedings, now going through the press. The case has previously been reported in the newspapers; but in the hurried manner in which the facts were obtained, some essential points were omitted, giving the sceptical a chance to quibble. As given complete below, the case probably presents one of the most extraordinary psychical phenomena of which there is authentic record.

The case summarized is this: George Fry, of Oil City, says he heard, while at his home, what seemed to him to be the voice of his brother Gideon issue from a clock, saying, "I'm gone! I'm gone!" at precisely the same time that his brother did utter these words on his death-bed, at Big Rapids, Mich., Sunday evening, December 4, 1887.

#### HUNTING THE PROOF.

George Fry, who relates this incident of a presentiment of his brother's death, has been a resident of Oil City for twenty-five years. He is now about thirty-nine years of age, a member in good standing of the Second Presbyterian Church, and a man who is regarded as a good citizen in every respect. At the time of the above occurrence he was depot-master, employed by the Allegheny Valley and New York & Western Pennsylvania Railroads. With a view to the fuller investigation of the case, Mr. Fry was seen on Sunday last, and asked to restate the incident as he remembered it, for permanent record in the Proceedings of the American Society for Psychological Research. This is Mr. Fry's statement:—

"My brother Gideon and I had been much together, and were more intimate in our associations than other members of the family. I was much

attached to him. On Friday, December 2, I received a telegram from his physician, at Big Rapids, that he was ill, and could not live over twenty-four hours. I had known of his illness, but he had not been regarded in a dangerous condition. I could not leave my business to go to him, and I was greatly troubled on this account. I was thinking of him almost constantly. In church, Sunday, he was the chief subject of my prayers. Sunday evening, after church, I sat down to write him a letter, and while writing it I observed that the clock in the room — his clock, by the way — had stopped. I got up to start it, and looking at my watch saw that it had been stopped but a few minutes. I started to wind it up, and found that it had not run down. As I moved the hands around a strange light flooded the face of the clock, and the words issued from it in the voice of brother Gid, 'I'm gone! I'm gone!' The words were distinctly uttered. I was so impressed that brother Gid had died at that moment, and that these were his last words, that I hastily sealed the letter, laid it away and did not mail it. I noted the time as 9.45. I did not mention this to my family that evening, for the reason that my sister, who was in the house, was much prostrated by the telegram of Friday. Next morning, early, before going to work, I told my wife of the incident. At about 11.30 that forenoon I was handed a telegram that had been received by my brother, Daniel P. Fry, in these words only, 'Gid is dead. Come to Montague.' This was signed by my sister Lizzie, who was at Big Rapids. That afternoon I told S. W. Turner, a newspaper reporter, of the death of my brother; and also told him, but not to use in the paper, of the strange presentiment of the evening before. I had received no word of my brother's death, except the message given above, nor did I receive any more intelligence regarding it until some days later, when a letter came from my sister, giving particulars. This letter added that Gideon had died at 8.45 Sunday evening, December 4, and his last words were 'I'm gone! I'm gone!' It was at 9.45 that I had heard the voice in the clock; but the difference in time between Big Rapids and Oil City is just enough to cover this discrepancy. My sister, who was with Gideon when he died, is now at home, in Oil City, and she tells me that for some time before he died he was unconscious, and imagined that I was with him. When any one would leave the bedside he would say, 'George, don't leave me.'"

Mr. Fry stated a willingness to make affidavit to the foregoing.

#### CONFIRMING MR. FRY'S STATEMENT.

An important point in the above is, "Did Mr. Fry mention the incident of the clock to his wife Monday morning before going to work?" After seeing Mr. Fry, his wife was seen, and the following statement obtained from her : —

" OIL CITY, Jan. 13, 1889.

" In regard to the presentiment of Gideon P. Fry's death, Dec. 4, 1887, my husband told me, early Monday morning, Dec. 5, 1887, of the voice in the clock which he had heard the preceding evening.

" MRS. KATE J. FRY."

S. W. Turner, to whom Mr. Fry had related the incident of the clock Monday afternoon, was next seen, and his statement obtained as follows: —

“ OIL CITY, Jan. 13, 1889.

“ George Fry told me about 1.30, Monday afternoon, Dec. 5, 1887, of the telegram announcing his brother's death, and at the same time told me of the voice in the clock which he said he had heard the evening before. He remarked that he would not be surprised to hear that these words, ‘ I'm gone ! I'm gone ! ’ were his brother Gid's last words on earth. On the Sunday following, Dec. 11, Mr. Fry reminded me of the conversation on the 5th, and showed me a letter, dated Big Rapids, and signed by his sister, giving details of his brother's death, and this letter stated that Gideon's last words were ‘ I'm gone ! I'm gone ! ’ I wish further to state that on the following Wednesday, December 14, by permission of Mr. Fry, and with the assistance of Thomas Judge, an *attaché* of the Western Union Telegraph Office here, I examined the files of their message, to learn what telegrams had been received regarding the death of Gideon Fry. The following was the only message received by the Western Union, relating to it: —

“ ‘ BIG RAPIDS, MICH., Dec. 5.

“ ‘ DANIEL P. FRY, — Gid is dead ; come to Montague.

“ ‘ (Signed) LIZZIE THOMPSON. ’

“ I also investigated the files at the Postal Telegraph Office, and found nothing. The Western Union message had been received at 9.40 A.M.

“ S. W. TURNER.”

Mrs. W. F. Wood was seen and said, “ Mr. and Mrs. Fry are members of my husband's church, and both are earnest and consistent Christians.”

4.

OIL CITY, Jan. 18, 1889.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON: —

DEAR SIR, — I have your favor of the 15th, regarding original signatures in the Fry case.

I reproduce Mr. Turner's statement, and send it herewith. Mr. Turner has been much interested in the case, and wrote it originally for the “ Derrick.” Afterwards I investigated the case personally and wrote it up more in detail. I can't send you clippings, because we have the articles only in our files, which we can't mutilate. They do not differ from what I have sent you, except in the point regarding the unsent letter, which we did not have before. We had the fact that he wrote the letter. If this letter is still in existence I will get it, I think. Have not been able to see Mr. Fry yet. I had Mrs. Fry's statement, as forwarded to you in my article, but I have mislaid it. What I sent was a true copy of what she herself wrote and signed.

Very respectfully,

R. W. CRISWELL.

## 5.

OIL CITY, PA., Jan. 18, 1889.

I prepared a statement for Mr. R. W. Criswell of the Oil City "Derrick," detailing my interviews with George Fry regarding the presentiment of his brother's death in December, 1887, the substance of which statement I repeat herein:—

On the afternoon of December 5, 1887, between 1 and 2 o'clock, I met George Fry at the depot. He told me of the death the night previous of his brother Gideon, at Big Rapids, Michigan, and at the same time told me of hearing the strange voice in the clock about half-past nine Sunday night. He said the clock had stopped while he was writing a letter to his brother, and when he got up to wind it, the words seemed to issue from it, "I'm gone! I'm gone!" He said it was the voice of his brother Gideon. He said the exact time was 9.45.

On the following Sunday, the 11th, Mr. Fry reminded me of our conversation on the 5th, and showed me a letter from his sister, Lizzie Thompson, dated Big Rapids, giving particulars of the death of Gideon. This letter, which I read, said that Gideon had died at 8.45 P.M., Sunday, Dec. 4, 1887, and his last words were, "I'm gone! I'm gone!"

With the permission of Mr. Fry, I went to the telegraph offices here Wednesday, Dec. 14, and with the help of Tom Judge, of the Western Union, searched their files for copies of any messages relating to the death of Gideon Fry. Below is a copy of the only message bearing on the case:—

"BIG RAPIDS, MICH., Dec. 5.

"DANIEL P. FRY, OIL CITY, PA., — Gid is dead; come to Montague.

"LIZZIE K. THOMPSON."

This message was received in Oil City at 9.40 Monday morning, Dec. 5. No message was received at the postal telegraph office.

I have read the foregoing statement and pronounce it correct.

S. W. TURNER.

[35]

1.

(From Miss M. O. A.)

WEDNESDAY.

DEAR MR. JAMES, — I send you an account of my dream, as you requested, relating simply facts, without giving any dates or names, thinking they would not be desired. If you can make any use of this account, I shall be very glad.

Yours very truly,

M. O. A.

FEB. 8, '88.

#### A DREAM.

A strange and curious dream came to me one night last autumn, which, from the events that followed, made a deep impression upon me.

I dreamed that my mother's brother died, and I went to Brooklyn to

attend the funeral, but was intensely annoyed at arriving too late, as the service was over, and the body being carried out of the house. I saw my aunt and cousins, but could not speak to them. In the midst of this distressing scene I awoke, hearing a loud crash, as of something falling. This was a decided reality, but I could discover nothing in my room that had been disturbed.

In the morning I related my dream, and felt as though I should hear some news that day.

The noise I heard was accounted for by the falling of a weight in a tall clock which stood in the hall. Two days passed, and on the morning of the third day the paper contained a notice of my uncle's death (my *father's* brother), stating that he died on the night I had my dream. It was then too late for me to go to the funeral; for some unknown reason I had not been notified by the family, although my dream had informed me, *perhaps*, of the very hour that he died.

M. O. A.

2.

FEBRUARY 25, 1888.

MR. HODGSON: —

DEAR SIR, — I enclose the sheet with the questions you sent me in reference to my dream. I can only state the facts that you already know, adding the date. Our family names I do not wish published, though I have no objection to my name being used by the committee.

Yours very truly,

M. O. A.

FEB. 25, 1888.

1. Date of dream as nearly as possible? Sept. 2, 1887.
2. Name of mother's brother? W——.
3. Name of father's brother? A——.
4. Can you kindly obtain the statements of any persons to whom you related your dream in the morning, before any news came of the death of your father's brother? Yes, of two ladies.
5. Can you also kindly obtain the statements of any persons concerning the falling of the weight in the clock, on the night of your dream, also the night of your uncle's death? Yes.

3.

PHILADELPHIA.

My sister's dream of our uncle's death, as related by her, occurred at the time she mentions. I was visiting her at the time, and distinctly remember being told the dream, and being asked if I had heard a peculiar sound in the night. The sound I did not hear, but was present when it was discovered that the weight of the hall clock had fallen down.

My uncle's death occurred at that time, and the news of it was so late in reaching us that we were unable to attend the funeral.

ISABELLA A.

MARCH 4, 1888.

4.

Miss A. related to me the dream which she had relative to her uncle's death the morning afterward, and I also heard the noise made by the fall of the clock weight the same night.

ELIZABETH B. H.

MARCH, 1888.

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[36]

1.

*(From Dr. William Noyes.)*

NEW YORK, April 5, 1888.

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ., *Boston*: —

MY DEAR SIR, — I enclose with this the letters from my cousin, Mr. William S. H., of ———, Florida, in which he mentions his dream at the time of my mother's death. As I know you would prefer the original letters, I send these rather than a copy, and will ask you to return them after keeping them as long as you may find desirable. I enclose also a copy of the letter I sent him asking for his recollection of the dream.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM NOYES.

2.

*(Original statement by W. S. H.)*

FLORIDA, July 24, 1887.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSIN, — The papers sent me came duly to hand, but not looking for anything of the kind I did not see the notice of aunt's death until late last evening. I have dreamed of her several times of late, and the night of the 18th I dreamt that I was there, and saw her in her coffin. Remembering it in the morning, I did not imagine for a moment that the dream was true. There are but few people in this world whose death I shall feel more keenly than hers. . . .

Your true friend,

W. S. H.

3.

*(Letter sent to W. S. H.)*

NEW YORK, March 6, 1888.

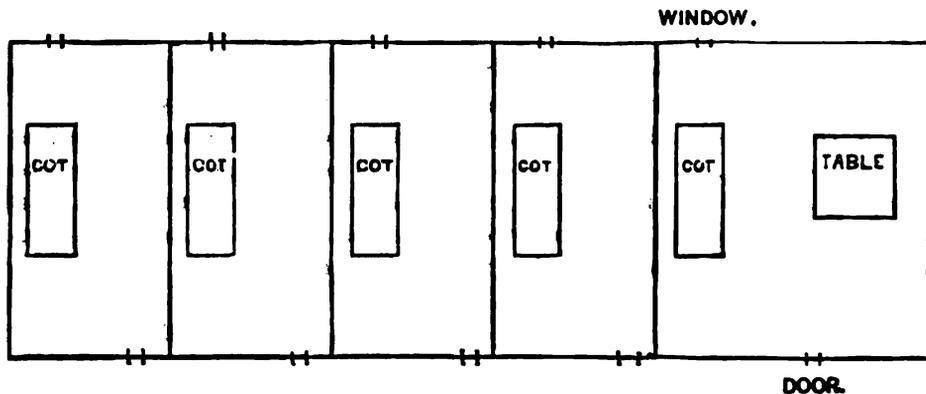
Do you remember that shortly after mother's death you wrote to father stating that you had had a dream about her? I am quite interested at present in the matter of these dreams at such times, and I would be glad to have you send me as full an account of your recollections of the dream or dreams as you can, giving dates, if possible, number of dreams, and their nature. The matter is being investigated scientifically, and I should like to know what your remembrance of the matter is.

## 4.

[The following letter is the reply of Mr. W. S. H. to the enquiry of which document 3 is a copy. No other intimation was given to Mr. H. of the contents of his letter of July 24, 1887, document 2.]

FLORIDA, March 18, 1888.

DEAR WILL, — . . . During the night of July 17 or 18, I cannot tell which now, I dreamt of being in Boston, and of visiting some rooms arranged as follows: —



In each room was a cot, or something of the kind, and on some of the cots were dead bodies laid out. In the largest room I found your mother laid out, after having hunted up the undertaker to get the key. He went with me to the room, and told me that the bodies were there to be prepared for burial, or to be sent away, and that Mrs. Noyes was to be prepared for removal. Two days later I received notice of her death, and later saw by the Kearsarge "Independent" that she was taken to Bradford, then got a letter giving particulars.

I knew that she was sick, and dangerously so, but supposed she would live for weeks and perhaps for months. I knew nothing of the intention to take her to N. H. This is about all that I can give you, except that I told the folks here of my dream in the morning.

You ask for no theory from me, but I will say that in my opinion a hearty supper or a little extra pressure of blood in some part of the brain would be sufficient to explain the matter satisfactorily to me. . . .

Yours truly,

W. S. H.

## 5.

NEW YORK, May 9, 1888.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON: —

DEAR SIR, — It occurs to me that I have not answered your letter inquiring the date of my mother's death. The letter was put among the

answered letters, and I regret to have delayed so long. Her death occurred on Saturday, July 16, 1887. For the two or three weeks preceding her death she was delirious, and I am sure never made any mention of Mr. H.

So far as I know, Mr. H. made no mention of his dream, but I will write to him on this point.

Yours truly,  
WILLIAM NOYES.

6.  
NEW YORK, May 19, 1888.

RICHARD HODGSON, Esq.:—

MY DEAR SIR, — I enclose a letter that I have just received from my cousin, Mr. H. If you would like any statement from the people he mentions, I shall be glad to get it for you, although, apparently, they remember but little of the circumstances.

Yours truly,  
WILLIAM NOYES.

7.  
MAY 14, 1888.

DEAR WILL, — Yours of May 9th just to hand. In reply to your question about my dream, I will say: I mentioned it to the C.'s while at breakfast the morning after, and gave them quite a full account of my imaginary visit to Boston. I just now asked them if they "remember about my dreaming of Mrs. Noyes' death, and seeing her body in Boston, a few days before I got news by letter of the fact," and they remember about my speaking of it, but the particulars have partly faded from their memories. I did not restate them, as, if desired, I thought I would see how much they could remember of it. . . .

W. S. H.

8.  
NEW YORK, Jan. 9, 1889.

RICHARD HODGSON, Esq.:—

DEAR SIR, — I have written to Mr. H., and will send you his answer<sup>1</sup> as soon as I receive it. I have no objection to your using my name.

My mother's remains were removed to New Hampshire (*Bradford*, Mr. H——'s home), on the Tuesday morning after her death.

Yours sincerely,  
WILLIAM NOYES.

[37]

1.

(*Account of Miss B., friend of Miss F. M.*)

MARCH, 1888.

In 1870 Miss F. M., a lady about thirty-five, sailed for Glasgow in the Anchor Line steamer "Cambria." She was sick during the entire passage, and was shown a great deal of attention by the captain, George Carnigan. Naturally she would wish to return by the same steamer, but found that the time of sailing did not suit her own, so she chose another,

<sup>1</sup> This came too late for insertion here. See *Comments*.

but always had a feeling of regret that she could not have come back with the captain who had been so kind to her. She never saw him when in port here, but on the night of Oct. 19th of the same year, while sleeping, she called out, "The ship has gone down!" A person sleeping in the same room awakened her and asked what was the matter. She was crying, and said, "The ship in which I went to England is lost. I saw it go down with all on board." In relating the incident to me last week, she said, "I can see just how the ship dived down into the water, and the waves closed over her, and I felt Captain Carnigan was lost."

As is well known, the "Cambria" sailed from New York on, I think, the 8th October, 1870, and was wrecked off Donegal Bay in a storm, October 19; so her dream took place before the news could reach New York, and was confirmed by the fact that only one person was saved.

## 2.

NEW YORK CITY, June 10, 1888.

RICHARD HODGSON, Esq. :—

DEAR SIR, — At last I have accidentally met the lady who was sleeping in the room with Miss M. at the time she had the remarkable dream concerning the shipwreck. She remembered the circumstance, and was willing that I should give you her name and address. . . .

F. E. B.

## 3.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17, 1888.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON :—

DEAR SIR, — I have just received your letter and will answer at once. I have been away from New York nearly all summer, and have only just returned to the city, and I must confess I had nearly forgotten about you.

I will relate the circumstances as near as I can remember them after the lapse of so many years, although at the time it made a strong impression upon my mind.

I was a young girl, and occupying the same room with Miss M. at the time, and was awakened from a sound sleep one night by cries of distress from Miss M. I immediately awoke her, and then she told me of her terrible dream, how she had seen the "Cambria" go down with all on board. The dream seemed to trouble her greatly, and she told me she could think of nothing else, the whole scene had been so vivid and real; but the strangest part of the affair was when the news came a few days afterward of the shipwreck of the "Cambria," on the very night of Miss M.'s dreadful dream. All this I remember as well as though it had happened yesterday, but I am afraid I cannot give you the exact date, and as Miss M. is now living in the West, I could not refer to her. As near as I can recollect, it happened about the 20th or 21st of October, 1872. I may be mistaken about the date, but there can be no mistake about the affair; the whole thing happened just as I have related it to you.

Yours respectfully,

A. L. S.,  
New York.

4.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24, 1888.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON:—

DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 20th received. In reply I would say that Miss M. and I were living at the time at the Ladies' Christian Union, 27 North Washington Square, New York City, and if my memory serves me right I first heard of the loss of the "Cambria" through the newspaper, but am sorry to say I have no copy in my possession. I made no memorandum at the time, though I think Miss M. did so; but I think the news of the wreck was received within a week after Miss M.'s wonderful dream; and we then made the discovery that the "Cambria" was lost on the very night of her dream.

Yours respectfully,

A. L. S.

5.

OCTOBER 29, 1888.

Miss S., with whom I have had an interview to-day, is a first-rate witness; has never had any psychical experience herself, but was much impressed by the unusual distress of Miss M. on the night of the latter's experience. Her evidence is of great importance in this case.

R. HODGSON.

6.

[The steamship "Cambria," Captain Carnaghan, was wrecked off the coast of Donegal, Ireland, on Oct. 19, 1870, and only one person, a sailor, was saved. — R. H.]

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[38]

1.

(From Robert Boram.)

P. O. Box 153,

BUNKER HILL, MACOUPIN CO., ILL., Dec. 16, 1887.

GENTLEMEN, — In reply to your article in the St. Louis "Globe Democrat," headed "An Investigation of Dreams," would say I have had fore-warnings by dreams of the death of two of my children, which came to pass, also of the death of an uncle in England. As I have undeniable proof of the latter, I enclose you an account, and give you full privilege to use it and my name at any time. I have always been rather sceptical on such matters until I had such positive proof brought to my notice.

Upon receipt of some of your circulars I will have pleasure in collecting some evidence for you from my friends, etc.

Respectfully,

R. BORAM.

BUNKER HILL, MACOUPIN CO., ILL.

In the year 1873 I was in good bodily health, and on one Saturday night had a dream; thought I had returned to England, and visited the scenes of

my boyhood; and, in passing a row of brick dwelling-houses, I was prompted to enter one of them (which I did without knocking), and upon a sofa I noticed a man lying down; he appeared very sick and much emaciated. I had entered the house under the impression that my father and mother lived there; but as I stood looking at the sick man I thought, It cannot be my father, for this man looks older and his cheek-bones are higher; but with these exceptions, I detected a strong family likeness. Feeling somewhat embarrassed, I approached the couch and extended my hand to the sick man, and asked him how he was. His only reply was a mournful shake of the head and feeble grasp of the hand. Turning to the man's attendant, who stood at the foot of the couch (I noticed she was shorter than my mother), I asked her how long the patient had been sick; she replied, "Some time, sir;" and I awoke. This dream produced a deep impression on my mind, and I told my wife about it, and made a note of it, and told two neighbors about it the next day.

Three weeks after, I received a letter from my father in England, telling me that his brother had died a week before, after a short but painful illness. I then for the first time recognized the man in my dream. He was older than my father, and I had not seen him since I was about nine years old. The dates corresponded with those of my dream. I was not in the habit of thinking of this man.

Elihu Flanery and James Houston, Staunton, Ill., are the men to whom I told my dream.

ROBERT BORAM.

2.

BUNKER HILL, MACOUPIN COUNTY, ILL., Dec. 26, 1887.

RICHARD HODGSON, Esq.:—

DEAR SIR,—Your valued favor of the 22d inst. to hand, also the circulars, for which accept my thanks. *Ré* the dream I had of which I wrote you, you ask, "Did you distinguish any difference between this dream and any ordinary dreams which you may have?" *Ans.* Most decidedly. The impression left was very vivid, and I seemed under the influence of the thought, best part of the day, and I felt sure something was wrong at home. Also, I remember that the couch the man was lying on was a black horsehair covering, and the surroundings were natural as life.

Mr. James Houston, of Staunton (to whom I told it next day), turned as white as death and trembled from head to foot, as I told him about it; but as he is somewhat of a believer in such things, that did not impress me much at the time. However, when I got the letter from my father in England, I felt certain that there was more "truth than poetry" in my dream.

2. My wife is dead, and therefore I cannot get any statement from her.

3. As regards the memorandum, I believe I took it with me to England four years ago this month; it was in my diary, which I thought would prove interesting reading; and my father's letter, narrating an account of the death of his brother, has got lost. However, I got that letter on a

Saturday, and on the following Monday, when I passed by Mr. Flanery's, I called in, and told them of the letter, and reminded them of my strange dream.

You ask for other forewarnings: here is one that I had. When in England four years ago, on a visit to my father, whose name is A. W. BORAM, 8 St. George's Road, Kilburn, N. W. London, I was lying in bed one morning about 8 o'clock, with my eyes closed and half asleep. I distinctly felt some one touch my arm and then kiss me, and I heard my daughter Jessie's voice say, "Wild goose, ship, tar." I sprang up in bed, but saw no one, and my door was locked. This dream or vision bothered me very much, but I could not solve the mystery of those apparently foolish words. Two weeks after I got a letter from Staunton, Ill., and in it my wife told me that Jessie, my eldest child, was about half dead with lung fever. It takes fourteen days to get a letter, and again I felt sure there was truth in this dream.

. . . . .  
I enclose you a statement from my daughter Florence, written in her own hand, of a vision she had. It is truthful in every particular.

ROBERT BORAM,  
Bunker Hill, Ill.

Box 153.

*(From Florence Boram.)*

On or about the 8th of March, 1887, I had a peculiar vision. I was sitting holding my little brother who was suffering from the effects of swallowing a grain of corn which had lodged in his windpipe. There was no one in the room but my brother and I, when I happened to look up and saw a beautiful band of angels just over the door. One of them seemed to be leader, and held in his hand a wreath of flowers. They were all looking down upon us; they looked as though they were in a silver cloud; such a beautiful sight! In a moment they vanished. I was not at all frightened. In two days more Freddie (that was his name) died.

I was living at the time in Frederick Town, Madison Co., Mo., but I now reside in Bunker Hill, Ill.

FLORENCE BORAM.

8.

*(Statement of Elihu Flanery.)*

STAUNTON, MACOUPIN COUNTY, ILL., Jan. 1, 1888.

DEAR SIR, — I received yours on yesterday, the 31st of Dec. The dream, as well as I can remember after four or five years, is about as follows: —

Mr. Boram said he thought that he was in England, and went into a strange house. In one corner of a room was a bed on which was a man lying very sick; he thought it looked like his father, but seemed satisfied it wasn't his father. He asked him if he was very sick. He said, "Yes." He then asked the old lady at the foot of the bed how long he had been sick. She said, "About two weeks."

Mr. Boram seemed very uneasy till he got a letter from home stating the death of an uncle of his; the death occurring about the time of the dream.

Yours with respect,

ELIHU FLANERY.

4.

BUNKER HILL, ILL., Jan. 17, 1888.

R. HODGSON, Esq. : —

DEAR SIR, — In reply to your valued favor of December 29th, would say, though deeply interested in the furtherance of your desires, am sorry I cannot aid you as I would like to do, as I am in bed four-fifths of my time with a cough that is fast dragging me to that world that we mortals are so anxious to get a peep at while living.

Mr. Houston, whose address I gave you in Staunton, is working somewhere in Missouri, and he may not have received your letter, as his wife, *like my own*, is much averse to investigations pertaining to the spirit world, and believes all visions and materialized apparitions to be the work of (what she terms) the devil, "a black old fellow with hoofs, horns, a long tail, and the boss of the fire-work department below." So, now you can see how it is I cannot get her testimony to the fact that baby Fred came to her while she was awake and patted her cheeks, spoke to her and disappeared, after saying, "Don't cry, dear mamma. Naughty Rene, naughty May;" referring to the two children who had been quarrelling, and were the cause of her mental anxiety. When I tried to get her to put it down, she replied, "No, it will only aid a lot of Spiritualists, whose work is connected with the devil, and I will have nothing to do with it."

Florence Boram did not remember if she mentioned her vision to any one before the death of her brother, except to us in the family, but she and Mrs. B. spoke of it to T. J. Sellards and Sarah Sellards and others at Fredericktown, Mo., after his death.

Trusting to have the pleasure of hearing from you from time to time, and wishing your society the success that it so justly merits, I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT BORAM.

[39]

1.

(From Mr. Ira Sayles, 511 F Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.)

SUNDAY EVENING, April 18, 1885.

To MORTON PRINCE, M.D. : —

DEAR SIR, — I notice in "Science," for April 16th inst., an invitation extended to any and all knowing of any facts relative to haunted houses, apparitions, etc., to communicate such facts to the committee through some of its individual members; I therefore direct my communication to you, as secretary of the committee.

From 1852 to 1858 I was principal in an academy located at Rushford, Alleghany Co., New York. My neighbor — about twenty feet between our houses — was a lawyer by profession. His wife was a bright, intelligent lady, considerably above the ordinary run of women, still not a *highly* educated one; American born, bred, and educated.

They had one son, only child, a fairly bright boy. While at another institution I had had the boy under my charge, though not there his teacher.

In the year 1856, after having completed a fair course of study, this son, now a young man, joined another and went to Kansas. They stopped in Lawrence. As you will recollect, the whole country was then in a state of belligerent excitement over the status of the incipient State on the Slavery and Free-soil issue. As the years rolled by the excitement became more and more turbulent.

Of course, this mother, whose very life seemed wrapped up in the welfare of her boy, grew more and more anxious about him, in consequence of the political agitation then in progress. The young man wrote frequently, and always with the sanguine declarations born in young inexperience.

In the spring of 1857, one night not far from midnight, she woke her husband with a scream. He always addressed her as mother. "Mother, what is the matter?" said he. "*Why! don't you see Johnny there?* He says to me, '*Mother, they've shot me. The bullet entered right here,*' and he pointed to a hole right over his right eye." Mr. Stewart (the man's name) replied, "I don't see anything, mother. You've been dreaming." — "No, I have not been dreaming. I was as wide awake as I am now." He tried to calm her, but she wept all the rest of the night. The next morning he called me in, and they both told me of her experiences, she still maintaining that she was wide awake. They always slept with a lamp partially turned down in their room. She maintained that she both *saw her son* (Johnny) and *heard his voice*. She became more calm, however, after a few days, and, quite likely, nursed a hope that she had been the subject of a hallucination.

Two weeks afterward, however, the young man that went with young Stewart to Kansas returned. The first thing he did was to visit Mr. Stewart at his law office, and to narrate to him there, that *on a certain day, at four o'clock P.M., a Missourian shot Johnny, the ball entering his head just above his right eye*. Moreover, the day of the shooting proved to be *the very day on which Mrs. Stewart had her vision*, at night, about six hours after the shooting!

I was their nearest, most familiar, and most trusted neighbor. I never knew that before this she entertained any of the superstitions of the low. I think not. From that experience, however, she became a stanch believer in Spiritualism. I had myself, in 1856, lost a little daughter, nine years of age, and after her son's death she told me that Johnny came to her window one night, tapped on it, and she asked, "Who's there?" The reply was, "*Johnny. I have found Florett.*" That was my daughter's name.

Besides these two instances, I do not recall any other times when she professed to hear or see the dead. I have learned that she died in 1871.

Mr. Stewart was an inebriate, and though a pretty shrewd country lawyer,

always squandered money as fast as he earned it. The last I heard of him he was still living in that village, *an object of charity*. Whether or not he still retains his mental faculties, I know not.

His address was: W. A. STEWART, Rushford, Alleghany Co., N.Y.

I have given the facts of the case as they occurred. Mrs. Stewart at the time was about forty years old. Excepting her mental perturbation in consequence of the Kansas imbroglio, she was in good health, mentally and physically. She was, after the shock had passed away, as she had always been, unless, perhaps, under a slight cloud of sadness. Still, though never gay, *she was cheerful and composed*.

Very respectfully,  
IRA SAYLES,  
*Geologist U.S. Geological Survey.*

NOTE. — I sign thus that you may have as much evidence as I can offer for the trustworthiness of my statements.

2.

(*From Mr. Ira Sayles, National Museum, Washington, D.C.*)

FRIDAY EVENING, Feb. 17, 1886.

TO RICHARD HODGSON:—

SIR, — Yours of the 13th inst. reached my work-table this morning. In reference to your questions relative to Mrs. Stewart's vision of her son, I have simply to say I was the first person, except her husband, to whom Mrs. Stewart told her vision. She told it to me personally early the next morning about sunrise. At the time I made no written record; but the event is as fresh in mind as it could be were it but yesterday. I know whereof I speak.

Your second question asks how long I knew it before its corroboration to Mrs. Stewart. The exact number of days I cannot give; but it was between two and three weeks. I myself was the person chosen by Mr. Stewart to break the sad news to his wife. Neither he nor his law partner had the nerve to do it. I am therefore better acquainted with all the facts in the case than any other person, except only Mr. and Mrs. Stewart themselves, both of whom are dead. The fact of locating the wound in the forehead, just above the right eye, and that it was a wound made by a bullet, are the strangest parts of that strange vision. The vision or apparition said, "Mother, they've shot me. The ball went in here;" and he (it) put his finger over his right eye, and she saw the wound.

All this she told me that morning after the apparition.

Very respectfully yours,

IRA SAYLES.

[40]

1.

BOSTON, June 25, 1887.

RICHARD HODGSON, Esq.:—

DEAR SIR, — In answer to your note of the 23d I would state that the name of the prisoner alluded to has passed from my recollection. He

belonged in East Boston, and was sentenced for life for an assault upon a woman. I think he was pardoned some years ago, but am not certain about it. He had but one child, a boy about five years old, who always came with his wife to visit him. He seemed very fond of the child, always held him in his arms during the visit, and showed a good deal of feeling at parting.

The following is an account of the affair made at the time:—

The following very singular incident I can vouch for as having actually occurred. I refer to it, not to illustrate a supernatural or any other unusual agency, as I am a sceptic in such matters, but as a remarkable instance of hallucination or presentiment.

I received a message from the wife of one of our convicts, in prison for life, that their only child, a bright little boy five years old, was dead, he having accidentally fallen into the water and been drowned. I was requested to communicate to the father the death of the child, but not the cause, as the wife preferred to tell him herself when she should visit him a week or two later.

I sent for him to the guard-room, and after a few questions in regard to himself, I said I had some sad news for him. He quickly replied, "I know what it is, Mr. Warden; my boy is dead!"—"How did you hear of it?" I asked.—"Oh, I knew it was so; he was drowned, was he not, Mr. Warden?"—"But who informed you of it?" I again asked.—"No one," he replied.—"How, then, did you know he was dead, and what makes you think he was drowned?"—"Last Sunday," he said, "your little boy was in the chapel; he fell asleep, and you took him up and held him. As I looked up and caught sight of him lying in your arms, instantly the thought occurred to me that my boy was dead—drowned. In vain I tried to banish it from my mind, to think of something else, but could not; the tears came into my eyes, and it has been ringing in my ears ever since; and when you sent for me, my heart sunk within me, for I felt sure my fears were to be confirmed."

What made it more remarkable was the fact that the child was missed during the forenoon of that Sunday, but the body was not found for some days after.

The foregoing is copied from my journal, the entry made on the day of the interview, and I can assure you is strictly correct in every particular.

Very respectfully,

GIDEON HAYNES.

2.

BOSTON, June 29, 1887.

RICHARD HODGSON, Esq.:—

DEAR SIR, — In answer to your note of yesterday I would state that I shall go over to the prison in a few days, and will obtain the name, and all the information in regard to the pardon and present abode of the convict in question, which the authorities of the prison may be in possession of.

Very respectfully,

G. HAYNES.

## 3.

BOSTON, July 6, 1887.

RICHARD HODGSON, Esq. : —

DEAR SIR, — I was at the State Prison yesterday, but, unfortunately, both the warden and clerk were absent, and I was unable to obtain the date of the pardon of the convict in question.

His name was Timothy Cronan. He was pardoned in 1873 or 1874. Mr. Darling, the officer in the guard-room to-day, occupied the same position when I had the interview with Cronan. He was present and remembers distinctly all the circumstances of the case, which were discussed by us at the time. Cronan served some ten or twelve years, and Mr. Darling has the impression that he was pardoned with the understanding that he should go to California, where he had a sister in very good circumstances. He has not been heard from at the prison since his discharge.

Very respectfully,

GIDEON HAYNES.

[41]

1.

*(From Mrs. H. M. P.)*

Mrs. Crans' young married daughter passed away with consumption five years ago, and her husband, almost frenzied with grief, went out of business in New York, where they had spent one brief year of married life, to found a new home in the West. Not long after, Mrs. Craus had the following dream, which I have written out in nearly her own words, though the manuscript is in New York : —

“ I thought I saw Charley asleep in his room in Dubuque, and watched his regular breathing. Everything was perfectly distinct ; every piece of furniture, toilet, curtains, broken window-pane, etc. While looking at him, suddenly Allie floated into the room, a beautiful, radiant spirit. She looked at Charley with eyes beaming with affection, approached the bed, threw her arm over him, and kissed him upon the forehead. It was all as real as anything in life, and produced so much emotion that I awoke and arose, too much affected to sleep. The dream so impressed me that I wrote to Charley the next day telling him what I had seen.

“ In due time I received a letter from Charley, crossing the one sent to him. In it he says, ‘ Mother Crans, I had the most life-like dream last night, almost like a vision. Ella came to me in my sleep, a lovely, angelic form, with the same old-time affection. She threw her arm over my neck and kissed me on the forehead. I started up, and she was gone.’ ” (This was written on the same morning with Mrs. Crans' letter.)

Again Mrs. Crans wrote to Charley, describing minutely every article of furniture, the position of the bed, etc., and found her dream to be in every respect perfectly accurate.

## 2.

345 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK, July 14, 1888.

MR. HODGSON:—

DEAR SIR,— In compliance with your request I write you again<sup>1</sup> the experience which I had in 1880; I think it was April 30, Friday night. We had just moved here that day from 18 West 21st street, and the second day of December previous my daughter, Mrs. Allie Kernochan, had passed away to spirit life. Her husband, who was so nearly crushed from her death, left us the following February, I think, and went to live in Central City, Dak. The night of April 30 I was very tired out from moving. No beds being up, I slept on the floor in the back-parlor of 347 West 34th street. I have two houses, 345 and 347. Mrs. B., a widow then, that I have since lost track of, but who lives somewhere, I think, in Texas, slept with me, also my daughter, a young girl. After lying down to rest, I remember of feeling a drifting sensation, of seeming almost as if I was going out of the body. My eyes were closed; soon I realized that I was, or seemed to be, going fast somewhere. All seemed dark to me; suddenly I realized that I was in a room, then I saw Charley lying in a bed asleep; then I took a look at the furniture of the room, and distinctly saw every article of furniture in the room, even to a chair at the head of the bed, which had one of the pieces broken in the back; and Charley's clothes lay on that chair, across the bottom of chair. In a moment the door opened and my spirit daughter Allie came into the room and stepped up to the bed and stooped down and kissed Charley. He seemed to at once realize her presence, and tried to hold her, but she passed right out of the room about like a feather blown by the wind; and then, after a moment, she came back again, when Charley seemed to realize that he must keep quiet if he would see her, so he lay still, and she went up to the bed and kissed him again; then she sat down on the side of the bed and unbuttoned his night-shirt collar. I saw that had a ruffle around it. She laid the collar back, and laid her head on his breast. Then Charley softly put his arms up around her, and I looked on the picture for a while, then I thought I would open my eyes, and with difficulty I got my eyes open. They seemed so heavy to me, but when I succeeded in opening them, I received a sudden shock such as if I had fallen from the ceiling to the floor. It frightened and woke up both Mrs. B. and my daughter, who asked what was the matter. Of course I told them my experience, and the following Sunday I wrote, as was always my custom, to my son-in-law, Charley, telling him of all of my experience, describing the room as I saw it furnished. It took a letter six days to go from here to Dakota, and the same length of time, of course, to come from there here; and at the end of six days judge of my surprise to receive a letter from Charley telling me thus: "O my darling mamma Crans! My God! I dreamed I saw Allie last Friday night." He then described just as I saw her; how she came into the room, and he cried, and tried to hold her, but she vanished; how he had prayed for her to return, and that she did so, and then he lay still, and how she kissed

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<sup>1</sup> The first account sent by Mrs. C. was accidentally lost.— R. H.

him, then how she unbuttoned his nightshirt, laid back the collar, and laid her head on his breast; how he had clasped his arms around her, but awoke to find her not there. Then, at the end of the six days, when my letter reached him, and he read of my similar experience, he at once wrote me that all I had seen was correct, even to every article of furniture in the room, also as his dream had appeared to him.

I hope you can read this, I have written it so hurriedly. My cares are many, and I wrote under difficulty. Hoping it may prove of use to you,  
Sincerely yours for the truth,

MRS. N. J. CRANS.

3.

345 W. 34TH STREET, NEW YORK, July 5, '88.

MR. HODGSON: —

DEAR SIR, — I found my son-in-law yesterday, and he regrets that my letter to him is among the lost; but enclosed please find a letter from him, which he was quite willing to give you. He lives out of the city now, and only comes to see us occasionally, and visited us yesterday.

MRS. N. J. CRANS.

4.

NEW YORK, July 4, '88.

RICHARD HODGSON: —

DEAR SIR, — The facts written you this day by Mrs. N. J. Crans in regard to a letter written to me one Sunday morning in the year 1880, and one written by me on the same date to her, are correct in every particular. I was then living in Central City, Dakota, boarding at the American House. It is impossible to give the exact date, as I have destroyed the letter, for which I regret. I think it was about the last of April, 1880.

Trusting this will meet your approval,

I remain, sir,

Very respt. yours,

C. A. KERNOCHAN,

345 W. 34th st.,

NEW YORK CITY.

[42]

1.

(From Mrs. P. J.)

Twelve or thirteen years ago I was spending the summer at Cape Porpoise, Maine. One evening, returning from the water's edge, just as the sun was setting, I saw a remarkable figure, under the following circumstances: —

My son, about three years old, was walking by my side, and my husband was a few paces in front of us. The way to the house, on our return, lay

across a strip of grass-covered land, then across a road, then across another strip of grass to the garden gate of the house where we were lodging. The path from the gate to the door of the house, some eighteen or twenty feet, was covered with cobble-stones. As we neared the house, after having crossed the road, I saw that the door of the house was open, and a woman, apparently, was stepping down the steps. My husband and the figure passed each other just inside the gate, and he turned slightly to look after it as it passed him.

The figure was exceedingly tall, and appeared to be that of an old woman wearing a peculiar shawl and bonnet, and an old-fashioned dress, gathered in at the waist. I turned to look after the figure as it passed me, and the figure turned, also, as though to look at me. But I saw *no face* inside the bonnet. The figure went on, and I hurried inside and asked my husband if he had seen the figure. He said, "Yes." — "What was it?" — "That was my grandmother." I had never seen his grandmother, who had died many years previously. My husband had not seen any face, and identified the figure by the peculiar appearance of the clothes which she had been in the habit of wearing; also by her figure and general bearing.

I inquired at once of Mrs. G., our landlady, since dead, who it was who came out of the house. She replied that she had been alone in the house, and that no person could have come out of the house without her seeing, as she was sitting in a window on the first floor, commanding a view of the garden walk. She had seen and heard no one but ourselves. We sent a message to another woman, who lived higher up the road along which the figure had gone, but this woman, also, had seen no person, although, as she declared, she was sitting in a position commanding a view of the road. To my further surprise, I found that my child had seen no person, notwithstanding the fact that the figure had passed close beside us, and I had turned to look after it.

My husband and myself were both in good health at the time. I have never had any other experience of the kind.

MRS. P. J.

JUNE 18, 1887.

2.

The above narration is substantially correct, and as I should have related it, with exception that I had forgotten that my little son was with us. I have no doubt, however, that Mrs. J. is correct concerning the fact.

LEWIS E. J.

JUNE 21, 1887.

3.

I was with Mr. and Mrs. J. at the time of the occurrence related above; had lingered behind at the water's edge, and distinctly remember the presence of the little boy, and of his being questioned, as stated by Mrs. J.

CHARLOTTE P. H.

[43]

1.

## ACCOUNT OF A SINGULAR APPEARANCE AT P.

Toward the year of 1873 we received frequent visits from the family of Mr. J. X., of P., especially from the daughters, bright young girls, with a taste for art and books.

These maidens told us much of their friend, Frank Y., a young captain in the regular army. His clever sketches, his witty notes, often came to light between the leaves of the books which they were reading; his photograph was placed in the frame of their mirror; his name and his face were thus familiar to us.

We heard of Captain Y.'s recall to the Western frontier, where he had been stationed; and afterwards of his receiving a bullet in his lungs, in some Indian skirmish, and returning to P— on a furlough, to be nursed. At this city he stayed with a relative, who lived directly opposite Mr. X. The two families were very intimate, almost like one family.

During this state of affairs, as nearly as I can gather, in August of 1875, Mr. G. and myself went to P. for a short visit at the house of Mr. and Mrs. X. It was one of the fine old seaport houses, of brick, with stone steps and foundations, with wide halls, high ceilings, and spacious rooms; a garden like an orchard, and in front embowering elms; it still stands at the corner of C and D streets.

Here we arrived (it was still broad daylight) late on a hot midsummer afternoon, and had not greeted half the household when the bell rang for dinner. The room assigned to us was in the third story. Covered with dust from our travels, we hastened thither to make ourselves presentable for the table; and so engrossed were we in this effort as not to exchange an unnecessary word with each other.

At evening, for the sake of air, we sat in the lower hall, the younger people on the steps; friends and neighbors dropped in for a chat, and to these, in the twilight, we were introduced.

The evening over, and once more alone with Mr. G., I asked, "Did you observe that when we first arrived here we met a young officer on the stairs?"

His quick reply was, "Certainly, I remember; we both moved to let him pass. It was Captain Y., as any one might know who had seen his photograph."

This had been my own impression, and had led me to take more careful note of the young man's appearance: his handsome face, his bright, clear eyes; his military bearing and fatigue dress; he lifted his cap in passing, or touched it; his air of being at home, — all led me to look for his reappearance.

On comparing notes with my husband, we found that this expectation had been mutual, had haunted us equally during the evening, as each new stranger arrived.

The next morning at breakfast I asked of one of the family, "What has become of Captain Y.? We hoped to meet him here; thought, indeed, that we did meet him yesterday as we entered your house."

The remark made a surprising sensation. Knives and forks were dropped, pale cheeks flushed.

“Where? how? when did you meet Captain Y.? He was buried three days ago!”

So we told our simple impression of the stairway; and after breakfast, all repairing to the hall, we took the same positions, each of the family remaining where he or she had stood as we went upstairs the preceding day. Each room above and below had been occupied by some person who was near its door and listening for the guests. No stranger could have passed without observation. We questioned, Was it not the driver's assistant, who had our trunks in charge? No, that point was satisfactorily investigated.

Was the appearance really like Captain Frank Y.? Did he have such eyes, hair, dress, bearing, expression of countenance?

Yes, to the last particular.

This is all. Nothing came of the vision, nothing went from it, in the twelve years during which we have often told it in each other's presence.

Only we were sorry to learn that the fine old house brought a lower price when sold, because of our gentle ghost.

C. S. G.

JULY 8, 1887.

[Mr. G. is not living.]

2.

JANUARY 9, 1888.

DEAR MR. HODGSON, — . . . Ever since last summer I have been holding in leash a few ghosts for you, but they are elusive creatures, and sometimes perish in their chains.

It is natural that you should wish some confirmation of my strange story, and I tried to obtain one before writing Mr. Savage, if only to steady my own recollections. I have looked in vain for Mrs. X.'s reply to my request, and must have destroyed it. It was short and curt, as if the family feared notoriety from the circumstance, although I had promised the contrary. She wrote that it was “impossible for her to recall the date when we saw what appeared to be Captain Y.” at her house; that they always spoke of him as Frank Y., but as to other details, she could not give them.

I will write to the cousin at whose house Captain Y. died, and keep the reply until you come.

Sincerely yours,

C. S. G.

P.S. — With this I shall mail the letter which I have written to Miss Q., the cousin of Captain Y.

C. S. G.

3.

JANUARY 13, 1888.

DEAR MR. HODGSON, — So far from objecting to your writing Mr. X., I shall be much interested to find how well his recollections tally with my

own. Yet as Miss Q., to whom I have just written, is in daily communication with his family, I think it might be well to delay your communication until I hear from her. They are both peculiar persons, and such a coincidence might make them fly off on a tangent, never to return.

The little story was talked over last summer on hotel piazzas, to the dismay of some of our friends, to whom the last year had made one name sacred.

But the wind bloweth where it listeth, and we are not responsible for the exaggerations of our neighbors.

Sincerely yours,

C. S. G.

4.

JANUARY 24, 1888.

DEAR MR. HODGSON, — I am both baffled and entertained with the difficulty of tracking my P. ghost.

Here are two letters which tell nothing. One, so little that it is not worth troubling you with. The note of Miss Q. I send you. The latter, at least, gave a clue which may be useful.

I turned to my diary of the year 1872, and found this hasty mention of the circumstance. We were returning from a journey to the White Mountains. I copy the page literally and entirely. The record begins at North Conway.

(Printed.) FRIDAY, August 23, 1872.

“Morning: Called on the P.’s; saw Mrs. W. and L.; took P.’s to drive in great wagon; invited the Echo House party, but only Mrs. C.’s boy could go, a bright little fellow; saw Mr. C., suffering, but amusing; took glorious drive; home to dine; pack; start for P., — two and a half hours, — found family on doorstep, just out from tea. As we entered, encountered the ghost of Frank Y., who died less than a week ago, and had haunted the house in life. Warm, cordial welcome, to us, *not the ghost.*”

The next page begins:—

SATURDAY, August 24, 1872.

“Bright, cool day; took lovely sail in harbor, Mrs. X., Annie, Nellie Q., J. (Mr. G.), and I.”

You will observe that Miss Nellie Q. spent the next morning with us in a boat. She must then be mistaken in writing that she did not hear us speak of the ghost. I distinctly remember the younger people would not let the subject rest. Mrs. X. remarked of her two daughters and Nellie: “These children had taken it in their heads that they believed in nothing, not even their own souls, but I notice they devoutly believe in Captain Y.’s ghost.”

But sixteen years give room for much forgetting, and from a later record in the same diary I discover that, not long after, the father of Miss Nellie Q. suddenly died; the second death in her home during that year, and the death of friends, as you may know, makes dreadful havoc with our memory.

I wrote to another P. friend asking if she could not gather up some floating tradition of the story. Her reply is full of a recent bereavement of her own, and only thus alludes to my request: "I remember hearing of the ghost story, but can't tell you how. I will, if you wish, ask Mrs. X."

This friend has had some remarkable psychical experiences, which I will make her tell you when she visits me.

There seems now nothing to prevent your writing Mrs. X., and I shall be glad if you do so.

Very sincerely yours,

C. S. G.

I have written still another letter to one who was a guest that year, '72; it is not time for a reply.

C. S. G.

5.

P——, January 19.

MY DEAR MRS. G., — I fear you have been thinking me very neglectful of your note. Owing to misdirection it only reached me a few days ago.

I will try and answer your questions, but cannot do it to much purpose, I think, as I have very few facts.

Captain Y. died in the summer of '72, but I do not know the date. He was young, but neither handsome nor accomplished; as to popularity, I don't think it was marked either way.

I recollect that you and Mr. G. visited Mr. X. after Captain Y.'s death, but whether days or weeks after I do not recollect. I remember hearing talk about the occurrence you mention about that time, but only indirectly, as I am quite sure that I did not hear either you or Mr. G. speak of it.

I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long for an answer.

Mother joins me in kind regards.

Believe me yours very truly,

(Signed) [Miss Q.]

6.

P——, Jan. 30, '88.

To R. HODGSON, Esq. : —

MY DEAR SIR, — Your note of the 26th reached me Saturday evening.

In regard to your request, I do not think I could add anything to what Mrs. G. has probably told you, as, in answer to a letter from Mrs. G. this summer, I recalled at her desire, as far as possible, my recollections of the curious circumstance. It was long ago, and the memory of it is comparatively dim.

I should much prefer not to have our name mentioned publicly in connection with the very singular incident.

Very respectfully yours,

(Signed) [Mrs. X.]

[44]

1.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 10.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR, — The following tale is in your line, and can be easily investigated, as all the persons live about here.

The W.'s, who live in an old house facing the Common, just beyond Mr. G., were at Petersham, — or somewhere in that vicinity, — summering. One evening they described to those with whom they were conversing the quaint character of their home and some of its belongings.

The next morning at breakfast a Mrs. J., of Cambridgeport, said to the W.'s: —

“I dreamed of your house last night. I saw the inside, and everything was in confusion. Things were strewn around the floor, and in one of the beds were two boys. I saw their faces so plainly that I believe if I were to meet them I could identify them,” or words to that effect.

That day, at mid-day, the W.'s heard that their house had been entered. A bed in the house was apparently slept in by two persons.

This is the story as I heard it told. Whether it has grown or not since it begun its travels I cannot say.

Mrs. H., corner of M—— and P—— place, can tell you about it.

Yours, etc.

A. M. D.

2.

M—— STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

MR. ROYCE: —

DEAR SIR, — In reply to your letter asking for information about a dream, I send you the name of the lady that had it, Mrs. F. H. J., —— Street, Cambridgeport, and the Misses W., —— street, to whom the dream was told in the morning, before they received the letter telling them their house had been entered.

I think they would be very willing to give you all the details you wish, and it will be more satisfactory to you to communicate directly with them.

Very truly yours,

E. B. H.

3.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 30, 1886.

PROFESSOR ROYCE: —

DEAR SIR, — The dream I will endeavor to relate as clearly as possible.

It occurred during the month of August, last summer, while we were boarding with Mrs. H., in Lunenburg, where I first met the Misses W. I am a perfectly healthy woman, and have always been sceptical as to hallucinations in any one, always before having felt the cause of the experience might be traced.

In my dream I arrived unexpectedly at the house of the Misses W. in Cambridge, where I found everything in confusion, drawers emptied and

their contents scattered about the floor, bundles unrolled, and dresses taken down from the closets. Then, as I stepped into one room, I saw some boys in bed, — three or four, I cannot distinctly remember. I saw their faces distinctly, as they sat up in bed at my approach, but the recollection of their faces has faded from me now. I could not reach the boys, for they disappeared suddenly, and I could not find them; but I thought, These cannot be the people whom the Misses W. trusted to care for their house in their absence, and I was troubled to know whether it was best to tell them when I should return to Lunenburg. This is all there was in the dream.

Thinking only to amuse them, I related my dream at the breakfast table the following morning, and I regretted doing so immediately, for anxiety showed itself in their faces, and the elder Miss W. remarked that she hoped my dream was not a forerunner of bad tidings from home. I laughed at the idea, but that morning a mail brought the letter telling them that their house had been entered, and when they went down they found almost the same confusion of which I had been a witness the night before — with everything strewn about the floor. It was a singular coincidence, surely.

Yours truly,

E. J.

My age, if desired, is twenty-nine, and my nationality is American.

E. J.

4.

7 ——— STREET, Dec. 4.

PROFESSOR JOSIAH ROYCE:—

DEAR SIR,—I am not quite sure whether the incident to which you allude in your note is worthy your attention or not, but I will give you the facts, that you may judge for yourself of its value.

The burglary, we suppose, took place on the night of the 17th or 18th of August, I being at the time, for the summer, in the town of Lunenburg, Mass.

Coming down to breakfast on the morning of the 17th, a lady said to me that she had had a strange dream. She thought she went to our house, finding it in the greatest confusion, everything turned upside down. As she entered one of the sleeping-rooms she saw two boys lying in the bed; but she could not see their faces, for as soon as they saw her they jumped up and ran off. I said, "I hope that does not mean that we have been visited by burglars."

I thought no more about it, till the eleven o'clock mail brought a note from the woman in charge of the house saying that it had been entered, — that everything was in great confusion, many things carried off, and she wished we would come home at once. The policeman who went over the house with her said he had never seen a house more thoroughly ransacked.

We found that in the upper attic room the bed had evidently been used, and there was, perhaps, more confusion in this room than in any other.

The lady who had the dream was Mrs. F. J., of Cambridgeport. I was

told that she had been suffering for about a year from nervous prostration, and she was evidently in a condition of great nervous excitement.

I forbore to speak to her of the occurrence, as one of the ladies in the house told me that it had made an unpleasant impression on her mind.

The whole thing seems rather curious to me, but I do not know that you will find it of any value in your investigations.

Very respectfully yours,

L. L. W.

[ 45 ]

1.

(From R. B. C.)

It was in 1876, when living in Chicago, that myself and wife went to the Centennial, arriving there on the morning of July 4th. After spending a week, returned home *via* New York and Niagara Falls. My wife's friends lived near the Falls. We visited them, and while there I had the following dream:—

I thought I saw a mad dog coming up Randolph street, and saw him attack my little eight-year-old boy, seizing him on the upper arm, near the shoulder. Such was the impression made that I soon awoke, and called to my wife and told her of my dream. "Oh," she replied, "it is only one of your dreams!" I told her I never, in all my dreams, had had such a vivid dream. I could not sleep any more that night, and could not shake it off. Next day we left for home, arriving the day following, and were soon at my house. I was exceedingly glad to see my boy, but the first news I was told he had been bitten by a mad dog, a few days before, but the police had killed the dog, and the doctor thought there was no danger, as his clothing prevented the virus coming in contact with the wound; and what is most or equally remarkable, the dog seized him at the place on his arm that I saw so vividly in my dream, and it occurred the afternoon of the day before my dream.

R. B. C.,  
Evanston, Ill.

Dec. 12, 1887.

2.

EVANSTON, ILL., Jan. 16, 1888.

RICHARD HODGSON, Esq.:—

DEAR SIR,—Yours of 20th ult. came duly to hand. Owing to sickness have been unable to reply.

My wife will herewith enclose recollection of dream referred to. The only peculiarity in regard to it was that I was so impressed that I woke her out of a sound sleep, something I had never done before; and it preyed on my mind until I reached home. Can't say that there was any mention made in the newspapers, but presume there was. Don't remember whether I was in habit of repeating my dreams to her before this incident, but have since.

My attention was called to your society by a little article in the paper a month or more ago, headed, "Trot out your Dreams." Never having before told my dream outside the family, thought it would do no harm to give you my experience.

I have not given your other circular the attention you ask, from the fact I have been confined to my room for the past month.

Yours truly,

R. B. C.

My recollection at this late date is that my son was bitten the evening before the dream, but my wife says he was bitten about 9 A.M. of the same morning of the dream. She is doubtless correct, as she seems to have a more distinct recollection.

R. B. C.

3.

[JAN. 16, 1888.]

My recollection of Mr. C. relating this dream to me is very distinct, and that he appeared much more impressed by it than I had ever before seen him by a dream. I am not positive that it was on the same morning that the boy was bitten, but my impression is that it was about 5 A.M., and he was bitten about 9 A.M. of the same morning.

Mrs. A. B. C.

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[46]

1.

HEUVELTON, ST. LAWRENCE CO., NEW YORK, Jan. 19, 1888.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON: —

DEAR SIR, — In answer to an article which I clipped from the "Sun," which please find enclosed, I will say that although I cannot at the present time fully comply with the request therein contained, yet it is not uncommon with me to have very vivid impressions in regard to friends who are at a distance, and those impressions usually prove to be correct, one of which I will here briefly mention.

Some three years ago a lady friend of ours was in Florida, her husband living at the same time in New Mexico. Well, an impression came over me that she was in deep trouble, and thinking this would be a good time to test the question of mind acting upon mind, although the parties may be thousands of miles apart, I wrote at once to her stating the facts, and in due time I received her answer, stating that at the time indicated she was indeed in deep trouble, stating the cause, which I need not here mention; but the lady to whom I refer is a lady whose truth is beyond question.

I have no belief in the supernatural, but I believe that mind truly acts upon mind through the operation of nature's laws or through the laws of God as revealed in the operations of nature, and when we shall have become fully acquainted with nature's laws, we shall understand clearly how it is that mind acts upon mind, through the operation of that law in nature which causes particles of like affinity to be mutually attracted.

As it regards dreams, will state that I had an experience in that line in the summer of 1813 (I write from memory), in relation to some business affairs, which was quite unlooked for, and was at the time quite a surprise to me, involving the receipt of a letter with certain proposals, altogether unlooked for by me. Now, in the course of a few days, I received the letter from the man indicated in my dream, enclosing all the propositions indicated in my dream, to the most minute detail. I was then seventeen years of age; but whether this dream had any particular significance or not, I cannot say, although in answer to the letter which I received. I changed my plans, whether it was for the better or worse, I cannot say, but of the fact that mind acts upon mind, under certain conditions, I am quite well convinced; but in order to comprehend these things clearly, we must understand nature's laws, in so far, at least, as to enable us to see that strict justice and truth is enstamped upon all the works of God, as revealed in nature's book; but in conclusion I will say that if the foregoing interests you to the extent that you wish for details or a more comprehensive statement of these phenomena and their relation to the spiritual nature of man, I am free to give my views upon the subjects involved in these problems in nature's book, which meets us at every turn; but as I am as an atom in that grand structure which constitutes all the works of God, a unit or one, it is plain that that point to which we have arrived to-day is as a stepping-stone to raise up higher as the mind unfolds to the light of truth.

Yours truly,

ROBERT F.,

Heuvelton, N.Y., St. Lawrence Co.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON,

5 Boylston place, Boston, Mass.

2.

FEBRUARY 22, 1888.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON: —

DEAR SIR, — I have at hand a letter from you forwarded me by Mr. Robert F., of Heuvelton, N.Y., in which you express a wish for my statement of a circumstance which I understand he has communicated to you.

So far as I know, it is simply this: On the 9th of January, 1884, while at Daytona, Florida, I received news which caused me much mental suffering. A week, perhaps ten days, thereafter, I received a letter from Mr. F., in which he informed me that during the evening of January 9, he had been impressed with a sense of my presence, and was conscious of my suffering at that time.

The news which caused my trouble came to me by letter from Arizona: concerned me alone; and I had not confided in any person. Mr. F. then resided, as he now does, in Northern New York. I am not in possession of the letter which I received from Mr. F. at that time; but remember it quite well, and shall be glad to answer any questions in regard to the circumstances that you see fit to ask.

Very respectfully,

Mrs. G. T. S.,

Manitou Springs, Col.

3.

MANITOU SPRINGS, March 24, 1888.

MR. R. HODGSON: —

DEAR SIR, — Your letter was duly received, and in answer would say that I do not recollect whether I told any of my friends of the case or not. The fact is, I did not give it much thought. It seemed quite natural that Mr. F. should know of my suffering, and at the same time I was among strangers, so probably I did not speak of it at all.

If there is anything further that you wish to ask, I shall be very glad to answer at my earliest convenience.

I remain,

Very respectfully,

MRS. G. T. S.,  
Manitou Springs, Col.

[47]

1.

(From Dr. B. E.)

BROOKLYN, April 2, 1886.

RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.: —

MY DEAR SIR, — In the New York "Sun" of yesterday is an article copied from the Boston "Globe," giving an account of the work of the Society for Psychological Research, with which you are connected. Some instances given of the transference of impressions remind me of a case that came within my own personal knowledge.

About ten years ago my wife, who is a woman of remarkably strong will, and is prominently identified with several organized charities, woke me one night by her loud crying and wailing. It was with great difficulty that she could be pacified. She had been roused from her sleep by an *impression* that something was wrong — that some one was in distress at her childhood's home, some two hundred miles distant; nor could she be convinced that such was not the case. In due time we received intelligence that a few hours before this "impression," her adopted brother — cousin, in fact — had caught his hand in a mill, and the arm had been crushed from the wrist to the shoulder. There were ten fractures of the bones, corresponding to the number of cogs in the wheel that did the mischief. Physicians were sent for, but it was fourteen hours before any one arrived. In the meantime they had corded the arm at the shoulder as well as they could, and to sustain the boy and counteract the depression from shock, and pain, and hemorrhage, they gave brandy freely.

From the best computation we could make, it was about this hour in the night that the distress of my wife's father and mother was the greatest, as they discovered that the supply of stimulant, on which they thought the boy's life depended, was nearly exhausted. How *she* felt their *distress* I have never tried to explain; but the *facts* of the case there is no disputing. Was it a coincidence? If so, it was a singular one. We have lived together eighteen years, and never before nor since has she had such an "impression." This was not a *dream*, nor a *nightmare*. In the simple language of childhood, I can only say, "*It just only was.*"

In this connection, I may mention a faculty, or innate perception, or whatever you may term it, that my wife possesses to a remarkable degree. In the practice of my profession I am necessarily brought into contact with "all sorts and conditions of men" and women, many of them having a goodly outside, but secretly bad. When my wife meets a person apparently most respectable, in society or elsewhere, she at once *feels* that the person is either good or bad, as the case may be. Many times she has pronounced her judgment on persons at the first meeting, with no clue or guide except that "*feeling*" of hers, and I have never known her to judge amiss — I say "judge," but she reaches her conclusion by no process of reasoning, not even herself being aware of the process by which she reaches the inevitable conclusion.

I am a member of the New York Academy of Anthropology, and have given some attention to mesmerism, hypnotism, and the various psychological unexplained mysteries, the subject of investigation.

Very respectfully yours,

B. E., M.D.

2.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 26, 1889.

RICHARD HODGSON, *Sec. A. S. P. R.* :—

DEAR SIR, — Yours duly received. As nearly as I can now remember, I gave you a brief outline of the impressions that my wife had at the time of the injury to her brother. The *facts* were precisely as stated, but the minor incidents and minute details cannot now be accurately recalled, nor would they materially affect the value of the narrative of the case. My wife is rather averse to having her name appear publicly in such connection, still I may say that she does not strenuously object to it.

Very respectfully yours,

B. E., M.D.

3.

The account above [Doc. 1] is a true statement of my experience.

(Signed)

[Mrs. B. E.]

[48]

1.

(From Mrs. Millet.)

MAY, 1887.

One evening, in the winter of 1884–85, I was sitting in the library of our house, No. 131 Charles street, reading some book that made me a little nervous. (I do not remember what it was.) There was no other person in the house, and I had only our dog for company. Suddenly the door-bell rang, startling me very much and increasing my nervousness. I glanced at the clock and noticed that it was *quarter-past nine*. Too late, I thought, for a social call, and I decided not to go to the door. The dog went to the head of the stairs and barked a moment, and then came back and lay down, only to get up again and go out to the stairs and bark more. The bell rang once more only, but the dog kept up his barking, at intervals, for a

long time, and as he never barked at nothing, he gave me the impression that the man who rang the bell was looking about. I became very much frightened — much more so than the occasion warranted — and *longed* for Mr. Millet's return. He came in earlier than I expected him, evidently in a hurry, and immediately said, "What is the matter?" (I do not remember his exact words; perhaps they were, "Has anything happened?" but I know that his very first remark gave me the impression that he knew something unusual had taken place.) I told him of my alarm, and then he said that as he was sitting quietly in Huntington Hall, listening to Mr. Ropes' lecture on Napoleon, it suddenly flashed into his mind that I was frightened about something. He turned and looked at the clock and saw it was *quarter-past nine*, and knowing that the lecture would be over in quarter of an hour, he thought he would stay until the end, as he was not *sure* that anything was the matter. However, he felt very uneasy all the rest of the time, and hurried out immediately on the conclusion of the lecture, took the first car that passed the door, which carried him to the end of Charles street, and ran the rest of the way home. He found a man, whom he knew, and who wanted to see him on a matter of business, waiting for him at our door (where I had inhospitably kept him), thus accounting for the dog's behavior. As we told each other our experiences, it was Mr. Millet who first mentioned the *time*, but I can distinctly recall at this moment just how the clock looked as I glanced up at it.

It was very unusual for me to be left all alone, but I am not naturally timid, and I had not the least fear of being left alone when Mr. Millet went out that evening.

E. A. MILLET.

2.

(From Mr. Millet.)

[Received June 13, 1887.]

On Thursday evening, March 12, 19, or 20, 1885 (as near as the date can now be fixed), I was attending a lecture by John C. Ropes, Esq., at Huntington Hall, Boston. The course was one in which I was much interested, and on that particular evening the subject held my attention very closely. Suddenly I became aware of a feeling that my wife, who was at home, was in danger or frightened. Up to that moment I had not been thinking of her. The feeling was so strong that I determined to go home (131 Charles Street), and I looked at the clock in the hall and also at my watch to see how soon the lecture would be over. It was then quarter-past nine. Knowing that only a few minutes of the lecture remained, and hesitating to disturb the audience and annoy the lecturer by leaving, I waited with considerable anxiety and impatience until the audience was dismissed, and then, with the feeling strong upon me, I hurried home as fast as possible. There I found my wife had been very much alarmed, and that when first frightened, she had looked at the clock to see how soon I would return, and saw that it was quarter-past nine. The details of her alarm are told in her own account.

J. B. MILLET.

## 3.

SHARON, August 24, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON, — . . . I had a little experience the other day which may interest you. Mr. Millet was in New York and I was thinking of his expected arrival in Sharon on the next day, when it suddenly occurred to me that I would walk over as far as the hotel the next afternoon and meet him. I had never done this at any of his previous (half-dozen) visits, and it had never even occurred to me to do so. The hotel is about a third of the way to the station from where I am staying, and is quite a walk. The next morning I received a letter from Mr. Millet, written just about the time I was thinking of him, and he says in it, the very last thing of all, "Why do you not walk over to the hotel to-morrow and meet me?" . . .

Very cordially yours,

EMILY MILLET.

[49]

## 1.

*(From Professor E. W. C., June, 1886.)*

Mr. J. T., already mentioned, was employed in travelling for a large wholesale firm in Montreal. He left home in February, 1880, his mother and another sister remaining behind. His route lay through the Eastern Townships, but as he did not know where he would be from day to day, he gave them no address, but told them to telegraph to him through the firm in case his presence was necessary.

Late in February his mother was taken ill with pneumonia. Miss T. was of course very anxious, but in the hurry of nursing she did not telegraph to her brother. No useful purpose would be served by recalling him. Mrs. T. became worse, and Miss T.'s responsibility was heavy, she being the only member of the family at home at the time.

One evening, tired out, she fell asleep, and slept soundly all night. On coming downstairs next morning, J. T. drove up to the door, and before there was time to say a word he cried out, "A., what is the matter? You have been calling me, 'John, John,' all night, so that I was obliged to get up and take the train home."

It is right to add that she was in the habit of calling him in this way if he was wanted suddenly in the night.

E. W. C.

JUNE, 1886.

## 2.

Professor C. writes, May, 1887: —

As to the third query, the account I sent of Mr. J. T.'s sudden return at the time of his mother's illness was written by Miss A. T., and consequently I could get no more from her. I doubt if I can get anything from Mr. J. T., as he is much engaged in business, and very slow to answer letters of this kind. But I will try. Could I see him, there would be little trouble.

The following is a more detailed account, written in May, 1887, by Miss A. M. T. :—

“ My brother John's return home in answer to hearing me call him one night.

“ My sister was frequently taken sick at night, and would need ice or something from the lower flat. My brother, a very sound sleeper, made me promise to call him on any such occasion.

“ I laughed at him, saying that it was far easier for me to go myself than to wake him (he slept on the next story above). ‘Try me,’ said he; ‘I shall hear you call always.’ I tried, and at my ‘John, John,’ he instantly awoke, and I never found it any trouble thus to arouse him, though any one else might have called him all night and banged at his door fruitlessly.

“ He went into the East Townships to travel for his firm. We were all well when he started, and he said that he should be moving about so much that he would not give me any address; if I wanted him I might let the firm know and they would telegraph him. My mother was taken sick with pneumonia; her life was despaired of, and one morning when she was at her worst, my brother suddenly appeared at 7 A.M. I called over the baluster, ‘Why, John, what has brought you home?’ He replied, ‘You called me in the night. I heard you say ‘John, John, John.’ I am come to see what is the matter. I have left all my samples, and I took the train early this morning, for I could not bear to wait, I have been so anxious.’ I then told him mother was dangerously ill. Thinking over the matter, I cannot recollect that I once consciously desired to recall my brother, never thought of writing or telegraphing him. I was wholly absorbed in taking care of my mother. His appearance was a great surprise to me. He is a rosy-cheeked, ruddy, healthy-looking man, with no morbid strain which would make one imagine him a dreamer, yet he is the one who dreamed of seeing Mr. E.'s home in Ottawa the night he died, and that Mr. E. was not there (having died away from home). All this was true, but news of it did not reach my brother for a long time, as he was snowed up in the Lower Provinces and could not get his mail.

A. M. T.

I may add that this is all my own recollection, without communication with any one else concerned. Your letter was given to me to read.

---

[50]

1.

(Sent by Professor E. W. C.)

[1887.]

DREAM OF JOHN'S BABY [IN] SEPTEMBER, 1884.

My mother and sister were visiting us at Akron, in September, 1884, and we were expecting that towards the end of October we should hear that John's wife, Minette, had a baby. One morning, at the end of September, mother told me that she had dreamed that my sister had gone into her room

and said, "Minette has a fine boy." When Mr. C. came back from the college in the afternoon, he handed my sister a telegram for mother. My sister opened it, as she went into mother's room, and read, "Minette has a fine boy." The telegram had been sent off, either the evening before or very early in the morning of the day we received it. It would be easy to get the exact date of the birth of the child. I forget to a day, but it was somewhere about the twentieth of September.

KATHARINE B. C.

[Wife of Prof. E. W. C.]

2.

27: 12: 1887.

R. HODGSON, Esq. : —

MY DEAR SIR, — . . . I enclose you also a statement from Mrs. C.'s mother, relating to the dream she had when *here*, of the birth of the baby in Montreal, and to the telegram announcing it. I have tried to get a copy of the latter, but the W. U. only keep their copies for six months; it was, therefore, too late.

Truly yours,

E. W. C.

3.

About that dream I had. Minette's baby was timed to arrive a month from the time of its actual appearance. I dreamed one night that John told me he had a fine boy, and I told you at breakfast of it. The baby was born that day or night. John sent a telegram the very day.

I am your very loving mother,

BENEDICTA.

[51]

1.

(From Mrs. L. Z.)

JUNE 6, 1887.

(a.) About the end of March, 1881, after recovering from severe illness, while I was yet confined to my bed, I had the following experience. I was staying at the time at 172 Benefit street, Providence, R.I.

I had been asleep and suddenly became, as it were, half awake, being conscious of some of the objects in the room. I then heard a voice as if from the room adjoining, and made an effort to see the speaker, but I found myself unable to move. Then appeared, as though in a mist, an ordinary sofa, and behind it the vague outline of a woman's figure. I did not recognize the figure, but I recognized the voice which I heard: it was the voice of my hostess, Mrs. B., who was at that time not in the house. She was saying, "I am ill and all worn out. Mrs. Z. has been so nervous, and in such a peculiar mental state, that it has quite affected my health" (or words to that effect), "but I wouldn't for the world have her know it." I then made a stronger effort to distinguish the figure, and woke com-

pletely to find myself in my room with my nurse. I inquired of the nurse who was in the other room, which was used as a sleeping-room by my child and her nurse. She said that no one was there; but I was so convinced that the voice had come from there that I insisted upon her going and looking. She went, but found no one there, and the door into the hall was latched. I then looked at the clock, which was opposite my bed. It was about 5 P.M. In the evening, about 8 P.M., Mrs. B. came up to see me, and I asked her where she had been that afternoon at 5 o'clock. She said that she had been at Mrs. G.'s (about two miles off). I said, "You were talking about me." She said, "Yes, I was," looking very much surprised. I repeated to her what I had seemed to hear her say, word for word. She was much astonished, and was very curious as to what else I had heard or seen. I told her that it was all very vague, except the appearance of the sofa, which I described in detail as being covered with a peculiar striped linen cloth, green stripes about two inches wide, alternating with pale-drab stripes, somewhat wider, which appeared to be the natural color of the unbleached linen. She said that she had spoken the words which I had heard, and that she was at the time reclining on a sofa, but she said that the sofa was covered with green velvet.

Next day Mrs. G. paid me a visit, and after hearing my story she exclaimed, "You're right. The sofa had at the time the covering which you describe; it had just been put on. There is green velvet under the covering. I suppose Mrs. B. didn't notice the cover."

(Signed)

[Mrs. L. Z.]

2.

JUNE 10, 1887.

(b.) In March or April, 1881, when I was staying at 172 Benefit street, Providence, R.I., I tried an experiment in connection with my hostess, Mrs. B., who did not, however, know anything about my experiment till afterwards. She had gone to New York to visit her sister, Mrs. S., and one evening, remembering my former strange experience with Mrs. B., I thought it possible that by giving my attention to her, something of a similar sort might happen. With this thought in my mind I gradually went to sleep. In the morning I recollected that I had dreamt as follows:

My first sensation was that of dancing at a party. I seemed to be dressed for the occasion, and in the course of my delightful swaying motion I forgot everything else until I found myself alone and gliding into a dark room. I felt at once I had entered a sick-room, and saw a suffering woman lying on a lounge with her hand over her eyes. I also saw an elderly man, and one or two other persons whom I could not clearly recollect. These persons all appeared depressed, except one, a young man, who was talking and laughing, and displaying, I remember thinking, exceptionally fine teeth. I felt that I was intruding, and left the room as quietly as possible. Returning to the dancing-room I found everything quiet. The dancing had ceased, and conversation was going on. There was a small group of persons at the farther end of the room, and I over-

heard some remarks about small-pox. The rest of my dream was too vague for me to recall.

Some days later Mrs. B. returned from New York, and I told her of my dream. That very evening, it appeared from her account, there had been a dancing-party on the same floor as that occupied by Mrs. S. Mrs. S. herself was suffering from an inflammation of the eye, and was unable herself to leave her apartments. The other members of her family were at the party, but frequently returned to Mrs. S.'s room to chat for a short time with her. I gave a description of the young man whom I had seen laughing, saying that he had very handsome teeth, and looked wonderfully like Mrs. B.'s son. She recognized him at once. Said that he had been at the party. Was an intimate friend of Mrs. S., and had been in her room during the evening. Mrs. B. also told me that she and a few others had been only that day informed that a young man who occupied an upper floor of the house was reported by his medical attendant to be suffering from small-pox, and she remembered their talking about it.

I had never been to Mrs. S.'s apartments, and knew nothing about their style of living. The whole occurrence impressed me as quite inexplicable.

(Signed)

[Mrs. L. Z.]

3.

(a. and b.) In the year 1881, while living in Providence, on Benefit street, No. 272, Mrs. Z. was with me, and during the winter of 1880 and the spring of 1881 she was in a peculiar mental state, and on two occasions read my thoughts and heard my voice. I remember that while I was away from the house, visiting a friend, she repeated to me on my return part of the conversation that passed between us. Once, also, on my return from a visit in New York, she described to me the house in which I had been visiting, and told me of a party I had been to, giving me all the details and even repeating part of a conversation that had been going on in the parlor. I remember distinctly on one occasion, when I returned from a visit to a friend, Mrs. Z. repeated the conversation that had passed between my friend and myself, and spoke of my lying on a lounge that had a striped covering. I said, "No, it was a green plush," but found afterwards she was right, as the summer covering had been put on.

ELIZABETH L. B.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., June, 1887.

4.

PROVIDENCE, July 12, 1887.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON: —

DEAR SIR, — When I received your note I could not at all recall the circumstances of the vision you referred to, but afterwards Mrs. B. refreshed my memory upon the subject, and I distinctly recalled it. It was as Mrs.

Z. related it to you. At the time it occurred, I remember, I thought it quite marvellous.

Sickness has prevented my writing you these few lines before.

Respectfully,

C. B. Y. G.

1.

JUNE 17, 1887.

(c.) When I was about ten years of age I was sleeping with my mother one night and woke with a start, having dreamt that two pins were in my mouth, one of which I had taken out and the other of which I concluded I must have swallowed. "O God," I cried, "I've swallowed a pin!" Sitting up in bed, and turning, I saw that mother was sitting up in bed also. She said, "What's the matter?" — "I dreamt I swallowed a pin." — "Tell me your dream." I told her part of my dream and she gave the rest of the details, saying that she had had the same dream precisely, and was awakened by the same thought, that she must have swallowed one of the pins. My mother is now dead.

(Signed)

[Mrs. L. Z.]

2.

JUNE 25, 1887.

(c.) I went into my wife's room one morning about twelve years ago and she said, "I was very much surprised this morning. I woke up and thought I had pins in my mouth, and I put my hand up to my mouth to convince myself that the pins were not there. L. (Mrs. Z.) woke up shortly after and thought she also had pins in her mouth, and she went through the same action of putting her hand to her mouth, and was much frightened, thinking she had swallowed some pins."

(Signed)

[D. Z.]

(Father of Mrs. L. Z.)

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[52]

[Written in latter part of 1887.]

1.

*(Statement of Mrs. M. L. M.)*

I had written to Mr. H. July 18, 1887, asking him to call and see me in reference to the matter of my dream of "the closet in Hotel Vine." I hoped to see him in the course of a few days, but could have no certainty of that, as he was at times called away from the city on business.

On the 19th I was called out of the office, and, before going out, I put on the door a card having these words on it, "Will return soon." I told the elevator boy, if any one called, to say I was out, but would be back shortly. I was absent about an hour. On my return I came upstairs, but did not ask the boy (through forgetfulness) if any one had called; nor did he tell me any one had done so. As I came within a short distance of the door I saw some characters written upon the card I had left, and just below the

printed words, "Will return soon," I stooped down and read, "Mr. H. has been here, and will return." As I looked, the words faded away. I entered the office, and in a very short time Mr. H. came in. I turned to him and said immediately, "You have been here before this morning? a short time ago?" He replied that he had, and said he left no name or message with the elevator boy, simply saying to him that he would call again.

He then told me that he had impressed my face upon his mind very strongly, so he could see every feature of it before him, with the intention of seeing if I would be in any way affected by it, or conscious of his approach, or would say anything to him about his visit when I saw him.

It may be said that as I was naturally expecting him, there was nothing strange in this occurrence, but I was not expecting him at that time especially, and had no idea that he had called until I saw the words (in pencil) upon the card upon the door, the elevator boy not having mentioned the fact that *any one* had called.

M. L. M.

2.

*(Statement of Mr. H.)*

I received a letter from Mrs. M., dated July 18, asking me to call upon her. While on my way to call upon her, July 19, I impressed on my mind very vividly the lineaments of her face, with the intention of learning if she would be in any way affected thereby, and if she would mention anything that would show that she had any knowledge of my visit before I saw her. When I reached the building in which she has her office, I asked the elevator boy where I should find Mrs. M.; he said, "She is out, but will return soon." I left no name, simply saying I would call again. On my return, in the course of half an hour, she was at the office, and turning, said, "You have been here before, this morning." I said that I had. She replied, "I saw it upon a card I left outside." I told her I did not come upstairs, but she persisted that, whether I came up or not, my *name* was on the card as having called, and would return.

I have been acquainted with Mrs. M. since 1879, and am well aware that she is endowed with the power of seeing persons and things, and of a consciousness of what is occurring at a distance, to a high degree. I very cheerfully bear witness to the facts to which my name is appended, as of my own personal knowledge.

J. H.

[53]

[Written in latter part of 1887.]

1.

*(Statement of Mrs. M. L. M.)*

Some months ago I had a very strong impression that Mr. H., who is an old and valued friend, was coming to my office. I was glad of it, because I had not seen him for some time, and wished to see him. I looked toward the door several times, and could not understand why he did not appear,

feeling sure he had had time to do so, from the time that had elapsed since I felt that he was *en route* for the office.

To my great surprise he did not come at all, and while thinking of him again the next day, he entered the office. This was between eleven and twelve.

"You did not expect to see me," he said. "No," I replied, "but I *did* expect you *yesterday*." Then I told him how strongly I had been impressed with the idea that he was on the way to see me, and how surprised I was that he did not appear.

He laughed, and said, "Well, I *was* on my way, but turned back when half-way here." I asked immediately at what time. He said, "In the forenoon, before twelve."

M. L. M.

2.

(Statement of Mr. H.)

I started to call upon Mrs. M— one day this last spring, not having seen her for some little time, but finding it very muddy and disagreeable out, a light rain falling at the time, I turned back when about half-way there.

The next day I called, and said to her, "You did not expect to see me to-day?" — "No," was her reply, "but I *did* expect you *yesterday*. I was so sure you were coming that I could not understand why you did not appear." I asked her what time, and she said in the forenoon, between eleven and twelve o'clock, which was the time I had started, turning back when about half-way there.

J. H.

[54]

1.

(From Mrs. F. A. B. D.)

WISCONSIN, June 3, 1888.

. . . When in Baltimore, some years since, one evening, just after retiring in the dark, and with closed eyes, I "saw" suddenly the face of a friend, a young man, who had been a playmate in childhood, who said in the most natural manner, "I am dead." These vivid impressions always seemed bearers of truth in some sense to me, and this quite oppressed me, as his wife was a friend also. I had not long to wait, for the next day a letter came to me, saying that Fred — was very ill, not expected to live; and following this was another, giving the news of his death on the very evening when he told me. . . .

F. A. B. D.

I would add here that I recalled the fact of writing my singular impression to my mother, as she said, "at once," and I am sure that there is no doubt of it.

2.

MR. HODGSON:—

DEAR SIR, — In compliance with your request, I would say that while writing to inform my daughter of the death of the young man — 1863 —

referred to, we received a letter from her saying she dreamed he had died the night previous to her writing, and have frequently heard her refer to similar cases, which I think is a peculiar trait of knowing things before or when they happen, which seems to be natural to her.

Respectfully yours,

MRS. A. B.  
(Mother of Mrs. F. A. B. D.)

My mother has but recently partially recovered from a severe illness and her writing is brief. Upon mentioning the subject to her, she remembered the incident as above.

[55]

(From Mr. H. D. L.)

S—, ME., Oct. 22, 1888.

DEAR SIR, — Your letter of October 2, has reached me here. The "vision" about which you inquire was not exactly what your question implies. Such variations between the fact and the report you are, no doubt, by this time quite used to. The experience was, however, an interesting one, and I will gladly tell you about it. At my wife's request I do not mention the friend's name.

This friend was a lady to whom my wife was bound by a peculiar affection. She was known to us to be ill of a mortal disease by which she had been confined to her bed for months. She was in New York; we were in Chicago. At the time of this "vision" my wife was confined to her room by the birth of a child. The Rev. Dr. —, my wife's friend's husband, wrote me that his wife was very much worse, and likely to die at any time; that she, knowing Mrs. L.'s condition, and wishing to save her from any shock, had directed him to write me, begging me to conceal the danger from my wife, and preparing me to receive the news of her death, which the dying woman especially adjured me not to let Mrs. L. hear of until she was, herself, perfectly well.

Several days after the receipt of the Rev. Dr. —'s letter, Mrs. L. awoke one morning in great agitation and in tears. She had seen her friend in a dream with a wonderful light shining upon her. They had had in the dream a tender talk. Mrs. Dr. — said, "Tell me again how happy you are," and at the close said, "Be as good and great as you are happy," and the dream closed.

That morning I received a telegram from the Rev. Dr. — that his wife had died during the night. Mrs. L. knew nothing of the danger nor the death until more than a week later.

Whether the dream was a mere coincidence, — a chance shot, — or whether Mrs. L., as Bayard Taylor believed, really met her friend in the still watches of the night, who can tell? It was certainly not a vision of foretelling; nor was Mrs. L. aware during the vision nor in relating it that her friend was dying. But it illustrates how easily error creeps into tales of this sort, that, until corrected by my wife the other day, I have told the

story as one of a death-bed scene in a vision, in which my wife dreamed that her friend was dying and gave and received farewells, — none of which was in the dream, but which I honestly put into my account for years, because I knew that Mrs. Dr. — had died the same night.

Truly yours,

H. D. L.

[Signed later by Mrs. L.]

J. B. L.

In a letter of Nov. 12, 1888, Mr. L. adds: —

1. The date was about March 1, 1875.
2. Mrs. L. will confirm the account by her signature.

[56]

(From Dr. S. F. Deane.)

Box 142,

CHARLETON, THAYER CO., NEB., Nov. 12, 1888.

RICHARD HODGSON: —

DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 7th inst. received, and to your questions will reply that I cannot give exact date, *i.e.*, day of month, as I made no record of the occurrence referred to in your letter of above date. I was washed out in 1876, and all my correspondence, consisting of business and epistolary letters, as well as copies of many letters sent, and a considerable amount of MS. of a miscellaneous character, was utterly ruined, lost; and, among the rest, the letter from my son, referred to by Mr. Tuttle.<sup>1</sup> I have nothing to refer to by which to substantiate my statement, and must rely for credence on its internal evidence mainly to obtain a moment's consideration. Mr. Tuttle abridged the statement made in the article published some months before in the "R. P. Journal," so that it seems necessary, for a full understanding of the matter, that I again write out an account of the occurrence, as follows: —

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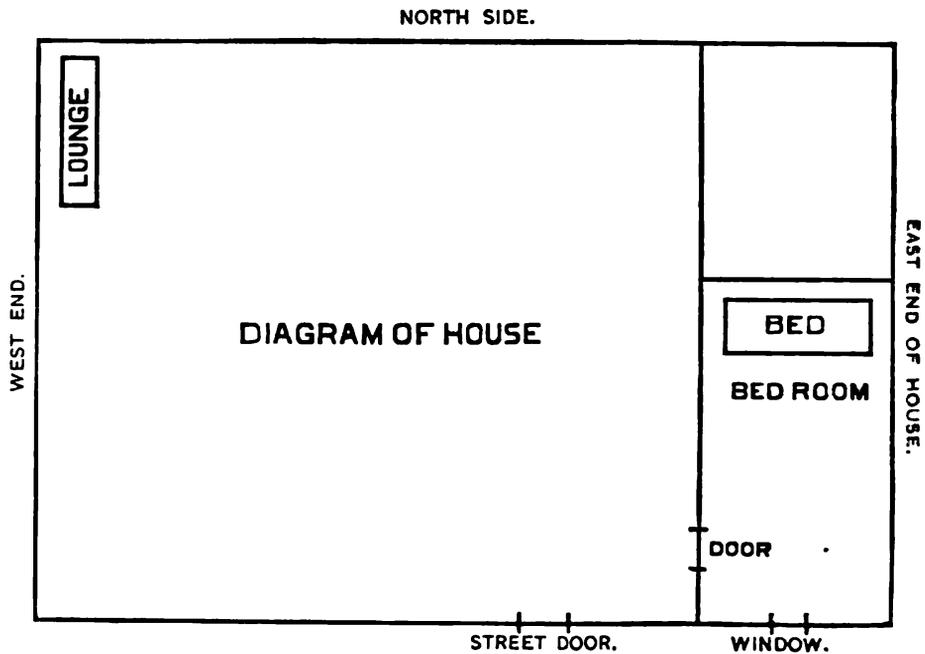
<sup>1</sup> Our attention was drawn to Dr. Deane's experience by the following account, given in an article by Mr. Hudson Tuttle in the "Religio-Philosophical Journal," May 12, 1888: —

S. F. Deane, M.D., of Carleton, Neb., had a remarkable experience, which he relates as follows: —

"After my arrival in Nebraska, I made my home with my daughters. At the time I left Wisconsin my wife was not well, and I hesitated to leave her. After I had been absent about three weeks, I had retired to my room, which had a door opening into the street. About 2 o'clock in the morning, while awake, with sufficient light from a partially obscured moon to see distinctly any person in the room, and fully conscious of all my surroundings, and with my face toward the door, I saw it open and a person step into the room, which I at once recognized as the exact image of my wife. She came direct across the room, knelt at my bedside, put her arms about my neck, kissed me, and said she had been very sick, but was better now. Then she said she must go and see Adelaide, and arose and passed across the room to the door to our daughter's room. She was gone a few minutes, when she again came through the open bedroom door into my room, looked at me, as much as to say good-by, passed out at the door, and was gone.

"While she was present a peculiar calmness came over me, but when she was gone a great anxiety took possession of me, and, could I have taken a train, I should have at once started for home. But I at last resolved to await a letter, which came in due time from my son. He wrote: 'Mother is quite sick, though better than night before last, when, about 2.30 or 3 o'clock in the morning, we thought for twenty or thirty minutes that she was dead. She lay insensible, pulsation ceased, or only fluttered at intervals, and respiration seemed suspended; but she rallied, and is now in a fair way to recover.' She did recover, and enjoyed a fair degree of health."

I left Darlington, Wis., March 14, 1871, for Nebraska. At the time of leaving, my wife was in poor health, but, as she never enjoyed good health, and seemed to be as well as usual at that date, I left her without feeling any unusual concern for her. I arrived in Lincoln, Neb., the 16th, and made my home with my daughter and her husband, while looking about me to become acquainted with the State and to find business. This kept me travelling most of the time, so that I was at their house only as a temporary stopping-place. At the time of my return from one of these trips, performed on foot, I was sleeping in one of the rooms, in which my location, relative to other parts of the house, can be better learned from the accompanying diagram, drawn without regard to any proportion, though



locations are correct. Soon after my arrival in Nebraska, I received a letter from Wisconsin, stating that "mother" was quite sick, but no intimation that she was in a dangerous condition, and I felt no unusual anxiety on her account. The first intimation I had of danger to her was one night while lying on the lounge at the N.W. corner of the room, head to the north. It was, probably, about 2 o'clock A.M. The moon was obscured by a veil of clouds, but not so heavily that any object in the room could be distinctly seen. I was fully awake, and in no wise disturbed mentally. I saw and recognized the various articles of furniture in the room, and noted their positions as clearly as I would have done in full daylight. Owing to the location of lounge, and its relative position to the door, I readily, and, in fact, naturally, would notice that as readily as any portion of the room and its contents. While looking at the door I saw it open, and the exact form and movement of my wife entered from the street. Her features were clearly seen and recognized. She closed the door after her, and

walked across the room directly from the door to the lounge, where she knelt down, looked me steadily in the face, — it seemed to me two or three minutes, — put her arm about my neck, kissed me, and arose to her feet, saying, as she rose, “I must go and see Adelaide,” our daughter. She then turned from me, walked across the room to the bedroom, opened that door, and walked in. She was in the bedroom a few minutes when she came out, closed that door, opened the outside door, passed out, closed it, and was gone. During this time I felt as calm and as free from excitement as I ever did under any circumstances. In fact, everything appeared too real to be other than a real occurrence in every-day life, until she passed into the street. Then the idea flashed upon me, she is dead; and had I had wings I should have left for Wisconsin at once. I had read of many such occurrences where the spirit, or what was thought to be such, had appeared to friends at a distance; so that there seemed to be some reason to believe she was dead. I feel quite sure I mentioned what I had seen the night before to my daughter and her husband. Of this I am certain. I had proposed to go on another look for business the night before, and had so declared my intention; but the feeling that all was not right at home was so strong that, had there been a train going East that morning, I should certainly have started for Wisconsin; but as there was not, I resolved to wait until the next day, when I might reasonably look for a letter from Wisconsin. The expected letter came, and from that I learned that “Mother is very sick. Last night we thought she was dead. She sank away; breathing and pulsation ceased. She lay in this condition some fifteen or twenty minutes, but by rubbing and bathing with stimulants she finally rallied, and seems better to-day than at any time since she was taken sick.” Now, the time mentioned in another letter corresponded with the time she apparently visited me in Nebraska, as I made subsequent inquiry of the time when she lay unconscious, and found the correspondence sufficiently near to warrant the conclusion that the time was identical, although neither of us noted the exact minute.

I have given you a true and faithful account of the occurrence as it has dwelt in memory since, and will probably be among the last occurrences that fade away from distinct recollection. It is a matter of regret that the documentary evidence has been destroyed, as I would most cheerfully have enclosed it with this letter, to show, as far as possible, that I am not what I have never countenanced, — a fraud. You can make such disposition of this narrative as its intrinsic value, as it appears to you, may warrant. I neither court nor shun publicity. I am a spiritualist from conviction on what to me is demonstration of the fact. If I am deceived, it is after many and varied experiences, both of myself and others. I might, if desired, relate some dreams, or what appeared to be such, that *seemed* to foreshadow coming events.

I will interest myself in gathering information on Schedule G, and should I be so fortunate as to gather any, will forward at once, and will cheerfully give you all the aid I can in your search into the grandest subject of this or any age, or the biggest humbug that ever cursed the earth.

I cannot believe from the knowledge I have of a few of the names of

those who appear as officers of your Society, that you will emulate the Seybert Commission. If such is your intention, it will be a matter of deep and lasting regret.

Respectfully,

S. F. DEANE, M.D.

[57]

CASE OF MR. F. H. KREBS.

1.

*(Statement by Prof. William James.)*

Mr. Krebs (special student) stopped after the logic lesson of Friday, November 26, and told me the facts related in his narrative.

I advised him to put them on paper, which he has thus done.

His father is said by him to be too much injured to do any writing at present.

WM. JAMES.

Dec. 1, 1886.

2.

*(Statement by Mr. F. H. Krebs.)*

On the afternoon of Wednesday, November 24, I was very uneasy, could not sit still, and wandered about the whole afternoon with little purpose. This uneasiness was unaccountable; but instead of wearing away it increased, and after returning to my room at about 6.45 it turned into positive fear. I fancied that there was some one continually behind me, and, although I turned my chair around several times, this feeling remained. At last I got up and went into my bedroom, looked under the bed and into the closet; finding nothing, I came back into the room and looked behind the curtains. Satisfied that there was nothing present to account for my fancy, I sat down again, when instantly the peculiar sensation recurred; and at last, finding it unbearable, I went down to a friend's room, where I remained the rest of the evening. To him I expressed my belief that this sensation was a warning sent to show me that some one of my family had been injured or killed.

While in his room that peculiar sensation ceased, and, despite my nervousness, I was in no unusual state of mind; but on returning to my room to go to bed it returned with renewed force. On the next day (the 25th), on coming to my grandfather's, I found out that the day before (the 24th), at a little past 12, my father had jumped from a moving train and been severely injured. While I do not think that this warning was direct enough to convince sceptics that I was warned of my father's mishap, I certainly consider that it is curious enough to demand attention. I have never before had the same peculiar sensation that there was some being besides myself in an apparently empty room, nor have I ever before been so frightened and startled at absolutely nothing.

*(My Father's Statement.)*

On questioning my father, he said that before the accident he was not

thinking of me, but that at the very moment that it happened his whole family seemed to be before him, and he saw them as distinctly as if there.

*(Chauncey Smith's Statement.)*

On questioning Smith, he said that he distinctly remembered my coming down and stating my nervousness, but as he was studying he did not pay much attention to my talk, and could not vouch for the particulars.

On the eve of the 25th I went to his room and told him how my feeling had been verified, and he did not dispute my statement of the case; therefore to me his forgetfulness is astonishing.

F. H. KREBS, JR.

Nov. 29, 1886.

3.

*(Statement by Mr. Chauncey Smith, Jr.)*

I, the undersigned, distinctly remember that F. H. Krebs, Jr., came into my room November 24 and complained of being very nervous. I cannot remember exactly what he said, as I was studying at the time, and did not pay much attention to his talk.

On the 25th he came into my room in the evening, and made a statement that his state the evening before was the consequence of an accident that happened to his father, and that he had the night before told me that he had received a warning of some accident to some one dear to him. This I did not contradict, because I consider that it is extremely probable that he said it, and that I did not, through inattention, notice it.

CHAUNCEY SMITH, JR.

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[58]

1.

*(From Prof. E. W. C., June, 1886.)*

About the end of 1874, Mrs. C., then living in Montreal, was feeling somewhat anxious in regard to a younger brother, with whose temporary occupation and associations she was not altogether satisfied. One night in a dream she saw him going upstairs to a garret or loft without any door, where a man and a woman were engaged in sorting and piling boxes. He was apparently going to fetch some of them, and a disagreement sprang up between him and the man, when the latter took up a piece of a broken lid and struck the former on the head two or three times. He would apparently have done more, but the woman interposed. This dream she told to her sister and to one or two other members of the family at breakfast time, but after the younger brother had left. She purposely avoided letting him know of it, lest he should become aware that he was an object of anxiety. She was laughed at, but no further notice was taken of the matter.

About 7 o'clock the same evening the brother returned from his place of business, pale, and with wounds on his head. When questioned, he said

that he had been sent upstairs to the garret for some boxes, and that he had had words with a man up there, who had picked up a rough piece of a box with nails in it, and had hit him twice on the head with it. The man would, he said, have done more if a woman had not interposed.

After the occurrence, he went to the office of an elder brother living in another part of the city, who made inquiry into the story, and found that it was true. The matter was pushed further, and not dropped until some compensation or reparation — I do not know what — had been made to the boy, so that no doubt can be entertained concerning the truth of the story.

## 2.

Professor C. writes, May 8, 1887: —

The account of Mrs. C.'s brother's being struck on the head was, as you suppose, by Mrs. C. On thinking over this case, the thought occurred to me that I might have the original letter in which she told me of it. The account previously sent was given from memory at the time of writing. I send you herewith this letter, or, at least, the part relating to the case. The rest is immaterial. You will observe that another minute coincidence which Mrs. C. had forgotten is hereby introduced, — the place where the injury was inflicted. The letter, as you see, just mentions the fact without going into detail.

Mrs. C. read over the statement last sent, and told me it was correct in every point. If she has time she will draw up a short narrative without communication with me, and send it with this.

## 3.

*(Extract from a letter by Mrs C., dated Sept. 25, 1874.)*

I was called away to dinner, and had to leave off abruptly; now my thoughts are scattered. At dinner my brother told me that a man in his store set upon him to-day, and beat him on the head with a stick. W. took the matter up, and a warrant was taken out; but listen, — at breakfast this morning we were all laughing at my dream of last night, which was, that I saw a man hitting L. [the brother] on the head with a stick. L. has a bruise on the exact place I dreamt he had. What do you make of this coincidence? The boys beg me not to dream of them.

## 4.

## DREAM CONCERNING MY BROTHER.

[MAY, 1887.]

I did not like the position held by my youngest brother, and was sure that he did not like it for himself.

I had in my mind a vague feeling of anxiety for my brother. One night I dreamed that I saw him going up some stairs that opened at once upon a rough sort of garret.

A man was at work there, and after a few words with my brother (I do not remember whether I heard them or not, I rather knew that he and the

man were talking) the man suddenly picked up a rough piece of board lying at hand, and began to strike him on the head.

I wanted to interfere, and whether I or another woman did I cannot now remember. In the morning the man's attack was clear in my mind, also the details of stairs and garret; but there remained an indefinite impression that I had seen a shadowy woman, and that she had stopped the blows.

I related this dream to my sister as we dressed next morning, and at breakfast to those of the family who had not already left for their respective occupations. I am sure my youngest brother was not there, first, because he always took his breakfast earlier than the rest of us, his work beginning earlier; second, because I should not have thought it wise to tell the dream in his presence. Looking back now, I see my mother, my second brother, and the sister to whom I had already told the dream sitting at the table.

In the evening my youngest brother appeared at supper with a bruise on his head, and when asked to account for it, he said that he had been sent upstairs to a sort of garret for some boxes, and that he and the man at work there had had words; the man had set on him with a rough piece of wood, and had given him two or three blows before a woman, also at work there, stopped him. He had gone to one of his elder brothers, who had the man arrested, and the woman had testified that no ground had been given for the assault.

We laughed a great deal over the coincidences of my dream and the real event, and so far as I could get a description of the stairs and rough landing or garret, it agreed well with what I had myself seen.

KATHERINE B. C.

5.

HER (MRS. C.'S) DREAM OF L.—

[MAY, 1887.]

In Montreal, one morning, she awoke from a troubled sleep, said she had dreamed so uncomfortably of L.,—that the storeman had been very cruel to him; had struck him on the head. In the evening, when the lad came home with the story of the assault on him, he implored my sister most pathetically not to dream anything more about him.

(Signed)

A. M. T.

Miss T. adds that "this is all my own recollection, without communication with any one else concerned."

6.

Mrs. C. adds, in a letter of Jan. 29, 1889: "In reply to your question I will make the following statements:—

"I was at that time, September, 1874, giving lessons in some of the private schools of Montreal, and, in order to meet my classes at nine or half-past nine, it was necessary for me to breakfast not later than eight. I therefore rose at or about seven every morning.

"My brother left home every morning in time to begin his work at eight.

The assault took place after eight o'clock in the morning, necessarily, as his hours of work began at eight.

"I related my dream to my sister on waking, or while getting up in the morning, about seven o'clock, and I related it again at breakfast. My brother was not present, as he had left to go to his work. I am sure that I should not in any case have related it in his presence, and that my sister, who felt as I did in regard to the matter, would, on no account, have mentioned it to him. I must have related the dream to my sister while he was still in the house, and he could but have just reached his place of business when I was relating it for the second time."

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[59]

1.

*(From Prof. E. W. C., June, 1886.)*

About Christmas in the year 1866 or 1867 Mrs. C., then living at Aylburton, in Gloucestershire, England, dreamed between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning that she saw one train running into another, alongside of the long platform at Gloucester station. So vivid was the impression, that she seemed to put her fingers into her ears to deaden the noise that would follow. Waking immediately, she told the dream to her sister who slept with her. In the dream she saw a gentleman, a teacher of music in the neighborhood, in the train or on the platform. The same evening, when at a party, and having nearly forgotten the dream, she overheard two men talking about the accident at Gloucester station during the previous night. At the party one of the first persons whom she saw was the above-mentioned music-teacher, who, by the way, was almost a stranger, being known only by sight. On inquiry she then learned that one train coming in had run into another standing at the platform, between 1 and 2 in the morning, just as she had seen in her dream, and that the teacher had been in one of the trains.

2.

*(Account by Mrs. C.)*

DREAM OF THE COLLISION AT GLOUCESTER STATION.

DECEMBER, 1866 or '67.

I dreamed that I was at a railway-station, — our nearest at Lydney, Gloucestershire, twenty miles south-west of Gloucester. I believed it was our station, but I saw the long platform of Gloucester. There was a train standing ready to start, and I knew there was to be a collision, and dreading the noise, I was relying on our Lydney ticket-porter to warn me in time so that I might shut out sight and noise. I then saw Mr. Matthews, the music-teacher, and covered my face and ears, knowing the time had come. I believe I saw the collision; I know I heard a terrific bang and woke with the shock of it. I suppose I woke my sister, for I remember telling her about it in the night; and I believe we ascertained by some means

that it was about 2 A.M., but at this distance of time I cannot be sure on this point. We heard nothing of any accident until evening, when we were on our way to a party at Lydney. Father had come home from business in the omnibus, and he sent us on to the party in its return trip. Somewhere we picked up two men; one at least was unknown to us. They talked of various things, and among others of an accident in the night at Gloucester station, which has but one long platform.

The Cheltenham train was ready to start, when another ran into it with a great shock. No one was seriously hurt. It happened between 1 and 2 A.M.

At the party we saw Mr. Matthews, and he told us that he had taken his seat in the Cheltenham train, but had got out for a minute, just before the collision occurred. We did not mention my dream to him or to any one.

KATHERINE B. C.

3.

(*Account by Miss A. M. T.*)

With regard to the accident at Gloucester station.

She (Mrs. C.) told me early one morning about 1864 or 1865, that she had dreamed that she was present at a railway accident near Gloucester. As far as I can remember her account was very circumstantial, just as that of an eye-witness of the terrible scene. We lived at Aylburton, in Gloucestershire, England, a village to which news penetrated slowly, so that I am sure it was mid-day before we heard that an accident had taken place on the line. I do remember also that we found my sister's account, and that given by those really present in the flesh, almost identical; but it is too long ago for me to recall these details other than as I state them here.

A. M. T.

4.

Mrs. C. adds, in a letter of Jan. 29, 1889, *postscript*:—

“I open my letter to tell you that, while in England last summer, I had the opportunity of talking to Mr. Matthews and his wife regarding the railway accident at Gloucester, of which I dreamed the night that it occurred, and about the time of its occurrence. He could not recall the circumstance at first,—that is, the circumstance of his being in the train. His wife, however, remembered it well, and, after talking together in his presence, he began also to remember something about it. His wife remembered that he had taken his seat in the wrong train,—there are and have always been two trains leaving that platform for different destinations at the same time. Becoming aware of his error he stepped out of the train, and had not reached the right one when the accident happened to the one he had left. Mrs. Matthews, of her own accord, recalled these details. After she had done so I related my dream, which she heard for the first time, although I had met her and Mr. Matthews the evening after the dream. But at that time I should have thought it ‘silly’ to tell the dream.”

[60]

1.

*(From Prof. E. W. C., June, 1886.)*

In August, 1876, with a party of young men from Montreal, I went off on a camping excursion up the Ottawa river. All were, of course, in good health, and we expected to be away for a fortnight. On the second Thursday, however, after our departure, one of the party having cut his knee severely with the axe, and the wound not healing well, we set out to return. I should add that another of the party had been ill from the outset, and had caused much trouble. After a day's travel we reached the Ottawa river and took the steamer for Montreal.

On the night of Thursday, the day on which we began our return, Mrs. C., then in Montreal, dreamed that she was in our camp, and saw me with an axe in my hand, and also learned in some way that one of the party had cut his knee, and that another was in some trouble, and that the whole party had determined to come home. She also heard some one say, "We will never go camping with H. G. again. He has been sick all the time." This was actually said by more than one of us.

This dream was told to her sister on awakening. An elder brother, W. T., on coming down to breakfast the same morning, remarked: "I fear they have had some trouble up there at the camp. I have been dreaming about them all night. I dreamed that H. G. was sick, and that they are all coming home."

On our return on Saturday night we were surprised by the absence of all appearance of astonishment at our premature return, until we learned of the dream.

2.

*(Professor C. writes, in May, 1887.)*

As to the camping excursion, you ask me if we determined to return on Thursday night. I have referred to my note-book, and find that we started on our return on Thursday, about noon; so that the decision was probably made the same morning, as it was caused by an accident to one of the party who had cut his knee with the axe. The wound did not heal as I wished, and this induced us to decide to return. In this decision I probably had great part, as I was the oldest member of the party; but of the exact details I have no recollection.

Mrs. C. is confident that the dream occurred on Thursday night, but of this we have no other evidence. It is not at all unlikely that the decision to return had been made the night before, but of this I cannot be certain.

3.

*(Account of Mrs. C., May, 1887.)*

#### DREAM OF THE CAMP ON THE RIVER LIÈVRE, AUGUST, 1876.

Mr. C., my brothers John, Lewis, and two or three other young men were camping on the river Lièvre for a fortnight in August, 1876. Among them

was a young man named Howard Gardner, who was one of the most enthusiastic when the party left. My brother Wallace was to have been of the party, but was detained by business.

I believe the campers were to return to town on a Monday. On the Thursday night before this Monday, I dreamed that I was at the camp and saw that things were not going well; one of the party was ill. I felt indefinitely that it was Howard Gardner. But I was sure that Howard had in some way given a great deal of trouble, and that I heard Mr. C. and John say decidedly, "We will never go camping with Howard again." Some one had cut his knee with an axe; was going about with a handkerchief round it. I thought it was Mr. C., but was sure that he was troubled and anxious about something. I felt also that they were all coming home at once, instead of pushing on to the lake. I told my sister as we dressed. At breakfast Wallace said, "Girls, they've got trouble up at the camp; I don't know what it is; I think Howard is at the bottom of it. I was there all night, and they are coming home at once."

On Saturday evening, about 6, I was dressed to make a call, when I walked John and Lewis. They were surprised that we took their coming as a matter of course. I asked for Mr. C., and they said he had gone round to see Howard, who had returned ill that morning, leaving Buckingham before their return to the town, though expressly enjoined to do nothing of the kind. He had been sick almost from the first day, and by his rashness had caused every one trouble, and Mr. C. had to take him back to Buckingham to nurse him for a few days.

Mr. C. left Howard there and returned to the camp for a few days, but they all felt too uneasy and anxious for enjoyment, and decided to come back a few days earlier than intended. Howard died within a day or two.

A young man named Goodhue had chopped his knee with an axe, and John showed us a sketch roughly made by one of the party, showing Goodhue with a handkerchief tied round his knee. This sketch is, I believe, still in existence.

KATHERINE B. C.

4.

*(Account by Miss A. M. T., May 14, 1887.)*

HER (MRS. C.'s) DREAM OF THE CAMPING PARTY.

Professor C. and our brothers, with some young friends, had gone on a camping expedition up the Lièvre river. We thought they must have arrived at their destination, White Fish lake, but my sister told me one morning she had dreamed that the party had been obliged to stop on their road, as one of the friends had cut his knee with a hatchet, and another of the party was sick. She had been to the camp in her dream, and gave a circumstantial account of the boys as they were at the moment of her dream, which I am sorry to say I forget. But the truth of it all was quickly verified; for a few mornings later the party of depressed campers returned, their expedition a complete failure, one of the party sick, the other badly cut with the hatchet.

A. M. T.

[61]

1.

*(From Julius Jacob.)*

NEW YORK, March 29, 1888.

DEAR SIR, — In the "World" of March 4, I read an article in regard of the American Society for Psychical Research. As I take great interest in the work you and the other members of the Society are performing, by trying to unvail the mystery of the human soul, since an occurrence at the time of my father's death happened to me, therefore I give this fact to you.

About fourteen years ago, one Sunday morning about 5 o'clock I woke up by a voice saying to me, "Julius, your father died." It was no dream. My father living that time in Milwaukee, myself here in New York. Certainly any one feels downhearted on account of such a remark. During the forenoon I received a telegraphic despatch announcing the death of my father. I knew it sooner than my step-mother, as she wrote to me that my father laid dead alongside of her when she woke about 7 o'clock. I must have been notified the very moment he died.

Thousands of such mysteries may happen without being known; how it is, it is very difficult to conceive. We know it is so, but how and why it is so we do not know. It must be a transmission of the soul, or whatever you may call it. To come a little nearer, we must try to convince ourselves that there is no space and no time in existence in the spiritual world. To conceive such ideas is very hard, even to those who have proof of it, like myself. Many proofs we have by a very reliable and remarkable man, — I refer to the Honorable Swedenborg, — by stating to the captain of a vessel, while on board, the large fire of Stockholm in progress the very same time, while being far from it. When they arrived in Stockholm the captain found everything to be true what Swedenborg told him. The very house where the fire stopped even was told.

As you do not know me, still you must admit my statement to be true, for no one would dare, or would have any reason, to make a false remark about his father's death.

Yours very respectfully,

JULIUS JACOB.

2.

NEW YORK, May 11, 1888.

DEAR SIR, — . . . I hereby send to you the answer in connection with the occurrence which happened to me at the time of my father's death.

I have the telegraphic despatch of Milwaukee, which announced the death of my father, in my possession.

I did not speak to any person before I received the despatch what happened to me the same morning, or the very time my father died. . . .

Very respectfully yours,

JULIUS JACOB.

[62]

(From Mrs. L. P. E.)

1.

MAY 12, 1888.

In 1877, while spending a few months in Hartford, I was invited on a day in May to make a little trip from New Haven to Rockaway, — a trip requiring only the day. After reaching New Haven, where boat was to be taken, an indescribable nervous feeling came to me, making a lump in my throat, and otherwise upsetting me. When the gentleman with me escorted me to the deck of the steamer, I was so apprehensive of a *something* that I felt sure was to happen, I made up my mind to get off at the only landing-place after leaving New Haven, which was at the west end of New Haven, a pier where persons from that part of the city could embark. The specimen of the excursionists about us on the start prepared me for the downright rough element we saw awaiting the boat at the pier above named. I used all persuasive power possessed by me, and induced my companion to land, much against his will. We then spent a few hours at Savin Rock, and reached Hartford in time for tea.

The sequel is, that next day the boat, which was to have reached New Haven on the eve of the excursion day, did not get into port until forty-eight hours behind time; all hands were drunk, some had been stabbed, and a terrific storm on the Sound had seriously damaged the boat.

Since then I never neglect a nervousness born of a warning of danger ahead.

MARY M. E.

2.

JUNE 4, 1888.

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ., *Boston, Mass.* : —

DEAR SIR, — Your favor of May 16 came duly to hand. In reply to your query as to the possibility of securing statement of my companion of the trip I outlined, I do not know where he is now, having heard nothing of or from him since 1879.

I do not know if I have had so clearly any other intimation or warning as the one referred to, but I do have peculiar "waking dreams" which would, if deftly handled, outdo even such fantastic creations as "Hyde and Jekyll." But I do not think any one could possibly doubt my experience of 1877 was a certain sort of warning. . . .

MARY M. E.

[63]

1.

DREAMS OF MRS. H.

BROOKLINE, Jan. 23, 1888.

MR. HODGSON : —

DEAR SIR, — I enclose to you the account of four dreams which seemed to me equally pertinent, so I asked Mrs. H. to write them all. I see that

they are dated November 26; but, as a matter of fact, they came into my possession only two days ago.

It seems an interesting fact that Mrs. H.'s mother had a dream about her deceased husband which influenced her for the rest of her life. She was a Swedenborgian; this may have had something to do with the *effect* produced by that dream.

Yours truly,

ANNIE R. W.

2.

FOUR REMARKABLE DREAMS.

I.

At the request of a friend, I give the following statement in regard to four remarkable dreams, occurring at different periods of my life. My husband has aided me in preparing the statement. He well remembers my relation of the dreams when they occurred. The first occurred at the time of the departure to the other world of my husband's mother, in the year 1855. She went from Baltimore, from our house in the suburbs where she had been living with us for a few months previously, to the neighborhood of Donaldsonville, La., where her eldest son resided with his family. It was in the month of October, I think. The yellow-fever still lingered in some places, and in a few days after her arrival at her son's house she was stricken down with the fever, and passed away. My husband's brother, George, then resided with us. The news of my mother-in-law's death came by telegraph to my husband's office in Baltimore, and he brought the news out from the city. We had had no news of her sickness, nor any letter from her. This was about 1 o'clock in the day.

On the night preceding the reception of the telegram, I dreamed that George and I were sitting together, waiting for the return of my husband, in the evening, when he usually came home. I tried to light the lamp, and it went out. I then crossed the room to a window to watch for my husband's return, and I saw some one coming towards the house who I thought was he, and I turned to George to tell him he was coming, and in turning I saw a bright light in the doorway. I did not look at the light, but at George, who was staring at it, and I said, "O George! you see something?" That was all of the dream. I may add, however, that I felt afraid to look at the door.

The next morning, when all three of us sat by the fire, I told my dream. George then said, "Yes, it is mother. I did see something," and immediately he left the room. When my husband entered the door, before he had said anything about his having a telegram, George approached him and said, "Mother is dead."

II.

The second dream occurred at Wilmington, Del., in 1871 or 1872. My mother lived with us at the time. She had gone up to Philadelphia, and I was expecting her to return in the evening. She did not come, and I was

anxious about her. She stopped in Chester, at her son's home, half-way between Philadelphia and Wilmington.

I dreamed that I saw my mother. She appeared to be suffering some pain, and her face presented a singular appearance, which I could not describe when telling my dream the next morning. My sister, living in Philadelphia, who was with her, came down to Wilmington to explain to us the cause of my mother's delay. She had fallen off a step into a yard and dislocated her arm at the shoulder, which had been replaced by physicians with some difficulty. She was seventy years old. In falling upon her face, it became smeared with soft mud.

The dream was very distinct, and I had no doubt it was my mother.

### III:

The third dream occurred in 1875, while we resided on Price's Hill, Cincinnati, O.

I dreamed that I entered a room which was most beautifully and profusely decorated with flowers. The flowers greatly attracted my attention, they were so beautiful. Afterwards, I looked through an opening and saw a number of horses and carriages.

In telling the dream to my husband, I said, "We must be going to a funeral." Some weeks afterwards, my husband, who is a clergyman, was invited to officiate at a wedding. The parties were entire strangers to us. We had never seen them or the home of the bride; but their friends, who took their meals at the same boarding-house with us, and whom we saw every day, conveyed the request to my husband. We rode with our friends in a carriage to the house of the bride's father, a florist, who resided some three miles distant from our residence, in the country. The room where the ceremony was performed was very elaborately adorned with flowers, and, as we entered it, I said to my husband, "I have seen all this before." On going out, after the ceremony, to walk in the grounds around the house, I looked to the rear of it and I saw a great number of carriages gathered, and I repeated the remark I had made about the flowers.

The dream was very vivid, and it seemed to be perfectly fulfilled; that is, the scenes were exactly reproduced.

### IV.

The fourth dream occurred in Brookline, Mass., in January, 1883.

I dreamed I saw some one lying on a bed, writhing in great agony. The person seemed to be my sister or my mother. And then a young man appeared to me, who seemed very anxious to tell me something. His face was familiar, but I was not sure who it was. Then came a telegram, when, it seemed, others were present. It was addressed to my husband, but I only knew it was a call to go somewhere, and some one said, "Why do they want to take him away from us? he has been a very good pastor to us."

In the morning, while I was relating the dream to my husband, the servant came into the room and handed him a telegram. He read it,

and said to me, "It is your sister." It was written by my sister's son, living in Philadelphia, and was worded thus:—

"Mother died last night at 9 o'clock. Can you come on and attend the funeral?"

My sister had been taken suddenly ill, after rising and dressing in the morning as usual. The physicians could afford her no relief. She suffered intense pain all day, and passed away as stated. We had no previous intimation of her being ill, or that she was threatened with this attack. The news of her death, therefore, coming as it did, was a great surprise and shock.

R. B. H.

Nov. 26, 1887.

3.

Rev. W. H. H.'s replies to the following questions will be found below:—

Can a brief statement signed by Mr. H. be obtained, to the effect that he heard the dreams related before their confirmation was known? This is very important as regards the evidential value of the cases. It would be of advantage that a specific statement should be made in connection with each case, so that each case may be complete separately.

Has Mrs. H. had dreams which impressed her strongly, yet which were not verified?

Is there any peculiarity distinguishing her verified dreams from others?

DREAM I., 1855.

1. Is Mr. George H. still alive, and if so, can any account be obtained from him as to the relation of the dream, etc.?

2. Did he have a dream himself, and is anything now recollected of his experience during the night of Mrs. H.'s dream?

3. Can Mr. H. write a brief statement concerning his recollections of the morning when the telegram arrived?

DREAM II.

1. Can statements be obtained from any persons who heard the dream narrated in the morning?

2. Can a statement be obtained from Mrs. H.'s sister concerning both the incident and any remembrance which she may have of Mrs. H.'s dream?

3. Was there distinct reason to think that some accident had befallen Mrs. H.'s mother when she did not return to Philadelphia?

DREAM III.

1. At the time Mrs. H. had her dream had it already been decided that Mr. H. should be requested to officiate at the wedding? Probably this could scarcely be ascertained now. The object of this question is to discover whether the floral scene in Mrs. H.'s dream might have been suggested telepathically, in consequence of some conversation, say, between

the bride and her friends, the mental pictures of these persons concerning the projected wedding being impressed upon the mind of the distant Mrs. H.

2. It is particularly important in this case that Mr. H. should state his recollections of the relation of the dream.

#### DREAM IV.

1. Can we obtain the name and address of Mrs. H.'s sister? This is merely so that the fact of the death, etc., may be independently ascertained.

2. Was the dream told to any one besides Mr. H.?

We shall be glad to have statements from Mr. H., and also from any other person who may have heard it before the telegram arrived.

3. What was the nature of the sister's illness?

4.

BROOKLINE, MASS., Feb. 13, 1888.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON: —

DEAR SIR, — Miss Annie R. W. has handed Mrs. H. and myself your letter to her of 26th ult., with accompanying list of questions, requesting us to communicate with you in relation to the subject-matter referred to in your letter. I shall endeavor to answer your interrogatories now, after consulting with Mrs. H., as far as we are able to do so.

You ask in your letter, "Does the sensitiveness to phenomena of this kind run in Mrs. H.'s family?" This may be answered somewhat affirmatively, as we know that her mother had two dreams, at different periods of her life, very similar to the ones now reported in their general character. As to Mrs. H.'s father and her brothers and sisters, we cannot speak with the same certainty.

The above statement answers the inquiry in regard to a dream of Mrs. H.'s mother. Mrs. H. was born more than thirty years before her father died.

#### FOUR REMARKABLE DREAMS.

I can say, with some degree of certainty, that Mrs. H. related her dreams to me before their fulfilment. In regard to the last one of the four, which is fresher in my memory, I can say this *with positive certainty*. That dream impressed me much more strongly than the others, I think.

As to the circumstances of the first dream, they are very vivid in my memory, although thirty-two years have elapsed.

Mrs. H. has had dreams which were not verified, certainly one which she now remembers, which occurred fourteen years ago.

We cannot state definitely whether Mrs. H.'s verified dreams have had a peculiarity distinguishing them from others. Three of the dreams reported have had relation to members of her family or connections. The other in Cincinnati had no such relation, as the wedding parties and the scene were unknown before.

## DREAM I.

1. Mr. George H. died in 1886.
2. He did not relate a dream in connection with the above, nor did he say he had had a dream; but merely said, "Yes, I did see something," and then left the room.
3. I recollect somewhat distinctly the occurrences of the morning, when the telegram arrived in Baltimore at my office, which was some two miles from my house in the suburbs. I took it out at once to my home, and met my brother, who came out of the parlor and said at once, "Mother is dead." He avoided conversation because he was much distressed, as well as myself. This was about noon of the day succeeding the dream.

## DREAM II.

1. Mrs. H. says that she cannot say certainly whether any one but her sister, Miss R., remembers this dream. The other sister, who came from Chester to Wilmington to announce the accident, was Mrs. S., of whose death dream No. 4 speaks.
2. This query is answered by the above. Mrs. H.'s sister is living in the other world, and her testimony cannot be obtained by natural means.
3. There was no reason to think that any accident had befallen Mrs. H.'s mother.

## DREAM III.

1. We do not know whether the bride and groom had decided to ask Mr. H. to officiate before Mrs. H. had her dream. Our impression is to the contrary, as we think it was not ascertained positively until a few days before the wedding that the other minister would not officiate. So far as we know, the bride and groom are still living.
2. My impression is so fixed that Mrs. H. related her dream to me before it occurred, that I feel safe in saying so. At the time she related it I did not take much notice of it. Some weeks, I think, elapsed before the dream [was fulfilled]. I was not in the habit of recording such things, but I well remember that when she recognized the fulfilment of her dream and reminded me of it that I recalled the fact. I have related the dream several times to intimate friends, and there can be no doubt of the facts. My wife's recollection is perfectly clear and distinct as to all these circumstances, and there is no difference in our memory.

## DREAM IV.

1. Answered above in part: in full, Mrs. H.'s sister's name was Mary S., the wife of James W. S., of Philadelphia, who died before her; maiden name, R. Her death and the circumstances can be ascertained.
2. Mrs. H. thinks she told it to her sister, Miss R., now living in Norfolk, Mass., but this is doubtful. The telegram was received soon after breakfast, the servant handing it to me in my chamber, where Mrs. H. was with me; and at the time she was narrating the dream to me more fully and

circumstantially. The circumstances are perfectly clear and distinct in my mind.

Mrs. S.'s illness was very sudden, lasting only one day. She was taken in the morning and died at night. She had some disease of the stomach and bowels, symptoms of which had been manifested somewhat, but not dangerously, previously, and she seemed in her usual health the day before. She suffered great agony, and no relief could be obtained.

W. H. H.

BROOKLINE, MASS., Feb. 13, 1888.

5.

DREAM IV.

(*Statement of Miss R., sister of Mrs. H.*)

NORFOLK, MASS., Feb. 27, 1888.

MR. HODGSON: —

DEAR SIR, — I remember that Mrs. H. had a remarkable dream at the time of Mrs. S.'s death, but I have forgotten the particulars of it. . . .

Yours very truly,

C. L. R.

6.

DREAM IV.

(*Statement of Miss M. S. P.*)

As far as I recollect, Mrs. Mary S. was lying on her back for some time in great agony before she died; I was with her at the time; she suffered intensely. She had symptoms of some trouble for two or three years previously, but the exact nature of the malady was unknown until she died. She was seized suddenly with extreme pain twenty-four hours before her death. No special apprehensions had been previously entertained, and she had dined with the family as usual. Her son, Mr. Frank S., and her medical attendant, Dr. Farrington, were in the sick-room at intervals during the twenty-four hours. I believe that it was Mr. Frank S. who sent the telegram to Mrs. H. The son and Dr. Farrington are now dead.

M. S. P.

SOMERVILLE, April 20, 1888.

7.

BROOKLINE, March 20, 1888.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON: —

DEAR SIR, — I called at your residence yesterday, intending to hand you the enclosed letter [document 8] which I received last week. You will find that it corroborates the statements already given about the Cincinnati dream. Please return it to me.

Have you written to Miss P. of Philadelphia as proposed, and have you received a reply from her?

Perhaps I should explain that the gentleman spoken of as Uncle Charles in the Cincinnati letter is the friend mentioned in the narrative of the

dream as being with us at table daily, and the one who communicated the invitation.

Yours truly,

W. H. H.

8.

DREAM III.

(From Mrs. C.)

DELHI, March 10, 1888.

REV. W. H. H. : —

DEAR SIR, — Yours of February 18 was duly received, and would have been answered sooner, but I waited for an opportunity to talk with my mother on the subject of my wedding, as I thought she would remember whether anything had been said in the presence of Aunt Mary or Uncle Charles about the floral decorations of the house; and I find from her that they could not have known anything of the arrangements, as we did not know ourselves just what they would be until completed, for that part of the arrangements was left entirely to my brother-in-law, Mr. G. About two weeks before our marriage Mr. C. went to Price Hill and asked Uncle Charles to introduce him to Mr. Goddard; and ascertained that Mr. Goddard was away from the city, so it was left for a few days, until he learned to a certainty that Mr. G. [Goddard] would not be back in time; then the invitation was sent to yourself and wife.

Hoping these few lines will satisfactorily answer the questions you asked in your letter, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

ELIZABETH M. C.

[64]

1.

(From E. M. —.)

MARCH 4, 1888.

DR. HODGSON : —

DEAR SIR, — An article in to-day's "World" (New York) speaking of you and your peculiar work induces me to offer unsolicited a singular experience which I had some years ago.

I will say in the beginning that I am in no sense of the word a spiritualist, and that I am prompted to send the account simply to add to the number of incidents which you already have in your possession. I sign my own name, but expect you to withhold it from the public, since my home is just out of Boston.

The incident occurred while I was at a boarding-school, about eighteen miles from my home. All the members of the family were well, as I supposed, and I had no apprehensions to the contrary when I retired at night. But in a dream I saw my father laid out in his coffin; I saw my mother very distinctly, quite overcome with grief; and frightened knots of children crying, wholly unnoticed, in the corners. There were a great many

strangers about the house, and a sale seemed to be going on. I awoke terribly agitated, and should have gone home if there had been direct railroad communication between me and my home. I tried to throw off the feeling of depression all the morning; but at noon a messenger arrived in a private conveyance, and I was not surprised to learn that my father had died. As far as I could learn he died at the time the vision occurred to me. The house, when I arrived, presented the very appearance it had in my dream, except the selling, and that came a few months later.

I have never been able to think of any circumstance that would shape the dream, and I certainly had no knowledge of my father's illness, which was very sudden, and so severe that I could not be reached before he died.

At another time, while at the same school, the door-bell rang and I was seized with a fit of trembling, feeling sure that some ill news awaited me; and it was for me, for a sister had died very suddenly.

Yours respectfully,

E. M. —.

2.

**DREAM OF FATHER'S DEATH.**

1. Date of experience? Early March, 1872.
2. Place of experience? Framingham, Mass.
3. Place of father's death? Stow, Mass.
4. Did you mention your dream to any other person before hearing the sad news? If so, we should like very much to receive some account of any persons to whom you mentioned it.
5. Did you mention your dream to any other person after hearing the news? Any statements by persons to whom you mentioned the dream at about the time will add, as you doubtless appreciate, to the evidential value of your experience.

Answer to 4 and 5. I mentioned my dream to no one until after my father was buried, and then only told it to my mother at the time, but have since mentioned the circumstances to several persons. I can, however, recall to mind no person whose evidence I could get to add to my own statements. At the time the dream occurred I thought it too weird and eerie to tell, except in great confidence. The memory of it has returned to me over and over again, as I have grown older and thought more seriously about the inexplicable experience of our life.

I was nineteen years at the time, so the dream can hardly be pronounced a childish fancy. I can think of no further information that will interest you.

E. M. —.

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[65]

(From Miss H. —.)

1.

BOSTON, Nov. 5, 1887.

RICHARD HODGSON, Esq. :—

DEAR SIR, — Seeing a notice from the Society for Psychical Research in the "Transcript" of this date, I am urged to send you, for what it may be worth, an experience of my own.

A dear friend, who is like my sister, is married and living in London, Canada. I was expecting to hear news from her of the birth of her child any time subsequent to August 20, but had not given her any especial thought before that time in the way of anxiety.

On the night of Aug. 17, 1887, I had a most vivid dream of her as standing by my bed, waking me, and showing me her child, saying that it weighed nine pounds and was a girl. The dream so impressed me that it was fully a day before I could shake off the impression, and on the afternoon of August 19, I received a card telling me of the birth of the little girl on the 17th, and that my friend had earnestly desired that she might be able to show it to me.

I may mention that this is the only occasion upon which I have dreamed of her since she left Boston.

The Rev. Dr. Courtney of St. Paul's Church will vouch for my veracity, I think, and the occurrence has seemed peculiar enough to warrant my relating it.

I must ask that my name be not used. Believe me,

Very truly,  
(Signed) —.

2.

NOVEMBER 25, 1887.

RICHARD HODGSON, Esq. :—

DEAR SIR, — Your letter of November 8 was received, and I have been waiting, hoping to give you some information which would be more satisfactory. I wrote to my friend in Canada, and in a private letter to me, she answers :—

"Baby was born Wednesday, August 17, at 6.15 P.M. May have expressed a wish that you and — might see her; in fact, it is more than likely."

I am quite aware how perfectly unsatisfactory this is, and I have hunted all through my letters to find the one in which the mother of my friend told me she had expressed a desire to show me the baby, but of course that particular one is missing.

The child was a girl and weighed nine pounds, and my friend left Boston in September, 1886.

The only other question in your letter must also remain unanswered evidentially. My mother is rather nervous, and I did not mention my own dream for fear of arousing her fears. She was the only person to whom I should have been likely to speak. Regretting that I cannot be more definite, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,  
(Signed) —.

[66]

(From *W. B. C.*)

BOSTON, May 22, 1888.

About the year 1873 or 1874, when I was at my place of business one afternoon, I became suddenly impressed with the feeling that an old ship-mate of mine whom I had not seen for several years, and of whom I had not heard during this interval, was in the neighborhood. This feeling became so strong that I went out upon the sidewalk and looked up and down to see if he was not actually there. No person was visible.

On the following morning, when I arrived at my place of business, I found the very man waiting to see me. On inquiring as to what he was doing the previous afternoon, I learnt from him that, as nearly as I could ascertain, he was coming up the harbor in steamship (name unknown), and was asking a passenger about myself.

(Signed)

W. B. C.

[67]

1.

(From *Miss W.*)

JAMAICA PLAIN, Jan. 5, 1888.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON:—

DEAR SIR,— You ask me for an account of the presentiment my father had concerning an accident happening to his wife, my step-mother. I am very glad to tell you anything which may prove of interest.

My father is not living now; he died in July, 1884, seven months after this event which I am about to tell you. He was ill at the time, and for two weeks I had had nearly the entire care of him, day and night. I slept in the same room, and one night was awakened by a cry from him—no unusual thing; for he was often delirious, and talked wildly in his sleep. I heard him say, “Is she killed? Stop him!” and when I ran to his bedside, I found him trembling violently, bathed in a cold sweat, and yet seemingly awake. I tried to soothe him, but he clung to my arm repeating his cries. I said, “What is it, father? no one is killed; you are here with me.”—“Oh, no! Rebecca, my wife, is hurt. Do you not see the horse running? The buggy is all broken, and Rebecca is lying there. Go to her and see if she is killed.” I tried in vain to quiet him; he moaned and cried, repeating, “The horse is running and my wife is hurt.” It must have been a half-hour before I could awaken him sufficiently to know he was at home and mother upstairs, safe. Then he would say, “It was so real, so real!” In the morning I asked him if he remembered his dream. He said he did, and that it seemed as though he was awake all the time. Then he said again, “I thought ‘mother’ was in South Middleboro’ (the adjoining town), and that the horse ran away and she was thrown; but I could not see if she was alive; she lay on her face, but the horse ran away down the road, and the buggy was broken all to pieces.”

I told my step-mother that father dreamed she had been hurt by the

horse running, and we both thought no more about it then. But about 10 o'clock my step-mother prepared to drive to South Middleboro', saying she would be back by 12. Father seemed rather nervous after she had gone, and when 12 o'clock came and mother had not arrived, he seemed very much troubled and begged me to watch at the window for her. An hour later a messenger appeared with the news that the horse had become frightened and had run, throwing Mrs. W. from the carriage, and that she had been taken up unconscious, and was unable to be brought home then. Inquiry showed that all had happened as my father dreamed. The next day, when she was brought home most severely cut and bruised, she told us that during all her drive she had thought of father's dream, and felt a sense of danger. That was my father's last illness, for he never recovered even enough to leave his room between January and the following July.

My step-mother is still living. Although I was barely sixteen at the time, I remember that night and the dream as though it were yesterday.

Trusting you will find this satisfactory, I am,

Most sincerely yours,

E. T. W.

2.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Jan. 18, 1888.

MR. HODGSON:—

DEAR SIR,— Pardon my delay in replying to your last letter, but I was obliged to write to Mrs. W., whose home is in Rochester, Mass., for her account of my father's dream. I enclose it in this letter.

I do not know of any other experience my father had, than the one I have told you, but I do know that his mother, my grandmother, is said to have had one or two very remarkable ones; what they were I cannot tell you, as my knowledge is limited. My brother also, in his last illness, had a presentiment quite interesting. Should you care to hear it, I will ask my sister, who was with him at the time, for the facts.

Very sincerely,

E. T. W.

3.

(*Statement by Mrs. W—.*)

Jan. 3, 1884, I left my home in North Rochester, for the South Middleboro' post-office. Previous to my leaving home, my daughter, E., told me of her father's dream; he was sick and confined to his room at the time. He cried out, as if very much frightened, there was a horse running away; then he says, "It is my horse; she has cleared herself from the buggy and running, stripping off her harness, etc." Then he looked around and says, "Where is mother?" She assured him I was lying down. I think there must have been a perfect panorama of the whole scene.

I did not drive over the road I usually travelled, on account of the ice. The road I took was smoother, and you could see a long distance, there being no obstruction. I naturally thought of the dream while driving over the distance of three miles; but when I had crossed the railroad I thought the danger was all over and ceased to feel any anxiety about it.

After being picked up and cared for, the doctor rode over to tell my husband of the accident. He told me afterwards he was not surprised, for he knew when he came in what his business was. I think it must have appeared very real to him, everything was so vivid.

R. B. W.

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[68]

(From S. C. D.)

In the fall of 1865, I was in the employ of an elderly gentleman who was doing a small manufacturing business in Boston. The customers of this gentleman were large jobbers doing business in New York City and in Western cities. It was the custom for the buyers of these houses to come on in December, January, and February, to make their purchases for spring trade. Such was the regularity with which these buyers came, that it could be told, almost with certainty, what month and what day in the month each one would be at our store. For instance, there was one buyer from Philadelphia who always came about the 10th of December, another from New York, about the 20th, and so on. Amongst others who came was a Mr. B., of the firm of W., B., & F., New [York] City, whose regular time was from the 3d of January to the 10th. I had entered Mr. E.'s employ the year before, and seen most of the customers once, among them Mr. B. The thing I most remembered about him was that he was a very sharp and uncompromising buyer. Mr. E. always went to New York and Philadelphia in the latter part of November or the first few days in December to invite the trade to visit him and make their purchases. On his return from this trip in 1865, he reported that Mr. B. had concluded not to come to Boston that year, but to buy his goods in New York. Early in December, I think not later than the 7th, I had the following dream: I thought that I was seated at the high desk in our office busily writing. Suddenly, from the office door, which was behind me, I heard a voice say: —

“ Good-morning, E——.”

I dreamed that I turned around, and there, in the doorway, stood Mr. B., of W., B., & F., having on a very glossy black-silk hat and a pair of trousers, the cloth of which was of a pattern I had never before seen. This pattern, I thought, consisted of a dark background with a large, peculiar, greenish check. I remember dreaming that he bought a very large bill of goods. I also remember the feeling of pleasure that I had while the dream was going on, and the sense of disappointment when I awoke to find that it was only a dream.

The morning after this dream I went to the office as usual. About 10 o'clock, as I was engaged in writing, and Mr. E. was reading his letters, I heard some one behind me say: —

“ Good-morning, E.”

I looked behind me, and saw Mr. B. standing in the doorway just as I had seen him in my dream. He had on a glossy black hat, exactly as I had seen him have on in my dream. I instantly looked at his trousers, and was surprised to see that they resembled those of my dream in every particular, the sin-

gular pattern of the cloth being very noticeable. Mr. B. bought a very large bill of goods, — much larger than he had bought the previous year.

It seems that it was only the day before that he decided to buy in Boston, and came earlier in the season than usual, on account of a business trip to the West that he was intending to take.

(Signed)

S. C. D.

[69]

(From Judge Travis.)

*Have you, at any time during your life, but not within the past twelve years, when in good health, and completely awake, had a distinct impression of seeing or being touched by a human being, or of hearing a voice or sound which suggested a human presence when no one was there?*

In answer to the above question, I make the following statement of facts: —

I was born in 1830, and was the youngest member of my father's family. A very strong attachment existed between my mother and myself. I lived at home with my father and mother, etc., until 1854, at St. John, N.B., when I went to Restigouche, where I continued to reside for a number of years, engaged in commercial pursuits. In 1856 I was engaged on the Quebec side of the Restigouche river, erecting a milling establishment for my business purposes. My father, mother, etc., then still continued living in St. John, N.B., which is distant between four and five hundred miles from Restigouche. At that time there was no railway or telegraphic communication between those places, the mails between them passing by stage three times a week; and thus, any letters mailed on a day when the mail stage did not leave either of those places, would go in the same mail with other letters mailed on the day of the stage leaving, if mailed prior to the hour for the closing of the mail on that day.

In the middle of the forenoon of a day in the summer of 1856 I was alone in a room in one of my houses connected with my business establishment, when I became mentally conscious of the presence of my father being with me. At that time both my father and mother were in perfect health, as they usually were, and, outside of the communication made to me by my father, I had no more reason to suppose that my mother was about to die than that my father or any other person was. My father communicated to me the fact of my mother's death. I had a perfect consciousness of his presence with me, and have still a perfectly vivid recollection of his using the words to me with reference to the communication by him to me of my mother's death, literally, "*We're all alone now, Jerry,*" using to me this abbreviation of my Christian name, as he had been in the habit of doing to me personally. From my earliest childhood down to that time there had never been a death in our immediate family, and the practical idea of death had never particularly affected me. I felt fairly stunned by the communication made to me by my father, which so affected me as almost to unfit me for

business for the next two weeks; and I remember well, even yet, that during those two weeks I had a feeling of misery such as no event that has ever since transpired has produced in me. The effect of the communication, in its startling reality, was most depressing to me.

At about the close of the two weeks named, I was in the post-office at Campbellton, Restigouche, N.B., where my mail-matter was then received. The post-office there was kept by James S. Morse, Esq., barrister-at-law, and I was alone with him in the inner of his two offices, where he was opening the mail which had arrived from St. John. He handed me two letters, both of which were addressed to me in the writing of one of my brothers, from whom I not infrequently received letters. The letters were contained in common buff envelopes, which were then very generally used, and there was nothing on the envelopes, such as a black seal, etc., to indicate their contents. Neither had I any knowledge or information whatever either as to the illness or death of my mother, except the communication which had been mentally conveyed to me by my father. *On receiving the letters from the postmaster*, I said to him intuitively, spontaneously, "*Morse, my mother's dead!*" I then opened the letters, and found that they were written to me by my brother on consecutive days. The first, mailed the day before the mail left, contained the intelligence of my mother having been suddenly attacked with severe illness, and the second, written a day later, contained the news of her death.

Some four or five months later than this I drove through with my business partner, the late Hon. John McMillan, to Fredricton, N.B., on the St. John river, where we left our conveyance, and proceeded by steamer to the residence of my father, reaching there about 1 A.M. on a Sunday, and going to my father's residence. In the morning, about 8 o'clock, I met my father in the dining-room, who came forward to me, burst into tears, and said to me in the very words, neither less nor more, that I heard him use to me months before in Restigouche, "*We're all alone now, Jerry!*"

I mentioned all these facts at the time to both McMillan and Morse. The former is dead. The latter, if living, must now be a very old man, and would, probably, after the lapse of so many years, scarcely remember the circumstance, as remarkable as it seems to me to have been. The last I heard of him he was then in Dalhousie, Restigouche, N.B., to which place I addressed a letter to him a couple of weeks since, in order to ascertain if he remembered these facts, but I have not heard from him in reply. He may have left that place, or he may be dead. I was married in December, 1856, and stated these facts to my wife, who is here with me; and I have frequently referred to them to others as the most remarkable and, on mere natural grounds, unexplainable incident within my knowledge. At the time of the occurrence I was in perfect health, and there was nothing at the time in my reading or train of thought to induce the startling impression that was conveyed to me by the apparent presence of my father, and by the communication he made to me.

Between the ages of sixteen and twenty-three I was largely engaged in literary pursuits, and was in the habit of writing stories, essays, poetry, etc., for different periodicals. Frequently, I would find myself in a train of

thought, when I would seem to be in some other place, and in conversation with some one or more persons. There was nothing special to induce such thoughts as would then spring up; the whole seemed to be a kind of "day-dreaming." During that period, at times almost innumerable, I have suddenly received a shock at finding the whole scene reënacted, with the minutest circumstances of persons and place, exactly as had appeared to me weeks, months, or even years before. This occurred so frequently that I scarcely engaged in a conversation without being prepared to expect that it would result in the repetition of one of the scenes which had passed through my mind previously; and it often happened, so thoroughly had the previous enactment of the scene been impressed on my mind, that when it was actually taking place I knew, verbally, exactly what was to follow, so as to be able to anticipate the very words which would be used, following those which had been used. This often occurred with reference to matters of the most trifling character; but the difficulty of furnishing any "rational" explanation of them is not the less on that account.

The following are a couple of such incidents.

From 1846 to 1853 I was engaged, in connection with the timber business in St. John, with the late Mr. M. Fisher. Edwin Fisher (late mayor of Portland, St. John) was in the office with me, and one Ezekiel Jordan was a surveyor employed in Mr. Fisher's timber ponds. One day the three of us were in conversation about the Church of Rome, when, in the midst of the conversation, I remembered that the whole scene had passed through my mind before, and that at a time when *I did not even know Ezekiel Jordan, and had never then been in the office* where the conversation was taking place. The whole thing re-presented itself to me as it had passed through my mind, with all the minutiae of *persons and place*, at a previous period; and before Mr. Jordan uttered the words which he did, I knew he was going to say, "I have a different opinion of the mystic Babylon spoken of in Revelations from that which is generally held. *I believe that it does not refer to the Church of Rome, but to money.*" I might add that I had never before met with the statement of such a view except as it had previously passed through my mind in one of those scenes to which I have referred.

On another occasion I was going home at mid-day from Mr. Fisher's office, when I overtook a cart-load of furniture, near which was a person whom I knew well, — a Mr. Wm. A. Reynolds. As I came up to him, I said, "*Hello, William! who is moving?*" Immediately on uttering these words — in fact, in the very act of uttering them — I knew that they, with the scene before me, had passed through my mind previously, and without anything else to suggest the remainder of the conversation to me, I knew and could have repeated, by anticipation, the exact language which followed. The reply was, "I am." Almost mesmerically the next question came from me, "*Where are you moving to?*" which was followed by the somewhat singular answer, which I knew was coming, "*Into John's house. At least, they call it John's house, but I believe it belongs to your father.*" The property was one that had been purchased by my father in his own name, but which he intended to present, and subsequently did present, to my brother, Mr. John B. Travis.

Both of these incidents, although they took place about forty years ago, are as fresh in my mind as though they were but of yesterday, — probably from their special and peculiar circumstances. Legions of other cases, which during those years were constantly occurring, have passed from my mind, having reference to the most trivial circumstances that were transpiring.

I remember that it was about that time that I read<sup>1</sup> the work by the eminent English psychologist, Dr. Moore, "Body and Soul," where numerous as singular, and other much more remarkable, circumstances, well authenticated, are detailed; to all of which I was prepared to give my fullest assent, from the host of analogous facts of which I had had, myself, the clearest knowledge.

*Have you, at any time during your life, but not within the past twelve years, when in good health, had a dream of the death of some person known to you (about whom you were not anxious at the time), which dream you marked as an exceptionally vivid one, and of which the distressing impression lasted for at least an hour after you arose in the morning?*

I have had many dreams during my life. In one of them I remember of repeating stanzas by the score of original verse, when I was quite young, and at a time when I had never written two lines of poetry in my life, and was utterly unable to do so, having frequently, and in vain, made the trial. Years after I wrote poems in great number, and some of them of considerable length; numbers of them having been published in English and Colonial periodicals.

With the exception of that dream, there are scarcely any of which I have now the slightest recollection. One, however, has stood out prominently in my recollection for over fifty years. It was utterly unlike any dream I have ever had. It was more like those strange visions which seem so real and life-like to persons suffering under the delirium often caused by small-pox in its more malignant form.

When I was somewhere about eight or ten years old, I was suffering from an attack of fever of some description. When lying in bed there appeared to me, with a distinctness as clear as though they were actually before me, two lights, each of which was held in a hand. There were two arms, hands, and candles, each arm, hand, and candle being antagonistic to the other, — one of them representing me or my champion, and the other my enemy, — the two opposing lights, as held, representing to me the embodiment of myself and the enemy, or opposition of my particular self, for time and for eternity. A fierce contest took place between these two (each endeavoring to destroy, by burning up, the other), which I watched with my whole soul absorbed in what was passing before me. The struggle to me was fearfully real and important. For a time my enemy seemed to be likely to conquer, by my opposing light consuming that of my defender or representative; but at length the result proved otherwise, and the light representing me destroyed, by completely consuming or burning up, the

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<sup>1</sup> This was done at the suggestion of my office mate, Mr. E. Fisher, on my naming to him many of the incidents to which I have referred. I also read in the same connection "Body and Mind" and "Man and his Motives," by the same author, Dr. Moore.

other, so that nothing was left but my light and the hand and arm by which it was sustained. The contest referred to took place in the air before me, where the bitterest battle was waged. On awaking, or as it more really appeared to me at the close of the vision, I awoke and said to my mother, who was sitting near, watching by me, "*Ma, how beautiful that light seems!*" There was simply a candle burning on a table before me; but it seemed to have a beauty transcending anything I had ever before seen; the light to my eyes following so closely the vision or dream in which my welfare for time and eternity seemed to be bound up in the conflict. The dream or vision was, no doubt, caused by my fevered state, affected or influenced by the light burning before me; but throughout my whole life, the vision of my future, which seemed then to be so plainly portrayed to me, has been most strikingly realized, just as it was then impressed on my mind. During the whole of my life my course has been marked with most violent struggles. I have scarcely ever attempted anything in my life, but what I have had to contend, at every successive stage, with the most violent opposition, which I have generally looked upon as a matter of course, where others have easy and plain sailing. The end of nearly all such struggles, as a rule, has been, that, by almost superhuman exertions, the opposition has been crushed. That one dream or vision, which stood out so conspicuously, and in which I saw the opening out of my whole life, has been uppermost in my mind all my life since, and I have been thoroughly satisfied that the predictions in it have been quite fulfilled. That period, too, was important to me as the crisis in the fever, which, too, was then mastered, and I was speedily restored to health and strength, as though the series of victories over the enemy-principle of my life had already begun.

J. TRAVIS, LL.B.,

*Judge of the late High Court of Justice of the Canadian N.W. Territories;  
Commissioner, under the Extradition Acts, etc.*

[ ]

1.

*(From E. F. H.)*

MELROSE HIGHLANDS, Dec. 31, 1888.

MR. HODGSON: —

DEAR SIR, — I enclose a brief account of a dream that I had many years ago, and its sequel. I am aware that it is almost, if not wholly, worthless as scientific evidence unless it is corroborated. I can give the names of all persons alluded to in my little story, and will gladly do so if you wish, but I fear they will not recall the circumstances. The dates have bothered me, and I have long delayed to write you, while I have searched in vain for my diaries of those years. If I find the diaries I can send the exact dates, and will gladly do so if you care for them.

I have had several other dreams which afterwards were fulfilled, but

none so striking as this absurd one. I often dream of places, and they become in this way familiar to me, so that when I see them for the first time I instantly recognize them as places seen in dreams, though I previously did not know their location.

I have also, within two years, met a man of whom I had dreamed so plainly that his face was perfectly familiar, and the whole scene of our meeting (a room in which I was for the first time), together with his words and manner, was like part of a well-known story. I spoke of these facts at the time, and think some of those present might perhaps remember them.

The worst thing about giving positive proof in regard to my dreams is the fact that I very rarely mention them or even remember them, and so when one is fulfilled, I can only call attention to the fulfilment and say, "I dreamed all this a long time ago."

Hoping my account may be of interest if not of value,

I remain, yours truly,

E. F. H.

2.

A SINGULAR DREAM.

In the fall of 1874 (October or November) I had a dream that seemed to me very singular in its absurdity, but as I often had grotesque and unusual dreams, I did not mention it to any one, and, in fact, soon ceased to think of it myself.

The dream was this:—

I was walking up the street in Wellesley Village on my way to the house of an uncle where I had previously visited. I reached the gate, turned up the path to the front door, and rang the bell. The door was opened by one of my old playmates, a daughter of my uncle's wife by a former husband, who held out her hand to me with the somewhat peculiar greeting, "Do you like hulled corn?"

Beyond this point I have no recollection of what I dreamed, but all the foregoing is indelibly fixed in my memory, being, in truth, much more vivid than the real events that followed.

The following March (1875) I received an invitation to visit an uncle in West Roxbury, and went to Boston for that purpose. (I fixed the date by the fact that I was in Boston on Palm Sunday.) I soon met the uncle who lived at Wellesley, and accepted an invitation to visit him during my stay. Accordingly I went one day to Wellesley, which place I reached about noon. I found my uncle's house, walked up the path, rang the bell, and met face to face the identical young lady of whom I had dreamed months before. Doubtless she was glad to see me, for she smiled sweetly as we shook hands, but she said softly, "Do you like hulled corn?"

To say that I was surprised would be stating the case very mildly, but I managed to reply that I was fond of hulled corn; and then I went on to relate my curious dream and its fulfilment. This, I am certain, was the first time I had ever spoken of the matter to any one, because the dream was in itself no more strange than many that I had, and I should never have thought of it again had it not been so completely fulfilled. The narration

seemed to make little impression on my friend or on my uncle and his wife, to whom I told it later, and I dare say they all soon forgot the entire matter.

It only remains to add that the anxiety as to my liking for hulled corn arose from the fact that on that particular day it was the chief dish for lunch, and that I arrived just as lunch was served.

[71]

1.

*(From Prof. A. B. Nelson.)*

DANVILLE, KY., Dec. 10, 1887.

MR. E. G. GARDINER, *Secretary Society Psychical Research, 12 Otis place, Boston, Mass. :—*

DEAR SIR, — I have just read a letter from Mr. Joseph James, of Westerville, O., giving an account of a dream he had that may be of interest to the Society of Psychical Research. It was written to an old servant of the family in relation to Mr. J.'s son, Rev. Jno. R. James, who was thrown from a buggy while on his way from Paris, Ky., to Millersburg, Ky., where he was to preach the Thanksgiving sermon. He was picked up unconscious, and remained so till his death, a few hours afterwards. Mr. J. dreamed the night his son died (not having heard of the accident) that he saw his son meet his (Mr. J.'s) mother in front of a beautiful cloud. He awoke immediately and roused his wife, telling her to look at the vision, but in the mean time it had vanished.

Mr. James is a gentleman of the highest integrity, whom I know well. He removed from Danville several years ago and now resides in Westerville, O. I was told last night by his son-in-law, who lives here, that another member of Mr. James' family had a similar dream the same night.

Mr. J. sometimes writes his name McJames.

Truly yours,

A. B. NELSON,

*Professor Mathematics, Centre College.*

2.

*(From Mr. J. McA. James.)*

WESTERVILLE, O., Dec. 28, 1887.

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ., *Boston, Mass. :—*

DEAR SIR, — As I am well acquainted with Professor Nelson, of Danville, Ky., I will simply say I was never a strong believer in dreams or presentiments, but the dream I had the night of November 22 last, in regard to a daughter who died two years last February, and the death of my dear son who died about 12 o'clock the night of November 22 last, as above stated.

My son was located at Paris, Ky., and was pastor of the Baptist Church at that place, and was devotedly loved by all churches and people. He was

twenty-eight years, lacking three days. He had only been preaching four years and a half; was ordained four years ago; since that time he had converted and baptized five hundred and forty-seven persons. He was a devoted Christian and a thorough scholar and one of the best preachers of his age in Kentucky, and his character and standing as a man and minister of the gospel was without a blemish. Now I will give you an outline of my dream and coincidents connected with it.

My son, as before stated, lived at Paris, Ky., about two hundred and twenty miles from us. We had contemplated visiting him about Christmas, but on the night of the 22d of November, I dreamed of seeing my daughter at some distance; then, in a few moments, I saw in my dream my son and daughter meet together just in front of a beautiful bright cloud; then, in my dream, I called to my wife and said to her, "O, Margaret! look, yonder comes Johnny and Martha, coming home! Come and see, quick!" Then, in my dream, I took hold of her to show to her our dear children. Then, in my dream, when I turned and looked for them they had disappeared out of my sight. I then woke up, and the clock struck 12. The dream impressed me so I could not get it off my mind, and at 10 o'clock next morning we got a telegram that our dear boy had been thrown from a buggy and killed. Oh, that dreadful telegram, causing our poor old hearts to bleed with sorrow and grief at every pore! We pray God to help us to bear it the best we can, looking forward to the time we trust we shall meet with our dear children in that heavenly land, where we shall part no more.

Now, as to anything further: when I related my dream to my wife, at the breakfast table the morning after the dream, she said to me, "Mr. James, I don't know why it is, but the college bell disturbs me so I can hardly eat, and has ever since yesterday," saying, "it sounds like it was tolling for the death of somebody."

In about two hours after that we got that dreadful telegram, telling us of the death of our dear son, who died and passed out of my sight just as I awoke out of my dream. Whether there was anything in the dream tending to warn us of the death of our dear son or not, I shall never forget the strange dream or vision I had in regard to his death and our daughter meeting him. One thing I do know, God is able to give us visions, and tells us what he does. Now we know not, but shall know hereafter; so we will take God at his word, trusting in him, and waiting for his revelation hereafter.

As you have given me reference to Professor Nelson, of Danville, you can use this letter in any way you think best, not to change or misconstrue its true meaning. I am, dear sir,

Yours most respectfully,

J. MCA. JAMES.

3.

WESTERVILLE, O., Jan. 7, 1888.

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ., *Boston, Mass.*:—

DEAR SIR, — I cannot see how you came in possession of what occurred in our visions or dreams. As to our dreams, we only told a few of our

friends, not expecting them to be made public, although they occurred on the night of the death of our dear son, and just at the hour he passed to the spirit world, which was the 22d of November last, about 11 o'clock at night, and on getting up the next morning I related all the coincidents connected with my dream to my wife and daughter; they then made a statement to me of their own dreams, and while it seemed so strange to us all, yet but little did we think what a sad calamity had befallen our dear, precious son till we received a telegram, two hours afterwards, of his sad death. At your request my daughter will write you, giving you her own dream.

Very respectfully,

J. MCA. JAMES.

As to the bell disturbing me, it was as my husband stated.

MARGARET JAMES.

4.

Several nights before my brother's (Rev. J. R. James) death, in my dreams I plainly saw the hearse drive up to our door, with white horses hitched to it. This made such an impression on my mind that I repeated it the next morning at the table, and remarked to the family that "some of our family are going to die very soon." This same thing I had dreamed before my husband's (H. C. Saunders, of Danville, Ky.) death, which occurred in two days after the dream. Also dreamed the same before his mother's and my sister's death (Mrs. Jno. B. Cook, Columbus, Ky.). I suppose this is why this last dream made such an impression on my mind. On Tuesday night (November 22), the very night my brother (J. R. James) died, I dreamed of being in a strange place, dressed in deep mourning, with a heavy crape veil extending to the bottom of my dress. This I told at the table Wednesday morn (November 23), and in about one hour from that time I received the telegram bearing the sad news of his death. I am not one bit superstitious, and only send this thinking by so doing I may confer a favor on you. I had not only told this to my own family before his death, but had repeated it to several of the neighbors.

Very respectfully,

MRS. ELLEN JAMES SAUNDERS.

Pa, being in the city, did not receive the telegram until an hour after I did.

[Received Jan. 10, 1888.]

5.

WESTERVILLE, O., March 11, 1888.

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ. : —

DEAR SIR, — Your letter bearing date January 12 was received, and owing to sickness in family my reply had to be postponed, and during that time by some means your letter got misplaced, and not knowing your address could not reply earlier. Have since obtained it from my father, who is now in Kansas. Hope, however, this may be in time.

My dream was told on the morning of November 23, at my father's table

in the presence of my parents and three children, Maggie Lee Saunders, eighteen years of age; Clarence, sixteen; and Annabel, thirteen,—all of whom can testify. My son is now in Kansas.

Hoping this will prove satisfactory, I am,

Very respectfully,

MRS. ELLEN SAUNDERS.

6.

Having read both of mamma's letters I can truthfully testify to what she has written.

ANNABEL SAUNDERS.

7.

Both mamma's dreams were related in my presence before we heard of the sad occurrence.

MAGGIE L. SAUNDERS.

8.

Mrs. Saunders related her dream to me several days before her brother's death (just as she wrote it to you). I am a close neighbor and was there several times, as she seemed so impressed with her dream that she became low-spirited and often said, "I am sure some of our family is going to die, as I have dreamed it several times before, and each time some near relative has been taken."

Mrs. HENRY WILCOX.

Miss FANNIE WILCOX.

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[72]

(From Mrs. A. Z.)

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a personal incident which may have some interest in the line of your investigations. The voice I alluded to was so *strong* and *clear* that long after I could recall the sound of it. . . .

(Signed)

[MRS. A. Z.]

WASHINGTON.

I am requested to tell you of a curious personal incident.

At the time I speak of I was living with my grandparents. My grandmother was not strong, and I occupied a room with her. My grandfather had for a few days been suffering from a severe pain, which the physician assured us was rheumatism. For two nights I had remained all night in his room to give him hot applications. The third night he felt quite well again, and I returned to grandmother's room. Early in the morning I was awakened by a clear, distinct *voice*, saying, "Go to grandpa, he is dying." I started from the bed, wondering who had spoken, and found myself *entirely alone*. I ran to my grandfather and found him bleeding and unable to speak. He died during the morning from an aneurism of the heart. No one had suspected any trouble but rheumatism. I retired without a shadow of anxiety regarding him. He was in a room so far away from my room

that only a loud voice could have reached me. The door was shut. My grandmother had risen early and was downstairs. In fact, no one in the house had any knowledge of his condition, nor could he have made me hear.

[Feb. 3, 1889. Mrs. Z. tells me, in reply to inquiries, that the above incident occurred about 15 years ago, and that she did not recognize the voice. Besides herself and her grandfather, her two uncles, her grandmother, and a servant were in the house. She found her grandfather alone in his room. No further corroboration can be obtained. — R. H.]

[73]

1.

*(From Mr. N. X.)*

NEW JERSEY, March 4, 1888.

SIR, — The "New York World" of this morning makes reference to you, to your investigations into certain mysteries of life, and relates some peculiar facts, so far as the events or incidents may be so termed.

I am not a "spiritualist" in religious faith, and therefore do not associate the phenomena I now submit with the "unconscious cerebration" of that belief, for I was trained in, and retain much of, the hard-headed sceptic faith as to all faiths which are not of divine revelation; but the phenomena of life and the laws of nature are a legitimate study to all sectarian theocrats.

I propose to relate some inexplicable phenomena within my personal experience, in which personal friends, absolute strangers to the actors in the phenomena, were witnesses, and to ask, if your interest is excited, for some rational explanation, and you may use this communication at your discretion, suppressing my name.

Col. Jno. A. Cockerill of "The World" is a personal friend, if a reference is needed, and many more can be given to sustain my identity and integrity.

In the year 1874 my attention was first directed to psychic sympathies; that is, to the correspondence in thought existing where warm attachments lived, though vast distances separated the parties; and later reflections and experiences confirm my then crude ideas that thought in its physical structure possesses the same material characteristics that mark magnetism, electricity, and the other ethics, so to speak, of nature. On this point I will give my views later.

In the winter of 1874 a most dear friend was in Florida for her health. I had known her in childhood: she had married, was the mother of two fine sons, and at this date was a widow. Her husband was a dear friend. The closest friendly relations existed between us for years, so close that in his last illness he would permit only me to aid his wife in caring for him. Financial reverses came to him, and he begged me to counsel his widow for their mutual sakes. Love was not engendered through this counsel, and she now resides in California, striving to eliminate the pulmonary tendency from her youngest son, a lad of eighteen years. But the deepest sympathy for, and interest in, a noble woman — noble then and now

in all true womanhood — incited me, and the correspondence strengthened the friendly ties of years, which continues. So much for the *dramatis personæ*. I was ever a home-body, rarely leaving my room, books, and desk, as to me the younger men came for counsel; perhaps to smoke or chat, and otherwise find a surcease from their merrier joys.

One of these visitors was a spiritualist, as were his family, all. A man of fine and sensitive sympathetic nature, he frequented my rooms more than any of the rest. One night as we were playing "casino," he, facing the door, had a startled look, which, *knowing or surmising its cause*, made me ask, "What do you see?" — "A woman's face and bust half leaning through the door." — "Nonsense," I said, "describe her features." He did so to the life. I had seen this — apparition shall we call it? — frequently, hence I was unmoved; he was the startled one. He was an absolute stranger to the lady, had never seen her, knew not her name, history, or aught about her. I could understand the psychic action that made me materialize her face, though she was at Green Cove Springs, Florida, at that moment, as her letter to me proved; but why this visible appearance to an absolute stranger? It has ever been a mystery.

Financial reverses came to me, and my wife, residing with relatives in a remote town in South-western Virginia, died suddenly of apoplexy on a Thursday and was buried on the Saturday following. Remoteness made the telegraph useless as a summons to me, and on the Monday morning following I received two letters, — one announcing her death, and one from a lady, a school-teacher, a principal, with whom I corresponded much on the educational matters affecting her, in which she informed me that a spirit had appeared to her and desired her to inform me of her identity as my wife, and of her death.

Neither party had ever met; one was ignorant of the existence of the other. The teacher lived near the Delaware Water Gap, and I had not seen her for some years. She was a spiritualist, sixty-five years old then, and is living now.

*Quære*: Why this communication to an absolute stranger, by a vision, and not to me, the only party in interest? Nor have I ever had a vision of, or spiritual communication with, my deceased wife.

The sudden death of my wife, a few hours' illness, her ignorance of the existence of my correspondent, preclude all physical communications or idea of any form of material ones. Whence this phenomenon? I married again, — a woman of rare beauty, accomplished beyond the high average of accomplished women. We were orthodox in religious faith, but we read, thought upon, and discussed psychic phenomena. Before and after marriage, when she was in trouble (for she had much trouble with property, and was robbed under the garb of friendship), I have known when at my writing that she needed me, and though miles away, found on arrival that I was; and in marriage, when in town, and she at our country home, something told me to come home, and the necessities proved it. Our lives were a symphony: both devoted to flowers, we wandered all over these hills, glades, forests, after ferns, wood flowers, and they seemed to grow by the incense of her breath.

In music, painting, song, in the wide magnificence of astronomy, to the subtler mysteries of vegetable life, in the natural alembic of terrestrial laboratory, she wandered with me during the four short years of our married bliss; yet, close as was our ante-nuptial sympathy, close as were the harmonies of our married life, fearless as I am known to be as to spiritual realizations, I have never had a response to the wailing cry for her presence.

Tell me why these conditions in life, this silence of the tomb, now?

Again, and repeatedly, for my correspondence has included many brilliant women, when remote from each other by hundreds of miles, we have felt a spirit move us to write, and from sleepless beds we have risen to write the night thoughts, only to find an identity of action as to *time and theme*. . . .

I am, very truly,

(Signed)

[N. X.]

2.

NEW JERSEY, March 11, 1888.

MY DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 8th inst. received yesterday, I have to state that my friend who saw the apparition is now a resident in Chicago, and there being no correspondence between us,—not from unfriendly reasons, but simply from the causes natural to a mere man of business,—I do not know his exact address, but the first time I am in town I will obtain it and send it to you. I never did attempt to learn what the lady was doing at that moment in Florida. She was there for health, and what her social or other hygienic pleasures were, to me were of little moment so long as she recovered her health.

I possess no letters from my first wife. In the wide range of correspondence, and specially in the sacredness of the family relation, I do not believe in the retention of letters for the idle to read after I am dead, hence I retain few and have an annual holocaust of "friendship's" offerings.

By the term "idle," above, I refer to the curious-eyed class which are indigenous to all families.

The school-teacher was named Miss B., of——, N.J., where, and by which name, a letter will still reach her, although she married some two years since at the age of sixty-five: her married name I do not remember, as communication has ceased for various reasons. . . .

(Signed)

[N. X.]

3.

The following letter is from Mrs. B. Y., formerly Miss B., referred to in (2):—

APRIL 6, 1888.

MR. HODGSON:—

DEAR SIR,— . . . Mr. X.'s report of my interview with his deceased wife is correct, and only one of many like experiences which have occurred to me and other members of my family.

(Signed)

[MRS. B. Y.]

MAY 13, 1888.

I cannot recall the details of my interview with Mrs. X. I only remember that I seemed to be at her home in Virginia, and in conversation with her, in which she requested me to inform Mr. X., who was then in New York, of her sudden "transition," which I did immediately. On the same day I received a letter from him containing the same news, our letters having passed each other, and a few days after came a reply to my letter asking why her spirit came to me, an entire stranger, and not to him, a question I could not answer.

(Signed) [MRS. B. Y.]

[74]

(From Mrs. J. G. W.)

1.

FEB. 23, 1888.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON:—

DEAR SIR,— My illness proved more of a bondage than I expected. I was out yesterday for the first time, and am not yet strong enough to write out other experiences. The friend with "open vision" has been confined to her own home with a similar sickness. She is also better I hear this morning, not yet out, so I could neither see her nor write for the permission you desired. Perhaps I can next week. I have written out, perhaps with tedious definiteness, the vision that preceded the dream of the Nautilus fleet that you have. But you can select from it the points you need. It is all psychologically important to me for the quiet succession of its steps. Of course, it would be silly and superfluous to write of "tearful eyes," but they expressed by "unconscious cerebration" or something else my sympathy for the living, who *were* in desolation of grief.

The stages of that experience were well defined,—the vision of July 29, 1876, the dream of July 30, 1876, the walk of Oct. 31, 1876, the dream of Dr. Holmes.

Truly yours,  
(Signed) [MRS. J. G. W.]

BOSTON.

Thursday P.M.— I have just found in folding your papers that you have an account [4] of the vision of Miss X. I did not remember that, but I will now send this more definite one, as something in it may be of use. Of course I should not have written it out had I remembered telling it.

2.

On Saturday morning, July 29, 1876, as the clock was striking 4, I awoke with every mental perception keenly alive. Three or four feet from me, looking at me with intent, grave desire for me to understand something, was C— X. I supposed that she was spending that part of her

vacation at Mt. Desert, and was intellectually interested to find her mentally projected before me with such distinctness, when I had not been especially thinking of her. I noticed the progress of the dawn, the lapsing of the waters under my windows, — everything which would naturally break the continuity of the spell; then tried to picture the faces of my children asleep in the next room, then of my husband passing that night in our own home in Boston, then I tried to mentally see other friends of strong individuality in both worlds. *Finally* I wondered that every face, whether of husband, children, or friends was obscure, as if seen through a mist or veil, compared with the face of Miss X., so steadfastly waiting for me to understand. I looked all around the room and back again several times, intellectually curious why I should see her with as much definiteness as any object in my apartment. Finally Miss X. slowly disappeared. Then I laughed softly, as one ashamed and convicted of rudeness and inhospitality to a beloved but unexpected guest, spoke aloud deprecatingly, “Why, little C—, I have driven you away, trying to see others instead of you!”

It was wonderful, but so quiet and natural that the thought of vision did not come to me. About five I rose to dress, but remembered the next day how my eyes looked in the glass as I was brushing my hair. Years afterward, seeing the picture of Joan of Arc in the Art Museum, I recognized the same look in the eyes. Through that day my eyes often filled so that I could neither see my books or sewing. When my husband arrived, about twelve hours later, he immediately looked anxious. “Mary, you are sick!” — “Oh, no, not at all!” — “You are, and needn’t hide it. I never saw your eyes look so before.” I laughed, saying, “Nonsense, I am perfectly well,” but found my mouth quivering and my eyes filling. He noticed that, and questioned the little daughters. “Had anything happened to grieve their mother,” etc. Finally he said, “I will try if a drive will freshen and restore you,” and ordered the carriage. He drove us by the Preston House, frequently turning, anxious and thoughtful, and too often catching my eyes overflowing. I was constantly thinking of Miss X., but with no premonition of sickness and death. I was picturing her as well and joyous at Mt. Desert, and when passing the Preston House, pictured her summering there a year or so before. Twenty-four hours later, a lady friend came from ——— to Swampscott to inform me, by the wish of Dr. and Mrs. X., that their daughter at 4 A.M. on the 29th was heard breathing unnaturally, was found unconscious, and at 5 the breathing had ceased. It was at 4 I had awakened. It was at 5 that the spell of her spiritual presence had sufficiently left me, so that I arose and dressed.

The tearful eyes and trembling lips that kept my husband attentively observing me on the 29th and 30th were the repressed external signs of my unconscious sympathy with the anguished household. For I was *only* thinking of Miss X. as well and happy.

The night of the 30th, before the bringing of her material body, I had the dream of the Nautilus fleet. (See document 5.)

For the next three months my last thought at night and my first on awakening was for the members of the stricken household. The thought of

my heart was always to lift them out of the atmosphere of death and the atrophy of hopeless grief into a vitalizing sense of C——'s happy freedom and usefulness in the spiritual world. On the 31st of October — her birthday — (I did not record the date, but think I am accurate) I was walking down State street feeling unusually joyous, as if we were hand in hand, and thinking aloud together on very hopeful subjects. The clear, crisp atmosphere, the purity of the sky, — all seemed surcharged with her influence. Then, without abruptness, C—— seemed to say with quiet, gentle distinctness, "This is our last walk for a long time. You have helped my parents and sister to bear my apparent going away more than they know or you know. But you need not turn to them now. They do not need it longer and *all* your *strength* is now needed to support others, with quite other but gravely oppressive burdens to bear." I was not startled. The voice was internal and subjective but distinct.

I went home, and for several months after that I hardly remembered that C. or her bereaved household were ever known to me. By night and day the strain upon every faculty of my mind and every nerve of my body was all that could be endured. Since then — the morning of Oct. 31, 1876 — I have had no sensitive or assured consciousness of Miss X.'s presence or influence.

A long time after I had some very vivid dreams advising me to send the account of the Nautilus fleet to Dr. Holmes. I seemed to be told that he was passing through very depressing and lonely conditions of baffled questioning and doubt about the nature of the spiritual world, and that he would be comforted by that evidence of the sympathetic correlation of the two worlds, — the evidence that *this* world is real, only just so far as it is in correspondence with the spiritual world, that out of such harmony our realm is one of illusions and fallacies. I dreamed that it would help Dr. Holmes to *believe* the truth that our thoughts are heard by our associative spiritual friends and answered also, as spoken words are heard and answered here.

That dream had a strong hold of me. I must have told it to Dr. Holmes' *unconscious* mind, it was so forcefully real to me. Perhaps it supplied nutrition to his spiritual heart and lungs. But I never outwardly wrote or told him aught. Such persons much in the public eye are always approached and hurt and weakened by the many seeking any paltry excuse to obtrude their own paltry personality. Dr. Holmes, with his kindly courtesy, would have thought he must write, and I shrank from that draft, however brief and conventional, upon his attention.

MRS. J. G. W.]

3.

In a letter of Feb. 29, 1888, Mrs. W. adds: —

Dr. and Mrs. X. were telegraphed morning of July 29 to hasten home. C. had ceased breathing at 5 A.M., and a letter from her, written on the 28th, was unread in their hands when the despatch came. They reached —— before night the same day, and sent messenger to me the next, July 30. My responsive sympathetic condition had been one of unconscious connection

with *them*, the survivors. I had no desolation for the "dead;" she "was alive" to me "forevermore."

## 4.

[The following is the account referred to by Mrs. W. in the postscript to (1); it was given to me in conversation with Mrs. W. shortly before the letter of February 23. — R. H.]

On July 29, 1876, I saw, as in a vision, Miss C. X., the daughter of Dr. X., of ———, standing close to me. I thought it must be some mental representation, but she looked intently at me, and the appearance did not pass away. I tried to represent my children, my husband, etc., as vividly, but failed to do so. I closed my eyes, looked up, and saw the figure fading. I did not think at all that the figure was any apparition from the other world.

My husband came home the following evening and remarked upon the sadness, as he thought, of my appearance, though I did not feel mournful in reality. We went out for a drive together, and I thought of C. X. as being at Mt. Desert. This was on Saturday. On Sunday a message came from Dr. and Mrs. X., to say that their daughter C. died on Saturday morning, suddenly. They told me afterwards that she had talked about me almost the last thing before going upstairs on Friday evening. She was heard making some unusual sound at 4 A.M. Saturday, and died at 5 A.M.; cause, heart disease.

## 5.

[Dream of the Nautilus Fleet.]

(From an early account.)

On the night of July 30, before her mortal body had been removed from its earthly home, I had a symbolic dream of our friend. . . . I saw a nautilus arise on the crest of a dark wave not far out from the shore-line of the ocean. As I thoughtfully considered it, apparently from the nervous centres of the head a tiny wand or arm of pearl seemed to rise or grow, at first quite indistinctly. Then still obscurely, something closely wrapped shaped itself at the extremity. I thought, "a pennant or banner is about to unfold." But no! Connected as if by an invisible silken filament to the top of the white wand was a pupa case. Very, *very* slowly, two soft, translucent wings, also of white, opened upward. . . . Then on the dark crest of another wave rose a smaller nautilus, not as enchanting in opaline tints, then another and another till I ceased numbering. But near or more remote from shore they rose and fell in rhythmic harmony with the lapsing waves. Presently a whole fleet lighted the gloom of the waters, for I remember no moon. But the fleet, collectively as well as individually, without voice or sound, seemed to be in recognized and subtle connection with its winged leader, the Psyche-guided nautilus. There was no

"quiring to the young-eyed cherubim,"

but after an intense hush in that luminous darkness, swelling out as if on

the great billows of an organ-harmony, a voice filled all the listening air, with these measured syllables:—

“ Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Build each new temple nobler than the last,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!”

I had many short slumberings and awakenings before dawn, but each time I slept the picture waited for a clearer reading, the same transfigured voice lighted the darkness, a “ perfect music set to noble words.” As I looked out the next morning over the shadowy ocean I recognized the spoken song of salutation to *The Chambered Nautilus* as being one which some years ago brought vital delight to my mental chambers of imagery. The inner memory had long been unawakened by even an echo of its resounding harmony. It had lost what partial verbal occupancy it might once have had with me; yet in this dream came full possession of its thrilling cadences.

[MRS. J. G. W.]

[75]

(From Mrs. J. G. W.)

1.

[FEB. 23, 1888.]

Through June, 1871, I was in Germany. One afternoon I lay down upon a sofa in my chamber. Soon I was quivering as if with grief and sympathy, and essaying to restrain sobs and tears. My husband anxiously left his papers and came to minister to what seemed to him the violent chill of a sudden illness. “ No, no, I am not sick. I do not know what it all means, but something is happening in Mr. P.'s family. They all are so full of grief, all are weeping. Oh, I think some one is dying there!”— “ You must have dropped asleep and been dreaming. Do not be so distressed and shaken over a dream.”— “ No, I have not slept an instant.”— “ Did you see anything or anybody? Why do you say Mr. P.'s family so positively are the friends in grief? They are always well.”— “ No, I see nothing, I hear nothing, and yet it seems as if I did.” My husband was gravely impressed that I was a true witness to a household sorrow in St. John.

The next steamer that could arrive, sailing after that date, brought us letters announcing the death of our beloved friend, Mrs. A. P., of St. John, N.B., and the papers expressing with most unusual impressiveness the deep and general sympathy of the citizens with the survivors and the common sense of grief and loss in the death of that beloved and honored woman. I had intimately known Mr. and Mrs. P. before their marriage, and had been bridesmaid at their wedding nearly twenty-six years before. The tender friendliness of all the members of our united families had been unbroken. Every few weeks or months some of them, however briefly, were in our Boston home, whenever business or pleasure called them to Massachusetts.

In 1870 we had received in Europe our summons to the festivities of their silver wedding, which hundreds of friends still sympathetically remember.

When we received the tidings of Mrs. P.'s death we had no difficulty in mutually remembering that the day of my occult sympathy was also the 24th, though neither of us had made written record.

Mr. P. and his son have now been visiting us a week or two. Last evening, just as Mr. P. was about to take the cars for St. John, I remembered this incident, and asked him if Mr. W. or myself wrote him about it from Germany, or if he remembered any corroborations. He said we did not write, but both told him of the circumstance when he came to see us on our return from Europe the next winter.

The psychological point is the quivering sympathy with the survivors taking on their states of desolation. I had two little daughters in Boston, but I positively located the *grief* as visiting Mr. P.'s family in St. John. I find Mr. P. does not want any publicity of *names*.

(Signed)

[MRS. J. G. W.]

BOSTON.

2.

BOSTON, Feb. 29, 1888.

DEAR MR. HODGSON, — Of course I will write to Mr. A. P., if you consider that the better way. But with the care you have to exercise that corroboration of testimony may not be manipulated (if that word is not *understandable* I think of none that expresses what I mean), would it not be better if you wrote to Mr. P., either briefly giving the points of my experience in Germany, and asking if they correspond with what Mr. and Mrs. W. told him in January, 1872, or else asking him for the few lines that would express his memory of the occurrence. If I said Mrs. P. died 24 June, 1871, I blundered. I was in Munich much of that month, and at the time of writing recalled that as the month.

But I was in Badenweiler, Germany, on the 24th of August, including several weeks before and afterwards; and I am quite sure, in thinking carefully, that it was in Badenweiler I had the internal consciousness of the grief in the P. family, and that it was August 24 that Mrs. P. died. Mr. P. is a man of unusual thoughtfulness and common sense; he is very shy of such experiences, still does not scoff at what he cannot understand. . . .

(Signed)

[MRS. J. G. W.]

3.

ST. JOHN, March 9, 1888.

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ., *Secretary American Society for Psychical Research, Boston*: —

DEAR SIR, — Your favor of the 2d inst. is at hand.

My friends, Mr. and Mrs. W., were in Europe during the summer of 1871.

My wife died on the 24th of August of that year; disease, *oesophagitis*. She expired between 5 and 6 o'clock P.M. I had no communication

direct with my friends, I think, until they returned home to Boston. When I first saw Mrs. W. after her return, she informed me of her extraordinary experience and suffering on a certain day, which she communicated to her husband at that time, having, as she said, a most vivid and painful impression that all was not well with us here, and that we were in great affliction and distress. This was supposed to have been on the day Mrs. P. departed this life. Mrs. W. will doubtless give you fuller particulars.

Respectfully yours,

(Signed)

[A. P.]

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[76]

*(From Mrs. J. G. W.)*

1.

[FEB. 25, 1888.]

About two years ago, a few months after the sodding of a new grave, I was returning from Forest Hills. As I sat in the back of the carriage, I saw, as it were, in the air, numberless pansies which appeared successively, and which I studied in detail as they floated in vision before me. On reaching home I found a large basket containing several hundred pansies in great variety, which had been left for me by a friend, and which included very many of the peculiar pansies which I had seen in vision on my way home.

2.

On another occasion, also, when I was returning from Forest Hills, I saw a succession of flowers called bachelors' buttons. These had special associations for me, because one who had passed to the other world had bought some on a mountain walk, one of the last ones we took together. On reaching home I found that a large dish of bachelors' buttons had been left for me by a friend, and every distinctive color that I had seen photographed in the air had its representative flower awaiting me. It was an old-fashioned flower that had bloomed in our boy-and-girl gardens.

(Signed)

[Mrs. J. G. W.]

COMMENTS ON THE CASES RECORDED IN THE APPENDIX TO THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON PHANTASMS AND PRESENTIMENTS.

OPINIONS may vary, but records will remain; and it has seemed best to add to the more formal report of the committee a large number of the cases which have reached us, reprinting their chief documents, and so setting the results of no small labor on the part of our Society's Secretary in a place where all may read. As to what these documents prove, members will probably not agree. I frankly confess that to my mind most of them are serviceable as illustrating mental processes that do not lie within the range of telepathy nor yet of clairvoyance. But others may regard the cases, especially when thus united, as of much evidential value for the hypothesis of telepathy. At all events I feel sure that the list contains a number of beautiful instances of pseudo-presentiments, as well as a number of fine illustrations of the difficulties that still beset our way in all these researches. Many of the best coincidences are remote in time, the most valuable documents have sometimes been lost, the telepathic coincidences of very recent time often relate to minor matters, and the most thrilling dreams, the best developed spiritual apparitions, have often not surrounded themselves with clouds of witnesses. Nevertheless, so full is this whole correspondence of live human nature, so rich is our material in sincerely and earnestly reported experiences, in quaint reflections on the part of correspondents, in well-meant advice given us by people of a philosophic frame of mind, in cool self-criticism on the part of our best observers, and in warm-hearted credulity on the part of not a few less cautious people, that I heartily commend the whole material to anybody who loves psychological curiosities as much as I myself do.

For the rest, my comments here, as in my report, are made on my own responsibility. If any reader finds me sceptical or unsympathetic or ignorant or credulous, I hope that he will remember that it is I who own these faults, not the Society. Another in my place might easily do the work better, and would be sure not to make the same comments. Let these comments therefore be considered, especially in this Appendix, as committing nobody but myself.

Two things I want to add yet in general, and for the benefit of less active members of the Society: First, I hope that all careful people will be good enough to attribute to the responsible officers of this Society only such opinions on serious questions as the officers make

themselves properly responsible for. The newspaper press of the country which, at the cost of no small labor, has courteously helped us so much in our researches, has also in some few cases taken a certain doubtless good-humored revenge upon us by reporting from time to time all sorts of marvels as having been vouched for by this or that officer or committee of the Society. Mr. Hodgson, who is a favorite in these respects, is made from time to time to appear in some Western-newspaper article as a very magician, and he seems to be rapidly becoming, in certain outlying districts of the land, a legendary person, — a sort of Doctor Faustus. He transports an astral body to and fro, all but raises the dead, and daily confounds Madam Blavatsky, with almost equal facility. Others, to be sure, have no such legendary distinctions. For myself I have only one or two newspaper reports to complain of, and that very slightly, in so far as these reports have attributed to me certain opinions which I have never expressed, — opinions both about individual cases and about general topics. These are small matters; but my own correspondence has contained already some evidence that, small as they are, they have puzzled and misled several persons. Hence it may be worth while, both for my own sake and for that of some other officers of the Society, to remind readers that when newspapers mention our researches, they may do so without weighing well the scientific sense of their words, or the bearing of the matter on our concerns.

The second remark here is, that if our documents prove nothing else, they prove the need of having more means at the Society's disposal for official travelling and interviewing, in connection with the careful collection of good evidence. Some members of our body have intervals of comparative leisure at their disposal, which they could use for propagating our research by means of interviews with such persons as have reported valuable experiences, were it not for the expense of such journeys. How very different might not Case 34 appear, for example, in the eyes of a cautious and sceptical reader, who should be suspicious of some hidden source of error, in case a good judge had personally interviewed all concerned, and had reported his impression, not only of their sincerity (for that need not be called for a moment in question), but of their good judgment in the matter of a critical rendering of precise details? I hope that, if this research is to continue, the Society will provide ample means to make it effective. In commenting upon the cases I shall first speak of Cases 34-48, in order, and shall then attempt a more summary classification of the remaining cases according to the categories suggested in the body of my report, treating, however, one small set of cases separately.

CASE 34. — Here is a narrative which the newspapers generally

have reported as being vouched for by us. For my own part, I have never had any decided opinion about the matter at all. The sources of possible error on Mr. Fry's part are considerable. The quasi-supernatural incident of the clock depends on his own memory. So far, the whole might be a vivid pseudo-presentiment, the experience having its origin *after* the news of death came. Against this stands Mrs. Fry's corroboration. Experience, however, shows that after a few months, so simple a corroboration as this one, "My husband told me, early Monday morning, of the voice in the clock," is rather easily obtainable from any moderately uncritical and friendly member of a family, who has again and again discussed the great marvel with its original hero. More important is the reported coincidence between the words of the clock-vision, "I'm gone, I'm gone!" and the reported dying words of Mr. Fry's brother. For Mr. Fry is said to have reported these words *before* he had received anything but the telegram announcing the death, and were the vision only a pseudo-presentiment, such a coincidence would seem unlikely. However, the evidence for *this* coincidence is apparently only Mr. Fry's already well-convinced memory, the uncritical testimony of a reporter who is probably no expert in evidence, and Mr. Criswell's personal opinion that the whole is as reported.

I do not wish to seem lacking in cordiality, nor unthankful for the trouble which Mr. Criswell has so kindly taken; but it is my duty to state difficulties, and, for the moment, without fuller corroborative evidence that Mr. Fry told his vision in the reported form *before* its verification, and that the dying words were repeated by him to the reporter *before* confirmation, I must think it very possible that the real experience was a vivid, sincere, and irresistible pseudo-presentiment of the sort described in my report. Further evidence may indeed entirely alter this view. So far as I know, no member of my committee has ever "vouched for" this case.

CASE 35. — The reported coincidence seems to me here somewhat unsatisfactory, owing to ordinary dangers of error which attend all reports from memory. The related experience of M. O. A., taken alone, might have been, notwithstanding the actual fall of the clock-weight, a partial pseudo-presentiment; *i.e.*, a false memory, which localized itself about a real event, namely, the fall of the weight. If the corroborative evidence, however, contains no other errors of memory, and is therefore accepted as establishing the coincidence, then the latter was doubtless caused by a more or less well-founded fear of the uncle's death. At all events, the case leaves me sceptical.

CASE 36. — I see no reason to doubt the reality of the coincidence, which is, however, probably to be explained by the fact that Mr. W.

S. H. knew, as he says in Document 4, that the person of whom he dreamed was ill.

The following additional statements concerning this case have only recently come to hand :—

9.

FLORIDA, Jan. 14, 1889.

MR. WM. NOYES, *New York* :—

DEAR COUSIN, — Yours of January 9 to hand this evening. Will say in reply the C.'s are now living a little over a mile away and in a direction that I seldom go except when I go to call upon them. I will try and get down their way at an early date and see how much they remember about my dream. I do not expect to get much from them, however, as they are remarkably forgetful, and as I take little interest in dreams, I little more than mentioned the fact to them the morning after, at breakfast, and again when I got the letter announcing her death. I know nothing of the detail of your mother's removal, and would be pleased to know if there was anything about the dream, as described in a former letter, that is anywhere near the truth, outside of the mere fact of her death occurring about that time.

One of the main reasons why C. was not of sufficient use to me to remain in my employ was because he was so forgetful ; but he is thoroughly honest, a Quaker in good standing, and whatever he does say can be relied upon. When I wrote you last about the matter I asked him and his wife if they remembered the circumstance and they said that they did. . . .

W. S. H.

Will go down to C.'s to-morrow night, if not too tired, and write you for next day's mail. Am glad to give you any help I can in the investigation, and regret that I haven't more facts to offer. What I have, however, are *absolute facts*, without any uncertainty about them.

WILL.

10.

FLORIDA, Jan. 25, 1889.

MR. WM. NOYES, *New York* :—

DEAR COUSIN, — I went down to C.'s the next evening after I wrote you, and he said he would make out a statement and send it to me the next morning. I waited two or three days, then sent for it, and he promised once more to send it to me. I ran across him here at the post-office to-day, and having my fountain-pen and some paper along, I got him at it, and I enclose the result. I let him make his statement without assistance on my part, and it can be relied upon. His delay was caused by the forgetfulness that I spoke of, but I hope this may come to hand in time to answer your purpose. I got quite a long letter from your father a few days ago.

Yours hastily,

W. S. H.

## 11.

JAN. 25, 1889.

By request of Mr. W. S. H. I will state that I fully remember of his coming to the breakfast-table one morning and relating to myself and wife the particulars of a dream he had had the previous night, in which he said he had seen his aunt, Mrs. Noyes, laid out as if dead, in a room which he also described, also other particulars which I do not recall now, but some days after he received a letter giving an account of the death of Mrs. Noyes *at the time of his dream*. We talked about it considerable at the time, but since then most of the particulars have passed from my mind.

Respectfully,

E. S. C.

CASE 37. — This reported coincidence as to the “Cambria” would be of great value for the discussion of the telepathic hypothesis, were it not for the lapse of time since the occurrence, and the consequent meagreness of the evidence. What would we not give for a hundred such coincidences, recent in time, and verified by abundant evidence?

CASE 38. — The documents in this case are well worth reading, as illustrating more than one interesting feature of our investigation. One of the corroborating witnesses remembers that he heard the dream “four or five years” ago (see Document 2, last portion). The dream, whose coincidence with the event he was to corroborate, occurred, however, in 1873. Such is the human memory! The actual experience may once more be interpreted as possibly a pseudo-presentiment. “I then for the first time recognized the man in my dream,” says our correspondent, speaking of the moment when the dream was verified. The vision of Miss Florence Boram is an interesting subjective hallucination of a familiar type. Our correspondent’s relation of Mrs. Boram’s opinion of the work of our Society has its own charm, and should be remembered. We hope that Mr. Boram’s fears of a shortening of his days may prove unfounded, and that he may long remain within the jurisdiction of our Society.

The coincidences reported in CASES 39 and 40 call for no comment beyond what every reader may make for himself.

CASE 41. — The remembered experience is extremely vivid and elaborate, and accordingly has its strong psychological interest, although, in view of the loss of the confirmatory letters, I am now unable to find this interest elsewhere than in the illustration which the case seems to me to furnish of the dangerously plastic power of memory when sufficiently affected by strong sentiment. I need not add that it is of the greatest value to everybody to learn just how far this plastic power really extends, and that the whole subject is

still in its infancy, so that every new illustration is instructive. Others may find here, of course, something far more than I do.

CASE 42. — Here is a sporadic experience of a type worth recording, although it surely suggests no theoretic connections just now, and is interesting mainly because it is sporadic, and is apparently not associated with any superstitious beliefs of a general sort.

Of CASE 43, much the same might be said, with the special addition that the story has, of course, not precisely suffered during "the twelve years during which we have often told it in each other's presence." However, the diary extract of 1872 establishes the essential facts. What happened may of course have been simply the presence of some unexplained but fleshly man on the stairway at the time in question. He was mistaken for another man, himself not personally known to Mrs. G. The mistake once made, the rest soon follows, and it is greatly to the credit of the coolness and good judgment of our correspondent that during as much as twelve years her ghost has been kept so modest and unassuming a being as he here appears. Ghosts twelve years old are usually much livelier than this. We are much obliged to our correspondent for her contribution.

In the interesting CASE 44, the two informants differ as to the state of the dreamer's health at the time. The dreamer regarded herself as perfectly healthy, while Miss W. thought her excited, and suffering from nervous prostration. The dreamer is sure that she herself laughed at the warning, and that Miss W. was made anxious on hearing of it. Miss W. is sure of the reverse of this relation. In view of these discrepancies there must be some doubt whether the dream was not a pseudo-presentiment, exaggerated by ordinary errors of memory into something more.

CASE 45 is almost unquestionably a pure instance of a vivid pseudo-presentiment.

CASE 46, which is printed *verb. et lit.* as we received it, contains in its first document a contribution to divine philosophy from a sincere friend, and we only hope that our readers may enjoy it as heartily as we do. The confirmation of a matter of fact in Document 2 is meanwhile of genuine and decided value. Enough more cases of this kind might truly help us far on the way towards the telepathic doctrine. Meanwhile, at all events, no one will see any room for my favorite pseudo-presentiments here. I must indeed admit an interesting coincidence as probably established.

CASES 47 and 48 are also important and probably established coincidences. In both cases the general character of our informants

gives added weight to their judgment, and plausibility to their memories.

The remaining cases will be dealt with in three groups. I follow the classification of the report, but shall make an exception as to the narratives furnished us by our correspondent Prof. E. W. C.

#### PROF. E. W. C.'s CASES.

The cases referred to are Nos. 49, 50, 58, 59, and 60.

The special interest of the group arises from the fact that one of the coincidences for which the evidence is documentary, namely, CASE 22 in the foregoing report, comes to us from the same source, and also because all these cases, including the documentary one, represent experiences occurring in one family, — that of the wife of our correspondent. As I have remarked in the report, experiences of an apparently telepathic sort, as well as supposed forewarnings, seem characteristic of the family in question; and at the same time these experiences suggest to me, for the most part, the hypothesis of chance coincidence, or of pseudo-presentiment, or of a combination of the two. Considerable value will be given to these instances, however, in the eyes of many, by the very fact that one of the coincidences is so well established. Others, like myself, may feel, on the contrary, that the fact of such repeated dreams and presentiments relating to persons of the same family indicates a predisposition to expect remarkable events, which renders occasional coincidences less surprising. I begin the comments on these narratives by calling attention to CASE 50.

Here, in the first place, a dream about an expected baby, even a month in advance, is not remarkable; and, as to the further coincidence, the possibilities were but two. Against the hypothesis of pseudo-presentiment is the corroboration of Mrs. C., to whom her own mother shall have related the experience. Opinions must differ as to the evidential value of this corroboration. Of its sincerity there is indeed not the least doubt. But the family are once for all sure that they frequently have such experiences. I think it very possible that this assurance may have had its origin in frequent pseudo-presentiments, so that I do indeed regard it as founded upon something much deeper than any ordinary "fancifulness," or "imaginative tendencies." Still, the assurance once established, there can be no question but that it would greatly influence the interpretation and memory of individual incidents.

Another effect of the same *à priori* assurance seems to me probably illustrated in CASE 49. Mr. J. T. leaves home after a period during which he had been frequently awakened at night by the call of his sister to aid in the care of a patient, also his sister. During his absence the customary call at night haunts him, apparently in his dreams; and his general belief that such feelings are indicative of trouble at home makes him return just in time to find his mother ill. To my mind the indications are that he would have returned in any case, his anxiety being due to the previous illness in the family, and not to anything telepathic.

CASE 58 I regard as a pseudo-presentiment. The corroboration by Miss T. comes thirteen years after the event, and is insufficient to characterize the case. The letter of Mrs. C., dated Sept. 25, 1874, is most excellent evidence of the reality and vividness of the experience. But observe the order in which she relates the facts in this letter. The letter had been interrupted, and is continued immediately after dinner. "Now," says Mrs. C., "now my thoughts are scattered." The cause of this scattering is the brother's story, to which Mrs. C. at once *adds* the memory of her dream and of the scene at the breakfast-table in the morning. So rapid and definite a hallucination of memory as this would indeed seem antecedently improbable were it not for the numerous other cases of a similar type which we have now collected, and especially for the other instances of a closely analogous sort which are given us by CASES 59 and 60.

CASE 59 is very clearly a pseudo-presentiment. That the dream of the railway accident was related to Mrs. C.'s sister at once is an incident dependent for its accuracy only upon a long-established belief of memory. The corroboration of Miss T. may be perfectly accurate as regards the fact of Mrs. C.'s "circumstantial account," but, as Miss T. says, the whole affair is too remote in time to give the evidence as to the time when the dream was narrated any great weight. CASE 60 brings better corroboration for the coincidence; yet here, too, I fully believe that we have only a pseudo-presentiment. Here once more Mrs. C. dreamed of an accident at a distance, and is said to have narrated the dream, in advance of news, to two persons. Of these, one (again Miss T.) gives a rather imperfect corroboration, eleven years after the event. In Miss T.'s words, Mrs. C. "had been to the camp in her dream, and gave a circumstantial account of the boys, as they were at the moment of her dream, which, I am sorry to say, I forget. But the truth of it all was quickly verified." Prof. E. W. C. himself did not know of the "dream" until its "fulfilment" was known to Mrs. C. But his corroboration as given in his words, "On our return we were surprised by the absence of all appearance of astonishment at our premature return, until we learned of the dream," has, of course, a decided value; but still I think that the presumption is in favor of my own explanation.

In view of the facts brought out in this analysis, I conceive that all these family experiences, while psychologically very interesting, have a comparatively simple origin. Mrs. C.'s family contains several impressionable persons. They are apparently not at all superstitious; they are not "fantastic" people, in the common sense; they make no system out of these singular occurrences. But, in fact, after noteworthy events they occasionally experience vivid and typical pseudo-presentiments. Failing — as, of course, under ordinary circumstances, they must fail — to understand this phenomenon, they become somewhat disposed to expect similar warnings in future. Hence they are apt to lay undue stress on the anxieties which separated members of the same family so frequently experience. The same tendency may affect their dreams. Hence, finally, occasional coincidences of an undoubted sort may result. In short, one's dreams cry "wolf" till the wolf comes. In my report I have laid considerable stress upon the

documentary coincidence of Mr. J. T., but our documentary cases are so rare as to render a little rejoicing over one recovered sheep very natural.

Of the remaining cases on my list, I shall treat, first, the probable pseudo-presentiments; secondly, the apparent coincidences.

#### SUPPLEMENTARY PSEUDO-PRESENTIMENTS.

As before indicated, the mere presence of a general corroboration from some sincere witness, who says, some time after the event, "I feel sure that I heard M. W. narrate the dream just as he now says he did," is not sufficient to render the hypothesis of a pseudo-presentiment as improbable as telepathy, or as true forewarning would be, especially if other circumstances of the case, such as the momentary nervous excitability of the subject, suggest strongly the possibility of an abnormal experience. Such indications, of course, exist in any case occurring on the border-land of sleep. CASE 51 (c) seems to me an instance that would excellently illustrate our hypothesis, if, after this lapse of time, it could be well reported. As it comes to me, I very much doubt whether the mother or the daughter was the true dreamer. One wakes and says to the other, "I dreamed so and so;" and the other says, "Why, I just dreamed that, too!" Which was first on the ground I do not know.

I regard CASES 52 and 53, notwithstanding the corroboration, as probably falling in the same class. In CASE 54, the corroboration of the coincidence would make our hypothesis inapplicable if the letter mentioned could be recovered. As it is not forthcoming, I have no decided opinion of the case. CASE 57 is well reported, and is probably a combination of a slight coincidence with a strong after-feeling that the coincidence must have been important. Mr. Krebs feels that his friend's forgetfulness about the degree of the coincidence is "astonishing." The experience is not a typical pseudo-presentiment, but rather an instance of a more familiar phenomenon; viz., the almost irresistible exaggeration of the importance of a remembered emotion, when subsequent events give that emotion significance.

The experience reported in CASE 61 seems to have belonged to our class, but I give it a place in the supplement, not so much on this account as because of the charming *naïveté* of the account. In CASE 62 it is impossible to tell how far ordinary errors of memory have affected the narrative; e.g., how far our correspondent's judgment of the character of her fellow-passengers on the steamer may have been responsible for the so-called warning. Still, the case may fall within our present class. In CASE 63 we have four dreams reported. The first is too remote in time to have any present significance under the circumstances. The second and third are almost obviously pseudo-presentiments, and in the fourth case, notwithstanding that the corroboration rests upon a comparatively recent memory, I am disposed to accept the same explanation.

Further cases that are almost certainly of the present type I find in 64, 66, and 68 (a most typical and excellent instance, notwithstanding the lapse

of time). With CASE 69, however, we reach what not only illustrates our hypothesis, but constitutes also a very important piece of autobiographical psychology from a professional man of distinction in the Provinces. Judge Travis is an author known both in his own profession and beyond it. His account has to do mainly with experiences of a rather long-past date, but that fact itself is important, as it indicates that his typical pseudo-presentiments were confined to a period which he himself is able to limit to his youth and early manhood. The fever-delirium of childhood, which he last mentions, is of a type well known. Cases of the sort are described occasionally in the text-books.<sup>1</sup> Ever since that experience, our correspondent has had an unsystematized but decided tendency to regard his life as the realization of a sort of fate of which he had been warned. From the age of sixteen until the period of the experience of 1856, typical pseudo-presentiments were frequent with him, and were often very precise, clear, and irresistible. I attribute them to no ordinary form of "imagination." They were simply irresistible and instantaneous hallucinations, occurring in a state of general good health, but to a man who worked much with his brain, who was a frequent dreamer at night, and who met at every stage of his life with "violent opposition," and had to make "almost superhuman exertions." Since he reached a more settled period of life, our correspondent seems to have been fairly free from these lightly pathological phenomena. In character, while they lasted, they sometimes very strongly differed from the ordinary experiences of "double memory," in that the "previous occurrence" whereby our correspondent had been warned was localized — as in case of the events of 1856 — at some particular point in the recent past. In other cases, the pseudo-presentiments seem to have resembled more fully the ordinary "double memory" itself. They were accompanied by a feeling of "shock." They were induced, in the special case of 1856, by a painful piece of news. In other cases, the superinducing cause was slight, and the sensitive nervous state of an overworked young man of literary habits seems to have been their main condition. In short, if I had no other facts to illustrate my hypothesis than those which Judge Travis furnishes, I should be fairly sure that pseudo-presentiments are real occurrences, just as, if we had no evidence of the psychological importance of "insistent ideas" than John Bunyan's *Autobiography*, "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," we should be certain of their great significance.

CASE 70 contains a most charming pseudo-presentiment, which needs no further comment. I place the experiences of CASE 71 also in the present category, but with some decided doubts, owing to the comparative fulness of the corroborating memories. In CASE 76, a correspondent whose experiences, as detailed in CASES 74 and 75, have usually had much more elaboration, relates two instances of what I take to be very simple forms of typical pseudo-presentiment.

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<sup>1</sup> "Warfare of the good and evil principles in hallucinations," Schüle: *Klinische Psychiatrie*, p. 184. Visions of contending good and evil spirits, *ibid.*, p. 186 and elsewhere.

## REMAINING CASES.

My method of dealing with cases has now been so fully illustrated that I should prefer to leave the reader to judge for himself, the most part, both why the remaining cases have a genuine psychological value, and why they do not seem to me sufficient to convince any very critical observer of the reality either of telepathy or of more obscure matters. If by "emulating the Seybert Commission" the writer of the letter given in CASE 56 means ridiculing anybody's faith, or suppressing evidence, as I suppose he does mean, then, while I have here no opinion to pass on the Seybert Commission, I must certainly assure our correspondent, and all other persons, that I have no such intention. I am not convinced, to be sure, of his interpretation of his own experience; but I am glad to publish his letter, and to commend it to the attention of all students of psychology. CASES 51 (a) and 51 (b) illustrate the very baffling character of some of our narratives. The corroboration is considerable; but without more time than we have yet had to give to the work of interviewing our correspondents, it is very hard to judge of the degree of erroneous memory that may have affected the accuracy of the narratives. In CASE 65, one finds how easy it is to feel as if the most ordinary dream-coincidence possible were of some deeper significance. August 17, one dreams of a birth expected at any time after August 20, and dreams that the baby weighs nine pounds and is a girl. The dream is verified. I make here no supposition of pseudo-presentiment. It should be added that our correspondent herself has serious doubts whether the coincidence is of any value. But I print the case mainly because there are people who are apt to have no doubts, and to regard such cases with great wonder.

CASES 74 and 75 are from a very well known correspondent and a friend of our work, a lady of the highest character, and of the ability, which her writing clearly indicates. I regard her communications with no small interest. In CASE 76, as I have already said, I see pseudo-presentiments. Of the decidedly complex phenomena of the other cases, I can offer no present explanation.

I close a long task of analysis and comparison with a strong feeling that without the constant aid of Mr. Hodgson, my work would have proved far too much for my leisure and strength. I offer him my hearty thanks.

JOSIAH ROYCE.

ADDENDA TO CASES 24, 28, 36, 56.

CASE 24. — From additional documents that have just come to hand, it would appear that the dream of Mrs. H. must have occurred a week or ten days *before* the accident which happened to Mr. W. T. H. Mr. H. wrote on Jan. 22, 1889, that he had learned the exact date of his accident, and in a letter of February 10 to Mrs. H., he states this to be Aug. 19, 1869, at 12.40 A.M. In a letter to the secretary, of Feb. 22, 1889, Mr. H. states that "the date of accident is placed beyond doubt by two independent records made by different persons on the day of its occurrence." The original document referred to on p. 401 is dated Aug. 19, 1869, and refers to Mrs. H.'s letter "of the 13th," before which date, therefore, Mrs. H.'s dream must have occurred. The case is instructive, as regards both the weakness of testimony depending on mere memory, and the difficulties that meet us in our inquiries, and we hope to obtain permission to publish all the details in a future number of the Proceedings. What at first sight gave promise of being a well-established case of actual coincidence has its chief importance now as illustrating the dangers against which we have to guard in dealing with the testimony presented to us.

CASE 28. — We learn from one of our members, Mr. George Pellew, that the city surveyor of Camden, N.J., gives 1,880 feet as the distance "by an air line from 805 Broadway to the rear entrance of City Hall." "From 805 Broadway northward to north side Washington street [which ought to have been marked on the plan, see p. 411, between Berkeley and Benson streets], eastward from Broadway to east side Seventh street and northward to rear entrance City Hall (being the route taken by one on foot) is 2,570 feet. By carriage would be a trifle less, owing to corners turned."

CASE 36. — (See, also, pp. 519, 520.) We have just received from Dr. Wm. Noyes a sketch of the room in which his mother died, and also the sketch of another room to which the body was removed. Neither sketch bears any resemblance to the sketch given by Mr. W. S. H.

CASE 56. — The following letter has been received from the son of Dr. S. F. Deane. He corroborates Dr. Deane's account as to the crisis of the wife's illness, but it will be observed that he gives the year as 1870: the year in Dr. Deane's account is 1871 — a difference which can be accounted for without assuming any extraordinary lapse of memory: —

VALPARAISO, NEB., Feb. 21, 1889.

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ., *Boston, Mass.*: —

DEAR SIR, — Yours of January 21 was duly received, and I have neglected replying chiefly because I am not cognizant of any facts that

appear to me of material importance in the case to which you refer. I can only say that my mother was sick in Wisconsin, either in March or April, 1870, and that at one time we thought she was dying; that she rallied from this "sinking spell," and finally recovered her usual health; and also that at that time my father, Dr. S. F. Deane, was in this State.

Yours very truly,

D. M. DEANE.

### ON SOME OBJECTIONS TO THE THEORY OF TELEPATHY.

PROFESSOR JAMES, in his note to Professor Minot's Report on the Diagram Tests, speaks of the "*exceedingly* strong presumption in favor of thought-transference which the English reports establish," whereas it will be evident that Professor Minot regards that presumption as *exceedingly* weak. Professor James seems inclined to suggest that such a difference of view will be, in part, dependent upon the preconceptions of the reader of the English reports, "as to the likelihood of the phenomena and the competence of the observers." This is undoubtedly the case, and I think it opportune to call attention here more specifically to one important but little noticed result of the bias against Telepathy, all the more important because it is insidious. Not only do the preconceptions of the reader affect his estimate of the evidence upon its first presentation, but they affect that estimate itself of the evidence in recollection, so that what at first sight may appear to be a substantially valuable (even if inconclusive) series of experiments, is regarded after a few months' interval as entirely trifling and unsatisfactory; precautions enumerated by the experimenters are forgotten; the old theories resume their sway, and it is hard for the alleged facts to regain any attentive consideration. The bias against hasty generalization, or against a too ready belief in new causal relations, is of course a healthy one, and its advantages are obvious; but it frequently becomes morbid, and degenerates into prejudice, and the misappreciation of an opponent's views is then very easy.

I make these somewhat trite remarks because I wish to distinguish clearly between that kind of bias which leads to positive misconception and the bias which it is, perhaps, impossible to avoid when estimating the value of testimony to so-called supernormal phenomena, the justification for which, on one side or the other, must be left to the ultimate verdict from scientific exploration. Where the bias is of the latter kind only, it is well to recognize with respect the differing opinion of another concerning the value of evidence for