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# The UNKNOWN



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*L'INCONNU*

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# THE UNKNOWN

BY

CAMILLE FLAMMARION



NEW YORK AND LONDON
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1900

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# CONTENTS


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| | INTRODUCTION | v |
| CHAPTER | | |
| I. | ON INCREDULITY | 1 |
| II. | ON CREDULITY | 22 |
| III. | OF TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATIONS MADE BY THE DYING, AND OF APPARITIONS | 43 |
| IV. | ADMISSION OF FACTS | 183 |
| V. | HALLUCINATIONS, PROPERLY SO CALLED | 207 |
| VI. | THE PSYCHIC ACTION OF ONE MIND UPON ANOTHER.—TRANSMISSION OF THOUGHT.—MENTAL SUGGESTION.—COMMUNICATIONS FROM A DISTANCE BETWEEN HUMAN BEINGS | 228 |
| VII. | THE WORLD OF DREAMS.—INFINITE VARIETY OF DREAMS.—CEREBRAL PHYSIOLOGY.—PSYCHIC DREAMS: MANIFESTATIONS OF THE DYING EXPERIENCED DURING SLEEP.—TELEPATHY IN DREAMS | 310 |
| VIII. | DISTANT SIGHT IN DREAMS.—ACTUAL FACTS | 377 |
| IX. | PREMONITORY DREAMS AND DIVINATION OF THE FUTURE | 423 |
| | CONCLUSION | 477 |

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# INTRODUCTION

THE universal and constant aspirations of all thinking human beings, the reverence and affectionate remembrance in which we hold the memory of our dead, the innate idea of a Day of Judgment, the feelings inherent in our consciousness, and in our intellect, the miserable incoherence between the destinies of men on earth compared with the mathematical order which regulates the universe, the bewildering impression we receive of the infinite and the eternal as we gaze into the starry heavens, and beneath all this our certainty of the permanent identity of our I (our own individual existence) notwithstanding perpetual changes in our bodies and our brains—all conspire to create in us a conviction of the existence of the soul as an individual entity which will survive the destruction of our corporeal organism, and which must be immortal.

However this may be, scientific demonstration of all this has not as yet been made, and physiologists teach us, on the contrary, that thought is a function of the brain; that without a brain there is no thought, and that all dies when we die. In this there is disagreement between the ideal aspirations of human nature and what we call positive science.

On the other side, we do not know, we cannot affirm anything but what we have learned, and we cannot know anything until we have learned it. Science alone makes steady progress in the present history of mankind. It is science which has transformed the world, though we rarely render her the justice and the gratitude that are her due. It is through

her that we live intellectually, and even materially, at the present day. She alone can guide us and enlighten us.

This work is an attempt to analyze scientifically subjects commonly held to have no connection with science, which are even accounted uncertain, fabulous, and more or less imaginary.

I am about to demonstrate that such facts exists. I am about to attempt to apply the same scientific methods employed in other sciences to the observation, verification, and analysis of phenomena commonly thrown aside as belonging to the land of dreams, the domain of the marvellous, or the supernatural, and to establish that they are produced by forces still unknown to us, which belong to an invisible and natural world, different from the one we know through our own senses.

Is this attempt rational? Is it logical? Can it lead to results? I do not know. But I do know that it is interesting. And if it helps us to know something of the nature of the human soul, and affords us scientific demonstration of its survival, it will give humanity a progress superior to any she has yet received by the gradual evolution of all the other sciences put together.

Human reason can only admit what has been demonstrated to be absolute certainty. But, on the other hand, we have no right to reject or deny anything in advance, for the testimony of our own senses is incomplete and misleading.

We ought to take up any study with an unprejudiced mind; we ought to be ready to admit what has been proved, but not to admit much that may be proved hereafter. In general, in the cases of subjects connected with telepathy, such as apparitions, second-sight, mental suggestion, premonitory dreams, magnetism, psychical manifestations, hypnotism, spiritualism, and certain religious beliefs, it is marvellous to see how small a part enlightened criticism has played in the acceptance of facts, and what an incoherent mass of foolishness has been accumulated under the name of truth. But is the method of scientific observance applicable to such subjects? This is what it is our object to demonstrate by these researches.

We should believe nothing without proof. There are only two scientific methods in this world. One is the old scholastic method which affirmed certain truths *à priori,* to which facts were afterward expected to conform ; and that of modern science since the time of Bacon, which starts by observing facts and does not formulate a theory until it has established them. Needless to say, it is the second of these methods that is here adopted.

The framework of this book is essentially scientific. I shall put aside, in principle, all things that appear to me not to have been clearly certified either by experience or observation.

Many people say, " What is the use of seeking ? You will find nothing. Such things are God's secrets, which He keeps to Himself." There always have been people who liked ignorance better than knowledge. By this kind of reasoning (had men acted upon it) nothing would ever have been known in this world, and more than once it has been applied to astronomical researches. It is the mode of reasoning adopted by those who do not care to think for themselves, and who confide to directors (so-called) the charge of controlling their consciences.

Other people may object that these chapters on the occult sciences are making our knowledge retrograde into the Middle Ages, instead of advancing towards the bright light of the future, foreshadowed by modern progress. Well, then ! I say that a careful study of these facts can no more transport us back to the days of sorcery, than the study of astronomy can lead us back to the times of astrology.

As I began this work, my eyes fell on the preface of a book by Count Agénor de Gasparin, on Table-turning (*Les tables tournantes*), and there I read what follows :

" There is one thing—an important thing—which ought to be made clear from the first, the subject of my work is not serious. In other words, I would say to my readers : It is no object with me to prove that you are right, or that you are wrong, what I want is the truth, of which you seem to consider yourselves the defenders. We are not concerned with truths authorized and breveted, truths that a man can concern him-

self with and yet remain uncompromised, truths that can be avowed, *serious, accepted truths.* There are absurd truths—so much the worse for them! Their turn will come, perchance, and then people who respect themselves may take them under their protection, but meantime, so long as certain people frown, so long as good society laughs, it would be in bad taste to run counter to public opinion. Don't talk to us of the truth! We must consider the proprieties, and how to comport ourselves; our business is to walk in the same track with *serious men*, who march in file one after the other."

These words, written nearly half a century ago, are true still. Poor human beings, so ignorant of most things, whose time passes for the most part so stupidly here, have in their ranks persons who take themselves very seriously, and pass judgment upon men and things. There is but one thing to be done when one takes up any question, and that is, not to concern ourselves with such individuals; to disregard their opinions, whether private or public, and to go straight forward in our search for truth. Mankind is composed three parts of beings incapable of comprehending such research, and incapable of thinking for themselves. We may leave them to their superficial judgments, which are valueless in themselves.

I have long been occupied with these questions in such hours of leisure as were left me by my astronomical labors. My old card of membership in the Society of Paris for the Study of Spiritualism, signed by Alan Kardee, fell under my eyes as I was writing this a few moments ago. It is dated November 15, 1861 (I was then nineteen, and for three years I had been a pupil in astronomy at the Paris Observatory). For more than a third of a century I have kept in touch with most of the phenomena observed throughout the entire world. It is probably because of my long personal experience in such subjects that I have been so earnestly requested to publish this work.

But I have always hesitated. Had the time really come? Was the way fully prepared? Was the fruit ripe? One can but begin, of course. Future ages will develop the seed.

This is a book of *studies*, conceived and executed with the

sole purpose of knowing the truth, without any prejudice in favor of received ideas, with the most complete independence of mind and the most absolute indifference as to public opinion.

It must, however, be owned that work of this kind is interesting—passionately interesting—to the writer while searching for truths unacknowledged or unknown, but it is, from the point of view of public opinion, labor without reward. Everybody, or almost everybody, has a poor opinion of those who undertake it. Men of science think it is not a scientific subject, and that it is a pity to waste time over it. Other persons, who believe blindly in spiritual communications, dreams, presentiments, and apparitions, think it is useless to carry a critical spirit of analysis and examination into an inquiry about such things. We must own, too, that the subject is both vague and obscure, and that we shall have much difficulty in casting a bright light upon it. But if this work succeeds in placing but one little stone in the edifice of human knowledge, I shall be glad that I have undertaken it.

The hardest thing, perhaps, for a man, is to be independent; to say what he thinks and what he knows, without caring about the opinion others may have of him. To put in practice the noble motto of Jean Jacques Rousseau only makes enemies; for, after all, the human race is rude, savage, ignorant, cowardly, and hypocritical. Beings who live under the influence of their minds and hearts are exceptional.

Perhaps the most singular thing of all is that a free inquiry into truth seems disagreeable to every one; for each brain has its little secrets, which it does not wish to have disturbed.

If, for example, I say that the immortality of the soul, already demonstrated by philosophy, will be speedily proved by psychic sciences, more than one sceptic will smile at my assertion.

If, on the other hand, I say that the spiritualist who calls up on his table Newton, Archimedes, or St. Augustine, and who imagines himself to have been talking with them, is the dupe of an illusion, there is a whole sect ready to pick up big stones to fling at me.

But, again, let us not concern ourselves with such different opinions.

"What can these studies concerning psychical problems lead to, after all ?" says some one.

We answer: "They tend to show that the soul exists and that our hopes of immortality are not chimeras."

"Materialism" is an hypothesis which cannot be sustained, now that we know more about "matter." It does not afford us the solid *point d'appui* it was once supposed to do. Bodies are composed of millions of millions of mobile atoms, which do not even touch one another, and are in perpetual movement round each other: these infinitely minute atoms are now considered centres of force. Where, then, is matter ? It disappeared under dynamism.

An intellectual law controls the universe in which our planet holds a humble place. Such is the law of progress. I showed in my work *Le Monde avant la Création de l'Homme* that the evolution of Lamarck and Darwin is only a recognition of facts, and not a cause (the product can never be superior to what generates it), and in my work *La Fin du Monde* I also showed that nothing can end, since all that had existence in past eternity exists still.

The law of progress which regulates all life, the physical organism of this life itself, the instinctive foresight of plants, insects, birds, etc., to assure the propagation of these species, and an examination of the principal facts in natural history will result, as Oersted has told us, in convincing us that there is a spirit in nature.

The current of our daily life shows us no power of thought except in the brains of men and animals. Thence physiologists have concluded that thought is a product of the brain. And we are told that without brain there is no thought.

Now nothing authorizes us to think that the sphere of our observations is universal—that it comprises all the possibilities of nature in all other worlds.

No one has a right to insist that there can be no thought without a brain.

If one or another of the millions of microbes that inhabit

each of our bodies was trying to generalize his impressions, could he suspect, as he floated in the blood of our veins or our arteries, or devoured our muscles, or made his way into our bones, or travelled through all parts of our system from head to foot, that this body, like his own, was regulated by an organic unity?

Such is really our relation to the planetary universe.

The sun—the great heart of his system and source of life—shines on the orbits of the planets, and he himself moves in a sidereal system that is vaster still. We have no right to deny that thought can exist in space, and that it directs the movements of vast bodies, as we direct those of our arms or legs. The instinct which controls living beings, the forces which keep up the beating of our hearts, the circulation of our blood, the respiration of our lungs, and the action of our stomachs, may they not have parallels in the material universe, regulating conditions of existence incomparably more important than those of a human being, since, for example, if the sun were to be extinguished, or if the movement of the earth were put out of its course, it would not be one human being who would die, it would be the whole population of our globe, to say nothing of that of other planets.

There exists in our cosmos a dynamic element, imponderable and invisible, diffused through all parts of the universe, independent of matter visible and ponderable, and acting upon it; and in that dynamic element there is an intelligence superior to our own.[1] Yes, undoubtedly we think with our

[1] The great chemist Sir Humphry Davy, the first man who experimented with protoxide of azote (in 1799), during his first experiments breathed too powerful a dose and lost consciousness. During this brief space of apparent annihilation he experienced extraordinary cerebral impressions, which he remembered on awaking, at least so far as concerned their metaphysical consequences. His ideas, recalled with energy, burst forth in this sudden exclamation, which he uttered in the tone of one inspired, "Nothing exists but thought. The universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains!" (Sir H. Davy, *The Last Days of a Philosopher.*)

In relating one of her curious experiences, Madame d'Espérance, whose faculties as a medium were extraordinary, tells us of a similar impres-

brains, as we see with our eyes, as we hear with our ears; but it is not our brain which thinks, any more than it is our eyes which see. What would you say of a person who congratulated a telescope on seeing the canals of Mars so well? The eye is an organ, and so is the brain.

Psychical problems are not so strange as astronomical problems were formerly considered. If the soul is immortal, and if heaven is to be its future country, a knowledge of the soul cannot but be in some way associated with a knowledge of heaven. Is not infinite space the domain of eternity? What is there surprising in the fact that astronomers have been thinkers, searchers in this field, anxious to gain light as to the real nature of man, as well as of creation? Therefore let us not account it a fault in Schiaparelli, director of the Milan Observatory and the indefatigable observer of the planet Mars, or in Zoellner, the director of the Observatory at Leipsic and author of some important researches on the planets, or in Crookes, who was as much an astronomer as he was a physicist, besides some others, to have endeavored to find out what was true in these manifestations. Truth is one, and all may be found in nature.

The psychical sciences are greatly behind physical sciences as to what is known of them. Astronomy has had its Newton, but biology is comparatively in the time of Copernicus, physiology in that of Hipparchus and Ptolemy. All that we can do at present is to gather together observations, to compare them, and to assist in the *début* of the new science.

One perceives—one can presage—that the religion of the future will be scientific, will be founded on a knowledge of psychical facts. This religion of science will have one great advantage over all that have gone before it—*unity*. Today a Jew or a Protestant cannot believe in the miracles at Lourdes, a Mussulman hates the "dog of a Christian," a Buddhist cannot accept the dogmas of the Western world.

sion. "How can I describe the indescribable? Time had disappeared. Space was no more. I felt that thoughts were the only really tangible things." (E. d'Espérance, *Au Pays de l'Ombre.*)

No one of these divisions will exist in a religion founded on the general scientific solution of psychical problems.

But we are as yet far from questions of theory or dogma. What before all else is important is to know if the phenomena we have to deal with exist, and avoid loss of time and escape the folly of looking for the cause of things that have no existence! Let us first make sure of our facts, theories will come after. This book will contain primarily observations, examples, verifications, and testimony. It will have as few "phrases" as possible. What we want to do is to collect such proofs as may lead to certainty hereafter. We will try to give a methodical classification to our phenomena by grouping together those that are most alike, and afterwards trying to explain them. This book is not a romance, but a collection of documents, the thesis of a scientific study. I have tried to follow the maxim of the astronomer Laplace. "We are as yet far from knowing all the agencies of nature," he wrote (apropos, by the way, of animal magnetism), "but it would be unphilosophical to reject phenomena merely because they are inexplicable in the present state of our knowledge. Only we must examine them with the most scrupulous attention, and determine up to what point we should multiply observations or experiments in order to obtain a probability superior to the reasons that may be brought forward for not admitting them."

Such is our programme. Those who are willing to follow us will see that if this work has but one merit it is sincerity. We seek to know whether we can arrive at the affirmation that the mysterious phenomena which seem to have been known in the world from its very highest antiquity really exist, and our sole object is to discover the truth.

PARIS, *December*, 1899.

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# THE UNKNOWN

## CHAPTER I

### ON INCREDULITY

*"Croire tout découvert est une erreur profonde,*
*C'est prendre l'horizon pour les bornes du monde."*

—LAMARTINE.

MANY men are the victims of intellectual short-sightedness; and many, as Lamierre has justly told us, take their own horizon to be the boundary of the whole world. New facts or new ideas bewilder and horrify them. They wish to see no changes in the steady march of events to which they are accustomed. The history of the progress of human knowledge is a dead-letter to them. The boldness of investigators, of inventors, of all who try to effect any kind of revolution, seems criminal to them. In their eyes the human race has been always what it is at the present moment. They overlook the Stone Age, the discovery of fire, the first construction of houses, the building of carts, carriages, and railroads—in short, all the difficulties that the intelligence of man has overcome, and all the discoveries of science. They apparently retain some traces of their descent from fishes—nay, even from a mollusca. Comfortably seated in their easy-chairs, these excellent people remain imperturbably well satisfied. They are absolutely incapable of admitting the truth of anything they do not understand, and never suspect that they really understand nothing at all. They do not know that behind any explanation we may give of the phe-

nomena of nature there lies the great unknown. They are satisfied with old formulas, by a mere change of words. "Why does a stone fall?" "Because it is attracted by the earth." Such an answer satisfies them. They think they understand. Long-accepted phraseology imposes on them as it does upon the simpleton in the play of Molière: "*ossabandus, nequeis, nequor, potarinum quipsa milus*" (this explains exactly why your daughter is dumb), says Sgnanarelle in the comedy.

In all ages, in all degrees of civilization, many men of this sort have been found—stupid and tranquil, yet not wholly devoid of vanity; men who frankly deny belief in everything not clearly explained or explored, and yet fancy they know all about the unfathomable organization of the universe. They are like two ants in a garden attempting to converse about the history of France, or the distance of the earth from the sun.

Let us go back to history and cite a few examples.

The school of Pythagoras, having discarded the common ideas of the age concerning nature, rose to a belief in the diurnal movement of our planet, which relieved the boundless heavens from the absurd necessity of turning every twenty-four hours round our earth, a little insignificant spot in the infinity of space. Of course, public opinion was at once in revolt against any new idea conceived by genius. Who can expect an elephant to soar upward to an eagle's nest? But the power of vulgar prejudice is so great that even superior minds found it impossible to rise to the height of this conception. Not even Plato and Archimedes, two men of brilliant intellect—not even astronomers like Hipparchus and Ptolemy. Indeed, the latter could not help laughing heartily at such a palpable absurdity. He asserted that the theory of the movement of the earth was simply ridiculous *ὠάνυ γελοιότατον*. The expression is decidedly picturesque. We may see by this how the paunch of some good canon might have quivered, or still quivers, over a joke of the same kind, *panu guéloïotaton*. "Good Heaven!" a sceptic would have said, "how funny! Think of the earth

turning round, how absurd! The Pythagorians have gone mad, their heads are upside down!"

Socrates drank hemlock with the hope of being set free from the superstitions of his time. Anaxagoras was persecuted for having dared to teach that the sun was larger than the Peloponnesus. Two thousand years later Galileo was persecuted for having affirmed the vastness of the solar system and the comparative insignificance of our planet. The search after truth does not go forward with leaps and bounds, while human passions and the dominant interests of this life, which blind men to great facts, remain the same.

A similar doubt still exists, notwithstanding the accumulation of proofs brought forward by modern astronomy. Have we not in our libraries a book published in 1806 for the express purpose of maintaining that the earth does *not* move round the sun? In it the author declares that he will never admit that our planet revolves like a fowl upon the spit. This good gentleman was nevertheless a man of considerable intelligence (which does not mean that he was not ignorant). He was a member of the Institute in that day. His name was Mercier. He is best known by his *Tableau de Paris*, and from that book we might have credited him with better judgment.

I was present one day at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences. It was a day to be remembered, for its proceedings were absurd. Du Moncel introduced Edison's phonograph to the learned assembly. When the presentation had been made, the proper person began quietly to recite the usual formula as he registered it upon his roll. Then a middle-aged academician, whose mind was stored—nay, saturated—with traditions drawn from his culture in the classics, rose, and, nobly indignant at the audacity of the inventor, rushed towards the man who represented Edison, and seized him by the collar, crying: "Wretch! we are not to be made dupes of by a ventriloquist!" This member of the Institute was Monsieur Bouillaud. The day was the 11th of March, 1878. The most curious thing about it was that six months later, on September 30th, before a similar assembly, the same man

considered himself bound in honor to declare that after a close examination he could find nothing in the invention but ventriloquism, and "that it was impossible to admit that mere vile metal could perform the work of human phonation." The phonograph, according to his idea of it, was nothing but an *acoustic illusion.*

When Lavoisier analyzed the air and discovered that it was composed principally of two gases, oxygen and azote, his discovery discomposed more than one accepted opinion. A member of the Academy of Sciences, Baumé the chemist (who invented the areometer), firmly believing in the four elements of ancient science, learnedly wrote thus: "The elements or principles of bodies have long been recognized, and the existence of these elements is confirmed by physicians in all countries and in all ages. It is not to be imagined that these elements, regarded as such for two thousand years, are now to be placed among the number of compound substances, or that the results by experiments to decompose air and water can be looked upon as certain truth, or that reasoning on the subject, to say the least, can be anything but absurb. The recognized properties in the elements are related to all the physical and chemical knowledge we have yet obtained; thus far they have served as our basis for an infinite number of discoveries and support brilliant theories. Are we now expected to surrender our belief in fire, water, earth and air? Are these no longer to be recognized as elements—that is, primary substances?"

Everybody now knows that these four "elements," so conscientiously and vehemently defended, do not exist, and that modern chemists were right to decompose water and air. As to fire or phlogiston, which according to Baumé and his contemporaries was the *deus ex machina* of nature and of life, it has only existed as an element in the imagination of professors.

Even Lavoisier, great chemist as he was, was not too great to be one of those who ventured to maintain that nothing more remains to be discovered; for he wrote a learned report to the Academy, setting forth that stones *could not* fall from

the skies—it was contrary to common-sense to think so. Take another instance, Gassendi was a man of independent mind, and one of the most learned *savants* of the seventeenth century. An aerolite weighing thirty kilogrammes fell in Provence, in 1627, out of a clear sky. Gassendi saw it, touched it, examined it—and attributed it to an eruption of the earth in some unknown region.

The spectre of the Brocken, the *fata Morgana*, and the mirage, were once denied to exist by many sensible people, because they could not be explained.

It is not long since (1890) that doubts were thrown on thunder-bolts, in a full meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, by the very members of the Institute who ought to have known most upon the subject.

The history of the progress of science is continually teaching us that great and far-reaching results may take place from the most simple investigations and from unscientific observations. In the domain of scientific investigation nothing ought ever to be neglected. What a marvellous transformation in our modern life has been produced by electricity !—by its use in the telegraph, the telephone, in electric light, in safe and rapid locomotion, etc., etc. Without electricity nations, cities, and our daily life would be different from what we know them. Without electricity travelling by steam could not have attained its present perfection, for stations could not have communicated instantaneously with one another ; trains could not have been run with safety. Few know that the cradle of this useful fairy was in the first rays of morning light, where may be dimly seen those elements that keen eyes have had the glory to observe and to point out to the attention of the world.

This reminds us of the frog soup of Madame Galvani in 1791. Galvani had married the pretty daughter of his old master, Lucia Galeozgi, and he loved her dearly. She was ill at Bologna, dying of consumption. The doctor ordered her frog broth, a very excellent dish, by-the-way. Galvani insisted upon cooking it himself.

He tells us that, sitting on his balcony, he had cut up a

certain number of frogs, and hung their legs, which he had separated from their bodies, on an iron balustrade before him, by means of little copper hooks which he used in his experiments. Suddenly he saw with astonishment (for what occurred appeared to him phenomenal) the frogs' legs shaking convulsively every time they chanced to touch the iron of the balcony. Galvani, who was then professor of physics in the University of Bologna, studied this problem with rare sagacity, and soon discovered how he could produce the same results at will. If we take the legs of a frog which has been skinned, we shall see the lumbar nerves looking like white threads. They are very numerous in these little creatures. If we pick up these nerves, wrap them in a sheet of tin, and then place the upper part of the legs in a state of flexion on a piece of copper, and touch the copper with the edge of the tin, the muscles will contract, and any slight object placed in contact with the frog's toes will be pushed against with considerable force. This is the experiment to which Galvani was led by chance, and was thence brought to the discovery which bears his name—*galvanism*. It afterwards gave birth to the pile of Volta, to galvanoplasticism, and to many other applications of electricity.

The observation made by the physician of Bologna was received with laughter by the public, but there were a few wise men who gave it the attention it deserved. The poor discoverer was for a time made very unhappy. "I am attacked," he wrote in 1792, "by two opposite parties—the learned and the ignorant. Both laugh at me, and call me the frog's dancing-master. But yet I know that I have discovered one of the forces of nature."

About the same time animal magnetism was utterly condemned in Paris by the Academy of Sciences and by the Faculty of Medicine. Men waited before they would believe in it (and even after !), to see the result of an operation by Jules Cloquet, for cancer in a woman's breast, which was to be performed, without pain, after she had been previously magnetized.[1]

[1] See farther on, p. 410, a full account of this surgical operation. It took place April 12, 1829.

I knew in Turin, about 1875, a very indigent descendant of the Marquis de Jouffroy, who, like myself, was a native of the Haute-Marne. The marquis invented steamboats in 1776. It is known that he spent all his own, and much of his friends' money, in attempts to demonstrate the possibility of applying steam to the service of navigation. His first boat was launched on the Doubs, at Baume-les-Dames, in 1776. Another, at Lyons, sailed up the Saône as far as the Ile Barbe in 1785. Jouffroy wanted to get up a company to carry out his scheme, but for this he required an official permit—a "privilege." The Government submitted the question of granting it to the Academy of Sciences, which, under the influence of Perier (who made the first fire-engine at Chaillot), gave an unfavorable opinion. Besides this, everybody overwhelmed the poor marquis with jokes about his attempt to "combine the services of fire and water," and he received the nickname of Jouffroy-le-Pompe. The hapless inventor at length became discouraged. He emigrated during the Revolution, but returned to France during the Consulate, when he discovered that Fulton had had no better success with the First Consul than he had had with the old monarchy. Subsequently Fulton failed to convince the English Government, in 1804, and it was not until 1807 that his first steamboat was launched successfully upon the Hudson, in his own country, where at length tardy justice was done to him.

Such is the experience of almost all inventors. Another one (also a native of the Haute-Marne), Philippe Lebon, discovered how to use gas for lighting purposes, in 1797. He died in 1804, on the day of the Emperor's coronation (murdered, it was thought, in the Champs-Elysées), without having seen his idea adopted by his country. The principal objection raised to it was that a lamp without a wick could not possibly burn. Gas was first used in England for street lighting in Birmingham, in 1805. It was adopted in London in 1813, and in 1818 it was introduced in Paris.

When railroads were first constructed, engineers predicted that they could never become practicable; and that the

wheels of the locomotives would simply whirl round and round without moving forward. In the Chamber of Deputies, in 1838, Arago, hoping to throw cold water on the ardor of the partisans of the new invention, spoke of the inertia of matter, of the tenacity of metals, and of the resistance of the air. "The speed of steam-engines," he said, "may be great—very great, but it will not equal what has been predicted. Let us not put faith in mere words. They tell us it will bring an increase of travel. In 1836 the whole amount of money paid for travelling and transportation in France was 2,805,000 francs. If all the projected lines are built, if all transit were by means of railroads and locomotives, this 2,805,000 francs would be reduced to 1,052,000. This would mean a diminution of 1,751,000 francs per annum. The country would thus lose about two-thirds of the money now paid for transportation by carriages. Let us mistrust imagination. Imagination is the misleading fairy of our homes. Two parallel lines of iron will not give a new face to the Landes of Gascony." And all the rest of his speech was in this vein—by which we may see that when new ideas have to be presented to the public the greatest minds may fall into error.

M. Thiers said also, "I admit that railroads would furnish some advantages for the transportation of travellers, provided their use was limited to a few short lines, with their terminals in great cities like Paris. But long lines are not wanted."

Hear also Proudhon: "It is a vulgar and ridiculous notion to assert that railroads will increase the circulation of ideas."

In Bavaria the Royal College of Doctors, having been consulted, declared that railroads, if they were constructed, would cause the greatest deterioration in the health of the public, because such rapid movement would cause brain trouble among travellers, and vertigo among those who looked at moving trains. For this last reason it was recommended that all tracks should be enclosed by high board fences raised above the height of the cars and engines.

When a proposition was first made to lay a submarine cable between Europe and America, in 1855, one of our greatest

authorities in physics, Babinet—a member of the Institute, and an examiner in the Polythionique École Polytechnique—wrote thus in the *Revue des Deux Mondes:* "I cannot regard this project as serious; the theory of currents might easily afford irrefutable proof that such a thing is an impossibility, to say nothing of new currents that would be created all along the electric line, and which are very appreciable even in the short cable crossing from Calais to Dover. I repeat here what I have said several times already—that the only way of connecting the Old World with the New is to cross Behring's Strait by some submarine track, unless, indeed, a way should be found through the Faroe Islands, Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador." ! !

The great geologist, Elie de Beaumont, permanent secretary to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, who died in 1874, never ceased, so long as he lived, to deny that there ever was, or ever could be, any fossil man, without having anything like certainty to support him in this opinion. My enterprising friend Émile Rivière discovered a fossil man in 1872, in a grotto near Mentone, and had him brought to the Museum in Paris, where any one may look at him; but few people even now, seem willing to admit that there ever was found such a fossil, and M. Rivière, up to the present date (1899), has not even been decorated! (God knows how many nobodies have in the meantime received the Cross of Honor.)

In England, in 1841, the Royal Society refused insertion to a most important paper by the celebrated Joule, who originated the thermodynameter with Mayer; and Thomas Young, who with Fresnel established the undulation theory concerning light, was exposed to the pleasantries of Lord Brougham.

In Germany things took a sadder turn. Mayer, seeing the contumelious scepticism with which his immortal discovery was received by learned men in official stations, grew doubtful of himself and flung himself out of a window. But shortly after that all the academies opened their arms to him. Ohm, too, the great electrician, was treated as a madman by his German countrymen.

Nor can we fail to remember what happened after the invention of glasses that would bring distant objects within our range of vision. The Dutch senators refused the inventor a patent, because his glasses "were only adapted to be used by one eye," and half a century later Hevelius, the eminent astronomer, refused to use such glasses in his instruments, when making his catalogue of stars, because he imagined that they might alter in some way the exact position of the heavenly bodies.

These examples might be multiplied to the world's end. Such as I have given are, however, sufficient to throw light on one aspect of the human mind, which should not be overlooked by those who seek for truth.

A friend, endeared to me by thirty years of affectionate intercourse and sweet intellectual companionship—Eugène Nus—dedicated one of his works, *Choses de l'autre monde,* after this fashion:

"To the memory of all savants,
Breveted, patented,
Crowned with palms, decorated, and buried,
Who have been opposed to the rotation of the earth,
To meteorites,
To galvanism,
To the circulation of the blood,
To vaccination,
To waves of light,
To lightning-rods,
To daguerreotypes,
To steam power,
To propellers,
To steamboats,
To railroads,
To lighting by gas,
To magnetism,
And all the rest.
And to all those now living, or who shall yet be born,
Who do the same in this present day,
Or shall do the same hereafter."

It would seem to me irreverent to copy him, and I should be unwilling to write the same dedication at the beginning of

this volume. But I have it in my mind, and have allowed it here to be reprinted, because I think it has a certain philosophic value in this connection. And I will add, with Albert de Rochas, that these petrified *savants* may yet not be without their uses. "If we set them up as landmarks, they will show us successive stages in the march of human progress."

Auguste Comte and Littré have apparently striven to trace out for science its definite, its "positive" way. They tell us we are only to admit what we can see, or can touch, or what we have heard; we are to receive nothing except on the clear evidence of our own senses, and are not to endeavor to know what is unknowable. For half a century these have been the rules which have regulated science in the world.

But see now. In analyzing the testimony of our senses we find that they can deceive us absolutely. We see the sun, the moon, and the stars revolving, as it seems to us, round us. That is all false. We feel that the earth is motionless. That is false too. We see the sun rise above the horizon. It is beneath us. We touch what we think is a solid body. There is no such thing. We hear harmonious sounds; but the air has only brought us silently undulations that are silent themselves. We admire the effects of light, and of the colors that bring vividly before our eyes the splendid scenes of nature; but in fact there is no light, there are no colors. It is the movement of opaque ether striking on our optic nerve which gives us the impression of light and color. We burn our foot in the fire; it is not the foot that pains us, it is in our brain only that the feeling of being burned resides. We speak of heat and cold; there is neither heat nor cold in the universe, only motion. Thus our senses mislead us as to the reality of objects round us. Sensation and reality are two different things.

Nor is this all. Furthermore, our five poor senses are insufficient. They only enable us to feel a very small number of the movements which make up the life of the universe. To give an idea of this here, I will repeat what I wrote in *Lumen*, a third of a century ago. "Between the last acoustic sensation perceived by our ears, and due to 36,850 vibrations

per second, to the first optical sensation perceived by our eye, which is due to 400,000,000,000,000 vibrations in the same space of time, we perceive nothing. There is an enormous interval with which no one of our senses brings us into relation. If we had other cords to our lyre, ten, one hundred, or a thousand, the harmony of nature would be transmitted to us more complete than it is now, by making these chords all feel the influence of vibrations." On one hand our senses deceive us, on the other their testimony is very incomplete. Thus we have no cause to be vainglorious, or to set up our so-called positive philosophy as a principle.

No doubt we should make use of everything we have. Religious faith says to our reason: "My little dear, you have only a lantern to walk by; blow it out, and let me lead you by the hand." But this is not our modern idea. We have a lantern, a pretty poor one, it is true, but to extinguish it would be to leave ourselves in darkness. Let us recognize in princple, on the contrary, that reason, or (if you choose to put it so) reasons, ought in everything to be our guide. Beyond that we have nothing. But do not let us draw too circumscribed a circle around science. I come back to Auguste Comte, because he is the founder of the modern school, and had one of the greatest minds in our century. He limits the sphere of astronomy to what was known of it in his day. That is simply an absurdity. "We can conceive," he says, "the possibility of studying the forms of planets, their distances, their movements, but we can never find out what is their chemical composition." This celebrated philosopher died in 1857. Five years later spectral analysis made us acquainted with that very chemical composition of the planets, and classed the stars in the order of their chemical nature.

This is just like what was done by astronomers in the seventeenth century, who said it was impossible that there could exist more than seven planets.

The unknown of yesterday may be recognized to-morrow as truth.

It would be a mistake, however, should we think that *savants* (certain *savants*, I mean) and men of prominence are alone responsible for such acts of stupidity. It is the same with men in general; the majority of the public is the same. The human brain is made in every case of much the same material, whether it be that of a *savant*, a writer, an artist, a magistrate, a politician, a manufacturer, an artisan, a workman, or a sluggard. The reproach we cast at men whose minds were shut against all new inventions (men like Napoleon, for example, who, when his knowledge of steam-power might have ruined England, his great enemy, could not be made to understand its uses) might be hurled as appropriately at the rest of the world. A man may, indeed, have very superior faculties in one direction, and be very deficient in all others. The melancholy examples I have cited are not an indictment drawn up against *savants* in particular, still less against science. Only one would wish not to see enlightened minds fall into the inert ignorance of the vulgar, and it is because we hold them in high esteem that we are most alive to their weaknesses.

It is but just, too, to remember that an excuse can be offered for obstructions, checks, and oppositions of this kind. One is seldom sure at first of the reality or the value of a new thing. The first steamboats sailed badly, and were hardly so good as sailing-vessels. Our earth did indeed appear immovable. Air and water seemed to be elements. It did not appear natural that stones should come down out of the sky. The first manifestations of the power of electricity seemed hard to understand. Railroads appeared likely to throw everything into confusion.[1]

[1] When I was six years old I watched the construction of a line of railroad to run from Paris to Lyons and the Mediterranean. The section I then saw was from Tonnerre to Dijon, and when I was twelve I watched that from Paris to Mulhouse, in the section from Chaumont to Chalindrey, and I remember as if it were yesterday the talk which went on around me. No one had any conception of the development of railroad lines in less than half a century, and men, instead of wishing to have stations within easy reach of their homes, were inclined to have

When genius leads the way, and a new discovery is made, it is but natural that people in general should find themselves left behind; they cannot understand the ways of progress.

Besides, new facts, little known and unexplained, are often vague, confused, difficult to analyze, badly stated by those who undertake to bring them forward. What difficulties had not animal magnetism, under other names, to surmount before it arrived at the state of scientific investigation and experiment in which it is to-day! And how often has it not been turned to vile and idle uses by charlatans who have worked upon the credulity of the public? And in magnetic phenomena, and in those of spiritualism, how much fraud, how much deception we can find — what infamous falsehoods, without counting those of stupid people who play tricks "for amusement"! Think, too, of the marvellous sleight of hand which is at the command of jugglers! One is tempted to excuse in part the cautious reserve of scientific men.

The late discovery of the Röntgen rays, so inconceivable and so strange in its origin, ought to convince us how very small is the field of our usual observations. To see through opaque substances! to look inside a closed box! to see the bones of an arm, a leg, a body, through flesh and clothing! Such a discovery is, to say the least, quite contrary to everything we have been used to consider certainty. This is indeed a most eloquent example in favor of the axiom: it is unscientific to assert that realities are stopped by the limit of our knowledge and observation.

And the telephone, which transmits words, not by sonorous waves, but by electric force! If we speak through a tube from Paris to Marseilles, our voice takes three minutes and a half to reach its destination. It would take the same time for an answer to come back, so that the reply when announced by the operator's usual "Hello!" would reach

them as much at a distance as possible, at least as far off as Langres, where I began my studies—and in my own village, Montigy-le-Roi. At both these places the stations now stand isolated, and are as far as they possibly can be from the business centres of the department.

us in seven minutes. We do not consider that the telephone once seemed as absurd to us as the X-rays must have seemed to scientists when we knew no more than we did before these discoveries.

We are told of five doors to human knowledge — sight, hearing, smell, touch, and taste. These five doors open for us but a little way to any knowledge of the world around us, especially the last three—smell, taste, and touch. The eye and ear can do a good deal, but it is light alone that really puts us in communication with the universe. Now what is light? It is caused by a kind of excessively rapid vibration of the air. A sensation of light is produced on our retina by vibratious which extend from 400 trillions a second (the red extremity of the luminous spectum) to 756 trillions. They have long ago been measured with precision. And below and above these numbers are vibrations of ether not perceptible to our vision. Beyond the red line are dark caloric vibrations. Beyond the violet line are chemical vibrations, actinitic, and capable of being photographed, but all obscure. There are others still unknown to us.

To these remarks I would like to add something that would both modify them and develop them. It is a comparison made recently by Sir William Crookes, of the probable correspondence between these phenomena of the universe, and the vacancies that our terrestrial organization seems to suffer from this continuity. Take a pendulum beating each second in the air. If we double its beats we obtain the following series of vibrations:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | degree | 2 | |
| 2 | " | 4 | |
| 3 | " | 8 | |
| 4 | " | 16 | |
| 5 | " | 32 | Sound. |
| 6 | " | 64 | |
| 7 | " | 128 | |
| 8 | " | 256 | |
| 9 | " | 512 | |
| 10 | " | 1,024 | |
| 15 | " | 32,768 | |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 20 degrees | 1,047,576 | Unknown. |
| 25 " | 33,554,432 | |
| 30 " | 1,073,741,824 | Electricity. |
| 35 " | 34,359,738,368 | Unknown. |
| 40 " | 1,099,511,627,776 | |
| 45 " | 35,184,372,088,832 | |
| 48 " | 281,474,976,716,656 | Light.[1] |
| 49 " | 562,949,953,421,312 | |
| 50 " | 1,125,890,906,842,624 | |
| 55 " | 36,028,797,018,963,268 | Unknown. |
| 56 " | 72,057,594,037,927,936 | |
| 57 " | 144,115,188,075,855,872 | |
| 58 " | 288,230,376,151,711,744 | X-rays. |
| 59 " | 576,460,752,303,423,488 | |
| 60 " | 1,152,921,504,606,846,976 | |
| 61 " | 5,305,843,009,213,693,952 | |
| 62 " | 4,611,686,018,427,389,904 | Unknown. |
| 63 " | 9,223,372,636,854,775,808 | |

At the fifth degree, after the beginning to 52 vibrations in a second, we enter the region where the vibration of the atmosphere is revealed to us under the name of *sound*. We there find the lowest musical note. If among musical notes the most solemn is chosen—for instance, the lowest octave of the organ—it will be perceived that elementary sensations, though forming a continuous whole, which is essential that the sound may remain musical, are nevertheless distinct to a certain degree. "The lower the note is," says Helmholtz, "the better does the ear distinguish in it the successive pulsations of the air."

In the six following degrees the vibrations in each second increase from 32 to 52,768; each doubling reproduces the same note in a higher octave. The normal diapason, which gives us the note *la* (or F), is a vibration of 455 a second, and has 870 vibrations when doubled. The sharpest sound has about 56,000 vibrations, and the region of sound ends there, so far as the human ear is concerned. But probably some animals, better gifted than ourselves, may hear sounds too

[1] Luminous rays, caloric and chemical, spectra of the infra-red to the ultra-violet.

acute for our organs—that is, sounds the rapidity of whose vibrations overpass our limits.

We reach at length a region where the swiftness of vibrations increases rapidly, and the vibrating medium is not our own gross atmosphere, but something infinitely more subtle, "an air divine," called ether. Then there are vibrations of a kind unknown to us. Beyond this we penetrate into spheres where the rays are electrical.[1]

Next comes the region which extends from the 35th to the 45th degree, making from 34,000,000,000 and 359,000,000 to 35,000,000,000,000,000,000 and 1,840,000,000 (or milliards) vibrations a second. It is all unknown to us. We are ignorant concerning the functions of these vibrations, but it would be difficult to deny that they exist and that they do their work somewhere in the universe.

And now we approach the region of light, this is represented by the figures between the 48th and 50th order. The sensation of *light*—in other words, the vibrations which transmit to us visible signs—is comprised within the narrow space between about 400 trillions (red light) and 756 trillions (violet light), which is less than a degree.

The phenomena of nature which are going on constantly around us, are accomplished by the action of forces to us invisible. Watery vapor, whose work has so great an influence on climatology, is invisible; so is heat, so is electricity. Chemical rays are invisible. The solar spectrum, which represents the luminous rays visible to the human eye, is now known to every one. If a ray of sunlight is caused to pass

[1] The bursting of a Leyden jar across a spool of very long fine thread caused electromagnetic vibrations, whose length, noted down by Helmholtz (1869) and after him by other observers, may be comprised between 1000 and 10,000 a second for the usual apparatus. In 1888 Hertz succeeded in reproducing vibrations of the same kind, 100,000 a second, and in studying their propagation. These vibrations propagate themselves in space—in other words, in the ether which distinguishes them from the vibrations that produce sound, which are propagated in the ordinary way, air, water, wood, etc., etc. It is reasonable to consider them analogous to vibration of radiant heat, according to the views put forth by Maxurle since 1867. See Sir W. Thomson *Conférences*, p. 189.

through a prism we obtain when it issues from the prism a band of color ranging from red to violet. A great number of rays extends across this band, the principal rays being marked from A to H., these are lines of absorption produced by substances that are being consumed in the sun's atmosphere, and by the watery vapor in the atmosphere of the earth. Thousands of millions of these are known at the present day.

If we move a thermometer to the left of the visible spectrum we see it rise beyond the red line, and this proves to us that there are caloric rays to us invisible.

If we place a photographic plate to the right of the spectrum, beyond the violet line, we shall see it take an impression, and the presence of very active chemical rays, to us invisible, are thereby denoted. Here comes in an important remark: invisible bodies may become visible; thus uranium and sulphate of quinine become visible in the dark, if under radiations of very ultra violet rays.

These rays are now classed by the length of their waves—that is, by the space traversed by the wave during the length of a period of vibration. Although the wave lengths of the radiations are infinite, it has been possible by help of lines of diffraction grating to measure them with great precision.

The unit employed is the ten-millionth part of a millimeter.

VISIBLE SOLAR SPECTRUM

| Color. | Length of the Wave. | Vibrations by Trillions in a Second. |
|---|---|---|
| Bright red | 734 | 460 |
| Limit of red and orange | 647 | 490 |
| Limit of orange and yellow | 587 | 558 |
| Limit of yellow and green | 535 | 590 |
| Limit of green and blue | 492 | 596 |
| Limit of blue and indigo | 456 | 675 |
| Limit of indigo and violet | 424 | 760 |
| Bright violet | 397 | 756 |

The part below the invisible red is caloric. Length of the wave from 1940 to 734.

Part in the ultra-violet is invisible—chemical. Length of the wave from 397 to 295.

The first of these two invisible spectrums has been determined with great precision by the American astronomer Langley, by the aid of an instrument of his own invention, called the bolometer.[1] In this region, invisible to us, a large part of the sun's energy is expended. The part of this spectrum already explored is sixteen times more extensive than the visible spectrum.

Besides this, the French physician, Edmond Becquerel, photographed long ago the chemical spectrum.[2] This spectrum, which has been the object of much study ever since, is about twice as extensive as the visible spectrum.

Leaving the region of the solar spectrum which has been studied, we turn to what, for our senses and our means of research, is another *unknown* region, and to functions we can barely divine. It seems probable that Röntgen rays may be discovered between the 58th and 61st degrees, where the vibrations are from 288,230,376,151,711,744 to 2,305,843,009,213,693,952 a second, or even more.

We can see that in this series there are several blank spaces, regions about which we as yet know absolutely nothing. Who can say that these vibrations do not play an important part in the general economy of the universe ?

Also may there not be vibrations still more rapid beyond where the preceding series was discontinued ?

The space we live in has three dimensions. Beings who might live in a space of two dimensions on the outside of a circle—for example, on a plane—would only understand geometry of two dimensions ; they could not pass beyond the line which limits a circle or a square ; they would be imprisoned by a circumference with no possibility of escape. Give them a third dimension, with the power to move about in it, and they would then pass over the line without breaking it or touching it. The six surfaces in a closed room—*viz.*, four walls, the floor, and the ceiling—imprison us, but give us a fourth dimension, and endue us with the power to live in

[1] See the *Bulletin de la Société Astronomique de France*, year 1895, p. 110. See also 1897, p. 307.

[2] See *La Lumière*, Paris, 1868, vol. i., p. 131.

it, and escape from our prison as easily as a man can step over a line drawn on the ground. We can no more conceive this excess of space ($n^1$) than a being only fitted to move about on a plane ($n^2$) can conceive of cubic space ($n^3$); but we are not authorized to declare that it does not exist. Even in our earthly life there are certain faculties man cannot explain, certain senses that we know nothing about. How do the pigeon and the swallow know how to find their way back to their nests? How does a dog get home from a long distance by a road that he has never travelled? I have elsewhere demonstrated that the inhabitants of other worlds must be endowed with faculties very different from ours. We know nothing *absolutely*. All our judgments are relative, and, therefore, partial and incomplete.

Scientific sagacity consists in being very careful how we deny the possibility of anything. We have a right to be diffident. Let us say with Arago that "doubt is a proof of modesty, and that it has seldom hindered the progress of science. *We cannot say the same of incredulity.*"

There are still a vast number of things not yet explained, which belong to the domain of the unknown. The phenomena of which we are about to speak are of this number. Telepathy, or sensations transmitted from a distance; apparitions, or manifestations that have emanated from dying persons; the transmission of thought; what has been seen in dreams, and in a state of somnambulism, without the aid of eyes, such as landscapes, towns, and monuments beheld from a great distance; prescience, or premonition of an approaching event; warnings, presentiments, a few extraordinary cases of magnetism, puerile sayings rapped out on tables, unexplicable noises which seem to prove a house was haunted, the raising or up-lifting of bodies contrary to the law of gravitation, objects moved without being touched by hands, things which seemed to indicate superhuman strength, things which seem absurd, spiritual manifestations, apparent or real, disembodied spirits, spirits of all kinds—and many other wild phenomena as yet unexplicable, merit our interest and our scientific attention. Let us in the first

place be quite convinced that all we can really study and observe with profit must be, not superhuman, but *natural,* and that we must examine all facts quietly and scientifically, without connecting them with the mysterious, without excitement and without mysticism, as if we were investigating problems in astronomy, physics, or physiology. Everything is to be found in nature, the known and the unknown, and there is no such thing as the supernatural. That word has no meaning.[1] Eclipses, comets, and strange stars were formerly considered supernatural signs of divine wrath, before men were acquainted with their laws. Very often things are called supernatural which are only wonderful, inexplicable, or extraordinary. When we meet with such, we should say, quietly, "this belongs to the unknown."

Critics who may think they see in this work a return to the age of superstition will fall into a grave error. Its design, on the contrary, is to analyze and to investigate.

Those who say: "What! can I be expected to believe in things impossible? Never! I only believe in the laws of nature, and those laws are *all known laws.*" Such men are like the simple-hearted ancient geographers who wrote on their maps of the world, beside the columns of Hercules (representing the Strait of Gibraltar), "*hic deficit omnes*"—here ends the world.

They had no doubts about it; they never suspected that there was to be found in that vast western watery expanse, to them empty and unknown, a world twice as large as that of which they had any knowledge.

All our human knowledge might be symbolically represented by a tiny island surrounded by a limitless ocean.

There is much yet—infinitely much—for us to learn.

[1] May I be permitted to refer in this connection to my own work, *God in Nature?*

## CHAPTER II

### ON CREDULITY

"*Allez vous laver, et mangez de l'herbe.*"—Words from the "Immaculate Conception" at Lourdes.

Our first chapter, on Incredulity, has shown us how reluctant human nature is in general to accept facts unexplained, or new ideas of any kind, and what an impediment this mental inertia has been to the advancement of our knowledge concerning nature and the race of man. But happily there have been men like Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Herschel, Papin, Fulton, Galvani, Volta, Palissy, Ampère, Arago, Niepce, Daguerre, Fraunhöfer, Kirchoff, Presnel, and Le Verrier—investigators and men of independent minds. "An eternal law of honor obliges science to look fearlessly and carefully into every problem which is properly presented to her," once said Sir William Thomson, one of the most eminent physicists of our time, and we might have taken these words as an appropriate motto for this volume. But in difficult, obscure, uncertain questions another duty devolves on us—*viz.*, that of examining and analyzing things with the most severe circumspection, and of admitting nothing, as indeed we should not do in any instance, but what is certain. We must not, under pretence of progress, replace systematic credulity by a credulity not supported by any critical sense; and possibly it may be useful, before entering more fully into our subject, to here show by a few examples how we should be upon our guard against excess in another direction, not less blameworthy, not less dangerous than its opposite error.

Human nature, we may remark, is made up most surpris-

ingly of opposite qualities. If there are men who believe in nothing, there are as many men who are ready to put faith in anything. The credulity of men and women seems to have no limits. Stupid superstitions, wild as those of the Middle Ages, have been written about, accepted, and defended by learned men. And what is very singular is that the most sceptical minds have frequently become dupes of the most audacious falsehoods, and have upheld the most pernicious and amazing inanities. One glance of investigation will show us that the human race contains as many persons prone to credulity as to incredulity, for each faction is duped by its own way of looking at things.

In this matter we have only *l'embarras du choix*, examples being so numerous that we can pick them up anywhere.

Who does not remember the story of the Golden Tooth mentioned by Fontenelle in his *Histoire des Oracles?* It may be somewhat ancient, but it is typical of things that have happened even in our own day. In 1595 a rumor was circulated that the first teeth of a child of seven, in Silesia, having come out of his mouth (as children's teeth do at that age), it was found that in place of one of his double teeth he had a tooth of gold. Horstius, professor of medicine in the University of Helmstad, wrote the history of this tooth in 1595, declaring that it was partly natural and partly miraculous, and that it had been sent by God to this young child to console Christians for the ravages of the Turks. One does not see exactly the relation between the tooth and the Turks, but the explanation was at once accepted seriously. In the same year Rullandus wrote a second account of the tooth, and two years later Ingolsterus, another *savant*, published a third, contradicting the first two treatises in many particulars. "Another great man, named Libabius," says Fontenelle, "collected all that had been said about the tooth, and to what others had written added his own individual impressions. Nothing was wanting in the story as put forth in these learned works, except proof that the tooth was really a tooth of gold. When at last a goldsmith examined it he found that a bit of gold-leaf had been very skilfully applied to the

child's natural tooth. But books had been written and theories constructed on the subject before any one had thought of consulting a goldsmith !" There has been more than one "gold tooth" in the annals of credulity, both ancient and modern.

Do you also remember the story of the rat with a trunk like an elephant or tapir ? Half a century ago a very learned naturalist was made the victim of a hoax concerning this new variety.

A zouave in Africa, who had little to do in the service of his government, amused himself by animal grafting, which he practised upon rats. He transferred a bit of a rat's tail to its nose, and the junction succeeded perfectly, as the same operation succeeds when a new nose is made upon a human face by a bit of skin taken from the forehead. A very learned man belonging to the Museum of Paris paid a large price for the first rat, which was sent him as a specimen of a new species. Others were forwarded to him, for which he also paid a generous sum ; nor was he undeceived until he attempted to increase the new breed of rodents by the association of males and females ; their progeny had no trunks, they were only ordinary vulgar rats of the known species.

We may here observe that the man of science being strictly honest (for there would be no science without honesty), was not in the habit of mistrusting the genuineness of the specimens he worked upon, and it is more easy to dupe such men than to deceive others. In astronomy, chemistry, physics, and geology, as well as in natural history, there are no scientific men who ever practise deception. A mathematician or geometrician always believes that 2 and 2 make 4, and that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right-angles. Unhappily, this confidence is not applicable to business nor to politics, nor to the usual vocations of people in this world.

I once knew an eminent geometrician, one of the most learned professors of the École Polytechnique, a member of the Institute, a man greatly distinguished, and highly re-

spected both for his intellect and for his moral qualities. But he was the dupe of the most audacious fraud than can be well imagined, and might stand as the perfect type of a man whose credulity could be beyond belief. A skilful forger, named Vrain-Lucas, knowing his enthusiasm as a collector of autographs, actually sold him, at immense prices, false autographs of Pascal, Newton, Galileo, Henry IV., and Francis I.; emboldened by success, he subsequently sold him letters of Charlemagne, and at last the autographs of Vercingetorix! . . . of Pythagoras! . . . of Archimedes! . . . of Cleopatra! Nay, he went so far as to sell him letters of Lazarus, who was raised from the dead, of Mary Magdelen, and even, I think, of our Saviour! In the course of seven years, 1862 to 1869, M. Michel Chasles bought from this imposter 27,000 such autographs, for the good round sum of 140,000 francs! Notwithstanding the skill and ability of the forger, there were from the first little things in the letters that should have thrown doubt on their authenticity. I remember among others a letter of Galileo's, in which he said that probably a remote planet might be found by observations made in the vicinity of Saturn. The man thus had the audacity to make Galileo predict in 1640 the discovery of Uranus, made by Herschel in 1781, and confounding the orbit with the celestial body that traversed it; the great Italian astronomer was made to say that the new planet would be found behind Saturn. I amused myself by calculating the position of Uranus at the time the letter was supposed to have been written. It was not even in the same part of the heavens as Saturn. I drew out a diagram, and went straight to the great geometrician to show him what nonsense Galileo had been made to say. To my immense astonishment M. Chasles replied that "that proved nothing," and that he was sure of the authenticity of Galileo's letter. He showed it to me. It was in a handwriting resembling that of Galileo, written on old yellow paper, with water-marks, and it was folded and covered with post-marks of that period. The deception was really complete. But to have made an astronomer say that Uranus was to be sought

for behind Saturn, a thing that only a school-boy could have asserted, was too much. The autograph collector became so blind that he purchased, a few months later, for ready money, a pass written by Vercingetorix, *in French!* for "the Emperor Julius Cæsar." I do not think there can be a more striking example of credulity to be met with elsewhere. In all such cases we may find a sharp object-lesson which we should do well to remember.

I address this warning to those who are less learned than my friend the collector, but who think themselves much wiser, people who say with confidence, "Such a thing could never happen to me!" No doubt it seems hard to slip suddenly down such a descent. But I have more than once observed that those who think themselves the wisest have their weak points. Some could not, for instance, eat a comfortable dinner if there were thirteen at table; some touch metal as soon as they apprehend a misfortune; some fear that they will fall ill if they break a looking-glass; some shudder if a salt-cellar is upset near them, or if two knives are laid across each other, etc. Persons have told me seriously, that changes of the moon had an influence on eggs, on women, on wine in bottles, on the growth of hair, and on the cutting down of timber. We need not be too sure of our wisdom!

How many persons still object to start upon a journey on a Friday, or on the thirteenth day of the month? Look at the receipts of railroads, tramways, and omnibus lines, and you will be astonished at the falling off on those days. Visit Paris and amuse yourself by looking round you, and you will see how few houses have number 13 in our streets, boulevards, and avenues; you will then remark how this unwelcome number has been replaced by 11 *bis*. This reminds us of the bi-sextile years in Rome, when a day was added surreptitiously at the end of February, but it had no name, *that it might be overlooked by the gods!* And have we never met persons who consult mediums of reputation at the *Foire des Jambons?*

Our ancestors in the Stone Age and the Age of Bronze trembled before all the forces of nature; they turned these

forces into divinities, and peopled fields, forests, fountains, valleys, caverns, grottos, and cottages with imaginary beings, whose memory to this day has not entirely disappeared, and who have left to us moderns an inheritance of superstition. There are such popular beliefs everywhere, and the most absurd prejudices still influence the actions of a large part of the human race.

There are people who persist in believing, as their ancestors did in the days of the Romans, that it is possible to avert storms by the tricks of sorcery. In 1870, in a village near Issoire, in the Puy de Dôme, a priest had the reputation of being able to protect his parish, and to send wind and hail storms over into other parts of the country. He might be seen, when a storm was threatening, at a window in the belfry of his church, making his incantations. When he died he was replaced by a *curé* who, unfortunately, entered on his functions just before a violent storm. The peasants, seeing the storm approach, had implored him to avert it, but he had not done so. From that day forward the nickname of *grêle-roux* (accomplice of the hail) was bestowed on him, and the people of his parish became so opposed to him that the bishop had to remove him elsewhere.

An old sailor living at Toulon, had, in 1885, the reputation of being able to call up a storm on the day fixed for the faithful to go to Mount Sicié on a pilgrimage to Notre Dame du Mai. People believed so firmly in his power that they carefully concealed the date on which they proposed to make the pilgrimage.

We might give other examples. The patron saint of Vieux-Beausset near Toulon, is St. Eutropéus. He was held to have power to bring rain *when he pleased.* A few years ago, one day in May, the keeper of the hermitage in which was the ancient statue of the saint, took him down from his pedestal, put him in the doorway, and began to belabor him with blows. A passer-by, astonished to see what he was about, asked the reason. "*Oh! moun bonan moussu,*" replied the sacristan, "*si lou menavi pas ensin n'en pourrie ren faire,*" which being interpreted is, "Oh! my good sir, if

I did not treat him this way I could do nothing with him." Soon after this rain fell, and the crops were saved.

On the 15th of July, 1899, near Albertville, in Savoy, the *curé* of Thénésol blessed a new cross, "the Cross of la belle Étoile," re-erected at the altitude of 1856 metres to replace the old cross which had been burned by the inhabitants of the neighboring commune of Scythenex, because they fancied that it kept off hail from the commune of Mercury-Germilly, in which it stood, which was not to their advantage. Three hundred people were present on the occasion, having made the journey in terribly hot weather.

M. Berenger-Férard relates in his interesting collection entitled *Superstitions et Survivances*, that in certain parts of Province midwives have an infallible recipe for curing children of whooping-cough. The child must be passed seven times in succession under the belly of an ass, from right to left, and never from left to right. There are asses in the country much renowned for their curative powers. A very good one was owned in the village of Luc, a few years ago, and its reputation was so great that children were brought to it from thirty miles around, from Draguïgnan and even from Cannes.

The same authority tells us that one of his friends having in 1887 visited a monastry in a certain great city of Provence, remembered that the statue of St. Joseph, which had long stood in the parlor of the community, had its face turned to the wall. He supposed at first that some careless servant had misplaced the saint, but, on asking about it, was informed that St. Joseph was being punished for not having granted the prayers that had been addressed to him. The visitor inquired further, and was told that he had been asked to inspire a certain neighbor, who was very pious, with the idea of leaving in his will a piece of land to the community, which it was very important for it to possess. The pious neighbor had likewise been informed that "if St. Joseph remained deaf to the prayers of the community he would be put down into the cellar and there flogged." The author adds: "I could hardly believe my ears, and yet I had to accept the evidence of facts, for more than twenty persons afterwards assured me that

they knew of such a castigation having been inflicted on the saint. I also learned further that in certain towns of the Bouches du Rhône, in the Lyonnais, and even in Paris, this practice had been put in force in the same community. All these things taken together make it impossible to doubt the punishment of refractory saints, however astonishing it may appear to be."

At Toulon, about 1850, a woman having a very sick child prayed before a superb ivory crucifix that she possessed, and which she held in the greatest reverence and regard. It probably was part of the pillage of some nobleman's château during the Revolution, for it was of great artistic value. But the child died notwithstanding the mother's prayers, *neuvaines*, and wax tapers that she burned upon the altar. In her despair the woman seized the crucifix, and said to the figure that hung on it:

"Deceiver! is it thus thou wouldst answer my prayers? Then see what I will do to thee!"

And suiting her action to her words, she flung the crucifix out of an open window.

Saint Simon relates in his memoirs that, at the siege of Namur, in 1692, it rained so heavily on St. Mídard's day (the French St. Swithin), that the soldiers infuriated because it portended forty days of rain, turned their anger against the saint, and burned every image and picture of him that fell into their hands.

Sometimes such matters were treated in a spirit of gayety, even when a *neuvaine*, or perhaps two, did not put a stop to rain. In the days when Paris attended the "hunt of St. Geneviève," her statue was supposed to have influence on the weather, when it was carried in procession from the church of St. Étienne-du-Mont to Notre Dame. The procession one day had hardly started when rain began to fall heavily. "The saint has made a mistake," whispered the bishop of Castres to his next neighbor; "she fancies we are asking her for rain."

Baron Hausser, in his travels in Italy, heard the following conversation in a street in Naples:

"How is your child?"

"Not any better. His fever is still bad."

"You must have a taper burned to St. Gertrude."

"I have. It was no use."

"What chapel did you go to?"

"The one in the Via di Toledo."

"Ah! my poor woman, that St. Gertrude is *the very worst* in all Naples. You can get nothing out of her. Go to the church in the Piazza dei Capucini. You will see that *that* St. Gertrude is much kinder to poor people."

In that same city of Naples, those who have been present at the miracle of the liquification of the blood of St. Jannarius, know how many of the faithful among the spectators grow nervous and impatient when it is slow to appear. In 1872 I came near getting myself into trouble by looking too closely at the famous reliquary exposed to the adoration of the crowd. Everybody knows the story of General Championnet in 1799.

A few years since, when visiting the crypt of the Vièrge Noire, at Chartres, I entered for a moment into conversation with a peasant woman who was coming out of the church. "Oh, monsieur," she said, "this Virgin is not so great a lady as Notre Dame des Victoires, in Paris, but she listens much more favorably to us." This opinion reminded me of Louis XI. taking from the band of his hat the little leaden image of Notre Dame d'Embrun, replacing it by that of Notre Dame de Cléri, and addressing to the latter at once his royal prayers, with full confidence that she would hear him.

Popular superstitions are so widespread that one meets them everywhere. I was passing not long ago through an old village built in the Middle Ages, perched like an eagle's nest on a rugged mountain in the Department of the Alpes-Maritimes, and when I went into the church the physician of the place, a learned archæologist, who was with me, pointed out to me a box into which the faithful flung little notes, accompanied by some small offering, addressed to St. Anthony of Padua, whom they implored to help them to recover

lost things. The answer came back, very often written on the same paper as the note, and placed in a niche very near.

Credulity takes all forms. The superstitions which relate to customs, and so forth, concerning marriages, are among the most numerous and surprising, and it may be interesting to mention some of them.

In the village of Banduen, in Provence, there is a rock which forms an inclined plane. On the fête day of the patron saint of the district, young girls who wish to be married have from time immemorial come to slide down this rock, which is now as polished as marble.

In the village of St. Aurs, in the Basses-Alpes, there is another stone down which young girls slide who wish to find a husband, and young wives who wish to bear a son.

At Loches, barren women come and slide down the "grindstone of St. Aurs," a stone like those at Banduen and the Basses-Alpes. This practice is far older than the present day. Is was in use in ancient Greece, and is still in great favor in Tunis.

The pilgrimage to Sainte Baume, between Marseilles and Toulon, has, for a thousand years, been held to promote marriage and to insure children. It is the object of most sincere devotion among the peasant women of Provence.

In many parts of France young girls who wish to be married fling willow leaves or wooden pegs into fountains. If the leaf swims straight with the current, or if the peg floats, the young lady will be sought in marriage before the end of the year.

Near Guérande, in Brittany, young girls put bits of pink wool into crevices in Druidical stones, that they may be married within a year.

At St. Junien-des-Courbes in the Haute-Vienne, they invoke St. Eutropius, and hang a garter from their left leg upon a cross.

In the little town of Oisans in the Isère they go in the month of June to a chapel on the mountain of Brandes, near which is a tall stone in the shape of a sugar loaf; they kneel before it, touching it devoutly with their knees.

At Laval, in the church of Avesnières, there is a great statue of St. Christopher, in whose legs young girls stick pins if they wish to be married that year.

Near Perros, in Normandy, in the chapel of St. Guiriez, girls go on pilgrimages to get married, and stick pins in the saint's nose to induce him to favor them.

In the valley of Lunain, in the Seine-et-Marne, there is a Druid stone called *Pierre frite*, into which young men anxious to marry stick nails or pins.

Near Troyes, young girls who want a husband place a pin on a mound called the Cross of Beigne.

Near Verdun, wives who desire to have children go and sit upon a rock, where is the outline of a sitting woman. The village people call it St. Lucy's chair. They believe that this act will be favorable to their wishes, and it seems that Anne of Austria once seated herself there before the birth of Louis XIV. There is a similar thing at Sampiques in the Meuse.

In the Ardennes the protection of St. Philomena is of most service to those who do not wish to be old maids;—*de coiffer Ste. Catherine.*

At Bourges not long ago might be seen in the Rue Cheorière in the Faubourg du Château, a statue of the good St. Gréluchon, in a niche in the wall of a house, from which wives desirous of maternity used to scratch the dust that they might make a drink with it that would promote fecundity. At Poligny, in the Jura, young wives go for the same reason to embrace a tall stone, which tradition says is the petrifaction of a giant who once tried to violate a young maiden.

At Dourgues, in the Tarn, near the chapel of St. Ferréol, are rocks with holes through them;—if lame persons or paralytics can get through these openings they will be cured. In the cellar of the church at Kimperlé is a tall upright stone with a hole in it, through which if any one can pass he is cured of headache. In the Lande of Saint Siméon, in the Orno, sick people climb over a Druid stone which is said to have virtue to cure a great number of maladies.[1]

[1] Beranger-Férand *Superstitions et Survivances.* A beautiful story by

M. Martinel found almost fifty fountains whose wonderful properties seem to have been held in respect from time immemorial. He has taken great pains to collect the legends of Brittany and Berry, where such stories are still told after dark at sewing-circles. That part of the world was famous for witches who held intercourse with wolves, for were-wolves, and for fortune-tellers. Certain places to this day are the object of superstitious terrors there are forests full of witches, who all night wash their clothes, and there are marshes full of will-o'-the-wisps. At nightfall the darkest parts of the woods are filled with mysterious noises, lugubrious phantoms glide among the trees, which are shaken by some invisible hand. Woe to the mortal who strays into these dark retreats! He will never get out again.

Villagers and cottagers in lower Berry still believe in the existence of giants, who formerly inhabited the country, and who raised the natural or artificial mounds so numerous in that region, These giants are personified Gargantua, whose story (popular not only in the part of the Indre that touches on the Creuse, but all over western France) was known long before that of the hero of Rabelais. Rabelais most probably borrowed the myth and the name from legends in Saintonge, Poitou, and lower Berry, places where he lived for some time.

The memory of the fairy folk is still kept fresh in many parts of Berry. It is fairies who almost everywhere raised *dolmens* and *menhirs*. (*Dolmens* are great Druid stones, one stone resting on the top of two others, like a kind of altar, and *menhirs* are tall stones standing alone.) These stones, notwithstanding their enormous weight, the fairies carried in their gauze aprons. They are generally spoken of as Fades, Fadées, Martes, and Marses. In some places, however, they are mentioned with respect as Dames and Demoiselles, as they are in southern France. They may be seen wandering about at night, celebrating mysterious rites in grottos and on rocks, round the *dolmens* and *menhirs* scattered over the

George Sand, less known than it deserves to be, called "Nanon," gives a full account of these superstitions, the folk lore, and the fairy lore of rural Berry.—THE TRANSLATOR.

landscape which borders on the wild and picturesque country of la Creuze, Bouzanne, Anglin, and Portefeuille.

Martes are tall, hideous women, very lean, scantily clad, with long, black, wiry hair. Their breasts are flabby and pendent. From the top of the slab that crowns a *dolmen*, or from the uppermost peak upon a *menhir*, they often call at nightfall to the shepherds and laborers, and if these do not at once respond to their advances, they rush after them, flinging their breasts back over their shoulders. Woe to the man who does not fly fast enough; they will force him to submit to their vile embraces. Their husbands, brothers, or lovers are called Martes also, or Marses, and are the giants of superhuman strength who quarried stones for the *dolmens* and the *menhirs*.

The Fades are much gentler and much nicer than the Martes. They generally occupy themselves with the flocks. It is their charge to watch over the many treasures hidden away in strange, subterranean places, whose entrance is closed by the *menhirs* and *dolmens*. Their power, however, only lasts a year. It expires on Palm Sunday.

At Vertolaye, in Auvergne, there is a rocking stone, where mothers bring sickly children to make them robust, or, as they say, solid as a stone, and with full use of their limbs.

Near Saint Valery-en-Caux may be seen on the beach the ruins of an ancient chapel to St. Léger, nothing of which now remains but its square belfry. Weakly children are brought to it and made to walk five times round the ruins, that they may have a light step.

St. Hubert protects hunters, St. Roch cures hydrophobia, St. Corneille takes care of beasts, St. Cloud cures boils, St. Aignan cures ringworm. These beliefs are very ancient. Pausanias relates that at Hyetta, in Bœotia, there was a temple of Hercules with a rough stone which cured sickness, and at Alpenus a stone consecrated to Neptune had the same property, etc.

I have sometimes been present, in the environs of Paris, at Morsang-sur-Orge, not far from Juvisy, at the midsummer

fête, the fête of the summer solstice, St. John's Day. This fête was once pagan, now it has been christianized, but it keeps its ancient impress. When the sun, the end of life, has gone down into the bright west, and twilight spreads over the earth, a great bonfire is prepared on the open square before the church; a beautiful pine-tree is brought from the forest, the priest comes out of the church, followed by the choristers and choir-boys, and after he has blessed the pile made ready for the bonfire, they light it, and the flame crackles and ascends. All the village is there. The boys and girls draw near, waiting till the fire has burned down; then the girls have to jump over the hot ashes without burning themselves. The boldest and most agile is most applauded; she will be married before the end of the year. Then the brands are carried off, before they are quite consumed. They are kept in the peasants' cottages, which they preserve (like the blessed palms brought from the churches on Palm Sunday) from fire and lightning.

Many place a naïve confidence in these customs, handed down by tradition—traditions as old as the days of the Gauls and Romans. The custom has been kept up for fifteen or perhaps eighteen centuries. The St. John's fire is to this day lighted in almost every part of France; as I write, I say to myself, "am I not writing of Gaul?"

Who has not heard of the little cakes called the *crêpes* of Chandeleur? They bring good luck to agriculture, to commerce, and to all other enterprises; they must be made without fail on one particular day (the 2d of February). Napoleon, before he left for Russia, made *crêpes*, and said, laughing, "If I turn over this one safely I shall win my first battle; and this other one I shall win the second!" He turned over one, two, three, but the fourth fell in the fire—"presaging," says an historian, "the burning of Moscow."

In Berry, at la Châtelette, St. Guignolet makes women bear children; at Bourges this office is done for them by St. Guerlichon; at Bourg-Dieu it is St. Guerlichon; at Vendres, in the Attier, it is St. Fontin; at Auxerre, St. Faustin, etc. In spite of opposition from the *curés*, women scratch marble

dust from a certain part of the bodies of these saints, and drink this dust in a glass of water.

At Gargilesse, in the Creuse, when the *curé* has taken down the statue of St. Guernichon, which had long stood in the church, women who desire to become mothers, now scratch the marble statue on the tomb of Guillaume de Naïllac, which it seems is getting worn away by the new use it is put to. At Rocamadour, in the Rouergne, women not satisfied with their husbands, go to the church door, which they kiss, and at the same time rattle the great bolt, or else they touch a bar of iron called the sword of Roland.

At Antwerp, women afflicted with sterility have recourse to the holy prepuce of Jesus Christ, sent to them for this very purpose from Jerusalem by Godfrey de Bouillon, Marquis of Antwerp, in hope of making their ancient pagan worship of "Le Ters" an object of piety, known under another name to Roman ladies.[1] There is an especial brotherhood devoted to the service of this relic of the circumcision, a feast day which once most illogically began our Christian calendar.

In many provinces of France the people still believe in various kinds of sorcery. In Provence, for example, they believe in the tying of knots in *aiguillettes,* which is supposed to prevent the consummation of a marriage; in Italy they believe in the evil eye, and in Alsace in were-wolves. They also believe in charms, which can annul enchantments. At Toulon dress-makers sew salt into the hems of wedding-dresses, salt being supposed to insure the future happiness of the newly married pair.

In Paris the coffer mark has also its adepts, and, as in Rome in the days of Tiberius, they continue to consult men who draw up horoscopes which predict the future fate of a child by astrological rules concerning the position of stars and planets on the day of its birth. Astrologers exist still. Now how can any one believe in the value of a horoscope when we know that at least one child is born into the world every second in some part of the globe? that is sixty every

[1] This relic is also shown in Rome at St. John Lateran.

minute, or about 3600 every hour, say 86,400 a day; so that, if the stars had any real influence over destiny, ten children born at the same moment would have the same future: a queen and a farm servant-girl who became mothers at the same moment would give birth to two beings whose fate would be governed by the same laws.

Belief in amulets, charms, medals, and scapularies is still as much alive among civilized people as it is among savages, in France as on the Congo or in the Soudan. Any one who wishes to know more of it may read the books of Monseigneur de Ségur, Dom Guérenger, or that of the Abbé de St. Paul, on the Cross of St. Benedict, which, blessed by Pope Benedict XIV., will cure everything, toothache, sore throat, and headache; will purify water in the wells, make trees put forth their leaves, stops conflagrations, protects horses, cows, cats, fowls, trees, vines, lamp-glasses, etc., etc. I am not inventing any of these things. Here are a few quotations from the record:

"A cow had a violent cough," writes Dom Guérenger (in his *Cross of St. Benedict,* p. 72), "she did not eat and gave no milk. A visitor made the mark of the cross on her forehead; using a formula that the medal prescribed. He recommended that the medal should be steeped in water with a little bran, which the cow should be made to drink every day till she was cured; and he hung up another medal in the stable. A few weeks later he had the satisfaction of hearing that the cow had completely recovered."

The same medal has an influence on trees. "I cut away all the large branches and left only the trunk of my tree," writes the author of the book called *Origine et effets admirables de la croix de St. Benoit,*" the Abbé de St. Paul, "the cut of the saw having shown me that the branches were really dead, I placed at once a Cross of St. Benedict under the bark, at the same time praying to the saint to make my fine tree revive, for it was the admiration of all the country round. In the spring it put forth as usual its luxuriant foliage."

During the Commune, these medals, slipped into the bar-

ricade of the Rue de Rivoli, preserved the Naval Department as well as the repository of maps and plans from destruction.[1]

Who does not know the history of the Holy Tear of Vendôme, a tear shed by Jesus at the grave of Lazarus, caught up by an angel, and kept in a golden coffer; for ages it has been the occasion of many miracles at Vendôme, and has been a great source of revenue. Then there is the hair of the Virgin Mary, shown in Naples! And the robe without seam, woven from the top throughout, which is offered to the adoration of the faithful in the church at Argenteuil, and *also* at Treves, etc., etc.?

Credulity is everywhere. See how many wax tapers are burnt in churches before pictures and images of saints, that they may obtain from heaven the cure of some sick person, good fortune in business, success in an examination, etc. The wax tapers representing many prayers addressed to heaven, do they not remind one of the prayer wind-mills that the people of Thibet rely upon to draw down divine blessings?

Everybody knows the history of Notre Dame de Lorette, the house of the Virgin Mary, the Santa Casa which was transported, it is said, from Nazareth to Loretto in 1294,

[1] See Paul Parfait's *D'Arsenal de la Dêvotion, et le Dossier des Peterinages.* I might cite a great many more instances of superstition. St. Antony of Padua, at the present moment, seems to be in great favor. The chief Catholic newspaper, *La Croix*, said on September 7, 1899, "385 letters have this week been placed in the box of St. Antony, 8 Rue François I. They returned thanks to him, or they implored his aid for various blessings; 72 cures, 104 spiritual mercies, 227 temporal favors; for 81 conversions, 59 cases of employment, 317 especial mercies, 12 vocations, 302 other favors; for blessings on 32 schools, on 47 religious houses, on 100 houses of business for 8 lost objects, for 106 young men, and for 8 parishes." A poor workman, father of eight children, had promised 5 francs to St. Antony of Padua if he recovered, and, finding himself better, sent the sum, and prayed the saint not to let him have a return of the same suffering.—(*Loir et Cher*) "I send you franc 50, the sum we promised to pay every month for protection to our crops and trade," etc. The accounts made up November 11, 1899, show that this house had received, in gifts to St. Antony, 1,800,000 francs in its treasury, besides money left by will.

after having tarried for awhile in Dalmatia. The church which contains it was finished by Brauvante, under the pontificate of Julius II., in 1513. The Santa Casa, which is built of bricks, measures 10 metres, 60 in length, 4.36 in width, and 6.21 in height. (The metre is a little more than a yard.) Not long since it was not "good form" to doubt the authenticity of this house, or its miraculous transportation through the air and over the Adriatic Sea.

Nowadays Notre Dame de Lourdes has taken the place of Notre Dame de Lorette. Those who take charge of the affair at Lourdes take no pains to conceal their own contempt for the credulity of worshippers. This may be seen by reading the inscription they have engraved in golden letters on a marble slab, in which the "Mother of God" says, addressing little Bernadette: "Do me the kindness to come back here;" and again, "I trust many will come hither;" and again, "come wash in this water, and eat of this grass."

It is quite common to meet with persons who deny any belief in the questions now before us, but who quietly accept things still more startling, for instance, the story of the deluge that overwhelmed the earth, of which it is written that the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened and rain was upon the earth for forty days and forty nights . . . and the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, fifty cubits upward did the waters prevail, and the high hills that were in the midst of the whole heaven were covered." For one hundred and fifty days the Ark floated on the waters, with Noah, his family, and the animals, male and female, that he had taken with him. No story in the *Arabian Nights* seems more amazing, but the faithful have accepted it, as it stands, as literal truth, as they have done the miracle of Joshua causing the sun to stand still.

And in the subjects upon which we have here to speak—stories of apparitions, manifestations, dreams, presentiments, experiences in hypnotism and spiritualism—how great a field is given to credulity! I knew an officer of great merit who never doubted the presence of those whose names were rapped

out on his table, and who held discourse with Newton and Spinoza after breakfast every Sunday. I knew another who discussed social philosophy with Jean Valjean, never remembering that that personage is fictitious, owing his origin solely to Victor Hugo's imagination. A great lady of mature age, and very intelligent, who had been intimately associated with Lord Byron, used to call him up every Saturday evening that she might consult him as to her investments and business affairs. A doctor of medicine of the Faculty of Paris chose as his associates in the other world Dante and Beatrice, who came regularly to converse with him, but "never *together*," he said, "because they were forbidden to approach each other." A medium who was more than ordinarily extravagant had had twelve children and lost seven. Every month he inquired of the lost concerning their health and what they were doing, and carefully wrote down all he was told. Another called up "the soul of the earth," which responded, and directed all his thoughts, etc.

Spiritualism, like religion, has been put to many uses with which it has but very slight connection. It has made marriages, real or temporary; it has imposed on human weakness, and it has made wills. I knew a woman, once very charming, who became rich and married a marquis because she made a table say to the man whose name she coveted that his first wife pointed her out as her successor. I knew a widow whose baby was announced and accepted before its birth as the reincarnation of a lost child whom she had dearly loved, and afterward the way was pointed out to her for a second marriage. I knew another woman who, under pretence of spiritualism, sells cabalistic rings, with which she professes to cure all maladies, etc., etc.

A very good story is that of "*Le Diable au diu neuvième siècle*," a pretended revelation of freemasonry, by Diana Vaughan, which mystified a large part of the French clergy, several bishops, two cardinals, and even Pope Leo XIII., though the whole of it was a forgery by Leo Taxil, as he cynically told the world in 1897. The appearance of devils and she-devils among the freemasons, in impious and obscene

ceremonials, had been taken seriously and as truth by grave theologians.

But political credulity, it must be owned, is even more far-reaching than that of religion. When we remember that at this very moment Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Englishmen, and Austrians, etc., believe that they all ought to be soldiers and live in filthy barracks, passing their time in grotesque exercises, and also that all citizens in European countries spend for the glory of maintaining imaginary frontiers, traced out on paper, sixteen million francs a day, to keep men from staying in their own homes and minding their own business, one feels that verily the age of reason has not yet dawned on our poor little planet, and that voluntary slavery is part of the patrimony of the human race.

Yes, we are still imperfect, and human credulity offers no subject as worthy our attention as the incredulity that springs from fixed ideas. How difficult, therefore, it is to keep a just balance, and quietly to follow the dictates of pure reason!

Yes, credulity exists everywhere, forming a balance perpetually with unbelief. Let us beware of both of them. The augurs of antiquity are not yet all dead; progress has not killed the successors of those priests of old who predicted what was to happen by the entrails of victims, nor has it given up belief in presages. The human mind does not move quickly in matters of intelligence. I may here add, too, with Humboldt, that presumptuous scepticism, which rejects facts without investigating them, is more blameworthy in some respects than irrational credulity.

It would be easy to multiply examples. I merely wish to point out in this second chapter that we ought to be on our guard against *credulity*, just as we should be against *incredulity*. Both run to excess in opposite directions; we should keep ourselves distant from both of them while engaged in examining the extraordinary facts of which we are about to speak.

Let us deny nothing, let us assert nothing, let us observe impartially. That probably is the most difficult position we

can maintain in this order of things. For my own part, I beg those who may be tempted to accuse me either of credulity or incredulity, not to do so lightly, and not to forget that I am always on my guard against either extreme. I uphold no theory. I AM A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

## CHAPTER III

### OF TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATIONS MADE BY THE DYING, AND OF APPARITIONS

*Des faits! Pas de phrases.*

We have thus far placed ourselves on guard against two intellectual tendencies that hinder a free search for truth—incredulity and credulity—and we will take great care to keep our minds in a free and independent state, which is more indispensable than it has ever been in the kind of studies to which we are about to apply ourselves. At each step we shall knock up against one or more of our habitual scientific ideas, and shall be forced to reject facts and to deny them without sufficient examination. At every moment, too, when once caught in the current, we shall feel that we are gliding too fast into acceptation of insufficiently explained phenomena, and we shall be liable to fall into the absurdity of looking for the causes of what never existed. May the positive spirit of the experimental method to which our human race, though still so base and barbarous, owes what little progress it has made, not abandon us in our present researches.

I know well that the experimental method itself is not perfect; that it has even led eminent psychologists to doubting about everything. Taine has taught us that "exterior perception is a pure hallucination," and that in our normal condition we, although we may be healthy and reasonable, have nothing but "a series of hallucinations which lead to nothing." Berkeley, John Stuart Mill, and Bain have declared that bodies have no real existence, which our own minds, under illusion, have transformed into substances; and so with other things around us. According to these three philoso-

phers there is nothing real in a stone, in a bit of iron, in a tree, or in an animal. One of our most profound French mathematicians, whom I questioned recently on the subject, assured me that in his opinion there was nothing real but sensations. How can you have sensations without a sentient being? Therefore, such a being must exist. If we admitted my friend's theory, the universe itself would exist only in the imagination of men, and, consequently, could have had no existence until there were men upon the earth. I rather think that such is the opinion of my very gifted friend, Anatole France, and some of his contemporaries. Now astronomy and geology prove—without going further to seek—that this world existed before man. And, then, if you admit your own sensations, you cannot but admit those of your neighbors. Therefore your neighbor exists as much as you, and other beings must exist too, and likewise things. We had better keep clear of too much transcendental reasoning. Zeno of Elea once demonstrated that an arrow in flight is motionless, and Democritus that snow is a black substance.

Let us not indulge ourselves in the delights of paradox. No doubt it is a very amusing game, and raises us for a time above vulgar common-sense, but the younger Alexander Dumas has shown us by his own example that the spirit of paradox is not without its dangers, and that it sometimes leads to what is absolutely false. Let us try, therefore, to be serious, and upon our best behavior.

In order to know what we are about in the mysterious world that we are now going to enter, and to draw some instructive observations from what we find there, we will begin by a methodical classification of phenomena, and group together those which seem alike, endeavoring to educe conclusions from them which may seem to us well founded. This object is worth some pains. It has relations to ourselves, to our nature, our existence, and our future state. These questions ought to be interesting to us. But of course there are people who will shake their heads and laugh, and who will feel superb contempt for our endeavor. I hear them say:

"You know perfectly well that such so-called glimpses beyond our ordinary horizon are only imaginary, because for us death ends all."

But, no—we don't know it; nor you, either. You know nothing about it, and your affirmations, like your negations, are mere words. All human aspirations protest against annihilation. Ideality, dreams, hope, and justice cannot be pure illusions any more than the bodies that we wear on earth. Has not *feeling* the same right to be taken into consideration as reason? Whatever may be our conclusions, we are confronted by a real and important problem. "The immortality of the soul," wrote Pascal, "is a thing so important that only those who have lost all feeling can rest indifferent to it, can be content to know if it is not, or if it is." Why need we despair of ever knowing the nature of the thinking principle which impels us to know whether it will survive the death and destruction of our bodies? Will the investigations upon which we are about to enter give us any certain ideas upon this subject? Possibly they may.

However that may be, I beg my readers when they peruse these lines to be, if possible, neither too fixed in their opinions (*intransigeants*), radicals, atheists, materialists, Jews, Protestants, Catholics, nor Mohammedans, but simply to think for themselves. I am making an attempt to *instruct*, nothing more. I have in this work no personal aim. Some of my best friends assure me that I shall compromise myself if I go too earnestly into that inquiry, that it is an act of imprudence, that it shows too much courage, and, in a word, is very rash. I beg these good friends to consider that I am nothing—nothing at all but a *seeker after truth*, and that to all that may be written, said, or thought about me I am absolutely indifferent. No interest, no outside influences have guided my steps.

It may be also objected that the subjects of which I treat have been objects of search for many centuries, that nothing hitherto has been found out, and that therefore nothing ever will be found. According to such reasoning no knowledge could ever have been gained.

"*Vitum impendere vero,*" (Let us consecrate our lives to truth.) This was the motto of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Can there be a more noble one for any philosopher, for any thinker?

We will try to draw up a statement like the legal inquiry of a *juge d'instruction* in a French criminal case, for it will contain human elements which we must take into account, and these phenomena are not so simple as an astronomical observation nor an experiment in physics. Our first duty will be to follow a strict method of study, and to begin by a classification of the facts to be examined.

We will commence by instances of telepathic manifestations from the DYING. I say *manifestations*, not merely apparitions, that I may gather together a number of facts of which visible apparitions from only a portion.

The word *telepathy* has been known to the public for some years. It was etymologically constructed like the words telescope, telegraph, telephone, from the Greek roots τηλε, far off, and πάθος, sensation. Sympathy and antipathy have the same etymological derivation. It simply means, therefore, "to be warned by some kind of sensation of a thing which is passing at a distance."[1] In the course of the facts with which we are about to deal we meet at every step uncertain or exaggerated stories, doubtful accounts, and observations that have no value because they show no critical spirit. We must therefore proceed with extreme prudence—I was about to write *mistrust*—in admitting these facts, and we should throw out at once all that appear to us uncertain. In this case, more, perhaps, than in any other, we need to take into account the judgment, the knowledge, and the moral and intellectual value of the persons who report them. A love of the extraordinary or the marvellous may sometimes transform into fantastic events very ordinary happenings which could be explained in the easiest way in the world. I know persons

[1] The word telesthesia would be preferable and more exact, for πάθος indicates a morbid state, a state of sickness, which has nothing to do with this subject, while αἴσθησις means sensitiveness or sensibility. We have nothing to do with pathological cases.

who might tell me stories for a year, with a great expenditure of apparent proofs and eloquent demonstrations, and of all their narratives I should not believe a word, any more than I do the protestations of certain deputies and cabinet ministers. There are others, on the contrary, whose character at once inspires us with confidence, a confidence which events are sure to justify. In my search for facts to be studied on this subject these principles of elementary prudence have carefully guided me, and I hope I have never relied on any report unless I could feel that its authenticity was vouched for by the enlightened scientific spirit of those who have had the goodness to trust it to me, or been guided at least by my own knowledge of their sound judgment and good faith.

I will lay before my readers, in the first place, a number of things observed by various persons, of which we will attempt, as I have said, a methodical classification. In drawing up this statement on which we are to form a judgment, we need a large number of authentic *facts* before our eyes. Explanations and theories will come afterwards. We are workmen pursuing the experimental plan.

We will begin by certain manifestations, strange and inexplicable, made to the living, who were far away, by their dying friends at the moment of dissolution; we do not speak of the *dead,* and our readers should observe the distinction.

We begin by manifestations from the dying made to persons in a normal state of health, wide awake—not during sleep, nor in dreams. There are manifestations that are made in dreams which ought not to be considered as of no value, but they will be considered in another chapter.

My excellent friend General Parmentier, one of our most distinguished and most trusted *savants,* sends me the two following facts, which occurred in his own family.[1]

[1] M. Parmentier is an artillery officer, a general of division, president of the French alliance for the promotion of the French language in foreign countries, vice-president of the Astronomical Society of France and of the Geographical Society, former president of the committee of fortifications, a pupil of the Écóle Polytechnique, grand officer of the Legion of

I. "Several persons had met for a breakfast-party given at Andlau in Alsace. They waited for the master of the house, who had gone out hunting; but time passed and they sat down at table without him, his wife saying it could not be long before he came in. They began breakfast very merrily, expecting every minute to see the too-zealous votary of St. Hubert appear. But time went on. Every one was astonished at the length of the delay, when suddenly, though the day was calm and the heavens blue, the window of the dining-room, which was wide open, was shut violently with a great noise, and opened wide again immediately. The guests were surprised, astonished that this could have happened without overturning a decanter of water which was standing on a table close to the window, but the decanter remained undisturbed. Those who had seen it and heard the noise could not understand anything of what had occurred. 'Something dreadful has happened!' cried the lady of the house, rising from the table. The breakfast was suspended. Three-quarters of an hour later the dead body of the sportsman was brought in on a stretcher. He had received a load of shot full in his heart. He died immediately, having only time to exclaim: "My wife! my poor children!"

Now here is a fact whose coincidence has to be explained. At first its details seem commonplace and absurd. What signified the strange movement of the window? And what had it to do with the young man's death? Would it not be mere loss of time to treat so insignificant an incident as a serious matter?

The frogs of Galvani were also insignificant, so was the saucepan of Papin, but electricity and steam are of vast importance.

Not long ago lightning struck a man who was out in an open field, but did him no harm except to tear off his shoes and fling them twenty yards away, pulling out every one of the nails in their soles.

Lightning another time completely stripped a young peasant girl, leaving her naked lying on the ground. Her clothes were found afterwards hanging in a tree.

Another time it killed a laborer at the very moment when he was putting a piece of bread into his mouth for his break-

Honor, etc. I mention these things that such of my readers as do not know him personally may judge of his character and what he has accomplished.

fast. He remained in the same position. When some one came up to him and touched him, he crumbled to ashes, but his clothes were not burned.

The freaks of nature ought not to prevent our studying its phenomena. But very much the contrary.

No doubt on first hearing the story of the sportsman at Andlau, our immediate impulse would be to deny the facts at once. But certainly it is not to be supposed that the story could have been invented in all its parts, nor that it could be wholly false, for the circumstances contained in it and the character of the narrator at once put an end to that idea. But we might suggest that the movement of the window had been occasioned by some common cause, a breeze, a shock, a cat, or something of the kind, and that its coincidence with the sportsman's tragic death made it seem, after the event, of more importance. We can hardly, however, accept this supposition, because the mistress of the house and her guests were so impressed by it.

Here is what seems to me to be the fact :

The window was not shut, the bottle of water proves it, and this circumstance was remarked at the time. Before beginning to analyze these facts we may consider if the lady and the other persons present could not have had an *illusion* both of sight and sound, the *sensation* of a phenomenon that was taking place, and that their brains had been deeply impressed by something exterior to themselves.

We might think that this something exterior to themselves was the psychic force of the dying man, whom they were every moment expecting, who should have been sitting with them at table ; might he not have been transported thither in thought, which in that effort exhausted its last energy? Wireless telegraphy.

Why is it manifested in this fashion ?

How could the cerebral impression have been made on more than one person at once ?

How ? Why ?

*Tes pourquoi, dit le dieu, ne finiraient jamais.*

We are in the midst of a mystery, and all we can do is to

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form an hypothesis. Of course, if this story stood by itself, we might pass it over without notice, but it is one of a great number of similar experiences that we have here to relate, many of them still more remarkable. Let us for the present say no more about explanations but continue.

Here is a second instance of telepathic transmission at the moment of death, not less singular, probably more so, which I owe to the kindness of General Parmentiere who vouches for its authenticity.

II. "We were at Schlestadt in the Department of the Bas-Rhine. It was a warm summer night. The door of communication between the bedroom and the *salon* had been left open, and in the *salon* two windows had been raised and were kept open by chairs whose backs touched them. The father and mother of M. Parmentier were asleep.

"Suddenly Madame Parmentier was awakened by her bed being shaken from top to bottom. She was astonished and somewhat alarmed; she woke her husband, and told him what had occurred.

"Suddenly a second shock took place, this time very violent. General Parmentier's father thought it was an earthquake, though earthquakes are very rare in Alsace. He got up, lit a candle, and seeing nothing unusual went to bed again. But, immediately after, the bed was again shaken violently; then came a great noise in the next room, as if the windows were shut violently and all their panes were broken. The earthquake seemed to continue worse than ever. M. and Madame Parmentier got out of bed and went to examine what mischief had been done in the *salon;* they found nothing. The windows were wide open, the chairs were in their places, the night was calm, the sky clear and full of stars. There was neither earthquake nor wind-storm, the noise and commotion had been *fictitious.* M. and Madame Parmentier lived *au premier;* on the *rez-de-chaussée*, on the floor below them, lived an elderly woman whose wardrobe creaked abominably every time she opened or shut the door. This disagreeable creak they had heard among the noises, and had asked each other what could induce the old lady at that hour to be opening and shutting her wardrobe door.

"When they found that there had been nothing to cause noise or confusion in the *salon*, that the windows were still open and the furniture unmoved, Madame Parmentier grew frightened. She began to think something had happened to her friends, to her father or mother, who, having been recently married, she had left shortly before at Strasbourg, and who were all, as she thought, in perfect health.

"But she soon after heard that her old governess, whom she had not seen since her marriage, and who had gone back to Vienna to her family

in Austria, had died *that same night*, and that before she died she had several times expressed regret that she had been separated from her dear pupil, for whom she had a warm attachment."

This is a second fact, which has some analogy with the other, and which seems to show the same things. An impression sent from the brain of a dying person impressed the brain of another more than three hundred miles away, and gave it the sensation of extraordinary and unusual noises. Could this impression have struck either directly or through sympathy the brains of two persons at the same time?

When next day Madame Parmentier asked her neighbor in the *rez-de-chaussée* if she had opened her creaking closet in the middle of the night, if she had been shaken in her bed, and if she had heard unusual noises, the answer was no, and she added that, being an old woman, she was a poor sleeper, and if anything unusual had occurred she must have known it. The psychic despatch had therefore reached only the two beings *en rapport* with the dying woman from whom it came.

No doubt we feel surprise at the materialness, the commonplaceness, the vulgarity even, of this manifestation, and we can also say, M. and Madame Parmentier's senses deceived them; it was an hallucination without a cause; it was mere chance, a mere coincidence. But it is our duty to look into things without previous prejudice for or against them, and to seek to discover, if possible, the laws that control them.

Let us go on, for the value of our facts is increased by their accumulation, since we are dealing with coincidences.

III. M. André Bloch, a young musician of great talent, who took the *prix de Rome*, and is a member of the Astronomical Society of France, sent me recently a fact of the same kind, that came under his observation in 1896:

"My dear Master,—It was in June, 1896. My mother came to Rome to join me during the last two years of my residence in Italy, and she lived near the Académie de France, in a family *pension* in the Via Gregoriana, where you yourself once lived.

"As at this time I had still some work to finish before I could go back to France, my mother, in order not to interrupt me, went about the city by herself, and only came to join me about mid-day at the Villa Medici where we breakfasted together. Well! one day I saw her coming, in a state of great excitement, at eight o'clock in the morning. When I asked her what had happened, she told me that when she was dressing she had suddenly seen beside her her nephew René Kraemer, who looked at her and said, as if laughing at her surprise, '*Yes, indeed, I am quite dead.*'

"Very much frightened, she made haste to come to me. I quieted her as much as possible, and then turned our conversation on other subjects.

"Two weeks later we both got back to Paris, after having travelled through a portion of Italy, and then we heard of the death of my cousin René, which had taken place on June 12, 1896, in the apartment his parents occupied, 31 Rue de Moscow. He was fourteen years old.

"Thanks to some work I was finishing in Rome at the time of my mother's visit, I can verify the date, and even the hour, when this phenomenon took place. On that day my little cousin, who had been ill with peritonitis for some days, was dying at six in the morning, and died at mid-day, after having several times expressed his desire to see his aunt Berthe, my mother.

"It should be observed that in none of the numerous letters we received from Paris had any word been said about my cousin's illness. My mother's great affection for the boy was well known, and she would have gone back to Paris had she heard that the least thing was the matter with him. They did not even telegraph to us the news of his death.

"I may add that when it is six in the morning at Paris, clocks in Rome, by reason of the difference of longitude, say seven, and it was precisely at that hour that my mother had the vision.

"ANDRÉ BLOCH.

"11 Place Malesherbes, Paris."

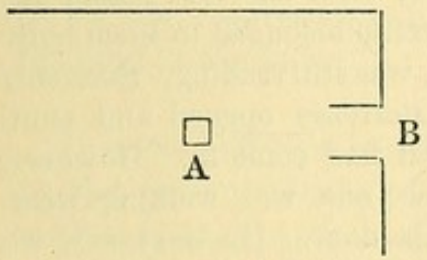
The fact observed by Madame Bloch is of the same kind as the two preceding. At the hour when the dying boy was losing consciousness of earthly things he was earnestly thinking of his aunt, whom he loved with filial tenderness, and whom she loved in return like her own son. May not the psychic force of the dying lad have manifested itself without losing its boyish character? A boy of fourteen may well have said, laughing, "Well, yes! I am just dead."

All this may be denied; denial is always possible. But what have we to prove that it was not so? Is it not better to be sincere, and own that these coincidences are at least remarkable, although we cannot understand them in the present condition

of our knowledge? The hypothesis of an hallucination without a cause is not worth serious consideration. Let us put words aside and *seek*.

M. V. de Kerkhove wrote to me in February, 1889:

IV. "On the 25th of August, 1874, being in Texas, in the United States, towards sunset, after dinner I was sitting smoking my pipe in the lower hall of the house in which I lived, looking towards the sea, with a door opening to the northwest on my right hand.




"I was sitting at the spot marked A. Suddenly between the door-posts of the door, marked B, I saw distinctly my aged grandfather. I was in a sort of quiescent state, semi-conscious of my own peace and comfort, as a man is when his digestion is good and he has just eaten a good dinner. I felt no astonishment at seeing my grandfather. Indeed, at the moment I was in a semi-vegetable state, and was thinking of nothing, but at last I said to myself:

"'It is strange how those rays of the setting sun makes everything purple, even the face of my grandfather, and the folds of his garments.'

"In fact, the sun was setting at that moment, a brilliant red, and threw its last rays from the horizon diagonally through the door into the hall. My grandfather's face wore its usual look of kindness; he smiled and appeared happy. Suddenly he disappeared as the sun went down, and I woke as from a dream, with the conviction that I had seen an apparition. Six weeks later I heard in a letter that my grandfather had died during the night of August 25th–26th, between one and two o'clock in the morning. Between Belgium, where my grandfather died, and Texas, where I was, there is a difference in time of five hours and a half. The sun setting in Texas at seven o'clock corresponded to the time in Belgium at which my grandather died."

Some might say that here was a mere illusion produced by the rays of the setting sun. This is not likely, for M. de Kerkhove distinctly recognized his grandfather, and we ought especially to notice in all these experiences that the date of the apparition coincides exactly with the date of the death.

On November 10, 1890, the following letter was written to me from Christiania:

V. "My dear Master,—Your work *Uranie* induces me to make known to you an event told me personally by the individual to whom it

happened. It was M. Vogler, a Danish doctor, who lives at Gudun, near Alborg, in Jutland. M. Vogler is a man in excellent health, both mentally and bodily; he is of an honest, straightforward disposition, without the least tendency to any neurasthenic or imaginative turn of mind—quite the contrary.

"When a young medical student he was travelling in Germany with Count Schimmuelmann, a man well known among the nobles of Holstein. They were about the same age. At one of the university towns of Germany, where they had resolved to stay some time, they hired a small house. The count occupied the lower floor and M. Vogler the floor above him; the front door and the staircase belonged to them both.

"One night, M. Vogler having gone to bed, was still reading. Suddenly he heard the front door at the foot of the staircase opened and shut. He took no notice of this, thinking his friend had come in. However, a minute after he heard steps, as if some one was walking wearily up the stairs. The steps stopped at his door. He next saw his door opened, but nobody came in. He still heard the steps, however, which came along the floor of his chamber and drew near his bed. He could see nothing, though all the time there was plenty of light in the chamber. When the steps, by the sound, seemed to have come close to his bed, he heard a heavy sigh, which he recognized to be that of his grandmother, whom he had left in good health in Denmark. At the same time he recognized the steps upon the stairs as the slow and dragging steps of an old woman.

"He noted the exact time of this, for instantly he felt intuitively that his grandmother was dying, and he wrote it down on paper. Later a letter from home informed him of the sudden death of the old lady, who had loved him best of all her grandchildren. It was found that she died *exactly at the hour* he had noted down on paper; and thus the good lady had bidden farewell to the grandson she dearly loved, and who did not even know that she was ill at the time of her death.

"EDOUARD HAMBRE,
"Attorney-at-Law, Secretary to the Bureau of
"Public Works at Christiania."

That this young man was warned of his grandmother's death by hearing steps and by a sigh must be admitted.

Madame Féret, at Juvisy, mother of the postmistress of that place, wrote to me in December, 1898:

VI. "The fact I have to relate took place some time ago, but I remember it as if it were yesterday, for it made a great impression on me, and if I were to live a hundred years I would never forget it. It was during the Crimean War, in 1855. I was living then in the Rue de la Tour, at Passy.

"One day about breakfast-time, that is, about noon, I went down into the cellar. A ray of sunshine came through the grating and lit up the dirt floor. The part it lighted up looked suddenly to me like the sand upon a beach, and stretched upon it lay one of my cousins, an officer in command of a battalion. Much frightened, I dared not go a step farther. I could hardly get up the steps again. The family, when they saw how troubled and pale I was, overwhelmed me with questions. When I told them what I had seen they began to laugh.

"A fortnight after we received the sad news of the death of Major Solier. He had died while being disembarked at Varna, and the date of his death corresponded to the day when I saw him stretched out on the sand in the cellar."

It is as difficult to explain this fact as the preceding ones, in the present state of our knowledge. No doubt some one will say that this was a case in which a ray of sunlight played its part, that the young girl was thinking of her cousin, that she had heard much talk of the number of deaths in the army, of cholera, of wounds, of sickness, and the innumerable dangers of this most stupid and uncalled for of all wars, and that what she saw was an illusion. This is easily said! Madame Féret is absolutely sure that she saw the officer very distinctly, she saw with her own eyes her cousin lying on the sand, and it was on the beach he fell, when, dying of cholera, he was put ashore at Varna. Let us also notice the coincidence of the date. May we not rationally think that the officer, feeling himself dying on the shore of a strange land, would have naturally thought of the France he would never see again, of Paris, of his parents, of the young cousin, the remembrance of whose sweet face may have charmed his last moments? I do not suppose for an instant that his cousin in Paris really saw the beach at Varna; on the contrary, I believe that the cause of the vision was far off on the Turkish shore, and that there was telepathic communication between the dying man and his young cousin.

Let us pass in review some more of these curious manifestations, and then sum up the *facts*. Theories and explanations can come later. The more reports we have of facts, the more we may feel that the statement of our case makes progress. I received a few days since a letter from a deputy,

a well-known poet, a man much esteemed for the sincerity of his convictions and the disinterestedness of his life :

VII. "DEAR MASTER AND FRIEND,—It was in 1871. I was of the age when one plucks flowers in life's field, as you gather stars in the heavens, but in a moment when I had forgotten my daily posey I wrote an article which landed me for a certain number of years in prison. Everything comes with a sharp point to those who have not learned how to wait. So I was in the prison Saint Pierre at Marseilles. There also was Gaston Crémieux, who was condemned to death. I was very fond of Crémieux ; we had dreamed the same dreams, and had fallen on the same reality. In prison, at the hour for exercise, it happened one day that while we had the happiness to converse, that the talk fell on God and the immortality of the soul. Some of our fellow-prisoners were proclaiming themselves atheists and materialists with great vehemence. I made them understand, after a sign from Crémieux, that it was not proper to boast of unbelief in the presence of a man under sentence of death, who believed both in God and the future life of the soul. Crémieux said to me afterwards : 'I thank you, my friend, and when they shoot me I will come to your cell and give you proof of immortality.'

"On the morning of November 30th, at break of day, I was awakened suddenly by the noise of little taps upon my table. I turned over, the noise ceased, and I fell asleep again. Some moments after the taps were again audible. Then I jumped out of bed and stood fully awake before the table. The noise went on, and was resumed once or twice, just the same.

"Every morning on getting up I had been in the habit of going, thanks to the complicity of a kind-hearted turnkey, into the cell of Gaston Crémieux, where he always had ready for me a cup of coffee. That day, as usual, I repaired to our rendezvous. Alas ! there were great seals on the cell door, and I could see, by looking through the spy-hole (known as a *judas*), that my friend was not there. I had just made this terrible discovery when the kind turnkey, in tears, threw himself into my arms.

"'They shot him this morning at daybreak !' he cried ; 'but he died bravely.'

"When we met that day in the prison-yard there was great emotion among the other prisoners. Then I suddenly remembered the taps I had heard that morning on my table. I cannot tell what foolish fear of being 'chaffed' hindered me from telling my companions in misfortune what had taken place in my cell at the very moment when Crémieux was dying, with a dozen balls in his breast. I told one of them, however, Francis Roustan, who at once gave it as his opinion that grief had made me crazy.

"Such is the story that I told you the other evening. I have written it down just as it recurs to me as I hold the pen. Make any use of it that you may think useful in prosecuting your researches, but do not entertain the same opinion of my state of mind as my friend Roustan, for grief could not have made me mad in one moment before any knowledge of my friend's death had reached me. I was in my ordinary condition. I was not expecting the execution, and I heard distinctly the sounds on the table. This is the naked truth. CLOVIS HUGUES."

According to this it would seem that at the very moment when Gaston Crémieux was shot (he had been condemned on June 28th for taking part in the Commune at Marseilles), his spirit, acting on the brain of his friend, had given him a sensation, an echo, a repercussion of the scene in which he was the victim. The firing could not have been heard from the prison (it took place at the light-house), and the noise was repeated several times. This fact is as strange as all the preceding ones, but it is surely difficult to deny that it took place.

Further on in this work we will discuss explanatory theories. Let us now go on with our reports, comparing them with one another. The collection is very curious and very varied.

A distinguished *savant,* M. Alphonse Berget, a doctor in science, holding a position in the physical laboratory of the Sorbonne, and examiner to the Faculty of Sciences in Paris, has hurriedly sent me the following narration :

VIII. "My mother was a young girl and engaged to my father, who was a captain of infantry. When the thing took place she was living at Schlestadt, in the house of her parents.

"She had had as a friend from her childhood a young girl named Amélie M., who was blind. Amélie was the granddaughter of an old colonel of dragoons who had served in the First Empire. Being left an orphan, she lived with her grandparents. She was a fine musician, *and often sang with my mother.*

"When she was about eighteen she made up her mind to embrace a religious life, for which she had a real vocation, and she took the veil in a convent at Strasbourg. At first she

wrote frequently to my mother, but after a time her letters came less often, and at last, as usually happens in such cases, the correspondence ceased.

"Amélie had been in religion about three years, when one day my mother went up to the garret to look for something she was anxious to find. All at once she ran back to the *salon* uttering loud cries, and fell down unconscious. They flew to her help, lifted her up, and she came to herself, crying with sobs:

"'Oh, it is horrible! Amélie is dying—she *is* dead, *for I have just heard her singing as only a person who is dead could sing!*'

"And another nervous seizure again made her lose her senses.

"Half an hour after this, Colonel M. rushed like a madman into my grandfather's house, holding a despatch in his hand. The despatch was from the Mother Superior of the convent at Strasbourg, and contained only these words: 'Come. Your granddaughter very ill.' The colonel took the first train, reached the convent, and heard that the Sister had died at three o'clock precisely, the hour of the nervous attack experienced by my mother.

"This fact has been often told me by my mother, my grandmother, and my father, who were present, as well as my uncle and aunt, all of whom bear testimony that they had witnessed this strange incident."

This fact is not less worthy of attention than those that have preceded it. The name of the narrator is a sure guarantee for its authenticity. Romance and imagination had nothing whatever to do with it; and the hypothesis that would explain it seems the same as in the case of others. Madame Berget's friend at the *very moment of her death,* was thinking, intensely, it would seem, and possibly with much regret, of the dear friend of her childhood, and from Strasbourg to Schlestadt the strong emotion of her soul was instantaneously communicated to the brain of Madame Berget, giving her the illusion of a celestial voice singing a sweet melody. How was this done? In what manner? We do not

know. But it would be unscientific to reject a real coincidence, a relation between cause and effect, a psychical phenomenon for the sole reason that we cannot explain it.

"Chance is so great!" says one. Yes, so it is, no doubt, but let us be careful lest we be influenced by long-settled opinions. Can chance explain these coincidences by the doctrine of probabilities? This is the point that we shall soon have to examine.

But let us not waste time, we have many other documents.

Madame Ulric de Fonvielle told me, on the 17th of January of the present year (1899), the following incident observed by herself and by all her family.

IX. She lived at Rotterdam. One night about eleven the household, according to their usual custom, had family prayers, then each went to his or her own chamber. Madame de Fonvielle had been in bed but a few minutes, and was still awake, when she saw before her at the foot of her old-fashioned bedstead with its canopy, that its curtains were pulled aside, and one of her early friends (whose name was never mentioned in the family and whom she had not seen for three years because of some misunderstanding with her family) stood before her, *as distinctly* as if she had been a living person. She was dressed in a large white wrapper, her black hair hung loose upon her shoulders, she looked fixedly at her former friend with her great black eyes, and, stretching out her hand to her, said in Dutch:

"Madame, I am going away now. Can you forgive me?"

Madame de Fonvielle sat up in bed and stretched out her own hand to grasp the hand extended to her, but the vision disappeared suddenly.

The room was lighted by a night-lamp, and everything in it was visible. Just then the clock struck the hour of midnight.

The next morning as Madame de Fonvielle was telling her mother of this extraordinary apparition there was a ring at the front door. It was a telegram from the Hague with these words: "Marie died last night at 11.45."

M. Ulric de Fonvielle also assured me that the facts of the

apparition and of the coincidence between its appearance and the young girl's death are incontestable. He knows nothing to explain its phenomenon, and, like us, is searching for a cause.

On the 20th of last March (1899), I received the following letter :

X. "My dear Master,—You have asked me to write down the case of presentiment, second-sight, suggestion, or apparition that I mentioned to you.

"I was about to go to the Naval School. I was waiting, ready to enter it, at Paris, in the Rue Ville l'Evêgne, where my mother was living. We had a man-servant, a Piedmontese, who was very intelligent and much devoted to us, but he was very sceptical, with certainly no tendency to credulity. If I may use the popular expression: 'he believed in neither God nor devil.'

"One evening about six o'clock he rushed into the *salon*, his face looking convulsed: 'Madame!' he cried, 'Madame! a great misfortune has befallen me! My mother is just dead! Just now I was in my bedroom. I was rather tired, and had lain down for a moment, when the door opened. There was my mother, pale, and looking very weak, standing on the threshold and making me a gesture of farewell. I rubbed my eyes. I thought it was an hallucination ; but no, I saw her perfectly. I sprang towards her to clasp her in my arms. She disappeared. She is dead!' The poor fellow was crying. What I can myself testify is that a few days later the news arrived in Paris that his mother had died the very day and hour when he had seen her.

"Baron Deslandes,
"Former officer in the Navy.

"20 Rue de Larochefoucauld, Paris."

The Baroness Staffe, whose charming books are in everyone's hands, has communicated to me the two following cases :

XI. Madame S., who became French after her marriage, and belonged to a celebrated medical family, was truth itself. She would have died rather than be guilty of a falsehood. This is what she told me. When she grew up she was living in England, though she was not of a British family. When she was sixteen she became engaged to a young man, an officer in the army of India.

One spring day, at the sea-side, where she was living, she

was leaning over the balcony of her father's house and thinking of her absent lover. Suddenly she saw him in the garden, opposite to her, but he was very pale and emaciated. Nevertheless, she was delighted to see him, and calling out joyously, "Harry ! Harry !" she flew down-stairs. She hurriedly opened the door, expecting to see her beloved. There was no one. She rushed into the garden, examined the spot where she had seen him, shook all the bushes, looked everywhere —there was no Harry.

Her friends followed her. They tried to calm her; they wanted to persuade her that it was an illusion. She would only repeat, "But I saw him ! I saw him !" and remained sad and uneasy. Some time after this she was informed that far out at sea her betrothed had died suddenly of some disorder, *on the very day and hour* when she saw him in the garden.

XII. Bernadine was an old servant, very ignorant; she had never so much as heard of spiritualism, and people said she was given at times to too much liquor.

One evening she had gone down into the cellar to draw some beer, but she came back almost immediately with her pitcher empty, looking pale and ready to drop. They all came around her, saying, "What's the matter, Bernadine ?"

"I have just seen my daughter—my daughter in America. She was dressed all in white; she looked ill. She said to me, 'Good-bye, mother.'"

"You are out of your senses. How could you have seen your daughter ? She is in New York."

"I *did* see her. I *did* hear her. Ah, what does that mean ? She must be dead !"

We all said to one another, "Bernadine has taken a drop too much."

But she remained inconsolable, and the next post from America, after the incident, brought Bernadine news of the death of her daughter. She died on *the day and at the hour* when her mother had seen her and had recognized her voice.

M. Binet, a typographer at Soissons, sent me the following account of a circumstance which happened to himself:

XIII. "Méziéres, my native village, had been destroyed by a bombardment which lasted only thirty-six hours but made many victims. Among these was the little daughter of our landlord, who was cruelly wounded. She was eleven or twelve years of age. At this time I was fifteen, and very often played with Leontine—that was her name.

"About the beginning of March I went to pass a few days at Domchéry. Before I left home I knew that the poor little thing could never get better, but change of place and boyish carelessness made me forget by degrees the sorrows I had witnessed and the terrible scenes I had been through. I slept by myself in a long narrow room, the window of which looked out into the country. One evening, when I had gone to bed as usual at nine o'clock, I could not sleep, which was something remarkable, for as soon as dinner was over I could generally have slept standing. The moon was full and very bright. It lit up the garden and threw a strong ray of light into my chamber.

"As I could not go to sleep I listened to the town clocks striking the hours, which seemed to me very long. I gazed steadily at the window, which was just opposite to my bed, and at half-past twelve I thoughtI saw a ray of moonshine moving slightly, then a shadowy, luminous form floated past, at first like a great white robe, then it took a bodily shape, and coming up to my bed, stood there smiling at me. I uttered a cry of, 'Leontine!' Then the bright shade, gliding as before, disappeared from the foot of my bed.

"Some days later I went home, and before any one had spoken to me of Leontine, I told them my vision. On the day and in the hour when she appeared to me the poor child had died."

M. Castex-Degrange, assistant director of the École des Beaux Arts, at Lyons, sends me the following:

XIV. "My father-in-law, M. Clermont, a doctor of medicine, friend and pupil of Doctor Potham, who has just died in Paris, had a brother, father of the said doctor, who lived in Algeria. One morning my father-in-law, who was not in the least anxious about his brother, whom he believed to be

in perfect health, was in bed. Before going out to visit his patients it was his custom to take a cup of coffee in bed. He was partaking of this little repast, and talking to his wife, who was sitting near him, when suddenly the bed under him received a shock so violent that he was thrown backward, and the cup of coffee he held in his hand was spilled.

"Later he found that at that very hour her brother had died in Algeria. He had gone out bathing in the sea, when something in the water either bit him or pricked him sharply in the heel. Lockjaw set in, and thirty hours after he died."

M. Chaband, former chief of a great school in Paris, a professor much esteemed, to whom very many of his former pupils are grateful for excellent instruction, sends me the following report of what happened to himself:

XV. "Part of my childhood was passed at Limoges, with an old uncle who spoiled me exceedingly, and whom I called grandpapa. We lived in the first story of a house, in the basement of which there was a restaurant.

"I own with shame that I often amused myself by playing tricks on the proprietor of this establishment. Among other naughty things I did I one day rushed suddenly into his kitchen and screamed out, 'Pere Garat! come quick—my uncle wants you.' He at once left his saucepans and rushed up to our door, where I stood laughing.

"Of course he was very angry with me and swore at me as he went down-stairs, but his threats did not frighten me, though I took good care to keep out of his reach.

"When it was fine we often walked towards the Pont Neuf on the Toulouse road. One evening in May, 1851, when I was ten years old, between six and seven o'clock (I can tell the time exactly, for my memory of these events is very clear), we were going out as usual, when my uncle chancing to see Madame Ravel, daughter of the restaurateur, said to her:

"'How is M. Garat?'

"'Very bad, M. Chabrol.'

"'Shall I go in and see him?' (My uncle was a doctor.)

"'It would be of no use, M. Chabrol. My poor father is dying.'

"Thereupon we went out, my old uncle much troubled, but I was very happy to be out-doors.

"As soon as we were in the street, or rather on the boulevard (de la Corderie), I started my hoop and ran after it. I give these details, which are certainly not to my credit, to show my state of mind at the time; my heart and my brain were quite free from preoccupation, for I humbly confess that, far from being sorry for the poor restaurant-keeper, I never thought about him at all. I regret to say so, but it is the truth.

"Not far from the Pont Neuf the road to Toulouse divides. One part leads to the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, the other to the Place de la Cite.

"When we got there I stopped suddenly, for I saw M. Garat coming towards us, walking quietly in the middle of the road. With three bounds I ran back to my uncle.

"'Bon papa,' I cried, 'M. Garat is up and out. Don't you see him yonder, a few yards away?'

"'What are you saying?' replied my uncle, white as a sheet.

"'The truth, bon papa. There is M. Garat—see! Just look at him with his white cotton night-cap, his blue blouse, and his cane. Why, there! he is beginning to cough.'

'"Go up to him.'

"I did go as near as I dared, so as not to be within reach of his hand, which I fancied was making a gesture by no means reassuring.

"I drew back in good order to the side of my uncle, who said, 'Let us go home.'

"I rushed on before him. When I reached the house M. Garat had been dead five minutes, just the time it had taken me to scamper home.

"I started back to tell the news to my uncle, who staggered, and said not a word.

"These are the exact facts of the strange experience that you asked me to write down for you.

"Though I am sure of what I saw, and saw distinctly, nearly fifty years ago, when I was nothing but a boy, people may ob-

ject that I was deceived by a likeness, or that my senses were the sport of a delusion, but who will say that an old naval surgeon like my uncle, a man not credulous by nature, and little prone to it by his profession, was likely to have been deceived by what he SAW in full daylight at mid-day?"

During the time when I was busied in examining these inexplicable manifestations and apparitions of the dying, which was in the early months of 1899, it of course chanced that I talked with many persons on the subject, some at my own house, and others elsewhere. I soon ascertained that the majority were in a state of the most complete scepticism, and had never seen anything of the kind, but there was a remainder who did know of the existence of such things. I made a calculation that at least one person in twenty had observed something of that nature or had heard such things related by those around them. Such persons, I thought, might furnish me experiences at first hand.

I have now related fifteen cases reported to me by people with whom I had personally direct relations, and I had received the recital of twenty others of the same kind,[1] when an idea occurred to me that I might do in France what had been done in England a few years since—that is, set on foot an inquiry as to individual experiences in matters of this kind.

This seemed to me an excellent way of securing authentic testimony of ascertaining its value. I published the first chapters of this work in the monthly magazine of my learned and excellent friend Adolphe Brisson, *Annales Politiques et Litteraires,* whose subscribers form an immense family, in frequent communication with its editors. There is a sort of intimacy among them that I never observed elsewhere, save in the *Bulletin Mensuel de la Société Astronomique de France,*

[1] Notably by M. F. Delonde, an ex-deputy, president of the Optical Society in Paris; by M. Craponne, an engineer at Lyons; by M. Dorchain, a French literary man at Paris; by Madame Ida Cail in Paris; by M. Merger at Chaumont in the Haute Marne; by Madame la Comtesse de Mouzay at Rambouillet; by Madame G. de Mave at Javisy, etc. I could also find instances in *Uranie* and in *Stella.* That of M. Best is very characteristic.

and formerly among those of the *Magazin Pittoresque.* This kind of family feeling does not exist among the readers of the daily papers, or even among subscribers to more important reviews. A community of ideas makes a link between readers and managers—not that such an association becomes a kind of church whose members are expected to think after the same pattern, there is among these people simply a community of feeling, a good understanding, a desire to unite for common objects, and to help each other if they can in the same researches. Such is at least the impression I received from the letters that many readers sent me after seeing my first articles.

I cannot say but that among the 80,000 subscribers to the *Annales* there may not be (as there is everywhere) practical jokers, impostors, people who will believe anything, cranks, and so on. But they are the exceptions. The immense majority represents an honest average of perfectly sound sense extending through all classes of society, from the highest positions to the humblest, men and women of all shades of religious belief.

There may indeed be found among them, as everywhere else, a class of bigots with narrow consciences, who are afraid of their own shadows, and are wholly incapable of thinking for themselves. Such persons wrote me at once that they would be as mute as fishes, that I was engaged on subjects that were none of my business, that I was troubling the minds of young persons preparing for their first communion, and that such questions, which concerned the devil and all his works, should be left to the church, which offered in its catechism a way to solve all mysteries.

It is the same reasoning that devotees in the temple of Jupiter brought against Socrates. Where is that temple today? What has become of Jupiter? But all read the dialogues of Socrates.

It seemed to me, I said to myself, that it would be a good way of ascertaining the number, nature, and variety of the facts in which I am interested, if I opened an inquiry in the pages of the *Annales* and asked its numerous and sympa-

thetic readers to tell me of any such facts as had fallen under their own observation or had been reported to them on good authority by those connected with them. My appeal appeared March 26, 1899.

Here is what I published :

"These mysterious cases of apparitions and manifestations on the part of the dying or the dead, and of well-defined presentiments, are as important as they are interesting, in order to make us acquainted with human nature, both corporeally and spiritually, and this is why we are now about to undertake this series of investigations and of especial research into a subject which, it must be confessed, is beyond the usual range of science and literature.

"We may be able to push our inquiries a little further if we can secure the assistance and sympathy of all readers of the *Annales*, and if they will but lend their help to an enterprise that perhaps has been hitherto neglected and unknown.

"What we most want is statistical testimony, to enable us to judge of the proportionate number of these psychic phenomena. We could get this information in a week if our readers—*all our readers*—would have the extreme kindness to lend us their assistance.

"Would they simply send us a postal-card answering yes or no to the two following questions?

"I. Has it ever happened to you at any time to experience, being awake, a distinct impression that you saw or heard a human being, or were touched by one, without being able to refer this impression to some known cause?

"II. Did this impression coincide with the date of any death? In case no impression of the kind has ever been experienced, merely write no, and sign it (with your initials if you prefer).

"In the case of any one having personally observed a phenomenon of this kind, he or she is entreated to respond to the two questions, by yes or no, and then to add a few words indicating the kind of phenomenon brought under his or her observation, and, if there was any coincidence with a death, state the length of time that elapsed between that death and the phenomenon.

"In cases where facts of this kind are connected with dreams, it would be well to say so, if there was any coincidence with a death.

"Lastly, if without having observed or experienced such a thing yourself, you should know of any certain and authentic facts reported to you by others, it would be very interesting if you would abridge their narratives or give them in detail.

"This inquiry may have great scientific value if *all our readers* will be so good as to send answers. We offer them our thanks in advance.

There is no question in this matter of any personal interest; it is, on the contrary, a grave and serious subject of interest to all."

As might have been expected, all the readers of the *Annales* did not send in their reports. To write a card or a letter, for the sole purpose of assisting the elucidation of a problem, requires a certain abstract devotion to the cause of truth. Good people of that kind are not common. To take a few moments away from the habitual round of life, its occupations, its pleasures, or simply from its idleness, is an effort, a sort of virtue, simple as it may seem. Besides this, many people fear ridicule if they have anything to do with ideas of this kind! I am therefore deeply and sincerely grateful to all those who have been so very good as to answer me, and I regret that for want of time I have not been able to express personally to each of them my thanks most sincerely.

It would indeed be unjust to attribute the silence of all who did not answer me to indifference, to laziness, or to fear of ridicule. For example, one of the letters I received, which is marked No. 24, begins thus:

"Since you have started this series of deeply interesting psyhic problems, I have been filled with an ardent desire to tell you a story very closely connected with myself, but I have not the courage to do so. Why not? Is it timidity? No. It is because of a feeling that I cannot express, but which must be that of many other persons among your readers. It consists in saying to one's self: 'What's the use? M. Flammarion must already have received hundreds of narratives; one more can do no good, and then among so many . . . will it ever be read?'"

On the other hand I have reason to know that a certain number of persons, and that not a small number, who have seen or experienced things of this kind keep them secret, and do not like to confide them even to near friends, sometimes out of exaggerated reverence for the remembrances, sometimes because they shrink from letting any stranger comment on their most private affairs, and sometimes merely because they do not care to arouse any discussion or any criticism on the part of unbelievers.

During the following months of June and July (1899) I made a similar request in the *Petit Marseillais* and in the *Revue des Revues*, partly through a wish to ascertain the drift of public opinion.

I received 4280 answers; 2456 were no, and 1824 were yes. Out of these last there were 1758 letters that gave more or less details, but the greater number were documents that did not suit my purpose. I picked out, however, 786 important ones, which have been classified, copied as to their principal facts, and the information they contained is added to my stock of knowledge. What struck me in all these narratives was the loyalty, good faith, frankness, and delicacy of their writers, who were careful to tell only what they knew and how they came to know it, without adding to or subtracting anything from the subject. Every one of them was the servant of truth.

These 786 letters, when copied, classified, and numbered,[1] contained 1130 different facts.

The experiences treated of in these letters offered several subjects for our examination which might be classified thus:

Manifestations from and apparitions of the dying.
Manifestations from and apparitions of living persons not ill.
Manifestations and apparitions of the dead.
Sight of things taking place far off.
Premonitory dreams. Foresight of the future.
Dreams showing the dead.
Meetings foreseen by some inspiration.
Presentiments realized.
Doubles of persons living.
Movement of inanimate things without apparent cause.
Communications of thought at a distance.
Impressions felt by animals.
Cries heard from a great distance.
Bolted doors opening of themselves.
Haunted houses.

[1] Thus classified, Nos. 1 to 700 came from readers of the *Annales*, 701 to 748 from the *Petit Marseillais*, 749 to 786 from the *Revue des Revues*. Many more have come in while this book was being printed.

Experiments in spiritualism.

A very great number of these cases are subjective. They have passed through the brain of those who relate them, though they owed their origin to an exterior cause. Very many are purely and simply hallucinations. We shall have to examine and discuss such by-and-by. The first truth they teach us is that *there are many things we do not yet know.* In other words, that there are unknown forces in nature very interesting to study.

I will first of all extract from the letters I received those that tell of manifestations from the dying made to persons who were awake and in a normal condition. I shall leave out everything that has to do with dreams. These observations will supplement those that have gone before. I shall append to them no commentary. Discussion will come afterwards. I only ask that they may be read with care.

I shall suppress all formulas of politeness, and also all protestations of sincerity and of moral certainty. Each correspondent *affirms upon his honor* that he is reporting facts exactly as he has known them. I would like this to be understood once for all.

XVI. "On the 29th of July, 1865, Nephtali André was at sea, sailing between France and Algeria, where he was going after the academic courses of the year closed at the universities. Suddenly he fancied he heard his name distinctly called 'Nephtali!' He turned, looked round him, nobody was near. As this voice exactly resembled that of his father, whom he knew to be ill, and as he had heard something of the wonders of telepathy, he instantly conceived the idea that there was some relation between this mysterious call and his father's condition. He drew out his watch to make sure of the moment. And on reaching his destination he learned that at the same hour when he had heard his father's voice call 'Nephtali!' his father had died. My grandfather was the Gabriel André, who married Mademoiselle de Saules-Lariviére, a relation of M. de Saules-Freycinet, the well-known Minister of War. TONY ANDRÉ,

Letter 5. "Pastor at Florence."

XVII. "I will answer you as if I were in a witness-box. On Thursday, December 1, 1898, after having passed the evening with my mother, I took my lamp and went to my room to go to bed. At once I felt a sort of apprehension; something seemed clutching at my heart; I felt that some one besides myself was in the chamber, some one whom I could not see, but who nevertheless was there, or ought to have been. My room contained very little furniture and no hangings, so there was nowhere any one could hide. I gave a glance around and was very sure that there was nobody near me.

"But the feeling that there was somebody continued. I went out into the vestibule, I looked down the staircase. I saw nothing. I then had the presentiment that some misfortune was about to be fall me, that some one was going to rob me, or to set the house on fire, or that a gendarme was coming to arrest me for some crime just committed, and so on.

"I put my watch beside me on a table, observing that it was half-past nine, and went to bed.

"The next morning I received a telegram telling me that a very old uncle who had been ill a long time had just died. The telegram said nothing about what hour he died; it merely said he died Thursday, December 1.

"I showed this despatch to my mother, saying, 'He died at half-past nine in the evening.'

"I named this hour also to several of our friends, that I might have their testimony if what I had to tell were ever laughed at.

"I took the first train to Janville, where my uncle had lived. Janville is about twenty miles from Malesherbes. After having exchanged a few words with my aunt, I asked her at what hour my uncle died? She and another woman who were watching beside the death-bed, and had been present when he passed away, answered, both at once, 'At half-past nine in the evening.'"

XVIII. "In October, 1897, my mother being in a room opening on the dining-room by a door that was standing open,

heard a sort of long-drawn sigh, and seemed to feel a breath pass over her face. I was out, but she, thinking I had come home, and was in the dining-room, without her having heard me open the front door, she called out, 'Is that you, Georges?' As nobody answered, she went into the dining-room; but there was no one there. When I came in at last, she told me what had happened. The next day she received a despatch informing her of the death of a cousin who lived at Chambon in the Loiret, about twelve or thirteen miles from here.

"She left at once for Chambon, and heard that her cousin had died from the effects of a fall a few hours after the accident. The manifestation coincided exactly with the hour when this relation of my mother's was dying.

"GEORGES MERLET,
"Juge de paix at Malesherbes, Loiret."
Letter 2.

XIX. "On December 4, 1884, at half-past three in the morning, I being then perfectly awake, rose and got up. I then had a most distinct vision of the apparition of my brother Joseph Bonnet, sublieutenant of Spahis Third Regiment, in garrison at Batna in the province of Constantine in Algeria. He was then engaged in manœuvres, and we did not know exactly where he was. My brother kissed me on the forehead. I felt a cold shudder pass through me, and he said, very distinctly, '*Good-bye Angèle, I am dead.*' Very much upset and troubled, I woke my husband, saying to him, 'Joseph is dead. He has just told me so.'

"As that day, December 4th, was my brother's birthday, when he would have been thirty-three years of age, and as we had been talking a good deal about the anniversary the night before, my husband tried to persuade me that it was all the result of my imagination, and he scolded me for being so visionary.

"All that day, Thursday, I was very miserable. At three o'clock in the afternoon we got a despatch. Before it was

opened I knew what it contained. My brother had died at Kenehela, in Algeria, at three o'clock in the morning.

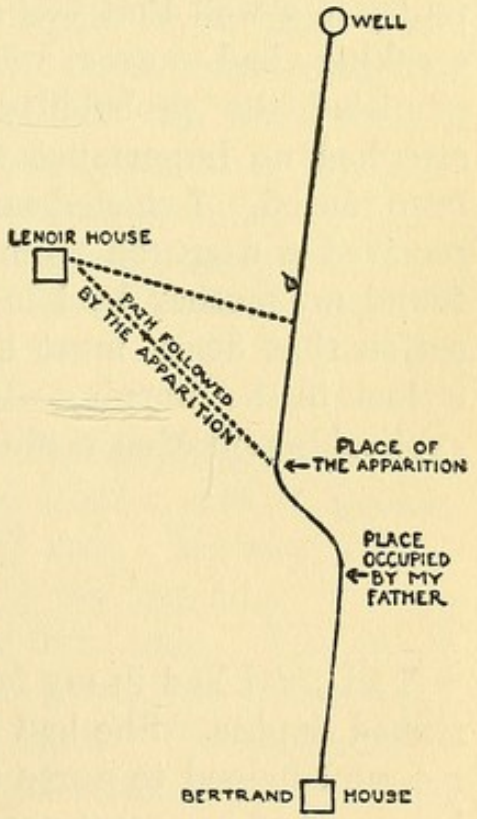
"ANGÉLE ESPERON, NÉE BONNET."

"I certify that this account, written by my wife, is perfectly exact. OSMAN ESPERON,

"Captain on half pay and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Bordeaux."

Letter 9.

XX. "It was in 1845, the 28th of October. My father was then fourteen years of age. He said he was coming back from drawing a pail of water from a well about eighty yards from my parents' house. Now that morning he had seen his neighbor, Sieur Lenoir, a man fifty years of age, come home sick from his work; he was a shepherd, employed by M. Boutteville, a farmer at Nanteau-sur-Lunain (Seine-et Marne). To go to the well (see the diagram I have drawn here) it was necessary to pass within about twenty yards of the habitation of Lenoir. It was then four o'clock in the afternoon.




"Having stopped with his pail to rest, my father turned round and saw very distinctly within two yards of him the Sieur Lenoir, with a bundle on his back, coming towards him. Thinking that he was returning to his work, my father picked up his pail and went home. His brother Charles, who was standing in the yard, came in a few moments after, saying, 'I don't know what has happened at Mother Lenoir's! I hear them screaming and crying out "Alas! he is dead."' 'Then it certainly is not old Lenoir,' my father said, 'for I have just seen him going to his master's.'

"Without loss of time my grandmother went over to the Lenoirs, and learned that the old man had died at the very moment when the apparition appeared to my father.[1]

"A. BERTRAND,
"School-master at Vilbert (Seine-et-Marne)."
Letter 11.

XXI. "We were in the country. My mother had a room next to that in which we slept, my wife and I. My mother was quite old but in good health, and the evening before her death nothing would have led us to suppose her end was near when she went that night to her chamber.

"In the morning, about half-past five, I was suddenly awakened by a noise that I thought was her bell. I jumped out of bed, saying to my wife, 'My mother is ringing.' My wife replied that could not be, for there was not a bell in the house, which was in the country, and she added that the noise that had awakened me must be the creaking of the pulley in a well that was close under our window. But that creaking had never wakened me before. However, I admitted the probability of my wife's explanation, and attached no importance to the sudden way in which I had been roused. I started early for Lyons. A few hours after I received a despatch from my wife to tell me that she had found my mother dead in bed, and that there was every indication that death must have taken place about five or six o'clock in the morning—that is, about the hour when an inexplicable sensation made me fancy that she summoned me.

"F. GÉRIN,
"Lawyer in the Circuit Court at Lyons."
Letter 13.

XXII. "I had in my family a few years ago an old servant named Sophie. She had nursed my mother, she had nursed me, and helped to nurse my infant. She lived with us, but by reason of her great age could do no work but attend to the poultry-yard.

[1] Resembles the case marked XV.

"Sophie to me was not a mother, an old nurse, nor a servant. She was just Sophie. I loved her with all my heart, as I had done in my infancy. To her I was a divinity—her 'own dear thing.'

"I was returning home one night after a long journey when I heard my name called in a low voice near me. I stopped my horse at once and got out of the carriage. I saw nothing. I was about to get in again, thinking it all an illusion of my senses, when I heard my name called a second time. This time the sound proceeded from inside the carriage. It was a voice of anguish, as if some one called for help. I knew it to be the voice of my poor Sophie; but she could not be there, for I knew she had been sick for some days. I got back into my carriage much perplexed. Hardly was I seated when I heard myself called for the third time, in soft low tones, such as she used when I was a baby, to put me to sleep.

"Then I felt an undescribable emotion. To this day, whenever I remember it, I am upset and troubled.

"A few hundred yards off I saw lights in an inn. I got down and made a note in my pocket-book concerning the strange thing that had happened to me. An hour later I reached home. The first thing I heard was that my poor old Sophie had passed away after an hour of dying agony.

"GEORGES PARENT,
"Mayor of Wiège-Fatz in the Aisne."
Letter 20.

XXIII. "On the night of the 8th of May, 1896, about half-past nine, I was going to bed when I felt a sort of electric shock which shook me from head to foot. My mother had been ill for several months, I ought to say, but nothing made me foresee that her end was likely to be sudden. The shock was so strange, so novel, that at once, without reflection, I imagined it announced my mother's death. Under the influence of the emotion that this thought excited I did not go to sleep for a long time, feeling a conviction that next morning I should have a despatch announcing all was over. My mother lived about thirty miles from Moulins.

"Next morning, as I had expected, a despatch summoned me in haste. I started at once, and found my mother hardly able to recognize me. She died the next day, about thirty hours after I received the warning.

"Those who were watching her told me that the internal hemorrhage of which she died had occurred about half-past nine on the 8th of May, the very hour when I had experienced the strange sensation.

"THE ABBÉ L. FORESTIER,
"Vicar at Saint Pierre at Moulins."
Letter 23.

XXIV. "Your request makes me feel it my duty to tell you of a thing that happened in this little town and which made a great impression on its inhabitants. Here is the simple statement. A young fellow about fifteen, servant of M. Y. M. for some years, had been ordered by his master to take the cattle to water. I should tell you that this boy's father had been very ill for two days, having inflammation of the lungs, brought on by attending a recent fair at Chamberet, and that his illness had not been mentioned to his son.

"Now about thirty yards from the stable the lad, as he drew near the watering-trough, saw suddenly two arms uplifted in the air, then a spectral form, and at the same time heard groans and cries of anguish. The shock was so great that he swooned. He believed, as he said when he came to himself, that he had recognized his father. It was between half-past six and seven in the evening.

"The next day at half-past four his father died, and the evening before he had several times, at moments of extreme suffering, said he wanted to see his son.

"All this can be testified to by a hundred people in Chamberet, all persons of honor and veracity.

"C. DEFAURE,
"Druggist at Chamberet in the Corrize."
Letter 25.

XXV. "The following case may deserve to be reported to

you. M. Destrubé, musical director of the 114th Regiment, a man worthy of all belief, was a few days ago suddenly awakened by a voice calling 'Narcissé !'

"This being his own name, Destrubé, who was sure he recognized the voice of his father, sprang up in bed and answered him.

"This took place between twelve and one at night.

"A few hours later Destrubé received a telegram telling him that his father was dead. He died the same night and at about the same hour when his son had been awakened by hearing him call his name.

"Destrubé, who was at Saint Maixent, went to Vaubecourt (in the Meuse) to his father's funeral, and there learned that the last word uttered by his father as he died was Narcissé.

"If this can be of any use to you in your interesting inquiries I shall be only too happy, dear master, to have communicated it to you, and my friend Destrubé would be ready, if necessary, to confirm it.

"SORLET,

"Captain of the 137th of the Line at Fontenay-le-Comte Vendée."

Letter 27.

XXVI. "In June, 1879, one of my cousins was serving as a volunteer at Bayonne. His parents lived in the northern part of the Charente-Inferieuse, about two hundred miles away.

"One day his mother, on going into the chamber usually occupied by her son, saw him distinctly *stretched out motionless on his bed.* She was greatly impressed by this. A few hours after a friend of the family came to the house and asked to speak to her husband, the young soldier's father. Their conversation took place in the middle of a large courtyard, and the mother, standing at a door forty or fifty yards away, heard the friend, though he was speaking in a low voice, say to her husband, 'Don't mention this to your wife.' She cried out at once that her son was dead.

"In fact, that very moment, on getting back from a military march, he had gone in to bathe at Biarritz and was drowned,

about the same time that his mother saw his apparition. A comrade had sent a telegram to the friend of the family, asking him to tell them what had happened.

"CLERMAUX,
"Head of the Bureau of Registration at Juvigny (Orne)."
Letter 29.

XXVII. "My great-aunt, Madame de Thiriet, feeling that she was about to die (April 21, 1807), appeared, four or five hours before her death, to be thinking deeply, but entirely insensible to things around her. 'Do you feel worse?' asked the person who told me this story. 'No, my dear, but I have just sent for Midon to attend to my burial.'

"Midon was a person who had once been my aunt's servant, and who lived at Eulmont, a village about five miles from Nancy, where Madame de Thiriet was. The person watching beside the death-bed thought the dying woman was dreaming, but two hours after she was amazed to see Midon come in carrying her black clothes in her arms, and saying that she had heard madame calling her to come and see her die, and to perform for her the last offices.

"A. D'ARBOIS DE JURANVILLE.
"Formerly in charge of streams and forests near Nancy.
Chevalier of the Legion of Honor."
Letter 30.

XXVIII. "In 1875 my mother's first cousin, M. Claudius Périchon, then chief bookkeeper at the metalurgic factory at Horme, in the commune of Saint Julien-en-Jarret (in the Loire), having gone into the tobacco department, saw my mother distinctly in the show-window. Next day he had news of her death. Could my mother have been thinking of her cousin in her last moments? I cannot tell. At all events, the truth of this story cannot be questioned. My cousin told it often to his children, who related it to me. He is a man of some education, reserved, serious, full of good sense, and worthy of credit.

"BERGER,
"School-master at Roanne."
Letter 39.

XXIX. "My mother's father lived at Huningue, and was its mayor. Not long after its siege he received word that his father, who was living about ten miles from Huningue, was dangerously ill. In a moment he had the saddle put on his horse, and was off as fast as possible. On his way his father appeared to him, standing at the head of his horse, which shied and reared. His first thought was that his father was dead, and, indeed, when he reached Rixheim, three-quarters of an hour later, he discovered that his father had breathed his last at the moment when he had seen the apparition.

"My mother, Madeleine Saltzmann, then a young girl, married, a few years after, my father, Antoine Rothea, a notary at Altkirch, where he was employed for thirty years. I succeeded him, and after the war in 1870 I quitted Alsace and took up my residence in France. Latterly I have been living at Orquevaux, in the Haute-Marne, your own department.

"E. ROTHEA."

Letter 40.

XXX. "My dear mother died Saturday, April 8, 1893. The previous Wednesday I had received a letter from her saying that she had no more trouble with her heart, and speaking of an expedition she had made on Saturday, April 1st, to our country place at Wasselonne. I had intended to go out on this Saturday, April 8th. I dined quietly at noon, but about two o'clock I felt excruciating pains. I went up to my room and flung myself into an easy-chair, where I burst into tears. I saw my mother *lying on her bed,* wearing a white muslin cap with ruffles, such as I had never seen her wear; *and she was dead.* My old servant, becoming anxious because she did not hear my footsteps, came up and was surprised to see me in such despair. I told her what I had seen and the anguish that I felt. She said it must be my nerves, and made me complete my toilette. I went out of my house like a person who knows not what he is doing. Five minutes later I heard the steps of my husband coming up behind me. He was bringing me a despatch. 'Mother hopeless. Will not live through the night.' 'She is dead,' I cried. 'I knew it. I saw her.'

"I went home, and we made ready to start by the next train. It was half-past two, Paris time, when I saw my mother lying on her death-bed, and three hours later we learned by telegraph that she had died suddenly at half-past three, Strasbourg time. She had not felt ill, but had lain down two hours before her death, complaining of being very sleepy, and she had no idea of dying, for she got my father to read her a letter, standing at the foot of her bed. She did not ask to see her children, but I think she must have been thinking of me in her last moments. When I arrived at Strasbourg, Monday, about eleven o'clock, my mother had been buried, but those who dressed her wrote to me that, *just as I had seen,* she wore the muslin cap, and was laid with it in her coffin.

"A. HESS.

"Alby." Letter 42.

XXXI. "A young medical student, doctor at a hospital, was attacked by some trouble in his throat, which was not thought of much consequence. One evening he went to his room, not feeling more sick than usual. He lay down, and it is supposed went to sleep. In the small hours of the night a Sister of Charity, who was a nurse in the hospital, was aroused by a sharp knocking on her door. She got up at once, and the raps becoming more and more persistent, she rushed to the door, but saw no one. She inquired. No one else had heard anything. In the morning, at the usual hour for rising, the man who had the room next to that of the young student, being uneasy because he did not hear him move, went into his chamber, and found him lying dead, his hands clasped tightly round his throat. He had died of a hemorrhage.

"The nun then understood the rapping at her door. She thought it probable that the poor man dying had thought of her, for they knew each other well. If she had been near him her help might have saved him.

"If you publish this, I beg you to change my name and the name of the town where it took place, for our people are all *'fin de siécle,'* and they mock at everything.

Letter 43. "A. C."

XXXII. "In 1887 my grandmother came to live with my parents. She was then eighty. I was twelve, and I went daily in company with one of my friends, two years older than myself, to the communial school in the Rue Boulard, at Paris. My grandmother was poorly, but nothing made us suspect that her death was near. I may add that my friend often came to our house, and that we lived within ten minutes' walk of each other.

"One morning when I woke up, about seven o'clock, my mother told me that my grandmother had died about an hour before. It was naturally decided that that day I should not go to school. My father, when at nine o'clock he went to the Hôtel de Ville, where he was employed, passed by the school-house, and went in to tell the master of the misfortune that had befallen us. He replied that he knew it already, for my friend, when he came, told him that my grandmother had died that morning at six o'clock. No communication had taken place between our house and that of my friend, nor between our house and the school. Such is the fact. It is indisputable, and I am ready to bear witness to it in any legal way.

"Now for the explanation, given to us the next day or the day after by my school-fellow. He woke up in the night and saw beside him his young sister who had died some years before. She came into his chamber, holding my grandmother by the hand, who said to him: 'To-morrow at six o'clock I shall be no longer in this world.' Now did he hear this? Was he exact and truthful in what he reported? I cannot tell. But what is certain is that, on the faith of this vision, he told our school-master in the most precise way a fact that he could not possibly have presaged or known for certain.

"M. Miné,

"Sixth Section of the Military Administration, Châlons-sur-Marne."

Letter 44.

XXXIII. "On January 22, 1893, I was summoned by a despatch to my aunt, who was eighty-two years old, and had been ill for some days.

"When I arrived I found my dear aunt dying, and she could hardly speak. I sat down by her bed, not meaning to leave her until all was over. About ten o'clock at night I was awake, sitting in an armchair near her, when I heard her call in a surprisingly loud voice, '*Lucie! Lucie! Lucie!*' I got up quickly, and found that my aunt had lost consciousness, and I heard the death-rattle. Ten minutes after she was no more.

"Lucie was another niece of my aunt, and her god-daughter, who had not come to see her as often as she thought she ought to have done, and she had complained of this to her sick-nurse several times.

"The next day I said to my cousin Lucie: 'You must have been surprised at receiving a despatch telling you of the death of our aunt.' 'No,' she said, 'I was expecting it. Just imagine; last night about ten, when I was in a deep sleep, I suddenly woke up, *hearing my aunt call, "Lucie! Lucie! Lucie!"* I did not go to sleep again all night.'

"This is a fact. I assure you it is quite exact, and I beg you, if you publish it, only to put my initials, for the town in which I live has a population made up of people who are frivolous, ignorant, or else bigoted hypocrites.

Letter 47. "P. L. B."

XXXIV. "I had an uncle who once served with the Zouaves. His captain was very fond of him at one time, but it chanced that their intimacy at last ceased. Several years after, one morning lying awake in bed, my uncle had a distinct impression that he saw his captain enter, come up to the foot of the bed, look at him for a moment without speaking, then turn and disappear. My uncle got up and questioned everybody in the house, but no one had seen anything. Some days after he heard of the death of his captain, *on that very day.* Did he verify the hour of his death and the hour of the vision? I cannot tell.

"EUGENE ROYER,

"Druggist to the First Class of the High School in Paris.

"La Ferté-Milon. (Aisne.)"

Letter 49.

XXXV. "I can tell you an authentic fact which I had from one of the witnesses. Here it is: Ten or twelve monks, sitting in a hall of their own house, were conferring together. Suddenly the shutter of one of the windows was violently closed with a horrible sound of creaking. At the same moment one of them (or several—I don't remember which) got up and cried aloud, 'A misfortune has fallen on us — our superior is dead!' The superior was then at the mother-house at some distance. The next day the monks received the fatal news. Their superior had died *at the very hour when the shutter was so suddenly closed.* This story has always greatly puzzled me.[1]

"JOANIS JANVIER,
"Anzy-le-Duc, near Narcigny (Saône-et-Loire)."
Letter 52.

XXXVI. "A year and a half ago my father, a cousin living with us, and my sister were talking together in our dining-room. They were alone in the room (no one else was present) when they suddenly heard the piano being played in the parlor. Much surprised, my sister picked up the lamp and went into the parlor, where she distinctly saw several of the keys put down, as if struck by somebody; they made sounds and rose again.[2] She came back and told the others what she had seen. They all laughed at first at her story, saying a mouse had something to do with it; but as she had excellent sight, and was not in the least superstitious, they began to think the thing was strange.

"A week later came a letter from New York which told of the death of an old uncle who lived there. But what was more extraordinary, three days after the arrival of this letter the piano began to play again, and, as it had done the first time, it announced a death, that of our aunt, who died a week after her husband.

"This aunt and uncle had been a most united couple, and they had kept up their attachment for all their French rela-

[1] It resembles cases I., II., and XIV.

[2] M. Victorien Sardou told me that he had once known a similar thing.

tions and for their Jura, the department from whence they came. The piano has never since played of itself. Those who saw this scene will certify to the truth of what I have said, if you wish it. We live in the country, near Neuchâtel, and I assure you that no one considers us nervous.

"EDOURD PARIS,
"Artist, near Neuchâtel, Switzerland."
Letter 54.

XXXVII. "I was finishing, in 1885, my last year's service at the arsenal of Tarbes, where I was working as a blacksmith. Early in the night of the 20th of May I was awakened by a light[1] which flashed before my eyes. I looked up, and saw at the foot of my bed, on my left hand, a shining disk, whose light, not very bright, resembled that of a night-lamp. Without seeing any figure, without hearing any noise, there came into my mind the persuasion that I had before me one of my cousins who lived at Langon, and who was very ill. After a few seconds the vision disappeared, and I found myself sitting on my bed. 'You simpleton,' I said, as I caught hold of myself, 'it was nothing but a nightmare.' Next day, as usual, I went to the shop, and there, at half-past eight, I received a despatch telling me of my cousin's death about one o'clock at night. I asked leave to be away three days that I might see him once more. We had been brought up together, and we loved one another like brothers.

"I told my uncle Lepaye when I arrived what I have here written; I also told his wife — my god-mother. They were the father and mother of the dead man; they are still living, and can, if necessary, bear witness to the truth of what I am telling you, without 'arranging the details,' as you blame some of your correspondents for doing.

"ELOI DESCAMPS.
"At Bommes in the Gironde."
Letter 56.

XXXVIII. "A few days before July 24, 1895, I had just

[1] Observe the impression made upon the optic nerve, natural in a blacksmith accustomed to beat out red-hot iron on an anvil.

undressed myself and was standing near my bed; my husband was in his dressing-room at the moment. I saw, being quite awake, the aged face of my grandmother—much more wrinkled than usual, and pale as a head of death. It lasted no longer than a flash of lightning, but I was sorely troubled. I said nothing about it at the moment—such things always seem absurd to those to whom they are told; but the next morning my mother sent me word that my grandmother had had a stroke of paralysis which left her without consciousness. She died a few days after. I did not note whether the time of her stroke corresponded exactly with that of my vision.

"I am a fervent Catholic, thirty-five years old, wife of a lawyer; all that treats of things beyond this life interests me greatly. But I beg you not to publish my name, for in the town in which I live there are light-minded persons who care for nothing but frivolities. L. M."

Letter 63.

XXXIX. "In January, 1888, I lost my grandmother. She had called her children round her to bid them a last adieu. All were present at the moment of her death except one of my aunts who is still a nun in Brazil. My grandmother spoke of her regret that she could not see this daughter. Mamma was charged to send her the sad news. Two months later she received a letter from my aunt which told her that one evening just as she had gone to rest she heard steps going round her bed. She turned, but saw nothing; suddenly the curtains opened, and she felt, as it were, a hand laid upon her. She was alone in her room and had a light. Her first thought was that one of her relations must be dead, and she began at once to pray for his soul. She wrote down the date, the day, and the hour, and it was precisely at the time her mother died that she received this impression.

"M. Odeon,

"School-mistress at Saint Genix-sur, Guiers, Savoy."

Letter 68.

XL. "My father at one time employed a person named De Fantrac, who came from Agneaux near Saint Lo. He was

an excellent fellow, kindly and jovial, and liked to play tricks on the lads of the village. Many now remember jokes played on them for which they would have liked to hang him.

"In spite of this, every one was fond of him, because of his pleasant humor. We all loved him. The poor fellow, who had served seven years in the naval brigade in Senegal had brought home malarial fever, and was subject to a renewal of it. He was anæmic, and he became consumptive. My father, who was much attached to him, took care of him in our house for some months. But De Fantrac growing worse, he was forced to take to his bed, and my father obtained his admission to the hospital at Granville. There he remained under the doctor's care three months, and then he died.

"Every Sunday regularly my father went to see him, to comfort him and to carry him something nice to eat. One Monday, the day after one of these visits, when he had found the sick man apparently much better, my father and mother were both suddenly awakened by a violent blow struck on the head-board of their bed.

"'What's the matter?' cried my mother, greatly terrified. 'Did you hear some one knocking on the bed?' My father, not wishing to seem frightened, although he had been roused from his sleep by the same noise, got up, lit the lamp, and looked at the clock. '*Tiens!*' he said. 'I have a presentiment. I think poor Fantrac is dead. He always told me he would warn me.' As soon as it was day my father set out for Granville. When he reached the hospital he asked to see, though it was so early, the man of the name of Fantrac. They told him he had died at two o'clock that morning, exactly the time when my father had been so suddenly awakened.

"I have told this story many times. I never found any hearers but sceptics, or men disposed to consider me the victim of superstition. I even at one time said to my parents, 'It was only a coincidence, a nightmare—something of the kind.' But my father always answered, 'No, I was not dreaming, nor your mother either.'

"The fact is not to be disputed. Oh, if you only could by this inquiry throw a little light upon these wondrous problems!

P. BOUCHARD,
"Postmaster at Granville (Meurthe)."
Letter 71.

XLI. "My father, when he was twenty years old, found himself alone in a house where soon after midnight there was a terrible racket in one of the rooms; then the front door opened with great noise. My father, who slept *au premier*, woke with a start, and at the same time his father, who was on the ground floor, called out to know if he was in his room or if he had gone down into the yard, and why he had made such a noise. My father made haste to go down-stairs, vehemently expressing his astonishment at what had happened. Father and son not being able to make anything out of it, shut the front door, bolted it, and went back to bed. But very soon the same thing happened again, and papa and grandpapa once more met at the front door, which was wide open. They shut it very carefully and again went back to bed. A third time the same thing occurred. Then they closed the door and tied it with a stout rope. The rest of the night passed undisturbed.

"Some time after a letter arrived telling of the death of a brother of my grandfather, who had settled in America. The date of his death coincided with that of the events mentioned, only this brother had died about one o'clock in the afternoon.

"Afterwards we heard that he had had a strong desire to see once more his relatives in Alsace, and when those beside him thought him dead he suddenly opened his eyes, exclaiming: 'I have just made a long journey. I have been to see my brother at Brumath.' And then he died.

"CAROLINE BAESCHLY."
Letter 72.

XLII. "Personally I have no telepathic phenomenon to record for you; but the day before yesterday several persons were speaking at my house of your learned researches. A

person whose word may be taken for truth, told us that a person attending on his mother in her last moments, had, just before she died, sprinkled a good deal of eau de Cologne over her. At the same moment a sister of the man who told me this, who was a hundred and ninety miles away, felt a sudden conviction that her mother was dead, and distinctly perceived a strong smell of eau de Cologne, although no bottle of that perfume had been near her. This lady knew that her mother was seriously ill.

"OCTAVE MARAIS,
"Formerly head of the Bar at Rouen."
Letter 80.

XLIII. "On the 19th of December, 1898, I had a very curious experience. The facts I am about to relate can be testified to by all my friends and by my household, for they made on many a deep impression.

"My husband was away at the time; he left on the 19th for a short journey. I took the eldest of my three children into my chamber. He was a boy seven years old. The bolts of all the doors were safe. I am easily frightened, and our house is rather lonely. At three o'clock in the morning I woke up, and my boy too. We heard steps, distinct but cautious, going towards the door of the children's chamber, and then coming towards mine. At the same time the latch of the children's door was lifted, but the door was locked and it did not open. I jumped out of bed and called out, 'Anna (the name of the nurse), is that you?' There was no answer. I went back to bed, sure that Anna had got up in the night for some reason. Great was my fright when at breakfast I learned that she had never been out of bed.

"Two days later I heard of the death of a near relative of certain persons who had hired rooms in our house. She died on the 19th, at eleven o'clock at night.

"JEANNE BANAUD D'EBERLE."
Letter 88.

XLIV. "This is the story that I heard told to Madame la Marquise de —— about five years ago, when I was tutor

to her son. The Marquise was dining one day with one of her friends in Paris. The guests were many, and all were very gay, so that their emotion was great when suddenly a young girl among them uttered a loud scream and fell back in her chair, sobbing bitterly. Everybody rushed to her relief. 'There! there!' she cried, pointing to a glass door which led into the dinning-room. 'My mother has appeared to me! My mother is dead!' In vain they tried to calm her and to chase this terrible suspicion from her mind.

"A very uncomfortable feeling soon spread among the guests. Twenty minutes after there was a ring at the front door. Some one had come to take home Mademoiselle X., and told the servants that a great misfortune had befallen her. Her mother had died suddenly.

"E. LEMOISSION,
"Professor at the College of Vire."
Letter 94.

XLV. "One of my relations having gone into the country on business, the first night that she slept in her chamber she found her bed shaken and uplifted by some unknown agency. It was eleven o'clock at night; she lit a candle, and saw in the middle of her room a very big dog, with his eyes fixed on her. After a few moments he disappeared, jumping through one of the window panes without leaving any trace of his passage. She left early the next morning, feeling sure that some misfortune had befallen in her home, and she learned on reaching it that M. X., an officer of the army, conscious of being the victim of an incurable malady, had committed suicide the night before at eleven o'clock. This gentleman had asked her to let him come to her house to be taken care of, and when she refused he had said to himself, apparently: 'Then there is nothing more for me to do but to end my life.'

"The person who told me this saw a direct relation between the strange appearance of the dog in the lady's room and the death that happened at the same hour on the same evening.

"CIEUCTAU.
"9 Rue de la Pax, Strasbourg."
Letter 98.

XLVI. "My father, who was born in 1805, at Saint Lâ d'Ourville near Port Bail (Manthe), was a boarder in the religious seminary of Saint Sauveur-le-Vicomte, six miles from his birthplace. He had been the favorite son of his father, who left him one-fourth more of his property than he gave to his other children—very fortunately, for the younger son would soon have squandered his inheritance.

"It is not, therefore, extraordinary that this father, dying suddenly (as we all do in our family), thought of this son, a good lad, whom he tenderly loved, and who was not present to receive his last sigh.

"Now this thought of the dying man must have traversed the six miles that separated him from his son, for that son, during the night—at two o'clock—saw his father, who called to him to come to him for he was dying. He rushed to awaken the superior, and implored him to grant him leave to go home.

"The superior refused, telling the lad of fifteen that there were forests to pass through, and that it was not safe to travel in the night, but that he might go as soon as it was morning.

"Alas! it was too late; the poor fellow did not reach home until his father had died, precisely at the hour of the night when he had heard himself called.

"ANGELINE DESSOULLE."

XLVII. "On the night of the 19th or 20th of May, a little before eleven o'clock, I had not yet gone to sleep. My wife, by my side, was sound asleep, when I very distinctly heard a noise as if something heavy had fallen on the floor of the room above me. My wife started up and said: 'What was that?' 'It must be a loaf of bread that has fallen,' I answered, for in the room above us were stored all the loaves taken from the oven.

"While I was speaking there was another noise like the first, and then a third, still louder. I got up at once, lit a light, and mounting the wooden stairs which led up to the garret I found everything in order; the loaves were all in their

places. A terrible presentiment took possession of me touching my brother Jean, who was ill, but I would not let it be seen, and when my wife asked me what had caused such strange noises I replied, not wishing to alarm her, for I knew she was very timid: 'Some loaves that slipped down on the floor.' The next day great was my stupefaction at seeing my sister, who then lived at Nantes, come in in a state of great excitement to tell me that about eleven o'clock she had heard a strange noise proceeding from her table, and, then being quite awake, a terrible commotion in her big closet. I then led her into the kitchen and said: 'Jean is dead.' 'Yes,' she answered, 'it was he.'

"A month later we learned that our dear Jean had died in hospital at Birkadere in Algeria, on the night of the 19th and 20th of May.[1]

"MARIUS MARIAGE.

"At Remoulin (Gard)."

Letter 104.

XLVIII. "My mother had two uncles who were priests; one was a missionary in China, the other a *curé* in Brittany. They had one sister, an old woman who lived in the Vosges.

"One day this person was busy in her kitchen preparing the family repast, when the door opened and she saw on the threshold her brother the missionary, from whom she had been separated for many years. 'It's brother François!' she cried, and she ran to him to embrace him, but at the moment when she should have reached him he disappeared, which frightened her terribly.

"On the same day, at the same hour, the other brother, who was a *curé* in Brittany, was reading his breviary when he heard the voice of brother François saying to him: 'Brother, I am about to die.' A moment after he spoke again: 'Brother, I am dying,' and then, 'I am dead.'

"Some months later they received news of the death of the missionary, which happened on the *very day* when they received these strange warnings.[2]

[1] Two witnesses remote from each other impressed separately.

[2] A similar remarkable case.

"I send you this narrative because it seems to me to possess all possible guarantees for its authenticity. It was related to me by my mother and by one of my aunts separately; they had it from the very people to whom it happened, their uncle, a respectable priest, and their aunt, an excellent woman, neither of whom could have invented such a story for the pleasure of hoaxing the public. As to believing it an hallucination it seems incredible that both brother and sister should have had one to the same purpose, one in the East, the other in the West of France, at the same moment. I wish here to assure you of my own perfect honesty. What object could I have in deceiving you?

"MARIE LARDET.

"Champ-le-Duc (Vosges)."

Letter 108.

XLIX. "You say in an article on telepathic manifestations that 'the value of facts is increased by their number,' and this emboldens me to send you one that is very strange. It did not happen recently, nor did I have anything to do with it, though I can guarantee its authenticity, because of the truthfulness, the common sense, and the clear intelligence of the person to whom it happened. About 1822 or 1823 the eldest son of my grandparents was pursuing his studies at Strasbourg. The last news they had from him was good, and nothing made them uneasy on his account. It is true that at this period, when twenty-five miles seemed a long journey, communication with Strasbourg was not very frequent, nor, for that matter, was news.

"One day, when my grandmother was looking at a portrait in oil of her absent son, she fancied she saw the canvas move towards her, and at the same moment she heard her son's voice say distinctly: 'Mamma! Mamma!'

"The vision was so distinct that she stretched out her arms with an agonized cry of 'Edouard!'

"In vain my grandfather assured her that Edouard was quite well, and that if he had been sick they would have had notice. He said she had had an hallucination, that she had been dreaming, though awake, etc. But my grandmother

still remained under the impression of an impending misfortune.

"The next day a messenger arrived from Strasbourg to announce the death of the young man.

"What illness could have carried him off in those few hours? I do not remember. I only know that he died at the very hour when his mother was looking at his portrait, and that as he died he had twice called 'Mamma! Mamma!'

"I own myself to be an incredulous person, but to this I bow. I send my name, but only for yourself, that you may be certified that this is not a fable. S. S.

"Vosges Annexées."

Letter 121.

L. "An absolutely authentic thing of the kind for which you ask occurred in my own family. I do not know in what year, but here are the facts as my mother and grandmother told them to me:

"When the latter was a young girl she lived at the seaport town of Envaux, a little place near Saintes, and she had a brother, Léopold Drouillard, who was a sailor.

"Another brother, who also lived at Envaux, went into a loft at the bottom of a court to get some hay for his cattle. He ran back to the house a moment after, pale and trembling, crying, 'Mamma! I have just seen my brother Léopold in the loft.' They laughed at him, and thought no more of it, when, in December of the same year, they received news that in June Léopold Drouillard had died in Havana. It was in June that his brother had had the vision.

"Such is the story as my mother told it, and my grandmother. A brother of the latter is living still, and one of his sisters. They could confirm what I have told you.

"FÉRAND ORTICE.

"Tonnay-Charente (Charente Inférieure)."

Letter 128.

LI. A. "In 1880 my brother-in-law, J. B. Tuillot, was in Algiers, where he had been summoned on business. One night he was suddenly awakened without any apparent

cause, and, having opened his eyes, he saw distinctly, by the light of the night lamp which lit his room, one of his friends named Morillon, who lived in the town of Oreil, in the Oise, standing at the foot of his bed and looking sadly at him. . . . The apparation lasted only a few moments. At once it was borne in upon him that this intimate friend—in perfectly good health at the time of their recent separation—was dead. He wrote to his home, and soon learned that his friend Morillon had died on the same night and at the same hour when he had seen the vision.

B. "I had occasion, in 1896, to meet at a friend's house a M. Contamine, a druggist at Commentry (Allier), who retailed in my presence the following facts, of which he guaranteed the authenticity, and which he could not relate to us without visible emotion. Seated one day in his chamber before a looking-glass, putting on his boots, he distinctly saw in the glass a door open behind him, and one of his intimate friends enter his chamber. He was in evening costume, dressed very carefully. M. Contamine turned round to shake hands with him, when, to his stupefaction, he saw no one in his room. He ran out at once, and called to the servant, who happened to be on the staircase. 'Did you meet M. X. . . . who has just gone out of my room. Where is he?' 'I have seen no one, I assure you, sir.' 'Nonsense! he left my room this very minute.' 'I am perfectly certain that nobody either went up or down the stairs.' M. Contamine, much impressed and greatly puzzled, began to apprehend some impending misfortune. He at once made inquiries and learned that his friend, having accidentally killed a man, and, wishing to escape judicial inquiries into the accident, *had committed suicide* at the exact hour when he appeared to M. Contamine and in *the same clothes* his friend had seen in his reflection in the glass.

"BOULNOIS,
"Schoolmaster at St. Mayence."
Letter 134.

LIII. "On October 23, 1870, at five o'clock in the morning, I lay fast asleep, and I was not dreaming, when, suddenly, I

felt on my left cheek a soft kiss given very tenderly. I cried at once, 'Mamma!'

"That same evening we got a despatch telling us that my beloved mother was dead.

"It made so deep an impression upon me that I can never forget it.

"If the perfect veracity of this fact can be of any use to you, I shall be most happy to have contributed, though only in so slight a way, to your researches, of which I appreciate the great value.

"P. S.—My mother died at Gien, and I was at Rochefort.

"MADEMOISELLE MARIE DURAND.

"Rochefort, sur-mer. (Charente Inferieure.)"

Letter 140.

LIV. A. "Fifty years ago, my aunt, who was a Sister of Charity, and then twenty years of age, was in the common dormitory (where I saw her again this year), and was startled by a great noise like hogsheads being rolled into the court-yard. She opened the window quickly, but saw nothing. Having closed the window, she prepared for bed, but the noise continued so loud that she again opened it, to the great astonishment of her room-mates, who heard nothing. A week after this she heard of her mother's death. It was eight o'clock in the evening when she expired, calling on her two daughters to come to her. It is curious that the other daughter, who was also in the convent, heard nothing.

B. "This same aunt was awakened long after by what seemed the strokes of a small hammer on a table near her bed. Fear at first deprived her of speech, but the eight sisters who also slept in the dormitory were awakened by the rapping. They got up, and three times during the night satisfied themselves that the noise proceeded from my aunt's table. Three sisters who were old companions of my aunt assured me they had witnessed this phenomenon.

"There was no coincidence of any death.

"C. COURTÉS.

"Marmande."

Letter 141.

LVI. A. "My uncle Joseph, my father's brother, was walking in his garden about ten o'clock in the morning when he saw over a hawthorn hedge his brother-in-law on horseback coming up the road.

"Joseph went at once into the house to tell his wife that her sister's husband was coming, and to be ready to meet him. In vain he looked for him, but in the evening came an express bringing news of the sudden death of this man, who had been struck with apoplexy that morning about twenty-three miles away, and had fallen from his horse.

B. "About forty years ago, when I was thirty, and collector of contributions in Morbihan, as I was taking coffee with two friends, one day, after dinner, about seven o'clock, we all three heard a noise as if five-franc pieces were jingling in a drawer. I ran to my office, which was separated by a slight partition from the room where we were sitting, but I could find no cause for the noise.

"That evening one of my brothers died in Paris.

"DU QUILLIOU,

"Mayor of Lanhelin (Ile-et-Vilaine)."

Letter 142.

LVIII. "My father, a musical composer, lived at Lyons, his native city, with his young wife and little girl. My paternal grandparents also lived at Lyons, about half an hour's walk from their son.

"It was the 28th of August, at eight o'clock in the morning. My father was making his toilet (he was shaving himself before a window), when he heard his name twice called loudly,[1] 'André! André!' He turned, but saw no one. Then he went into the next room, the door of which was open, where he found my mother sitting quietly. He said to her, 'Did you call me?' 'No,' replied my mother, 'but why do you look so startled?' Then my father told her how he had heard himself called loudly, and how this call, repeated more than once, had affected him.

[1] Calls heard in cases XVI., XXII., XXV., XXVII., XXXIII.

"He finished his toilet, and a few minutes after some one came to tell him that his father had died so suddenly that there had been no time to summon him to his deathbed. He had asked for his son as he was dying, but those about him did not think he was in any danger, and therefore had not sent for the son.

"He died at 8 A.M., exactly at the moment when my father had heard himself called so urgently.

"Observe that my father had had no suspicion that my grandfather was in ill health. The evening before he had seen him, and thought he was perfectly well.

"My mother, who witnessed my father's emotion, but who had not heard the call, has just told me the story for the hundredth time, and it is she who has dictated what I am sending you, but I beg you not to give our names to the public.

"M. B. NÉE S.

"R. (Isère)."

LIX. "My friend, Ferdinand S., when he was about sixteen, was pursuing his musical studies in Paris under the direction of the composer, Hippolyte Monpon.

"One day, in his students' chamber, he, being perfectly awake, had a clear vision of his father, exactly as if he were standing there. The vision lasted but a moment.

"My friend had no reason whatever to expect his father's death. Yet he, who was by profession a tuner at Tours, had met with a terrible accident. In assisting to take a piano up a staircase, it had fallen on his body and crushed him, so that death ensued.

"Now, after he received this news, Ferdinand could well understand how the moment when he had seen the apparition coincided with that of his father's death.

"E. LEP.

"9 Place de la Cathedrale, Tours."

Letter 156.

LXI. "One of my brothers, when a pupil in rhetoric in a Congregationalist college, one night could not close his eyes. As soon as the house was awake he went to find the superior

of the college, and told him, all in tears, 'I do not know what it may be, but I am sure some great misfortune has happened at home.'

"The superior said this was all childishness and . . . Two hours after our horse was at the gate of the college, sent to bring my brother home. Our father had died suddenly in the night. Now, it was impossible that my brother, a boarder in the college, could have heard of this. The college was more than seven miles distant from his home.[1]

"GASTON SAVOYE.

"Bailleul (Nord)."

Letter 164.

LXII. "One of my aunts was instructress in a commune of Alsace, and saw much of the sister of M. le Curé. One evening, as my aunt was making ready to go to bed, she heard the door-bell ring twice. My aunt went down and asked who was there. There was no answer. She opened the door. There was no one. It could not have been some one passing who had pulled the bell-rope, for to get at it it was necessary to come into the passage and to ascend several steps of the stairs.

"The next morning she heard that M. le Curé's sister had died suddenly in the night, just about at the moment when she had heard the bell ring. "K. E. DAUL.

"Neuves Maisons."

Letter 169.

LXIII. "One of my friends told me two years ago what a fright he had had on a certain night when he was reading in bed.

"Suddenly the curtains were violently shaken; at the same moment he heard a plaintive cry and steps upon the floor beside him. His wife, who was awake, told me she also heard the noise. The next day they heard of the death of one of their friends who lived a few miles from them.

"A. MORISOT.

"41 Rue du Chateau, Lyons."

Letter 171.

[1] Similar to that mentioned in XLVI.

LXIV. "Our family is connected with that of General Bertrand, who was Napoleon's companion during his exile at St. Helena. My mother had from childhood been very intimate with his daughter, Hortense Bertrand, who married M. Amadée Thayer, who died a senator of the Second Empire, I think, in 1866.

"In 1843 Madame Thayer, being in ill health, was sent to Madeira. Her father, General Bertrand, was at Châteauroux. He came to Paris in the month of January, 1844, for a few days. He left at the end of the month by the mail-coach. The weather was very cold. On reaching Châteauroux he was attacked by a congestion of the lungs, and died on the 29th of January.

"On the same day, January 29th, Madame Thayer, in company with her husband and several friends who had accompanied her to Madeira, was quietly conversing, not thinking of any harm likely to happen to the dear ones she had left in France. Suddenly she turned pale, gave a scream, burst into tears, and cried, 'Oh! my father is dead!' Those present tried to calm her. They pointed out that her last letters were of recent date and had nothing but good news in them, and that there was no cause to anticipate misfortune. She persisted in what she said, and noted down the day and hour.

"At this time there were no telegraphs and very few railroads. It took more than a month for letters from France to reach Madeira. The first mail that arrived brought news of the death of General Bertrand on January 19th, the very day and hour when his daughter had received her revelation.

"All the witnesses of this scene and Madame Thayer herself are dead now, but the thing was known to all our family and to all the relations and connections of M. and Madame Thayer. I have heard it often told by one of our cousins, Madame Thayer, a very intimate friend. Possibly you might get my evidence corroborated by Père Ludovic, a Capuchin in Paris, who was for years the confessor of Madame Thayer and who must have known the fact. I do not wish my name to be published. M. B. G.

"Paris." Letter 172.

LXV. "Two years ago my brother, who was a designer, undertook a journey of exploration in Africa, accompanying the mission of M. Bouchamps. I had had no news from him for a long time, when one night, suddenly awakening, I saw my brother *pierced by the spear of a savage.*

"This made so deep an impression on me that I did not go to sleep again that night, and I was haunted for several weeks by the vision.

"Some weeks later I received news of the death of my brother in Abyssinia, killed by a spear-thrust by an Abyssinian. The fact coincided with my vision, but unhappily I had omitted to set down the exact date. However, I am certain that the vision came to me in November.

"A. NYFFELEY-POTTER.

"Kinchberg." Letter 175.

LXVI. "I can certify to you the truth of the following fact which occurred in a little town in the department of the Var: My mother was sitting in a room in the lower story of her house, either knitting or sewing, when suddenly she saw before her her eldest brother, who lived in a village in the arrondissement of Toulon, about twenty-five miles distant. Her brother, whom she recognized perfectly, said 'Adieu,' and disappeared. My mother much excited, hastened to her husband and cried, 'My brother has just died!' She knew he was ill.

"The next day or the day after, news reached them of the decease of my uncle, which happened in the afternoon, *precisely at the time of the apparition.* There were no telegraphs in those days. The news had been sent by letter to Aix.

"UTTE.

"Aix." Letter 186.

LXVII. "Here is a fact of which I can guarantee the exact veracity.

"On December 21, 1891, I received a letter telling me that my father was very sick and wanted to see me. As the letter did not seem to me very alarming, I was not much frightened by it, but I went to the station at Redon to take the train at

4.44 in the evening. I was a little before time, and was walking up and down the waiting-room, thinking of pretty much nothing, when suddenly I felt ill and very dizzy. I could not see, and I had violent ringing in my ears. The attack had been so sudden that I remained standing upright and motionless in the middle of the waiting-room. The seizure only lasted two or three minutes, for people present were only beginning to perceive it when I came to myself. And here comes in the extraordinary part of the story. At the very moment when I began to see again and to rally my senses, and before I had recognized anybody in the room, the figure of my father appeared and disappeared, and at the same moment the thought came to me—was borne in upon me—that I could not refrain from expressing it in these words: 'My father is now dying.'

"I had that idea fixed in my head all night as I travelled onward. I tried to make myself entertain another conviction. I arrived at my home, which was in the Department of La Charente, about six in the morning. There they told me that my father had died at six o'clock the evening before. About an hour before his death he had several times earnestly asked for me, and my absence caused him to shed tears. This coincided with the moment I had seen his apparition in the Redon station. I was deeply impressed by it, and have never ceased to remember it. P. BUSSEROLLE,

"School-master at La Dominelais, near Fougeray (Ile-et-Vilaine)."

Letter 235.

LXVIII. "It has twice in my life happened to me to experience a distinct impression to have near me a person who was absent, and to mark the exact hour at which this occurred. *Both times* the impression received was found to coincide within five minutes with the death of a person whom I knew to be ill, but who I had no idea was so near his end.

"These two striking cases of telepathy have been reported in the journal of the Psychical Society in London, of which I have the honor to be an associate member. AUG. GLARDON,

"Man of Letters at Tour de Peitz, Vaud., Switzerland."

Letter 237.

LXIX. "On the 29th of October, 1869, our family had all met in the *salle à manger* after supper (the thing occurred at the Château de Vieux, near Caen, my father's house). About nine o'clock in the evening we heard a noise in the next room. This noise was exactly what a heavy picture would make in falling, and such was our first impression. We looked at all the picture-frames in our rooms. Nothing had stirred. My mother at once made a note of the hour.

"A few days after we received a newspaper notice of the death of my mother's brother at the military hospital at Calais, of typhoid fever, on October 29, 1869, at nine o'clock in the evening. ANATOLE DE JACKSON.

"Cheux (Calvador)."

Letter 243.

LXX. "A lady of my acquaintance who has a well-balanced mind, and is serious and sensible, gave me, under oath, the following fact :

"She was an orphan, and was engaged to a foreigner whom she loved dearly. He could not obtain his family's consent to their marriage. They waited long, and then, either from prudent motives or in a sort of spite, she married an elderly man who had also solicited her hand. (I omit unnecessary explanations.)

"She was true to her husband, and never again saw her first lover, who went back to his own country. But she never ceased to think of him.

"A few years later, one day on entering her chamber she thought she saw him lying on the ground, all bloody and seeming dead. She uttered a cry of terror, and she drew near him, not deeming that she was the victim of an illusion. After a minute all disappeared, and her husband, who had come in, on hearing her cry, saw nothing.

"She supposed that M. S. must have been the victim of an accident, but she could not find out, not knowing exactly where he lived.

"A few days after she met a correspondent of M. S., who told her that his friend, weary of his life, had *committed suicide.*

"When she compared the date of her apparition with that of his death, she was convinced of the coincidence.

"M. GAUTHIER.

"Lyons."

Letter 244.

LXXI. "A lady attended a great ceremonious dinner, given by an illustrious personage. In the course of the dinner she gave a loud scream, and fixed her eyes on the wall before her, stretching out her arms at the same time. She cried: 'My son! My son!' and fell down in a fainting fit. They carried her into another room, and when she came to herself she told them, sobbing bitterly, that suddenly the dining-room with its lights and its guests had disappeared, and in their place she had seen an angry sea and her son contending with the waves. He stretched out his arms to her. Later she received news of the death of this son, an officer in the navy. His ship was in the Indies, where it had been wrecked by a tidal wave on the day of her vision.

"I can, if you wish, give names, places, and dates.

"J. HERVOSCHES DE QUILLION.

"Lamberdin, near Combourg, Ile-et-Vilaine."

Letter 246.

LXXII. "One of my friends, the wife of a captain in the army, has twice experienced a clear impression of seeing a human being. Once it was her cousin, whom she called by his name, on a promenade, being very much astonished to meet him there. Another day her man-servant, whom she had left at Toulouse while she went on a journey, opened the door of her chamber, and she asked him, with much amazement, what he was doing there.

"Neither of the apparitions lasted long, and both coincided with the dying hour of the young men.

"J. DEBAT-PONSAN.

"Toulouse."

Letter 252.

LXXIII. "A lady, one of my friends, who is worthy of all belief, told me that a few years ago, when travelling in the Valais, she heard, after she went to rest, three loud knocks

on her bed. She was quite alone in her chamber, but her travelling companion, who slept in the next room, had also heard the knocks, and came in to know if she were ill, after having first called to her. Two days later my friend received news of the death, almost a sudden death, of one of her intimate acquaintances, who had died at Fribourg on the day and the hour exactly coinciding with the time at which she heard the blows. F. MOSARD.

"2 Rue de Lausanne, Fribourg."

Letter 272.

LXXIV. "One evening I had gone to bed when I heard a great noise in my chimney, as if some one were shaking the fire-board. I was so frightened that I rang for my servant. Nothing we could find explained the noise, and it was some time before I could calm myself, so great had been the impression made on me. The next morning I received a note telling me of the death of an intimate friend who had died the previous night. (I forgot to ask at what hour.)

"At once the noise in the night recurred to me, and became associated in my mind with my friend's death, for a very especial reason. This is why I feel it my duty to tell you of it. What especially marked the connection between the mysterious noises and my friend's death was that there existed between her and me a secret concerning the illness that was the cause of her death.

"M. CLÉMENT-HAMELIN.

"Tours."

Letter 274.

LXXV. "About twelve years ago I lived at Auch. On a certain night my wife, who was sleeping in a chamber next to mine, separated from it only by a slight partition, woke me by saying 'Did you call me?' 'No,' I answered. 'Well, I assure you I heard my name called three times very distinctly. The voice said, "Marie! Marie!"' 'You were probably dreaming,' I said, 'and fancied in your dream that some one called you. I was fast asleep.'

"A moment after my wife called to me again, saying 'Get up at once and light your candle; somebody *did* call me.

Come here; I am afraid.' But now the phenomenon becomes very extraordinary. My wife, who was much excited, passed the rest of the night in my chamber and insisted on keeping the candle lighted until daylight. 'Remember what I tell you,' she said; 'we are going to hear to-day that M. Gautier, of Marseilles, is dead. I recognized the *sound of his voice* in the two calls made to me.'

"The next day I was standing in my front door when the letter-carrier came up and gave me a letter with a black edge. I was stupefied when I saw that the postmark was Marseilles, but my stupefaction was greater when I found that it was from Madame Gautier, informing my wife that her husband had died that night, and at the same hour when she had been twice called.

"I have related this extraordinary phenomenon to many persons, and I am now glad to communicate it to you, in hopes that you may, through your labors of research, throw some light upon it.

A. DEUPÉS.

"5 Rue Cassini, Nice." Letter 275.

LXXVI. (A). "When my father was twenty years of age he was in Corsica at his father's house with three of his brothers, whose ages ranged from nineteen to thirty. None of them were at all nervous persons.

"One night they heard in an upper story, which belonged to their apartments but was not occupied, a noise as if some one was walking about the room. 'Do you hear that?' said one of them. 'It seems as if some one were stamping with his heels.' They went up-stairs; they looked everywhere. There was nothing, and when they got back to their room the noise recommenced. It lasted an hour. Some time after they heard that an aunt in America had died on the same night and at the hour when they had been disturbed by these unusual noises.

(B). "In July, 1877, my father died at Constantine, in Algeria. One of his brothers, to whom he was particularly attached, was then in Corsica, and was swinging in a hammock. He was at the moment alone in the house; there

was neither man nor beast there. Suddenly he heard something jumping violently on the floor above him. My uncle asked himself what could it be. Then remembering what had happened in the days of his youth, he cried: 'I understand! I understand! He is dead.' *He* was my father.

"A few hours later a despatch was received, saying that my father had died at the very time my uncle heard the noises overhead.

"E. RAFFAELLI DE GALLÉAN.

"Nice."

Letter 284.

LXXVII. "My father is a man of much knowledge, of decision of character, and he has never had anything to do with spiritualism or things of that kind. Now, in 1870, he and my mother, being both asleep, were awakened at the same moment by hearing the steps of a man wearing heavy shoes. The steps came up to the bed, and to the rug beside it. At this moment my father lit a candle, but he saw nothing, and the silence was complete. A few days after a letter from the navy department brought news of the death of one of my uncles who was serving in the navy at Toulon. He was much attached to my mother. He died on the very day when the noise of the steps had been heard, but my father never could learn the exact hour of his death. Neither my father nor my mother had at first thought the noise of any importance. The phenomenon is therefore incomplete, but I thought it better not to omit anything in an inquiry of this kind.

"DR. LAMACQ DORMOY,

"Hospital Doctor, 1 Rue Ravez, Bordeaux."

Letter 288.

LXXVIII. "I am not going to tell you of an apparition, but only of two things that happened on the day of the death of an officer who was killed in Tonquin.

"These things were: in the afternoon three knocks were struck upon our kitchen door and heard by my cook and her son. The latter said to his mother, 'There is madame knocking;' but the cook answered, 'Madame has gone out,

but let us go through the rooms and see.' They found no one.

"The next night I heard some one walking in the chamber next to my own. When I told my servant how I had been frightened in the night, she told me what she had heard the night before. Twelve days later I heard of the death of my adopted son, which took place that same day. This happened on the 1st of August, 1895.

"Written for my aunt, Madame Violet.

"G. CLARTÉ.

"12 bis Faubourg Stanislaus, Nancy."

Letter 287.

LXXIX. "I had been several months absent from Paris, and when I returned to it I thought of all the persons I was most anxious to see again and of whom I had not heard since my departure. They all passed before my mind's eye, looking as usual, except a gentleman about fifty, who looked *pale and seemed greatly changed.* I said to myself, 'Probably I shall not see him again. He must be dead or dying.' I had no especial sympathy for this gentleman, and it was not any affection for him that made me think of him. The next day when I found myself among some friends, I said, 'Apropos, how is M. X.?' 'Why, don't you know,' they replied, 'he is to be buried to-morrow? He died yesterday at three o'clock.' That was precisely the time when I had seen him with all his features so changed and discomposed.

"What I report is probably of no importance, but I wished, if I could, to respond to your appeal.

"L. HERVIEUX.

"Montivilliers (Seine-Inférieure)."

Letter 290.

LXXX. "When the celebrated revolutionary Barbé's was in the Prison Centrale at Nismes, he was always closely watched by two guardians, but he had all the consideration that could be shown to a political prisoner. One day in the court-yard, being with several other persons, he said to them suddenly, 'Something has happened to my brother.' The

next day they learned that Barbé's brother had died at Paris, of a fall from his horse, at the very moment when the impression that something had befallen him was made upon his brother. MARGUERIT.

"14 Allée du Busca. Toulouse."

Letter 295.

LXXXI. "My mother, who lived in Burgundy, at Bligny-sur-Ouche (Côte-d'Or), in 1871 or 1872 (the exact date escapes me, but it could be easily found), heard, one Tuesday between nine and ten o'clock, the door of her bedchamber open and close violently. At the same time she heard herself called twice, 'Lucie! Lucie!' The following Thursday she heard that her uncle Clementin, who had always had a great affection for her, had died that Tuesday morning, *precisely between nine and ten o'clock.* This uncle lived at Uzerche, in the Corréze. At the moment of the call and of the noise—it may have been an apparition—my father was not in the house. When he came back about noon, on that same Tuesday, my mother told him what had taken place, but she did not think of its having any connection with her uncle.

"There was really nothing in it but that a door had been opened and closed violently, and that she was twice called by name, 'Lucie! Lucie!'

"My father and mother are both living with me at Bourges, and this circumstance has long been known to me. I can assure you of its perfect authenticity.

"If it seems interesting enough to be given to the public, I beg you only to sign it with my initials, for one cannot be independent here; *on est plutôt 'bourgeois.'*

"P. D.

"Bourges." Letter 303.

LXXXII. "In 1856 I was nine years old and my brother was six. We lived with our parents at Besançon. My father and mother came from Wurtemberg, one of our grandmothers lived at Ulm, and the other at Stuttgard. We had never seen them. I, the eldest, hardly knew what a grand-

mother was like, still less did my little brother. All that we knew of them was that every year at Christmas-time both wrote to our parents, who, when they kissed us on Christmas morning, in turn told each of us that our grandmother prayed that her grandchildren might grow up tall and good, and sent us her blessing.

"That was not much to children, and I think that the tiniest doll or the least little jumping-jack would, at this time in our lives, have made more impression on us. However, here is what happened. One Thursday in February, 1856, our mother told us to run down into the garden and enjoy the nice sunshine. So I took my brother by the hand and we went down. But when we were in the garden, my brother, instead of playing with me, as I begged him to do, sat down by himself in a corner, and then suddenly, though nothing had happened to him, he began to sob. Running towards the house he cried, 'I want to see my grandmother—my poor grandmother whom I have never seen. I want to see her!' Our mother, thinking he had hurt himself, ran out at once to her dear little one, but to all her kisses and questions he only answered that he wanted to go and see his grandmother. They consoled him with great difficulty, and promised him that if he were good he should go and see her.

"The next Sunday my father came in holding a letter with a black seal. 'My poor, dear wife,' he said to our mother, taking her in his arms, and with tears in his eyes, 'our little Edmond was not wrong when he asked to see his grandmother, for she died the very day and hour when he was sobbing and asking to see her.'

"Émilie Seitz.

"Paris."

Letter 314.

LXXXIII. "When I was twenty-two or twenty-three years of age I had a little girl, a relation, aged seven, whom I was very fond of. She loved to come to the house, to knock at the door, and then would laugh when we called out, 'Come in.' The same year she fell ill, and I scarcely left her during the two days when she was dying. At last my mother, dreading lest I should be exhausted, came to take me away.

It was eleven o'clock at night. The little girl's uncle, who had arrived that day from Paris, asked us to wait a moment while he went to get his hat, and he would see us home. We were all standing in the kitchen near the front door when we heard raps on it just as those the little girl would have made. My mother called out, 'Come in.' I said as she went to open the door, 'We can't let anybody in at this hour.' 'Perhaps it is the nuns,' she answered. But, no! No one had come up the yard, or knocked at the door.

"We reached our own house about ten minutes after this, and were immediately followed by the maid who waited on the parents of our little friend, to tell us that little Marie had just died.

"A. LAURENCOT,
"Postmistress at Fouvent-le-Haut (Haute-Saône)."
Letter 322.

LXXXIV. "I am about to relate to you something that happened in my own family, having relation to apparitions of the dying.

"My father for seven years had been on bad terms with his son, and did not even know where he was living; he appeared to this son two hours before his death. My brother, as he left his chamber at seven o'clock, saw our father about two yards away from him, and asked him affectionately, 'Why have you come here?' My father answered, 'To look for you,' and disappeared immediately.

"My brother's wife, who was in the chamber opening on the corridor where this passed, heard the voices, for she at once inquired to whom her husband had been speaking. It was December 3, 1889. I was at that time sitting beside the bed of my father, who was asleep. At nine o'clock he died without having regained consciousness.

"EMMA LUTZ.
"8 Place Kléber, Strasbourg."
Letter 395.

LXXXV. "Madame Carvalho, mistress of a young girls' boarding-school at Lisbon, had five or six years ago among her pupils a little girl ten years old, whose mother was an

actress, touring with her company in Brazil. One night the child woke, crying and calling out, 'Mamma! Mamma! I am so troubled about mamma!' The child did not say if she had seen her mother, but the poor woman *had died that same night* of yellow-fever at Rio Janeiro.

"MADAME J. LEIPOLD.

"21 Calla da Gloria, Lisbon."

Letter 331.

LXXXVI. "Here is what happened to my father, a half-pay captain of the navy. He was at sea, and had just come on deck for his watch at midnight. As he walked upon the bridge he suddenly saw before his eyes a young child dressed in white, who seemed to fly past him. 'Did you see nothing?' he said to a sailor who was on watch with him. 'No,' said the man. Then my father told him what he had seen, and added, 'Some misfortune has happened to my people at home.'

"He made a note of the day and the hour, and on reaching home found that on that date one of his little nieces had died.

"My father often told us this, and he repeated it to me when we read your appeal in the paper.

"M. CHEILLAN.

"Arzew."

Letter 341.

LXXXVII. "I venture to relate to you an authentic fact which happened to my aunt (my mother's sister), who lives in Germany, and who told it to me *herself*.

"One morning, about eight o'clock, she had been busy fixing her daughter's hair, when suddenly she saw on the wall a phantom, the head of which was perfectly distinct, but the features seemed distorted by illness, and my aunt thought it the face of a dying person. She was so much impressed by this vision that she began to scream. Her husband and one of her daughters came to her at once, and she pointed, weeping, to the phantom, which had not yet wholly disappeared. My uncle and my two cousins seeing nothing, began to laugh at her.

"Two days later she heard of the death of her mother, which took place at Athens, the 4-16 of January, 1896, about seven o'clock in the morning. My aunt, who had not even had notice of her sister's illness, knew the exact date, for the day of the apparition was her daughter's birthday.

"COUNTESS CAROLINE MÉTAXIA.

"Château de Tharandt, near Dresden."

Letter 343.

LXXXVIII. "My great-uncle, now dead, was manager in one of the great forges in the Ariège. One evening he was going to his work, as usual, when, on arriving at nightfall at some distance from the forge, he all of a sudden felt his cap lifted from his head, when his hair stood up—and that happened at two different times without his being able to guess what could possibly be the cause.

"When he reached the forge, which he was, as I have said, very near, his workmen, who were all in excitement, told him that one of their number had suddenly disappeared, and that they had looked for him but could not find him. I may observe that the man was a friend of my uncle. They discovered him shortly after, dead, in a cellar or a pit into which he must have fallen.

"Here is the fact. The unimaginative character of my uncle, his courage and his honesty, which are a sort of tradition in our family, do not permit me to doubt for one moment the truth of his recital. R. PEYRON,

"Medical Student at Toulouse."

Letter 356.

LXXXIX. "Madame A., the mother of the person who told me this experience, had for some years had in her service a servant to whom she was much attached. This woman married and went to live on a farm at some distance from the little town where Madame A. resided. One night she suddenly sprang up, wide awake, and said to her husband, 'Don't you hear? Don't you hear? Madame is calling me.' But everything was calm and silent, and her husband tried to reassure her. After a few minutes the poor woman, still

more agitated, cried : 'I must go to Madame. She calls me. I am sure I ought to go.' Her husband continued to think that she was under the influence of some bad dream. He laughed at her, and after a while succeeded in calming her.

"The next morning when the man went to the village he heard that Madame A. had been suddenly taken ill the evening before, and that she had died in the night calling all the time for her old maid, at the *very moment* when this woman seemed to hear the voice of her mistress. SUZANNE H.

"Paris."

Letter 362.

XC. A. "Monsieur Passer who is now dead, but who for many years, was the Protestant pastor at Versailles, told me what follows :

"One day, being broad awake and having all his wits about him (he was then, if I mistake not, a student at Strasbourg), he *saw* his brother, an officer in a regiment of Turcos in Africa, lying at the bottom of a pit where grain was stored, with his head split open. Although he was much impressed by this sight he did not for a moment think that it represented a reality, and later it went out of his mind, until he received by post from Algeria news that the very day when the vision had appeared to him, his brother had been attacked by one of his men, who, after having split open his skull, threw him into the silo.

B. "A young girl very intimate in my family, whose father lived at Constantinople (I do not tell you his name, not having been authorized to do so), was staying with an aunt at Geneva. One evening when she had been to a ball, and, as usual, had been very gay, she stopped of a sudden *in the middle of a dance* and burst into tears, crying, 'My father is dead. I have seen him!' They had great difficulty in composing her, and a few days after they learned that her father (whom she had not known was ill) had died at the very moment when she experienced the manifestation.[1]

"97 Rue Dragon, Maiseilles. A. E. MONOD."

Letter 363.

[1] Similar to XLIV. and LX.

XCII. "Being at one time at Zurich for a few months, I saw one day, about three in the afternoon, a person pass my window, which looked upon the street, who I was quite sure was in Italy. I received so strong an impression of this that I did not get over it all day, and told it to one of my cousins. (I was wrong not to have made a note of the day and the exact hour.) Some days after this I learned that the person I had seen passing (a doctor who had once attended me and to whom I was much attached) had died suddenly from the rupture of a blood-vessel in Italy. I think I can assure you that more than twenty-four hours had not elapsed between the time of the apparition and the death of the doctor.

"LUCIE NIEDERHAUSER.

"Mulhouse."

Letter 366.

XCIII. "About three years ago my wife's father and mother lived at Marseilles, Place Sebastopol No. 5, on the second story. Their oldest daughter lived at Béziers, where she was extremely ill. M. and Madame Jaume quitted their apartment at Marseilles to go and nurse their daughter, and left their rooms to the care of some kind friends who occupied the first floor. After we had been away a month we had the misfortune to lose my sister-in-law, their eldest daughter. Now the very night of her death, and at the same hour (11 P.M.), the family who lived in the first story of the house at Marseilles were not a little surprised to hear some one going up to the second story, open the doors, and walk about the apartment. They did not doubt for a moment that it was the Jaume family come back from Béziers; but as they had gone to bed they did not think it necessary to get up and go to welcome them. Early the next morning they went to pay their visit. What was their astonishment to find the apartment undisturbed and empty! No door had been opened, and there was nothing to show that any person had been in the rooms.

CH. SOULAIROL,

"Druggist of the first class, at Cazouls-les-Béziers (Hérault)."

Letter 367.

XCIV. "I should like, in response to your request relative

to psychical facts, to acquaint you with the following, the authenticity of which my father, M. Fleurant, an ex-school-master, and my mother, a school-mistress, are ready to certify.

"It was in 1887, in February. My mother had then an only brother, who lived at Evreux. She was very fond of him, and he loved her tenderly.

"Unhappily my uncle contracted an incurable disease, which we knew could end only in the tomb, in spite of science and the loving care of his family.

"Towards the close of the preceding year my mother, who had gone to visit her brother, had been able to see for herself how ill he was, and had been told by the doctor that he was not likely to live more than a month longer.

"On the 11th of that month, about six o'clock in the evening, my mother having gone into the cellar of her school-house, came up in a state of indescribable emotion; she had heard, at intervals of a few seconds, three heart-rending cries, calling on her for help. They seemed to come through the grating of the cellar, which was to the north. 'My brother,' she cried to my father, 'is dying. I hear him call me!' Two days after this she received a letter dated March 12th, informing her of the death of my uncle, Ernest Barthélemy. Mademoiselle Blanche de Louvigny, who wrote the letter, and who had been with the sick man to the last, wrote that he had not ceased to call for my mother.

"My mother has often told me these details, and she is still confident (though she cannot explain the phenomenon) that she was for some moments in relation in spirit with her brother.

"I send these details to you, hoping that they may be useful to you in your search after causes which can produce such effects.

A. FLEURANT,
"School-mistress at Rouilly, but now staying with her parents at Thénay (Indre)."

"The undersigned subscribe their names to certify that the particulars given by their daughter are perfectly exact.

"G. FLEURANT,
"Retired School-master.

Letter 396.

"S. FLEURANT,
"School-mistress at Thénay."

XCV. "About two years ago a young couple who now reside in my family, went home one night between nine and ten to see their parents, who live on a small farm a mile and a half from the city.

"The husband was driving a work-horse belonging to the farm, which did not move very fast. At one part of the road, though rather remote from the farm, it is possible to get a view of the house and the out-buildings. Suddenly the man driving saw, at intervals of a few minutes, flames rising above the roofs like three great will-o'-the-wisps. He thought that something was on fire, and tried to urge on his horse. His young wife had seen nothing, but when they got into the court-yard she, as well as her husband, heard distinctly loud blows upon the garden gate, like beating a drum.

"When they got into the house they found the old mother greatly excited. Three different times (corresponding to the three times her son had seen the flames) she had heard chairs moved in the hall. Three times she had gone down-stairs, but had seen nothing. She had called up the farm-servants to examine the stables, but they saw and heard nothing abnormal.

"The young farmer and his wife were very much impressed, and when every one, somewhat reassured, had gone back to their beds, the racket of the chairs recommenced. The laborers were called in again, and as in the country wholesome traditions of piety are not quite lost, the mother and her children joined in prayer for the poor soul in distress, who seemed to have come to them for aid and pity, though they did not know whose soul it might be. On the morrow they heard that a young cousin, to whom the whole family was attached, had been buried *that* day. Through an inexplicable blunder no person on the farm had been bidden to the funeral.

"Five persons on this occasion had seen strange sights or felt inexplicable sensations: the father, who was of an incredulous turn of mind, the pious mother, her son, her daughter-in-law, and a young girl. The servants, being quartered in another part of the house, could not be supposed to have had

anything to do with the mysterious noises. They were sound asleep when the loud knocking at the garden gate aroused them, and their visit to the stables proved that all was quiet there. M. PASQUEL.

"2 Rue de la Fontaine Gosne (Nièvre)."

Letter 399.

XCVI. "My mother was by the bedside of her own mother, who was not well, and was at the same time very uneasy to think that she could not pay a last visit to a neighbor and friend who was dying (but no one had told her that her end was very near). Suddenly, the doors and windows being closed, they saw, not the curtains, but the two valances, hung round the edge of the canopy of the bed, shake backward and forward. They parted and came together again as if moved by a strong pull, and my grandmother at once said: 'See, my daughter—Josephine is bidding me adieu!' My mother hastened to her friend's house. She had just expired.

"MARIE OLLIVIER.

"Garcoult (Var.)."

Letter 402.

XCVII. "My mother was busy one day about household affairs, when she heard very distinctly the voice of her brother, who lived about four hundred miles off, twice calling her by her Christian name to come to him. She went to my father and said, 'It is curious, but I have just heard my brother calling me. I feel much troubled. I do not know what may happen.' Two days later she received a letter which told her that her brother was dead. He died on the day when she had heard his voice. PELTIER.

"Marseilles."

Letter 405.

XCVIII. "I send you a fact. You may depend upon its veracity. Being a soldier, on leave at home at Annot (Basses Alpes), December 30, 1890, in the morning my mother when she got up said to me, 'I think a death has happened in our family. Last night at two o'clock I was awakened by sharp blows on the wall at the head of my bed. I was wide awake,

and I had at once the idea that a death had occurred among our friends.' I did not put much faith in her apprehensions. But about ten o'clock in the morning we received a telegram from Digne, announcing the severe illness of my aunt, Sister St. Angèle, Superior of the Orphan Asylum of St. Martin of Digne. My mother said, 'This telegram will be followed by another to tell us of her death.' And in truth another telegram arrived in the evening, announcing her decease. A letter also arrived on December 31, showing that my aunt, after an illness of several days, had died on the 30th of December, at two o'clock in the morning, the very hour when my mother had heard those blows struck near her as she lay upon her pillow. My mother had not known that my aunt was ill.

"BARLATIER.

"Annot (Basses-Alpes)." Letter 409.

XCIX. "The fact I have to relate took place at Contes, in the Alpes Maritimes, in 1881. It was upon a Sunday when I was in church with all my class (it was the duty of a schoolmaster in those days to take his pupils to High Mass on that day). At a moment when we were all standing up, and consequently were all awake, I had a distinct impression that a voice was calling me, saying: 'Your sister is dead.' And indeed, on getting home, I found that my sister, who had been sick some time but had not kept her bed, in a dying condition. She breathed her last three or four hours after. This fact is, and always will be, as fresh in my memory as it was the day it took place. PENCÉNAT.

"Nice." Letter 414.

C. "My mother, Madame Molitor, at Arlon, has asked me to send you her answer to your request.

"In November, 1891, one morning about five o'clock, she woke up, being in bed. She saw her brother coming in through the open door of her chamber. He was a lieutenant on service at the military slaughter-house at Mons (Hainaut). He was in his fatigue uniform, just as she had last seen him when he came home on furlough for a holiday, which he passed at her house. He looked at her, smiled,

then turned and went away, making her a sign of farewell with his hand. At eleven o'clock the same morning came a telegram saying he was dead. C. MOLITOR,

"Clerk in the public registry office at Arlon (Belgium)."
Letter 430.

CI. (A) "About forty years ago one of my near relations, who was then a young girl, was walking in the country with her mother when she felt something like a breath pass over her. She cried out: 'X. is just dead.'

"It was true.

"X. was her young lover. He died of consumption. She knew he was very ill."

(B) "Here is another fact that I had repeated to me yesterday evening, that I might send it to you with all its details. It happened to our maid, a very intelligent, good girl, who has been living with us for some years.

"In 1884 she had a place with an old, unmarried lady, who, when the cholera came, went into the country, not far from Toulon, taking her maid with her. One night she was aroused by slight taps against the window-panes. She listened, then hearing nothing more, imagined she had dreamed, and tried to go to sleep again.

"There was more knocking at the window. Very much startled, she sat up.

"The raps were repeated a third time; then she saw something like a phantom, all in white, twice pass the window. Her chamber was on the first story, and opened on a roof. But the house was isolated, and if any one had been walking on the roof she would certainly have heard it, for she had very quick ears. The next morning she told about it to her mistress, who made fun of her, and assured her she had been dreaming. Two months later she heard of the death, two months before, of a cousin whom she loved like a sister. Her family, knowing the affection that she had for her, had not told her of this cousin's sudden death. She died after a few hours' illness of cholera. L. FEIRINGER,

"Captain in the Navy, on half pay at Toulon."
Letter 432.

CIII. "A few years ago M. and Madame H. W. were visiting a rich old man named St. Aubin, who, it seems, was a man of good education and something of an original. In the course of conversation the old man, believing his death to be near at hand, promised M. W. that in his dying moments he would send him warning, and M. W. made the same promise in return.

"The summer passed, and they had not been again to visit the old man. One winter night, while at supper, M. W. was reading his newspaper; of a sudden he looked up and said to his wife: 'St. Aubin is dead.' Madame W. could not believe it, and asked how he had heard the news.

"'No one has mentioned St. Aubin to me,' he said, 'but I had a little tap on my forehead just now, which made me at once think of the death of St. Aubin.' The next morning at church Madame W. heard the death of St. Aubin announced; he had passed away in the evening of the day before. M. W. (my uncle), who told me this story, said it was impossible to describe the nature of the slight blow he had received. He never had felt anything like it. My uncle is not credulous or supertitious, but quite the contrary.

"GUSSIE VAN DER HAEGE.

"Roulers."

Letter 433.

CIV. (A) "Madame Mercador, my mother-in-law, was married at Vernet-les-Bains, in the eastern Pyrenees. One evening she sent her daughter-in-law, Mademoiselle Ursule Mercador, who was then ten years old, to shut the front door. The young girl came back much frightened, saying that a hearse was standing before the house. They would not believe her, and laughed at her. But the next morning came a dispatch from Elne (there were no telegraphs in those days) saying that my mother-in-law's father had died the evening before, just at the hour when Mademoiselle Mercador had gone to shut the door and had seen the hearse.

(B) "My wife was fifteen when the following circumstance occurred, but she remembers it all perfectly. Her parents kept a bathing establishment at Vernet-les-Bains, and all

the servants had their rooms in the main building, in the same passage. Now a cook named Guiraud was taken very ill, and one night he died. All the servants flocked at once into his chamber the moment that he died, but nobody had summoned them. They all said that each of them had been awakened by a smart blow struck on the foot of their bed.

"I think I have responded to your wishes by sending you these facts, which are authentic.

"DR. H. MASSINA.

"Vernet-les-Bains."

Letter 437.

CVI. "Madame S., a highly educated and intelligent woman, a poetess and a transcendentalist, who had no private fortune, but was fertile in inventions, went in 1851 to London to the great exhibition, where she received a prize of 100,000 francs for some improvement in ropes and sails. Her evil star brought her into connection with an Arab, who was a great personage in his own country, and wonderfully handsome; he made such an impression on her that she gave him her daughter in marriage, and settled on her, as her *dot*, the 100,000 francs, reserving for herself only the future profits of her invention, which ended by a sharp man of business, an Englishman, making millions out of it, while she was left without a cent. The young girl, who was pretty, amiable, and gentle, carefully brought up and educated, a specimen, in short, of the best culture of Paris, with its refinement and attractiveness, was taken at once to Africa by her husband, a true barbarian, whose civilization was only put on for the occasion, and a miserable, horrible life began for her. It was the life of a nomad. Her home was a tent, where she lived in company with three or four other wives, as savage and degraded as their lord and master.

"Four or five years later Madame S., one evening in Paris as she was sitting at her fireside, heard the voice of her daughter calling to her, 'Mamma! Mamma!' She thought at first she was mistaken. Then the cry became more loud, and its tones were tones of anguish. She rose, went through her rooms, and looked into the street. She found nothing.

She did not know what to think or what to do, when a third time the voice called: 'Mamma, come! Oh, come, I pray! Come to me, quick!'

"At this she hesitated no longer. The next morning by break of day she was on her way to Marseilles. How long did her journey last? Was the railroad to the Mediterranean then in operation? Had the voice said 'Come to Marseilles?' All this I do not know. All that I do know is that she found her unhappy daughter at the point of death when she reached Marseilles. The poor thing seemed as if she had only lived till she could die in her mother's arms.

"S. BABINET RENCOGNE.

"Toulouse."

Letter 440.

CVII. (A) "My maternal grandfather, a man grave, calm, and as straight-laced as could be, was walking one day in the most populous part of London, absorbed in his own reflections. Suddenly he saw a man push his way through the crowd and come towards him. It was a friend of his boyhood, a colonel then in India, who, according to what was said in the newspapers, he believed at that moment to be engaged in helping to put down the Sepoy mutiny. My grandfather, in the greatest surprise, put out his hand to his friend and was about to ask him a question when, as suddenly as he had come, he disappeared. When my grandfather reached home he asked if the colonel had called to see him; and when his servant said 'no,' though still very uneasy, he went to his club. There nobody had seen the colonel. Weeks passed. At that time news travelled less rapidly than it does now. One day as he was looking over a weekly paper published in India, he read to his great sorrow that among those who lost their lives through the treason of the Sepoys was his own friend, and on comparing dates he could not but suppose that the colonel died on the same day that he had seen his apparition in one of the most crowded streets of London, where he and his friend had been fond of walking together and studying the faces of the London population.

(B) "A young pastor told me the following story:

"'My father,' he said, 'died when I was a baby; my brother and I were brought up by the best, the kindest, and the most judicious of mothers, in the austere city of Bologna. Though she never showed a preference for any one of her children, she bestowed especial care upon her youngest son, who was delicate and very loving, and who had inherited the firm and gentle disposition of his English mother.

"'When I was twenty I went to the University at Bologna, while my brother was sent to Modena to the military school. I could not tell you how much he suffered by his separation from home and from his mother.

"'One evening, before going to bed, my mother complained of not feeling very well, and showed some anxiety on the subject of her absent son. But good, sweet, and resigned as she always was, she went quietly to rest, after having kissed me tenderly, as she always did. Our bed-chambers were next each other. I sat up part of the night, busy over some work that was difficult, and towards morning I lay down and went to sleep.

"'Suddenly I was awakened by the sound of a voice, and was amazed to see my brother standing in my room, looking pale, and with convulsed features. "Mamma," he said, "mamma! How is she? At ten minutes past twelve last night I saw her distinctly beside my bed, at Modena. She smiled on me, with one hand she pointed up to heaven, and with the other she seemed to be giving me her blessing. Then she disappeared. I tell you that mamma is dead!"

"'I ran into our mother's room. With us it was a hallowed spot. She was indeed dead, with a smile upon her lips. . . . Afterwards the doctor we called in assured us that she must have died about midnight.'

"E. ASINELLI.

"Geneva."

Letter 443.

CIX. "I was about twelve years old at the time. The year before I had made my first communion, and I was still under strong religious impressions. I was a boarder in my school, and said my prayers regularly before I went to sleep. One evening I was praying with especial fervency; I am not sure

why. I asked earnestly in my prayer that God would take into His care and keeping my grandmother, whom I loved dearly. I made a number of little prayers, all concerning her. Then I shut my eyes. Immediately after I distinctly saw the face of my grandmother, who was leaning over me. Surprised, I opened my eyes, but all had disappeared. I attached no importance to this impression, and I soon went to sleep again. Children of that age do not worry. The next day, at nine o'clock, when I was in school, I was sent for, and the superintendent told me to take the ten-o'clock train and to go home to my grandmother, who had asked two days holiday for me. You may imagine how pleased I was to hear these words. I dressed myself quickly, as happy as a king. When I arrived at the station near my home I found my father waiting for me. He was in tears, and told me that my grandmother was ill. But when I got into the house, they gave me to understand that she was dead. A few days later I inquired at what hour my grandmother had died. They told me she had died on Friday, ten minutes before nine.

"I wish to observe here that my grandmother had been only taken ill on Thursday, the day before her death, and that no one had informed me of her illness.

"From that time, as I had implored God to give my grandmother a long life for my sake, and He had not granted my prayer, I ceased to believe in Him. They say He grants the prayers of those who call on Him; but here is a proof that He does not, and also of the stuff taught by the Catholic religion. It is just like all the rest of it.[1]

"A. FRINGIANTE.

"Torigny." Letter 448.

CXI. "M. le Docteur Blanc, at Aix-les-Bains, told me that when he was young he had witnessed something very curious. One of his aunts was ill, and her son, a little fellow six years old, was sent for Doctor Blanc, at Sallanches—I think he was

[1] We leave all our correspondents free to express their opinions and to use their own language. But very different opinions will be found in XXXVIII., XCV., etc.

the father of the present doctor, and the child was a playfellow of my cousin's.

"On his way the child stopped suddenly, and cried out: 'Mamma! I see mamma!' This was told to the doctor, whose first thought was that the child must be ill, but a little later they learned that the child's mother was dead. She had died at the very moment *when the child had cried out*, with no cause, apparently. LOUIS NICOLE.

"61 Tierney Street Station, Streatham, London, S.W."

Letter 453.

CXII. "At Malamour was a relation of my mother, who lived at Varennes, about seven miles and a half away. My mother was much attached to this gentleman, who had been of great use to her on certain occasions.

"This relation, who is now no more, knew that my mother was ailing.

"He assured me that on the night she died he had heard a great noise in his loft, as if somebody was tossing sacks of corn violently about. He said to himself: 'Cousin Labbé is dead.'

"This impression was confirmed when he received from me the usual notice of a relation's death. My mother died on the same night when he had heard the noises.

"My own opinion is that if telepathic communications are not more common, it is because they are only sent by very dear friends to those who dearly love them. And how many persons are there who have *real true* friends?

"'There is nothing more common than the name,
Nothing more rare than the thing.'

"LABBÉ,
"Notary at Esnes (Meuse)."

Letter 455.

CXIII. "I have often heard the following fact related in my family. It happened to my uncle, a member of the Institute, Professor at the College of Chartes, who died eighteen years ago. Unfortunately I can only give you the out-

line and principal facts of the story, and I beg you, if you publish them, not to give the name of my uncle.

"He was an earnest Catholic, and had been brought up by one of his aunts, whose memory he always cherished with gratitude and emotion. About the time of his first communion (the evening before, I think), being several hundreds of miles away from this aunt, he saw her standing near him, and felt certain she was dead, and had come to give him her farewell benediction.

"A few days later he learned that, in truth, she had died at the very hour, when he, a *child*, had seen her beside him.

"PAUL KITTEL,
"Professor in the University of the Petit Lycée.
"Corneille, at Elbœuf (Seine Inférieure)."
Letter 457.

CXIV. "One summer day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I was out walking, and as I went along I was reading a book by Alphonse Daudet, when suddenly it seemed to me that I saw one of my school-fellows, a pilot's apprentice in the navy, fall down before me, weeping, in the very attitude in which soldiers are always depicted when they fall back severely wounded; his hand was on his heart, and he fell backward. This puzzled me, and in the evening I mentioned it to my family.

"Four or five days later I received a letter from our late teacher, which said: 'Your friend Louis is in the depths of despair. A few days since he was out gunning, when by some awkward blunder his gun went off and wounded his brother Charles, who has just taken his degree as Bachelor.'

"When I read this I thought of my vision. It had not told the truth. Louis was not wounded. My vision must have been at three o'clock, and the accident about half-past four. Later I heard that Louis, when he saw what had happened, had fainted, saying, as he fell: 'If Charles dies, I'll kill myself.'

"This is all I have to tell. I insist only on the certain fact that a misfortune was foretold an hour before the accident took place. I send you the names of those concerned,

but I do not wish you to publish them in full, and I should be much obliged to you only to print their Christian names.

"L. P.

"Saint-Paul-les-Romains (Drôme)."

Letter 458.

CXV. "In 1865 the cholera was ravaging La Seyne; to escape from it my family sought refuge in a neighboring hamlet. In this hamlet lived a workman who, braving the epidemic, went every morning to La Seyne, and returned home in the evening.

"One morning, feeling very tired, he did not go as usual, and his son, who was fifteen, not thinking his father seriously ill, went off to amuse himself by fishing from the rocks, about four miles away, hoping his father would by-and-by come and join him. At half-past eleven the father died of cholera. At the same hour the son was convinced he had seen him on a neighboring rock making him a sign to come to him. But when he drew near the vision disappeared.

"The young man, greatly alarmed, hastened with all speed to their house, asking as he reached it if his father had come home. They showed him his dead body, and at once he told the story of how he had just seen him.

"As I was not with the poor man in his last moments I cannot say whether he called for his son when he was dying, and I limit myself to telling simply what I know and remember.

BALOSSY,

"Government Controller of Tobacco,

"Pont-de-Beauvoisin (Isére)."

Letter 459.

CXVI. "It was about 1850. Two sisters were together in bed, when one of them cried out suddenly, 'Oh, my God! —my father!'

"Her mother thought she had an hallucination, or was dreaming, and tried to compose her daughter, but the daughter insisted: 'I am certain I saw papa. He touched me with his hand.'

"I should say that her father had been for some time at

Tours, putting up wooden buildings for the great fair to be held there.

"Next day the family received a letter to say he had been killed by a fall the evening before, *exactly at the same time* that his daughter saw the apparition.

"L. DELANOUE,
"A man of means, living at 18 Rue de Château, Loches."
Letter 432.

CXVII. "In 1857 and 1858 I was living at Paimbœuf with my wife and child, in a house which had been occupied before we took it by Madame Leblanc, who had gone to live at Nantes. One night in the spring of 1858 (I am sorry I cannot give the date more precisely, but any one might consult the civil register) my wife and I were awakened suddenly by a loud noise. It seemed to both of us that a great bar of iron had been violently thrown down on the floor of our chamber, and that our bed was violently shaken. We sprang up in haste and lit the candle, running at once to our child's cradle, and examining the whole room. Nothing had been disturbed.

"The next day (or the day after) news reached us that Madame Leblanc had died the very night when, without any apparent cause, we were so roughly awakened, and about the same hour. We had never had any intimate relations with that lady, and did not know she was ill.

"My mother-in-law and sister-in-law, who occupied two rooms beyond ours, had got up and joined us. I think I was told that they were awakened by my wife's cries, and by the noise we made, and not by anything else.

"When we learned that the date of Madame Leblanc's death corresponded with the event that had caused us so much surprise, my sister-in-law, who was very pious, said, 'The souls of people dying, often, at the moment when they are separated from the body, come back to revisit the house where they have lived.'

"L. ORIEUX,
"Employé of the Government, Nantes."
Letter 462.

CXVIII. "A few years ago, at Monzon (Ardennes), a woman who was very ill sent her little daughter to pass a few days with some relations at Sedan. One night the child woke up crying, calling her mother, and asking to see her, begging that she might be taken home at once.

"The next day news came that the mother was dead. She had died in the night, at the very hour when the child had called her and insisted on being taken back to her.

"I do not remember the names of these people, nor the precise date of the event, not having paid great attention to the story at the time, but I can assure you that the fact is quite authentic.

"G. GILLET.

"78 Rue Bourniget, Vouziers (Ardennes)."

Letter 472.

CXIX. "My brother, who was military superintendent at Cayenne, had leave of absence, and spent his holiday at Bolléne, in the Department of Orange. He told me the following circumstance. He was very intimate with another superintendent, M. Renucci. This gentleman had a little daughter who was very fond of my brother and his wife. The little girl fell ill. One night my brother woke up. At the far end of the chamber he saw little Lydia looking at him fixedly. Then she passed away. My brother, much troubled, woke his wife and said to her: 'Didi' (Lydia's pet name) 'is dead. I have just seen her perfectly.' They slept no more that night.

"The next morning my brother went in all haste to see M. Renucci. The little girl had indeed died during the night, the hour of her death coinciding with that of her appearance to my brother.

"REGINA JULLIAN,

"Schoolmistress at Mornes (Vaucluse)."

Letter 473.

CXX. "Something that once happened to me seems to have some bearing on the facts of which you are publishing so interesting a study.

"My father was ill, and was being nursed away from home.

Though we knew he was ill, we had firm hopes of his recovery. We went to see him, and had found him better, when one night I was suddenly roused, and my father's picture, which hung just opposite my bed, *seemed to me* to make a sudden move. I say *seemed to me*, for I cannot imagine that it really stirred. At any rate, the first thing I did when I started up was to look at this picture which I had fancied I saw move. At the same time I felt so frightened that I could not go to sleep again. I looked to see what o'clock it was. It was exactly one in the morning.

"The next day, before noon, we received a letter begging us to hasten to our father, who had suddenly grown worse. We reached him too late. He had died at *one o'clock that morning*, precisely the hour when I was awakened.

"This fact, which I think of very often, is absolutely wholly incomprehensible to me.

"JULIETTE THÉVENET.

"Monte Carlo."

Letter 475.

CXXI. "I had been eight years absent from my father's house when, in the evenings, of January 7, 18 and 19, 1890, I heard myself three times called by my Christian name: 'Lucine! Lucine! Lucine!' I was not often called by that name, for, being a governess at Breslau, people always addressed or spoke of me as Mademoiselle. The call was followed by the creaking of a great gate which opened on two rusty hinges. I recognized this creaking, though I had not heard it for eight years. It was the sound made by a very old gate at my father's house at Epauvilliers in Switzerland. I also recognized in the call the voice of my sister. I was agitated all night by a sad presentiment, and the next day I received news of my sister's death. She had passed away on the evening of the 18th or 19th of January.

"L. ROY.

"At Mistik, in Moravia (Austria)."

Letter 478.

CXXII. "Here is a case which was quite personal to me, and I should like to add it to the material for your learned

study, but I ask you to use your best discretion in the use you make of it; for it is a *confession,* which, among its details might give many clews by which things it contains could be guessed or even recognized, especially by the family of one now dead, of whom I am about to speak to you.[1]

"The day of our first interview I was twenty, he was thirty-two. Our relations lasted for seven years; we loved each other tenderly.

"One day my friend announced to me, not without keen regret, that his position, his poverty, etc., forced him to think of marriage, and in his embarrassed explanations I could not but discern a vague wish that our relations might not be wholly interrupted.

"I cut short this painful interview, and notwithstanding my deep regret, I never saw my friend again, for I loved too well to share with a good grace a man whom I so dearly loved with any other woman.

"I learned afterwards, almost by accident, that he was married, and had a little child.

"Some years after this marriage, on a night in April, 1893, *I saw a human form enter my chamber,* but in vain I tried to discover its sex. The figure was tall, and was wrapped in a white sheet which covered it entirely and concealed the face. I saw it draw near with terror. It leaned over me, and then its lips fervently pressed mine. But what lips they were! I never can forget the impression that they made on me. I felt neither passion, nor thrill, nor warmth; nothing but cold—the chill of death.

"Nevertheless, I experienced some pleasure, some comfort, in this long kiss. But at no time in my dream did the name or the image of my lost love present itself to my mind. When I woke up I thought little or nothing of my dream, until the moment when, about noon, as I was reading the newspaper, the *Journal de* ——, I saw the following:

"'We are informed from X. that yesterday took place the

[1] I have therefore changed the names of persons and of cities. I have also suppressed some details.

funeral of M. Y.' (here the high qualities of the deceased were enlarged upon). And the article ended by attributing his death to typhoid fever, 'brought on by exhaustion occasioned by a too conscientious devotion to duties he was endeavoring faithfully to fulfil.' 'Dear friend,' I thought, 'set free at last from the conventionalities of the world, thou didst come to tell me that it was I that thou hast loved, and whom thou lovest still beyond the grave. I thank thee, and will always love thee.'

"Shall I ever recover him? My spirit would most gladly escape from its prison here, to seek for him wherever he may be found.

"MADEMOISELLE L."

Letter 494.

CXXIII. "In the year 1866 M. Paul L., Professor of German at Saint Petersburg, was staying with his brother at the house of their mother living in Prussia, at some distance from a place where their sister lived. This sister was slightly indisposed and suffering.

"One morning, September 17th, the two brothers were walking in the open country. Suddenly Paul heard his name called twice by a mysterious voice, and the third time his brother also heard it. The voice pronounced distinctly the name of Paul. Moved by a dark presentiment, for the country was denuded of inhabitants, the brothers hastened to return home, where they found a telegram telling them that their sister had grown worse and that she was dying.

"Paul L. and his mother set out at once with post-horses. On their way, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, M. L. saw the form of his sister suddenly glide by him and brush against him as she passed through the carriage.

"He then had a firm conviction that she had died at the moment when her form appeared to him, and that in the morning she had several times summoned him to her dying bed.

"Other details might be noticed. When they returned

home they found that the clock had stopped at the exact hour of their sister's death, and that her picture had fallen at the same time. The portrait had been carefully nailed to the wall, but it had fallen without pulling out the nail.

"M. L., whose address I can give you if you wish it, can certify that these facts are the exact truth.

"V. MOURAVIEFF.

"Saint Petersburg, March 18–30, 1899."

Letter 498.

CXXIV. (A) "It was December, 1875. My father had gone to his bed, from which he was never again to rise. He had been sick a long time, but he kept on his feet and moved about, fancying he might deceive death so long as he did not keep his bed. I was sitting near him, and I saw, with grief, the first signs of his approaching dissolution. No person in the family had as yet been summoned.

"Suddenly one of my uncles came into the room, dressed in his working-clothes, and said to me, in a choked voice:

" 'Is my brother very ill?'

" 'You can see for yourself.'

" 'Just think—a little while ago, when I was putting the plough away for the night, I seemed to see your father walking slowly, as he always does, with his hand on his heart—on the place where it pains him. He turned towards me and said: "Christopher, it is all over with me, go to our house." I was very much frightened, and called to Jules: "Your uncle! Don't you see your uncle?" "Why, papa," he said, "you are dreaming. There is no one here."

" 'If that is so,' I replied, 'go and tell your mother I am not coming home. I am going to D., to my brother's.'

"This was about 6 o'clock in the evening. The next day at 5 o'clock my father was dead."

(B) "The second thing I have to report happened in August, 1889. My wife and I were at supper. I was very sad—I had just lost my mother. Suddenly a man came in and told my wife that *her* mother was very ill, and that she must go to her at once. He had a carriage.

"Next day I got word that my mother-in-law was worse, and that I must come immediately.

"I was about to start when I was seized with a violent attack of neurasthenia. It was impossible for me to move, and I sank into a state something like coma.

"I saw nothing, but I knew I was yonder in the midst of a family in tears near the bed of the dying woman, and I heard a voice saying:

"'Is he not coming, Emilie?'

"Then came another voice, the voice of the dying woman: 'He can't come, poor fellow; he is ill. And then, after all, what would be the use?'

"An hour after I got the sad despatch: 'Mamma is just dead.' DR. E. CLÉMENT.

"Montreux."

Letter 502.

CXXVI. "My brother-in-law, Jung, was one day with his father, his brother-in-law Ganzhirt, and a friend of the latter, named Sohnlein, in an arbor in their garden. Jung was about twelve; Ganzhirt and Sohnlein, twenty-two and twenty-four. They were all in good health. Sohnlein said to them, 'When I die I mean to come and appear to you in this very place.'

"Four months later, as my brother-in-law Jung was studying his lessons in this arbor, he heard a noise as if a tree were shaken violently, and saw plums drop off from a plum-tree and fall near him. As he could see no one, he was seized with fear, closed his books, and went into the house. Soon after some one came to tell him that Sohnlein was dead. V. SCHAEFFER BLANCK.

"Huningue."

Letter 504.

CXXVII. "I have not myself experienced any impressions of the kind that form the object of your questions. But a person in my family had a great impression made on her, under the circumstances of the following narrative:

"Her father lived at Bayonne. She was at Concordia, in

South America. On the 5th of March, 1889, at seven o'clock in the morning, she was lying in bed, but wide awake, when she thought she saw her father at the foot of the bed looking at her sadly. At that very moment her father had been stricken by paralysis of the brain, and he died on the 31st, twenty-six days afterwards. BONNOME,

"Principal Clerk in a Government Office at Mestaganem."

Letter 505.

CXXVIII. "Allow me to call your attention to a circumstance which seems to me very curious. In the first place, it decided my future life, and, besides that, its circumstances were not ordinary ones.

"In 1867 (I was then twenty-five) on December 17th, I went to bed. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and as I undressed I sat down and began thinking. My thoughts were fixed on a young girl I had met during my last vacation at the sea-bath of Trouville. My family knew hers quite intimately, and Martha and I became very fond of each other. Our marriage was on the eve of being arranged when our two families quarrelled, and it had to be given up. Martha went to Toulouse, and I returned to Grenoble. But we continued to love each other so sincerely that the young girl refused other offers for her hand.

"That evening, December 17, 1867, I was thinking about all this, when the door of my room opened softly, and, almost noiselessly, Martha entered. She was dressed in white, with her hair streaming over her shoulders. Eleven o'clock struck —this I can confidently assert, for I was not sleeping. The vision drew near me, leaned lightly over me, and I tried to seize the young girl's hand. It was icy cold. I uttered a cry, the phantom disappeared, and I found myself holding a glass of cold water in my hand. This may have given me the sensation of cold.[1] But, observe, I was not asleep, and the glass

[1] A superficial examination might tend to prove that this was an hallucination — that is, that it was the work of the imagination. But telepathic influence is much more probable. This instance is like that in CXXII.

of water had been standing on the *table de nuit* at my side. I could not sleep that night. On the *evening of the next day I heard of the death of Martha, at Toulouse, the night before, at eleven.* Her last word had been, 'Jacques!'

"This is my story. I may add that I have never married. I am an old bachelor, but I think constantly of my vision. It haunts my sleep. JACQUES C.

"Grenoble."

Letter 510.

CXXIX. "I had had a little girl friend during my childhood. Her name was Héléne. I loved her dearly. Her father, who was in government employ, was removed to Paris, and we had to be parted, which caused both of us great regret. Before they left Héléne came and brought me her photograph; she put it herself into an empty frame on a little table in my room, and we promised to write often to each other—a promise which we kept.

"The air of the capital was injurious to my poor Héléne, who had always been delicate. She grew more and more ailing, and soon I heard that she was in a consumption. From that moment, and without letting her know what I was doing, I closely watched the progress of her illness. One day I received a letter from her that was very gay—she was much better. She hoped to come and spend the summer with me. This sudden improvement frightened me at first, and then I said to myself that, after all, it was possible Héléne might get well.

"The next day, April 15, 1896, I felt uneasy all day. I was still finishing my studies. In the evening, after dinner, I went to my room, and was bending over a problem in geometry, on which I had great difficulty in fixing my attention. Héléne's photograph was near me, standing always on the spot where she had placed it, and my eyes were continually upon it.

"Suddenly I saw the face in the photograph raise its eyelids. The mouth opened as if she were going to speak. A noise at this moment made me start. It was my clock striking eight. I fancied I must have been dreaming. I rubbed

my eyes and looked again. This time I distinctly saw the face move its lips, then it opened its eyes, then closed them slowly, opened them and closed them again with a deep sigh.[1]

"I dared no longer look at the photograph. I picked up my lamp and went to bed, early as it was, and I tried, but in vain, to go to sleep.

"About ten o'clock I heard a startling ring at the front door. I called out to my parents who had gone to bed. It was a despatch containing these words: 'Héléne died this evening at eight o'clock.'

"Next day the first train took me to Paris with my father. I was anxious to be present at the funeral of my dear one, and also to hear particulars concerning her last moments. I heard that on the day of her death she had been talking of me continually. She had even said: 'Perhaps Valentine is looking at my photograph at this moment. He thinks I am getting better, but I know I am going to die.' A few moments before her last she begged I should receive news of her death immediately, and that they would send me her farewell. Her last word was my name.

"Others may explain this as they will, but I am quite sure that I was not under an illusion. I never took any interest in apparitions, and my health was entirely normal.

"VALENTINE C.

"Roanne."

Letter 542.

CXXX. "One of my college friends (I am a woman doctor) went out to India as a medical missionary. We lost sight of each other, as often happens, still we were sincerely attached to each other.

"One morning—it was the night between October 28th and 29th (I was then at Lausanne)—I was awakened at six o'clock by some little knocks on my door. My bedroom opened on

[1] Let me once more repeat that all this was not real. It was an impression on the lad's brain by the girl who was dying. See also cases V., XLIX., and CXX.

a corridor, from which there was a staircase leading to another story. I used to leave my door ajar for the accommodation of a great white cat I then had, who liked to go out hunting during the night (the house swarmed with mice). The knocks were repeated. The night-bell had not rung, and I had heard no one come up the stairs.

"By chance my eyes lighted on my cat, who was occupying his usual place at the foot of my bed. He was sitting up, with his fur bristling, trembling and growling. The door was shaken as if by a slight gust of wind, and I saw a figure wrapped in a kind of white gauze, like a veil over some black material. I could not distinctly see the face. She drew near me. I felt a cold shiver pass over me ; I heard the cat growl furiously. Instinctively I shut my eyes, and when I reopened them all had disappeared. The cat was trembling all over and was covered with sweat.[1]

"I must own that no thought of my friend in India occurred to me. I was thinking of another person. But about a fortnight later I learned that my friend, on the night of the 19th to the 20th of October, had died at Srinaghar in Cashmere. I heard afterwards that the cause of her death was peritonitis. MARIE DE THILO, M.D.

"Saint Junien, Switzerland."

Letter 514.

CXXXI. "I was one morning in my dining-room ; no one but a servant and myself were there. We were both busied with household affairs. My servant was dusting a table and had her back turned towards me. I was fixing some things on another table which stood between us. Everybody else in the house was asleep, for it was very early in the morning, so that the most profound silence reigned in the house. Suddenly we heard a noise which seemed like that of a heavy bird slowly alighting, after several times beating its wings. Something seemed to pass between us through the middle of the room. We both were startled. The servant turned

[1] This experience with animals is not unique. See cases XXIX. and CLXXVII. It is worthy of attention.

round quickly, letting the feather-duster she was holding drop from her hand, and she looked at me with every sign of fright. I stood motionless, stupefied and silent. After a few seconds, when I had somewhat recovered from my astonishment, I sprang to the window and looked out. There was a court-yard outside, in which I could see nothing which might have caused the noise. Wishing, above all things, to find an explanation, I opened two doors. One led into a vestibule, the other into an unoccupied bedchamber. I searched everywhere. Nothing—nothing anywhere. Then, without saying more about it, I sent to hear how a lady was in whom I took much interest, and who I had left the night before on her death-bed. It was only a short distance from my house. When the servant got back she said: 'She died this morning at half-past six.' It was then seven.

"The strange noise occurred exactly at the moment of her death. MADAME B.

"Nevers."

Letter 519.

CXXXII. (A) "In the winter of 1870-71 I found myself one evening alone with my mother and grandmother, who had left Saint-Étienne some days before to come and spend a month with us, her daughter and her granddaughter. She had left her son Pierre, a man of thirty-five, *slightly indisposed,* the result of a chill. She was not the least uneasy about him, and having planned to make the journey some time before, she had come on as she proposed and had joined us at Marseilles.

"One evening we had just gone to bed, I in the same room with my grandmother, and mamma in another chamber, when a violent ringing made us jump in our beds. It was eleven o'clock at night. I got up and met my mother at the door. She had also got up to learn who had rung. We stood, both of us, in the vestibule, and called out several times: 'Who is there?' Without getting any answer (and without opening the door) we went back into our rooms and went to bed. My grandmother had stayed in bed, and I found her sitting up and a little alarmed when she found we had had no answer.

"Hardly had we composed ourselves after this when the bell rang again, more loudly and insistently than the first time. Again we were disturbed.

"This time, indeed, I sprang up with the vivacity of a child of fourteen (I was then fourteen years old) and I reached the front door before my mother. I asked who was there. There was no answer. We opened the door, we looked up and down the staircase, we examined the floors above and below—there was nobody anywhere. We came back to our rooms very uneasy, with heavy hearts, now expecting to hear of some misfortune, and after a sleepless night for my mother and grandmother (though I went to sleep, for I was at an age when one can sleep through anything), we received in the evening of that exciting day the following telegram: 'Pierre died last night at eleven o'clock. Tell mamma. Prepare her for this sad news.'

(B) "In 1884, the year of the cholera at Marseilles, I left for Bagnères-de-Bigorre and Barèges, with my husband and my two children. I had been there about a week, staying at the Hôtel de l'Europe. One night I was rudely awakened by no apparent cause. My chamber, where I slept alone, was perfectly dark. As I got out of bed I saw a figure standing upright, surrounded by a *circle of light*. I gazed at it, a good deal moved as you may imagine, and I recognized my husband's brother-in-law, a doctor, who said: 'Warn Adolphe—*tell him I am dead.*' I at once called my husband, who was sleeping in the next room, and said to him: 'I have just seen your brother-in-law. He told me he was dead.'

"The next day a telegram confirmed the news. An attack of cholera (contracted while attending patients who were poor) had carried him off in a few hours.

"There was not in the whole world a man more full of sympathy, or more devoted to his patients.

"H. PONCER.

'415 Rue Paradis, Marseilles."

Letter 522.

CXXXIV. "M. Rigagnon, *curé* in the Parish of Saint-Martial of Bordeaux, being in his room engaged in writing,

saw before him his brother who lived in the colonies, and who said to him, 'Adieu, *I am dying!*' M. Rigagnon, much moved, called in his vicars (his assistant clergy), and told them what he had just seen. These gentlemen wrote down the day and the hour of the apparition, and some time after news of the brother's death arrived. It coincided exactly with the date at which he had appeared to M. Rigagnon. This fact was related to me by one of the vicars who wrote down an account of it as soon as it occurred.

"E. BÉGOUIN.

"Reaux, near Jouzac (Charente Inférieure.)"

Letter 524.

CXXXV. "My grandfather lived in a château, which was very lonely, in the midst of woods; but this château was a modern building, and had nothing mysterious about it—no legends; not even the 'ghost,' indispensable to the reputation of an old castle. My grandfather's sister had married a doctor in a neighboring village.

"At the moment the thing took place that I am going to relate my grandfather was absent. His brother-in-law, the doctor being seriously ill, he had gone off in the evening, begging my grandmother, my mother, three of my aunts, and my two uncles not to expect him back that night, for, unless he found his brother-in-law better, he would not come home.

"Notwithstanding this, and because the return of one of my uncles was expected (I think from Cochin-China, where he had served in a campaign), all the family was sitting up talking in the dining-room. The night passed rapidly, no one was fatigued, when at TWO O'CLOCK *every one in the dining-room* (among them my uncles, two sceptical soldiers, but very courageous men) distinctly heard the door of the *salon*, the next room, slammed with a violence that made them jump in their chairs. (I speak of the door which separates the *salon* from the passage opposite to the dining-room.) There was no mistake about it; the door that was closed in this manner, or at least the door that my family heard close,

was close to them. It was the noise of a door in the house, not a front door. My mother has told me often: 'We heard the door close as if a fierce gust of wind had entered the house and blown it to.' This gust of wind (absolutely without reality, as you will see presently) had at least this much real about it that my kinsfolks: some more, some less, felt a sort of cold sweat on their faces as it passed them, such as they might have felt in a nightmare. Conversation stopped. The noise of the door seemed strange to them, and gave them all an uneasiness they could not have explained. Soon one of my uncles began to laugh at the piteous faces of his mother and sisters. At once an amusing search was organized. One uncle, a man of tried courage, took the lead. A comical procession was organized from the dining-room to the *salon*. They first examined the door of the *salon*, which every one of them had certainly heard close with a loud noise; but, behold! it was locked and bolted! The family in Indian file went through the château. All the doors were closed, the outside doors were chained, all the windows were shut, no current of air through the house had disturbed or blown anything. There was nothing to explain how a door very near them could have been shut so violently by a gust of wind.

"My grandfather came home the next morning, and told them that his brother-in-law was dead. 'At what hour did he die?' they asked him. 'At two in the morning.' 'At two?' 'Two o'clock precisely.' The noise of the door had been heard by seven persons exactly at that hour of the morning.

"René Gautier,
"Student preparing for his baccalaureate degree at Buckingham,
"St. John's Royal School, England."
Letter 525.

CXXXVI. "One of my friends, M. Dubreuil, in whose word I place absolute trust, told me the following circumstance:

"His father-in-law, M. Corbeau, superintendent of the Ponts et Chausseée, attached to the Department of the Navy,

had been sent some time before to Tonquin to overlook certain works. His wife had accompanied him.

"One day, in the afternoon, my friend's wife saw her mother's figure pass between her and her son's cradle. The child was asleep at the moment in his mother's chamber, but he woke up at once, calling for his grandmother as if he saw her at the foot of his bed. Madame Dubreuil at once had a presentiment that her mother, Madame Corbeau, must be dead. And indeed her death had taken place that very day on board the steamer which was bringing her back to France. She was buried at Singapore.

"I can, if you wish, get you the exact date of her decease, and the name of the steamer on which it took place.

"M. HANNAIS.

" 10 Avenue Lagache, Villemomble (Seine)."

Letter 527.

CXXXVII. "In July, 1887, when I was nineteen, I found myself at Toulon, serving my time as a volunteer in the Sixty-first Regiment of the line, quartered in the barracks of the Jeu de Paume. I had a brother named Gabriel, whom I dearly loved; he was ten years older than I was, and was a draughtsman at the Ministry of War. He was, however, very ill at Vauvert, where, having had a furlough, he was at home at the time with his parents. I had been to see him in June, and, although his condition was bad, I did not think it serious. During the night of the 3d and 4th of July, about *one o'clock in the morning*, I started up awake, with my pillow wet with tears, having a certainty—a conviction—that my poor brother was dead. This conviction could not have been a dream, otherwise, sooner or later, I should have recalled my dream, which I never did.

"As I write these lines the memory of those unhappy moments comes vividly before me. Being awake I lit my candle, which I kept under my bolster, and set it on a garbage-box that stood near, for I often studied my class-books in bed. I was then a corporal, which gave me the privilege of having this rude, foul-smelling *table de nuit*. Forgive me for writing you such details. I do so that you may see how

exact I am, and may so test my veracity. I ascertained that it was then one o'clock in the morning. I could not go to sleep, and at half-past five, when I went on parade, I asked the postmaster, without remembering that the telegraph-office was not open at Vauvert at that early hour, if there was not a despatch for me. I asked the same question when parade was over, and again was answered no. But at the moment I was entering my quarters, and was unbuckling my cartridge-belt, a man on guard brought me the following despatch, sent by my father : 'Gabriel is dead. Come home at once. Courage.' Thanks to the kindness of my captain I was able to take the train at 2.18. On reaching Vauvert I learned that my brother had died during the night—that is, at one o'clock in the morning.

"My grief brought on a few days later trouble in my brain, and ever since I have been seriously ill at the same time in the year with the same thing. CAMILLE ORENGO,

"Expert in the Law Courts at Nîmes."
Letter 536.

CXXXVIII. "I have heard the following circumstance related by a person with whom I was at sea on the *Melpomene*, and whose word inspires me with full confidence (M. Jochond du Plessix, the lieutenant on the vessel).

"About six or seven years before, being an ensign on board ship, and ordered to Senegal, he was allowed a few days' leave to visit his parents, who were inhabiting a villa in the neighborhood of Nantes. As he went along the principal garden walk which led up to the villa, he had a clear vision of a coffin coming down the walk towards him. That evening his mother died suddenly in the villa. There had been no reason whatever to expect her death. NORÉS,

"Purser's Mate in the Navy,
On board the frigate *Melpomene*, at Brest."
Letter 537.

CXXXIX. (A) "One night, about one o'clock, we were awakened, Martha and I, by a most unaccountable noise in our chamber, a noise as if some one had been dragging chains

over the floor. I got up and found nothing unusual in the apartment.

"The next morning my parents, and another person who slept on the ground-floor, asked me why there had been such a racket during the night in our part of the house.

"So the noise was certainly heard by five persons.

"The same day, during the forenoon, some one came to inform us that a cousin, who had been suddenly taken ill, had died during the night.

(B) "Two years ago, about five o'clock in the morning, we were still in bed, when we were awakened by three little knocks, rapped very distinctly.

"We had an aunt suffering from nervous prostration, and our first thought was that she might be dead. A quarter of an hour afterwards, perhaps, there was a ring at the front door, and a message to tell us that this aunt was dying. Before we could get to her house she was dead.

"These communications from the dying I will supplement by a case of telepathy of another kind, but it is quite certain.

(C) "Camille was at the Lycée (or high school) at Chaumont. About five in the morning his mother woke up and said to me, 'I hear Camille crying; he is calling me.' To which I answered, 'You are dreaming.' But next day we received a letter to say that the poor child had been awake all night crying with toothache.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"HABERT-BOLLÉE,

"Nogent (Haute-Marne)."

Letter 538.

CXLII. (A) "My mother being in her kitchen busy making ready some repast, saw the figure of her mother (my grandmother) pass several times before her, though she had not seen her for some years. Next day a letter informed her, not that her mother was dead, but that she was dying. She reached her just in time to close her eyes.

(B) "My mother, while nursing me about two o'clock in the morning, saw my paternal grandfather in a corner of her chamber, and at the same time heard a noise like that made

by something heavy *when it falls into water*. Much troubled, she woke my father, who, not attaching any importance to her vision, went to sleep again. Some hours after they received a telegram saying that my grandfather had been drowned while stepping into or out of his boat. He had left home a little before, or a little after, two o'clock on that morning. SIMON.

"40 Rue Muller, Paris."

Letter 542.

CXLIV. "In 1835 my grandparents lived on a country place at Saint Meurice, near Rochelle.

"My father, the eldest of his family, had been a sub-lieutenant in Algeria, where he had passed ten years of danger and fatigue in the first years of the conquest.

"Enthusiasm for danger, and the spirit roused by the accounts contained in his letters, inspired his brother Camille with a wish to join him. He disembarked at Algiers, as a non-commissioned officer, in April, 1835, soon after joined my father at Oran, and took part in an expedition against Abd-el-Kader at the end of June.

"The French were obliged to retreat on Arzew, and lost many men in crossing the swamps of Macta. My uncle received three gun-shot wounds, though not severe ones. But in the bivouac a French soldier cleaning his gun let it go off, and his ball struck my uncle in the thigh. He had to submit to an operation. When it was over he died of a spasmodic seizure.

"Communication in those days was slow with Algeria, and my grandmother had heard none of these things. According to a very common fashion at this period she had on the chimney-piece of her reception-room, *au premier*, a very handsome coffee set of porcelain, arranged for ornament.

"Suddenly, in broad daylight, there was a tremendous crash in that room.

"My grandmother and her maid rushed up, and great was their astonishment at the spectacle that awaited them. All the pieces that composed the coffee-service lay in fragments on the floor in a heap on one side of the chimney, as if they

had been swept up in that direction. My grandmother was terrified, and felt sure that some misfortune was at hand.

"The room was carefully searched, but none of the suggestions made to my grandmother, in hopes of reassuring her, seemed to her admissible—a gust of wind, a rush of rats, or a cat shut up in the room by some mischance, etc. . . . The apartment had been completely closed, so that there could have been no current of air. Neither cat nor rats would have broken the china, and then gathered into one heap on the floor the fragments of a service that had been set out all along the chimney-piece.

"There was no one in the house but my grandfather, grandmother, and their maid.

"The first post from Africa brought news to my grandparents of the death of their son, which happened on the very day the coffee-set was broken.[1]

"J. MEYER.

"Niort."

Letter 549.

CXLV. "Here is an extraordinary and authentic fact which I received from a source that can be perfectly relied on. My parents were one day summoned to the bedside of a neighbor who was dying. They went, and found themselves in the midst of a large circle of friends and neighbors who were awaiting the sad end in silence. Suddenly a clock upon the wall, which had not been running for years, gave forth most clear and startling sounds—ear-splitting sounds, like those struck by a human on an anvil. All present rose up in alarm. What did the strange noise mean? 'You may know what it means,' said one of those present, meaning that death was about to claim the dying man, who drew his last breath shortly after. H. FABER.

"Agricultural Professor at Bissen (Luxembourg)."

Letter 555.

[1] These things are not always subjective—not always a cerebral impression that has been made. See, for instance, XXIX., XXXVI., XCV., CXXIII., CXXVI., CXXX., CXXXII., CLIV., CLV., CLXVI., CLXXII., CLXXVII., and CLXXX.

CXLVI. "A gentleman of my acquaintance some time ago told me some circumstances relative to the death of his mother. It was one Sunday and at church-time. She left him to attend divine service, apparently as well as usual. An hour after he went out to see one of his friends who lived in the same street. As he drew near the house he saw in the sky what looked like a great gold cross, and at the same time his heart was so filled with poignant anguish that he did not care to go and see his friend, and turned to go home. He had walked a few hundred yards when he was stopped by a lady he knew, who said to him, 'Have you seen your mother? I hope she has only had a fainting-fit, but they took her out of church.'

"He hastened home. His mother was dead.

"O. LENGLET.

"Mittau (Courland)."

Letter 566.

CXLVII. "My father, who died last June, has many times told me the following experience, which gave rise between him and me to many discussions.

"When he was young he lived at Champsecret in the Orne. He was employed in a brick-yard, and at night two men were always on watch there.

"One night, when he was doing duty for a sick friend and was quietly talking to the other watchman, he distinctly heard steps coming straight up the road and then turning into the side road that led to the brick kilns.

"He and his comrade looked at each other, rather alarmed. At first they dared not speak. They were under the impression that a man had passed and brushed against them. Then again they heard steps, but this time the steps seemed going away, and their idea was that the other watchman, who was ill, and whose place my father had taken, was dead. They thought they recognized his walk.

"The next morning they heard of the man's death during the night; it took place at a time exactly corresponding to that in which the footsteps had been heard.

"My mother could certainly tell me the name of the dead

man and that of the man who was on watch with my father, if it is any object for you to know them.

"EUG. BONHOMME.

"99 Avenue Parmentier (Paris)."

Letter 590.

CXLVIII. "When I was six years old I lived in a house on the Swiss side of the Jura. I had been asleep some hours when I was awakened (my father, my mother, and my four sisters, too) by a very loud voice calling my father, Florian. A second call was not so loud, and a third was almost a whisper. My father said, 'It is the voice of Renaud' (a friend of his living in Paris), and, rising, he went to open the front door. But no one was there. The newly fallen snow showed no trace of any footsteps. A short time after my father received a letter telling him that his friend Renaud had been run over by an omnibus, and that, as he was dying, he had several times pronounced his name.

"JH. JUNOD.

"Odessa."

Letter 592.

CXLIX. "My maternal grandfather, François M., was born at Saint O——, died at A——, 1882, at the age of eighty. He was in Paris in his youth, where he worked as a journeyman tailor in the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré. As well as I can remember, he was awakened one night at eleven o'clock by three very distinct knocks on the door of his chamber. Much astonished, he got up, lit a lamp, opened the door, and saw no one. Thinking that some practical joker had roused him, he went to bed again cursing the fellow who had played him the trick; but three other knocks were now heard on the door. He started up, intending to make the man who had roused him pay dear for his joke, but, look where he would, in the passage and up and down the staircase, he could not find out where the fellow had disappeared. A third time, having once more got into bed, he heard the three taps as formerly at his door. This time a presentiment led my grandfather to suppose that it might be his mother's spirit, though nothing in any news he had received made him aware

that she was ill. Five or six days after this manifestation a letter reached him from his native village telling him of his mother's death, which took place at the precise hour when he had heard the knocking.

"His mother, who had an especial affection for him, as she was dying asked to have a gown laid upon her bed, that her '*garçon de Paris*' had sent her as a present some little time before. E. DESCHAUX.

"Abretz (Isère)."

Letter 595.

CL. "My mother-in-law's father had among his work-people a good-for-nothing fellow, whom he was obliged to discharge, saying to him as he did so, 'You will end on the gallows.'

"A year or two after he left (I cannot fix the exact date) my wife's grandfather found himself with his family. One morning when at the breakfast-table he turned round suddenly and asked, 'Who is there? What does he want of me?'

"The family, much surprised by the questions, and not knowing what he might mean, asked an explanation. 'Some one,' he said, 'came and with a loud voice told me, "Adieu, master."' But none of the other persons present heard these words.

"Five or six hours later my wife's grandfather heard that the workman he had dismissed had been found hanging to a limb of a tree near the city.

"Here is the fact as it was told to me. My mother-in-law remembers it perfectly. I can guarantee its authenticity.

"I suppose that at the moment the rope was passed round his neck the man remembered what his former master had said to him, and, quitting life, had sent his *patron* a farewell, which he had received at the moment of the man's dissolution.

"This happened at Mulhouse, my native town, in 1854 or or 1855. EMILE STEFFAN.

"Ensheim. The Palatinate."

Letter 609.

CLI. "I was then ten or eleven years old. I am now thirty-four and four months. I lived with my father and mother at the house of my elder brother, *curé* of a little village near Pont Saint-Esprit (Gard). At that time in my life I had a real passion for birds. Now, one evening after dinner as I was going to bed I said to my mother, who was holding my hand:

"'Listen, mamma, I hear a big bird in the cellar; let us go down and catch him.'

"Now to get to our bedrooms we had to go up a staircase, at the foot of which was a door leading to the cellar.

"'You are mistaken,' she said.

"'I am not mistaken. It certainly is a big bird,' I said, but I did not insist on going down.

"The next evening at the same hour, as I was going to bed, I heard the same bird in the cellar. The same cry pierced my childish ears, but again my mother said I was mistaken.

"This time, inspired by my love for birds, I insisted; I was resolved to have my way, and pulled my mother by the hand, until at last, against her inclination, she yielded to my mutinous will.

"We went down into the cellar, my mother and I (she constrained to do so by my caprice). The cellar was more properly the cellars, for there were several of them running under the whole of the rectory. We went into them one after the other, the cry of a great bird being all the time heard distinctly, but it changed from one place to another. Sometimes it seemed to come from under the pile of fagots, sometimes it was behind the barrels.

"I let go my mother's hand and ran after the sound; I saw no bird, nor did I hear the flutter of its wings, nor any noise that he made by his flight. My mother, greatly frightened, for she was naturally superstitious, seized my hand again and made me go up-stairs.

"By post the next morning my uncle, the *curé*, received a letter telling him of the death of one of our uncles, and my mother exclaimed, instantly, 'The big bird that Louis heard

yesterday and the day before was the soul of your uncle come to remind you of his mass.' For my brother, as soon as he heard of the death of any of his relations, always said a mass for their souls.

"My brother and I both laughed at my poor mother's explanation, and no more was ever said about the big bird.

"LOUIS TAILHAUD,
"Curé of Colombiers."

Letter 610.

CLII. "One of my cousins was seriously ill of typhoid fever. His father and mother did not leave his pillow, watching over him night and day. But one evening, both being quite worn out, the sick-nurse insisted on their taking a little rest, promising to come and tell them if there was the least change. They slept heavily a short time, and then were suddenly awakened by the door of their room being opened softly. My uncle called out, 'Who is there?' My aunt, sure that she was sent for, started up at once; but as soon as she was seated on her bed, she felt some one hugging her close, and saying, '*It is I, mother. I am going; but don't cry. Adieu.*' And the door was closed again very gently. As soon as she could recover from her emotion, my aunt ran into her son's room, which her husband had reached before her. There she learned that my cousin had breathed his last just an instant before. M. ACKERET.

"Algiers."

Letter 639.

CLIII. "I think it is my duty to mention to you a case which came under my own notice in 1886, when I was a lieutenant at Saint Louis, in Senegal. One evening, after some hours passed in the society of some good fellows and gay comrades, I went to bed about eleven. In a few minutes I was asleep. Suddenly I felt something press hard upon my chest, and I was roughly shaken. I rose upon my elbow, rubbing my eyes, for there before me stood my grandmother, an excellent woman, who was looking at me, but it seemed with dim eyes. And I heard—*yes, I heard*—her feeble voice say, 'I come to say adieu to you, my dear little one. You

will see me no more. . . .' I was stupefied, and that I might make sure I was not dreaming, I called out loudly, '*Voyons!* It is not a dream!' and I got up. The apparition lasted only a few moments.

"By a post that came in soon after I heard from my family, to whom I had written an account of this phenomenon of telepathy, that my grandmother, aged seventy-six, had died at Rochefort. Her last words had been about me. 'I shall never see him again,' she constantly repeated. Her death occurred at half-past eleven on the night when I had seen her, and if we take into account the difference of longitude, it was at the very moment when my grandmother appeared to me. I knew her to be much broken by age, and to be in poor health, but I had no reason to be anxious about her. Such is the case, and I assure you of its rigorous exactness.

"JULIEN LAGARRUE,
"Captain of Infantry in the Naval Brigade at Hanoï."
Letter 669.

CLIV. "In April, 1892, I was employed as foreman of the works at the glass manufactory at Saint-Gobain. I was not at all inclined to believe in the marvellous, and if from time to time I heard some story which seemed to bear upon the subject, I supposed it to be a case of hallucination. It therefore needed the testimony of several persons, whom I questioned separately, before I could attach any importance to what follows.

"My wife was sitting on the threshold of a door (A)[1] which put our rooms into communication with a little terrace situated on the ground-floor. On this terrace worked a woman who carded wool mattresses. About three o'clock both this woman and my wife heard three blows distinctly struck on the door of a small cabinet (B) about a yard and a half distant from (A) our door. Very much astonished by this noise, which nothing seemed to justify, as no one was in

[1] A diagram was appended to this letter, but it is unnecessary to give it here, for it is perfectly explained by the account.

the apartment, they exchanged some remarks about similar things which they had both heard of. The wool-carder told my wife that, as one of our relatives was very ill, it was probably his spirit, which had come to ask help from us. The next day, at the same hour, they were all in the same place as they had been the day before; only a maid was washing on the terrace. The incident of the day before had been forgotten. All of a sudden the three persons (my wife, the wool-carder, and our maid) heard the same noise, three blows struck on door B, the door of the cabinet. Their surprise became stupefaction; for a long time after the maid would not stay alone in the house.

"A letter the next day told us of the death of one of my old aunts, a very devout woman, Angelique Bertrand. She died at Pertuis (Vaucluse) ten days before, April 5, 1892.

"ARLAND.

"18 Rue Bleue, Marseilles."

Letter 705.

CLV. "I was perhaps twelve years old. My poor father, one of the heroes of Sidi-Brahim, had passed the night and part of the day by the bedside of his mother, who was dangerously ill. He had returned home. About four o'clock in the afternoon one of my uncles came for him, telling him that she was worse, and had expressed a desire to see his two little sons. My father wished to take us. My brother, who was younger than I was, was quite ready to go, but I resisted so stoutly that nothing could overcome my obstinacy, my reason being that I was very much afraid of the dead.

"So I was left at home with my poor mother, who, after supper, put me to bed, where I did not want to go, being still afraid to be alone. Then she decided to let me sleep in her own bed, promising soon to come and lie beside me.

"About half-past seven I felt a *smart slap on my face.* It was a slap of extraordinary violence, and I screamed. My mother came immediately, and asked me what ailed me. I told her that some one had struck me, and that my cheek hurt me. With that my mother examined my cheek, and found it very red and swollen. Very uneasy after this, my

mother grew anxious for the return of my father and brother. It was not till nine o'clock that my father came in. At once my mother told him what had taken place, and when she mentioned the hour, my father said :

"'That was exactly the time that his grandmother breathed her last.'

"For six months I retained on my right cheek the mark of a right hand, the impression being very apparent, especially after I had been playing, when a child's face is apt to be most red ; hundreds of people at that time noticed it, for the mark of the hand was then white. A. MICHEL,

"Dyer in the Factory at Valabre, near Entraigues (Vaucluse)."

Letter 714.

CLVI. "On May 31, 1895, my eldest son, who had enlisted as a volunteer six months before, at Valence, in the First Hussars, was taking part in the military manœuvres in the country, which were shared in by his regiment. Being the foremost man of the advanced guard, he was riding slowly, observing the country occupied by the supposed enemy, when suddenly, out of an ambush formed on the edge of a narrow part of the road, came a shot which struck my unhappy son full in his breast. His death was almost immediate.

"The involuntary author of this fatal accident, seeing his comrade drop his reins and fall forward on the neck of his horse, rushed forward to help him, and he heard the words the dying man uttered with his last sigh : 'You have done me an ill turn . . . . . but I forgive you . . . . For God and our country always ! . . . . Present ! ! ! . . . .' and so he died.

"Now this same day, May 13, 1895, about half-past nine in the evening, while my wife was bustling about her household affairs, our little girl, then about two and a half years old, came up to her mother and said, in her baby-talk : 'Mamma, look godpapa' (my eldest was his sister's godfather); 'see mamma—see godpapa ! I am playing with him.'

"'Yes, yes, my darling, play away,' said her mother, busy and attaching no importance to the words of the child.

"But the little thing, hurt by her mother's indifference, insisted on attracting her attention, and went on: 'But, mamma, come and look at godpapa. . . . *Look at him—there he is!* Oh, how smartly he is dressed!'

"Then my wife remarked that as the child spoke she became, so to speak, transfigured. She was excited by this at first, but soon forgot what had passed. It lasted only a few moments, and it was not until two or three days later that she remembered these details.

"A little before noon we received a telegram telling us of the terrible accident which had befallen our beloved son, and subsequently I learned that his death took place almost at eight o'clock. ROUGÉ.

"Villa des T. Neuls, near Salon (Boucher du Rhône)."

Letter 715.

CLVII. "It was one evening about nine o'clock. No one in the house had gone to bed. My sister, who was seventeen, passing along the corridor, saw under a lighted gas-burner a tall and handsome girl whom she did not know, dressed like a peasant woman. The apparition alarmed her, and she began to scream.

"The next morning our cook, a girl twenty-five years old, told my mother that about nine o'clock the night before, as she was going to bed, she saw before her one of her friends, a young peasant girl, whose description exactly corresponded to that of the apparition that my sister had seen.

"They afterwards learned that this girl had died that same day. COUNTESS AMÉLIE GARANDINE.

"Parella, Italy."

Letter 751.

CLVIII. "I was a student at the University of Kieff, and, though young, was already married. We went to pass the summer at my sister's country seat. She lived not far from Pskow. As we came back by way of Moscow, my adored wife was suddenly taken ill with influenza, and though she was so young she sank under it rapidly. Paralysis of the heart carried her off as suddenly as a flash of lightning.

"My father was living at Pulkowo. He knew nothing of the illness of his charming daughter-in-law, but he knew she was with me at Moscow, so that great was his surprise to see her *standing beside him,* as he left his house, and for a moment she *accompanied him,* then she disappeared. Seized with fear and anguish, he sent us a telegram at once to ask after my dear one. It was the very day of her death. . . . . I should be grateful to you all my life if you could explain this extraordinary circumstance. WENECIAN BILIOWSKY,

"Medical student, 21 Niholskaja, Kieff."
Letter 787.

I have collected the above accounts, which are assuredly numerous, and which, though they may sometimes seem monotonous, are really very varied. We will add a few others not less interesting or less instructive to us in our research. It seems to us that as we read our knowledge in this new branch of study should grow *gradually,* and with conviction.

Madame Adam wrote on November 29, 1898, to M. Gaston Méry, in answer to an inquiry he was making on the subject of the "Marvellous," as follows :

CLIX. "I was brought up by my grandmother. I adored her. Though she was dangerously ill she would not let me be told of her condition, because I was then nursing my baby daughter, and she feared the effect a great sorrow might have on me.

"One night, at ten o'clock, only a night-lamp being lighted in my chamber, I had been to sleep, but was awakened by my baby crying. As I opened my eyes I saw my grandmother at the foot of my bed, and I cried out, 'What a pleasure, grandmother, to see you!' She did not answer, but raised her hand to her eyes. Then I saw her eyes were gone, leaving two empty holes.

"I sprang out of bed and ran towards her. As I was about to clasp her in my arms she disappeared. My grandmother had died *that very day at eight o'clock in the evening.*"

M. Jules Clartie also wrote in answer to the same request, December 4, 1898.

CLX. (A) "We had at Radevant, in Périgord, an old farmer of my grandfather's, named Montpezat. He came one night to awaken my grandfather saying: 'Madame Pelissier is dead. She has just died. *I have seen her!*'

"Madame Pelissier was my grandfather's sister, married in Paris; and in those days—the days of diligences—it took four days, I think, for a letter to reach a remote part of Périgord. Of course there were no telegraphs. When letters came my grandfather learned that at the same day and hour when Montpezat had got out of his bed, after having seen Madame Pelissier appear to him, my grandmother had died in Paris, Rue Monsieur-le-Prince."

(B) "Here is another tradition concerning my maternal grandmother.

"One of my great-uncles was a soldier, captain in the Imperial Guard. His mother and his brothers lived at Nantes. When he came to see them he generally tapped on a window of the *rez de chaussée*, as much as to say, 'Here I am!'

"One evening the whole family being assembled heard knocks upon this window-pane. My great-grandmother got up joyfully, crying: 'It is he! He has come back from the army!'

"They ran to the door. No one was there. *Now at that very hour my great-uncle was killed by a Tyrolian chasseur* at Wagram, one of the last shots fired on that day. I have his Cross of Honor, a little cross which the Emperor took from his own breast to give him on the field of battle, and I also have the letter his colonel wrote when he sent it to his family.

"At that hour at Nantes, when—I know not by what hallucination of hearing (shared by his mother and her other children)—an invisible hand had rapped upon the window-pane, their absent relative fell dying at Wagram."

The next narrative is that of M. Henriquet, an architect, who related it in presence of M. Eymar de Peyre, editor-in-chief of the *Indépendant* at Bergerac. It happened to M. Montégoût, sub-director of the penal colony of Saint Maurice-du-

Maroni (French Guiana), a native of Saint Alvère, in the Dordogne, and an early friend and play-fellow of M. La Mothe-Pradelle, the deputy.

CLXII. "On the 4th of February, 1888, M. Montégoût got up early to make his round of inspection in the colony. When he got back at breakfast time his wife said to him, 'La Mothe-Pradelle is dead.'

"Surprised at first by this sudden piece of news, he was much reassured when Madame Montégoût told him what follows. In the night something had awakened her and when she opened her eyes she saw before her La Mothe-Pradelle, who pressed her hand and said, '*I have just died, adieu!*'

"On hearing this, M. Montégoût made fun of his wife, and told her she had dreamed it all. She, on her part, insisted that she had not been asleep when the apparition appeared to her.

"One or two days after, M. Montégoût gave a dinner party and related the circumstances to his guests at table, who made jokes at Madame Montégoût, but the chief superintendent of the colony declared that he believed the apparition, and was confident that La Mothe-Pradelle was dead.

"The dispute was lively, and ended by one guest making a bet. Six or eight weeks later a copy of *L'Indépendant* of Bergerac arrived, announcing that M. de La Mothe-Pradelle, deputy from the Dordogne, died in the night of February 3–4, 1888."

Such is what was told to M. Henriquet by M. Montégoût himself, and confirmed by Madame Montégoût.

This case, not less certain or less precise than the preceding ones, is extracted from the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* (1894, p. 65). Here is another, copied from the same publication (1895, p. 200), addressed from Montélimar to Doctor Darieux, by M. Riondel, a lawyer in that city.

CLXIII. "I had a brother much younger than myself. (He died in the fortieth year of his age, on the 2d of last April.) He was employed on the telegraph lines at Marseilles, and was agent for the Messageries Maritimes.

"With his health undermind by a long residence in the colonies, my brother had frequent attacks of malarial fever, of which he died in the end, though nothing could have foretold so speedy and sudden an ending.

"On Sunday, April 1st, I received a letter from him, telling me that his health was excellent. That night—that is to say, from the Sunday to the Monday—I was suddenly awakened by an unusual noise, very loud, as if a paving-stone were rolling over the bare floor of my chamber, in which I slept alone, and which I always locked.

"It was (I made sure by looking at my watch, and by my alarm-clock) a quarter to two in the morning. It is needless to say that when I got up I searched for the thing which made the noise that had awakened me with a feeling of fear that I could not control.

"At eight in the morning I received a telegram from an intimate friend of my brother, who lived in an apartment next to his, on the second story of the Rue de la République, at Marseilles, informing me that my brother was very ill, and wanted me to come to him by the first express.

"When I reached my brother's house I learned that he had died during the night without suffering and without uttering a single word.

"I inquired of the friend in whose arms he had died, as to the exact moment of his death. It was at a quarter to two o'clock by his friend's watch that my young brother's soul had passed away."

Here is another case, not less remarkable. M. Ch. Beaugrand wrote recently to Doctor Darieux :[1]

CLXIV. "M. G——, an officer in the merchant marine, had a brother with whom he was not on good terms. They had ceased to hold any relations with each other. M. G——, who is a first mate, was returning from Hayti to Havre. In the course of the voyage, one night when he had gone to sleep as soon as his watch was over, he suddenly felt his hammock violently shaken, and his Christian name twice called,

[1] *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* (1879, p. 328).

'Emmanuel! Emmanuel!' He woke with a start, and thought at first it was a joke. Then he remembered that, except the captain, no one on board knew his first name. He got up, and went to ask the captain what he knew about it. The captain said he had never called him, and made him observe that he never spoke to him by his Christian name. The mate went back to his hammock and fell asleep again, but at the end of a few seconds the same call was repeated, and he thought he recognized his brother's voice. Then he sat up, resolved not to go to sleep again. *A third time* the same voice called him.

"As soon as he was up he sat down at his work-table, resolved by hard work to get rid of the impression, but he jotted down the day and hour of the phenomenon.

"Some days after this the ship arrived at Havre. One of the officer's friends, with a troubled countenance, came on board, and as soon as he saw him, before he had time to speak, the officer called out: 'Don't tell me. I know what you have to say. My brother is dead. He died on such a day and at such an hour.' The date given was perfectly exact. M. G——'s brother had died calling on him, and expressing his regret that he should never see him.

"M. G—— has long been dead. This story was repeated to me, and separately (which is a guarantee of its correctness), by his two sons. One is one of the most brilliant barristers at Havre, the other is a lieutenant of the navy on half-pay. What they told me they had had from their father's lips, and their testimony cannot be doubted."

These phenomena of the appearance to persons at a distance by others at the moment of their death were, in England, a few years ago, the object of an independent inquiry, set on foot by *savants,* who maintained that the negative had never been proved.

The scientific spirit of our age is right in endeavoring to separate such facts from the deceitful clouds of supernaturalism, because there is nothing supernatural, and nature, whose kingdom embraces all, is infinite. A special scientific society has been organized for the study of these phenom-

ena—The Society for Psychical Research. It has at its head some of the most illustrious *savants* on the other side of the Channel, and has already made important publications. Rigorous inquiries are made to confirm or to corroborate testimony that is accepted. The variety of such testimony is considerable. We will turn over for an instant this collection, and add a little more of our own to it, facts that in some instances are perhaps even more remarkable. We will then attempt some research in the way of explanation.

Here are some of the extraordinary cases we have borrowed from a work entitled, *Phantasms of the Living*, by Messrs. Gurney, Myers, & Todmore, translated into French by M. Marillier, under the title of *Hallucinations Télépathiques.*

General Fytche, of the English army, wrote, on December 22, 1885, the following letter to Professor Sedgewick, head of the Psychical Commission :

CLXV. "An extraordinary incident which made a profound impression on my mind happened to me at Maulmain. I saw a phantom—I saw it with my own eyes—and in bright daylight. I can take my oath of it.

"I had been most intimate with an old school-fellow, who was afterwards my friend at the University, but subsequently years passed in which we did not see each other. One morning I got up, and I was dressing, when suddenly my old friend came into my chamber. I welcomed him eagerly, and told him to go get a cup of tea on the veranda, where I would join him immediately. I dressed in all haste and went out on the veranda, but I saw no one. I could not believe my eyes. I asked the sentinel who was on guard before the house, but he had seen no stranger that morning. The servants also declared that no person had gone into the house. I was certain I had seen my friend. I had not been thinking of him at the moment, and yet I had not been much surprised to see him, for steamboats and other vessels were constantly calling at Maulmain.

"A fortnight after I heard of his death, six hundred miles

from where I was, at the very moment, or almost the same moment, when I had seen him at Maulmain."

CLXVI. "At Odessa, on January 17, 1861, at eleven o'clock at night, Madame Obalechef was in bed, in excellent health, but not yet asleep; beside her in bed, sleeping on the floor, was a servant, a former serf; in the chamber there burned a lamp before one of the holy pictures. Having heard her baby cry, she called to the servant to bring it to her.

"'Chancing,' she says, 'to lift my eyes to the door in front of me, I saw my brother-in-law slowly enter, in slippers and a dressing-gown, with large plaids such as I had never seen him wear. Approaching an arm-chair on which he leaned, he stepped over the legs of the servant who lay on the floor, and seated himself quietly. At this moment the clock struck eleven. Quite sure that I saw my brother-in-law distinctly, I called out to the servant, "Do you see, Claudine?"

"'But I did not mention my brother-in-law's name. Thereupon the servant, trembling with fright, answered me at once: "I see Nicholas Nilovitch." (That was the name of my brother-in-law.)

"'At these words my brother-in-law got up, again stepped over Claudine, and, turning, disappeared through the door that led into the *salon*.'

"Madame Obalechef awakened her husband, who took a candle and examined the apartment very carefully, but he found nothing unusual. She then was convinced that her brother-in-law, who was then residing at Tver, had just died. And, in fact, his death occurred on January 17, 1861, at eleven o'clock in the evening.

"As confirmation of this story we have the written testimony of the widow of M. Nilovitch, who certifies that it all happened in this way, and, further, that the dressing-gown seen by her sister was exactly like one that M. Nilovitch had had made for himself a few days before his death, and which he had on when he died."

CLXVII. "In the month of September, 1857, Captain Wheatcroft, of the Sixth English Regiment of the Dragoon

Guards, left for India to rejoin his regiment. His wife remained in England, at Cambridge. Towards morning of the night between the 14th and 15th of November, she dreamed that she saw her husband ill and anxious, at which she immediately awoke with her mind much excited. It was bright moonlight, and as she opened her eyes she again saw her husband standing beside her bed. He was dressed in uniform, his hands were pressed against his breast, his hair was in disorder, and his face pale. His great black eyes looked at her fixedly, and his mouth was contracted. She saw him, and all particulars of his clothing, *as distinctly as she had ever seen him during her whole life;* and she remembers to have remarked between his hands a piece of his white shirt, which, however, was not stained with blood. He seemed to lean forward with an air of suffering, and he made an effort to speak, but did not utter a sound. The apparition lasted about a minute, then it vanished. The first thought of Mrs. Wheatcroft was to make sure that she was awake. She rubbed her eyes with her sheet. Her little nephew was in bed with her ; she leaned over the sleeping child, and listened to his breathing. We need not say she slept no more that night.

"The next morning she told this to her mother, and expressed her belief that her husband was either killed or dangerously wounded, although she had seen no spots of blood on his garments. She was so much impressed by this apparition that after that night she refused to go anywhere. A young friend pressed her, some time after, to go with her to a concert, reminding her that she had received from Malta, as a present from her husband, a beautiful dress that she had not yet worn. She refused absolutely, declaring that as she did not know but that she might be a widow, she would go to no place of amusement until she had received letters from her husband of later date than November 14th.

"In the following month of December, a telegram announcing the death of Captain Wheatcroft was published by the War Office in London. It said that he had been killed before Lucknow, on the 15th of November.

"This news, printed in a London paper, attracted the notice of Mr. Wilkinson, a solicitor, who was in charge of the business of the captain. Mrs. Wheatcroft having told him that the apparition had appeared to her on the 14th, not the 15th, of November, he made inquiries at the War Office, which proved that the captain died on the 15th. But in the following month of March, a comrade of the captain's, having got back to London, explained the circumstances, proving that he was beside the captain when he was killed, not on the 15th, but on the afternoon of the 14th of November, and that the cross put up over his grave bore the date of November 14th."

Thus this apparition had given the date of Captain Wheatcroft's death *with more precision than the official documents*, which were subsequently rectified.

CLXVIII. "The evening of Easter Sunday, 1874, I was beginning my supper, feeling very tired with my day's work, when I saw the door open behind me. I had my back to the door, but I could see it over my shoulder. I might also have heard any noise made by opening it, but I am not confident on this point. I turned half-round, just in time to see the form of a tall man spring into the room, as if about to assault me. I jumped up at once, and I flung a glass which I had in my hand straight in the direction *where I had seen the face of the figure*, but it had disappeared as I arose, and so rapidly that I had not had time to stay the movement of my hand. I then understood that I had seen an apparition, and I thought it was one of my uncles who I knew was seriously ill, all the more so because its great stature was like that of my uncle. A friend, Mr. Adcock, came in and found me quite unnerved by the incident. I told him what had happened. The next day came a despatch which informed me, that my uncle had died that Sunday, and the date of his death must have coincided with the appearance of the apparition.

"Rev. H. Markham Hill.

"London."

This testimony was corroborated by inquiries concerning it made of Mr. Adcock, who wrote as follows:

"I went to pay a visit, on the evening of Easter Sunday, to my friend the Rev. Markham Hill. I found him quite exhausted, sitting in an easy chair. He told me, before I was able to question him, that he had seen the figure of his uncle standing opposite to him against a wall behind a piano, that he had picked a glass up from the table and had flung it at the figure, but it disappeared. The next day, or the day after, he showed me a letter received that morning, which told him that his uncle was dead, and he died the very day of the apparition. REV. H. ADCOCK.

"London."

CLXIX. "Towards the end of March, 1875, the event of which I am about to give you the details took place at Gibraltar. I was lying down in my drawing-room one clear, bright afternoon, reading a chapter in Kingsley's *Miscellanies*, when all of a sudden I had an impression that some one was waiting to speak to me. I raised my eyes from my book, and saw a man standing beside a chair, about six feet from me. He looked at me very attentively. The expression in his eyes was unusually grave, but when I rose to speak to him he disappeared.

"The room was about eighteen feet long, and at the farther end I saw our servant, Pearson, holding the door open as if he had just let in a visitor. I asked him if any one had come in? He answered, 'No one, ma'am," and went away.

"Then I began to reflect upon this vision. I was sure I knew the face, but I could not think whose it was. His dress had puzzled me. It was exactly like a garment that my husband the year before had given to a servant of the name of Ramsay. Ramsay was an old soldier whom I had found sick at Inverness, and who had entered our service after he left the hospital. He did not suit, and I had been forced to dismiss him before we left for Gibraltar (February, 1875). As he got a place as butler at the Inverness Club, I had no reason to be anxious about him. I thought that he was well and behaving well, and that he had learned by experience how to keep a good situation.

"When my husband came in I told him what I had seen. I also told it to his colonel's wife (at present Lady Laffan), but I did not write down the date. However, in the shortest possible time, I think, that a letter could take to come from Inverness, my husband got from his old sergeant the news that Ramsay was dead. The letter contained no particulars. My husband wrote in reply that he was sorry to hear the news sent him, and that he would like to have some account of the man's illness and death. This is the answer he received: 'Ramsay died at the hospital. He was delirious, and was all the time calling for Mrs. Bolland.'

"I ought to add that my health had not been good for some years, but at the time of the apparition I was better than I had been. The warm climate suited me so well that I felt a renewal of strength that delighted me, and the mere pleasure of living made my life a joy.

"KATE E. BOLLAND.

"Southampton."

The following is extracted from the *Church Quarterly Review*, April, 1870:

CLXX. "In the house where these pages are written there is a large window, looking to the north, which gives plenty of light to the staircase, and also to the entrance of the principal room, which is situated at the end of a passage which runs the whole length of the house. One afternoon, in midwinter, he who writes these lines left his dressing-room, which opens on the passage, to go to breakfast.

"The day was dark, but though there were not any very dense clouds, the door at the end of the passage seemed obscured by a mist. As by degrees it moved forward this mist —if we may call it so—concentrated itself upon one spot, grew thicker, and assumed the shape of a human figure, the head and shoulders of which became more and more distinctly visible, while the rest of the body seemed to be enveloped in a large, gauzy vestment, like a mantle with many folds, which fell to the floor so as to hide the feet. The mantle rested on the floor; the rest of the figure was pyra-

midal. The full light from the window fell upon this object, which had so little consistency that the light reflected on the polished panels of a varnished door could be seen through the lower part of the vestment. The apparition had no color. It seemed like a *statue formed out of mist.* The writer of these lines was so astonished that he cannot now tell whether he advanced towards it or stood still. He was more amazed than terrified, but his first idea was that he was witnessing an unknown combination of light and shadow. He was not thinking of anything supernatural, but as he gazed he saw the head turned towards him, and he recognized the features of a very dear friend; the face had an expression of holiness, peace, and repose, and the air of kindliness that he habitually wore had increased and intensified into a last look of deepest tenderness. (This feeling he who writes these lines has always experienced whenever the vision has recurred to his memory.) Then an instant after all disappeared. The way in which it vanished can only be compared to that of a cloud of steam when it comes in contact with cold air.

"The post the next morning brought him the news that his friend had tranquilly passed away from the world *at the moment he had seen him.* It should be added that his was a sudden death, that he who witnessed the apparition had not heard his friend spoken of for some weeks, and that nothing had led him to be thinking of him on the day he died."

Mrs. Allom, 18 Batoum Gardens, W. Kensington, London, writes:

CLXXI. "I see no reason why I should not tell you how my mother appeared to me on the day she died, although it is a subject on which I have seldom spoken, because it is an event very sacred to me, and because I would not like to have any one throw doubt upon my story or make a mock of it.

"I went to a school in Alsace in the month of October, 1852. I was then seventeen. My mother remained in England. Her health was delicate. Towards Christmas, 1853, fourteen months after I left home, I heard that my mother

had grown worse, but I did not imagine that her life was in any danger. On the last Sunday of February, 1854, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, I was sitting in the great study at school. I was reading, when suddenly the figure of my mother appeared at the farthest corner of the room. It leaned backward, as if she were lying in her bed, and she had on her night-gown. Her face, with a sweet smile, was turned towards me, and one of her hands was raised to heaven.

"The apparition passed slowly across the room. It seemed to ascend as it walked, until the moment it disappeared. Her body and her features seemed contorted by sickness. I had never seen my mother looking like that while living. She was deathly pale.

"From the moment when I saw the apparition I was certain that my mother was dead. I was so much impressed by what I had seen that I found it impossible to fix my mind upon my studies, and it was real pain to me to see my younger sister playing and amusing herself with her companions.

"Two or three days later, after prayers, my school-mistress called me into her private room. As soon as we were there I said: 'You need not tell me. I know my mother is dead.' She asked me how I could possibly know this. I would not give her any explanation, but I assured her I had known it for three days. I learned later that mamma had died on Sunday *at the hour when I saw her*, and that she had been unconscious for a day or two.

"I am not an imaginative woman, I am not easily impressed, and neither before nor after has anything like this happened to me. ISABELLE ALLOM."[1]

Captain G. F. Russell Colt, of Gartsherrie, Cambridgeshire, sends the following narrative:

CLXXII. "I had a brother who was very dear to me, my elder brother, Oliver, a lieutenant in the Seventh Royal Fusileers. At the time of which I write he was at Sebastopol. I

[1] Mrs. Allom's mother was Mrs. Carrick, wife of Mr. Thomas Carrick, a well-known miniature painter.

kept up a regular correspondence with him. One day he wrote as if he were out of spirits and not well. I answered that he must pluck up heart, but that if anything happened to him he must let me know by appearing to me in the little room where as young fellows we had often sat together smoking and gossiping in secret. My brother received this letter just as he was leaving his quarters to receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. (The clergyman who was the celebrant told me this afterwards.) After Communion he went into the trenches. He never came back. A few hours later the assault upon the Redan took place. When the captain of his company fell, my brother took his place and bravely led on his men. Although he had received several wounds, he had crossed the ramparts with his men, when he was struck by a ball in his right temple. He fell in a heap with other soldiers. He was found dead in a sort of kneeling posture, upheld by other corpses, thirty-six hours after.

"His death took place—possibly he fell and did not die immediately—September 8, 1855.

"The same night I awoke suddenly. I saw, opposite to the window and beside my bed, my brother on his knees, surrounded by a sort of phosphorescent mist. I tried to speak to him, but I could not. I hid my face under the bedclothes. And yet I was not frightened. We had been brought up to have no belief in ghosts or apparitions, but I wanted to collect my thoughts, because I had not dreamed of him nor been thinking of him, and I forgot what I had written to him a fortnight before. I said to myself that it might be an illusion, the reflection of a moonbeam on a towel, or on something else. A few moments after I looked again. He was still there, his eyes fixed on me with profound sadness. I tried again to speak, but my tongue seemed tied. I could not utter a word.

"I jumped out of bed. I looked out of the window, and I saw that there was no moonlight. The night was dark and it was raining heavily, great drops pattering on the window-panes. My poor Oliver was still there. Then I drew near. "*I walked right through the apparition.* I reached my

chamber door, and as I turned the knob to open it I looked back once more. The apparition slowly turned its head towards me and gave me another look full of anguish and of love. Then for the first time I observed a wound on his right temple, and from it trickled a little stream of blood. The face was pale as wax, but it was transparent.

"I left my room. I went into that of a friend, where I lay down on a sofa for the rest of the night. I told him why I had come into his room. I also spoke of the apparition to several people in the house, but when I mentioned it to my father he ordered me never to repeat such nonsense, and above all not to mention it to my mother.

"The following Monday he received a note from Sir Alexander Milne, telling him that the Redan had been taken by assault, but it gave him no details. I asked my friend to tell me if he saw, sooner than I did, my brother's name among the killed and wounded. About a fortnight later he came and told me the story of his death.

"The colonel of the regiment, and one or two officers who saw the body, sent me word *that the look on the face was exactly what I had described.* The wound was just where I had seen it, but it was impossible to say if he had died at once. If he did, his apparition must have taken place some hours after his death, for I saw it about two in the morning. Some months later they sent me his little prayer-book and *the last letter I had written him.* They were both found in the inner pocket of the tunic that he wore when he died. I have them still."

CLXXIII. "On the night of November 14, 1867, I went with my husband to a concert in Birmingham, given at the town hall. While there I felt an ice cold shiver pass through me. Almost immediately I saw between me and the orchestra my uncle lying on his bed. He seemed to call for me. I had heard nobody mention him for some months, and had no reason to think that he was ill. The apparition was neither transparent nor vaporous, but it seemed like a real person. Nevertheless, I could see the orchestra, *not through the body, but behind it.* I did not try to turn my

eyes to see if moving them would displace the apparition, but I looked steadily at it as if fascinated, so that my husband asked me what was the matter with me. I told him not to speak to me for a minute or two. The vision disappeared by degrees, and after the concert I told my husband what I had seen. A letter came shortly after, which informed us of the death of my uncle. He died at the very hour of my vision. E. T. TAUNTON."[1]

The Rev. F. Barker, formerly Rector at Coltentham in Cambridgeshire, signs the following declaration:

CLXXIV. "December 6, 1873, about eleven o'clock at night, I had just gone to bed, but was not asleep, when I was conscious that my wife shuddered because she heard me give a great groan. She asked me why. I said, 'I have just seen my aunt. She came here and stood near me; she smiled at me with her kind, familiar smile, then she disappeared.'

"An aunt whom I loved dearly (my mother's sister) was then at Madeira for her health; her niece, my cousin, was with her. I had no reason to suppose that she was seriously ill at that moment, but the impression made on me had been so great that the next morning I told all her family (my mother among them) what I had seen. A week after we heard that she had died *that same night*, and when we calculated the difference of longitude, it must have been *almost at the moment* when the vision appeared to me. When my cousin, who had been with her to the last, heard what I had seen, she said, 'I am not surprised, for she called for you continually when she was dying.'

"This was the only time I ever experienced anything of the kind. FREDERICK BARKER."

The date of her death is confirmed by the death-list in the *Times*. Mrs. Barker on another occasion confirmed the same recital in the following terms:

[1] The signature of Mrs. Taunton's husband is appended to his wife's statement.

"I perfectly remember the circumstance about which my husband has written to you. It must have taken place about eleven. My husband had not gone to sleep; he had just before spoken to me. Then he began to groan deeply. I asked him what was the matter. He told me that his aunt, who was at Madeira, had appeared to him, that she had smiled at him with her kind smile, and had then disappeared. He also told me she had something black upon her head, which might have been lace. Next day he told what had happened to several of our relations, and he subsequently learned that our aunt had died that same night. Her niece, Miss Garnett, told me that she was not surprised to hear that my husband had seen his aunt; she had called for him several times when she was dying. He had been almost like a son to her.

"P. S. BARKER."

Miss Garnett, who was with her aunt at the time of her death, certified the two preceding statements.

CLXXV. "Here is the account of the death of our dear little girl, which took place May 17, 1879. I ought to begin by saying that the scene is as distinctly present to my mind as if it had happened within a few days. The morning was very beautiful, and it seemed to me as if I had never seen the sun so bright. My child was four years and five months old, and she was a lovely little creature. Five minutes before eleven she came running in from the kitchen, and said, 'Mother, may I go out and play?' I answered 'Yes.'

"Then she went out. After speaking to her I went to carry a pail of water to my chamber.

"As I crossed the court-yard the child ran athwart me like a luminous shade. I stopped short to look at her. I turned my head to the right, and the vision disappeared. A moment after my husband's brother, who lived with us, called out to me:

"'Fanny has been run over!'

"I flew into the house like an arrow, and then into the street, where I found her. She had been knocked down by the hoofs of a horse, and the wheels of a baker's cart had

passed over her neck and broken it. She expired in my arms a few moments after I reached her.

"This is exactly how the sad accident took place.

"ANNE E. WRIGHT."[1]

CLXXVI. "My wife had an uncle, a captain in the merchant service, who loved her very dearly when she was a child, and often, when he came home to London, would take her on his lap and stroke her hair. She left for Sydney with her parents, and her uncle followed his profession in all parts of the world. Three or four years later she had one day gone up to dress for dinner. She had unfastened her hair, when suddenly she felt a hand placed on the top of her head, and her loose locks were being stroked quickly down to her shoulders. Frightened, she turned and cried, 'Oh, mother, why did you do that to me?' For she supposed her mother was playing her some little trick.

"There was no one in the room.

"When she told the incident at table, a superstitious friend advised her to note down the day and hour. She did so. A little while after came the news that her uncle William *had died that very day*, and if the longitude is calculated, it will be proved to have been almost at the very hour when she felt the hand placed on her head.

"J. CHANTRY HARRIS,

"Owner of the *New Zealand* and the *New Zealand Mail*.

"Wellington, New Zealand."

Here is what Mrs. Harris herself testifies:

"It was 1860, in the month of April. I was then a young girl. Standing before my dressing-table, in my bedchamber, I was taking unusual pains with my toilet.

"It was about six in the evening, and at that time of the year it was getting dark, when suddenly I felt a hand laid on my head and, stroking down my hair to its full length, press

[1] Mrs. Wright is the wife of an Inspector on the Great Northern Railway in England. She lives at 4 Taylor's College, London Road, Nottingham.

heavily upon my left shoulder. Frightened by this unexpected caress, I turned quickly to reproach my mother for having suddenly and without noise entered my room, but to my great surprise no one was there. I thought at once of England, for which my father had sailed in the month of January, and I said something must have happened to him, though I could make out nothing.

"I went down and told my fright to my family. In the evening Mrs. and Miss W. came in, and when they had been told what made me look so pale, Mrs. W. said at once, 'Write down the date and we shall see what happens.'

They did so, and the matter ceased to trouble us, though all the family expected some bad news when the first letter from my father arrived. On reaching England he had found his brother dying. In my childhood I had been his favorite, and, dying, my name had been the last word that he pronounced."

CLXXVII. "One Thursday, about the middle of August, 1849, I went, as I often did, to visit the Rev. Mr. Harrison and his family, with whom I had very intimate relations. As the weather was very fine, we all went together to the Zoological Gardens. I note this particularly because it proves beyond a doubt that Mr. Harrison and his family were all in good health that evening and no one had any suspicion of what was about to come to pass. The next day I went to pay a visit to some relations in Hertfordshire. They lived in a house called Hamstead Lodge, twenty-six miles from London, on the high-road. We dined generally at two o'clock, and the following Monday, in the afternoon, when we had dined, I left the ladies in the drawing-room and went across the place to the great London road. Observe that we were in the middle of a day in the month of August, with bright sunshine on a broad highway, travelled by many people, and a hundred yards from a way-side inn. I myself was feeling gay, full of life and youth, and there was nothing around me to disorder my imagination. Some laborers were at work at a short distance.

"All of a sudden a 'phantom' rose before me, so close that

if it had been a human being it would have touched me. For the moment it obstructed my view of the landscape and the objects round me. I could not see completely the outline of this phantom, but I saw its lips move and murmur something. Its eyes were fixed on mine with an expression so intense and so severe that I drew back and walked backward. I said to myself instinctively, and probably aloud: 'Good Heavens! It is Harrison!' though I had not thought of him, up to that moment, the least in the world. After a few seconds, which to me seemed an eternity, the spectre disappeared. I stood nailed to the spot for a few moments, and the strange sensation I experienced is the strongest proof to me of the reality of the vision. I felt my blood freeze in my veins. My nerves were calm, but I felt a sensation of deadly cold, which lasted over an hour, and which quitted me at length by slow degrees as circulation was restored. I have never felt any sensation like it, either before or since. I did not speak of what had happened to the ladies on getting back to the house, being afraid of frightening them, and the disagreeable impression wore off after a while.

"I said that the house was near the great London road. It stood in the middle of the property, with a lane on one side of it leading to the village. It was two or three hundred yards from any other dwelling. There was an iron railing, seven feet high, before the front of the house to protect it from tramps. The gates are always shut at nightfall. A gravel walk, thirty feet long, leads from the front door to the highway. That day the evening was beautiful, very clear, and very quiet. Nobody could have approached the house in the stillness of a summer night without being distinctly heard from a distance. Besides, there was a great watch-dog guarding the front door, and in the house a little terrier who barked at everybody and at every noise. We were about to go to our bedchambers, but were all sitting together in the drawing-room on the ground floor, and the little terrier was with us. The servants had gone to sleep in a room at the back, about sixty feet from where we were.

"Suddenly at the front door there was a noise, so loud and

so persistent (the door seemed to be shaken in its supports and to vibrate under such formidable blows) that we were all on our feet in a moment, full of astonishment, and the servants arrived half-clothed, having come down from their room in haste to learn what was going on.

"We all ran to the door, but we saw and heard nothing. The terrier, quite contrary to his custom, trembled and hid himself under the sofa,[1] and would neither stay by the front door nor go into the darkness. There was no knocker on the door—nothing that would have fallen—and it was impossible for any one to have approached the house or to have left it in the great silence without being heard. Everybody was silent, and I had great difficulty in making our hosts and their servants go back to bed.

"I was so unimpressionable a person that at first I never thought of connecting this noise with the appearance of the phantom I had seen that afternoon. I went to bed myself, thinking over all that had taken place, and trying to find an explanation.

"I stayed in the country until Wednesday morning, having no idea of what had happened at home during my absence. That morning, when I returned to town, I went to my office, 11 King's road, Gray's Inn. My employer came to me at once and said to me: 'A gentleman has been here two or three times to ask for you. He wants to see you immediately.' The visitor was Mr. Chadwick, an intimate friend of the Harrison family. He told me, to my great surprise: 'There has been a terrible epidemic of cholera on the Wandsworth Road. In Mr. Harrison's family *all are gone.* Mrs. Roscoe was taken ill Friday, and is dead. Her maid was taken ill the same evening, and she is dead too. Mrs. Harrison was taken down Saturday morning, and is dead. Her chambermaid was stricken Sunday, and is dead. The cook also was taken ill, but she was removed from the house —a little more and she also would have died. Poor Mr.

[1] We shall have something to say about dogs. Why, by-the-way, do they announce a death by howling?

Harrison, good, reverend man, was taken ill Sunday. He was very bad on Monday, and yesterday they removed him from Wandsworth Road to Jack Straw's Castle, at Hampstead, for change of air. He implored all the people round him Monday and yesterday to send for you, but nobody knew where you were to be found. Take a cab at once and come with me or you may not find him alive.'

"I left instantly with Chadwick, but Mr. Harrison was dead when we arrived. H. B. GARLING.

"12 Westbourne Gardens, Folkestone."

This is one of our most remarkable, extraordinary, and dramatic narratives, notably as it concerns the impression made on many people and on animals. We will speak of it again when we come to a general discussion of causes. Here are three other cases, not less curious, of *collective sensations.*

CLXXVIII. "On the night of August 20, 1869, between eight and nine o'clock, I was sitting in my chamber in my mother's house, at Devonport. My nephew, a boy seven years old, was in bed in the next room. I was surprised to have him run suddenly into my chamber crying out, in a frightened voice, 'Oh, auntie, I have just seen my father. He walked round my bed!' I answered, 'What nonsense! You were dreaming.' He replied that he had not dreamed at all, and insisted that he would not go back into that chamber. Seeing that I could not persuade him, I let him get into my bed. Between ten and eleven I went to bed myself. About an hour later I saw distinctly beside the hearth the form of my brother sitting in a chair, and what struck me most was the deathly paleness of his face. My nephew at this moment was fast asleep. I was so frightened (my brother was at Hong-Kong) that I hid my face under the bedclothes. A short time after I distinctly heard his voice calling me by name. The name was repeated three times. Then I resolved to look again, but he was gone.

"The next morning I told my mother and my sister what had happened, and I made a memorandum of the date. The next mail that came from China brought us the sad news of

my brother's death. It had taken place on the 21st of August, 1869, in the harbor of Hong-Kong. It was sudden, and was caused by isolation. MINNIE COX.

"Summer Hill, Queenstown, Ireland."

CLXXIX. "A friend of mine, an officer in a regiment of Highlanders, had been badly wounded in the knee at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. His mother was one of our best friends, and when the hospital ship *Carthage* brought him to Malta, she sent me on board to see him, and to make arrangements for his disembarkation. When I got on board they told me that his was one of the worst cases, so that it might be dangerous to transport him to the military hospital. After many efforts, his mother and I obtained permission to visit him and comfort him. The poor fellow was so ill that the doctors thought he would die if they attempted an operation, which was the only chance of saving him. His leg was beginning to show gangrene; some parts were sloughing away, and as he continued to linger, sometimes better, sometimes worse, the doctors began to think he might possibly recover a certain degree of health, but in that case he would remain lame all his life, and would probably die of consumption.

"On the night of January 4, 1886, we looked for no sudden change, and his mother took me home with her, that I might get a night's rest, for I was much worn out, and my health was not good enough to stand so long a strain. He had been for some hours in a sort of lethargic state, and the doctor said that as this was due to the influence of morphine he would probably sleep till the next morning. I consented to go, resolving to be back at daybreak, so that he might find me beside him on awaking.

"About three o'clock in the morning my eldest son, who slept in my chamber, woke me by crying out, 'Mamma! mamma! There is Mr. B.!' I started up at once. It was perfectly true. The form of Mr. B. was floating through the chamber, about half a foot above the floor ($0^m$, 15), and he disappeared through the window, smiling at me. He was in his night-clothes; but, strange to say, his wounded foot—the

toes of which had dropped off from gangrene—was exactly like the other foot now. We remarked this simultaneously, my son and I. About half an hour afterwards a man came to tell me that Mr. B. had died at three o'clock. I then went to his mother, who had remained beside him, and who told me how it had occurred. He had partly recovered consciousness before his death. 'He took my hand,' she said, 'in his and pressed it, as he did that of the hospital steward, who stayed by him to the end.' I shall never forgive myself for having gone home that night.

"EUGENIA WICKHAM."

Mrs. Wickham's son, a boy nine years old at the time of this event, added this certificate:

"I perfectly remember that things happened just as they are told above. EDMUND WICKHAM."

The husband of Mrs. Wickham, a lieutenant-colonel of artillery, also writes that he can certify the exactness of this story.

We will conclude these telepathic observations by the following, which has also two witnesses.[1]

CLXXX. "During the winter of 1850-51, I, Charles Matthews, being twenty-five years old, was *maître d'hôtel* to General Morse at Troston Hall, near Bury Saint Edmunds. My mother, Mary Anne Matthews, was in the same house as cook and housekeeper. She was a very upright and concientious woman, liked by all the servants, except one chambermaid, named Susan. This Susan made herself disagreeable to them all by her tale-bearing and her ill-nature, but she was very much afraid of my mother, whose just, firm character awed her.

[1] Our examples of collective impressions are numerous. See I., XV., XXXV., XL., XLVII., XLVIII., LV., LVII., LXIX., LXXVI., LXXVIII., LXXXIII., XCIII., XCV., CXXIII., CXXXI., CXXXII., CXXXV., CXXXIX., CXLIV., CXLV., CLII., CLIV., CLVII., CLXI., CLXVI., CXXVII., and these three last ones.

"Susan had the jaundice. For some months she was taken care of at Troston Hall, but finally she was sent to the hospital at Bury Saint Edmunds, at the expense of General Morse, and put into the ward set apart for servants. She died there a week after her admission. The General sent a woman from the village over to the hospital, which was seven miles off, every day that the carriage did not go into Bury Saint Edmunds, to hear how the girl was. On a certain Saturday the woman went, and she did not get back until Sunday evening. She then said that she had found Susan unconscious, and that, as her death was approaching, she was permitted to stay in the ward till the end.

"During that Saturday night the mysterious things that I have to relate took place. They have always puzzled me.

"I was asleep, when suddenly I was roused up wide awake, with a strange feeling of terror. I stared into the darkness, but saw nothing. I felt myself a prey to unnatural fright, and I hid my head under the bedclothes. The door of my chamber opened on a narrow passage which led to the chamber of my mother's, and all the people who passed along that passage brushed against my door. I slept no more that night. In the morning I met my mother and saw at once that she seemed to be sick; she was pale and seemed greatly agitated. I said: 'What's the matter?' She answered, 'Nothing—don't ask me.'

"An hour or two had elapsed, and I saw clearly that something was wrong. I resolved to know what it was. My mother, on her part, refused to speak. At last I said: 'Has it anything to do with Susan?' She burst into tears and replied: 'Why do you ask?'

"Then I told her about my fright during the night, and she in return told me the following story:

"'I was awakened,' she said, 'by hearing my door open. To my great terror, Susan entered in her night-gown. She came straight to my bed and lifted the bedclothes and lay down beside me. I felt a chill like ice all down the side where she touched me. Very much frightened, I think I must have fainted, for I remember nothing more that passed.

When I regained my senses she was not there. But I am sure of one thing, and that is that *it was not a dream.*'

"We learned from the woman of the village, when she got home at last, that Susan had died in the middle of the night, and in her last moments she spoke all the time of going back to Troston Hall. We none of us expected her death. We thought she had gone to the hospital, not because she was in any danger, but to undergo some special treatment.

"These are the facts, as well as I can report them. I am neither credulous nor superstitious, but I have never been able to satisfy my mind as to the how and the why of this strange incident. CHARLES MATTHEWS.

"9 Blandford Place, Clarence Gate, Regent's Park, London."

## CHAPTER IV

### ADMISSION OF FACTS

*"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,*
*Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."*
—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*, Act 1, Scene 5.

I HAVE now recorded one hundred and eighty-one manifestations of the dying (and I have many more as yet unpublished). Is it possible for any one, after having read them conscientiously and without prejudice, to see in them nothing but inventions, made-up stories, or hallucinations with fortuitous coincidences?

A pure and simple negation cannot be accepted in this case. No doubt we are dealing with the extraordinary, the unknown, the unexplained. But negation is not solution. It appears to us to be more scientific to try to account for these phenomena than to disbelieve them without examination.

To explain them is more difficult. As we said at the beginning of this book, our senses are imperfect and deceitful, and perhaps they will in this case never reveal to us the true reality any more than they have done in others.

These narratives have been carefully selected from among a number of others. Readers anxious to take account of the nature and variety of these manifestations, and who have read them with interest, will have understood that our object in publishing so large a number has been to establish the fact that they are by no means so rare or so exceptional as people imagine, and also because their value increases perceptibly in proportion to their number.

It will be remarked that in all these cases the details have been given as circumstantially as possible, and that there has

been no question in them of subjective hallucinations, which for the most part are often doubtful, uncertain, and above all anonymous. I have an unconquerable horror of all that is anonymous. And I have never been able to understand—I never shall understand—why any one has not the courage of his opinions, and why, if a person has in his possession an interesting observation that may serve to increase our knowledge—be it ever so little—dares not sign an account of it, for fear of compromising himself, or of displeasing influential friends, or in dread of ridicule, or for self-interest, for superstitious prejudice, or for any other reason whatever.

I renew my thanks to all the persons who have sent me their observations, and I have taken all possible care to discreetly carry out their expressed wishes. We have already said that there is at least one person in twenty who has himself experienced, or has known somebody who has experienced, manifestations of this kind. This makes an average not to be neglected. In general, people do not tell stories of this kind unless they are asked to do so—and not then always!

The question now before us is this. What is the real value of these narratives? For their quantity alone will not determine their value. Their quality must be a coefficient. Our analysis must have relation to their quality as well as their quantity. That they have been invented—cut out of the whole cloth—to mystify friends and relations to whom they were told in the first instance, is an hypothesis which cannot be seriously maintained, but we will begin by getting it out of the way. In some of the cases reported there are several witnesses; in others the person reporting them was so much impressed that he experienced an illness. The first experiences I have related were vouched for by persons whose sincerity I am as sure of as I am of my own. The letters which follow have all the marks of good faith. I have contrived to verify, by various means, about one-tenth of them, and my inquiries have always resulted in confirming the truth of the recitals, except perhaps in some insignificant details.

These narratives, indeed, are not different from those that

I received from persons I have known a long time. The class of hoaxers and "smokers" is rare among those who are telling of the death of a near relation, a father, mother, wife, husband, or child. These are sorrows that people seldom laugh over. Men do not make jokes upon such subjects. Besides, sincerity has its own accent. *Le style c'est l'homme,* says Buffon.

My relations with these correspondents is the same as it is with those who send me constantly, from all parts of the globe, observations they have made in astronomy and meteorology.

When somebody writes me that he has observed an eclipse, an occultation or a meteor, shooting-stars, a comet, a variation in Mars or Jupiter, an aurora borealis, an earthquake, a singular case of thunder and lightning, a lunar rainbow, etc., I begin by crediting him with good faith and.sincerity; but that does not prevent me from carefully examining his communication and forming my own judgment upon it. People may tell me that the cases are by no means the same, for that an astronomical or meteorological observation may be made at the same time by different persons, which puts a sort of check on the report made by one. Of course. But as to the opinion I may hold of the sincerity of the observer, the cases are exactly alike. I accept his fact subject to its relation to other facts subject to the right of free examination. In cases of telepathy and others, the same human beings are concerned, the same intellectual faculties are brought into play, and I believe that those who address me are in their normal state of mind, which is proved by the reflections they make themselves. *A priori* I have no more reason to mistrust a *savant,* a professor, a magistrate, a priest, a Protestant pastor, a manufacturer, or an agriculturist, when he relates to me a psychical experience than when he sends me a physical observation. Nevertheless, as these facts are more rare and less easy of belief, our standard of admission must be more severe, and I, for my part, began by verifying a large number by collecting information about them and making inquiries about these writers, which almost invariably resulted in confirming purely and simply the relations I had

received. The same thing has been done by the Society for Psychical Research in London. In spite of some small variations in the recitals, and certain lapses of memory, one may always feel convinced that the main fact is real, and not apocryphal.

But if impostors are rare, the victims of illusion are numerous. They are legion in this order of things. We have set forth in our second chapter the extent of human credulity. And the style in which the credulous and the fanatical write is very characteristic.

Another objection, more tenable, is this: to think that the fact at the bottom may be true, but that the things observed concerning it have been arranged and amplified, probably with all the good faith to fit the framework of the events themselves. Such narratives would be hallucinations, which we have brought forward only in cases where a death has been coincident; and even then it is possible that this coincidence may have been uncertain, the dying moment not being always precisely known, and when the conclusion of coincidence may have been drawn after the fact.

I have examined and discussed this hypothesis with the greatest attention, and I have found it also insufficient. First, in cases where I have had it in my power to obtain all the facts, I have been convinced that they occurred nearly as the writers of the narratives reported them. Secondly, the persons who describe them take pains to state that they were in their usual health; that they are not subject to hallucinations, that they have observed and verified the facts with the greatest coolness, and that they feel quite certain about them. Thirdly, I have left out of these records everything that had been felt or seen in dreams, and have only dealt with cases in which the observer was fully awake. Fourthly, I have omitted such cases as might possibly be attributed to imagination, ante-suggestion, or to other kinds of hallucination.

The facts I here publish are various. They have been reported by persons whose intellectual and moral standards are not the same, by men and by women of all ages, by the

indifferent and the sceptical, as well as by the credulous and by ideologists, some come from the north, some from the south, some from men of the Latin race, and some from those of Anglo-Saxon origin; from all countries and in all ages. The most severe critic cannot consider them of no account, or treat them as things that never happened; and they ought at least to be taken into consideration.

To attribute them to hallucination is impossible. We know something about hallucinations; they have their causes. (We will discuss them later.) Persons who experience them are more or less predisposed to them, and have experienced several—often many—in the course of their lives. But our witnesses here are not of that kind, they have observed a psychical fact, as they would have done a physical fact, and have so recorded it.

If cases of this kind had been hallucinations, illusions, freaks of the imagination, there would have been a much *larger number of them reported that had no coincidence with a death than with such a coincidence.*

Now it is just the contrary. My inquiries give proof of it. I requested people to be so obliging as to furnish me with all kinds of cases, whether there was any coincidence with death or not. There are not more than seven or eight per cent. of cases of apparitions without such coincidence. The opposite thing would have occurred had we been dealing with hallucinations.

We should also be forced to admit that the same hallucinations occurred to several persons at the same time—persons hundreds of miles apart from each other.

It might be objected that, nevertheless, the cases reported may be hallucinations because only those that are accompanied by such a coincidence are remembered and remarked on.

This objection cannot be sustained, for if you see your mother, father, husband, wife, or child appear to you it is impossible that such a thing should not strike you, even if it were not followed by a coincidence of death, nor could you fail to remember it.

All the cases here reported occurred to persons wide awake, and *in their normal condition,* as much as you and I are at this moment. I have taken care to cite no case of manifestations or apparitions seen in dreams, and I have acted on the principle of making a methodical classification, clear and precise, of the phenomena that we are about to study. The study is *essentially scientific,* as much so as if it related to astronomy, physics, or chemistry. Dreams during sleep, visions seen in a state of somnambulism or hypnotism, presentiments or things foreseen, phenomena connected with what are called our "doubles," and things or persons evoked by mediums, will be treated of in other chapters. We wish to commence by the most convincingly reported facts, those easiest to verify and to discuss in all freedom of mind.

We have thus far only had to do with manifestations from the dying—that is, from persons *still living.* We will speak later of apparitions of the *dead,* whose explanation is different.

The last cases reported are from the grand work, *Phantasms of the Living,*[1] published in London, in 1886, by Messrs Gurney, Myers, & Podmore, a work in two enormous volumes of 575 and 733 pages, containing the results (or what in French law are called *procès verbaux*) of the inquiries rigorously made by these three gentlemen on behalf of the Society for Psychical Research, of which we have already spoken. It is impossible to study this collection without receiving an impression that those who now persist in denying such facts are like a blind man who denies the existence of the sun. In this inquiry there are reports of six hundred cases, arranged in the order of which we have spoken. And on my own part I have received more than eleven hundred, whose authenticity seems to me equally beyond doubt. We

[1] This work appeared in French, in an excellent translation, published in 1891, by M. L. Marillier, master of conferences at the École des Hautes Études, under the inexact and misleading title of *Hallucinations Télépathiques,* which has absolutely no meaning. It seems to us that the learned and careful translator was very badly inspired in making this change. An hallucination is essentially a false perception—an illusion.

ought, of course, to be able in all cases to verify their absolute precision. The agreement that strikes us between what was seen, what was heard, what was felt, and the events recorded, may possibly have been completed after the event by the imagination of the narrators, and more or less arranged to suit the case. It would be necessary to make minute inquiries about every observation, to take, in short, all the precautions we invariably take in our astronomical observations, or our experiments in physics or chemistry, and more, too, for in this case we have something additional to deal with—a human coefficient, which is by no means to be overlooked or neglected.

These precautions have not always been taken in such inquiries, nor could they be, often because of the very nature of their phenomena, some having relation to the dead, and some to sorrows and sad remembrances, which could not be treated in the same kind of way as we did with an experiment in a laboratory. But because some narratives may not be quite correct as to certain minor details, is that any reason to think them of no value, and to treat them as if they were of no account ? We do not think so.

These observations are too numerous not to be based on something real. And, besides, the wide-spread belief among all peoples, which associates these appearances with the dead, can hardly be without some foundation. No doubt, if every fact were proved to be false, their number would have no great value. But if we reduce them to their smallest expression there will remain a substratum of truth. I should like to compare them to the cosmic character of the Milky Way. Each of the stars which make up the Milky Way is smaller than a star of the sixth magnitude, and is invisible to the naked eye. It makes no impression on the human retina. Nevertheless, taken all together the whole is perfectly visible even to the naked eye, and is one of the beautiful and glorious things in the starry heaven. Even so it is the number of these facts which is an argument why we should not disregard them.

The great philosopher, Emmanuel Kant, once wrote:

"Philosophy, who never fears to compromise herself by examining all kinds of foolish questions, is often much embarrassed when she encounters on her march certain facts she dares not *doubt*, yet will not believe for fear of ridicule. This is the case with ghost stories. In short, there is no reproach to which philosophy is more sensible than that of credulity, or the suspicion of any connection with vulgar superstitions. Those who cheaply assume the name of *savants*, and insist on receiving the privileges due to learned men, mock at whatever (being as inexplicable to the *savant* as it is to the ignorant) places both on the same level. That is why ghost stories are always listened to and well received in private, but pitilessly disavowed in public. We may take it for granted that no academy of science will ever choose such a subject for discussion, not because every one of its members is fully persuaded of the silliness and falseness of all these narrations, but because the law of prudence has wisely put a limit to the examination of such questions. Ghost stories will always have those who believe in them in *secret*, and will be always received in public with an incredulity of good form.

"For my own part, ignorant as I am of the way in which the human spirit enters the world and the ways in which it goes out of it, I dare not deny the truth of many of such narratives that are in circulation. By a reserve, however, which to some may appear singular, I permit myself to hold in doubt each in particular, and yet to believe in them when all taken together."

There are three courses that may be adopted concerning facts such as we have reported; absolute belief in all we are told or know to be reported, absolute rejection of everything; or, thirdly, acceptation of the facts themselves when taken together, without affirming the complete exactness of all their details. It is this conclusion to which I think we ought to come.

To deny everything would be the height of absurdity. Unless we decline to receive all human testimony, it does not seem possible to doubt the narratives that have been

given above. There are not many facts, historical or scientific, which are affirmed by so many witnesses.

To suppose that all these persons had defective sight, had been "hallucinated," or were "dupes of their own imagination," is an absolutely untenable hypothesis, if we grant the coincidence of deaths.

On the other hand, that which seems to establish their truth is the abundance of circumstantial details that often characterize them; besides this, the apparitions corresponded exactly to subsequently ascertained facts. They show a wound, a shot, a spear thrust, a split skull, a corpse at the bottom of a pit, a body stretched upon a beach, a man drowned, a man hung, the sound of a well-known voice, the style of wearing the hair, some especial garment, an attitude, and the date of a death differing from that in the official announcement, etc. I know very well, on the other hand, that we must receive with some doubt all human testimony; that after a few days the clearest events are often related differently by different persons, that the history of nations and the biographies of men are for the most part false. But, after all, we must take the human race as we find it, and, without expecting certainty, admit the relative and the probable. We cannot doubt that Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, or that the remains of Napoleon lie under the dome of the Invalides.

For our own part, we consider the facts now before us such as cannot be denied—at least, if we take them all together, no unprejudiced mind can refuse to admit them.

The principal objection, the only one that still remains for us to consider, is that which attributes these things to chance—that is, to fortuitous coincidences. People say to themselves, "Oh ! well—yes—some one saw or heard such and such a thing, and well !—a parent, a near relative, died at the same moment, but it was *all chance.*"

By limiting ourselves to a coincidence of twelve hours, before or after the manifestation (in general, the coincidence is much nearer), we may remark that the average of annual human deaths is twenty-two out of a thousand persons. In

a period of twenty-four hours it is 365 times less—that is to say, it averages 22 in 365,000, or 1 in 16,591. There are, therefore, 16,591 chances to 1 that the coincidence would not happen on the same day. This calculation is based upon a general average ; but if we take only young persons or those in the full strength of their age, the proportion would rise to eighteen thousand, nineteen thousand, twenty thousand.

Now apparitions without coincidence, not being twenty thousand times, nor ten thousand times, nor five thousand times, nor a thousand times, nor a hundred times, nor even ten times more numerous than apparitions with coincidences, being indeed not equal, not half, nor a quarter, nor possibly a tenth of the manifestations that have been verified, we may conclude that this shows a relation of cause and effect.

We are not denying chance, or fortuitous coincidences. What we call chance, that is to say, something unknown to us in the forces at work, leads sometimes to real coincidences that are truly extraordinary. I will mention a few that are very remarkable.

During the time I was writing my great book on the atmosphere, I was busy with the chapter on the force of the wind, and I was comparing several curious examples when the following thing took place:

My study in Paris is lighted by three windows, one looks east on the Avenue de l'Observatoire, another southeast towards the Observatory, the third to the south on to the Rue Cassini. It was the middle of summer. The first window was open, looking on the chestnut-trees of the avenue. The sky was clouded; the wind rose, and suddenly the third window, which must have been badly fastened, was violently blown open by a gale from the southwest, which disarranged all my papers, and lifting the loose pages I had just written, carried them off in a sort of whirlwind among the trees. A moment after the rain came, a regular downpour.

To go down and hunt for my pages would seem to me to be time lost, and I was very sorry to lose them.

What was my surprise to receive, a few days later, from Lahure's printing-office, in the Rue de Fleurus, about half a

mile away from where I lived, that very chapter printed without one page missing.

Remember, it was a chapter on the strange doings of the wind.

What had happened?

A very simple thing.

The porter of the printing-office, who lived near the Observatory, and who brought me my proof-sheets as he went to breakfast, when going back to his office noticed on the ground, sodden by the rain, the leaves of my manuscript. He thought he must have dropped them himself, and he hastened to pick them up, and, having arranged them with great care, he took them to the printing-office, telling no one of the affair.

A little more, and some credulous person might have asserted that it was the wind that had brought them to the printing-office.

Here is another instance not less singular.

I promised a priest who blessed my marriage (in return for a dispensation that he procured for me in spite, as it appeared, of a somewhat severe ecclesiastical regulation) to take him with me in a balloon. I should say that instead of taking a train for our wedding journey, we had decided to go by air. About ten days after the ceremony we started, with Jules Godard for our aeronaut, after having sent notice to the *abbé*, who, unluckily, by a provoking combination of circumstances, had been obliged to leave Paris to pass a few days at a little hermitage he owned on the banks of the Marne; consequently he had not received my note, which remained at his rooms in Paris waiting for his return. Not seeing the *abbé* arrive at the gas-house at the hour fixed for our departure, I was rather glad that our journey, being incognito, would pass unnoticed, and I thought I could keep my promise to my friend another time. I desired, especially, not to bring him into trouble. There are a number of directions in which one may leave Paris in a balloon. Now our aerial ship took a course directly across the Marne, and precisely over the property of the *abbé*, who was sitting at table in his garden, and who, seeing the balloon floating slowly over his head, fancied I had

come to find him. He shouted to me, begging me to descend, and felt the greatest disappointment when he found we were proceeding on our journey. Had some devil had us in charge he could not have done the thing better. But there nevertheless was nothing in it but the direction of the wind.

Emile Deschamps, a distinguished poet, somewhat overlooked in these days, one of the authors of the libretto of the "Huguenots," tells of a curious series of fortuitous coincidences as follows:

In his childhood, being at a boarding-school at Orleans, he chanced to find himself on a certain day at table with a M. de Fortgibu, an *émigré* recently returned from England, who made him taste a plum-pudding, a dish almost unknown at that time in France.

The remembrance of that feast had by degrees faded from his memory, when, ten years later, passing by a restaurant on the Boulevard Poissonière, he perceived inside it a plum-pudding of most excellent appearance.

He went in and asked for a slice of it, but was informed that the whole had been ordered by another customer. "M. de Fortgibu," cried the *dame du comptoir*, seeing that Deschamps looked disappointed, "would you have the goodness to share your plum-pudding with this gentleman?"

Deschamps had some difficulty in recognizing M. de Fortgibu in an elderly man, with powdered hair, dressed in a colonel's uniform, who was taking his dinner at one of the tables.

The officer said it would give him pleasure to offer part of his pudding to the gentleman.

Long years had passed since Deschamps had even thought of plum-pudding, or of M. de Fortgibu.

One day he was invited to a dinner where there was to be a real English plum-pudding. He accepted the invitation, but told the lady of the house, as a joke, that he knew M. de Fortgibu would be of the party, and he caused much amusement by giving the reason.

The day came, and he went to the house. Ten guests

occupied the ten places at table, and a magnificent plum-pudding was served. They were beginning to laugh at Deschamps about his M. de Fortgibu, when the door opened and a servant announced :

"M. de Fortgibu."

An old man entered, walking feebly, with the help of a servant. He went slowly round the table, as if looking for somebody, and he seemed greatly disconcerted. Was it a vision ? or was it a joke ?

It was the time of the Carnival, and Deschamps was sure it was a trick. But as the old man approached him he was forced to recognize M. de Fortgibu in person.

"My hair stood up on my head," he said. "Don Juan, in the *chef d'œuvre* of Mozart, was not more terrified by his guest of stone."

All was soon explained. M. de Fortgibu had been asked to dinner by a friend who lived in the same house, but had mistaken the door of his apartment.

There is really in this story a series of coincidences which confounds us, and we can understand the exclamation of the author when the remembrance of a thing so extraordinary occurred to him : "Three times in my life have I eaten plum-pudding, and three times have I seen M. de Fortgibu ! A fourth time I should feel capable of anything . . . or capable of nothing !"

Here is another chance combination : At a gaming-table at Monte Carlo, at roulette, the same number came up five times running.

At this same game of roulette the red has been known to come up twenty-one times in succession, and the chances against this were two million to one.[1]

Seldom does a year pass in Paris without a flower-pot fall-

[1] This kind of number, coming up at the first round, gives 35 louis for 1 louis, or 700 francs ; for the second time, if the previous sum has been left on the table, 24,500 francs ; a third time, in the same way, would give 857,500 francs, but the rules of the bank will not permit this ; they fix the maximum of the stake at 9 louis. The bank allows no gain greater than 120,000 francs.

ing from some fifth story and killing outright some person quietly walking along the pavement.

Who, then, can deny that there are surprising coincidences? Yes, the little god, chance, sometimes produces extraordinary results, and I am quite ready to acknowledge it; but let us at the same time acknowledge that chance does not explain everything.

I will now commit my argument to the following reasoning, due to Professor Charles Richet, concerning chance, as regarded from the point of view of mathematical certainty, and moral certainty as well.[1]

Chance may be expressed by a figure which stands for probability. Thus if in drawing a card by chance out of a whole pack I draw the six of hearts, it is chance which has given it to me, and chance only, for I shall never know (if the cards were all in suit and if the pack had been well shuffled) why I should have drawn out the six of hearts rather than any other card.

It is chance, therefore, which gave me the six of hearts, but this chance can be expressed in figures. I had in a pack of fifty-two cards only one chance in fifty-two for drawing the six of hearts; for drawing a six of any suit, one chance in thirteen for drawing a heart, one chance in four; and for drawing a red card, one chance in two. In short, I had fifty-one chances out of fifty-two for not drawing any card named in advance.

In like manner I can assign mathematically to this or that event a probability which can be expressed in figures. But our great difficulty is not in the calculation of different mathematical problems, though that, if we go further, may prove at last so difficult as to embarrass the greatest mathematicians. The real difficulty is in applying mathematical laws to real events. It is proved by mathematics that the calculation of probabilities is only applicable if there are an infinite number of chances. It is otherwise not true.

[1] *Relations de diverses expériences sur la transmission mentale*, etc. Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, June, 1888.

Thus: I have a pack of cards before me. I have only one chance in fifty-two to draw the six of hearts, and yet it is *possible* that I may draw that card. There is nothing to prevent it, and, at any rate, it is as probable as my drawing any other card named to me. This little probability is not to be overlooked. I should therefore be unreasonable were I to conclude what might be the result of an experiment when, having named beforehand the six of hearts, that was precisely the card I drew. If, taking another pack of cards, after having well shuffled them, I want to draw out again the six of hearts, the probability will be very slight ($52 \times 52 = \frac{1}{2704}$); but it is not *impossible*. It could be done, it has been done, and the combination of one six of hearts, followed by another six of hearts, is as probable as the combination of any other two cards of the same kind.

If I take a third pack of cards, then a fourth, and then a fifth, I shall have, if I still wish to draw a six of hearts, probabilities much greater against me, for the number of possible combinations becomes immense. But great as they are, we do not reach impossibility. It would always be possible that chance might bring about the combination wanted, and that combination would have as many chances as any other.

We should have to reach the infinite to arrive at the impossible. In other words, the certainty that I cannot draw the six of hearts would only happen if I drew an indefinite number of times. Never could I reach mathematical certainty, or, rather, I could only reach it if I were given the opportunity to draw an infinite number of times.

If, then, mathematical certainty is what is wanted, we can come to no conclusion, for it could not be reached without an infinite number of trials.

But, happily, in most cases we *can* arrive at a conclusion, for mathematical certainty and moral certainty are two different things.

Suppose that one day I stake my honor, my life, the honor and the life of those belonging to me, and all I hold most dear. Of course I can have no mathematical certainty that out of a hundred times that I draw, the six of hearts will not

come out a hundred times running. Mathematically, and in truth, this combination is possible, but nevertheless I would willingly consent to bet my life, my honor, my fortune, my country, and all I love, against the probability that the six of hearts will *not* be drawn one hundred times running.

It would not be necessary to go as far as a hundred drawings. If I drew the six of hearts ten times running, instead of saying, "It is a most surprising chance," I should at once suppose that there was some cause for it which I did not know; for chance does not give the same card ten times in succession. I should be so entirely convinced of this that I should at once try to find the cause. I should look if the cards in the pack were all alike; if it were not a trick played on me by a prestidigitator, if in the pack there were really fifty-two different cards, or if each pack were not composed of fifty-two of the six of hearts.

Let us take a less startling probability. For example, the probability of drawing twice in succession the same card. Even this is a very small probability—one out of 2704. If bets on it were mathematically laid, it would be a bet of one franc to 2704 francs that the six of hearts could not be twice drawn in succession from the same pack.

In fact, in our every-day life, that which regulates our conduct, which influences our convictions and our decisions, are probabilities much less great than this of $\frac{1}{2704}$. A man thirty-five years old, in good health, who is exposed to no particular danger, has one chance in a hundred of dying before the end of the year, and one chance in three thousand that he may die within a fortnight. Who is there, however, who does not think he is certain to live more than two weeks? By comparing the chances of life to the drawing out of a certain card from a pack, one sees that the probability of getting the same card four times running is about equal to the probability that a man of thirty-five, in good health, and not exposed to any especial danger, will not live an hour. Mathematically no one is quite sure that he *will* live an hour, but morally he feels it to be almost a complete certainty.

Now let us take an example from jurymen trying a case in

which the penalty is death. With rare exceptions they have no positive certainty that the accused is guilty, for though the probability of his innocence may be very small, yet it is almost always greater than $\frac{1}{2704}$. So many accessory circumstances might make the verdict of guilty false! Perhaps there were false witnesses. Did the witnesses see clearly? Was the confession of the accused a true one? Who knows but there might have been some conspiracy to ruin him? There may be a quantity of unknown circumstances which take away mathematical certainty but leave the moral certainty of the guilt of the accused unimpaired.

Thus we are never guided by mathematical certainty. Always in our daily life, even in the most certain cases, it is moral certainty that guides us. It is sufficient; and we act upon it, without asking for more. Even the *savant* who makes material experiments which seem to have certain results, ought to remember that he cannot count on mathematical certainty, for things unknown to him at the present moment may step in and take away the character of absolute certainty which can only be given by mathematics.

It remains for us to know if we are right when we are content to be guided by strong probabilities—strong probabilities but by no means certainties. Are we reckless when we conclude, as we do continually, that we shall live more than an hour, that we shall not be crushed in a railroad train, that the prisoner, whom a mass of evidently veracious testimony charges with a crime, is guilty, that the determination of three chemical or physical measures is sufficient to give an exact result.

It seems evident that we could not live if we had to base all our conduct upon certainties. Nowhere is there certainty; everywhere there are only probabilities, and we are right to act on them, for experience for the most part justifies us in so doing.

"For my own part," adds M. Richet, speaking about psychic influences, "I consider that the world-wide illusion on this subject would be impossible if that illusion contained no particle of truth. We have no right to exact for psychical

phenomena stronger probability than we exact for other sciences; and with probabilities above one thousand in its favor, we ought to feel we have a sufficiently vigorous demonstration.

"There are so many facts inexplicable, unless we admit telepathy, that we must end by acknowledging the existence of some action from a distance. What matters about *theory!* The fact seems to me proved—abundantly *proved.*"

We assert that having here collected all these telepathic observations, probability is increased, at least so far as manifestations from the dying are concerned, to several millions, in which the coincidence of death has taken place within an hour, and when the person who received the manifestation had no reason to think his friend was in danger of dissolution.[1]

[1] The inquiries of the Psychical Society of London have led to the following result (DARIEX, *Ann. des Sciences Psych.*, 1891, p. 300):

There is one visual hallucination for every two hundred and forty-eight persons. On looking into the probability of a fortuitous coincidence between the death of the agent (A) with the hallucination of the percipient (B) we reach the following results:

$$\frac{1}{245} \times \frac{22}{1000} \times \frac{1}{385} = \frac{1}{4114545},$$

which shows that the probability of real telepathic action is 4,114,545 times more probable than the hypothesis of fortuitous coincidence. *Four million one hundred and fourteen thousand five hundred and forty-five* times more probable. Here are figures which have their own eloquence.

We thus arrive at a fantastic probability if we suppose that in all cases the coincidence of the hallucination and the death took place twelve hours before or twelve hours after—that is to say, during a lapse of time of twenty-four hours. But how much more fantastic will this probability become if we take into consideration much closer coincidences, and, above all, if we calculate the sum of probabilities in a case where the coincidence immediately took place. Let us take, for example, to show the value of this argument, the following case recorded in the *Phantasms of the Living.*

Nicholas S—— and Frederick S——, both employed in the same office, had been friends for eight years. They thought a great deal of each other. On Monday, March 19, 1883, when Frederick S—— came to the office he complained of having suffered from indigestion. He went to consult a doctor, who told him that his liver was in a very bad state, and gave him some medicine. On Thursday he did not seem to be much

This proportion is much larger than that on which we have founded our reasoning, and by which we regulate our daily lives. This is what we call *moral certainty*. Therefore, we may conclude that the theory of chance, and of fortuitous

better. Saturday he did not come to the office, and Nicholas learned that his friend had been examined by a physician, who advised him to rest for two or three days, but did not think anything serious was the matter. This same Saturday, March 24, towards evening, being seated in his chamber, Nicholas saw his friend standing before him, dressed as usual. He particularly noticed his clothes—his hat had a black ribbon, his overcoat was unbuttoned, and he had a cane in his hand, etc. The spectre fixed his eyes upon his friend, and then disappeared. This recalled to the mind of Nicholas the words of Job: "A spirit passed before men and the hair of my flesh stood up." At this moment he felt an icy chill, and his hair stood up on his head. Then he turned to his wife and asked her what time it was. "Twelve minutes to nine," she answered. Then he said: "The reason I asked was that Frederick is dead. I have just seen him." She tried to persuade him that this was only his imagination, but he assured her that the vision had been so distinctly impressed upon his brain that no argument could change his opinion.

The next day, Sunday, at three in the afternoon, Frederick's brother came to tell his friend of his death, which happened the night before about nine o'clock.

The wife of the narrator confirmed his testimony as follows:

"Last 24th of March, in the evening, I was seated at a table reading; my husband was sitting on a chair placed at one corner of the hearth against the wall. He asked me what o'clock it was. When I answered it was twelve minutes to nine, he said: 'The reason I asked you is that Frederick is dead. I have just seen him.' I answered: 'What nonsense! You know he is not even ill. I assure you you will see him quite well when you go to the office next Tuesday.' Nevertheless, my husband persisted in saying that he had seen his friend, and was sure of his death. I then noticed that he looked much troubled and was very pale. MARIA R."

The brother of the deceased also confirmed the story in a letter agreeing exactly with the two previous accounts. He further declares that he was the more struck by the occurrence because he has always been opposed to such ideas.

In this remarkable case there is no doubt that the death occurred during the twenty-five minutes that passed between twenty-five minutes to nine and nine o'clock. The friend had his vision at twelve minutes to nine. If the coincidence of the two events is not absolute, it is any-

coincidences, will not explain the facts observed and those that we have here recorded. It ought to be eliminated, and we must admit that there is between the person dying and the observer a *rapport* of cause and effect. This is, indeed, the first point that we have to establish in our scientific examination. Yes, chance and fortuitous coincidences do exist, but they will not explain these things. There is a relation of *cause and effect between the dying person and the one by whom the impressions are received.*

Apropos of a case, of which we shall speak later, cited in "Phantasms of the Living," M. Raphael Chandos wrote in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1887, p. 211 :

"We cannot suspect the good faith of the narrators, nor, up to a certain point, the correctness of their observations. But is this all that is necessary ? M. Bard saw near a cemetery the apparition of Madame de Fréville passing before him at the very moment when Madame de Fréville, who he did not know was ill, was dying, and people tell us why may

how not possible to suppose, even taking an extreme view of the case, that there was an interval of more than twelve minutes.

We have seen that the probability of death during a stated period of twenty-four hours is $\frac{1000}{22} \times \frac{1}{365}$ for an adult of any age, but for men of forty-eight (which was the age of Frederick) it is $\frac{13}{1000}\frac{5}{}$, the official figures given by the tables of mortality. We have, therefore, for the probability of death each day $\frac{135}{1000} \times \frac{1}{365} = \frac{1}{27037}$. During a period of time of twelve minutes, continued 120 times in the twenty-fours hours, it would be 120 times less, that is to say, $\frac{135}{1000} \times \frac{1}{365} \times \frac{1}{120}$, and instead of the equation,

$$x = \frac{1}{248} \times \frac{22}{1000} \times \frac{1}{365} = \frac{1}{4111545},$$

we shall have this equation,

$$x = \frac{1}{248} \times \frac{135}{1000} \times \frac{1}{365} \times \frac{1}{120} = \frac{1}{8046222222}.$$

In the present case the probability of telepathic action, as compared with the probability of a fortuitous coincidence, is in the proportion of EIGHT HUNDRED AND FOUR MILLIONS SIX HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO TO ONE. The fact here related is particularly precise. Let us logically add to it the preceding one numbered CLXXXI. I think we ought to feel satisfied with a probability of *several millions*, as I have just said, because we must take into account cases when the person who died was known to be ill, and his friends might have been thinking of his death.

not chance, which brings about extraordinary encounters, have brought this woman's form before him in hallucination?

"In truth, this argument seems to me a miserable one, and much more easy to refute than one that supposes that the observation may have been incomplete and insufficient; but nevertheless this futile objection is the one most commonly brought forward. People say, 'Oh! it was only an hallucination.' And suppose this hallucination coincided with some real occurrence that was due to a fortuitous coincidence, and not because there was between the event and the hallucination a relation of cause and effect."

Chance is a very convenient little divinity, whom we can always invoke in embarrassing circumstances. But with this case chance had nothing to do. M. Bard, in the sixty years of his life seems to have had one hallucination, and only one, that makes 1 out of 22,000 chances a day against such a thing happening to him. If we admit that the coincidence between the time of Madame de Fréville's death and the time of his hallucination is exact, that would make (as there are forty-eight half-hours in a day) a chance of about one in a million.

"But this is not enough. M. Bard might have had other hallucinations, for he knows one hundred persons as well as he knew Madame de Fréville. The probability of seeing on a certain day at a certain hour Madame de Fréville, rather than any other of his friends, is therefore approximately one million.

"If I take four analogous cases and put them all four together, the probability of having four coincidences is not more than a hundred million, but a fraction whose numerator should be one with a denominator that had thirty-six zeros, makes an absurd number, too great to be grasped by human intelligence, and amounting to absolute certainty.

"We will therefore set aside this hypothesis of chance. There is no chance in the case. If any one insists there is, we will repeat the old experiment of throwing the alphabet into the air. Nobody will imagine that the letters as they fall will reproduce the entire *Iliad*.

"Therefore, neither the good faith of observers can be called in question, nor can the chance of extraordinary fortuitous coincidences be invoked. We must admit that we have real facts to deal with. However improbable the thing may seem, these hallucinations verily exist, they have now gained a footing in science, whatever some people may say, and they will stay there."

Our readers who have taken the trouble to read all the letters published in these previous chapters will have come to the conclusion, in the first place, *that there are many things we do not know.* The domain of telepathy opens a new world for us to explore.

Our collection of facts taken in the mass are incontrovertible. They support each other.

In the course of the general discussion which took place in leading newspapers all the world over with reference to my supposed renunciation of psychic investigations, I have several times seen the following objection raised against researches in telepathy. "In order that such facts may be scientifically admitted, we must be able to reproduce them at will; as in the case with all other scientific facts."

This is an error in reasoning. These facts are not in the domain of *experiment,* but in that of *observation.*

Such reasoning amounts to this: "I won't believe in the effects of lightning unless they can be reproduced. I won't admit that there can be an aurora borealis until I see one made before me; make me a comet with its fiery tail or an eclipse, or else I don't believe in them."

This confusion between observation and experiment is very common.

Our facts, we say, belong to *observation,* not to *experiment.* We can verify them, but we cannot reproduce them. Their study is the same order of study as that of astronomy, of meteorology, not that of physics and chemistry. We *observe* an eclipse, a comet, an aerolite, a flash of lightning, an aurora borealis; we make experiments in chemistry, or we experiment with any optical or acoustic phenomenon; the two methods are different. Both are scientific, and may be

classed under the general title of experimental, since it is human experience by which they must be judged, and not by previous theories, ideas, beliefs, principles, or authorities. We no longer submit to the *magister dixit.*

We often hear persons say, with surprise, that certain things, more or less burlesque, inexplicable, and incoherent, occur in these cases, while others, which would seem more natural and simple to our childish knowledge, are not produced. Why should a heavy door close-shut fly suddenly open? Why should a great racket be made in a room? Why should a light be seen, or a noise heard? Why should there be a vision? Science and observation of the phenomena of nature and of the processes of manufacture teach us, however, to modify our surprise, and to enlarge the field of our conceptions. Look, for example, at a hogshead of dynamite, a thousand times more terrible than gunpowder in its destructive power. Dynamite is exceptionally susceptible, and every one remembers catastrophes caused by the smallest imprudence in handling it. With this hogshead you may destroy a city. Now try to set fire to this explosive substance, and you will not be able to do so. You must have the detonating fuse before the explosion can set its thunderous effects at work. You may light a dynamite cartridge with impunity if it has not this fuse, and no detonation will take place; the dynamite will burn up until there is nothing left of it. But give it a blow with a hammer, and a terrible explosion will take place.

Now set a light on the top of a barrel of gunpowder, light the least little match, seat yourself on the barrel, and then see what will happen.

We need not be surprised at what seems singular to us in psychic phenomena.

We are naturally disposed to deny anything that seems impossible, anything we know nothing about, or what we cannot understand. If we read in Herodotus or Pliny that a woman had a breast on her left thigh, and therewith suckled her infant, we laugh heartily at such nonsense. And yet a similar fact was established before the Academy of Science

in Paris, at its meeting June 28, 1827. If anybody tells us that a man after his autopsy was found to contain a child in his interior, and we are informed further that this child was his twin brother, inclosed before birth in his organism, that the child grew old, and even had a beard, we look upon the story as a mere fable. Yet I saw myself not long ago a still-born infant fifty-six years of age. Larcher, a translator of Herodotus, writes thus: "To say that Roxana bore a child with no head is an absurd assertion, capable in itself of destroying the authority of Ctesias." Now all medical dictionaries tell us in our own day of headless infants. These instances, and many others like them, suggest wisdom and prudence. It is only the ignorant who can venture to deny things without misgiving.

We could give more of these examples, but it would be of no use. We have cited sufficient for our readers.

Let us rest satisfied with the conclusion that the facts we have reported can be, and ought to be, admitted by the experimental method. Now let us turn for a moment to "hallucinations," whose existence we do not doubt; but they will not solve our problem, which is based on and confirmed by precise and incontestible coincidences.

## CHAPTER V

### HALLUCINATIONS, PROPERLY SO CALLED

My readers would be in error if they concluded from what has been written in preceding chapters that I do not admit that there are hallucinations, and that I am not willing to give them the consideration that ought to belong to them. But I think there are distinctions and definitions that urgently require first to be made clear.

There are real hallucinations—that is, illusions, errors, false sensations. Some of these are experienced by nervous people, some by persons in bad health or greatly fatigued, some by persons out of their minds; but others have been experienced by those who were perfectly healthy both in mind and body. Formerly doctors only admitted that the former could have such experiences. This was an error of ignorance.

Hallucinations are *illusions* of thought and brain, and it is important not to think that they are anything else; not to suppose, for instance (as we might think from the title of a book much spoken of, *Hallucinations veridiques*), that there can be real hallucinations. From the moment that the impression made can be considered real, the result of an exterior cause acting on the mind or brain, it loses its hallucinatory character and enters the order of facts. This distinction becomes of the utmost importance. The difficulty before us is to separate what is error or illusion from that which is reality in the very confused details of these phenomena.

The Dictionary of the Academy defines hallucination, "error, illusion of a person whose perceptions are not con-

formed to reality" (*erreur, illusion d'une personne dont les perceptions ne sont pas conforme à la realité*). This explanation is vague and confused, and can be applied to other things besides hallucinations. We cannot be satisfied with such a definition. Littré says: "Perception of sensations without any exterior object to give birth to them." (*Perception des sensations sans aucun objet exterieur qui les fasse naître.*) This is rather more clear and precise. In a paper on visual hallucination Dr. Max Simon writes: "Hallucination consists in a sensory perception without any exterior object which gives rise to it." (*L'hallucination consiste en une perception sensorielle sans objet exterieur qui la fasse naître.*) This definition is certainly one, like that of Littré, which corresponds to the general idea, and we will adopt it. The essential thing is to agree upon this point—viz., that hallucination is a sensation entirely *subjective*, an erroneous, a false perception.

Brierre de Boismont has written on hallucinations[1] a most interesting book, which has now become a classic, in which the doctor, whose specialty is in cases of mental derangement, plays a leading part, but in which he takes care always to observe that all hallucinations are not the same thing as insanity, and calls our attention to the fact that on the one hand the history of Christianity is full of such facts, especially in its early ages, and on the other hand, that more than one hallucination took place when the brain was in a perfectly healthy state. This book may be considered as one of the first attempts of independent scientific thought to oppose the classic pathological theory, and to establish that in certain cases hallucination may be considered a purely physiological phenomenon. Furthermore, as the writer is a declared partisan of the principle of the duality of man's nature, he rejects the opinion that all insanity proceeds from nervousness, and that our right senses are the result of what is physiological and material. "Ideas," he says, "belong to an order

[1] *Les hallucinations, ou histoire raisonnée des apparitions, des visions, des songes, de l'extase, du magnetisme et du somnambulisme.* Paris, 1852.

differing from sensations. Psychological facts cannot be put on the same line as things that we can feel. The brain is indeed the seat of intellectual operations, but it is not their creator." Brierre de Boismont may be considered the precursor of all who have labored to investigate psychical problems, though the word hallucination has retained, in spite of this grand treatise, its pathological and medical meaning. It will be better to give here a few examples of different kinds of hallucinations.

Hallucination is a waking dream. Dreams sometimes produce hallucinations which offer all the characteristics of real ones.

The hallucinations of madness, the eccentricities of mental derangement are so numerous, so varied, and so well known, that it would be superfluous to dwell upon them. Works of doctors on mental maladies are full of them, and any one may consult these books without difficulty. Besides, they have nothing in common with the facts we are considering. Let us choose only cases well observed and well described by those who have experienced them. We will borrow what follows from the work of Doctor Ferrier, of Manchester, who had it from Nicolaï, the author, at Berlin.[1] It is somewhat old, but it is typical:

"During the last ten months of the year 1790," says this academician, "I had had some troubles which greatly affected me. Doctor Delle, who was in the habit of bleeding me twice a year, judged it best this year to take from me only one emission of blood. On February 24, 1791, after an exciting dispute, I saw, suddenly, about ten feet away from me, a figure of death. I asked my wife if she saw it. My question greatly alarmed her, and she sent at once for a doctor. The apparition lasted eight minutes. At four in the afternoon the same thing reappeared. I was then alone. Much troubled by this, I went to my wife's room. There the vision followed me. At ten o'clock I could see several figures

[1] See Sir Walter Scott: *Demonology* Letter, 1, and Brierre de Boismont *Des hallucinations.*

which seemed to have no connection with the first. When the first emotion had passed I looked steadily at the phantoms, taking them for what they really were, the result of indisposition. Penetrated by this idea, I observed them with the greatest care, trying to discover by what association of ideas these forms could have presented themselves to my imagination. But I could discover no connection with my occupations, my thoughts, or my studies. The next day the figure of death disappeared, but it was replaced by a great number of other figures, sometimes like my friends, but generally those of strangers. Persons with whom I was in the habit of associating bore no part in these apparitions, which were entirely composed of people living more or less at a distance. I tried to bring up persons I knew by thinking intensely of how they looked, but though I saw distinctly in my mind one or two of them, I could not succeed in making what I saw with the mind's eye take an exterior form, though involuntarily I had often seen my friends in that manner. My state of mind enabled me not to confound these false impressions with reality.

"These visions were as clear and distinct in solitude as in company, by day as at night, in the street as in my own house. When I shut my eyes they sometimes disappeared, though in some cases they were visible. But as soon as I opened my eyes they reappeared. In general these figures, which belonged to both sexes, seemed to pay little attention to each other, and walked about as if intent on something, like people in a market-place. Sometimes, however, they seemed to have something to say to each other. At various times I saw men on horseback, dogs, and birds. They had nothing particular in their looks, their stature, or their clothing, only they seemed somewhat paler than was natural.

"After about four weeks the number of these apparitions increased. I began to hear them speak. Sometimes they spoke to me; what they said was generally agreeable. At various times they seemed to me like kind and sympathetic friends who wished to comfort me.

"Although my mind and body were both at this time in

good order, and though the spectres had become so familiar that they did not in the least disquiet me, I thought it better to get rid of them by suitable remedies. It was decided that I should have an application of leeches, which took place April 20, 1791, at eleven o'clock in the morning. The doctor was alone with me; during the operation my room was filled with human figures of all kinds. This hallucination continued without interruption until half-past four, the hour at which digestion begins. I then perceived that the phantoms began to move more slowly. Soon after they grew fainter; at seven o'clock they were all white, and their movements were slow though their forms were as distinct as ever. By degrees they became vaporous, and seemed to melt into air. At eight the whole chamber was free from these fantastic visitors.

"Since then I have twice or thrice fancied that the visions were about to reappear, but nothing of the kind has taken place."

Now this is a case of hallucination that is real and incontestible.

The writer carefully analyzed his sensations, and took care to point out that this astounding disorder in his mind might be explained by the influence of his griefs and by the disorder in the circulation of the brain which followed it.

Sir Walter Scott also relates in his *Demonology* that a patient of the eminent Doctor Gregory, having sent for that physician, told him in the following words of his singular sufferings:

"'I am accustomed,' he said, 'to dine at five o'clock, and when six o'clock comes I have a singular visit. The door of my room opens suddenly, even when I have been cowardly enough to bolt it, and an old witch enters. She looks like one of those upon the heath of Fores. She has a menacing and angry air, and comes up to me with gestures of contempt and indignation, such as the witches might have worn who visited Abdallah in the Oriental tales. She springs at me so suddenly that I cannot avoid her, and gives me a sharp blow with her crutch. I fall from my chair unconscious, and I stay unconscious for some time. Every day I am at the

mercy of this apparition, and this is my wonderful subject of complaint.'

"The doctor asked him at once if he had ever invited any one to dine with him to witness such a visit. He answered 'no.' What he had to complain of was so peculiar that he did not like to speak of it. People would of course attribute it to mental derangement, and he had not mentioned it to any one. 'Then,' said the doctor, 'if you will allow me, I will come and dine with you to-day *tête-à-tête*, and we shall see if the old woman will come and trouble us.' The patient, who had expected that the doctor would laugh at him, and not that he would feel compassion for him, gladly accepted the proposal. They dined together, and Doctor Gregory, who suspected some disorder of the nerves, exerted all his powers of conversation, told the most various and brilliant stories, trying to captivate the attention of his host and prevent him from thinking that the fatal hour drew near.

"His success was even greater than he had dared to hope. Six o'clock came and excited no attention. But a few minutes later the monomaniac cried in a voice of anguish, 'Here comes the witch!' and falling back in his chair he lost consciousness."

This phantom with a crutch is very like what people see in nightmare; oppression on the chest and suffocation often lead to images in the brain. Any sudden noise heard by the sleeper, if he does not wake at once, or any sensation analogous to touch, is assimilated in the dream, in some way is connected with it, and enters into the current of the dream, whatever that may be, and nothing is more remarkable than the rapid way in which the imagination proceeds to incorporate any sudden sound into the dream, according to the dream-ideas already existed. If, for example, the dream was of a duel, the sounds heard are in an instant converted into pistol shots. If the dreamer was thinking of an orator making a speech, the sounds change into plaudits from an audience; if the sleeper is wandering among ruins, the noise becomes the fall of some portion of the walls. In a word, a system of explanation is adopted during sleep with such ra-

pidity, that supposing that the sharp, sudden noise which has half-awakened the sleeper to have been a loud call, the explanation in the brain of the sleeper will have taken place, and he will have recovered before a second call has roused him to the world of realities. The succession of our ideas in sleep is so rapid and intuitive that it offers us an explanation of the vision of Mohammed, who had time to mount up to the seventh heaven before the jar of water, which had fallen at the beginning of his ecstasy, was entirely emptied, when he recovered his senses.

But we will no longer occupy ourselves with sleep and dreams, which will form the subject of a succeeding chapter, let us here only take account of hallucinations.

There is a phenomenon experienced by very many persons, among them Alfred Maury, with whom I have talked about it several times, which throws great light on the production of dreams; they are hallucinations immediately preceding sleep or wakening. These images, these fantastic sensations, take place at the moment when sleep is just overcoming us, or when we are as yet only partially awakened. They are a different order of hallucinations from those to which we properly apply the word *hypnagogic*, derived from two Greek words, ὕπνος *sleep*, ἀγωγεύς *that which leads, a conductor*, the union of which indicates the moment when the hallucination generally manifests itself.

Persons who most frequently experience these hypnagogic manifestations have constitutions easily excited, and generally liable to an enlargement of the heart, to epicarditis, or to trouble in the brain. This was confirmed by Alfred Maury from his own experience.[1]

"My hallucinations," he writes, "are most numerous, and, above all, most vivid, when I have, as I have often, a disposition to congestion of the brain. As soon as I suffer from severe headache, as soon as I experience nervous pains in my eyes, the hallucinations begin when I have closed my eyelids. It is thus that I explain why I always have them when travel-

[1] *Le sommeil et les Rêves.*

ling by diligence. After having spent a night in the vehicle, want of sleep and broken sleep always bring on one of my headaches. One of my cousins, Gustave L., who has the same hallucinations, has made remarks on them analogous to my own. When I have been busy with any difficult work in the evening," he continues, "the hallucinations never fail to assail me. A few years ago, when I had passed two consecutive days translating a long and very difficult passage from the Greek, I saw, as soon as I was in bed, such a number of figures round me, moving and changing so rapidly, that in a fright I sprang up in my bed, hoping by movement to get rid of them. But when I am in the country and have a quiet mind, I very rarely experience the phenomenon.

"Champagne or *café noir* with me, even if taken in very small quantities, brings on insomnia and headache, always disposing me to hypnagogic visions. But in this case they do not appear until after a considerable interval, when I have been several hours trying in vain to get to sleep, and sleep seems on the point of coming upon me.

"I would add, in support of these observations, which seem to point to congestion of the brain as one of the marked causes of hallucinations, that all those I have met who have had the same experience have told me that they were subject to headache, while other persons (my mother being one of them), who seem to know nothing of headache, tell me they never have had such hallucinations."

This observation shows us that the phenomenon has some connection with the excitement of the nervous system, and a tendency to congestion of the brain.

Hypnagogic hallucination is an indication that when sleep is coming on, sensorial and cerebral activity grows weak. In reality, when these hallucinations begin the mind has ceased to be attentive. It no longer pursues its voluntary and logical order of thought, or of reflection; it gives its imagination free play, and becomes the passive witness of whatever it creates or puts an end to at its pleasure. This condition of non-attention, of intellectual non-tension, we may say, is in principle necessary for the production of these phenomena, and

it explains why they are the precursors of sleep. For in order to yield to sleep our intelligence must retire in some way, must loosen its springs, and place itself in a state of semi-torpor. Now the commencement of this state is precisely that which is necessary for the production of hallucinations. The retreat of attention may be either due to fatigue in the organs of thought, to their want of the habit of thinking for any length of time, or to the fatigue of senses, which, blunted for a moment, cease to carry sensations to the brain, and no longer furnish the mind with elements or subjects for its activity. It is to the first of these causes that results the sleep induced by the dreaminess which has preceded it. The mind, by ceasing to be attentive, has gradually brought on sleep. This is the reason why some persons not much accustomed to meditation, or purely mental attention, go to sleep when they begin to meditate, or even, in some cases, to read. This is why a sermon or a stupid book induces sleep; attention, not being sufficiently excited by the speaker, or by the interest of what is read, draws back, and sleep at once takes possession.

In this state of non-attention the senses are not yet lulled to sleep—the ear hears, the limbs feel anything that comes in contact with them, the sense of smell perceives odors, but at the same time their power to transmit these sensations is not so active or so clear as in the waking state. As to the mind, it ceases to have any distinct consciousness of the *I* (our individual existence). It is in some sort passive; it concentrates itself on objects by which it is directly struck; it perceives, hears, sees, but without knowing what it is that it sees, hears, or perceives. We discern in this a mental mechanism of a very peculiar kind, resembling in all points dreaminess or half-conscious reverie.

But as soon as the mind comes to itself, as soon as attention is aroused, consciousness resumes its sway. We may reasonably say that in the intermediate state between waking and sleeping the mind is the sport of images evoked by the imagination; that these images take entire possession of it, lead it where they will, lay it under a spell, draw it out of

itself without permitting it at the time to reflect on what it is doing, although afterwards, when it comes to itself, it may perfectly remember what it has experienced.

Once, under the influence of hunger induced by long fasting, which had been prescribed for him, M. Maury saw in the intermediate state between waking and sleeping a plate with food upon it, which a hand was picking up on a fork. When he went to sleep a few minutes later he found himself seated at a well-furnished table, and heard the rattle of the guests' knives and forks.

It is not only figures more or less strange, sounds, sensations of taste, smell, and touch which assail us at the moment sleep is stealing over us, but sometimes words and phrases surge up suddenly in our minds when we have gone to sleep, without any previous connection. These things are real hallucinations of thought, for words sound in the ear of the sleeper as if a voice from without had uttered them.

The phenomenon, therefore, is the same, whether it relates to a sound or an idea. The brain has been impressed by a sensation or by a thought; later this impression is produced spontaneously through its retention by the action of the brain, which gives birth either to a hynagogic illusion or a dream. These percussions of thought, this reappearance of images previously perceived by the mind, are often independent of the thing last thought of. They then result from interior movements of the brain, correlative to those of the rest of the organism, where they are produced by means of connection with other images which have excited the mind, in the same way that the same thing takes place in our ideas as soon as we give ourselves up to reverie and give free play to our imagination.

Apparitions seen in dreams may only be hallucinations caused by the recollection of something that had passed out of our remembrance, but which remained latent in the memory. On this we have an observation made by M. Alfred Maury.[1]

[1] *Le Sommeil et les Rêves.*

"I passed the first years of my life at Meaux, and I often went to a neighboring village called Trilport, which was on the Marne, and where my father was building a bridge. One night, in a dream, I found myself carried back to the days of my chidhood, and was playing in the village of Trilport. There I saw, dressed in a sort of uniform, a man whom I spoke to and asked his name. He said it was C——, and that he was the watchman of the port, and then he disappeared, his place being taken by other personages. I woke up with a start with the name of C—— in my head. Was that pure imagination, or had there been at Trilport a watchman named C——? I did not know, not having any remembrance of such a name. Some time after I questioned an old servant who had formerly been in my father's service, and who often went with me to Trilport. I asked her if she remembered any one of the name of C——. She answered at once that there was a watchman of that name at the port on the Marne when my father was building the bridge. Of course I had seen him, as she had, but all recollection of him had departed from my mind. The dream, by bringing him back to me, had, as it were, revealed what I had wholly forgotten."

This is another perfect type of hallucination carefully told. We must mistrust latent images, remembrances that have been effaced, and things that have no relation to others. There is more than one impression of this kind in the accounts that have been sent to me. It would be useless to publish them.

Nevertheless it may not be without interest to mention the four following cases :

"About a year ago, while in the intermediate state which immediately follows waking, and in which the sleeper has not yet recovered full command of his senses, I saw very distinctly, and that in almost complete darkness (it was five in the morning), a human form standing motionless a little more than a yard away from me.

"Although, as I have said, my mind was not yet thoroughly awake, I was quite conscious that I was not asleep.

"The phenomenon only lasted a few seconds, then the figure passed away, but it reappeared a moment after with the same features as at first. I recognized no one that I knew, and that perhaps is the reason why I did not try to trace any coincidence with a death.

"Some months ago, under the same circumstances, a new figure appeared to me, but it was equally unknown to me.

"I ought to add that before these manifestations I had had occasion to ascertain that, when suddenly awakened in the middle of a dream, one may continue to see, for a few moments after awakening, the objects just seen during sleep.

"But in the two preceding cases the vision took place after waking, and was not, as in this last case, the continuation of an impression received during a dream. So probably there is a distinction to be established between the two kinds of phenomena. CH. TOUSCHE.

"Vice-Secretary of the Flammarion Scientific Society at Marseilles; Member of the Astronomical Society of France, and of the Society for Advanced Psychical Studies at Marseilles."

Letter 388.

This was most probably a hypnagogic hallucination:

"I was twelve years of age. One morning about seven (I do not remember the time of year, but it was daylight), I was in bed, and alone in the house; my uncle, who inhabited the same apartment, had got up at least an hour earlier, to go to work (he was a blacksmith). A round table was beside the bed, and touched the alcove in which the bed was situated. On the table there were several objects, principally my things.

"At the moment when on waking I opened my eyes, I saw near the table, standing opposite to me, a man apparently engaged in tying his cravat.

"I at once shut my eyes again and held my breath; then a few moments after—half a minute, possibly—curiosity proving stronger than fear, I reopened my eyes and I saw this same man walking round the table; *he passed between it and the alcove.* I shut my eyes again, and when I opened them I saw nothing.

"*The man passed between the table and the alcove, and yet the table stood close up to the alcove. I heard no noise, not even the sound of footsteps—not the smallest noise.* He seemed to pay no attention to me.

"I do not remember what his face looked like. The apparition had no coincidence with any death that I am aware of. G. LAMY.

"39 Rue Richelandière, Saint Étienne (Loire)."

Letter 327.

The same case, no doubt.

"About two months ago, one night, having gone to bed a few moments before, but not being asleep, I suddenly felt as if something heavy were pressing on my legs.

"I took my head from under the bedclothes, and I saw very distinctly a child in swaddling clothes, who looked at me smiling. Frightened by the apparition, I drew out my arm and gave a brutal blow in its direction. The child slipped off the foot of the bed and disappeared. I was perfectly awake. The moon lighted up my room sufficiently for me to distinguish objects, and I distinctly saw the vision.

"Besides this, my room was shut tight, and no kind of animal could have jumped upon my bed. The next morning I examined my chamber, and everything was in perfect order. I will add in this connection that I had at once thought of my little nephew, then three months old, and who, thank God, is in excellent health. F. M.

"Manasque."

Letter 393.

Here are some more hallucinatory sights.

"About two weeks ago I had, during the night, being in bed, but perfectly awake, with my eyes wide open, the impression that I saw a human being.

"This impression lasted about a minute, and what I saw looked to me like a medallion representing the bust of a woman, large as life, moving like the luminous projection from a magic lantern, growing fainter and changing its form.

"During this minute I had time to recover my senses and to think how this experience might assist you in your researches.

"The figure awakened no remembrance, and it seemed wholly unknown to me. I cannot tell, therefore, if its appearance coincided with any death. In any case, it was the death of no one belonging to me.

"I never believed it to be an apparition, but merely an aberration of vision.

"I ought to say that though it was quite dark in my chamber, I perfectly saw the features. HENRIOT,

"Veterinary Surgeon. Chavanges (Aube)."

Letter 473.

In this case also there was no doubt a sort of half-dream hallucination.

The examples which preceded these last are cases of real hallucinations. Several of them leave no room for doubt. One is tempted to say the same of all the facts with which we are now dealing, and it is in general what we believe about them. But a great number of objections might be raised, if one is not content with a superficial view of them, and if one gives one's self the trouble to analyze to the very bottom things that have been observed.

Some other examples might be classed in the preceding category. For instance, M. V. de Kerkhove (p. 53), being in Texas, and quietly smoking his pipe, after dinner, about sunset, saw his grandfather, whom he had left in Belgium, appear before him in a doorway. He was half asleep, after a good dinner, and was just in the right condition for a hypnagogic hallucination. We should have considered what he saw to have been this only, had his grandfather not died at the same hour. Why should he have had an hallucination precisely at that exact moment? We shall be told that it was just that coincidence which made it remarked upon. But no. M. De Kerkhove never had any other hallucination, and it is the same in almost all these cases. It is very rare that the same person sees several apparitions. Generally

he sees only one, and that one has usually coincided with a death. The case is not by any means the same except for presentiment, more or less vague, when one, having been realized by chance, makes more impression than others.

M. De Kerkhove was not thinking about his grandfather's health any more than Madame Block was thinking of her nephew when she saw him in Rome, a boy aged fourteen, who was dying in Paris, and whom she had left quite well (p. 51). Neither was Madame Berget, at Schlestadt, thinking of the singing of her friend, the nun, at the moment she was dying in Strasbourg (p. 57); nor the young girl who, at a gay dinner-party, saw the apparition of her mother; nor Mr. Garling when, in the middle of the day, he met on the high-road his friend Harrison, who was dying of cholera (p. 175). Our one hundred and eighty-one cases are entirely unconnected with these physiological explanations. These are not the same conditions and associations of ideas connected with them that are commonly found in hypnagogic dreams.

Another objection: The precise date of a death may be known to an apparition, and falsely reported in an official document, as in the case of Mrs. Wheatcroft, who saw her husband killed on November 14th, when later the War Office falsely reported his death on the 15th, a date that was afterwards rectified (p. 166). In all these cases any explanation by hallucination is utterly insufficient. Although among the numerous cases reported, there may exist some that are connected with fortuitous circumstances, the greater part can be explained without recourse to this hypothesis. It cannot be denied that there *are* real hallucinations, and also purely fortuitous coincidences, but that is no reason why there should not be also telepathic communications from the dying. All three cases are represented in this series of my documents.

We will soon prove, besides, that the psychic action of one spirit on another from a distance is a fact that cannot be denied.

Brierre de Boismont cites the following story, which Fer-

rier, Hibbert, and Abercrombie have considered from different points of view:

"'An officer of the English army, who was connected with my family,' says Ferrier, 'was sent to a garrison town about the middle of the last century in the neighborhood of the residence of a Scotch gentleman, who, it was said, had second sight. One day when the officer, who had made his acquaintance, was reading a play to the ladies of his family, the master of the house, who was walking about the room, stopped suddenly with the air of one inspired. He pulled the bell, and ordered the servant to saddle a horse and go at once to a neighboring country place and ask after the health of the lady of the house, and if the answer were that she was well, he was to go on to another country house and ask after another lady, whose name was given him.

"'The officer closed his book and begged his host to give him some explanation of these sudden orders. The Scotchman hesitated, but at last owned that the door of the room had appeared to him to open, and through it there had come a little woman having a strong resemblance to both the ladies whom he had sent to inquire for. The apparition,' he added, 'foretold the death of some person of his acquaintance.

"'Some hours later the servant returned, and brought word that one of the ladies had died of apoplexy at the very moment when the apparition had taken place.

"'On another occasion this gentleman having been obliged to keep his bed, it happened that the officer was reading to him one stormy evening. The fishing-boat of the château was then at sea. The old gentleman, after having several times expressed anxiety about the safety of his people, suddenly exclaimed, "*The boat is lost!*" "How do you know?" said the colonel. "I see," replied the sick man, "two boatmen carrying a third, who is drowned. Water is streaming off from their clothes. They are putting the body down near your chair." During the night some fishermen came up to the house with the body of one of their number.'"

"Ferrier," says Brierre de Boismont, "justly sets down this vision as an hallucination. According to Abercrombie it was

a reminiscence of a forgotten dream. We think it ought to be numbered among hallucinations which manifest themselves in a state of ecstasy."

It would have been much simpler to own at once that the thing was inexplicable.

We are not authorized to set down as hallucinations all facts that cannot be explained—like this one for instance, one of a thousand.

Cardan says that while he was living at Pavia, looking down one day on his hands, he was much alarmed to see on his right forefinger a spot of red. During the evening he received a letter from his son-in-law, apprising him that his son had been imprisoned and was expressing an ardent desire to see him at Milan, as he had been *condemned to death*. The red mark continued to spread for fifty-three days, by which time it had reached the tip of the finger and was the color of blood. When his son had been executed the red mark grew smaller; the day after his death it had almost entirely disappeared, and two days later no trace of it could be found.[1]

This strange fact is also classed by Brierre de Boismont among hallucinations (Obs. 44). And why? An optical illusion which lasted fifty-three days! And the coincidence—can we overlook that also? May not the son condemned to death have acted physically on his father by means of an influence which terminated at his death?

Gratiolet, in his excellent work upon the brain,[2] also places—wrongly, it seems to us—the three following narratives among hallucinations:

"M. Chevreul, the eminent chemist, was thinking intently one day as he sat leaning over his fire. It was 1814, a few days before the occupation of Paris by the Allies. Anxiety reigned everywhere. Suddenly he rose, turned

[1] Cardan *De vita propria.*

[2] Vol. II. of *L'Anatomie comparée du système nerveux considérée dans ses rapports avec l'intelligence,* by Leubet and Gratiolet (1839–1857). My attention has been called to this work by my learned friend, M. Edmond Perrier, professor at the Museum and Member of the Institute. I am especially grateful to him for pointing it out.

round, and saw between the two French windows of his study a form white and pale. It looked like a cone of great height, with a globe on top of it. The form, though well defined, was motionless, and while Mr. Chevreul gazed at it he was in a very peculiar state of anguish. Morally, he felt no fear, and yet he shivered. For a moment he turned away his eyes and ceased to look at the phantom. Then, when he looked back at the same place, it was still there, and in the same attitude. This he repeated with the same result. At last, tired of this persistent vision, the *savant* decided to go into his bedroom. To do so he had to pass the phantom, which, as he did so, vanished.

"Three months later M. Chevreul heard, very much after date, that an old friend had died, who, out of friendship, had left him his library. This sad news had long been retarded by the great difficulty of communication during that unhappy period, and when he compared dates he proved a sort of coincidence between the time of his vision and the death of his friend. 'If I had been superstitious,' M. Chevreul said to me, 'I might have thought I had seen a real apparition.'"[1]

That is precisely the question. Was it an apparition or an hallucination?

Chevreul also related to Gratiolet the following case.

"X——, one of the anatomists who made themselves illustrious at the close of the eighteenth century, was having his hair dressed. Suddenly he turned, and said to the barber, 'Why did you pinch my arm?' The man apologized, but said he had not done so. A moment after X—— felt the same thing, made the same remark, and received the same reply. The hair-dresser, having finished, made the most formal protestations of his innocence and went away.

"The next day X—— heard of the death of one of his friends. At the moment when he felt himself seized by the arm, this unhappy friend was drowned. X—— was so much struck by this coincidence that for the rest of his

[1] *Anatomie comparée du système nerveux.* Vol. II.

life he was subject to childish terrors, and at night he was always attended by a servant to his chamber, who stayed by him till he went to sleep."

The hallucination here is not demonstrated, neither is it in the following case.

The third fact reported by Gratiolet was also told him by Chevreul:

"He was still a boy, and was playing marbles in a room where, some months before, one of his aunts had died. One of his marbles slipped from him and rolled into the alcove.[1] The child rushed after it, but at the moment when he stooped to pick it up he felt a slight breath upon his head and a kiss upon his cheek; at the same time he heard a whisper—a voice said, 'Adieu!'"

Gratiolet adds: "*It is quite evident* that in these cases the hallucination is developed under the influences of the principle of the association of ideas."

Very good. No; it is *not* evident.

Here is another very remarkable case taken from the *Hallucinations* of M. Brierre de Boismont.

"Mademoiselle R——, a woman of excellent judgment, pious without bigotry, was living, before she was married, in her uncle's house. He was a celebrated physician, and a member of the Institute. She was at that time separated from her mother, who was attacked in the country by severe illness. One night this young person dreamed that she saw her mother before her, pale and haggard, about to breathe her last, and, above all, showing great grief at not having all her children round her death-bed. One of them, the *curé* of a parish in Paris, had emigrated to Spain, while another, this young lady, was in Paris. Soon she heard herself called several times by her Christian name. She saw in her dream persons surrounding her mother, who, imagining that she wanted her little granddaughter, went into the next room to find her, but a sign from the sick woman made them understand that it was not the child she wanted, but her daughter in Paris. The

[1] Where, in a French chamber, stands the bed.—*Trans.*

face expressed the grief she felt at her absence; then suddenly her features became altered, and over them spread the pallor of death; she fell back lifeless on her bed.

"The next day Mademoiselle R. looked so sad that her uncle asked her what was the matter. She told him all the details of the dream which had so greatly agitated her. He pressed her to his heart, and owned that the news was but too true, that her mother had just died, but he gave her no further particulars.

"Some months after, in the absence of her uncle, Mademoiselle R. undertook to arrange his papers, which, like many other learned men, he did not like to have meddled with. There she found a letter which had been thrown aside. Great was her surprise when she read in it all the particulars of her dream, which her uncle had passed over in silence, not wishing to add anything to the emotion of a heart that was too impressible.

"This account," says the author, "was given us by the lady herself, in whom we place the greatest confidence."[1]

To the honor of his judgment—scientific, independent, and enlightened—Brierre de Boismont himself made the following reflections:

"No doubt we ought, in dealing with these cases, to maintain a prudent reserve; and the explanation given of the dream of the minister of whom Abercrombie speaks might, if necessary, be applied to this case; but we must say frankly that such explanations are very far from satisfying us, and that this subject, with which we have been long occupied, touches on the very deepest mysteries of our being. If we were at liberty to quote all the names of well-known personages holding high positions in science, men of excellent judgment and vast knowledge, who have had such warnings and

[1] This case, as well as that of the English officer reported by Ferrier, and the first two by Chevreul, ought to be recorded among the facts of telepathy. We will therefore call them Nos. CLXXXII., CLXXXIV., CLXXXV., and CLXXXVI. of our series. The third of Chevreul should be included among manifestations from the dead.

presentiments, it would give the world much matter for reflection."

Thus physiologists were all ready half a century ago to do what THE UNKNOWN is about to do to-day for the theory of hallucinations. The reader is now enlightened as to the scope and framework of the physiological and pathological theory. *Hallucination will not explain facts.* Our duty now is to seek this explanation.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE PSYCHIC ACTION OF ONE MIND UPON ANOTHER.—TRANSMISSION OF THOUGHT.—MENTAL SUGGESTION.—COMMUNICATIONS FROM A DISTANCE BETWEEN HUMAN BEINGS

In beginning these investigations we have been careful to confine ourselves to the examination of facts of one kind only, in order to facilitate their explanation—that is to say, the manifestations of the dying. We shall shortly consider the manifestations of the dead, real or apparent, and other phenomena, thus proceeding gradually and slowly, but securely. The object of these investigations is to ascertain whether objective scientific observation affords sufficient foundation for a belief in the existence of the soul as a real, independent entity, and its survival upon the destruction of the corporeal organism. The facts examined in the preceding chapters have already placed the first proposition on an excellent footing. The possibilities of chance and of fortuitous coincidence being eliminated from telepathy by the calculation of probabilities, we are compelled to admit the existence of an unknown *psychic force*, emanating from the human being, and capable of making itself felt at great distances.[1]

The evidence in regard to this point is so abundant and so convincing that it would be difficult to reject this first conclusion.

[1] I believe myself to be the first person to employ this expression, *psychic force*. In my essay upon *Unknown Natural Forces*, published in 1865, this sentence occurs: "For some years I have termed these forces *psychic*. This expression should be retained." Now, after a quarter of a century, it is in habitual use.

The witnesses who are influenced by impressions in which the mind of the living is united with that of the dying are not concerned in their production. It is the dying person who influences others. The greater part of the examples given indicate that the cause was in the individual, not in the clairvoyance or second-sight of the subjects impressed.

Nor is it necessary to suppose that the soul of the person dying disengages itself and is transported towards the subject influenced. The action may be due to some form of energy still unknown to us, a radiation, a vibration of the air, a wave affecting the brain and producing in it the illusion of an external reality. It must be remembered that all objects that we perceive are not visible, some of them reaching our minds only by cerebral images.

This hypothetical explanation seems to me necessary, and also sufficient, at least so far as concerns the greater number of the facts that have just been demonstrated.

These facts, which represent a class of subjects much more general than has been heretofore supposed, are in no way supernatural. The proper attitude of science in regard to them is—First, not to reject them blindly; and, secondly, to attempt some explanation of them. Now of all the explanations that can be offered, the simplest and most convincing is, that the mind of the dying person has acted, from a distance, upon that of the person, or persons, who have been affected. Apparitions, auditory illusions, spectres, phantoms, displacement of objects, noises, are all intangible; none of them, for instance, could be photographed. Setting aside certain cases, to which we shall have to recur, everything takes place in the brain of the person affected. But this does not render it less real.

We sum up therefore our *preceding observations by the conclusion* THAT ONE MIND CAN ACT, AT A DISTANCE, UPON ANOTHER, without the habitual medium of words, nor any other visible means of communication. It appears to us altogether unreasonable to reject this conclusion if we accept the facts.

This conclusion will be abundantly demonstrated.

There is nothing unscientific, nothing romantic in admiting that an idea can influence a brain from a distance.

Set in vibration a violin-string, or the string of a piano; at a certain distance the string of another violin or piano will vibrate with it.

Put in motion a magnetized needle; at a certain distance, and without contact, another magnetized needle will oscillate synchronously with the first.

Speak through a telephone at Paris, electrical communication will cause the other end to vibrate sonorously at Marseilles. A material connection is not necessary. It is not a substance that is transported; it is a wave that is set in motion.

Consider a star in the immensity of the heavens, millions of thousands of miles away, at a distance from which the earth is nothing but an *absolutely invisible* point. By focusing a lens I expose a photographic plate to this star, the rays of light acting on that plate eat into and disintegrate the visible surface and imprint the image of the star upon the plate. Is not this fact much more wonderful than that a cerebral wave should traverse a short or a long distance to influence another brain in harmonic union with it in which it originated?

A solar commotion millions of miles away, across what is known as infinite space, produces an aurora borealis and magnetic perturbation upon the earth.

Every human being is a dynamic focus. Thought itself is a dynamic act. There is no thought without correlative vibration of the brain. Is it extraordinary that this movement should be transmitted to a certain distance, as in the case of the telephone, or, better still, in that of the photophone (the conveyance of words by light), or in wireless telegraphy?

In the present condition of our physical knowledge this hypothesis is not too bold. It is not outside the limit of our habitual experience.

All our sensations—pleasurable, painful, or indifferent—take place, without exception, in our brains. We localize them elsewhere, however, never in our brains. I burn my foot, I

strike my elbow, I inhale agreeable perfume, I eat a savory dish, I drink an agreeable liquor; each one of these sensations is referred to the foot, or to the finger, the elbow, the nose, etc. Nevertheless, in reality the nerves have transmitted them all, without exception, to the brain, and it is there that we perceive them. We may burn our foot to the bone without experiencing any sensation if the nerves leading from the foot to the brain are severed in any part of their course.

This fact is demonstrated by anatomy and physiology. What is perhaps even more extraordinary is that the existence of a limb is not necessary to the perception of sensation in it. Persons who have undergone amputation experience sensations exactly as though they still possessed the amputated member. The common idea is, that the illusion persists for some days only, until, in fact, the wound being cicatrized the patient ceases to receive professional attention. But the real truth is that these illusions persist permanently, and preserve their intensity during the remainder of the patient's life. Sensations of formication and of pain continue, which have their apparent seat in the exterior parts that exist no longer. These sensations are not vague, for the sufferer feels pain or tingling in this or that toe, or on the sole, or on the back of the foot, in the skin, etc. A man who had undergone amputation at the thigh still experienced at the end of twelve years sensations in his toes and the back of his foot. Another, who had lost his arm thirteen years before, never ceased to feel sensations in his fingers; his hand seemed to him always in a bent position. Another, who had his right arm shattered by a cannon-ball and then amputated, experienced well-marked rheumatic pains in the limb every time the weather changed twenty years after. During the attack of rheumatism the arm he had lost so long before seemed to him sensitive to the least current of air.

These illusions after amputation are strongest at night. The subjects of them are sometimes obliged to carry their hands to the place where the limb belonged in order to convince themselves that they no longer possess it. When the remains of the nerves become painful, it is still more

troublesome to correct the error. One man, for instance, after an interval of eight months, was obliged at night to touch the spot left vacant by the amputation of his left arm, and to glance at the place by day in order to undeceive himself. It is plain that the sensations of twitching, of numbness, of tingling, or of pain cannot be situated in the absent member; therefore the same sensation is not situated there when the limb is present. Thus, in both cases in the normal and in the abnormal condition, the sensation is not situated where we imagine it to be—it is elsewhere; the place where the pain appears to be is occupied in the normal condition by a nervous disturbance, not by sensation. The nerve is simply a conductor; proceeding from some point where it has been stimulated, it arouses the activity of the centres of perception, sensation is produced, and induces the action of the same mechanism—that is to say, the localization of the sensation in a place which is not the centre of perception.

In the operation of rhinoplasty, a strip of the skin of the forehead extending to the root of the nose is turned back, in order that a nose may be formed from it. When this is accomplished, the artificial nose, so long as it is not separated from the forehead, preserves the same sensations that are experienced when the skin of the forehead is excited by any stimulation —that is to say, the subject feels in the forehead the sensations that are induced in the nose.

Consequently when a sensation to which we are accustomed is caused by the presence of an object more or less distant from our bodies, and when experience has taught us to recognize the distance, it is at that particular distance that we localize our sensation. Such is certainly the case with the sensations of hearing and of sight. The external termination of the acoustic nerve is in the inner chamber of the ear. That of the optic nerve is in the inner coat of the eye-ball. Nevertheless, it is not in these places that we locate our sensations of sound or of color, but outside of ourselves, and often at a very great distance. The vibrating sound of a large clock seems to us to tremble far off and at a great height. The

whistle of a locomotive appears to pierce the air at fifty feet, perhaps, to the left of us. The localization at a distance is even more distinct for visual sensations. In this case, indeed, it is carried so far that our sensations of color seem to us detached from ourselves ; we no longer consider them as belonging to ourselves. They seem to us to form a part of the object. We believe that the green color which appears to cover the arm-chair three feet from us is one of the properties of the chair; we forget that it exists only in our own retina, or rather in the perceptive centres which arouse the excitability of our retina. If we seek it there we do not find it. Physiologists have beautifully proved that the nervous stimulation which results in the sensation of color begins in the retina, just as the nervous stimulation which results in the sensation of contact begins in the nerve terminations of the hand or the foot. They have shown that the vibrant ether shocks the termination of our optic nerve as a vibrating tuning-fork shocks the external surface of our hand. We have not the slightest consciousness of this stimulation of our retina, even when we concentrate our entire attention in this direction. All our sensations of color are thus projected outside of our bodies, and invest objects more or less distant—furniture, walls, houses, trees, the heavens, etc. This is why, when we afterwards reflect upon them, we do not refer them to ourselves ; they are removed, they are detached from us, so as to appear to have no connection with ourselves.

The color we see is not in the object, nor in the luminous rays which emanate from it; for in a great many instances we perceive it when the object is absent and when the luminous rays are wanting. The presence of the object and of its luminous rays contribute only indirectly to its reproduction; its direct, necessary, and sufficient condition is excitation of the retina, or, more correctly, of the visual centre of the brain. It is of little moment whether this excitation be produced by a stream of luminous rays or otherwise. It does not signify whether it is, or is not, spontaneous. Whatever may be its cause, so soon as it takes place color is born, and at the same time that which we call the visual image. Color

and the visual image have their origin within us, not in anything external to ourselves. All optic physiology rests on this principle. It is a result of our own organization that sight, hearing, the observations that we make of a thing or of a person are all due to cerebral impressions, and consequently, in order that we may see, hear, and touch a person, it is necessary (and it is sufficient) that our brain be impressed by a vibratory movement that gives it an adequate sensation as the result obtained.[1]

The brain, to which all sensations lead, possesses thousands of millions of afferent nerves, of efferent nerves, and of intercellular nerves, connecting different cells; it is by means of all these that nervous impulses are distributed along thousands of millions of distinct and independent roads. Myriads of cells and of nerves are concerned in the establishment of all complicated communications. This has been proved by microscopic observation, by vivisection, and by pathological experiments. The axis of the spinal cord is a long tract of gray matter, containing sixty-two distinct groups of definite nerve centres, distributed in thirty-one pairs; these centres are capable of activity by reflex action, even after the head has been removed. Dr. Robin experimented on a man who had been beheaded; he scratched the right side of the chest with a lancet, and observed the arm upon that side to be raised, while the hand was directed towards the spot irritated, as if to execute a movement of defence. Dr. Kuss amputated the head of a rabbit, using blunt scissors in order that the consequent laceration of the soft parts might prevent hemorrhage; the headless animal was then observed to spring up and run round the room with a perfectly regular locomotive movement. Our vital mechanisms are interrelated and subordinated one to another; they represent altogether, not a republic of equals, but a hierarchy of officers, and the system of nervous centres in the spinal cord and brain resembles a system of administrative powers in a state. It may be compared with a telegraphic office which puts all the depart-

[1] H. Taine, *De l'intelligence*, vol. ii., p. 139.

ments in communication with Paris and all the *préfets* with the ministers; it transmits information and receives orders. A wave of molecular change is transmitted along the course of a nerve cord with a rapidity equal to thirty-four metres a second for sensory nerves, and twenty-seven metres for motor nerves. When this wave reaches the cells in our brain it excites there a still greater molecular change. In no other part of the organic tissues is there such rapid use and repair; and nowhere is there such activity, nor so great a liberation of energy. We may make use of Taine's comparison of the nerve-cell to a little powder magazine, which takes fire and explodes whenever it receives a stimulus from an afferent nerve, and then transmits the stimulus greatly increased and strengthened to the efferent nerve. Such is nervous disturbance from a mechanical point of view. From a physical point of view it is a combustion of nervous substance which liberates heat. From a chemical point of view it is a decomposition of nervous matter which loses its fat and its neurine in the process. From a physiological point of view it is the activity of an organ which, like all organs, is exhausted by its own activity and requires to be restored by the blood in order to continue its functions. But all these different points of view only succeed in showing us abstract characteristics and general results; we do not grasp essentials, nor do we understand those details which would be apparent to us if we were able, by means of our eyes, or by the use of microscopes of greater magnifying power, to follow the actual course of events from beginning to end and from one point to another of their progress. From this, which is the historic and graphic point of view, the activity of the cell is certainly an internal movement of its molecules, which we can compare with accuracy to a figure in a dance; each one of these numerous and different molecules describes a line of definite length and form, with a definite rapidity, after which each returns to its original place, with the exception of a few exhausted dancers, who, being unable to continue, withdraw, and yield their places to fresh recruits by whom the figure can be executed anew.

This, so far as we can conjecture, is the physiological act of which sensation is the mental accompaniment.

All facts relating to the production and association of ideas can be explained by the occurrence of vibrations of the brain and of the nervous system which originates in the brain; this was demonstrated by David Hartley in the last century. We have shown such to be the case for the acoustic nerve. A well known experiment by Sauveur shows that not only does a sonorous cord vibrate along its whole extent, but that each of its halves, each of its thirds, of its quarters, its fifths, and its sixths, etc., vibrate separately. A similar phenomenon may possibly occur in the vibration of the fibres of the brain, and if this is the case, the relation of these fibres would be analogous to that of harmonic sounds. A vibration due to an idea would be accompanied by corresponding vibrations for connected ideas; and the fact of connection, whether by reason of the actual vicinity of the fibres concerned, or in consequence of the attraction caused by currents simultaneously set in action, would result in a phenomenon of the same kind as electro-dynamic induction. All thought and all association of ideas, whatever may be their mode of production, represent a cerebral movement, a vibration of a physical kind. All memory is determined by a molecular movement analogous to that which determined the original thought.

The vibrations of psychic action at a distance also explain the occurrences of telepathy. It is not an hallucination, but a real psychic impression.

If a certain note, b flat, for instance, is sounded in a room, whether it be by the voice or the violin, or in any other manner, the string belonging to b flat on a piano near at hand will vibrate and resound, while all the other eighty-four strings will remain mute. If the other strings were capable of thought, they would probably, on remarking the agitation of the b flat string, consider it to be an hallucination, a nervous excitement, an imagination, because they themselves were insensible to the transmitted movement, and therefore did not understand it.

Every sensation corresponds to a vibration in the brain, to a movement of the cerebral molecules, just as every idea does. And reciprocally every cerebral vibration gives birth to a sensation, to an idea, both in the waking condition and in dreams. The admission that a vibration transmitted and received gives birth to a psychic sensation is perfectly natural.

An idea, an impression, a mental commotion, while entirely internal, can produce in another direction physiological effects more or less intense, and is even capable of causing death. Examples are not wanting of persons dying suddenly in consequence of emotion. The power which imagination is capable of exercising over life itself has long been established. The experiment performed in the last century in England on a man condemned to death, who was made the subject of a study of this kind by medical men, is well known. The subject of the experiment was fastened securely to a table with strong straps, his eyes were bandaged, and he was then told that he was to be bled from the neck until every drop of his blood had been drained. After this an insignificant puncture was made in his skin with the point of a needle, and a siphon arranged near his head in such a manner as to allow a continuous stream of water to flow over his neck and fall with a slight sound into a basin placed on the floor. At the end of six minutes the condemned man, believing that he had lost at least seven or eight quarts of blood, died of terror.

Another instance is the case of a college janitor, who had incurred the dislike of the students under his charge. Some of these young men took possession of him and shut him up in a distant room, where they held a mock trial and passed sentence upon him. They recounted all his offences, and they judged that death alone could expiate them, the penalty to be inflicted by decapitation. They then proceeded to bring forth an axe and a log of wood, which they placed in the middle of the room; they informed the condemned man that he had three minutes in which to repent of his misdeeds and make his peace with Heaven. When the three minutes had expired they bandaged his eyes, and forced him to kneel down before the log of wood with his neck bared,

after which the executioner gave him a smart blow on the neck with a wet towel, telling him, with a laugh, to get up. To the extreme surprise of all present, the man did not move. They shook him; they felt his pulse—he was dead.

Again, an English journal, the *Lancet*, has more recently published the case of a young woman, who, wishing to put an end to her existence, swallowed a certain quantity of insect powder, after which she lay down on her bed, where she was found dead. There was an inquest and an autopsy. An analysis of the powder found in the stomach showed that it was absolutely harmless in the case of human beings. Nevertheless, the young woman was stone dead.[1]

My scientific friend, Charles Richat, reports (in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, LXXVI, 1886, p. 79) a case in which his father was to operate for stone in the bladder on a patient in the Hôtel Dieu; but the patient died of fright just as the surgeon finished tracing with his finger a line on the skin which the incision was to follow.

All these psychic and physiological facts assist us to understand telepathy.

An investigation such as this, which treats of the explanation of phenomena so strange, cannot, of course, proceed without arousing numerous objections. The first of these objections is that dying manifestations not only are not always present, but they are not even frequent, they are exceptional; and, moreover, they fail to occur in circumstances which would seem specially calculated to induce them—as, for instance, when a violent death separates two persons who were tenderly united, or when a tragedy destroys several lives at once. Even when the person who dies has himself promised, hoped, desired to give some proof of his existence after death to the survivors, the manifestations are often absent. We can, of course, reply to this objection that we are ignorant in what manner these manifestations are produced, that there are unknown laws, difficulties, impossibilities, that two brains must be in harmony, must be synchronous to vibrate under

[1] See A. Rochas, *Les Forces non définies.*

the same influence, that the intimate union of two hearts does not prove the synchronous action of two brains, etc. But as the events in question take place sometimes in very ordinary cases the objection still remains, and is a very grave one.

Yes—very grave. Several times during my life has my own soul been torn by sudden separation from one whom I loved. In my youth an intimate friend, a classmate, died, having promised me to prove his survival after death, if it was possible. We had so often discussed the question together! Later, one of my dearest colleagues of the press proposed the same compact to me, and I accepted it with joy. Later still, a person who was particularly dear to me vanished from my life at the very moment when this problem of a future life was moving us both passionately, and even while giving me the positive assurance that his sole and only desire was that his premature death should be the means of demonstrating this truth. And never, never, in spite of my attempts, in spite of my desire, in spite of my vows, have I received any manifestation whatever from him. NOTHING; NOTHING; NOTHING!

Some years ago I lost my father. I was by his side, and I was in no incredulous attitude of mind. But no message reached me, then or afterwards.

I cherished the tenderest affection for my grandfather and my great-aunt; I loved them madly; indeed, my affection for them is still so intense that it has been absolutely impossible to me to go to the grave where they now repose; long before I reached the little country graveyard I was suffocated and blinded by sobs, and my knees gave way under me. Yet they have never manifested themselves to me in any manner, neither at the moment of death, nor since their departure from this earth.

Evidently my brain is not adapted to the reception of this kind of wave, either from the living or from the dead. No influence whatever reaches me from the dying, and no communication has come to me from the dead.

But an investigator, like an historian, should remain im-

partial, and we must not allow ourselves to be influenced by our own sensations. Truth, fairness, honesty, must be our first consideration.

Another objection, to which we have already alluded, is that some of the manifestations are of an unexpected character. If the action of one mind upon another is possible from a distance, why should it manifest itself in such ways as opening or closing a window, raising a bed, knocking on the furniture, rolling a ball across the floor, causing hinges to creak, etc.? It would seem as if such manifestations ought to be of a psychic and moral kind, such as the sound of a beloved voice or the appearance of one who has been taken from us.

This objection is of less weight than the preceding one. A great number of manifestations do consist of things seen or heard. In other cases it is possible to suppose that a disturbance produced in the brain of the dying is transmitted to certain cells and certain fibres of another brain, and then determines in this cerebral zone some form of illusion or impression other than the original one. An advancing wave, whether of light or of heat, of electricity or of magnetism, crosses some object on its way—for example, a sponge—and meets with differences of resistance according to the nature of the sponge, the variations of density, the mineral substances which it holds in suspension, etc.; and each part of the sponge receives a different impression. The apparent caprices of lightning present peculiarities no less striking. At one time a stroke of lightning sets fire to a man and he blazes like a sheaf of straw; at another it reduces a pair of hands to ashes, leaving the gloves intact; it fuses the links of an iron chain as the fire of a forge would do, and on the other hand it kills a huntsman without discharging the gun which he holds in his hand; it melts an ear-ring without burning the skin; it consumes a person's clothing without doing him the slightest injury, or perhaps it only destroys his shoes or his hat; it photographs on the breast of a boy an egg which he has taken from the top of a tree that it has struck; it gilds the pieces of silver in a pocket-book by electro-

plating from one compartment to another without the owner being aware of it. It demolishes a wall six or eight feet thick in a moment, or burns a château a hundred years old; yet it will strike a powder factory without causing an explosion. The effects or non-effects of lightning present peculiarities far more inexplicable than those of telepathic manifestations.

It is our duty not to shut our eyes to any objection in a search after truth. Those which I have just brought forward are not incompatible with the facts that exist; and the only explanation of these facts appears to me to lie in the action of one mind upon another at a distance from it.

Now let us go a little further. Do there exist, outside of the order of subjects which we have just examined, any instances which tend to prove the probability or the actuality of psychic force? Does the evidence of the senses afford experimental and undeniable proofs of *thought transmission?*

YES. These proofs we shall now proceed to pass in review, in order to prove them and to demonstrate them, for with this kind of investigation it is necessary to make assurance doubly sure.

First of all, then, as regards the phenomenon of animal magnetism.

I have assisted at a large number of experiments in hypnotic suggestion, in particular those by Dr. Puel, Dr. Charcot, Dr. Baréty, Dr. Luys, Dr. Dumontpallier, and others, but I will not discuss them—not because I doubt the reality of suggestion and auto-suggestion, but because they are so well known that it is superfluous to go into them.

In this kind of investigation there are a certain number of doubtful or even of fraudulent experiments, the subjects of which have themselves exposed them to me by their reciprocal accusations and by their admissions. Imposition is very frequent in this kind of experiment. I will cite only one example. Dr. Luys was in the habit of exhibiting to a subject, supposed to be asleep, certain phials which he placed upon her neck. These phials contained different substances, such as pure water, brandy, absinthe, castor-oil, essence of thyme,

cherry water, ammonia, ether, essence of violets, etc. The subject invariably stated correctly what each phial contained, and sometimes manifested symptoms corresponding to its action. Unhappily for the value of the experiment, the doctor always presented the flasks in the same order—at least in the experiments at which I was present. One day I begged him to reverse this order without mentioning the change. He declined to do so, and told me that we ought not to doubt the subject's honesty. This subject was an hysterical young girl, an actress at one of the theatres. I returned from Ivery in her company, and it did not take long to enlighten me in regard to her sincerity, and that of her accomplices in the experiment.

It is necessary to exercise constant supervision in experiments of this kind, in order to place any confidence in them. We must be sure that odors do not escape from the stoppers of bottles, especially ethereal odors; that the subject is really unaware of the nature of their contents; that the experimenter cannot give any suggestion; and that he is himself ignorant of what the flasks contain.[1]

No time must be wasted in examining cases which are not well established, for nothing is more foolish than such loss of time. Life is too short for it. We must not select, nor consider, nor examine any reported observations that are not fully established. And we must avoid anything outside our subject, which is the demonstration of psychic action—that is, the mental influence of one mind on another.

We shall first consider somnambulism. Here, to begin with, is a deposition giving three cases of mental suggestion, obtained by M. Guiata and Liébault, at the residence of the latter, on January 9, 1886:[2]

[1] This extraneous action of toxic, therapeutic and metallic substances on sensitive subjects is well established. See Bourru and Burot, *La suggestion mentale et l'action à distance*, Paris, 1887. This article contains the record of numerous experiments conducted with absolute scientific accuracy.

[2] Dr. Liébault: *Le Sommeil provoqué et les états analogues, Nouv. éd.*, 1889, p. 297.

"We, the undersigned, Ambroise Liébault, doctor of medicine, and Stanislas Guaita, author, both at present in residence at Nancy, do witness and certify to the following results:

"(1) Mademoiselle Louise L., while under the influence of a hypnotic sleep, was informed that she would be expected to answer a question put to her mentally, without word or sign. Dr. Liébault then placed his hand upon the subject's forehead, and, collecting his thoughts, concentrated his own attention on the question he wished to put to her: 'When will you be cured?'

"The lips of the sleeper moved suddenly.

"'Soon,' she murmured distinctly.

"She was then asked to repeat before all present the question which had been asked of her mentally, and she repeated it in the same terms in which it had been formulated in the mind of the experimenter.

"(2) M. de Guaita, having placed himself in communication with the subject, put another question to her *mentally:*

"'Shall you return next week?'

"'Perhaps,' was the subject's answer.

"On being asked to state the mental question to the persons present, the subject replied:

"'You asked me if *you* would return next week.'

"The confusion resulting from the misapprehension of one word in this sentence is very interesting. The subject had, as it were, stumbled in reading the brain of the magnetizer.

"(3) Dr. Liébault, without uttering any audible sentence, even in a low voice, wrote on a slip of paper:

"'When mademoiselle awakes she will see her black hat changed into a red one.'

"The slip of paper was circulated among the witnesses. Then Dr. Liébault and Monsieur Guaita placed their hands on the subject's forehead, and formulated mentally the phrase agreed upon. The young girl, having thus been informed mentally that she would see something unusual in the room, was awakened. She fixed her eyes at once, and *without hesitation,* on her hat, and cried out with an outburst of laughter

that it was not her hat; she would not own it. She admitted that the shape was the same; but the joke was carried too far, and she insisted on having her property returned to her.

"'But what do you wish changed?'

"'You know very well. You have eyes as well as I.'

"'But what is it?'

"Considerable pressing was required before she would consent to say in what respect her hat was changed, for she thought she was being laughed at. At last, urged by questions, she said:

"'You see very well that this hat is red.'

"As she refused to accept the hat, it was necessary to put an end to her hallucination by telling her that it would return to its original color. Dr. Liébault breathed on the hat, and as it was then transformed into her own hat before her eyes, she consented to accept it.

"Such are the results which we have together obtained, and to which we certify. In testimony whereof we have drawn up the present deposition.

"STANISLAS DE GUAITA, A. A. LIÉBAULT."

*Mental suggestion* has for some years been made the object of very important investigations, at the head of which stands the work of Dr. Ochorowicz. We extract some characteristic experiences from the book:

"Monsieur de la Souchère, formerly a student at the École Polytechnique, and now a scientific chemist residing at Marseilles, had as servant a country girl, upon whom he was able to produce several remarkable phenomena with the greatest ease, including that of somnambulism. 'When Lazarine was in a condition of somnambulism,' he said, 'she entered into perfect communion of thought with me. Her sensibilities were at the same time so completely suspended that I stuck needles in her flesh, and under her nails, without causing in her the least pain, and without the loss of a single drop of blood. In the presence of Gabriel, an engineer, and some friends, I performed the following experiments: I made her drink pure

water, and she told me that it had for her whatever flavor I chose it to have—lemonade, syrup, wine, etc. I was requested to give her sand to taste. She could not guess what it was. I put some of the sand in my own mouth and immediately she began to reject it, crying out that I had given her sand. I was behind her at the time, and it was impossible for her to see me.'"

An experiment similar to this, but still more remarkable, is given by the Comte de Maricourt. The subject having drunk, in the waking state, one glass of cherry brandy, manifested all the symptoms of intoxication, which lasted several days. It is this class of phenomena which have made persons with magnetic power believe that they can, by magnetizing a glass of water, or some other inanimate object, impregnate the fluid with different physical and chemical qualities. Magnetization is useless here, for it is not the object with which we are concerned, *but the thought, which acts on the brain of the subject.*

"Some one," says Monsieur de la Souchère, "sent me a book; it was Robinson Crusoe. I opened it and saw a picture of Robinson in a canoe. Lazarine, when asked what I was doing, answered:

"'You have a book, but are not reading it; there is a boat and a man in it.'

"I told her to describe to me the furniture of a room with which she was not acquainted, and she enumerated the articles of furniture successively, just as I represented them to myself. I have never observed the transposition of the senses in my subjects. When different substances were applied to her epigastrium, she would recognize them only when I knew what they were. If I was in ignorance of their nature she could not guess it. She was only affected through thought transmission. Possibly, some of the cases which have been attributed to transposition of the senses are in reality the result of thought transmission."

Dr. Texte has several times shown that it is possible for a person in the somnambulistic state to follow the thought of the magnetizer.

"Mademoiselle Diana," he said, "followed a conversation during which I expressed myself only mentally. She answered the questions which I addressed to her in this manner."

He also cites a remarkable experiment, in which mental suggestion manifested itself as an hallucination.

"One day I imagined myself to be surrounded by a wooden wall; *but I said nothing of this.* I put Mademoiselle H., a young and very nervous woman, into the somnambulistic state, and I requested her to bring me my books. When she reached the place where I imagined the wall to be, she stopped, saying that she could not advance.

"'What a strange idea,' she said, 'to have put an obstruction there!'

"When an attempt was made to force her to pass it by taking her hand, her feet remained glued to the floor, the upper part of her body leaned forward, and she said that her abdomen was being pushed against the obstacle."

If a person in the somnambulistic state believes that he sees something outside of ordinary conditions, it is necessary, generally speaking, to ascertain whether his hallucination is not simply the result of an involuntary suggestion on our own part.

"A medical student asked one of my somnambulistic subjects what cases of illness the faculty would give him for diagnosis in his examination for his degree in medicine. She described with great clearness three cases in the Hôtel Dieu which had specially attracted the attention of the student, and which he himself *wished* to be the subjects of his examination. She even added a detail which characterized one of the subjects.

"'Oh, what a brilliant eye that woman has; and how fixed . . . it frightens me . . . that eye!'

"'Do you see the shining eye?' asked the student.

"'Wait . . . I do not know . . . the eye is so hard . . . it is not natural.'

"'What is the eye made of?'

"'Of something brittle and shining. Oh! . . . she takes it out . . . she puts it into water . . . ,' etc.

"The sick woman in question had a glass eye; and this fact, of which I was absolutely ignorant, since I knew nothing of the sick person spoken of, was known to the student who put the interrogations to the subject, and it had been exactly described by her. Whence did she receive the impression? From the mind of the interrogator, reflected through the medium of mine.

"It is only fair to add that the predictions of the subject were not verified. On the day of his examination the student was given entirely different cases for diagnosis, and he was not even asked a question in regard to those described by the subject."

Dr. Charpignon is of opinion that vision at a distance is often confounded with thought transmission. Thus in the greater number of the experiments just cited, the somnambulist was asked to go into the house of the experimenter, or into some place with which the experimenter was familiar. The somnambulist often describes to the experimenter, with whom he is in communication, places and objects with the utmost exactness. But in many cases this is not due to real vision. The subject perceives in the mind of the experimenter the images which the latter has conceived.[1]

The well-known prestidigitator, Robert Houdin, was interested in these subjects. By means of an ingenious trick he succeeded in counterfeiting both double vision and thought transmission. He was incredulous as to the evidences of somnambulism, for being accustomed to perform wonders himself he had very little belief in the supernatural, and was convinced of the existence of some trick. Like others, he regarded all the splendid manifestations of clairvoyance as legerdemain of the same kind, like that with which he himself amused the public. In several cities where somnambulism had some success, he amused himself by imitating the exhibitions of it, and even exceeding them. M. De Mirville, the celebrated demonologist, who subordinates somnambulism in his theory to the importance of

[1] *Physiologie du Magnetisme, p. 99.*

infernal spirits, was very desirous to convert so redoubtable an adversary. It seemed to M. De Mirville, with much reason, that if he could succeed in convincing Houdin that clairvoyance belonged to a class of subjects entirely outside his own theories and practice, the opinion to that effect of so expert a judge would be a heavy weight on the other side of the question.

M. De Mirville has described in his book, *Des Esprits*, the scene that occurred when he took Houdin to the house of the celebrated somnambulist Alexis.

Morin, who is the author of a witty but sceptical book on hypnotism, states that Robert Houdin himself confirmed the accuracy of M. De Mirville's account.

"I was confounded," said the magician, "for there was no trick, nor sleight of hand in it. What I witnessed was the exhibition of a superior and inconceivable faculty, of which I had not the slightest conception, and in which I would have refused to believe had not the demonstration occurred under my own eyes. I was so much moved by what I saw, that the sweat poured from my face."

Among other experiments the conjurer cited the following:

"My wife had accompanied me, and Alexis, taking her hands, spoke to her of past events, and in particular of the peculiarly sad death of one of our children; all the circumstances being absolutely exact."

In this case the somnambulist read Madame Houdin's remembrances in her mind and in her half-active consciousness.

Another experiment demonstrated vision and clairvoyance existing at the same time, and both transmitted by memory.

"Dr. Choumel, a very incredulous physician, wished to investigate the matter for himself, and presented to the subject a little box. The latter felt the box without opening it, and said:

"'It contains a medal which was given you under very peculiar circumstances. You were then a poor student. You lived at Lyons, in an attic. A workman, to whom you had done a service, found this medal in some rubbish, and think-

ing that it might be acceptable to you, he climbed up six stories to offer it to you.'

"All this was true; and it seemed impossible to deny that we were dealing with matters which could not be explained by chance. The physician joined in our admiration."

It is possible to give examples of vision at a distance quite independent of thought transmission. We shall take these up later, but at present it is important to preserve certain essential distinctions, in order to prevent confusion. What concerns us now is to demonstrate the scientific reality of thought transmission and mental suggestion. At present we are occupied only with verbal suggestions—that is, with orders given by the voice and executed after a definite period of shorter or longer extent. Let us therefore continue our investigations without going outside of the subject under consideration.

In the month of November, 1885, M. Paul Janet, of the Institute, read before the Psychological Society, a communication from his nephew, M. Pierre Janet, professor of philosophy at the Lycée, at Havre, on *Some Phenomena of Somnambulism*. Under this title, which is prudently vague, were concealed most extraordinary manifestations. It related to a series of experiments made by M. Gibert and M. Janet, which not only proved mental suggestion in general, but mental suggestion at a distance of several miles, and without the knowledge of the subject.

The subject, Léonie B. by name, was a respectable countrywoman from Brittany, fifty years of age, healthy, honest, and very timid. She was intelligent, but had had no education, not being able to write and scarcely knowing the alphabet. Her constitution was strong and robust. In her youth she had been a little hysterical, but had been cured by an unknown hypnotizer. Since then it was only in the somnambulistic state, and when under some disturbing influence, that she manifested any traces of hysteria. She had a husband and children, all of whom enjoyed good health. It appeared that several physicians had already wished to experiment upon her, but she had always declined their overtures,

It was only to oblige M. Gibert that she had consented to spend some time at Havre. She passed into the sleeping state very easily. It was only necessary to hold her hand gently for several minutes while willing her to sleep, and no other means succeeded. After a longer or a shorter time—two to five minutes, according to the person who influenced her—her glance became vague, her eyelids were agitated by slight and often very rapid movements, until the colored part of the eye was hidden under the lid. At the same time her chest moved with difficulty, and she manifested evident symptoms of distress. Very often fleeting tremors passed over her body, she breathed a sigh, and leaned backward, plunged in a deep sleep.

Dr. Ochorowicz made a journey to Havre on purpose to be present at these experiments.

"On the 24th of October," he said, "I arrived at Havre, and I found M. Gibert and M. Janet so convinced of the reality of action at a distance that they willingly acceded to the minutest precautions which I proposed, in order to give me every opportunity of verifying the phenomenon. A sort of committee was formed, consisting of M. F. Myers and Dr. Myers, members for the Society for Psychical Research; M. Marillin, from the Psychological Society, and myself. The details of all the experiments were arranged beforehand by us with unanimity.

"The following precautions were observed in all the experiments:

"(1) The exact hour for the action at a distance was drawn by lot.

"(2) It was communicated to M. Gibert only a few minutes before the time fixed when the members of the commission met at the little cottage where the subject lived.

"(3) Neither the subject nor any other person in the cottage, which was about half a mile distant from the larger house, had any knowledge of the hour fixed, nor even of the nature of the experiment which was to take place. In order to avoid involuntary suggestion, neither I nor any of

the gentlemen entered the house except to verify the woman's sleeping condition.

"It was decided to attempt Cagliostro's experiment—that is, to put the subject *to sleep from a distance, and make her come across the town.*

"It was half-past eight o'clock in the evening. M. Gibert agreed. The hour for the experiment was drawn by lot, and it was thus determined that the mental action was to begin at five minutes to nine, and last until nine-forty. There was no one in the cottage except Madame B. and the cook, and they had no reason to anticipate an experiment on our part. No one went into the cottage, and the two women, taking advantage of their solitude, came into the parlor, and amused themselves by strumming on the piano.

"At a little after nine we went to the neighborhood of the cottage. All was silent, and the street was deserted. Without the slightest noise we divided ourselves into two parties, in order to watch the house from a distance.

"At nine twenty-five I saw a form appear at the garden-gate. It was the subject. I retreated into a corner, in order to listen without being observed; but I heard nothing. The somnambulist, after pausing a moment at the gate, drew back into the garden. (At this moment M. Gibert's influence ceased, owing to the fact that his concentration of thought resulted in a kind of syncope or stupor, which lasted until nine-thirty-five.)

"At nine-thirty the somnambulist reappeared on the threshold of the door. This time she advanced into the street without hesitation, and with the hurried manner of a person who is behind time and who is under obligation to accomplish her purpose. The gentlemen waiting in the road did not have time to communicate with Dr. Myers and myself. But being warned by rapid footsteps, we began to follow the somnambulist, who did not perceive anything around her, or at least did not recognize us.

"When we arrived at the Rue du Bard, she began to hesitate, stopped a moment, and seemed about to fall. All at once she began to walk again quickly. It was then nine-

thirty-five, and at that moment M. Gibert came to himself and resumed his influence. The somnambulist continued to walk rapidly, without showing any uneasiness as to her surroundings.

"In ten minutes we were all at M. Gibert's house, and at this moment he, believing the experiment to have failed, and surprised that we did not return, set out to meet us, and passed the sleeper, whose eyes were closed.

"She did not recognize him. Absorbed in her hypnotic idea, she rushed up the stairs, followed by us. M. Gibert was about to enter his study, but I took him by the arm and led him into the opposite room.

"The somnambulist looked everywhere in great agitation; she pushed against us without perceiving us; she entered the study and felt the different pieces of furniture, repeating in an agonized tone: 'Where is he? Where is M. Gibert?'

"While she was doing this the hypnotizer remained seated, in a stooping position, without making the slightest movement. She entered the room where he was, and almost touched him in passing, but her excitement prevented her from recognizing him. She rushed into the other rooms again. Then the idea occurred to M. Gibert of attracting her to him mentally; and whether it was as a result of his will, or whether by mere coincidence, she retraced her steps and caught him by the hand.

"Frantic joy then took possession of her. She sprang upon the sofa like a child, and clapped her hands, crying: 'Here you are! Here you are at last! Ah, how delighted I am.'

"In short," says Dr. Ochorowicz, "I have established the extraordinary phenomenon of action at a distance, which has upset all previously accepted opinions."

We give the following experiment as well:

"On the 10th of October, 1885," writes M. Janet, "We agreed, M. Gibert and I, to make the following suggestion: '*To lock the doors of the house at noon to-morrow.*' I wrote the suggestion on a piece of paper which I kept by me, and

which I resolved not to show to any one. M. Gibert made the suggestion by touching Madame B.'s forehead with his own, during an hypnotic sleep, and concentrating his thoughts for some moments on the order which he mentally gave her. The next day when I arrived at the cottage at a quarter before twelve, I found the house closed and the door locked. On inquiry it proved that it was Madame B. who had just closed the house. When I asked her why she had done such an unusual thing, she answered me : 'I felt very tired, and I did not wish that you should be able to come in and put me to sleep.' Madame B—— was very much agitated at the time ; she kept wandering in the garden, and I saw her pluck a rose, after which she went and looked at the letter-box placed at the front door. These actions are insignificant in themselves, but it is curious that *it was these very actions which we had, for a moment, thought of willing her to do the evening before.* We had eventually decided in favor of another suggestion—namely, that of closing the doors, but the thought of the first, no doubt, remained in M. Gibert's mind during his exercise of will-power, and the subject felt the influence of it.

On the thirteenth of October, M. Gibert ordered Madame B., still by thought transmission, *to raise an umbrella the next day at noon, and walk round the garden.* The next day, at noon, she became much excited, went twice round the garden, but did not raise the umbrella. I put her to sleep shortly after, in order to calm her agitation, which became more and more marked. Her first words were these: "Why did you make me go all round the garden? . . . I looked so foolish. . . . If the weather we had yesterday had continued, it would have been different, . . . but to-day I should have been ridiculous."

That day was, indeed, very fine, but the evening before had been exceedingly rainy.

She did not wish to raise the umbrella for fear of seeming absurd.

Still another experiment :

Dr. Dussaret reports the case of a patient whom he was

hypnotizing, and whom he ordered every day before he left her to sleep till the next day at a certain hour.

"One day," he says, "I forgot this precaution, and I was about seven hundred yards distant from the house when I perceived the omission. Not being able to return, I said to myself that perhaps my order would be understood in spite of the distance, since orders are known to be carried out at a distance of one or two yards. I formulated the injunction, therefore, to sleep until eight o'clock next day, and I proceeded on my way. Next day I called at half-past seven and found the patient asleep. 'How does it happen that you are still sleeping?' 'In obedience to your order, monsieur.' 'You are mistaken; I went away without giving you any order.' 'That is true; but five minutes after you had left, *I distinctly heard* you tell me to sleep until eight o'clock.' This was the hour which I was in the habit of fixing, and it seemed to me possible that mere habit might have caused an illusion, in which case I should be dealing with nothing more than mere coincidence. In order to clear up this point, and leave no shadow of doubt, I ordered the patient to sleep until she was told to awake. During the day, taking advantage of an interval of leisure, I resolved to complete the experiment. I ordered her to wake up, leaving my own house, which was rather less than five miles distant, at the same time. The hour, which I noted, was two o'clock. When I reached the patient I found her awake, her parents having, at my request, noted the exact hour of her awakening. This corresponded exactly to that at which I had given her my injunction. This experiment was repeated several times, at different hours, and always with the same result."

The following experiment seems even more convincing:

"On the 1st of January I suspended my visits and ceased all relations with the family. I heard nothing more of them, but on the twelfth, when I was making visits in an opposite direction, I found myself between six and seven miles distant from the patient, and I wondered whether it would be possible for me still to make her obey me, in spite of the distance, in spite of the cessation of all communication, and in

spite of the intervention of a third person—for the father had been mesmerizing his daughter in the interval. I *forbade the patient to go to sleep,* and then half an hour later, reflecting that if it should really happen that I was obeyed the consequences might be injurious to her, I removed the prohibition and thought no more of it. Next morning at six o'clock I was surprised by the appearance at my house of a messenger, bringing a letter from the father of Mademoiselle J. This letter informed me that on the day before (that is, on the twelfth), at ten o'clock in the morning, he had not been able to cause his daughter to sleep until after prolonged and painful effort. The patient, when she did go to sleep, had declared that her resistance had been by my orders, and she had slept at last only because I permitted it. Declarations to this effect have been made in the presence of witnesses, whom the father caused to sign the papers which contained them.

"It seems probable that with an exact knowledge of the conditions of such phenomena, it would be possible to communicate as fully by thought from a distance, as one does now by the telephone."[1]

Dr. Charles Richet reports that one day, when he was at breakfast with his colleagues in the *salle de garde,* his brother, Landouzy, who was present, and who was at that time, like himself, an *interne* at the hospital Beaujon, asserted that he could put to sleep a certain patient from a distance, and that he could also make her come into the *salle de garde,* simply by an act of will on his part. At the end of ten minutes, no one having appeared, the experiment was considered a failure. "But, in reality," writes the experimenter, "it had not failed, for some time afterwards I was informed that the patient in question was walking about the passages, asleep, and wishing to speak to me, but not able to find me; and I could obtain from her no further explanation of her sleep, or of her wanderings, than that she desired to see me."

All these experiments demonstrate psychic action at a distance.

[1] Ochorowicz, *De la suggestion mentale,* p. 149.

Facts quite as remarkable have been observed in regard to the action of the will, in hypnotic experiments, hundreds and thousands of times.

Here, for example, is a case of somnambulism caused by M. E. Boirac, provost of the Academy at Grenoble.

"In September, 1892," he writes, "I established myself with all my possessions at the little village of Amélie-les-Bains, intending to spend the vacation there.

"There was a great deal of talk going on about *séances* given by a young countryman, who called himself Dockman. Curiosity impelled me to visit one of these meetings. The young man was about twenty years of age, dark, thin, and very nervous. Three years previously he had been hypnotized by a naval surgeon, and had then realized that he possessed the power of mind-reading. Every one is familiar with the kind of scene in which some one present succeeds more or less completely in transmitting his wishes to the subject, simply by mental effort, without words, without gestures, and even without contact.

"The young mountaineer's perceptions seemed to me to fail very often, and he himself owned that he tried all kinds of means to divine his mesmerizer's meaning. 'You, yourself,' I said to him, laughing, 'require to be put to sleep once more, in order to recover your old powers; if you really wish it, I am ready to serve you in this respect.' Dockman seemed surprised and a little annoyed at my proposition. 'It is I,' he said, 'who put people to sleep; no one does it to me any longer.'

"Nevertheless, some days later, probably in order to gratify the mayor of the town, who expressed a wish to witness a hypnotic *séance*, Dockman consented to let me treat him. One evening, therefore, about ten o'clock, before an audience of four or five persons, I took hold of his hands and looked him fixedly in the eyes. At the end of some minutes he was asleep, if the comatose and cataleptic state into which he passed could be called sleep. His whole body was rigid, his jaws were clinched, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I obtained short answers to my questions. He

awoke with extreme slowness; and a second sleep presented the same characteristics. He seemed to me, in fact, an uninteresting subject, and I saw no reason to expect any results of importance from him.

"The next day, about one o'clock in the afternoon, I went to the Casino in order to take coffee.

"I seated myself upon the terrace, and while sipping the coffee, which had just been served me, I glanced around me. Dockman was seated in the garden with a friend, who was looking over a newspaper. Dockman had his back towards me, and was occupied in rolling a cigarette. I do not know what suggested to me the experiment that I am about to relate, but the idea came to me, and I proceeded to put it into execution with all the force of my will. Concentrating myself upon a single thought, and looking fixedly in the direction of Dockman, I ordered him to go to sleep. He did not appear to be conscious of my glance at the first moment, but very soon I saw his movements cease and his eyes become fixed. With the unfinished cigarette in his hands, he all at once lowered his eyelids, and remained motionless as a statue. His friend looked up, beheld him in this condition, spoke to him, and received no answer. A singer, who was seated at a neighboring table, became frightened and began to scream. I hastened to descend, and in a few seconds, by breathing quickly on his eyelids, I woke up my improvised subject, who did not seem aware of what had happened to him.

"I attempted this experiment by chance, not anticipating any result, and I was confounded myself at the result. The next day I met with an opportunity to repeat it. I arrived at the Casino between one and half-past. Dockman was seated on the terrace, alone at a table, where he was writing a letter, bent double, with his nose almost touching the paper. My table was five or six feet from his; between him and myself there was a party of four, playing cards. I again concentrated myself in a nervous effort, which made me almost vibrate from head to foot, and with all my strength, while fixing my eyes on Dockman, I ordered him to cease writing

and go to sleep. The result was less rapid than it had been the day before. It seemed as though the subject struggled against my will. After a minute or two, however, he gave visible signs of disturbance: his pen remained suspended as though he sought in vain for words, he made a gesture with his hand like one who brushes away an obstacle; then he tore up the letter and began to write another; but soon the pen remained motionless on the paper, and he went to sleep in that position. I approached him together with several of the by-standers, who had interrupted their game; his whole body was rigid and hard like a block of wood. An attempt to bend one of his arms was useless; the stiffness disappeared only under the influence of my passes. When he had regained the use of his senses, Dockman begged me not to renew these experiments; he complained of having been very much exhausted by that of the preceding evening. He also assured me that on both occasions he had slept without having the slightest suspicion that the sudden sleep was caused by myself or by any other person."

This experiment is very important, and leaves no possibility of doubt as to action at a distance.

Dr. Darieux, editor of the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, has published the following experiments on mental transmission, made by one of his friends, who does not wish to give his name, "on account of the important position which he holds," a circumstance much to be regretted:

"From the 7th of January, 1887, to the 11th of November Marie slept very often as a means of relief, through suggestion, from intolerable headache and the sensation of a ball in her throat. She suffered from hysterical pains, which were truly Protean in their character, and which it was constantly necessary to disperse by appropriate suggestion. Aside from this, her general health was excellent, and during the seventeen years which I have had this young woman under my observation she has never relinquished her occupations for a single day on account of illness.

"I had attempted mental transmission with her during numerous sleep *séances*, but in vain. Up to the 11th of

November I had not obtained the slightest response to orders given in this way. Marie's mind was constantly on the alert, causing her to dream, and she only obeyed verbal orders.

"One evening I had left her sleeping on a sofa, and was writing my notes in regard to her case, when she had spontaneously a very painful hallucination, and burst into tears. I quieted her with difficulty, and in order to cut short these dreams, I forbade her to think of anything connected with them, and I left her to sleep. Upon thinking of my total want of success as regarded mental transmission, it occurred to me that it might be due to the fact that the subject's brain was too crowded with ideas, and, therefore, I chose a suggestion which I formulated thus:

"'When you sleep and I do not speak to you, you are to think of absolutely nothing. Your brain is to remain void of ideas, in order that there shall be no obstacle to the entrance of mine.'

"I repeated this suggestion four times between the 11th of November and the 6th of December, the latter date being the day on which I was able for the first time to demonstrate thought transmission.

"Marie had been asleep for a moment in a profound somnambulistic condition. I turned my back to her, and, without any gesture or sound whatever, I gave her the following mental order:

"'When you awake you are to go and find a glass, put in it some drops of eau de Cologne, and bring it to me.'

"On awakening Marie was visibly preoccupied. She was not able to keep her seat, and at last she came and stood before me, saying:

"'What are you thinking of? and what idea have you taken into your head?'

"'Why do you speak to me in that manner?'

"'Because my present idea can only have come from you, and I do not wish to obey it.'

"'Do not obey it if you do not want to do so; but I insist that you shall tell me immediately what you are thinking of.'

"'Well! I am to go and find a glass, put in it some water

with a few drops of eau de Cologne, and bring it to you. This is really ridiculous.'

"For the first time my order had been perfectly understood. From this date—that is, the 6th of December, 1887—up to the present time (1893), with the exception of a few unusual days, mental transmission has been clearly evident, both in her waking and in her sleeping state. It is disturbed only at certain periods, or when Marie is greatly harassed.

"On the 10th of December, 1887, without Marie's knowledge, I hid a watch that had stopped behind some books in my book-case, and when she arrived I put her to sleep and gave her the following mental order:

"'Go and look for the watch that is hidden behind some books in the book-case.'

"I was seated in my arm-chair. Marie was behind me, and I was careful not to look towards the side of the room where the object was concealed.

"She left her chair quickly, went straight to the book-case, but could not open it. Regular and determined movements manifested themselves every time she touched the door, and more particularly the glass of the book-case.

"'It is there! It is there! I am sure of it; but the glass burns me!'

"I decided to go and open it myself; she seized upon my books, took them out, and snatched the watch, which she was overjoyed to have found.

"Similar experiments have been made with orders communicated to me by one of my friends, written down beforehand, at a distance from the subject, and the success has been complete. But if the person who communicates the order to me is a stranger to Marie, she refuses to obey, saying it is not I who give the command.

"A mutual friend one day came into my study while Marie was asleep, and gave me the following little note:

"'Tell her, mentally, to go and look for a cigarette for me in the antechamber, to light it, and to present it to me.'

"She was seated behind me. Without leaving my chair, and with my back still turned to her, I sent the mental

order. My friend took a book and pretended to read, watching her closely all the time.

"'You are teasing me! How can you wish me to get up?'

"(Mental order) 'You can get up very easily; uncross your feet.'

"After some effort she succeeded in uncrossing her feet (which she was in the habit of crossing under her chair), got up, and went slowly and complainingly towards a box of cigars, touched them, and then began to laugh.

"'Ah, no! I am mistaken. This is not the right thing.'

"And she went straight to the side of the room without further hesitation, took a cigarette, and gave it to our friend.

"(Mental order) 'There is something else to be done: light it at once.'

"Marie seized a match, but could not light it readily. I stopped her and sent her back to her place."

This experiment affords certain proof of thought transmission.

I had occasion to make some experiments personally, in thought transmission and mental suggestion, in the month of January, 1899, with Ninof, the "mind-reader," at the residence of M. Clovis Hugues. I then proved: First, that in order he should guess anything it was necessary that the person who put the question should know the thing to be revealed. Secondly, that it was necessary that the mental order should be given energetically. He obeyed the mental order punctiliously and in the smallest details if the order was simple and exact. Thirdly, that this thought transmission will operate from one brain to another, without any contact, without any sign, at the distance of one or two metres, solely by concentration of thought on the part of the person who gives the order, and *without any collusion.* Fourthly, failures were not infrequent, and seemed to arise from inability to establish perfect connection between the brain of the person who gave the order and that of the subject; to fatigue on the part of the latter; or to contrary currents.

Example: I willed that Ninof should go and take a photograph, which was lying by the side of several others at the

end of the *salon*, and then carry it to a gentleman whom I did not know, and whom I selected simply as being the sixth person seated among thirty spectators. This mental order was executed exactly, and without hesitation.

M. Clovis Hugues willed that the subject should go and get a little engraving representing Michelet, which was placed with several other objects on the piano, and put it before a statuette of Joan of Arc, on the opposite side of the *salon*. The order was executed without the smallest hesitation.

It was the first time that Ninof had come into the house, and he had come alone, without any companion.

He had his eyes bandaged by a cloth tied round his head, in order, he said, to prevent him from any distraction.

Four hairs, taken by M. Adolphe Brisson from different persons, were found by this subject where they had been hidden, and were brought back to the persons from whose heads they had been taken, and put on the same spot.

Up to the time at which I witnessed this experiment I had seen little but deceptions. I had been convinced that in mind readings, and in object researches, even if the experiments were made in good faith, there were unconscious movements of the hands which guided the subject. In the experiment just recorded, no one touched him, and even supposing that he had been able to see above the bandage, it made no difference, for the spectators were all behind him.

Among the 1130 psychic facts which I received and noted at the time of the inquiries already spoken of, and apart from the principal cases which related to dying manifestations, and which have been already quoted, there were several very interesting letters concerning the subject of this chapter, that is, *psychic communication and thought transmission occurring between the minds of living persons.*

I will select a few papers from this collection, which is indeed a most varied mine. They are most instructive.

I. "Will you permit one of your most assiduous, and, I may add, most sympathetic readers, to inquire your sentiments in regard to a fact with which you are certainly familiar.

"You are in a street. Suddenly you perceive at some little

distance a person whose carriage, whose walk, whose features even, are familiar to you. And you say, 'Oh, there is Monsieur X.!'

"You approach him, but it is not he. What then? You walk on; and some minutes after you see, you meet, and this time without any mistake, the person whom you believed yourself to have seen at first.

"How often has this happened to me! and no doubt to you also. What is its cause? I have sought for it for a long time, and I have at last come to the conclusion that this curious sensation must be due to a radiation emanating from the person whom one is eventually to see.

"The same objection may be raised to this idea that is raised to telepathy: 'It is an absurdity; it is contrary to common-sense. How can the hypothesis of a radiation be admitted when there has been every opportunity for such radiation to be dispersed by people who are passing, or by carriages driving by? etc.'

"Nevertheless, it is not impossible, even from a physical point of view, to believe that each individual projects before and around him a radiation, and that this radiation is able to escape the various causes of dispersion or refraction, etc., which I have just spoken of.

"In any case, it is extremely curious that one often meets and finds one's self face to face with a person of whom one was not thinking, and whom one had apparently recognized a moment before.

L. DE LEIRIS,
"*Juge au Tribunal Civil*, at Lyons."
Letter 7.

II. "It often happens to me that, being in the street, the figure of a passer-by, seen from a distance, makes me think of another who resembles him in some slight degree—in dress, or in walk, etc. An hour or two afterwards I pass the person who has been thus called to my mind, but it is only when the meeting takes place that I recall having thought I saw him before.

BERGER,
"School-master at Roanne."
Letter 39.

III. "Several years ago I married in the provinces, and ever since then I have been in daily communication with my father, who lives in Paris. He writes to me every day, and we are both in the habit of conducting our correspondence towards the latter part of the afternoon.

"It often happens that one of us puts a question and the other writes the answer to the question on the same day and at the same hour. The question frequently concerns friends or acquaintances who one or the other of us has not seen for a long time, since we do not live in the same town.

"And it often happens that if I am suffering and do not mention it to my father, he will divine it and insist upon news of my health just at the time that it is a little affected.

"L. R. R."

Letter 58.

IV. "If some one looks at me as I pass along the street, even if it is from the fifth story, my eyes turn involuntarily and meet theirs. I should be very glad to learn from you what is the reason of this phenomenon. J. C.

"At Pézénas."

Letter 152.

V. "My mother, a short time ago, before entering a shop (she was still twenty yards from it), said to me, suddenly: 'Wait, I have just seen so-and-so; may God preserve me meeting him!' She had, no doubt, seen him only by intuition, but it is an extraordinary fact that upon entering the shop she found herself face to face with him.

"J. B. VINCENT.

"At Lyons." Letter 189.

VI. "What is the explanation of the fact that frequently (in nine cases out of ten) after meeting some person in the street who has recalled another to me by some vague resemblance, I find myself a moment after, or at any rate in the course of the day, in the presence of that very person who was recalled to my mind, although nothing brings that person to see me. J. RENIER.

"At Verdun, Meuse."

Letter 199.

VII. "One morning, about two months ago, I was still in bed, but fully awake, and I thought of calling to my mother to say good-morning, when I heard her steps approaching my room. I considered in what tone I would cry 'Mamma!' but I am *sure* that I did not pronounce the word, for I was not asleep; I had been awake a long time, and I was perfectly conscious of what I did, or did not do.

"At this moment mamma entered my room; I said to her, laughing: 'I was just thinking of calling you.' She answered: 'But you did call me; I heard it at the other end of the room, and that is why I am here.' I am sure that I said nothing, and my mother is sure that she heard me. This has caused us much amusement, for it is very extraordinary. Y. DUBOIS.

"8 Rue de la Monnaie, Nancy."

Letter 207.

VIII. "It is a matter of common occurrence to see unexpectedly a person of whom one has just thought or spoken; and this must have been long ago observed, since there is a proverbial expression now in use: 'Speak of a wolf, and you see his tail.' ALPHONSE RABELLE,

"Druggist at Ribemont (Aisne)."

Letter 222.

IX. "You may, perhaps, have heard mention of the belief, which is very widely distributed in certain quarters, connected with the buzzing of the ears; it signifies, they say, that some one somewhere is discussing you. I have often joked with persons who admitted their faith in this superstition, but my incredulity has been modified by an experience of this sort which happened to me under very painful circumstances. Is it possible that there exists, in this respect, a transmission of the kind with which you are now occupied? If you think this possible, I will hold myself in readiness to inform you of what happened to me, with proofs in support of it, such as letters with the hours of despatch and of reception, the sending of which would easily verify the hours at which the phenomenon occurred, etc.; perhaps, even, my

affirmation might be certified to by one of the persons concerned in the transmission, whom I saw in December, and to whom I spoke of what had happened. A. L. R."

Letter 232.

X. "I am a teacher, and I have been married nine years. My wife and I have similar tastes, and we have received similar educations; we have discovered since our marriage a resemblance of thoughts, which strikes us as remarkable. Very often one of us gives verbal expression to an opinion or an idea exactly at the moment when the other was about to express it in the same terms. In passing judgment upon persons or things, phrases which are identical rise to the lips of each of us at the same time; and the words of one are, so to speak, reduplicated by those which the other was about to utter.

"Is this a phenomenon of common occurrence when complete sympathy exists between two natures, or is it peculiar to ourselves? In either case, if any importance attaches to it, what is its cause, its nature, and why does it manifest itself?

"F. DALIDET,

"School-master and Secretary to the Mairie,
"Saint Florent, prés Nior (Deux Sévres).

"Witnessed for the legalization of the signature of M. Dalidet, school-master at Saint Florent.

"A. FAVRION, Mayor.

"Mairie de Saint Florent, March 28, 1899."

Letter 299.

XI. "My mother, who was the wife of a captain in the navy, was always warned by some unusual sign when my father was exposed to danger. This happened so frequently that she acquired the habit of making a note of it. And the next day she would learn that her husband, when in danger of shipwreck, had sent to her what he believed to be his last thought. Innumerable such cases occur among the wives of sailors. I remember very well that when mamma received visits, telepathy was often the subject of conversation.

"One of my friends, who also was the wife of a naval man, saw her husband's hand distinctly outlined on one of the win-

dow panes on the day of his death, which occurred tragically during a shipwreck. What struck her particularly was his wedding-ring, which was plainly visible on his hand. Another of my friends had a sick sister, from whom she was separated, and who had promised to notify her by some sign of her death, if it should occur. At the very hour at which the sister breathed her last, my friend felt a tender embrace, which she recognized to be the embrace of her beloved sister, who was at that moment dying. I myself was in the company of two of my pupils, when we all three heard 'Fräulein' distinctly pronounced by a voice which I recognized at once as that of one of my acquaintances who had behaved very badly to me. I made a note of the fact, and of the hour at which it occurred, and I learned afterwards that this person died at the very time when the sound of her voice reached my ears.

MARIA STRIEFFERT,
"(Born at Stralsund, Pomerania). At Calais."
Letter 319.

XII. "I have been an enthusiastic reader of your recent articles, and it is with delight that I testify to the power of human thought. I have, personally, only one fact to record. During my residence in Germany I distinctly heard my father call me by my pet name. And the next day I learned that he had written to me at the same instant that the sound of that dear voice struck my ear.

"MADELEINE FONTAINE,
"Boarder at Mademoiselle Bertranch's School, Calais."

"P.S.—Several confidences have been made to me on the subject of telepathy. If they would be of any interest to you I shall be delighted to communicate them."

Letter 320.

XIII. "I have never been apprised of the death of any one by any sort of apparition, nor has it occurred to any of the twelve or fifteen members of my family, whom I know very well.

"But I once had a presentiment which, although it oc-

curred under very different circumstances from the phenomena which you are now studying, belongs perhaps to the same class.

"On going one morning to the hospital Lariboisiére, where I was an *externe*, I had for a moment the idea that I was going to meet at the door of the hospital a Monsieur P., whom I had only seen once, eight months previously, at the house of a friend, and who had never been in my mind since. This gentleman, who was a doctor of medicine, had come there, I imagined, to see a certain surgeon at Lariboisiére.

"I was not much mistaken. At the door of the hospital I did meet Monsieur P., who had come in order to see, not the surgeon in question, but the head of the obstetrical department.

"Observe that I could not have seen Monsieur P. at a distance, nor have recognized him subconsciously, for the presentiment came to me on the Boulevard Magenta, to the right of the Rue Saint Quentin, and Monsieur P., when I saw him, had been waiting at the gate of the hospital for twenty minutes. I asked him how long he had been waiting there before telling him of my presentiment, in order not to influence his answer.

"I will add to this that I am in no way inclined to superstition—on the contrary, I am rather sceptical; and my first effort as regards this occurrence was to seek a physical explanation of it before resorting to the intervention of a still undetermined factor. But I have not yet found that physical explanation.

G. MESLEY,

"Medical Student, 27 Rue de l'Entrepôt."

Letter 331.

XIV. "A young woman, one of my friends, who lived in Paris while I was in the provinces, was attacked by an illness which brought her in a few hours to the brink of the grave. I had not been notified of her illness in any way whatever; nevertheless, at that very moment I had a dream, a perfect nightmare, during which I was present at the marriage of this friend. Relations, friends, every one present, all were dressed in dark garments, and wept bitterly. The impression became so painful that I awoke. A fortnight

later I learned of the danger from which this person had just escaped.

"It also frequently happens to me to think, without apparent cause, of some one in whom I perceive a coincidence of thought, by receiving from that person a letter which nothing has made necessary. This happens so often that I am in the habit of expecting news of persons of whom I have involuntarily thought. Nevertheless, the fact is not without exceptions. A. B.

"At Chagny."

Letter 382.

XV. "The following fact has been reported to me by one of my friends, who is a professor in one of the faculties of medicine in France and whose position affords special guarantees for his ability and veracity. I cannot, without his sanction, give you his name in connection with an event which he told me in a private conversation, and it is possible he may not wish to see it published. We will designate him then under the initial Z.

"Monsieur Z., while at Saint Louis, in Senegal, was stung on the great toe by a very dangerous insect belonging to that country, known among Europeans as the chigoe. In consequence of this injury, he was seized by a violent fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave, and rendered him entirely unconscious for, I think, as much as twenty days. Some hours after he had lost consciousness, a telegram from his mother, who was in France, was brought to him, asking what had happened to him. The hour at which this telegram had been sent, allowing for the time necessary to take it to the office, coincided with that at which Monsieur Z. had fainted away. When he returned to France, restored to health, his mother told him that, without any apparent reason, she had suddenly experienced a kind of shock, and she immediately divined that her son was in great danger; the impression was so powerful that she immediately sent a telegram in order to obtain news of him.

"I should prefer to sign my letter, in order to give greater authenticity to my story; but I am, you see, a state official,

and if it happens that you think it best to quote the fact which I have just given, I shall be obliged if you will withhold my name and address. R.

"Algeria."

Letter 398.

XVI. "I had once a friend whom circumstances (for he was an explorer) obliged to live at a great distance from us. We had formed the delightful habit of very regular correspondence, and, little by little, our souls acquired such affinity that it constantly happened that when we wrote to each other, at the same hour, we said exactly the same things, or even answered a question put in a letter at the moment it was asked. For example, one day, uneasy at not receiving news, I seized a pen and wrote the words: 'Are you ill?' At the same moment (as we verified later on) he wrote to me: 'Do not be anxious, the illness is over.' I do not pretend to say that this was a real vision, but certainly it seems to show that in tragic moments of existence two souls which are united by profound tenderness may be able to mingle, to unite themselves, from a distance. E. ASINELLI.

"Geneva." Letter 443.

XVII. "One day, about noon, my wife was overcome by an indefinable feeling of discomfort; unlike anything which she has since experienced, she became oppressed, and could not remain quiet. She went to a collation, to which she had been invited, but could not remain. She then went to walk in the garden, looking for some one to talk to. The uneasiness continued, and it was not until nine o'clock in the evening that she found herself suddenly relieved, and felt as if she had not experienced anything.

The next day she was informed that her father had died the day before exactly at nine o'clock. She had not thought of her father at all. BUSIN.

"Neuville, near Poix-du-Nord.

"P.S.—The village where we lived was about fifteen miles from that of my father-in-law."

Letter 419.

XVIII. "It often happens that I sing to myself mentally a well-known air, and a few moments afterwards my husband will sing aloud the same air which I had in my head. This has been the subject of several discussions between us, which have always ended by amusing us. M. C.

"Grenoble."

Letter 467.

XIX. "My aunt—my adopted mother—loved me to excess, if I may use such an expression. She was very nervous, and I am so also. Our correspondence was very frequent, above all in the early period of our separation, and I observed that whenever I had reason to expect a letter from her my thoughts would be carried with great intensity towards her on the day before the arrival of her letter, which was not, however, confined to a fixed date. This observation has been a subject of much thought with me. O.,

"Retired Major, at Riversé."

Letter 507.

XX. "One night, some years ago, I awoke suddenly with the consciousness that one of my patients, Monsieur X., who lived rather less than half a mile away from me, was coming to look for me. I sprang from my bed; I went to the window . . . Some minutes later I saw him arrive. His wife was ill, and he begged me to come and see her.

"Several experiences of this kind have happened to me.

"Dr. N."

Letter 517.

XXI. "I give here the only case which I have observed in this class of ideas; its sole interest lies in its regularity. I have two friends who are abroad, and who write to me frequently, but not at any fixed date. Whenever I dream of one or the other, it almost invariably happens that in the morning the postman brings me a letter from the one of whom I dreamed. At first I paid no attention to this, but the fact forced itself upon me, and since then I have very often verified it. I should also mention that the dream is

not often preceded by any special thought which might in some way induce and explain it. CL. CHARPOY.

"Tournus."

Letter 551.

XXII. "My intimate friend all one day suffered an intense physical agony, which was inexplicable. On the same day I was myself overcome with the deepest depression without having the slightest suspicion of what was happening to her. I was at Nantes; she was at Geneva.

"CR. CHAMPURY.

"Geneva."

Letter 589.

XXIII. "In 1845 and 1846 I was a student in a French class at the college of Alais; although I was a Protestant I was on the best terms with M. Barély, the *abbé* of the college, and when religious fêtes occurred I was, together with some of my comrades, intrusted with the decorations of the chapel.

"We made use of our brief freedom to descend into the funeral vault, which was under the sacristy, from which it was possible to ascend into the chapel by a trap-door and a staircase which came out under the professor's stall. This vault contained the remains of three or four ancient *abbés* of the college, whose uncovered and more or less shattered coffins were deposited on the floor; the low ceiling was covered with the names of old scholars traced in candle-smoke. I have retained an ineffaceable remembrance of this vault.

"Later on, in 1849 and 1850, I had lived at Nîmes. M. Manlius Salles, librarian there, was much interested in hypnotism, and we often talked of it. He wished to include me among his subjects, saying that being an architect I could, when hypnotized, describe in detail the buildings in towns where they would conduct me by thought transmission. I agreed, but, although he made every effort, he could not succeed in sending me to sleep.

"One day I took part in a very interesting *séance* to which he had invited me. I found there a woman of about sixty years of age, apparently a domestic servant.

"He hypnotized her, and put me in communication with her by joining our hands, and left us alone.

"The recollection of the vault in the chapel recurred to my memory, and I determined to take the subject there. I told her that we would take the train for Alais. During the whole of the journey the upper part of her body oscillated.

"On arriving, she described to me exactly everything that we met with on our way up to the time of our arrival at the college. We entered the vestibule and then went into the chapel. On perceiving the altar she crossed herself; we went to the stall on the left, and she made efforts to move it, assisting me also in raising the flag-stone which formed a trap-door. I lighted a candle, I gave her my hand to lead her down the little staircase, and we found ourselves in the vault; she trembled with fear, and wished to go back.

"I calmed her, and leading her to the coffins, I begged her to describe them.

"'There is snow on that one,' she said to me. The bier had in fact been filled with powdered chalk.

"'What beautiful hair this one has.' The skull was really covered with thick hair.

"'Raise the drapery of the one on that side,' I said. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'how beautiful it is! It is silk and gold!' What she saw was one of the *abbés* dressed in his ecclesiastical robes.

"'Look at the ceiling; I will throw light on it for you. What do you see?' 'Names,' she said. 'Read them.' She read five or six which I remembered very well.

"We went back to the chapel, and I told her that we would return on foot to Anduze.

"On the way, she gave me a mass of details in regard to the country through which we passed, all of them perfectly correct.

"When we arrived at Anduze, I took her into the house of a friend; it was eight o'clock in the evening; she described to me the house, the staircase, the *salon* . . . . I then asked her to indicate the persons present. She an-

swered that she did not know them . . . . On this, I reflected that I did not know them myself, and that it was impossible for me to transmit any thought about them to her.

"MELVIL ROUX,
"Architect at Tourac, near Anduze Gard."
Letter 650.

XXIV. "I have recently treated and cured, by hypnotism, the wife of one of my friends, who suffered for nearly eighteen years from a very painful affection. The treatment, which she received daily from me, lasted about six months, and, as often happens in such cases, between the magnetizer and the subject, she came completely under my influence. I will not repeat to you here all the phenomena which I was able to produce with her, such as manifestations of gout, sensations of heat and of cold, etc., they are too well known, and too easily ascribable to the imagination. But, in addition to the above, she perceived, involuntarily on my part, all my sensations, even at a distance, and this could not be considered a question of the imagination. For instance, it would happen that she would say to me: 'Yesterday, at such an hour you quarrelled with some one;' or else, 'You were sad; what happened to you?' In short, I have been able to satisfy myself that she felt all my impressions at a very great distance; at least, I have been able to verify this for a distance of nearly two miles.

"I have had also another subject, this time a man, whom I caused to come to my house by an effort of will. Nothing was necessary but that I should think of it intently. 'Why,' I said to him one day, 'have you come at such an extraordinary hour?' 'Ah, well, I do not know; the fancy took me all at once. I had a wish to see you, and here I am.' Where can there be imagination in all this?

"Just as there is a natural somnambulism and an induced somnambulism, so there is both a voluntary and an involuntary hypnotism; and it is this which explains natural sympathies and antipathies. DR. X.
"Valparaiso."
Letter 675.

These cases cannot reasonably be attributed to chance any more than the preceding ones. (Some of the meetings, foreseen beforehand, may have occurred by a chance resemblance to meetings which preceded them, but this is evidently the exception.) They prove the existence of thought communication. We shall present a few more to the attention of our readers. The following is taken from the work *Phantasms of the Living.*

Mr. A. Skirving, master mason at the cathedral at Winchester, writes thus to the authors of that volume:

XXV. "I am not a scholar. I left school at the age of twelve, and I hope that you will pardon my errors in grammar. I am head mason at the cathedral at Winchester, and I have lived for nine years in that town. Thirty years ago I lived in London, very near the situation at present occupied by the Great Western Railway. I worked in the Regent's Park for Messrs. Mowlem, Burt, and Freeman. The distance from my house was too great for me to return for meals, so I took my dinner with me, and I did not leave my work during the day. One day I suddenly felt an intense desire to return home. As I had nothing to do there I tried to rid myself of this idea, but without success. The desire to go home increased from minute to minute. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and there was nothing which should take me from my work at that hour. I became uneasy and uncomfortable; I felt that I must go home even at the risk of being laughed at by my wife. I could give no reason for leaving my work and losing sixpence an hour for my foolishness. All the same I could not remain. I set out for home.

"When I arrived at the door of my house I knocked; my wife's sister opened it. She seemed surprised, and said to me, 'Well, Skirving, how did you know it?' 'Know what?' I said. 'About Mary Anne' (my wife). I said to her, 'I know nothing about Mary Anne.' 'Then what brought you home at this hour?' I answered, 'I do not know. It seemed to me that I was needed here. What has happened?'

"She told me that a cab had run over my wife about an hour before, and that she was severely injured. She had

asked for me incessantly ever since the accident. She held out her arms to me, clasped them round my neck, and laid my head on her breast. Her excitement passed off immediately, and my presence calmed her; she fell asleep and rested peacefully. Her sister told me that she had uttered most pitiful cries, calling me, although there was not the least probability that I should come.

"This short account has only one merit—it is strictly true.

"ALEXANDER SKIRVING.

"P.S.—The accident took place an hour and a half before my arrival. This time coincided exactly with that at which I experienced the impulse to leave my work. It took me an hour to reach home, and I had struggled hard for half an hour before I left, in order to overcome my desire to go home."

All these examples show that there are currents between brains, between minds, between hearts; currents which arise from a force still unknown.

Professor Silvio Venturi, director of the lunatic asylum at Girifalco, wrote thus upon the 18th of September, 1892:

XXVI. "In July, 1885, I lived at Nocera. I went one day with a companion to make a visit to my brother at Pozzuoli, a three-hours' journey by railroad.

"I left every one at home in good health. I was in the habit of staying two days at Pozzuoli, and sometimes a little longer. We arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon. After taking some refreshment, we planned a boating-party with my relatives. All at once I was stopped by a sudden thought, and taking an energetic resolution, I declared that I did not wish to go in the boat, and that, on the contrary, I must return at once to Nocera. They objected, saying that I was absurd. I was myself sensible of the eccentricity of my resolution, but I did not hesitate, for I felt an irresistible impulse to return home.

"Seeing my determination, they allowed me to set out. My companion went with me against his will. I hired a little carriage, with a horse so thin and so slow that he went at a

walk instead of a trot. Then, fearing to lose the train at seven o'clock in the evening (which was the last), I urged the driver, but the poor exhausted beast could not go faster. At last we got down and succeeded in getting another carriage in time for the train.

"My house at Nocera is situated about three hundred yards from the railway station, but I had not patience to go home on foot, and got into a friend's carriage, leaving my companion to come on after me. When I reached my own house I was shocked to see four physicians, MM. Ventra, Canger, Roscioli, and the physician of the town. All were gathered round the bed of my dear child, who was attacked with croup and in danger of death. The malady was not in that part of the country. The croup had developed at seven o'clock in the morning, almost at the hour when I felt the impulse to return home as quickly as possible. I had thus the delight of contributing by my presence to his recovery. Before my arrival my wife had wept and called to me with agony."[1]

Do not all these numerous facts show the existence of psychic currents between living human beings? These proofs are of the highest importance for the knowledge which we are seeking to obtain by these investigations of the nature and the faculties of the human soul.

Here is another document of the same kind; in this way one confirms another.

M. Lasseron, registrar at Châtellerault, writes under the date of the 31st of January, 1894:[2]

XXVII. "An attorney, who belonged to the national guard, found himself in the guard-room. Suddenly the fancy seized him to go home without notifying any one. As he was under arms, not even the head of the post could have permitted him to do so; besides, he had no sufficient reason to give for his absence. It was a crochet which was in his head, and in spite of the prison which threatened him

[1] *Annales des sciences psychiques*, 1893, p. 331.
[2] *Ibid.*, 1894, p. 268.

(he would be under arrest for a week in consequence of this breach of discipline) he laid aside his gun and went home at a run.

"On arriving he found his wife in tears, surrounded by doctors in attendance upon the sick-bed of her daughter, six years of age, who was dangerously ill of croup. . . . This complaint was not in the town.

"The unexpected appearance of the father seemed to produce a reaction so favorable that the child recovered. She afterwards married the brother-in-law of a judge, who told me of this extraordinary occurrence; and she died before reaching her twenty-fifth year.

"It was necessary to employ the strongest influence in order to escape the penalty of a week in prison, and it was only remitted in consideration of this strange fact in telesthesia.

LAISSERON,
"Registrar at Châtellerault."

Dr. Aimé Guinard, hospital surgeon at Paris, now living in Paris in the Rue de Rennes, narrates the following (October, 1891):

XVIII. "The dentist whom I have been in the habit of employing is one of my friends, who lives at some distance from me in the quartier de l'Opéra. As his practice has considerably increased, and as I have not the leisure to wait a long time in his waiting-room, I made up my mind to ask some attention of one of my colleagues, M. Martial Lagrange, whose office is a few steps from my house.

"I give these details in order to show that I was not on terms of intimacy with the latter. I had, in fact, met him for the first time the beginning of this year.

"One evening in the month of September I went to bed, as usual, about half-past eleven; towards two o'clock in the morning I was seized with the most unbearable toothache, and I remained awake all the rest of the night. The pain was sufficient to keep me awake, but not enough to make it impossible for me to think of my current affairs. As I was about to finish an article on the surgical treatment of cancer

of the stomach, I passed a part of the time in meditating on this subject and in making a plan for my last chapter. My mental work was often interrupted by a paroxysm of pain, and I resolved to go as soon as it was light to find M. Martial Lagrange, in order to have the aching tooth extracted.

"I call special attention to the following point: During that long period of sleeplessness my thoughts had been exclusively concentrated on these two subjects (and with all the more intensity because everything around me was in the stillness and darkness of night)—that is, on one part of my cuticle, on the surgical treatment of cancer of the stomach, where I treat of the extirpation of the tumor by the bistoury; and upon the dentist just spoken of and the extraction of my aching tooth.

"Towards ten o'clock in the morning I arrived in the dentist's waiting-room, and as soon as M. Martial Lagrange raised the portière of his cabinet, he cried: 'How strange! I dreamed of you all last night.'

"I answered him, jokingly: 'I hope, at least, that your dream was not very disagreeable, although I was concerned in it.'

"'Indeed,' he said, 'it was a horrible nightmare; I had a cancer in the stomach, and I was possessed with the idea that you were going to open my abdomen in order to cure it.'

"Now, I affirm that M. Martial Lagrange was absolutely ignorant that the night before I was studying this particular question; I had only known him for six months, and we had not a friend in common.

"I will add that he is a man of about forty-five, neuropathic, and very emotional.

"I give the fact in all its simplicity; it is not a recital at second or third hand, since it was I, myself, who was concerned in it. Is it a simple coincidence? This seems to me most improbable.

"Is it not rather an observation corroborating authentic cases of telepathy? What is noteworthy in it was my own condition the evening before, and the mind of the dentist, which was influenced or affected by suggestion during sleep.

"It is a common saying, which has probably existed for ages, when some one who is absent is under discussion, 'His ears must burn.' Is it possible that this saying is based on facts of telepathy analogous to my own?"

Observations of this kind are not of recent date only. Here is an experiment reported by my lamented friend, Dr. Macario, in his most interesting book, *Le Sommeil*:

XXIX. "One evening Dr. Grosmer, after having put an hysterical woman to sleep by hypnotism, asked the woman's husband to permit him to make an experiment and see what happened. Without uttering a word, he took her to the open sea—mentally, be it understood. The sick woman was quiet as long as the water was calm; but soon the hypnotizer raised a fearful tempest in his own thoughts, and the sick woman began to utter piercing cries and to hold on to surrounding objects; her voice, her tears, the expression of her face displayed overpowering terror. Then he subdued the storm in his own thoughts by degrees, and reduced the violence of the waves. They ceased to agitate the ship, and, following the progress of their subsidence, calm returned to the mind of the somnambulist, although she still displayed a rapid respiration and a nervous trembling in all her limbs. 'Never take me to sea again,' she cried, an instant after, with excitement; 'I am too much afraid; and that miserable captain who did not wish to let us come up on the bridge!' 'This exclamation impressed us so much the more,' said M. Grosmer, 'because I had not uttered a single word which could indicate to her the nature of the experiment which I intended to make.'"

Dr. Macario also reports the following experiments:

XXX. "A field was to be sold, by process of law, in a village in the neighborhood of Paris. Nobody put in a bid for it, although the value set upon it was exceedingly low, because the field was in the possession of a certain Father G., who was considered by the peasants to be a dangerous magician. After long hesitation a farmer named L., tempted by the cheapness of the land, ventured to bid, and became the possessor of it.

"The next morning this man, his spade on his shoulder, went singing to his new property, when a sinister object met his eyes. It was a wooden cross, to which was fastened a paper containing these words: 'If you put your spade into that field a spectre will come and torment you in the night.' The farmer overturned the cross, and began to work in the ground, but he was not very brave. In spite of himself he thought of the spectre which had been announced to him. He left his work, returned home, and went to bed; but his nerves were overexcited, and he could not sleep. At midnight he saw a tall, white figure enter his chamber, and, approaching him, it said, 'Give me back my field.'

"The apparition returned on succeeding nights. The farmer was seized with a fever. He related the vision which had taken possession of him to the doctor, who had inquired into the cause of his illness, and declared his conviction that Father G. had thrown a spell upon him. The doctor obliged the latter to appear before the mayor of the village, and questioned him. The magician admitted that every night at midnight he walked about his own house dressed in a white sheet for the purpose of tormenting the owner of his field. On being threatened with arrest if he continued to do so, he left off. The apparitions ceased, and the farmer recovered his health."

How could this sorcerer, walking about his house, have been seen by a peasant whose house was nearly a mile off? We will not attempt to explain this phenomenon. We will only remark that it is not without precedent, and that it rests upon an unimpeachable authority—that of the celebrated Dr. Récamier.

XXXI. "M. Récamier was coming from Bordeaux, and when travelling through a village in a post-chaise, one of the wheels of his carriage threatened to come off. They drove to the house of the wheelwright, which was near at hand. But this man was ill in bed, and they were forced to send for one of his acquaintances who lived in the neighboring village. While waiting for the wheel to be repaired, M. Récamier entered the house of the sick peasant, and put

some questions to him on the cause of his illness. The wheelwright answered that his illness proceeded from lack of sleep. He could not sleep because a tinker who lived at the other end of the village, and to whom he had refused to marry his daughter, prevented him by knocking all night long on his kettles.

"The doctor sought out the tinker, and asked him, without any preamble:

"'Why do you knock all night on your kettles?'

"'To prevent Nicholas from sleeping, to be sure,' replied the tinker.

"'How can Nicholas hear you when he lives a mile and a half from here?'

"'Oh,' answered the peasant, smiling in a malicious manner, 'I take care that he hears me.'

"M. Récamier insisted that the tinker should discontinue his knocking, and threatened him with prosecution if the sick man died. On the following night the wheelwright slept peacefully. Some days afterwards he resumed his occupations.

"In the observations accompanying the narration of this experience, Dr. Récamier attributed it to the power of the will, a force whose strength was not yet understood, and which had been spontaneously revealed to an ignorant peasant. The phenomenon, however, will not seem extraordinary to those who understand hypnotism."

General Noizet, one of the most earnest and most accurate of the authors who have written on magnetism, reports the following story.[1]

"About 1842 I was invited to spend an evening at the house of one of my old comrades, where some of the wonders of somnambulism were to be displayed. I accepted; it was the first time that I had been present at this kind of exhibition, which was, however, of common occurrence in the Paris *salons*, and I have not taken part in one since.

[1] *Mémoire sur le somnambulisme et le magnétisme animal*, adresse en 1820 à l'Académie de Berlin, et publié avec additions en 1854.

"I found there about forty persons, some of them adepts, who were more or less excited, and a great many unbelievers, foremost among whom was the master of the house. I had small expectations from the *séance*, and, in truth, the experiments in vision from a distance, reading concealed letters—all the miracles, in short—failed completely, and the number of striking facts which remained was not sufficient to soberly convince an assembly of such size, and one of such different sentiments.

"Talking with several persons in regard to this failure and its results, I observed to the master of the house that it was not by representations of this kind that one could convince one's self of the reality of these phenomena; that such experiments, if they were conducted in a large assembly of people who were strangers to one another, would imply, even if they were successful, some collusion or deception, and that in order to observe the experiments correctly it would be necessary to see them *tête-à-tête*, or in a very small company, where it was possible to examine them on all sides and to repeat them often.

"One of the persons present applauded my words. He said that he knew an excellent somnambulist, and proposed to us to make some experiments with her, in the presence of the master of the house only, and at the residence of a common friend. We accepted, and fixed a day not far distant.

"I arrived at my friend's house before the hypnotizer and his somnambulist, and I learned that among other extraordinary faculties which this somnambulist was supposed to possess was that of being able to tell what a person, with whom she was placed in communication, had done during the day. It happened by chance that I had that day made rather an unusual excursion. I had gone up to the roof of the Hotel des Invalides with the Duc de Montpensier, in order to show him the plan of the fortifications. I proposed to make use of myself as a trial of this faculty possessed by the somnambulist, and the proposition was accepted by my two friends.

"The somnambulist arrived and was put to sleep, after

which I put myself at once in connection with her, and inquired if she could tell what I had done during the day.

"After some insignificant details, obtained with difficulty, as to the disposal of my morning, I asked her where I had gone after luncheon. She answered, without hesitation, to the Tuileries, which could, however, easily have been simply for the purpose of a walk. I persisted, asking her where I had entered the Tuileries, and she answered, still correctly, by the entrance at the quay, near the Pont Royal. 'And what then?' 'You went into the *château.*' 'By which staircase? Was it the one in the middle?' 'No, it was by that in the corner near the entrance.' At this point she became puzzled about the staircases, and they are really very confusing, for there are several: the grand staircase in use at the *pavillon de Flore,* and the staircase to the king's apartments, with their various landing-places, and the steps leading from one to another. Then she took me into a large hall where there were officers. It was a waiting-room on the *rez-de-chaussée.* 'You were expected,' she said to me. 'And what then?' 'A tall young man came, who spoke with you.' 'Who was this young man?' 'I do not know him.' 'Look carefully.' 'Ah, it is the king's son.' 'Which one?' 'I do not know.' 'It is not at all difficult to tell; there are only two of the king's sons in Paris, the Duc de Nemours and the Duc de Montpensier; is it the Duc de Nemours?' 'I do not know.' I told her that it was the Duc de Montpensier. 'And after this?' 'You got into a carriage.' 'Alone?' 'No, with the prince.' 'How was I seated?' 'Backwards, on the left.' 'Were we alone in the carriage?' 'No, there was another large gentleman on the front seat.' 'Who was this gentleman?' 'I do not know.' 'Try.' After some reflection, she said, 'It was the king.' 'What!' I said to her, 'I on the back seat, and the king sat forwards; that does not seem likely.' 'I do not know, I do not know that gentleman.' 'Ah, well, it was the prince's *aide-de-camp.*' 'I do not know him.' 'Where did we go?' 'You followed the river.' 'And then?' 'You went into a large *château.*' 'What was that *château?*' 'I do not know; there were trees before coming to it.' 'Look at-

tentively; you ought to recognize it.' 'No, I do not know it.' I abandoned this question, and I said to her, in order to continue: 'You were in a large hall!' Then she gave me a description, from her imagination, of a hall where she saw stars shining on a white ground. Then she said to me: 'There were large tables there.' 'And what was on those tables?' 'Something which was not high, but was not entirely flat?' I could not induce her to tell me that they were plans in relief, things which, no doubt, she had never seen. 'What did we do then, at these tables?' 'You showed something. You got on a chair, and you pointed out something with a stick.' This remarkable item was perfectly correct. Then, after a great deal of hesitation, she said that we got into a carriage and drove away. I said to her then, 'Look backwards; you ought to recognize the place we came from.' 'Ah,' said she, as though astonished and a little confused, 'it is the Hôtel des Invalides.' She then added that the prince had left me at my own door, which was true.

"Although I was familiar with the phenomena of somnambulism, this scene struck me a great deal, and I can only attribute the species of divination displayed by the somnambulist to a faculty enabling her to read in my mind or in impressions still existing in my brain. This continues to be the only explanation I can give."

Here is a second experience reported by the same author.

XXIII. "About two years ago a somnambulist advised me to take baths of dry sulphuric vapor for the relief of pain, and directed me to an establishment in the *Rue de la Victoire*, as the only one in Paris where they were well conducted.

"This advice seemed to me reasonable, and I followed it.

"The master of the establishment was a great talker, and he was an old man of frank manners and appearance. He asked me one day who had recommended his baths to me. As I avoided answering, he said: 'Was it not Madame D.?' Thereupon I asked him if he knew that lady. He answered 'no,' but that he was very desirous of knowing her, and that he intended some day to go and see her, because she had

done him a service in a very extraordinary manner. Here is what he told me about the matter:

"Some one to whom he had been giving the baths for some time, said to him one day: 'Something very astonishing has just happened to me, which also relates to you. I sometimes go to consult a somnambulist in regard to my illness, and I returned there yesterday after a long absence. As soon as she recognized me she said: "You are getting very much better; what have you done to put yourself in such good condition ?" "Try to find out !" I said to her. "You have taken baths, but they were not ordinary baths; they were dry sulphur baths. Where did you go to take these baths ?" "Try to find out." "Ah, I know; it was on the other side of the boulevards. It is not in the *Rue de Provence,* but in the street beyond." "At what number ?" "Try once more." "It is at number 46, but the bathing-house is not in the same establishment; it is at the end of the third court, on the *rez-de-chaussée.*" All these details were perfectly exact.'

"I spoke of this fact to the somnambulist during her sleep, and she confirmed it, using, moreover, a tone of perfect indifference, and what astonished me in regard to her was that I knew she disliked, from habit, doubtless, to give her attention to anything except what concerned sick people. In the above case, she had read in the brain of the lady who consulted her."

Here is a still more curious fact reported by Dr. Bertrand:

XXXIV. "A hypnotizer who was very much imbued with mystical ideas had a subject who saw only angels and spirits of different kinds during sleep; these visions served to confirm the hypnotizer more and more in his religious belief. He always quoted the dreams of his subject in support of his system, and, consequently, another magnetizer of his acquaintance undertook to enlighten him by showing him that his subject had no visions except what he himself conveyed to her, because the form of delusion existed in his own mind. In order to prove this he undertook to make the same subject see a reunion of the *angels in paradise at table, and engaged in eating a turkey.*

"He put the subject to sleep, therefore, and at the end of some time he asked her if she did not see something extraordinary. The subject answered that she saw a great assembly of angels. 'And what are they doing?' said the hypnotizer. 'They are gathered around a table and they are eating.' The subject was not able, however, to tell what dish they had before them."

Aside from these remarkable facts, and from many others of the same kind, a great number of general observations concur in proving that the ideas, and more especially the opinions, of hypnotizers can be perceived by their subjects.

It has been observed, for instance, that all subjects who are put to sleep by the same person have the same ideas under hypnotic trances, and that those ideas are precisely those of their hypnotizer. Thus, when a hypnotizer, who is persuaded of the existence of a magnetic fluid, asks his subject if he feels the action of the fluid, the latter answers that he does feel it, and states in addition that he sees the hypnotizer surrounded by a luminous atmosphere, sometimes shining, sometimes azure, etc. On the other hand, subjects who are put to sleep by persons who do not admit the existence of any special fluid, assert that no magnetic fluid exists. Those who are put to sleep by superstitious men see demons and angels, who come to communicate with them and make them revelations, or bring them secrets. Somnambulists observed by the Swedenborgian Society of Stockholm believed themselves entirely inspired by spirits from another world, who for some time had inhabited human bodies. These ghosts spoke of what passed in paradise or in the infernal regions, and repeated a thousand stories, which filled those who listened to them with a holy admiration. Catholics, who believe in purgatory, see souls begging for masses and prayers, and converse with them by hypnotism and spiritualism. Protestants never do so.

There can be no doubt, then, as to the transmission of the ideas, and, above all, of the opinions, of hypnotizers. But it is very singular that hypnotizers, who have perfectly recognized the influence which their will exercises over these sub-

jects ever since the observation of artificial somnambulism began, should have been so long without discovering the phenomenon of the transmission of ideas. The ignorance which a great many of them still display on this subject is one of the causes which have thrown them into exaggeration and error, for while bestowing absolute confidence on their subjects, they interrogate th m in regard to all the systems which they themselves have invented, and as the answers of their subjects always agree with these systems, the most absurd opinions become certainty for them, and this results in their being further and further removed from the truth.

Sympathy has been admitted by every one at all periods. Nevertheless, the word is void of meaning for those who do not believe in the reciprocal and mysterious influence which two human beings can exert over each other. There are very few persons who have not had occasion to remark, in the course of their lives, on the questions of sympathy and affinity. Thought transmission, harmonious communication between brains and between souls, does exist. The psychic world is as real as the physical world, only it has been less studied up to the present time.

It may be that, as regards manifestations of psychic energy, we are in the condition of inferior animals who have not yet evolved an intelligence like ours. But what difficulty is there in admitting that this force, like all others, acts at a distance? The point which would be most curious and most inadmissible would be that this force if existent should not act at a distance; for that would be a unique paradox.

We have already said a hundre : times that it is strange presumption, not to say profound ignorance, to suppose that there exist around us in actual movement only those forces we are capable of perceiving. Our senses are evidently very gross, if we compare the sum of what they transmit to us with the probable mass of that which we are incapable of receiving. We know that there exist colors, sounds, electric currents, magnetic attractions, and repulsions whose existence we wholly fail to perceive; yet we are able to record

their action by means of delicate apparatus. Are we not justified by actual scientific data in considering all bodies which surround us as being in infinite and established relations with one another, in accordance with all forms of energy? And should we not regard ourselves as caught in an inextricable net, and pressed upon by all these reciprocal actions, calorific, electric, and attractive, to say nothing of other influences derived from forces which we do not understand—dynamic actions, of which the grossest manifestations only are apparent to us.

But we may say, with M. Héricourt, that the evolution of organisms pursues its course, and that there is no doubt that some beings already begin to be impressed by certain vibrations issuing from the midst of these whirlwinds of action and of reaction, to which we are insensible.

Again, this author says that the surprising phenomena of action at a distance, observed in hypnotized persons—that is to say, in persons who have undergone a sort of experimental disturbance of equilibrium, in which certain parts of the nervous system appear to have their sensibility increased at the expense of other parts—ought to guide us to an understanding of the meaning and nature of the phenomenon of telepathy. It is these phenomena which will no doubt act as the bridge between the science which is positive to-day and that which may be the science of to-morrow.

After all that has been said, it is no longer possible to doubt the fact of communication between brains (certainly not in special conditions). Thoughts, ideas, images, impressions can be transmitted. Brains are centres of radiation. It is sometimes said that "certain ideas are in the air," and the metaphor is a reality.

A certain number of investigators have tried to make exact experiments on thought transmission. Those of MM. Richet, Héricourt, Guthrie, Lodge, Schmoll, Desbeaux, W. M. Pickering, and others, can be found in their special publications, which extend as far back as the years 1883 and 1884. These establish that numbers have been guessed and designs reproduced sufficiently often to show the reality of the trans-

mission. In M. Richet's articles, for instance, 2997 experiments gave 789 successes and 732 probabilities. M. Maillier recorded the results of 17 series of experiments, the total number being 17,653; in these the successes were 4760, and these exceeded the number of probabilities by 347. In June, 1886, Miles Wingfield obtained 27 complete successes out of 400 experiments with figures, the probabilities being only 4. These experiments, although they are not conclusive, have their value. I know very well that thought transmission is played as an amusement by prestidigitators in *salons* and on the stage, and that there are simple and ingenious tricks for this purpose. I have more than once taken part with pleasure in the *séances* of the brothers Isola, De Cazeneuve, and their rivals. But we are here concerned with scientific experiments in which the experimenters have no intention of deceiving.

I will cite the following as an example:

My learned colleague and friend, Émile Desbeaux, the author of works which are both admired and esteemed, has made, among others, the curious experiments which are here quoted, the account of which he has himself transcribed:

XXXV. "On the 23d of May, 1891, I caused Monsieur G., professor in the physical sciences, to be seated in an obscure corner of the *salon*. Monsieur G. is a man to whom this kind of experiment was absolutely unknown. It was nine o'clock in the evening. Monsieur G. had his eyes bandaged and his face turned towards the wall.

"I placed myself about four yards from him, before a little table on which stood two lamps.

"FIRST EXPERIMENT

"Without any noise and without Monsieur G.'s knowledge I took up an object and I held it in the bright light. I concentrated my attention upon it. I willed that Monsieur G. should see that object.

"At the end of four and a half minutes Monsieur G. announced that he saw a *metallic dish*.

"Now the object was a *silver spoon*, a little coffee spoon,

the handle of which was concealed in my hand. I presented only the bowl, the shape of which was a slightly elongated oval.

"SECOND EXPERIMENT

"Monsieur G. saw a *shining rectangle.*

"I held up a *silver snuff-box.*

"THIRD EXPERIMENT

"Monsieur G. saw a *triangle.*

"I had drawn a *triangle* in bold strokes on a card.

"FOURTH EXPERIMENT

"Monsieur G. saw a square *with shiny corners* and *bright dots.* Sometimes he saw two dots only, sometimes he saw several.

"I held up an object whose presence in my house was very little likely to be suspected. It was a large domino in white card-board. The light shone brightly on its *edges,* and gave to the spots engraved below the brilliant reflection of black dots.

"FIFTH EXPERIMENT

"Monsieur G. saw a transparent object with shining lines forming an oval at the bottom.

"I held a crystal beer-glass with something engraved on the bottom, which was oval.

"These five experiments, made under excellent conditions as regards control and sincerity, may be regarded, I think, as successful."

It is also of interest in this connection to reproduce some of the drawings obtained by my friend, A. Schmoll, one of the founders of the Astronomical Society of France.

XXXVI. He experimented with several persons, who in their turn experimented upon others. The problem was to guess and to draw some object which the author of the experiment had in his thoughts, and which he himself drew out of sight of the subject, who was in the same room, with his back turned and his eyes bandaged. I give here a simple reproduction of some of these experiments which have

been most successful. The minimum length of time was thirteen minutes. Out of one hundred and twenty-one experiments thirty failed, twenty-two succeeded, sixty-nine gave results more or less successful.

All these investigations show that the mind can perceive and comprehend without the aid of material vision.

This theory of psychic currents, which are capable of transmitting cerebral impressions and even thought to other brains at a distance, explains a great number of the facts observed which have hitherto been inexplicable. For example, you have before you at the theatre, or at a musical *soirée*, fifty to a hundred more or less attentive women. Fix your eyes and your thoughts on one of them, project your will with insistence, and not many minutes will pass before she will turn and look at you. This coincidence is attributed to chance, and very often correctly, but not always ; the success of it depends on the operator and on the subject. Other examples which may be cited are an irregular correspondence with a sympathetic person, when it is not uncommon for letters to cross each other, because of mutual thought occurring at the same time and with the same intention. You are at table, you talk, you put a question, you make a reflection: "I am going to say thus and so," and your wife, or your husband, or your sister, or your mother, who has had the same idea at the same moment, answers your thought. You are passing along the street, and you say to yourself: "Suppose I should meet M. So-and-So." A moment afterwards this very person passes you ; you had felt his approach. Again, you think you recognize one person in another, and five minutes afterwards you meet that very person. You speak of some one, and he appears ; hence the proverb: "*Quand on parle du loup.*" Numerous examples of this kind have just been given. Up to the present time all these coincidences have been attributed to chance, a stupid, vulgar, commonplace explanation, which did away with all reason for investigation.

Some cases of *mind-reading* occur, which are not due to mental suggestion. Attentive readers will have already re-

marked several of these in this chapter. Here is a very curious example of this kind, observed in a child by Dr. Quintard, and communicated by that scientist, together with guaranties of its authenticity[1] to the Society of Medicine at Angers:

XXXVII. "Ludovic X. is a child of rather less than seven years of age, quick, bright, robust, and in excellent health. He is absolutely free from any nervous defect; and his parents are equally free from suspicion, from a neuropathological point of view. They are people of calm temperament, who know nothing of the excesses of life.

"At the age of five years, however, this child appeared to follow in the steps of the celebrated Inaudi. His mother wished at this time to teach him the multiplication-table, and she perceived, not without surprise, that he recited it as well as she did. Soon the little boy, getting excited by the amusement, began to make multiplications with a formidable multiplier, out of his own head. Indeed, they had only to read him a problem, taken by chance out of a collection, and he would give the solution at once. For example, this:

"'If twenty-five francs fifty centimes were put in my pocket, I should have three times what I have now, less five francs forty centimes. What is the amount that I have?'

"Hardly was the statement finished than the child, without even taking time to reflect, answered that it would be exactly fifteen francs forty-five centimes. They then took this other problem from among the more difficult ones at the end of the book:

"'The diameter of the earth equals 6366 kilometres; find the distance of the earth from the sun, knowing that it equals 24,000 terrestrial diameters. Express this distance in leagues.'

"The child gave without hesitation, in his little, chattering voice, the required solution, 38,196,000 leagues.

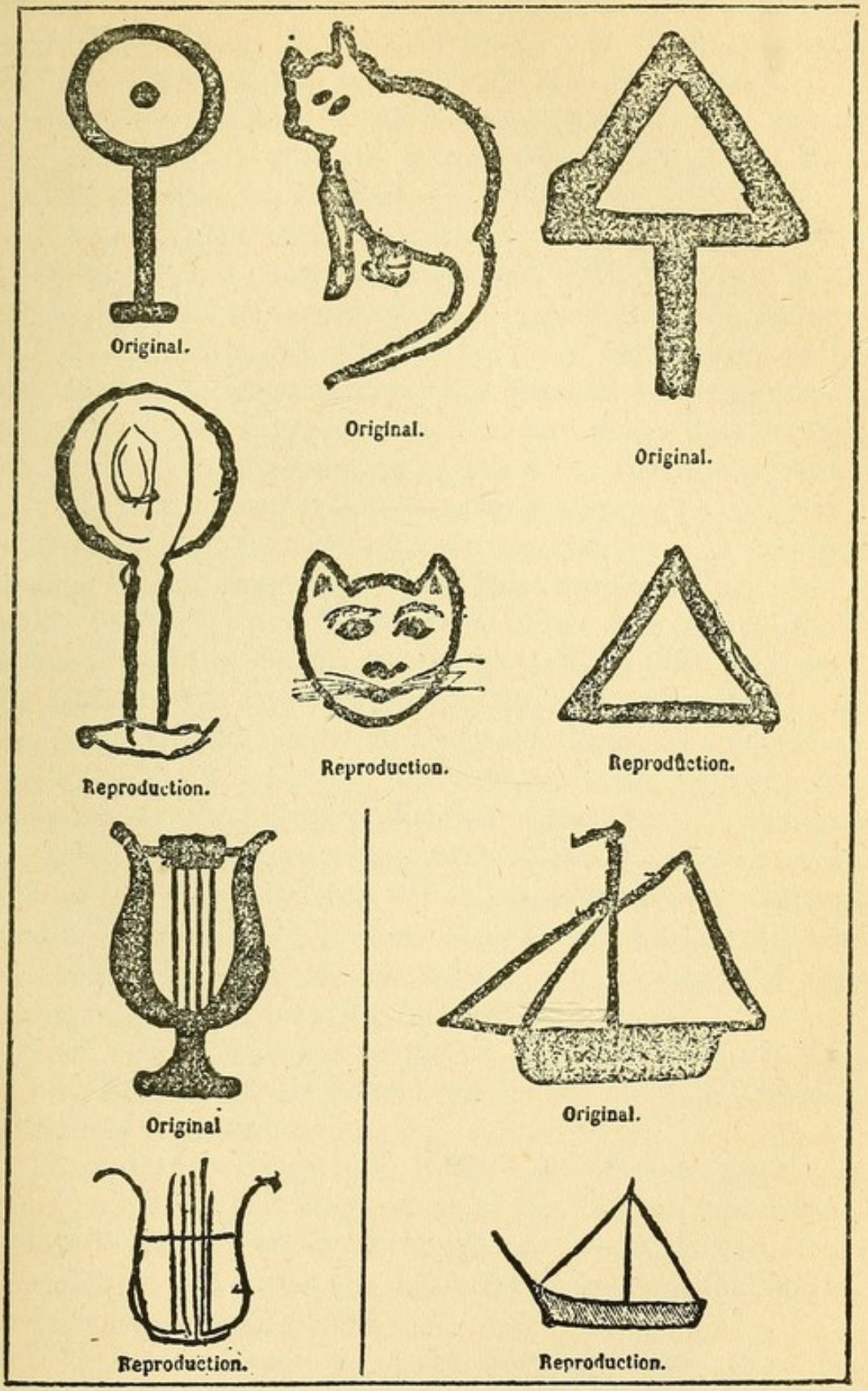
"This child's father, being otherwise occupied, gave at

[1] *Annales des sciences psychiques*, 1894, p. 325.

first only partial attention to his son's achievements. At length, however, his interest became aroused, and as he is something of an observer, at least by profession, he was not long in remarking: First, that the child paid very little attention, and sometimes none at all, to the reading of the problem. Second, that his mother, whose presence was an indispensable condition to the success of the experiment, must always have under her eyes or in her thoughts the solution asked for. From this the father concluded that his son did not *calculate* at all, but *divined*, or, in other words, he practised the art of *thought reading* on his mother, and the father resolved to certify himself in regard to this. Therefore he begged Madame X. to open a dictionary, and ask her son what page she had under her eyes, and the boy answered at once, 'It is page 456.' This was correct. The experiment was repeated ten times, and ten times they obtained a similar result.

"The child, who was a mathematician, had now become a sorcerer! But his remarkable faculty of double vision was not exercised on numbers alone. If Madame X. marked with her nail any word whatever in a book, the child when questioned would name the word underlined. If a phrase was written in a note-book, however long it might be, it was sufficient for it to have passed under the maternal eyes for the child to repeat the phrase word for word when asked to do so even by a stranger; and he displayed no appearance of suspecting that he had accomplished a *tour de force*. Nor was it even necessary that the phrase, the number, or the word should be put on paper; for the son to succeed in his mind reading, it was sufficient that anything should be fixed in his mother's thought.

"But the little boy's greatest triumph was in his displays in society. He guessed all the cards in a game, one after another. He designated without hesitation whatever object was hidden, without his knowledge, in a drawer. If he was asked what were the contents of a purse, he would give them, even to the dates on the pieces of money contained in it. But where the child was particularly amusing was in his




ATTEMPTS AT REPRODUCTION OF DRAWINGS BY MENTAL TRANSMISSION

translation of foreign languages; he gave every appearance of understanding English, Spanish, and Greek perfectly. At last a friend of the family asked him the meaning of the Latin phrase: '*Lupus currebat sine pedibus siuis.*' The little boy translated it to the general satisfaction. The name of *little prodigy* was in everybody's mouth."

It will be seen that there are a great many distinctions to be observed in these investigations. Mind reading in this last experiment was done without suggestion. The phenomena of suggestion are produced by the penetration of the idea of the experimenter into the brain of the subject. In order to obtain suggestion in the case which now occupies us, it would be necessary to establish in the mother a certain psychic concentration, a certain amount of *will-power*, indispensable to the success of the experiment. The thought reading in this case was frequently accomplished against her will. In short, there is always another side to the shield. When this child was old enough to learn to read in earnest, his mother, who had undertaken the task of teaching him, observed with annoyance that her son made no progress under her tuition. He did not exercise either judgment or memory, because he comprehended everything. A thousand ingenious devices were required to achieve the desired object.

While I was studying these experiments on thought transmission with the greatest care, I received the following letter from a reader of the *Annales*, which proves to absolutely justify the preceding reflections:

XXXVIII. "Will you permit an assiduous reader to bring to your knowledge an interesting fact in telepathy which I have recently witnessed.

"Last month (December, 1898) I attended an aged lady, who was in the last stage of an acute illness. She became weaker from day to day, although her mental faculties were unimpaired, and it was the day before her death that the following phenomenon occurred.

"I had seen my patient in the morning. She talked reasonably, and her mental faculties were not in the least enfeebled.

"Towards one o'clock that day I met a friend with whom I spoke of different things. Suddenly this friend said to me:

"'I am looking for a house to rent for the spring. Can you give me any information on the subject?'

"'No, indeed,' I answered. 'You who are a master-mason ought to be better informed than I in such a matter.'

"At this moment we were entirely alone, and no one could have overheard our conversation.

"'The house which Madame P. (my patient) lives in,' continued my friend, 'pleases me very much. What do you think of her condition? They say it is very bad. Can she live long?'

"'It is impossible to say,' I answered, evasively. 'In any case, she has a lease, which reverts to her heirs in case of her decease.'

"'At all events I will wait a few days and then I will see the owner.'

"Our conversation ceased here. No more was said in regard to the patient or to the house, and I know that my friend did not speak to any one of his plans during the course of the day.

"Now, on my evening visit to Madame P. the sick-nurse said to me:

"'Doctor, our patient wanders, or, at least, she did wander towards mid-day. She asked me if any one had come to see the house with the intention of renting it. 'For,' she said to me several times, 'I have a lease; what could they want of me?'

"'And this was all?'

"'I understood absolutely nothing about it,' added the nurse.

"Neither the maid nor any one around the sick woman had any knowledge of my friend's plans; therefore the sick woman herself could not have known them, nor have received any intuition in regard to them through the exterior world.

"I was convinced, and I remain so still, that Madame P. became aware by telepathic communication alone of our conversation in the morning. The time at which she 'wandered'

was the same at which I talked with my friend. It was the only 'wandering' which she displayed, and she died on the evening of the next day, before any one could have had any knowledge of my friend's plans for his location.

"This happened on the 13th of December last.

"I noted the fact as interesting in itself. On reading, this evening, your article in the last number of the *Annales*, I thought that it might interest you. For this reason I have taken the liberty to communicate it to you at once.

"DR. Z.

"P.S.—It is to *you* personally that I send this document. In case you should intend to publish it, I shall be obliged if you will withhold my name."

Here is another fact that has been observed, which greatly resembles the preceding:

XXXIX. "In April, 1874, at Beaumont-la-Ferrière (Nièvre), I gave my attention, together with my wife, to my mother, Madame Fonpuray, who was seventy-two years old. My wife and I passed every night in my mother's chamber, and in the morning we went into our own, during the time necessary for us to make our toilettes, but we returned as soon as possible to my mother, who was cared for in the meantime by her maid.

"The house in which we lived was very large, and the two rooms of which I speak were both situated on the first story, but at opposite ends of the house, and separated from each other by *four chambers and a large hall,* enclosing the opening for the staircase.

"One morning my mother was dying and we did not wish to leave her, but she insisted that we should go at once into our own room. Both my wife and I were very much moved, and we spoke of my mother's impending death, and of the relatives whom we had already lost, among the number being one of my brothers, a captain of artillery, who had died two years previously.

"I had no material and tangible thing once belonging to this brother. My mother had collected different objects

belonging to him, his epaulettes, his cross of the Legion of Honor, his sabre, and so forth; and among other things was a whip belonging to the period when he had been at the École Polytechnique, or at Metz. It had a large silver handle with a coat-of-arms in relief.

"I had for a long time wished to possess this whip, but I had never dared to ask it of my mother, knowing how she clung to the relics of her dead son. I spoke of it to my wife, who dissuaded me from saying anything about it to my mother.

"There were no witnesses to this conversation. The door of our room was closed, and that of my mother's room as well. I have mentioned the distance separating our chambers, and I will add that my mother was dying in her bed, in a dropsical condition and incapable of movement. Neither she nor any one else could have heard us, and it was impossible that any one should have carried to her the remarks that were exchanged between my wife and myself.

"We returned to her room, and, opening the door, we found my mother in her bed as we had left her, almost in the last agony. Before I had had time to ask her how she was, she said to me in a feeble voice: 'Louis, you wish for your brother's whip; I give it to you. It is put away in the lowest drawer of my bureau. Take it; it will be for you a double souvenir of your brother, who valued it highly, and of your mother who is about to die.'

"She made the sign of the cross, and gave her last sigh.

"This is the occurrence of which I was, as you will easily believe, a deeply moved spectator.

"I send it you, affirming its absolute varacity; make what use of it you see fit. My wife, who was a witness of the occurrence, signs this letter with me, in order to certify to its correctness. FONPURAY.

"Château de Malpeyre, near Brioude (Haute-Loire).

"I was witness of everything that my husband has related to you above. C. FONPURAY."

Letter 38.

Mr. Cromwell Varley, the eminent electrician and inventor

of the transatlantic cable between England and the United States, relates the following fact,[1] bearing on mental communication:

XL. "While doing some work on pottery I inhaled the vapor of hydrofluoric acid, which resulted in spasms of the glottis. I was seriously affected, and it often happened that I was awakened by a spasmodic attack. I had been advised to keep sulphuric ether always on hand, in order to obtain prompt relief by inhaling the fumes. I had recourse to it six or eight times; but its odor was so unpleasant to me that I ended by making use of chloroform, which I placed beside my bed, and when it was necessary for me to use it I leaned over in such a position that as soon as it produced insensibility I would fall backward and let the sponge drop. One night, however, I fell back on my bed, still holding the sponge, which remained applied to my mouth.

"Mrs. Varley, who was nursing a sick child, was in the room above mine. At the end of some seconds I became conscious again. I saw my wife above, and myself lying on my back with the sponge over my mouth, with an absolute inability to make any movement whatever. By force of my will I conveyed into her mind the vivid idea that I was in danger. She rose under the impulse of a sudden alarm, came down, and hastened to remove the sponge. I was saved."

I should offer some excuse for having mutiplied these observations to such an extent, were it not that we are concerned with a demonstration so novel, so much discussed, and so important. They all prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, the reality of the psychic action of one mind upon another.

Sometimes this psychic transmission goes so far as to produce material physical sensations.

Here, for instance, is a very curious case, reported in the work, *Telepathic Hallucinations* (p. 325), from which we have already borrowed so much. It occurred to Mrs. Severn, at Brantwood, England.

[1] *Report on Spiritualism*, 1870, translated into French in 1899, Paris, Librarie Leymaire.

XLI. "I suddenly woke up," she writes. "I felt that I had received a violent blow on the mouth. I had a distinct sensation that I had been struck, and that I had bled from the upper lip.

"Sitting up in bed, I seized my handkerchief, I tore it up, and I pressed it like a tampon against the injured place. Some moments afterwards, on removing it, I was astonished not to see any trace of blood. Only then did I realize that it was absolutely impossible that anything could have struck me, for I was in my bed, and I had been sleeping profoundly. Then I thought simply that I had dreamed. But I looked at my watch, and, seeing that it was seven o'clock, and that Arthur (my husband) was not in the room, I concluded that he had gone out for an early boating-party on the lake, as it was fine weather.

"Then I went to sleep again. We breakfasted at half-past nine. He came in late, and I remarked that he sat down a little farther off from me than usual, and that from time to time he put his handkerchief to his lips.

"'Arthur,' I said to him, 'why do you do that?' And I added, being a little uneasy: 'I know that you are hurt, but I will tell you afterwards how I know it.'

"'Well,' he said, 'I was in the boat very early. A puff of wind came unexpectedly, and the tiller swung round and hit me on the mouth. I received a violent blow on my upper lip. It bled a great deal, and I could not stanch the bleeding.'

"'Have you any idea what time it was when that happened to you?'

"'It must have been about seven o'clock,' he answered.

"I told him then what had happened to me. He was very much surprised at it, as well as all those who were at breakfast with us. This happened at Brantwood, about three years ago. JANE SEVERN."

In answer to some questions, Mrs. Severn wrote:

"It is absolutely certain that I was entirely awake, since I put my handkerchief to my mouth, and I pressed it to my

upper lip for some time in order to see whether it was bleeding. I was very much astonished to find it was not. Soon afterwards I went to sleep again. I believe that when I got up an hour later I still felt a very vivid impression, and while I was dressing I looked at my lip to see if it bore any mark."

Here is Mr. Severn's[1] narrative as well:

"BRANTWOOD-CONISTON, *November* 15, 1883.

"One beautiful summer morning I rose early, intending to go on a boating excursion on the lake. I do not know if my wife heard me when I left the room.

"When I went down to the water I found it tranquil as a mirror, and I remember that I felt a kind of regret at troubling the charming mirage of the opposite shore, which was reflected in the lake. Nevertheless, I soon launched my boat, and as there was no wind, I contented myself with hoisting the sails in order to dry them, and with putting the boat in order. A slight breeze soon sprang up, which enabled me to go nearly a league beyond Brantwood. Then the wind rose. I trimmed my boat to meet the squall as well as possible, but from some cause or other the wind struck it abaft, and I thought it was going to upset with me.

"In order to avoid the yard I lowered my head beside the tiller, but the yard struck me on the mouth and cut my lip deeply. In spite of this I soon succeeded in getting the yard into its place, and as I had a good breeze I got back to Brantwood quickly. After having made fast my boat at the pier, I went towards the house, endeavoring to conceal what had happened to my mouth as much as possible. I took a fresh handkerchief. I went into the dining-room, and I attempted to talk of something else in connection with my morning outing. In a moment my wife said:

"'Have you hurt your mouth?'

"I explained then what had happened to me, and was very much surprised at the extraordinary interest which her face

[1] The well-known artist.

displayed. I was still more astonished when she told me that she had waked up suddenly, thinking that she had received a blow upon the mouth. This had happened to her at a few minutes after seven. It must have been just about that time that the accident really took place.

"ARTHUR SEVERN."

We might continue to multiply these examples indefinitely. But it seems to us that our readers must be completely convinced of the certainty of the transmission of thoughts, of impressions, and of sensations.

The correlation of forces and their mutual transformation aid us to understand cases of physical impression analogous to the preceding.

We shall assume, then, that the action of one mind upon another, whether by thought transmission or mental suggestion, has been proved, even though the fact be contested by a large number of scientists, even specialists. Dr. Bottey, for instance, affirms that "the pretended transmission of thought and of double vision cannot possibly exist, and that it is only *jugglery, exploited by the hypnotizers.*"[1] It seems to us that the circulation of false money does not prevent good money from existing.

A large number of scientists profess the same disbelief for psychic transmission, especially in England, where Sir William Thompson (Lord Kelvin) and Tyndall have made themselves conspicuous by the profound contempt which they have evinced for this kind of investigation.

The French astronomer, Laplace, gave evidence of a very superior mind when he wrote:[2]

"The singular phenomena which arise from extreme nervous sensibility in some individuals have given rise to diverse opinions as to the existence of a new agent, which is called animal magnetism. It must be remembered that the cause of this action is very feeble, and perhaps easily disturbed by

[1] *Le magnetisme animal*, 1884, *avant-proepos* et p. 266.
[2] *Essai philosophique sur le probabilités*, 1814, p. 110.

a great number of accidental circumstances; also that because there are some cases in which it does not manifest itself it should not be concluded that it never exists. We are still so far from understanding all the agents in nature, and their different modes of action, that it would display very little of the spirit of philosophy to deny the existence of phenomena only because they are inexplicable in the actual conditions of our knowledge."

These are words to be considered by those who are tempted to pronounce the word *impossible* in this connection; and others who are chiefly afraid of ridicule, they at least counsel prudence in criticism.

It is an accepted fact in physics that ether, that imponderable fluid by which all space is supposed to be filled, extends through all solid bodies, and that even in the densest minerals the atoms do not touch each other, but float, so to speak, in ether.

This fluid transmits, across immensity, the undulatory movements produced in its own bosom by the luminous vibrations of the stars; it transmits light, heat, and attraction from considerable distances.

Is it in any way inadmissible that this ether, which is known to penetrate our brains in vibrations, should also transmit currents from a distance which enter our brains and establish a true exchange of sympathies and ideas between sentient beings; between the inhabitants of the same world, or even it may be across space, between earth and heaven?

It is possible to conceive that, in certain cases, in certain conditions, a vibratory movement, a radiation, a current of greater or less intensity, issues from a spot in the brain, and proceeding to strike another brain, communicates to it a sudden stimulus which manifests itself in a sensation of hearing or of vision. The nerves are set in motion, sometimes in one fashion, sometimes in another. One person believes that he sees the beloved being in whose brain the disturbance originated; another believes that he hears him; or again, the cerebral stimulus manifests itself in the illusion of a noise, or of a movement of objects. But all these

impressions in the brain of the subject pass like a dream. In the normal state, it must be remembered, we only perceive things by some cerebral excitement which is obscurely accomplished in the interior of our brains.

Is the material brain which is localized in the skull an organ from which radiations emanate, a focus which affects the space around it as a clock does in its vibrations, or after the manner of a centre of light or heat, and does it emit physical waves analogous to those of light? or is the mind a focus of another and more ethereal kind of a psychic nature which emits invisible radiations of great power and is able to transport them to great distances? The existence of a radiation proceeding from sentient beings seems necessary to explain observed facts whether that radiation proceeds from the mind or from the brain. Is it accomplised by spheric waves? Does it project itself in rectilinear streams? Is electricity involved in the action? (It certainly exists in the human organism. I have had proofs of it a hundred times.) We can as yet only propose such questions. But the actual FACT of the action of the soul at a distance is now demonstrated, and I beg my readers *not to misrepresent anything that I have written.* I have brought forward all these explanatory hypotheses simply as questions. A hundred years ago the theory of emission was accepted and approved by science; to-day it has been abandoned for that of undulations of ether. But we have no proof that the latter explains everything, particularly as regards facts of a psychic kind. The existence of a thing can be admitted without a necessity for its explanation. For example, you receive a violent blow; you turn around, and you see no one; none the less have you received an inexplicable blow, and you are obliged to admit the fact. The importance, the essential value of this book is to prove that *these facts exist;* that side by side with the visible and known world there is an order of things invisible and unknown, and that this unknown is worthy of investigation.

*The action of one human being upon another, from a distance, is a scientific fact; it is as certain as the existence of Paris, of Napoleon, of oxygen, or of Sirius.*

The researches undertaken in our work stop here, and if they only served to establish the above fact, they would be of the highest importance, and we should not regret having undertaken them. But they have led to other discoveries not less audacious, not less surprising, and not less certain.

The occult scientists teach that man is composed of three parts: the soul, the astral body, and the physical body, and explain certain manifestations by saying that the astral body of the dying person escapes, and is transported to the person receiving the impression.

This explanation does not seem to us satisfactory, because of the diversity of the impressions. Some have been warned of death by the vision of a cat, or a dog, or a bird; by the fictitious opening or closing of a shutter, of a window, of a door; by knocks struck on a bed, by steps heard, by apparitions of beings always clothed, by demands for prayers when the dead wished to be delivered from purgatory. These are evidently personal impressions, produced by a telepathic cause, and not manifestations of an astral body which had transported itself.

It is sometimes stated in *séances*, as an axiomatic principle, that an hypothesis should explain everything; but this is an error. An hypothesis may explain certain facts and not explain others.

That is what happens here. But we do not the less admit the psychic action of one mind upon another from a distance, and without the senses as an intermediary, because this action does not explain everything.

It explains the impressions of the brain and the fictitious appearances. It does not explain the real movement of objects.

A theory which would account for a great number of the impressions already related would be as follows:

A dying person originates, either by a direct effort of will or without it (this is a question for investigation), a movement in the ether, which proceeding onward strikes a brain in synchronous vibration, and determines an impression in that part of it where the optic and auditory nerves arise;

this impression will vary according to the exact condition of that particular region in the percipient.

For instance (letter 610, p. 151), a child who had a passion for birds heard the cry of a bird so plainly that it caused him to look for a bird. The next day information was received of the death of a relative.

But we do not pretend to discover all at once under what form transmission operates. The most reasonable hypothesis seems to be that of spheric undulatory vibrations of ether; this does not suffice for the explanation of all cases. In the case of hypnotic mental transmission a form of thought projection appears to be involved which may be compared to the call of a silent voice. It is known that if a call or a cry be directed in the same way, distinctly towards a definite direction, the sound caused by it is transmitted by spheric undulations across the atmosphere, just as light is across space. Is it not possible that there exists an even more complete projection of mind, a kind of exteriorization of force which escapes from the being about to die, and influences the friend towards whom it is directed? It even seems that sometimes "the phantom" created in the sub-conscious state of the subject—the cause of the effect transmitted—brings with it some material elements of the organism.[1] A projection of psychic force can transform itself into physical, electrical, and mechanical effects. Modern investigation has established with certainty the correlation of energy, and its mental transformations. Are not motion and heat daily transformed into energy? When Cremieux was shot, and made Clovis Hugues hear knocks struck on his table, it is possible that there was no cerebral influence, but a real production of knocks. It is not possible that these results are always imaginary and subjective. The impressions produced upon animals, a piano which plays all alone, a china service thrown to the ground—collective sensations (see notes on pp. 147 and 180) indicate objective realities. It does not seem to us, however, that the elements of this problem are at present sufficiently under-

[1] E. Gyrl, *L'être subsconscient*, pp. 88 et 152.

stood to authorize a definite conclusion ; all the more because it seems probable that very often the dying person has not thought at all of the one who has been made telepathically aware of his death.

It may be that mind, force, matter are all different manifestations of one and the same entity, an entity which our senses do not perceive. Perhaps there exists a single principle belonging to intelligence, force, and matter, embracing all that is actual and all that is potential—a first cause and a final cause, the differentiations of which are only different forms of movement. At this point let us remark in passing that if thought is not to be scientifically considered as a sensation of matter, but as a form of movement of a universal principle, it is no longer logical to maintain that death of the organism results in destruction of the intelligence.

Dying manifestations do not, of course, represent a general experience, a law of nature, a function of life or of death. They appear exceptionally, without known cause, and without apparent reason. The proportion of them is perhaps not more than one in a thousand deaths. With this proportion there would be about fifty dying manifestations in Paris a year. Are there even this number ?

Is not the manifestation of atmospherical electricity by strokes of lightning of more frequent occurrence ?

These communications are in no way the result of the intelligence, nor the knowledge, nor the moral worth of either the person who dies or the person who receives the manifestation. Obvious laws are no more distinguishable in them than they are in the effects of lightning. A stroke of electricity strikes a living being or an inanimate object in consequence of a momentary connection, the causes of which are hidden from science.

These various psychic discoveries, however, put us on the track of a class of subjects which are worthy of all our attention. Le Verrier often expressed to me the opinion that the most interesting and most important things in science are the anomalies, the exceptions.

We may say with Ch. du Prel that as long as progress is

possible there will be inexplicable phenomena, and that the more these phenomena appear to us impossible, the more is their nature adapted to carrying us forward in a knowledge of the enigma of the universe.

We will add, with the authors of the *Phantasms of the Living*, that there seems to be a complete divorce between the scientific opinions of cultivated men and their beliefs. The old religious orthodoxy was too narrow to contain man's science; the new materialistic orthodoxy is too narrow to contain his aspirations and his feelings. The time has come to raise ourselves above the materialistic point of view, and to attain conceptions which will permit us to regard these subtle communications between mind and mind as possible; even more, the communication between visible things and those invisible, which have from all time inspired literature and art:

> Star to star vibrates light; may soul to soul
> Strike thro' some finer element of her own?

This question of Tennyson's has been unconsciously answered in all ages, by the lover, by the poet, by all those who are enthusiastic in a generous cause. To some of us, as to Goethe, in certain hours of passion, this subtle communication becomes apparent with luminous clearness. With others, as with Bacon, this conviction is slowly formed along lines revealed by the daily study of mankind. But now, for the first time, we know that these silent messages really issue forth; that these impressions spread out and communicate themselves.

We say that this force is of a *psychic* order, and not physical, or physiological, or chemical, or mechanical, because it produces and transmits ideas and thoughts, and because it manifests itself without the co-operation of our senses, soul to soul, mind to mind.

There can be no doubt that our psychic force creates a movement of the ether, which transmits itself afar like all movements of the ether, and becomes perceptible to brains in harmony with our own. The transformation of a psychic

action into an ethereal movement, and the reverse, may be analogous to what takes place on the telephone, where the receptive plate, which is identical with the plate at the other end, reconstructs the sonorous movement transmitted, not by means of sound, but by electricity. But these are only comparisons.

The action of one mind upon another at a distance, above all, under circumstances so solemn as those of death, and of sudden death in particular, the transmission of thought, mental suggestion, communication at a distance, all these are not more extraordinary than the action of the magnet on iron, the influence of the moon on the sea, the transportation of the human voice by electricity, the revolution of the chemical constituents of a star by the analysis of its light, or, indeed, all the wonders of contemporary science. Only these psychic transmissions are of a more elevated kind, and may serve to put us on the track of a knowledge of human nature.

The gradual progress of our inquiry will probably lead us to the admission that there are real, objective, substantial apparitions, reproductions of the living, and perhaps even of manifestations of the dead. But we will not anticipate.

What is certain is:

THAT TELEPATHY CAN AND OUGHT TO BE HENCEFORTH CONSIDERED BY SCIENCES AS AN INCONTESTABLE REALITY.

MINDS ARE ABLE TO ACT UPON EACH OTHER WITHOUT THE INTERVENTION OF THE SENSES.

PSYCHIC FORCE EXISTS. ITS NATURE IS YET UNKNOWN.

## CHAPTER VII

THE WORLD OF DREAMS.—INFINITE VARIETY OF DREAMS.—CEREBRAL PHYSIOLOGY.—PSYCHIC DREAMS: MANIFESTATIONS OF THE DYING EXPERIENCED DURING SLEEP.—TELEPATHY IN DREAMS

THE psychic phenomena which we have just discussed may occur during sleep as well as in the waking state. The question of sleep and of dreams has been already studied it is true, by a number of acute observers,[1] but it must be admitted that these studies are still very insufficiently explained. Sleep is not an exceptional condition in our lives; on the contrary, it is a normal function of our organic life, of which it occupies, in general terms, a third part. A man or a woman who has lived to sixty years of age has slept about twenty of them. There can be no doubt that the hours passed in sleep are hours of repose, of repair of the vital powers, of tranquillity both for the brain and for the limbs; but they are not dead hours. Our intellectual faculties remain in activity, with this essential and vital difference, that it is our *unconscious* self which is now in action, and not the conscious reasoning powers of the waking state.

If any subject is constantly in our thoughts, that subject

[1] Specially to be consulted: Leubet et Gratiolet, *Anatomie comparée du système nerveux* Paris, 1839–1857; Baillarger, *Des Hallucinations*, Paris, 1852; Macario, *Du Sommeil des rêves et du Somnambulisme*, Paris, 1857; Lélut, *Physiologie de la pensée*, Paris, 1862; Alfred Maury, *Le Sommeil et les rêves*, Paris, 1862; Liébault, *Du Sommeil et des états analogues*, Paris, 1866; Hervey, *Les Rêves et les moyens de les diriger*, Paris, 1867; Max Simon, *Le Monde des rêves*, Paris, 1888; Vaschide, C. R., *Acad. des sciences*, 1899, II., p. 183; F. W. H. Myers, "De la conscience subliminale," *Annales des science psychiques*, 1899.

occurs frequently in our dreams. Life is reflected in dreams. Those persons whose ideas are strong, and whose thoughts are powerful, have intense dreams ; those who think very little dream lightly. There are as many dreams as there are ideas, and all the attempts at classification of them have been vain and illusory.

We do not always remember dreams. In order to seize a dream as it passes, it is necessary to be very suddenly awakened, and to retain a vivid impression of it, for nothing is more easily destroyed than the recollection of a dream. It is generally the affair of a second or two, and unless it is immediately grasped, it vanishes—like a dream. A large number of writers assert that dreams only occur in the morning, just before awakening, or in the evening, before going to sleep.

This is an error. It is only necessary to wake up—either spontaneously or in response to something without—at any hour of the night to prove that we are always dreaming, or almost always. But we do not always remember ; indeed, we do not often remember, any more than we remember three-fourths of the thoughts which have crossed our brain during the day.

In general, we dream of things with which we are occupied, or persons whom we know. Still, there are curious exceptions to this, and sometimes thoughts, which have been most intense during the day, are not retained during the following sleep. The cerebral cells concerned with them have become exhausted, and are in repose ; and this is often very fortunate. On the other hand, time and space are annihilated in dreams. The events of several hours, or even of several days, can be unrolled in a second. You can retrace a great number of years, and find yourself again in your infancy, with persons long since dead, without these remote recollections appearing to be weakened. You meet persons of another age, without astonishment, in dreams. It is also possible to dream of things which never happened, and, moreover, are impossible. Absurd and ludicrous images of the most incongruous and incoherent character are associated

together without the slightest probability or the slightest reason.

Dreams are influenced by a thousand different causes, outside of the mind itself. Difficulty of digestion, disturbance of respiration, the position of the body, a rustling of the sheet or of the night-dress, a covering which is too heavy, a chill, a noise, a light, an odor, the touch of a hand, hunger, thirst, general repletion, all have an effect on dreams.

In this connection may be mentioned a common hypnotic hallucination: namely, that of falling down a hole, sliding down a staircase, slipping to the bottom of a precipice. It occurs generally, just after sleep has begun, at the moment when the limbs become completely relaxed, and, as it seems to me, the centre of gravity of the body is entirely changed. It is, no doubt, this sudden displacement of our centre of gravity which gives rise to this kind of dream. When we consider the question of *Time* we shall have occasion to return to the astonishing rapidity of dreams.

Our attitudes in sleep tend to a passive equilibrium. All the activities of the senses fade away by degrees, and oblivion of the external world arrives by insensible transitions, as if the soul slowly withdrew itself into its innermost recesses. The eyelids close, and the eye is soonest asleep. The sense of touch loses its faculties of perception, and then it also sleeps. The sense of smell disappears in its turn. Hearing is the last to disappear, remaining like a vigilant sentinel to warn us in case of danger, but at length it also fades away. Then sleep is complete, and the world of dreams opens itself before our thoughts with all its infinite diversity.

About my twentieth year (nineteen to twenty-three) I amused myself by observing my dreams and writing them down, upon my awakening, with commentaries which offered some explanation of them. Since that time I have continued to take notes on the subject, but only rarely. I have just looked over this register, which is very voluminous; it is entitled Ὄνειροι, and is written, for amusement, I suppose, sometimes in Greek and sometimes in Latin. Its sub-titles

were Γνῶθι σαυτόν and Ἐμπερία. I have formed from it some conclusions, which are not without interest.

I will extract from this unpublished register some dreams and some reflections which seem to me entirely in place here:

"I had left the Observatory in Paris, in consequence of some difference of opinion with its director, Le Verrier, and I was in charge of the calculations relating to the future positions of the moon at the Bureau des Longitudes. I dreamed that I was at the Palais Royal, in the Orleans gallery, at the publisher Ledoyen's, and that M. Le Verrier entered and bought my first book, *La Pluralité des Mondes habités.*

"Seeing me there: 'Is it by him?' said he, looking at me. 'Yes, monsieur,' answered the publisher, 'and it is the greatest success in our business.'

"There were several ladies in the shop. They all disappeared as if by magic, and I found myself alone with Le Verrier in an immense hotel *salon.*

"'Are you pleased with Mathieu, Langier, and Delannay, at the Bureau des Longitudes?' he said to me. 'You would do better to return to the Observatory.'

"'I am very well satisfied,' I answered. 'These calculations are more interesting to me than your reductions of observations.'

"'There is no future there!' continued he. 'In your place I should go into a department.'

"'M. Rouland has received an application to admit me to that of the Public Works, in the Statistical Bureau of France.'

"'Rouland? No. Legoix.'

"'You are right. But I have refused. Astronomy is worth more than anything else to me.'

"'Still, the principal thing in life is to have a good place.'

"'We are not put into the world to eat, but to nourish our minds on the food they prefer.'

"'You are very disinterested! You will never succeed.'

"'You and I do not interpret science in the same way. For me it is not a means, it is itself its own proper end.'

"'I could confer upon you an important post at the Obser-

vatory, but in order to do that it would be necessary that you should leave the Bureau des Longitudes, and that I should have a guarantee that you would not again leave the Observatory.'

"'And why should I leave a situation which will realize a part of my hopes?'

"'What you call philosophical astronomy is a chimera. Astronomy is calculation.'

"'Calculation is its foundation, nothing more.'

"'We shall see,' he said, turning on his right heel and going towards a curtain which led, as it seemed to me, into his own apartment in the hotel, he left me to my own reflections.'

"I woke up; seven o'clock struck."

This dream is easily explained by my preoccupations at the time. The illustrious astronomer preserved in it exactly the type of character which I knew in him.

The substitution of the name of Rouland, Minister of Public Instruction, for that of Rouher, Minister of Public Works, must have been caused by similarity in the two names, and by the fact that I was much more familiar with the first name than the second. M. Legoix was then head of the Bureau of Statistics, and it had indeed been a serious question with me whether I should enter it. Le Verrier manifested a profound contempt for the Bureau des Longitudes on all occasions. This dream, then, was simply the reflection, the echo of real thoughts.

This first dream is very reasonable. We shall consider others which are much less so. Here is one which terminates in a very strange manner:

"I met my friend, Dr. Edouard Fournié, who reproached me with not having been to see him for a long time, and he added: 'These reproaches are not only on my own part, they also come from Mademoiselle A., who complains of your indifference. You were not present to dance with her at the ball at Madame F.'s; she was annoyed at this, because she heard that you had gone to another *soirée*, and her distress, which she could mention to no one, brought on the poor child a brain fever.

"'A young surgeon and medical student attended her and saved her life. He has not only cured that fever, but even its cause, for as soon as he saw she had the *fève conjugale* (the bean found in the Epiphany cake which foretells matrimony) he became passionately in love with her; she responded to his affection, and now it is he whom she loves. She is entirely cured.'"

I read in the note attached to this dream: "I knew Mademoiselle A. I had a lively admiration for her, and I had dedicated my romance, *Si tu savais,* to her; but I had not believed that any reciprocity existed on her side. I had met at Dr. Fournié's house a young surgeon from the *Val-du-Grace,* in a very elegant costume, who appeared to me to be paying attentions to the young lady. I was annoyed at this, and I withdrew. The dream in this case also is only an association of habitual ideas. But the expression *fève conjugale* is curious, because it would seem to be a distortion of *fièvre cerebrale,* which is assonant. It is very extravagant, although it resembles to some extent the metamorphosis of Rouher into Rouland, in the preceding dream. One feels that the cells of the brain work obscurely in the unconscious state. It may even be that, in reviewing the situation of the dream, it is possible to trace another association of images which may have given rise to this singular expression by rapid unconscious cerebration. . . ."

"In another dream I found myself in the rear ranks of an army in battle. Bullets whizzed around me, enormous cannon-balls succeeded them, but there was *no sound.* I looked at the cannon-balls approaching, and turned sometimes to the left, sometimes to the right, according to their direction; but they succeeded each other so rapidly and at such short intervals that I concluded the best thing to be done was not to disturb myself, for in avoiding one I put myself within range of another.

"I said to myself then: 'What fools men are to amuse themselves like this! Have they nothing better to do?'"

The explanation of this dream also is very simple. I had drawn an unlucky number in the conscription a fortnight

previously. What is perhaps most noticeable about it was the inoffensive and noiseless cannon-balls which could be seen approaching.

Another dream:

"I was in a public place, together with several persons. In the air, above our heads, was an immense balloon, which seemed to struggle desperately against the wind. All at once it overturned completely, the car being uppermost. A crowd gathered, expecting to see the aeronaut fall. But a parachute was suddenly projected into space, and the aeronaut descended safely."

This dream is ridiculous. It is difficult to imagine that a balloon could be overturned in this way. Irrational things which could not possibly occur are common in dreams. Several weeks previously M. de la Landelle had announced the ascent of a monster balloon.

"I dreamed that several women accosted me in the street. The last of them being remarkably pretty and youthful, I turned round to look at her. But then I heard some one say: 'Here comes the president! Here comes the president!' I was ashamed and I went on my way."

I was then president of a little society of young people who consecrated their leisure to literature. I had acted in the dream as I should have acted if I had been awake.

"To-day, October 5, 1863, Mademoiselle K. D. told me that she dreamed of seeing me in the heavens, on the other side of the moon, with a golden compass in my hand, engaged in measuring unknown space. All at once I descended rapidly towards her, to tell her that there was a new planet there which was not yet known.

"To-day I have received number 1439 of the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, which informs me that a new planet has just been discovered. It is not yet known in France, and I shall announce it to-morrow in the *Cosmos*."

This is no doubt a mere coincidence. About the same date I read in my register the following note:

"Dr. Hoefer, director of the *Biographie Générale*, published by Didot, told me to-day that dreams represent opera-

tions of the mind which are complex and difficult to determine. In the article on Humboldt, he had said that Germany had two great men to be proud of—Frederic the Great and Alexander von Humboldt—widely as their genius differed. The latter, to whom Dr. Hoefer had sent a proof, had written to entreat him, in the most earnest terms, to withdraw this comparison, considering himself too small a man to be called a genius in the same country as Leibnitz, and too much devoted to the principles of liberty to be put in comparison with Frederic the Great.

"Dr. Hoefer had delayed his answer to this letter from day to-day, when he heard of the death of this illustrious scientist.

"About two months afterwards he dreamed that he found himself in an immense and splendid *salon*, brilliantly decorated, in which an attentive audience listened to an orator. This orator was himself. But as he walked about on the platform he recognized his friend Humboldt. '*What!*' he cried, suddenly, interrupting himself in his discourse, '*What, is it you?* They told me you were dead.'

"'No, my dear friend,' answered Humboldt, 'that was a joke. I circulated the report that I was dead, but you see very well that it is not so.'"

This dream was again the result of habitual preoccupations, and the dead Humboldt certainly did not appear in it by chance.

"In a dream I was present at a spiritualistic *séance*, in which M. Mathieu, dean of the Bureau des Longitudes and of the Académie des Sciences (brother-in-law of Arago) was the medium. The head of my father appeared to me, looking very beautiful, as though it were made of ivory or wax. I was not at all impressed with this representation; the less so because my father, who was very much alive in this dream, as he was in reality, took part in the exhibition and did not wish to believe in it."

This must be classed among astounding absurdities.

"I set out from the observatory, at the Bureau des Calculs of the Bureau des Longitudes (this is a mistake; it was then on the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs). I had gone there to

give a toast 'to the downfall of M. Le Verrier.' I crossed a court of mediæval Gothic architecture, which does not exist, and went to Montrouge, at which place are the ramparts of the town of Langres, with their extensive view over the country."

This is an association of ideas and of contradictory images.

"In a dream I saw men flying, who passed over the Rue de Rivoli. Among them was my uncle Charles, who had just come from America in their company."

I was then preparing (1864) my second work, *Les Mondes Imaginaires,* where the question of flying men is discussed; and in spiritualistic *séances* communications had been signed by this uncle Charles (who was not dead at all).

"After the *bal de l'Opéra.* The orchestra continues to play, the dances have not ceased, the circumstances and the complications proceed as usual."

Sensations of the previous day continued.

"A magnificent day spent at Athens. I made a slow journey, and I arrived there before sunrise. I was on the Acropolis, in sight of a magnificent panorama. I wandered among the tombs, the monuments of white marble, and the reclining statues."

Pure imagination.

"M. le Verrier often appeared in my dreams. He occupied my thought decidedly more by night than he did by day. This night, in particular, I was in the little house belonging to the guardian of the Observatory. It was late. Madame le Verrier came to find me, and talked to me with all the amiability in the world. We walked in the gardens. She assured me that her husband would be very glad to see me again; that I should have an instrument for my own use whenever I wished, and that I should be entirely independent; all of which things were not only unlikely but impossible."

This is copied from the text. It is exactly what did happen ten years later: M. Verrier then placed the grand equatorial at my disposition for my measurements of double stars.

Here is a portion of a letter which I have hesitated to print (although dreams are assuredly not real).

I had a comrade named Sazin.

"I returned from your house yesterday evening," he wrote, "with Laurent, Deflandre, and Gonet, and I met with nothing on the way which could have given rise to the dream which I had that night. Towards half-past one I went to sleep. I dreamed that I found myself with you on the boulevard. A woman of the town, whom I knew, passed by me, and was accosted by a man who went away with her. I followed them (in my dream), and remained an invisible spectator. The man was tall and fair, with the air of an Englishman. I did not know him. What was my surprise when, the next morning, as I passed along the street, I saw the same woman and the same man come out of No. 68 Rue de la Victoire."

This case is interesting without being conclusive. It is not impossible that the writer may have met this fair gentleman in his part of the town, without noting it; he might have done so this very evening, not far from the woman; and they were then associated in the dream. Even as a coincidence it is not the less curious.

"I met in the gardens of the Luxembourg M. Desains, who was a member of the Institute, a professor at the Sorbonne, and physicist to the Observatory. This was an event of frequent occurrence. He told me to write a book on *les hommes des planétes*, which should be a restoration of Wolff's theory, according to which the stature of human beings is in proportion to the dimensions of their eyes, while the eyes themselves are in proportion to the dilatation of the retina, the latter being inversely proportional to the intensity of the light. Hence, in our solar system the inhabitants of Mercury would be the smallest and those of Neptune the most gigantic.

"'It is only for your own sake that I make the suggestion,' he said. 'You must do what you choose about it.'"

The explanation of this dream is equally divided between my researches in astronomy and in physiology, both of which belonged to this period.

If I record a number of these dreams it is because the investigation is far from irrelevant to psychology in general, and to the problems with which we are now engaged. It may be that our conclusions will be very applicable when we consider spiritualism.

"I dreamed of being on a high mountain. A flight of crows passed by me croaking. They divested themselves of their outside covering, just as snakes do with their skins, and butterflies free themselves from their chrysalis. When these vestures fell around me, I saw, to my astonishment, that they did not resemble crows, but the dried-up heads of ourang-outangs. The astronomer Babinet, who was there, filled his pockets with them."

Explanation: The day before I had specially noticed the constellation of the crow in Flamstead's celestial atlas. The scientist Babinet was not good-looking, and his face, like that of Littre, made one think of the simian origin of the human race.

"When I woke this morning I heard a name pronounced, 'Mademoiselle d'Arquier.' Now yesterday I had written in the *Cosmos* that perforated nebulosity had been discovered by Arquier in 1779."

I also find in the same note-book the following notes:

"Almost all my dreams at the present time have for their object the most beautiful young woman I have ever met in society, Madame S. M.

"Any one who knows the nature of a man's dreams will know his feelings.

"Although it often happens that the dominant thoughts of the evening before are largely concerned in dreams, they do not fill the mind so completely as they do during the day. Other unexpected impressions mingle with them, and our dreams are even sometimes in opposition to our real feelings. There are true dreams and false dreams, and if we formed our judgment upon certain dreams we should run the risk of judging incorrectly.

"M. Dichie, the editor, informs me that he preserves consciousness in his dreams, and knows perfectly that what is happening is not real.

"'A long time ago,' he told me, 'I dreamed that I was in a *salon* by the side of an elegant and very attractive woman. I took her in my arms, I embraced her, and she allowed me to do so, in spite of the number of people who were looking on. I said to myself, "This is of no consequence, because I am dreaming." And, as a result, I acted towards all these non-existent glances as if I had been alone.'

"Once, in a dream, he was pursued by a ruffian, and, being on the point of seizure, he said to himself, 'In order to escape him I have only to finish this dream by waking up.' And he did wake up."

Another extract from the same note-book.

"I went to the château de Compiègne, where M. Filon, the preceptor of the prince imperial, conversed with me about Home, whom at that time I did not know. I dined and slept at the college. The principal, M. Paradis, informed me of a dream which deserves to be written down. He was sleeping profoundly, and dreamed that an immense and hideous spider seized him and sat on his chest. His horror was such that he woke up with a violent start. His wife observed this and asked him the cause of his sudden awakening, upon which he related to her the nature of his nightmare. Madame Paradis spread out her hand on the coverlid and found there a large spider."

Probably the dreamer received, while asleep, the impression of the movement of the detestable creature over his hand or his neck, and this impression determined the dream.

"I had a dream in which I bled from the nose, a thing which never, or almost never, happens to me. This morning, when I waked up, I perceived that there was a little blood in my nostrils."

This also is an impression caused by a physical sensation.

"I was in a cavern in a volcano at Paris, or in the environs. I do not know what happened to me in connection with a passer-by, but I spoke to him with haughtiness, keeping my hat on my head, and I requested him to go on his way without saying a word to me. All at once, at the bot-

tom of the cave, a soft and dazzling light illumined the bowels of the volcano, and I saw open before me magnificent mines of crystal, which developed into brilliant stalactites. The earth did not tremble. Shades, covered with monks' hoods, came out of the opening in the earth, dressed in robes of serge. A slight movement of terror escaped me, but I was soon able to collect myself, and to await the approach of one of these spectres with calmness. I alone was present out of the living world, and I was not afraid, for I was at this moment dominated by an ardent desire to question one of these shades as to the other world, so that I might at last possess the certainty I longed for. As soon as one of these dead approached sufficiently near me, I advanced towards him and inquired with entreaties whether he had really returned from the abode of the dead, whether all men lived again there, and if there existed a positive and definite world for the dead as for the living. He was about to answer me when the scene changed, and instead of the irregular columns of natural crystal which had been visible in the depths, unknown substances, limpid, transparent, and decorated with rich vapors, moved upward from below, and then downward. It was a splendid effect. A beautiful light illumined these different colors. The shades continued their tranquil movements. The earth did not tremble, and the majesty of the spectacle was in no way disturbed by the terrible. Still, the idea that the end of the world was at hand took possession of me, I felt my words die on my lips, and soon I lost the desire to put the questions I have alluded to, for I thought each instant that I should pass without effort from the living state in which I was to the state beyond the grave, where were those who surrounded me."

A note appended to this dream seems to explain it:

"I have thought a great deal lately in regard to a future state, and upon the possibility of creations different from that in the midst of which we live."

"I thought I was at the academic publisher's, Didier's, where I published my first works, *La pluralité des mondes habités, Les mondes imaginaires, Dieu dans la Nature,* etc.

I found there MM. Cousin, Guizot, de Barante, de Montalembert, Lamartine, Manury, Mignet, Thiers, Caro—all of whom I have really met there occasionally. MM. Jean Reynaud, Henri Martin, and Charton, whom I knew more intimately, had stopped me for a moment at the door, on the quay, and begged me not to remain long, because there was a reunion near by at the *Magasin pittoresque.* M. Didier said to me a moment after my arrival: 'Come with me to the Tuileries, the band of the Guards is playing.' We left every one in the shop, and we set out. 'Have you no longer your employé Maindrow?' I inquired of him on the way. 'No.' 'Shall you not replace him?' 'If I were sure of a good substitute, an industrious and intelligent boy.' 'I have one to suggest to you.' 'Really?' 'Yes; my brother. He is very young; he is four years younger than I am, he loves business, and I am very sure that he would be satisfactory in the shop.' 'Well, let us have him then.'

"We reached the Tuileries, the chairs were all filled, and we tried to edge ourselves in. The Emperor, who was seated on a chair, rose and offered it to M. Didier, saying to him: 'What has happened to Maury, that one no longer sees him?' 'Sire,' answered the publisher, 'they are all at this moment in my shop, preparing a *coup d'état.*' At this moment the scene changed before my eyes, and gave place to a valley in the *Haute-Marne,* opposite Bourmont, and I saw a stream on its border where I used to play with my brother when I was a little fellow."

This dream can be explained by a very simple association of ideas. I had really placed my brother as an employé in Didier's publishing house. Some days before the dream I had dined and slept at the house of the historian Henri Martin, where there had been some discussion of the *coup d'état,* and the remembrance of the authors whom I had met more than once on the *quai des Augustins* had aroused all these reminiscences. M. Maury was librarian to the Emperor, and often breakfasted with him. The idea of all these authors being in the publishing house on the same day and at the same hour is, of course, wholly improbable; the idea of the

Emperor being seated on a chair at the music at the Tuileries is absurd. But in dreams everything appears natural.

"M. Didier was not dead, and entering the shop during the day, I saw him, as usual, and we shook hands without apparently feeling any astonishment. I then dreamed that they had buried him in a lethargy three days previously (December 5, 1865), and that he had awakened in the tomb. But I did not think proper to ask him for an explanation of this occurrence, and we spoke of the affairs of the business house.

"After some conversation we went out together, as we were in the habit of doing, and we walked along the quays towards the Tuileries. M. Didier's person, although in no way different from that which I had known, was strange and reverend. He was, nevertheless, very brisk, and I said to him that he had the appearance of one raised from the dead. 'I may very well have the appearance of it,' he answered, 'since I am so.' He wished eagerly to take me by the hand, but an unconquerable horror withheld me.

"'Excuse me for refusing you,' I said, 'but for some reason that I do not understand I cannot do as you wish.'

"This answer caused him to be annoyed with me. I made a great effort and I took his arm in mine; but soon I began to tremble and was forced to draw back. 'Let us converse side by side,' I said to him.

"He seemed to me a dead man walking, and I saw by his answers that he no longer possessed his intelligence nor his judgment, and that he spoke like an automaton. When by accident my face approached his lips I perceived an evil odor, which completed my horror. I do not know what altercation then took place between us, but I disputed with this dead man, and finally he gave me a blow.

"At the same moment a troop of *gendarmes* and of *sergeants de ville* came up, and, instead of being at the Institute, before which we were, we found ourselves on the slope of a hill. I then looked at my companion fixedly. 'Do you not know,' I said to him, 'that I am Camille Flammarion, your favorite author?'

"He seemed to remember. 'Yes,' said he—'a great author. But why won't you have anything to do with me, Sylvie? You have a horror of me, Sylvie.'

"'I am not Sylvie,' I said, 'but Camille.'

"He took me by the hand, and the contact was so horrible that I awoke."

This nightmare may have been caused by the death of this friend, which happened three days previously. He died suddenly, while sitting at the omnibus office in the Place Saint-Michel, and when I saw him next day upon his bed I asked myself whether he was not in a lethargy. This death made a profound impression upon me, and when I was asked to pronounce an address at his grave, I had not been able, in doing so, to control my emotion. The aggressive form of this nightmare is inexplicable. The substitution at the end is very singular. Still there are dreams even more incoherent. Thus in another dream the sea was at Montmartre, and a steamboat brought me to the Haute-Marne on the sea-shore.

Here is a more recent dream, which shows with certainty the action of a cause to which the brain is a stranger superimposing itself upon a dream and determining a new mirage:

"This morning (June 6, 1897) I saw some one in a dream knocking loudly with his heel on the step of a wooden staircase. The noise woke me. It proved to be a round of artillery, by which the announcement was made at six o'clock in the morning of one of the annual *fêtes* at Juvisy, on Whit-Sunday. This blow was struck less than two hundred yards from the observatory at the top of the Rue Camille Flammarion. It was followed at once by two others.

"Thus the noise which woke me had been the determining cause of an image which had appeared to me before I was awake.

"That is to say, this image had produced itself during the very short time necessary for awakening, perhaps in the tenth of a second.

"When I saw the man knocking with his foot on the step of the staircase, I was entirely without clothes, and I should be obliged, I thought, in order to leave the room where I was

and find my clothes, to cross the *salon*, where thirty persons were talking. My uneasiness lasted a long time, and I was seeking some way to get my clothes, when I awoke. Now when I woke up I felt that I was cold, having thrown off my covering. There can be no doubt that this sensation of cold determined my dream, just as the explosion determined the image of a man striking with his heel."

It will be seen from these brief descriptions, taken from fact, how numerous and varied dreams are, and what different causes produce them.

It is a physiological error to think that the physiological elements of dreams are derived solely from reality. For myself, for example (and my case is not peculiar), I have very often dreamed of flying through the air, at a short distance above a valley or an attractive landscape. Indeed, it is to the agreeable sensation experienced in these dreams that I owe the desire to ascend in a balloon and to make aerial voyages. I should say, in this connection, that the sensation experienced during a balloon ascension, however splendid may be the extent of the panorama developed under one's eyes, and the solemn silence of the aerial elevation, cannot be compared with the motion felt in dreams, for in the car of the aeronaut one feels one's self motionless—a molecule of air plunged into other air which is in motion—and, therefore, we experience a sense of disillusion.

It is not easy to see what are the facts in organic life which produce the sensation of flight in dreams. It certainly is not due to vertigo, as has been supposed. Could it arise from regret at being inferior to the birds? But the sensation?

I have also often dreamed of talking with Napoleon. Certainly I often heard the conqueror spoken of in my childhood, by men who had seen him, and my mind may have been impressed by this. But the relation of cause and effect remains very remote.

Sometimes I see myself shut up in a tower with a beautiful green meadow before me. What is the cause of this?

Sometimes I am condemned to death, and I have no

more than two hours, one hour, half an hour, a few minutes to live. Can this be a by-gone remembrance?

Again, I have travelled in a dream to other worlds, into infinite depths of space. But here there may be associations of thoughts which are familiar to me.

In general, and in normal condition, dreams are so numerous, so varied, so incoherent, that it is almost superfluous to seek their cause, outside of the associations of ideas latent in the mind, or of images dormant in the brain. One dreams, just as one thinks of all sorts of things and of situations, only instead of *thoughts* as in the waking state, one imagines that one acts, that one sees the things thought of, and the ideas become apparent acts. The whole difference lies in this, and as reason is absent from these unconscious acts, the most extravagant situations are realized, very simply and without any surprise, as if they were natural.

Three characteristic phases may be observed in dreams. While in the waking state an idea remains an idea, in the dream it becomes an image, and then a reality, either a person or a thing.

In a dream we personify our own ideas, and we attribute to different personages thoughts and words which are entirely our own.

A. Maury writes thus: "In one of the clearest, most distinct, most reasonable dreams which I have ever had, I carried on a discussion on the immortality of the soul with an antagonist, and we both made use of opposite arguments, which were nothing but the objections that I had made myself. This division which operates in the mind, and from which Dr. Wigan deduces proofs of his paradoxical thesis, *the duality of the mind,* is in general only a phenomenon of memory. We remember the pros and cons of a question, and in a dream we attribute the two kinds of opposite ideas to two different persons. On one occasion the word *Mussidan* came suddenly to my mind. I knew well at that time that it was the name of a town in France, but where it was situated I did not know, or, rather, I had forgotten. Some time afterwards I saw in a dream a certain person who told

me that he came from Mussidan. I asked him where the town was. He answered that it was the country town of a district in the Department of the Dordogne. At this point in the dream I woke up. It was morning. The dream remained perfectly distinct in my mind, but I was in doubt as to the correctness of what the person in the dream had told me. The name Mussidan still presented itself to my mind, as it had done previously—that is to say, without my knowing where the town by that name was situated. I hastened to consult a geographical dictionary, and to my great astonishment I ascertained that the speaker in my dream knew more about geography than I did—that is to say in other words, I had remembered in my dream a fact forgotten in the waking state, and I had put into the mouth of another something which with me was only the faintest remembrance."

"A good many years ago, at a time when I was studying English, and when I was paying special attention to understanding verbs accompanied by prepositions, I had the following dream: I spoke English, and wishing to tell some one that I had paid him a visit the day before, I employed this expression: 'I called *for* you yesterday.' 'You express yourself very badly,' he answered. 'What you should say is: I called *on* you yesterday.' The next morning, when I woke, the remembrance of this circumstance in my dream remained. I took a grammar placed on a neighboring table, and I discovered that the imaginary person was right."

The remembrance of something forgotten in the waking state had returned in a dream, and the observer attributed the workings of his own mind to another person.

The large majority of dreams can be explained quite naturally by the concentration of thought during sleep.

Max Simon and Alfred Maury consider that there is no one accustomed to intellectual work who is not convinced that the action of the brain is often accomplished without our knowledge and without the intervention of the will. Facts illustrative of this action present themselves at every

turn. When scholars have a lesson to learn, we find that they study it by preference in the evening, being convinced, and with reason, that this method is of material aid to them. They know a lesson, which they have learned, much better and more certainly the next morning than they did the evening before. Persons who have struggled with the difficulties which are always encountered in acquiring a foreign language have experienced the following fact: If their daily occupations or the duties of their position have obliged them on several occasions to interrupt their study of the language, they are sometimes surprised to find on returning to their work that the momentary refreshment has given them a more complete acquaintance with the foreign idiom than that they had on leaving it. A similar statement could be made in regard to original work, either in literary composition or in scientific research. If some difficulty hinders the worker, and he ceases to occupy himself with the subject which he is studying, he will find, after some days of repose, that his mind has, so to speak, done its work alone during this time. He will advance with the greatest rapidity, and the obstacles which at first seemed to him almost insurmountable will be a mere trifle. But one fact, which has a certain importance in this connection, must be noted: it is that very frequently, in cases of unconscious cerebration, an impulse has been primarily given, or a direction imparted, to thought, and it is along the direction given by this impulse that the cerebral action continues until it results in a work of more completeness.[1]

It is easy to understand that mental work, when it is the result of a cerebral impulse given during the evening and completing itself during sleep, may produce dreams which will be to some extent the *reflected expression* of the problem on which the sleeper was engaged, or the preoccupation which possessed him.

Condillac relates that, at the period when he was drawing up his courses of study, he found that if he was obliged to

[1] Max Simon, *Le Monde des rêves*, p. 49.

leave an incomplete work in course of preparation, in order to sleep, he often found when he awoke that the work was completed in his mind.

Voltaire mentions that one night he dreamed a complete canto of his *Henriade,* and that it was entirely different from what he had written.

One celebrated dream is often referred to in this connection. It is one in which a scene of the most curious and fantastic character accompanied the unconscious intellectual labor of the dreamer, who was no other than Tartini. This celebrated composer went to sleep after having tried in vain to conclude a sonata; his preoccupation followed him into his sleep. In his dream he thought that he began his work over again, and that he was in despair at composing with so little inspiration and success; at that moment the devil suddenly appeared to him and offered to finish the sonata for him in exchange for his soul. Tartini, entirely overmastered by the apparition, accepted the devil's terms, and then distinctly heard the latter execute the longed-for sonata on the violin, with an inexpressible charm of execution. He awoke, and in a transport of joy he ran to his desk and wrote from memory the part which he really believed he had heard.

How are images like those just described in this dream of Tartini's produced? To what mechanism do they owe their appearance? It is impossible to say; not because the question is insoluble, but because the narrator of facts which are not personal generally omits some datails which would supply us with the key to certain circumstances in the dream, because he thinks them of no importance. It is possible that this image of the devil associating himself with the mental work of the great composer had its *raison d'être* and its explanation in the fact that some artistic representation, either drawn or painted, had been presented to the musician's sight, and some thought of it may have crossed his mind. But this point is of secondary importance. What we wish once more to lay stress upon is the manner in which the dream was produced, the genesis of the dream. Tartini's thoughts had been powerfully occupied with the musical composition upon which he

was at work, and, as is frequently the case in operations of the mind, the idea, not being ripe, produced at first no effect; but during sleep (and in spite of it) the incomplete work was finished, and the marvellous melody gushed, as it were, from the musician's brain.

If we take away the previous mental effort and tension of mind the dream would not have appeared — that is, supposing it to be true that this singular cerebral labor is only exercised upon the special object of the dream's study, on the science or the art which he cultivates with passion.

Graciolet relates the dream here given, which is certainly very grotesque:

"Some years ago, when occupied by my illustrious master, M. de Blainville, in a study of the organization of the brain, I prepared a very great number of brains, some of men and some of animals. I took off the membranes with care, I placed them in alcohol. Briefly stated, these were the antecedents of the dream I am about to relate.

"One night it seemed to me that I had extracted my own brain. I removed its membranes. After having completed the preparation I suspended it in alcohol, and then, after some time, I took it out and replaced it in my skull. Then it seemed to me that my brain had undergone a great reduction in size, in consequence of the shrinkage due to the alcohol. It filled the cranial cavity incompletely, so that I felt it shaking in my head; this sensation bewildered me so much that I woke up suddenly and recovered from that dream as from a nightmare.

"No doubt this shows a grotesque and absurd imagination; but it did not occur without a reason, and indeed this dream had a very evident relation to matters with which I was at that time particularly occupied. Probably I imagined myself to be removing a strange brain, and at that moment some accident caused me to have a distinct perception of my own head. Thinking at the same time of my head and of my brain, these two ideas remained associated, and the remainder of the dream is a logical and natural conclusion."

The physioligist Abercrombie gives a very curious dream,

which, like the former, was the result of preoccupation of the mind.

"One of my friends," he says, "who was employed in one of the principal banks at Glasgow in the capacity of cashier, was at his desk, when an individual presented himself, presenting a claim for the payment of the sum of six pounds (150 francs). There were several persons before him who were waiting their turn; but he was so impatient, so noisy, and, above all, so insupportable by reason of his stammering, that one of the assistants begged the cashier to pay him, in order to get rid of him. The latter gave him what he wanted, with a gesture of impatience, and without paying much attention to the matter. At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months after, the books could not be balanced, there was a constant error of six pounds. My friend passed several days and nights in a useless search for the deficit; at last, overcome by fatigue, he returned home, went to bed, and dreamed that he was at his desk, that the man who stammered had appeared, and soon all the details of the affair returned to his mind with accuracy. He awoke with his mind full of his dream, and with the hope that he might find what he was looking for. Upon examining his books he found, in fact, that this sum had not been entered on the ledger, and that it exactly corresponded to the deficit."[1]

It will be seen in this dream that the sum revealed to the dreamer was already known to him, but that the will had for a long time remained powerless to awaken the remembrance which was buried in the depths of memory. But his preoccupation had been intense, and his mind had been strained for a long time in one direction; this mental effort, although at first wholly unproductive, resulted in renewed cerebral activity, a series of images were evoked and finally produced a clear perception of a fact which had been uselessly sought for during the day before.

Some of the dreams which are apparently due to telepathy

[1] *Inquiries Concerning the Intellectual Powers*, 1841, p. 280.

are of this kind, and more than one apparition of the dead might be explained on this basis.

The explanation of the greater number of dreams will be found in physical influences, or in unconscious cerebration of ideas and images lying latent in the brain. It is of great importance, therefore, that we should review this physiological action in order to judge scientifically of the facts which we have to analyze. The results of my investigations have revealed a large number of dreams which can be explained physiologically, and which we will not reproduce here.

But external psychic forces are capable of influencing our minds during sleep as well as in the waking state. We shall now take up the examination of this kind of dreams. The psychic phenomena related in Chapter III. have been observed by persons who were wide awake and in full possession of their faculties. We have not yet considered those which belong to dreams, because they seem to be of a different character and to form another class. Their evidence seems to us less reliable, for the number of such dreams is great, and the coincidences which have produced them, are balanced by innumerable non-coincidences. It must also be said that they are always a little vague, and subject to fluctuations of the memory. Nevertheless, I do not believe that it would be logical to reject them without examination. Some of the visions seen in dreams present a special interest for the observer, and may show us something more in regard to the faculties of the human mind.

Now that the psychic action of one mind upon another has been proved by a preceding chapter, and the demonstration is complete, we can enter the more complicated world of dreams.

One very curious case observed in a dream has been already remarked upon (p. 225): it is that of a young girl in Paris, who saw her mother dying in the provinces and calling to her for a last embrace. This dream has been classed by Brierre de Boismont among hallucinations, but with a reservation showing its psychic character. A telepathic

dream of the same kind (p. 332) has also been given above. I will now present to my readers some extracts from letters which I have received in answer to my inquiries, from persons who have experienced apparitions and dying manifestations in dreams. They are no less probable nor less interesting than the first cases reported, and should, it seems to me, be included in the same class.

I. "In the night of July 25, 1894, I saw in a dream a young man whom I had known formerly, from 1883 to 1885, when he was serving his military term, and whom I was to have married.

"For reasons which have no importance here I had broken off all relations with him, and the marriage had not taken place. From that time I had heard nothing of him (he lived at Pau and I in Paris), when on the night of the 25th of July I saw him in a dream just as I had known him, dressed in his uniform as sergeant-major. He regarded me with a look of great sadness, and showed me a packet of letters. Then the apparition faded away, just as the dawn disappears before the sun.

"I awoke in great distress, and for a long time the dream remained with me, and I asked myself why, why, should it have come to me who never thought of him, although I had always felt for him a sincere regard.

"On the 20th of January, 1895, I learned that his death occurred on the night of the 25th of July, 1894, and that one of his last thoughts was of me. LUCIE LABADIE.

"Rochefort."

Letter 3.

II. "During the war of 1870 and 1871, one of my intimate friends, the wife of an officer, while shut up in Metz, dreamed that my father, her physician, who was in the north, and whom she loved and esteemed profoundly, came to the foot of her bed and said to her, 'Look, I have just died.'

"As soon as outside communication was possible, my friend wrote to me with tears, asking me for exact news of my family, and begging to know whether any misfortune had befallen my relatives on the 18th of September, since on that

day she had had a dream in regard to my father which oppressed her very much. Alas, on the 18th of September, at five o'clock in the morning, my father *had died* suddenly, without any previous illness.

"When I saw this lady again in the following summer she had told me that this dream had impressed her the more powerfully because a short time before she had had a similar dream concerning one of her friends who lived in Metz, and when she sent for news of him in the morning they had told her that he had just died. L. BOUTHORS,

"Director of Assessments at Chartres."

Letter 28.

III. (A) "I was seven years old. My father lived in Paris. For several years I had been at Niort with relatives who had undertaken my education. One day, or rather one night, I had a dream. I went up an interminable staircase, and I reached a gloomy room. Beside it there was another, feebly lighted. I went into this second room, and I saw a coffin on two trestles; a lighted taper stood beside it.

"I was afraid, and I fled. When I reached the first room I felt some one's hand on my shoulder. I turned round, trembling with terror, and I recognized my father, whom I had not seen for two years, and who said to me in a very gentle voice: 'Do not be afraid. Embrace me, little one.'

"The next day we received a telegram. My poor father *had died*, not during the night, but *on the preceding evening*.

"I was completely orphaned, for my mother had died some years before. This dream impressed me so much that I often dream it over again.

(B) "When I was thirty years of age, the aunt who brought me up, and whom I loved as a mother, died of black small-pox. I had not been told of her death, and I was, of course, not permitted to go into her room. She had often said to me in jest: 'Oh, if I die, and you are not near me, I will come to bid you farewell.' In the middle of the night I saw a white form advancing towards me, which I did not at first recognize. I woke up; there was twilight in my room, and

*I saw the phantom reflected in a glass wardrobe placed opposite my bed.* The phantom said to me in a scarcely audible voice, 'Farewell!' I stretched out my arms to clasp it, but it had disappeared.

"My poor aunt had been dead several hours when I had this hallucination. V. BONIFACE,

"Directress of the Maternal School, Étampes (Seine-et-Oise)."

Letter 35.

V. "My wife saw the figure of her brother at the precise moment of his death.

"My brother-in-law, who was professor in the college at Luxeuil, had disease of the lungs. During his last illness his sister nursed him with the greatest devotion, and he preferred her care to that of any one else. My wife's relations, however, in coming to Luxeuil, and seeing her to be very much fatigued, persuaded my brother-in-law to come with them and place himself at a deaconesses' establishment at Strasbourg. About three weeks after his departure my wife was awakened by a sort of nightmare, and saw, in her half-awakened condition, her brother lying enclosed in a stone coffin like the Roman tombal stones which are exhibited at the thermal establishment here. The coffin contracted itself more and more, making respiration almost impossible to her brother, and he, looking at her with supplicating eyes, implored her to come to his assistance and draw him out. Then she saw him assume a resigned air, and he seemed to say to her: 'Everything is at an end; you can do no more.' With that she awoke completely, and noted the hour. It was twenty minutes past three in the morning.

"The next day we learned of my brother-in-law's death. The hour of his decease *coincided exactly with that of the dream.*

"*May I beg of you not to give our names.* A. S.

"Luxeuil (Haute-Saône)."

Letter 60.

VI. "My grandmother died last year, on the 6th of January, at two or three minutes before midnight. She lived in

the country, in the neighborhood of Rochefort-sur-Mer, and was then at Auxerre. On the evening of the 6th of January we had celebrated Twelfth Night very joyously, and I had gone to bed without thinking of my grandmother, although I knew that she had been suffering severely for a fortnight.

"I woke up exactly at midnight with a most painful impression. In a dream I had just seen my mother and my youngest brother in deep mourning. I was persuaded that the morning would not pass without my receiving some confirmation of my dream. Was there not some strange connection between the dream and the reality, for my grandmother had died at midnight and I awoke at the same hour?

"M. B.

"Versailles."

Letter 64.

VII. "My uncle was a sergeant in the Second Regiment of Infantry when war was declared in 1870. He fought in the first battles, was besieged in Metz, taken prisoner to Mayence, and thence to Torgau, where he remained nine or ten months.

"On Low Sunday, 1871, one of his comrades invited him to go into the town in the afternoon. He preferred to remain in camp in his casemate, saying to his friend that he was not in good spirits, but not knowing himself what this sadness could be attributed to. Being left alone, or almost alone, he threw himself entirely dressed upon his bed, and slept profoundly. As soon as he was asleep it seemed to him that he was in his father's house, and that *his mother was dying on a bed.* He saw his aunts caring for his mother until she died, about three o'clock. Then he woke up, and found that it had been only a dream.

"When his friend returned at six o'clock in the evening he told him what he had seen during his sleep, and he added: 'I am convinced that my mother died to-day about three o'clock.'

"He was laughed at for this idea, but a letter received from his brother confirmed the sad news.

"I think I ought to add that the dead woman was in a dying state about three o'clock. CAMILLE MASSOT,

"Apothecary of the First Class.

"Banyuls-sur-Mer (Pyr-Or)."

Letter 66.

VIII. "My mother has often related a strange dream to me.

"One of my brothers-in-law was ill. One evening she dreamed that she beheld him dead; she also saw my grandmother taking away his children by a road which she did not know, but which crossed a large field. At this moment she awoke, and also roused my father, in order to acquaint him with the dream which had just disturbed her. It was two o'clock in the morning.

"The next day my parents received information that my uncle had died in the night at ten o'clock; and then mamma could not help answering that she knew it. She then questioned my grandmother as to whether she had taken away the children, and the latter answered in the affirmative. She also said that she had crossed the field exactly as mamma had seen her in her dream. M. ODÉON,

"Teacher, Saint-Genix-sur-Guiers (Savoy)."

Letter 68.

IX. "One winter night, in 1895, I dreamed in the clearest manner that the Sieur Crouzier, an octogenarian, in my village, which was situated rather less than ten miles from the place where I taught, had died in consequence of the cold.

"The next day I went home to my family, and my mother said to me: 'Do you know old Crouzier died last night. He *would* get up towards midnight, was overcome by the cold, and succumbed almost instantly.'

"The impression caused by this has always remained with me, and I am glad to answer your inquiries by telling you this circumstance. ALPHONSE VIDAL,

"Teacher at Aramon (Gard)."

Letter 77.

X. "My mother, who was in France, dreamed that she saw her brother, who was then in America, dying in her arms.

A month afterwards she received news of the death of this brother, who had expired in the arms of my grandmother. The dates coincide. A. D.

"Aries."

Letter 118.

XI. "I had a brother who lived at St. Petersburg for twenty-five years; our correspondence had never been interrupted.

"Three years ago, in the month of July, I received a letter from him. On the 8th of September following I dreamed that the postman brought me a letter from St. Petersburg, and that on opening the letter I found two pictures, one representing a dead person stretched upon his bed and dressed in what I had myself observed to be the fashion in my journey to Russia in 1867.

"I did not at first look closely at the face of the dead man. I saw several persons on their knees around the bed, among others a boy and a little girl about the age of my brother's children. The other picture represented the performance of a funeral ceremony. I then examined more closely the face of the dead man, and I woke up, crying out, 'Ah, but it is Lucien!' which was my brother's name.

"Some days later I learned that my brother had really died during the interval (I have not been able to ascertain exactly which day). The dream is always present in my memory, and I have related it to several persons.

"L. Carrau.

"46 Rue de Bel-Air, Angers."

Letter 125.

XII. "My great-grandfather left his family, who lived near Strasbourg, at the age of fourteen. I believe that he never returned to his village, and that he never saw his relatives again. He married in Nancy when he was twenty-four, and his wife never saw her parents-in-law.

"One night my grandmother saw an interminable funeral procession defile before her bed. The next day, or the day after, a letter announced the decease of her father; the fu-

neral had taken place, the population of three large villages being present at it, as well as the mayor and the *curé* of the place (Bischeim), although it was the funeral of a Jew.

"JENLAND.

"55 Rue de Provence, Paris."

Letter 130.

XIII. "I have to record occurrences in two dreams, with the coincidence of death.

(A) "The first happened to my father, Pierre Dutant, who died in 1880, having been apothecary at Bordeaux for fifty years.

"He was a man of absolutely honest and scrupulous character, with a very fine intelligence, and none of his numerous acquaintances ever doubted his word.

"Here is the fact which he related to me many times, and which I tell you almost as he told it.

"'One night I dreamed that my brother, then a notary at Lengnau, and thirty-three years of age, was a child together with myself, and that we both played in our father's house. All at once he fell from a window into the street, crying to me, "*Adieu!*" I awoke, and being very much impressed with the vividness of the dream, I looked at the hour: three o'clock. I did not go to sleep again. I knew that my brother was ill, but I did not believe him in danger of death. But my brother died that night at three o'clock precisely.'

(B) "The second fact concerns me personally. One night I dreamed that an aged cousin, who loved me dearly, had died. The next morning I told it to my parents, who remember very well that I did so.

"In the same week, and two or three days after the dream (I have not written it down, and I cannot give the date exactly), this old cousin died of an apoplectic attack. She was very well, however, on the night of the dream, but she died only a few days after, and I have always regarded the dream as a warning or presentiment.

(C) "I can tell you still another case, which happened to

myself and impressed me a great deal when it occurred, but as this event is concerned with a dog, perhaps I am wrong to abuse your time. The only excuse I can make is that I do not know what are the limits of these problems.

"I was then a young girl, and I often had dreams of remarkable clearness. We had a little dog of unusual intelligence, and she was particularly attached to me, although I caressed her very little. One night I dreamed that she had died, and that she looked at me with human eyes. On waking up I said to my sister: 'Lionne is dead; I dreamed it, and I am sure of it.' My sister laughed, and would not believe me. We rang for the maid, and told her to call the dog. They called her; she did not come. They looked everywhere, and at last they found her, dead, in a corner. Now the day before she was not ill, and there had been nothing to provoke my dream.

"M. R. LACASSAGNE, NÉE DUTANT.

"Castres."

Letter 139.

XVI. "I was a student of medicine in Paris, in 1862. One day my *concierge,* who woke me up to go to the hospital and brought me my first breakfast in bed, found me in tears. He asked me what was the matter, and I answered: 'I have just had a horrible nightmare; my uncle, who brought me up (for I had lost my father and mother very young), and whom I loved tenderly, was about to die just as I woke, and I am sure that I shall have news of his death by the first boat which arrives from Havana, my native place.'

"That was exactly what happened. I cannot certify you that it was the same hour as my dream, for I do not now remember, but the coincidence of the day is exact.

P.S.—I beg you not to publish my name. So far as the experience is concerned you are at liberty to insert it if it is of sufficient consequence. DR. F. DE M.

"At L."

Letter 153.

XVII. "I have a brother who from 1870 to 1874 was employed as machinist in the arsenal at Fou-Chou in China. He

had a friend, also a machinist, and a native of the same town (Brest); this friend was employed, like himself, at the arsenal, and he came one morning to see my brother at his lodgings, and related to him what follows: 'My dear friend, I am heartbroken. I dreamed last night that my child *was dead of croup, and was lying on a red quilt.*' My brother laughed at his credulity, talked of nightmares, and in order to dissipate this impression invited his friend to breakfast. But nothing could distract him, for his child was dead.

"The first letter which he received from France after this occurrence was from his wife, and it announced the death of his child, who *died of croup,* with great suffering, the very night of his dream, and by a strange coincidence lay on a red quilt.

"When he received this letter he came to my brother, in tears, and showed the letter to him, and from him I received this story. H. V.

"Brest."

Letter 162.

XVIII. "One of my cousins lived at Nyon, in Switzerland, and her mother at Clairveaux, in the Jura. During one severe winter all communication became impossible on account of the snow. My aunt had been ill a long time; her daughter, however, did not know that she was more unwell than usual. One night, in a dream, she saw her mother dead; she awoke in terror, and said to her husband: 'My mother is dead; I have just seen her!' See wished to set out at once for Clairveaux, but they dissuaded her, showing her the imprudence of undertaking a journey in the snow for the sake of a mere presentiment. The post did not come in, and they did not receive any letters.

"That same evening, or the next day, I do not know which, my cousin saw a horseman enter the park, and then she cried out: 'They are coming to tell me of the death of my mother.' And, in fact, not being able to communicate with her otherwise, they had sent a horseman to inform her

that her mother had died during the night. It occurred at the moment when my cousin had the dream.

"My cousin is still living, and could give me more precise details if you wish for them. G. BELBENAT.

"Lons-le-Sauinier (Jura)."

Letter 286.

XIX. "I have an experience, noted by one of my friends, to communicate to your investigations. It comes from a former railroad contractor, in France and elsewhere, who has now retired from business and is living at Saint-Pierre-lès-Nemours. His honor and good faith are above suspicion.

"Here is the fact as he related it to me:

"'I had gone to see a very sick friend who was a farmer; at the entrance to the farm I met his mother-in-law, who told me that her son-in-law had already received several visits which had greatly fatigued him, but nevertheless she insisted that I should come in to see him for a few minutes, adding that it would give him a great deal of pleasure. I then begged this lady to wish him a good-day for me, and to tell him I would call again on the morrow.

"'During the following night, or rather about seven o'clock in the morning, while I was asleep, just before getting up, I was suddenly seized by a nightmare. I thought I saw the sick man, about the size of a child, embedded in a hole in the embankment of the road, a few yards from the farm, and I made every effort to drag him out of this hole without success.

"'After a few moments I sprang out of bed to get rid of this nightmare, and in the morning I learned that the death of the farmer had occurred at the very hour when I had the vision.'

"The distance from Saint-Pierre-lès-Nemours to the farm is about six miles.

"The occurrence took place about a dozen years ago.

"J. BOIREAU,

"Apothecary, Nemours, Seine-et-Marne."

Letter 298.

XX. "My great-uncle, M. Henri Horst, who was professor

of music at Strasbourg, saw one night in a dream, *five coffins* come out of his own door; the same night an explosion of gas took place in his house and *five persons* were suffocated.

"Several cases of telepathic apparitions are known in our family. I will inform myself in regard to their exact details, and communicate them to you as soon as I understand them.

"GEORGES HORET,
"Scholar at the Lycée, Bouxviller, Basse-Alsace."
Letter 330.

XXI. "I have never experienced what you inquire into. But in dreams, on the contrary, I have sometimes had certain warnings. Among others, on the night of the assassination of the lamented M. Carnot, I saw him dead in my dreams. The preceding evening I had gone to bed early. Not living in the town of Lyons, but at Croix-Rousse, a suburb, I had not heard any rumor of the events which occurred on that memorable evening. In the morning the maid entered my room and I said to her at once: 'I have just dreamed that M. Carnot is dead!' She answered that perhaps it might be so. 'Oh no,' I said to her, 'my dream must be absurd, for he will pass under my windows at ten o'clock.' (He was accustomed, in fact, to pass along the boulevard.)

"Ten minutes afterwards she returned to my room and said to me, with great feeling: 'Mademoiselle's dream is come true; the milkman has just told me that M. Carnot was assassinated yesterday evening.' In spite of the dream which I had had, it was difficult for me to believe it at the first moment.

A. M.
"Lyons." Letter 340.

XXII. "Here is a personal experience: On the night of the 13th of June, 1887, I dreamed that my mother was dead. The next morning on going into a restaurant I spoke of the fact to a colleague, and just then I received a telegram informing me of the misfortune of which I had had a presentiment.

"This is the fact, of which I have an exact remembrance.

"A. CARAYON,
"Principal of the School of Croix de Fer (Nîmes)."
Letter 353.

XXIII. "My husband's father was away from home, where he had left his sick wife. He was awakened one night by his wife's voice, which called him distinctly three times by his name: 'Pierre! Pierre! Pierre!' Thinking that this was only a dream he went to sleep again. Two days later he received intelligence that his wife had died that very night.

"MARIE PAUVREL.

"Vedrin."

Letter 358.

XXIV. "In the night of the 1st and 2d of January, 1898, I saw my mother, who had died two years and a half previously. She advanced solemnly to my bed, kissed me on the forehead, and went out without saying anything. The next day I received a letter announcing the sudden death of my sister on the evening of the 1st of January, at ten o'clock in the evening. As I did not wake up, it is impossible for me to know whether there was a perfect coincidence between the hour of my dream and that of my sister's death.

"M. RAZOUS,

"Teacher at Trelons (Haute-Gar)."

Letter 360.

XXV. "Madame V., who lived at Geneva, had a brother who was a dentist in the canton of Vaud. This brother died suddenly. On the night of his death Madame V. had a dream in which she saw on the wall her brother's name and the date of his birth, or that of his death, I do not remember which. When she awoke she dreaded a misfortune, which was realized. JEANNE BLANC.

"Le Cannet (Alp-Mar)."

Letter 365.

XXVI. "I was at a convent. One night we were awakened by cries and sobs. The sister on watch went to the child's bed, and the latter told her, amid her tears, that her grandmother was dead, that she had called her, and that she wanted to go to her.

"They calmed her; we were told to pray, and the nun said a rosary, after which we returned to our beds and went to sleep.

"Again we were aroused. The young girl had had the dream over again. She told us that her grandmother was dead, that she had taken the most heart-rending leave of those around her, and that she had specially designated a casket in which she had deposited her jewels which she wished to bequeath to her favorite granddaughter.

"The night came to an end.

"The next morning at eight o'clock we were all gathered in class, and were on our knees for the short prayer which preceded our studies, when there was a violent ring at the bell, making us all tremble, without knowing why, for we could not all of us be interested in the event, and the eldest sister of our companion entered.

"She came for her young sister. The grandmother had died during the night, and everything the young girl had seen occurred just as she had related it.

"You may imagine the excitement which this created in the convent. It was interpreted as an act of divine intervention, and the day was passed in prayer. J. G.

"Paris."

Letter 374.

XXVII. "About two years ago, at Jarnac, a lady, who is a friend of my family, while in a light sleep, was suddenly aroused at seven o'clock in the morning by a voice which called her very distinctly, and which she recognized as that of her brother-in-law, the last news from whom had been good.

"No one was in her room at the moment, nor in the neighboring apartments, and it was impossible to refer the impression to any known cause.

"Some hours later, about ten o'clock, this lady learned by telegram that her brother-in-law, who lived at Auzances, had just died suddenly. The next day a letter informed her that his decease had occurred at seven o'clock—that is to say, at the very moment when the voice had called her.

"BREAUD.

"Jarnac."

Letter 377.

XXVIII. "For fourteen years I was devoted to one particular person, and then a separation took place, and we saw each other only at rare intervals. At last more than a year passed without our meeting. My friend, being ill, was obliged to set out for the Tyrol. We were then separated by a distance of fifty-eight hours of railway journey. I had news of my friend indirectly. The news was comparatively good, and plans for his return were expected. On the 2d of March, in the night, I saw my friend while I was half asleep. He was seated on a bed, in his night-dress, and he said to me, 'Oh, how I suffer!' It was then two o'clock in the morning. Two days afterwards a telegram informed me of the death of this person, who had expired at twenty minutes past two.

"I was, and I am still, struck by this coincidence, and it seemed to me of sufficient importance to your researches to be communicated to you. C. COUESNON.

"23 Strada Romana, Jassy (Roumania)."

Letter 397.

XXIX. (A) "My wife's uncle, a sea captain, has often told me that on the night which coincided with the death of his mother, which occurred while he was on a voyage, she appeared to him in a dream with a mournful face. Being much impressed, he made a note of the date on the head-board of his berth, for he had a presentiment of misfortune. He was very little surprised to hear of her death when he landed. The date was exactly that which he had written on his berth.

(B) "The same thing happened to my mother-in-law upon the death of her brother. She dreamed the preceding night that she met her mother, who was dead, on the staircase of her house, and that although her mother addressed no word to her she looked at her with an air of great sadness. The next day her brother was found dead of apoplexy.

(C) "An almost similar occurrence took place upon my own marriage-day. My mother-in-law had been much affected by the apparition of her mother, which I have just related, and she said to one of her friends that if she ever saw her

mother again in this manner she should be sure that she was on the eve of a great misfortune. This friend, some days before my marriage, saw in a dream the same person, who told her that she did not wish to see her daughter, for fear of making her ill, and, therefore, she had come to see her instead. This same person dreamed, I believe the same night, that my wife's house was draped in black on the very day of our marriage. That is exactly what occurred, though we had no presentiment of it on the day before the day fixed for our wedding. My brother-in-law died of the rupture of an aneurism, and he was buried on the day when we should have been married.

"These are facts whose authenticity I can guarantee to you. L. CONTANT.

"La Ciotat."

Letter 401.

XXXII. "My father, at the age of sixteen, I believe, was being educated at the little seminary of Guérande. One night, in a dream, he saw his mother lying down, and giving no sign of life, in her own room at Croisic, where she lived. He awoke with his face bathed in tears.

"The next day a letter informed him that his mother, at the hour at which he had thus *seen* her, had had a sudden seizure, and had come within an ace of dying, surrounded by her daughters, who had been summoned by her groans. This occurrence is, as you see, somewhat different from the observations which you have published, since it relates to a *dream* and not to a *death*. But it is undoubtedly a fact of the psychic order, and that is why I have thought it best to acquaint you with it. POLUEC.

"Pivermel."

Letter 434.

XXXIII. "One of your readers dreamed that she found herself one night in the house of one of her friends who had been ill for a long time with lung trouble. She was, however, not aware that her friend was at that moment more unwell than usual. The friend was in bed; she held out her hand to her, said farewell, and died in her arms. The next

day the person of whom I speak said to her mother: 'So-and-so is dead; I saw her dead last night.' During the day they learned of the sick woman's death.

"As the vision occurred during a dream, it was not possible to certify that the hour of the death coincided with that of the apparition. JEAN SURYA.

"37 Rue Raynouard, Paris."

Letter 438.

XXXIV. "I am only twenty-two years of age, yet I have already experienced the phenomena in dreams, with the coincidence of death, which you are studying.

(A) "The first time was five years ago. I woke up laughing, and I told my sister how I had just dreamed of Father So-and-so (a surly old man with whom my family had quarrelled). I do not now remember what were the circumstances of the dream, but I was much impressed by it.

"The same day we learned that the old man had committed suicide.

(B) "The second time was a year later. One of my cousins, who was a widower, lived in the same town, but I saw him very rarely. I dreamed that I learned of his desire to marry again (a fact of which I was entirely ignorant). I related this dream to my family the next morning, and towards ten o'clock we met an aunt of this young man, who informed us of his unexpected death during the night, after an illness of only three days, and lamented that his untimely death had prevented his *executing his project* of giving a mother to his orphan children.

(C) "The third time was one year ago. I had the influenza, and several other persons in the house were ill. One night I dreamed that a funeral set out from our door, and that the coffin was of enormous size. My intuition told me that it was M. Durand, one of the persons who was ill, and who was unusually corpulent. On awakening, my first words were to ask news of him, and I was painfully affected on learning that he had died during the night.

"JEANNE ABOUT.

"Nancy."

Letter 441.

XXXVII. "One of my friends had a dream during the night, in which she saw one of her brothers, whom she tenderly loved, and whom she had not seen for a long time; he was dressed in white, he had a fresh complexion, and he seemed happy; the room in which she found him was also hung with white, and was filled with people; the brother and sister embraced each other affectionately. When her dream was ended, my friend awoke, and had a presentiment that her brother was dead. At that moment it struck midnight. The next day this lady learned by letter that her brother had died that night, exactly at midnight. G. P.

"Arles."

Letter 450.

XXXVIII. "In the month of July, 1890, I had a dream in which I wished to open a communicating door between my room and another, and I could not succeed, in spite of vigorous efforts; some one then came to my assistance, and by using another door not far from the first, we succeeded in moving away the obstacle. It was the corpse of my uncle, stretched out upon the ground with his knees flexed.

"I did not attach any importance to my dream, but it recurred to my memory when I learned of the sudden death of this relative, which occurred in the country on the 10th of July, 1890.

"Unfortunately, I did not note the date of this dream, but I think I can state positively that if it did not occur upon the 10th, which was Thursday, it did so during the first days of the same week. J. C.

"Lyons."

Letter 466.

XXXIX. "At the close of the year 1838 I was ill at Carthagena. On Christmas night I had a painful dream, the recital of which I will abridge. I was at the market-town of Rezé-les-Nantes, watching the approach of the funeral procession of a young girl. I did not know either the name or the family of the deceased, but, notwithstanding, I found myself overpowered by a great sadness. I joined the proces-

sion; in the church I occupied a place just behind the coffin, without regarding the persons who were near me. I was in tears, when I heard a voice say to me: 'Here lies your best friend.' In the cemetery there was a terrible storm and a deluge of rain. I woke up, believing that I had heard thunder.

"Upon returning to my family, I learned that a near relative, who was the same age as myself (fifteen years old), and who had been the friend of my childhood, had died on Christmas night.

E. ORIEUX.

"Nantes."

Letter 468.

XL. "My uncle was a sea-captain. He was returning to France after an absence of several months. One very hot afternoon he was in his cabin, noting some observations on the ship's log. He went to sleep, and dreamed that he saw his mother seated, and having over her knees a blood-stained cloth *upon which rested his brother's head.* He woke up, very painfully affected, and attempted to resume his notes, but he went to sleep again and had the same dream. When he awoke, being impressed with the occurrence of the two dreams, he made a note of them in his ship's log-book with the date and the hour.

"The arrival of his ship was signalled at the port of Marseilles, and a friend came on board in search of him, who said: 'I will accompany you home.' My uncle went to the owners, and meanwhile the friend caused the ship to be put in mourning. When my uncle quitted his owners he was startled at this sight, and cried: 'My brother is dead!' 'Yes,' answered his friend, 'but how did you know it?' Then my uncle related the dream which he had had at sea. His brother had committed suicide on the day noted in the log.

"J. S.

"Marseilles."

Letter 476.

XLI. "I knew some one who had a most startling experience, due to the apparition of a friend whom she loved very much. The next day a despatch arrived announcing her friend's death. She received a letter later, informing her

that the friend, when dying, had uttered exactly the same words which she had heard in her dream.

"JEANNE DELAMAIN.

"Jarnac, Charente."

Letter 513.

XLII. "Some months ago I was warned in a dream of the death of one of my acquaintances, on the very night upon which the death occurred, without any expectation of it. Next morning I mentioned the dream to a friend. When she went home she found a telegram, telling her that the death had occurred during the night. H. BARDEL.

"Yverdon, Switzerland."

Letter 515.

XLIII. "I saw, in a dream, on the night of the 8th to the 9th of July, 1895, the apparition of my grandmother. The latter died on the 9th of July, at eight o'clock. I was seventy-five miles from the place where the death took place.

"ALLIER,

School-master at Florac, Lozère."

Letter 518.

XLIV. "Quite recently, when I was at the house of some acquaintances, I met a lady who had seen you in Paris. We spoke of you and of your wonderful investigations, and one of the persons present said to me: 'Oh, if you knew what a strange dream I had last night. . . . You remember Gabrielle T.?' I answered in the affirmative. 'Well, I dreamed that she was dead, and that I saw her lying in her coffin! . . . This morning I went out to take a walk, and the person to whose house I went said to me, "Do you know that Mlle. T. is dead? I have just this minute heard of it." The strange coincidence between my dream and this news struck me so forcibly that I was completely overpowered, for I had not known Mlle. T. particularly well. I was not aware of her illness, and I had not spoken of her for some time.'

"This is the curious fact which I have just heard. In case you wish to quote it, I should be obliged if you would only use my initials. J. A.

"Bourges." Letter 534.

XLV. "I was very much in love with a respectable young girl of very good family. She felt ill.

"One evening, towards nine o'clock, I was half asleep, and I saw myself in a great hall where every one was dancing. My beloved one was present, dressed in white, with a face at once pale and sad. I approached her and asked her to dance. She refused me with abruptness, saying to me in a low tone: 'It is impossible; we should be seen.'

"I woke up with a strong palpitation of the heart, and with my eyes full of tears. When morning came I dressed in haste and rushed to the sick girl's house. In the street I met the servant from that house, who told me that she had died during the night. M. T.

"Constantinople."

Letter 535.

XLVI. "My father had an early friend, General Charpentier de Cossigny, who always showed me a great deal of affection. As he was affected by a nervous malady, which rendered his temper somewhat uncertain, we were never astonished if he made us sometimes three or four visits in rapid succession, and then remained away for months. In November, 1892 (when we had not seen the general for almost three months), I went to bed early, as I was suffering from a severe headache. I had been in bed for a long time, and I was beginning to go to sleep, when I heard my name pronounced, at first in a low voice, and then a little louder. I listened, thinking it was my father calling me; but I heard him sleeping in the next room, and his breathing was very even, like that of one who has been asleep a long time. I composed myself again, and I had a dream. I saw the staircase of the house where the general lived (No. 7 Cité Veneaw). He appeared to me like himself, leaning on the balustrade of the landing-place on the first story; then he descended and came up to me and kissed me on the forehead. His lips were so cold that the contact woke me. I then saw distinctly, in the midst of my chamber, illumed by the reflection from the gas in the street, the silhouette of the general, tall and distinct, which then withdrew. I did not go to sleep,

for I heard eleven o'clock strike at the Lycée Henri IV., and I counted the strokes. I could not go to sleep again, and the icy impression of my old friend's lips remained on my forehead all night. In the morning my first words to my mother were: 'We shall hear news of General de Cossigny; I saw him during the night.'

"Some minutes afterwards my father found the announcement of his old comrade's death in the newspaper; it had happened the evening before, as the result of a fall downstairs.

JEAN DRENILHE.

"36 Rue des Boulangers, Paris."

Letter 453.

XLVII. "One night when I was asleep I saw my brother, who was at Algiers, suffering and dying.

"The impression which I experienced was so vivid that I woke up suddenly. It must have been about four o'clock in the morning.

"My brother had not been well for about two years, but I did not attach any importance to this dream, knowing that his state of health was reasonably good, since he had sent me news of himself some days previously.

"In the morning I received a telegram, informing me that he had died at six o'clock that morning.

"I have never spoken of this to any one, attributing the fact to pure coincidence, and I should certainly not have spoken of it now to you if it were not that it bears witness to the scientific statistics which you desire.

"LEHEMBRE,

"Interpreter to the Tribunal at Sousse, Tunis."

Letter 552.

XLVIII. "It was during the great war of 1870–71, my *fiancé* was a soldier in the Army of the Rhine—if I do not mistake—and for a long time we had had no news of him. During the night of the 23d of August, 1870, I had a singular dream which tormented me, but to which I did not attach great importance. I found myself in a hospital ward, in the midst of which was a kind of table on which my *fiancé*

was lying. His right arm was bare, and a severe wound could be seen near the right shoulder; two physicians, a Sister of Charity, and myself were near him. All at once he looked at me with his large eyes, and said to me: 'Do you still love me?' Some days later I learned from the mother of my *fiancé* that he had been mortally wounded in the right shoulder at Gravelotte, and that he had died on the 23d of August, 1870. A Sister of Charity who had nursed him was the first person to tell us of his death. The impression is still as vivid in my mind as though I had dreamed it only yesterday.

"SUZANNE KUBLER,
"Teacher, Heidelberg."

Letter 583.

XLIX. "In the night of the 30th of July, 1897, I dreamed that I crossed the Place des Quinconces, where the journeymen carpenters work. One of them took me by the hand and pricked my left finger. My blood flowed in abundance, and I called for aid.

"At this moment I awoke, in a state impossible to describe; I rose, and my wife, very much surprised, asked me what I was doing. The clock struck three.

"Some minutes afterwards I lay down again. I had a fresh dream, in which I saw a ship sailing on a canal. At the end of this canal a boat was lowered from the ship and went ashore. Some men landed, crossed a ditch, buried something in the ground, and, after covering it up, withdrew.

"When I reached my office I told my companions of the two dreams that I had had during the night. They were very much astonished. One of them stated that when blood was seen to flow in a dream it was a sign of misfortune in a family.

"My eldest son was at that time a soldier in the Eleventh Regiment of Artillery at Saigon, and having fallen ill he was returning to France.

"On the 11th of August I learned of my son's death from the commissary of police in my quarter. He had died in the Suez Canal on the 31st of July. Some time afterwards I received an extract from the register of deaths, according to

which my son had actually died on the 31st of July, at three o'clock in the morning, and had been buried at Port Said.

"R. DUBOS,

"Head Commissary of the Custom House, Bordeaux."

Letter 587.

L. "When I was a medical student, and was just on the point of completing my studies, I went to spend the Easter vacation, 1895, with my family. One evening (the exact date of which has escaped me) we went to bed as usual; at supper we had been very gay, and all my relations were in perfect health. Towards two o'clock in the morning I had a painful dream; I thought that my father was dead; I wept bitterly, and accompanied him to the cemetery. This nightmare finished by waking me up, and I can testify that my pillow was wet with tears. Having no belief in dreams, and not being as yet initiated into questions of telepathy, I went to sleep again peacefully, thinking that it was only a dream. At seven o'clock in the morning I was still asleep when my mother entered my room in order to tell me to go and see my father at once, for he was paralyzed. I ran to him, and I saw that, in fact, he could no longer move his left arm and leg, which were powerless.

"Knowing that attacks of paralysis often occur during the patient's sleep, and that they wake up with hemiplegia, I suspect that my father's cerebral hemorrhage took place about two o'clock in the morning, at the moment when my nightmare occurred!

"My father is still living, but he is infirm.

"Is this a case of telepathy? It may be! I send it to you for what it is worth. DR. DURAND.

"Saint-Pourçain, Allier."

Letter 59.

LI. (A) "Fifteen years ago Madame T. C. gave a garden-party for some young ladies in a villa situated at Dombali Deré, on the Asiatic shore of the Sea of Marmora. Among other refreshments, ham-sandwiches were served.

Five or six years after this little festival, one of the guests,

whom Madame C. scarcely knew, and whom she had never heard of since, appeared in a dream, and begged her to give her a little of that ham which she had eaten at her garden-party.

"Madame T. C. related the dream to her husband, and he bestowed upon it the amount of attention which is usually given to dreams. But what was Monsieur C.'s astonishment to find, on reaching his office, the father of the young lady whom Madame T. C. had seen in the dream; this gentleman told him that his daughter was dying of lung disease, and that she had *sent to him to beg him* to procure for her a little of *that delicious ham* which she had tasted at the garden-party some years before!

"Monsieur C. gratified the young girl's desire, and on his return home told his wife what had occurred, and the matter was then forgotten.

"Some days later Madame T. C. saw this same young girl again in a dream, who asked for some flowers from her garden. When Madame T. C. awoke she told the dream to her husband, saying: 'I am sure that Mademoiselle So-and-So is dead.' And, in fact, the same day, Monsieur C. received the notification of her death; *the young girl had died during the night.*

(B) "Madame T. C., in consequence of a decision given in a suit for divorce, set out for Egypt. Her daughter, who was fourteen years of age, was placed at a religious scholastic establishment in Constantinople. On the 18th of March, 1880, Madame T. C. was seated on her balcony in Alexandria. It was after sunset, just at the time when it begins to grow dark. All at once she heard the rustle of a silk train in the hall behind her. She turned and saw the shape of a young girl dressed in white, and resembling her daughter, who crossed the hall and vanished.

"Some days afterwards, a friend came to make Madame T. C. a visit. He was the bearer of news from Constantinople. This friend had no sooner pronounced the name of her daughter than Madame T. C. stopped him, saying: 'My daughter is dead; I know it; she died on the 18th of March,

towards five o'clock in the evening.' A letter gave the day and hour of her decease; *it was exactly that of the apparition.* ALPOURONI.

"Constantinople."

Letter 524.

LIII. (A) "On the night of the 23d of March, 1884, I dreamed that one of my friends played a game of chess with Dr. D., very informally, at my house. I noticed that she had on a thick black veil, and I said to her: 'If you keep on that veil you will lose.' '*I do it because I am dead. Look!*' she said. She raised her crêpe veil, and I saw a death's-head without teeth and with hollow eye-sockets!!!

"It was horrible. This friend was forty-nine years of age and in perfect health. She had been at my house for a week, and only left me on account of the Easter vacation. She was to return to Paris and join her son, who was at college, and then return with him to complete her little holiday at my house. The room which she had occupied had remained as she had left it, expecting her return. There was no reason for expecting her death, and, nevertheless, the very morning after this fearful dream, which I related in great grief to the doctor, the postman brought me a telegram thus worded: 'Come quickly. Marie died during the night.'

(B) "The same thing happened in regard to the death of my father, who was seventy-nine years old. He left us in good health, and we were astonished at his activity. . . . During the night of the 17th of October, 1879, I dreamed that the moat in the garden had been changed. They had put flowers there, and the earth had been raised. I approached it, I leaned over it, I looked . . . I gave a cry! for I perceived my son's coffin! A telegram came the *same morning:* 'Your father died last night. . . .' And his remains are now placed in the same tomb near those of my beloved child. MADAME H. D.

"Rue du Cœdic, Paris."

Letter 599.

LV. "One morning at nine o'clock my husband had gone out to attend to his business affairs, and I went to sleep

again for a few minutes. In the brief space of time that my sleep lasted I had a dream that affected me profoundly. I dreamed that I had gone out in company with my husband. He left me for a few moments in order to talk with some one in an entry, and I remained outside to wait for him. Some minutes after I saw him come in very pale, and holding his left hand pressed against his heart. I asked him anxiously what was the matter, and he answered me: 'Do not be frightened, it is nothing. As I was coming out of the gateway some one shot me with a revolver, by accident, I suppose; but the wound is only a slight one in the hand.'

"I woke suddenly. I sprang up, and while dressing myself I related the dream to my maid. While I was speaking, a violent ring at the bell made me tremble. My husband came into my room, pale as I had seen him in my dream, and holding out his left hand, which was wrapped up, he said: 'Do not be alarmed; it is nothing. While I was walking to my office with a friend some one shot me with a revolver, but the ball, passing under my arm, has only given me a slight wound in the thumb.' Was this dream a vision or was it a case of telepathy?

"MADAME KRANSKOFT.

"Constantinople."

Letter 606.

LVI. "In 1866 I was in a pensionnat situated in a little place in the Black Forest. One morning, just as the professor was about to begin his lesson, a pupil presented himself before him and asked if he had good news of his brother (who was also a professor in the same pensionnat, and who had been for some time on a visit with his family in Switzerland).

"The professor answered that he had had no news of him, and then the pupil related, in a raised voice, that he himself had had a terrible dream during the preceding night, and during his dream he had seen the absent professor stretched on the grass with a black hole in the middle of his forehead.

"After soothing the emotion which was naturally felt by all those who heard this recital, the master at once began

his lesson, and nothing further was heard of the dream that day.

"The next day, or the day after (my memory is undecided as to the exact date), the professor received a letter telling him that his brother had died from an accident in hunting: his gun discharged itself while he was trying to cross a ditch, and the entire load had entered his head. A. H.

"Geneva." Letter 611.

LVII. "My mother lived at Lille, and she had an uncle in Alsace, whom she loved very deeply. This uncle had long and very delicate fingers. Now, one day when my mother was asleep, she saw, in a dream, this long hand moving slowly above her, endeavoring to grasp some object. The next day my mother received news of the death of her uncle, and, as she afterwards learned from those who had been with him, he had made all the movements seen by my mother just before he died. A. P.

"Rue des Plantes (Paris)." Letter 616.

LVIII. "It has often happened to me to experience a striking coincidence between my dreams and events which occurred at the same time.

"I will permit myself to give you the last of these, which is that most present in my thoughts, as an example.

"All night I dreamed of a nun who had formerly been my teacher.

"I saw her very ill; I was deeply pained at doing so, and I sought to relieve her, but in vain.

"The next day I learned that the sisters of the parish school were at Mirecourt in order to assist at the obsequies of one of their number.

"Still under the impression of my dream, I said at once, 'It is Sister Saint-Joseph.'

"And it was indeed she.

"Yet I had not thought of her in the days preceding my dream; nobody had spoken of her to me, and I had not been aware that she was ill. G. Collin.

"Vittel." Letter 631.

LIX. "It was the 13th of June, 1894. I lived at that time at Barbezieux (Charente). I had a dream in which I saw repeatedly one of the employés of the post and telegraphic service bringing a telegram. The next day, in spite of my occupations, the vision of this employé with the blue paper in his hand never left my thoughts.

"During seven consecutive days and nights this nightmare possessed me to such an extent that on the morning of the 20th I was really ill. At noon, on this same day, my discomfort disappeared as if by magic, and I was perfectly happy; but at three o'clock in the afternoon I received news of the death of my father, who died of an attack of apoplexy, at Castillon-sur-Dordogne, at noon—the hour at which I had suddenly found myself relieved.

"I then saw before me the employé of the post, as my imagination had represented him, and as I had never really seen him.

"I was entirely ignorant that my father was ill, and we were separated by a distance of about sixty miles.

"Ulysse Lacoste.

"Cours Saint-Louis, 48, Bordeaux."

Letter 649.

LX. "I am in good health, and I have strong nerves. In 1894, on the 20th of April, at half-past seven o'clock, my mother, Olga Nikadlevna Arbousova, died. She was fifty-eight years of age. The day before her death, which occurred at Easter, I had gone to see one of my friends who lived about fifteen *verstes* from my property. It was the custom to remain all night, but I, influenced by I do not know what presentiment, refused to do so, and while I was returning I was not in my natural state. When I got back, I saw my mother playing cards with a gentleman, and I was calmed. I went to bed. The next morning, the 20th of April, I woke up, with an icy shuddering all over my body, from a terrible dream, and I looked at the clock; it was half-past seven in the morning. I had seen my mother approach my bed, embrace me, and say, 'Farewell; I am dying!' These words had completely roused me.

"I could not go to sleep again. Ten minutes afterwards I saw every one running towards my house. My servant entered my room, saying, 'Master, madame is dead!'

"According to the servant's story, my mother had risen at seven o'clock, had gone to her grand-daughter's room in order to embrace her, and had then gone back to her room in order to read her morning prayers; then she knelt down before her icons, and expired at once of aneurism. From what I was told, this must have occurred at half-past seven in the morning—exactly the moment of my vision.

"ALEXIS ARBOUSOFF.

"Pskoff (Russia)."

Letter 670.

LXI. "In 1881 I had left France to go to Sumatra, where my friends summoned me. I left behind in France my mother, who was in rather feeble health, though not seriously unwell, and a sister, twenty years of age, who was far gone in an incurable disease. The health of the latter required each year a journey to the springs at Mont Dore. At the same time each year I received regularly the news of their departure for that place.

"In 1884, during the night of the 13th of August, I had a dream in which I received a letter from my sister, informing me that my mother had died suddenly in the Pyrenees.

"I awoke, much affected by this dream, and I spoke of it to two Europeans, one of whom was living with me, and the other in my immediate neighborhood. The recollection of it pursued me ceaselessly; it was a real possession, making me both desire and dread the arrival of the mail which might bring me tidings coinciding with this dream. At last it arrived, and I received a letter from my sister, informing me that the physician had sent her to Luchon, and that my mother had been attacked by a chill which had endangered her life so that it had only been saved by the energetic care of the doctor. On the evening of the 13th of August the latter had declared that if my mother lived till the next day he could answer for her recovery, but that he must wait until the next day before he felt sure.

"My dream was not exactly according to his statement; for it showed the death of my mother.

"But none the less, it is remarkable:

"(1) That the dream concerned a danger to my mother, and not my sister, whose health preoccupied my mind much more.

"(2) That the dream had relation to another watering-place from that to which they generally went, and this proved to be perfectly correct.

"(3) That although the dream was incorrect as regarded the actual death, the imminence of death was plainly demonstrated, and the dream coincided with this threatened danger, as I have been able to verify by dates, which I obtained from my sister in order to establish the coincidence.

"Is it not also remarkable that a dream can preoccupy the mind to such a point that it is still present in my memory after the lapse of fifteen years? I make this narration to you without the aid of any notes, and I think that I shall remember it all my life, so ineffaceable is the impression which it has made upon me. Every one agrees that it does not belong to the usual order of dreams.

"J. BOUCHARD.

"Mocara Enim, Palembang (Sumatra)."

Letter 678.

LXII. "On the 16th of June, 1870, I was sleeping profoundly when some one waked me by touching me on the back. I opened my eyes and saw my sister, who was fifteen years of age, seated on my bed. 'Farewell, Nadia,' she said to me. Then she vanished.

"The same day I learned that she was dead, and that she died at the very hour when I had this awakening and this vision—five o'clock. H. N. UBANENKO.

"Moscow."

Letter 822.

Here are a series of dreams relating to dying manifestations, which are entitled, it seems to us, to be classed in the same category as the cases of telepathy which were the sub-

ject of Chapter III. They show a psychic action of the dying person on the mind of the sleeper, or, at any rate, psychic currents between human beings; but I have thought it proper to give them a second place only, because what is dreamed is less reliable than what is seen in the normal state; and as dreams are innumerable, and often due to preoccupations, cases of fortuitous coincidence cannot be eliminated by the calculations of probabilities, as can be done with facts observed in the waking state with the full use of reason.

Nevertheless, a large number of these dreams ought to be accepted as positive evidence of a relation of cause and effect between the mind of the dying person and that of the percipient. The exactitude of detail is clearly established, notably in cases VIII., IX., XI., XVII., XX., XXVI., XLVIII., LVI. At the very time that I review these pages, the following narrative has been sent me by M. Daniel Beylard, architect, a distinguished student in the École des Beaux Arts, and son of the well-known sculptor. The telepathic impression in this case was not received during sleep, but in a mental condition which presents a certain analogy with sleep—namely the childish condition often observed in extreme old age:

LXIII. "My two grandmothers lived together at Bordeaux for a number of years. One of them was eighty-four years old; the other, my paternal grandmother, was eighty-seven. The latter had not had the use of her intellectual faculties for some time; for two years her memory had been lost to such an extent that she no longer remembered the most ordinary things, and she no longer recognized any one.

"On the 10th of last October my grandmother passed the morning in her chamber, according to her custom. The servant who took charge of her saw that she was occupied in cutting card-board and arranging her hair. Satisfied with her tranquillity, she left her alone until the hour for breakfast. When my grandmother was placed at table, it was observed that she had fastened a photograph to the hair at the back of her head by means of a piece of thread and some pins; it was the portrait, in album size, of her only nephew, who lived in

Madrid. Every one laughed at it at first, and then they wished to take it away from her. She opposed this, and resisted; when they attempted to employ force she began to cry, and they then let her alone.

"At four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day we received a telegram from Madrid, informing us of the death of this nephew, who had died that same morning. This news surprised us, and all the more because no one at Bordeaux knew that he was ill.

"I should add that my grandmother had brought up this nephew from the age of five, and that they had a profound affection for each other.

"Here, dear master, are the facts which occurred in my presence, and to which my maternal grandmother, my parents, and the servant can certify. DANIEL BEYLARD.

"Rue Denfert-Rochereau, 77, Paris."

Letter 845.

I asked the narrator of this very interesting case of telepathy to ask the witnesses to be kind enough to certify to it, and also to sign it, and they hastened to do so.

Although these testimonies are as numerous as they are undeniable, we will add a few more to them. There must be no room for doubt.

Marshal Serrano died in 1892. His wife has written the following account of a curious incident relating to his death:

LXIV. "For twelve long months a disease, which must, alas! have been very grave, slowly destroyed my husband's life. Being aware that the end was approaching rapidly, my husband's nephew, General Lopez Dominguez, went to the president of the Ministerial Council, Señor Canovas, in order to obtain permission for Serrano to be buried, like the other marshals, in a church.

"The king, who was then at Prado, refused General Lopez Dominguez's request. He added, however, that he would prolong his stay in the royal domain, so that his presence at Madrid should not prevent the marshal's receiving the mili-

tary honors due to his rank and to the high position which he occupied in the army.

"The marshal's sufferings increased every day; he could no longer lie down, and remained all the time in an arm-chair. One morning at dawn he suddenly raised himself straight and erect, although he had been in a state of complete exhaustion from the use of morphine, and so completely paralyzed that he could not make any movement without the assistance of several of his aides. In a voice more sonorous than he had ever had in his life, he cried into the silence of the night:

"'Quick, let an officer of ordinance mount and hasten to Prado; the king is dead!'

"He fell back fainting into his chair. We attributed the whole thing to delirium, and we hastened to give him a sedative.

"He dozed, but some minutes after he rose up once more. In a feeble and almost extinct voice he said:

"'My uniform, my sword; the king is dead!'

"This was his last conscious act. After having received the last sacraments and the benediction of the Pope, he expired. Alphonso XII. died without these consolations.

"This sudden vision of the death of the king seen by the dying man was true. The next day all Madrid learned with stupefaction of the king's death, which occurred when he was almost alone at Prado.

"The royal remains were carried to Madrid. By reason of this, Serrano could not receive the honors that had been promised him.

"It is well known that when the king is at the palace at Madrid no honors can be paid except to him; even if he is dead his corpse receives them.

"Did the king himself appear to Serrano? Prado is at a considerable distance; every one was asleep at Madrid; no one except my husband knew of anything that was happening. How did he receive the intelligence?

"This is a subject for thought.

"COMTESSE DE SERRANO,

"Duchess de la Torre."

M. G. J. Romanes, member of the Royal Society of London, has communicated the following experience which was related to him by one of his friends :

LXV. "During the night of the 26th of October, 1872, I felt suddenly very uncomfortable, and I went to bed at half-past nine, about an hour earlier than usual ; I went to sleep almost immediately. I had then a very intense dream, which made a great impression upon me, so much so that I spoke to my wife about it when I awoke. I feared that it presaged some misfortune.

"I imagined that I was seated in the drawing-room near a table, about to read, when an old lady suddenly appeared seated on the other side, very near the table. She did not speak nor move, but she looked at me fixedly, and I looked at her in the same way for at least twenty minutes. I was very much struck with her appearance ; she had white hair, with very black eyebrows, and a penetrating expression. I did not recognize her all at once, and I thought she was a stranger. My attention was attracted in the direction of the door, which opened, and (still in my dream) my aunt entered. Upon seeing this old lady she cried out with great surprise, and in a tone of reproach, 'John, do you not know who that is ?' and without leaving me time to answer she added, 'It is your grandmother.'

"Thereupon the spirit, which had come to visit me, rose from her chair and vanished. At that moment I awoke. The impression made upon me by this strange dream was so strong that I took my note-book and wrote it down, being persuaded that it was a forecast of bad news. Some days passed, however, without bringing it. One evening I received a letter from my father, telling me of the sudden death of my grandmother, which had taken place on *the very night of my dream* and at the same hour—half-past ten."[1]

Dr. Oscar Giacchi has published the three following cases in the *Annales des sciences psychiques* (1895, p. 302):

LXVI. "1st Case (personal). In 1853 I was a student at

[1] *Hallucinations telepathiques*, p. 329.

Pisa. I was eighteen years old. Everything smiled upon me, and I was not troubled by any cares for the future.

"One night, the 19th of April (I cannot say certainly whether it was in a dream or in a half-awake condition), I saw my father stretched on his bed, pale and livid, and he said to me in a half-extinguished voice: 'My son, give me your last kiss, for I am going soon to leave you forever.' I felt the icy contact of his lips on my mouth, and I recall this sad episode so vividly that I could say with the divine poet: '*Che la memoria il sangue ancor mi scipa.*'

"During the past few days I had received excellent news of my father, and for that reason I did not attach any importance to this phantom of my mind; but a terrible anxiety took possession of me, and increased with so much persistence that the following night, resisting the reasonings and prayers of my friends, I took the road for Florence, as much depressed as a criminal who is conducted to the gallows. My anguish was realized, for hardly had I reached the threshold of the house before my mother, running to meet me, told me with despair, in the midst of tears and kisses, that my father had been carried off by a sudden heart attack the preceding night at *the very hour of my vision.*

"2d Case (in my practice). I have had here in my insane asylum, for more than three years, an old woman affected with senile delirium, who had, however, long intervals of tranquillity, during which she was intelligent and tranquil, so that it was possible to believe her statements. She was a poor widow who, when she had been at liberty, was generously aided by the *curé* of Saint Jean de Racconigi, who took pity on her poverty. On the night of the 17th of November, 1892, this woman, who usually (when she was without excitement) slept an uninterrupted sleep, at midnight began to cry out, to give way to despair, and to alarm the entire dormitory, not excepting the Sisters of the quiet division. She assured the nuns who wished to calm her that she had seen the prior fall to the ground, foaming blood at the mouth, and die in a few moments. This nocturnal episode was mentioned by the doctor on duty, in his report, and at the same time the

sad news was circulated all through the country that the *curé* of Saint Jean had really died of a fulminating apoplexy at the very hour when the old woman had the nightmare.

"3d Case (the same). A man named G. C——, from Goltasecca, in the commune of Monesiglio, had been received into the sanitarium about two months before. His condition was improved, and everything promised a cure with the promptitude which is seen in mental diseases without hereditary elements nor degenerative changes. His physical health was perfect, although he had the signs of atheroma of the arteries. But in the night of the 14th of September, 1892, he was seized with a cerebral hemorrhage, which carried him off the next day. On the 16th I received a postal-card from his wife, who until then had kept silence, in which she asked with great anxiety for news of her husband, begging me to answer at once, because she dreaded some misfortune.

"Such a coincidence of events and dates could not pass unnoticed, nor could I feel indifferent in regard to it. I then wrote at once to the eminent Dr. Dhiavarino, the physician who attended this family, begging him to investigate into the reason of this woman's writing to me in such an alarming manner. The doctor replied that he had made the necessary investigations and had collected the following details: 'In the night of the 14th, exactly at the hour when C—— was struck with apoplexy, his wife (who has a peculiarly nervous temperament, and who was then about seven months *enciente*) experienced a moral discomfort all through the evening, and then woke up suddenly in despair as to her husband's fate: so great was the emotion she experienced that she was obliged to wake up her father in order to tell him her sad presentiment, and to conjure him to accompany her to Racconigi, being persuaded that some misfortune had occurred.

"These three cases seem to me worthy of consideration. To attribute them solely to a fortuitous coincidence seems to me a despicable scepticism, and it would be, in my opinion, a false pride to persist in denying the action of a biological law because we are ignorant of the law itself, as, unfortunately, we are ignorant of so many other mysteries of psychology.

"The hypothesis of a mysterious transmission from the brain of one who suffers, or who is in great danger, to the brain of some one beloved, is seductive, for in a moment of supreme peril or terrible danger thought may be able to overcome danger. In my second case, however, and also in the third, this theory cannot be admitted, for the reason that neither the prior of Saint Jean, nor G. C——, struck down on a sudden as they both were with apoplexy, could have had the strength to think of absent loved ones; and, moreover, the old woman could not have been beloved by the *curé* to such an extent that he addressed to her the supreme invocation of the dying."

I will note here, in connection with this kind of dream, one very remarkable case, observed by Mr. Frederic Wingfield, at Belle-Isle-en-Terre (Côtes du Nord), already published in *Les Hallucinations telepathique* (p. 101).

LXIX. "What I am about to write is the exact account of what happened, and I may remark in this connection that I am very little disposed towards belief in the supernatural, indeed, quite the contrary, for I have been accused, with justice of an exaggerated scepticism in regard to things which I cannot explain.

"On the night of Thursday, the 25th of March, 1880, I went to bed after having read until very late, according to my usual custom. I dreamed that I was lying on my sofa and that I was reading, when, raising my eyes, I distinctly saw my brother Richard Wingfield-Baker, seated on a chair before me. I dreamed that I spoke to him, but he simply bowed his head in answer, and then he rose and left the room. When I awoke, I found that I was standing upright, one foot placed on the ground near my bed and the other one on my bed, and that I tried to speak and to pronounce my brother's name. The impression that he was really present was so strong, and all the scene that I had dreamed was so vivid, that I left the bedroom to look for my brother in the drawing-room. I examined the chair where I had seen him seated; I came back to my bed, and I tried to go to sleep, because I hoped that the apparition would appear again, but

my mind was too much excited. I must, however, have gone to sleep towards morning. When I awoke, the impression of my dream was still vivid, and I should add that it has always remained so in my mind. The sentiment of impending misfortune which I felt was so strong that I made a note of the 'apparition' in my daily journal, adding to it the words: 'May God forbid.'

"Three days afterwards I received news that my brother Richard Wingfield-Baker had died on Thursday evening, the 25th of March, 1880, at half-past eight o'clock, in consequence of terrible injuries which he had received in an accident while hunting."

Mr. Wingfield sent with this letter his private note-book, in which, amid a large number of business notes, the following statement is made: "Apparition on the night of Thursday, the 25th of March, 1880, R. B.W. B. May God forbid."

The following letter was added to this note.

"COAT-AN-NOS, 2d of February, 1884.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, No effort of memory is required in order to recall to me the fact of which you speak; I have preserved the clearest and most accurate remembrance of it. I remember perfectly that on Sunday, the 4th of April, 1880, I went to breakfast with you, having arrived in Paris that same morning with the intention of spending several days there. I remember very well that I found you much affected by the sad news which you had just received of the death of one of your brothers. I also recollect, as if it had happened yesterday, how much I was struck by the fact that some days before receiving the sad news, after you had gone to bed one evening, you saw, or thought you saw, in any case most distinctly, the brother whose sudden death you had just heard of, very near your bed, and in your conviction that it was he, you had risen and had addressed some words to him, and that moment you ceased to see him, as if he had vanished like a ghost. I remember, that acting under the impression, which was the natural consequence of this event, you wrote it down in a little memorandum-book, where you were in the habit of

noting striking occurrences in your peaceful life, and I also remember that you showed me the note-book.

"I was the less surprised at what you told me then, and I have preserved a remembrance of it the more distinct, because, as I told you in the beginning, similar experiences, in which I entirely believe, have occurred in my own family.

"I am convinced that such events occur much more frequently than is generally supposed. But one does not always wish to speak of them, because one is apt to despise one's self, or to be despised by others.

"*Au revoir*, dear friend. We shall soon meet, I hope. Be assured of the sincere good wishes of

"Yours very devotedly,

"FAUCIGNY, Prince de Lucinge."

Mr. Wingfield adds, in answer to some questions:

"I have never had any other alarming dream of this kind, nor indeed any other dream of any kind in which I awoke with such an impression of reality and uneasiness, and with an effect so enduring after my awakening. I have never had any hallucinations."

It should be noted that this dream did not take place until *some hours after death*.

Documents of this kind are so numerous that it is difficult to cease quoting them. We cannot refrain from mentioning one more dream, not less remarkable, which has been recently published, with all the documents, affording a guarantee of absolute veracity, in the excellent special review, *Annales des sciences psychique*, by Dr. Darieux:

LXX. "In the first days of November, 1869, I set out from Perpignan, my native town, in order to continue my studies in pharmacy at Montpellier. My family at this time was composed of my mother and my four sisters. I left them very happy and in perfect health.

"On the 22d of the same month my sister Helen, a fine girl, eighteen years of age, who was my youngest and favorite sister, entertained some of her young friends at my mother's house. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon

they went towards the Promenade des Plantanes in company with my mother. The weather was very fine. At the end of half an hour my sister was seized with a sudden illness. 'Mother,' she said, 'I feel a strange shuddering over all my body. I am cold, and my throat hurts me. Let us go home.'

"Twelve hours afterwards my beloved sister expired in my mother's arms, struggling for breath. She succumbed to diphtheria, which two doctors were powerless to cure.

"My family sent me telegram after telegram to Montpellier, for I was the only man to represent them at the funeral. By a terrible fatality, which I lament to this day, none of them reached me in time.

"But during the night of the 23d, eighteen hours after the poor child's death, I became the victim of a fearful hallucination.

"I had reached home at two o'clock in the morning, with my mind at ease, and full of the pleasure which I had enjoyed during the 22d and the 23d, both of which days had been spent on a pleasure party. I went to bed in a very gay humor, and five minutes afterwards I was asleep.

"Towards four o'clock in the morning I saw my sister appear before me, *pale, sobbing, lifeless,* and a piercing cry, sad, and repeating itself, struck on my ear: '*What are you doing, my Louis? Come! come!*'

"In my nervous and agitated sleep, I thought I took a carriage; but, alas! in spite of superhuman efforts I could not induce it to proceed.

"And I saw my sister always before me, pale, sobbing, lifeless, and the same piercing, sad, constantly repeated cry struck on my ear: 'What are you doing, my Louis. Come! come!'

"I woke up suddenly, with my face flushed, my head burning, my throat dry, my respiration short and hurried, while my body was bathed in sweat.

"I sprang out of bed, trying to compose myself. An hour afterwards I went back to bed, but I could not rest again.

"At eleven o'clock in the morning I arrived at the *pension,* a prey to irresistible sadness. When I was interrogated by

my companions, I related to them the cruel experience which I had just passed through. They expended some jests upon it. At two o'clock I went to the college, hoping to find some relief in study.

"Upon coming out of class at four o'clock I saw a woman in deep mourning, advancing towards me. Two paces from me she raised her veil. I recognized my eldest sister, who, uneasy in regard to me, came to find out what had become of me, in spite of her extreme grief.

"She informed me of the fatal occurrence, which nothing could have warned me of, since I had received excellent news of the health of my family on the morning of the 22d of November.

"Such is the narrative, which I affirm to you, on my honor, is absolutely true. I do not express any opinion, I confine myself to the relation of it.

"Twenty years have passed since then, yet the impression is still very profound—at the present moment especially—and if the features of my Helen do not still appear to me with the same distinctness, I always hear that same sad, repeated, despairing appeal: 'What are you doing, my Louis? Come! come!'

LOUIS NOELL.
"Apothecary at Cette."

This story is accompanied by documents intended to confirm its authenticity. We will cite from these documents the following letter from the observer's sister.

"My brother has begged me, at your request, to send you an account of the interview which I had with him at Montpellier, after the death of my sister Helen. According to your desire, and his, I bring you my testimony, in spite of the painfulness of my recollections.

"My brother recognized me at once in the street, in spite of my mourning dress, and as soon as I saw him I understood that he was still in ignorance of Helen's death. 'What misfortune has befallen us?' he cried. When he learned of Helen's death from my lips, he pressed me in his arms with violence, so that I nearly fell when he released me. When we reentered the

house I had to undergo a terrible scene. My brother, who is very nervous and very excitable, but also very kind-hearted, was nearly insane with rage, and he almost ill-treated me. 'What a fatality!' said he; 'what a misfortune! Oh, the telegrams, why have I not received them?' and he struck violently on the table with both hands. He swallowed three large *carafes* of water one after the other. At one time I thought that he was mad, for his glance was so wild.

"Some hours afterwards, when he had recovered himself, he said: 'Oh, I was sure of it, a great misfortune was going to befall me.' He then told me of the hallucination which he had experienced during the night of the 23rd and 24th.

"THÉRÉSE NOELL."

This dream, like the preceding one, was experienced after the death of the subject who occasioned it. We will not analyze here the immediate causes of these sensations, for we shall have to distinguish later on between manifestations of the dead and those of the dying, as well as of the living; what we wish to lay stress upon here is the dream itself, whatever may be the nature of the psychic action involved. Several explanations can be suggested. Was the mind of the brother transported to the sister, and did he find her dead? Or did the sister, on the contrary, seek the brother, and did it require eighteen hours for the appeal to arouse a sensation? Was there simply a natural psychic current existing between the brother and sister? These are questions for investigation. We are entering upon a new world which is—? ? ?

But, in reading of dreams, we see and we feel that the force which is in action does not always proceed from the dying person to the percipient, but, on the contrary, it is sometimes from the dreamer to the dying person, and thus resembles vision at a distance.

This is the impression given by cases VIII. (where the grandmother led the children across a field), XI. (where a brother died at St. Petersburg with his children on their knees beside his bed), XII. (the long funeral procession), XV. (the death of the dog), XVII. (the child dying on the

red quilt), XX. (five coffins), XXI. (the death of Carnot), XXXIX. (the funeral of the young girl at Nantes seen at Carthagenia), XLVI. (General de Cossigny falling downstairs), XLVIII. (the wound in the right shoulder), LV. (a revolver-shot received in the hand), LVI. (the pupil seeing the brother of the professor killed by a bullet wound in his head), LXIV. (Marshal Serrano announcing the death of the king), LXVII. (the old woman seeing the death of her *curé*), etc. It would seem that in these instances the mind of the dreamer had *seen, perceived, felt,* with perfect truth the things which were passing at a distance.

The establishment of sight at a distance, in dreams, will be the object of our next chapter.

But we consider the 70 cases just reported as absolutely conclusive, and we also regard them as confirming, from another point of view, the 186 dying manifestations detailed above. For ourselves, *psychic manifestations are certain and incontestable.* They must henceforward constitute a new branch of science.

## CHAPTER VIII

### DISTANT SIGHT IN DREAMS.—ACTUAL FACTS

It would seem from the examples already reported that in certain dreams the dreamer sees really what is happening at a distance. We will here continue our investigation by other special cases, observed and related with great care, that are not connected with manifestations from the dying, which we now consider sufficiently demonstrated.

What is more, in these examples of sight at a distance in dreams, we will only speak of things present—things actually seen — reserving, in our methodical classification, what we have to say of divination of the future for another chapter, which will be the last in this volume. We will also postpone what we propose to say of things seen in the future by persons wide awake, as well as any analysis of *presentiments*. These divisions are absolutely indispensable, if we would make our way in these researches, that they may teach us to admit only what is told us upon good authority; and, lastly, they will lead to explanations, if explanations be possible.

These questions have for many years been the object of my studies. I published the following dream in the *Voltaire* of February 18, 1889. It had been sent to me by my friend, P. Conil, our sympathetic colleague in the Parisian press:

I. "In 1844 I was in my seventh year's course of study at the Lycée Saint Louis. At this time one of my uncles, Joseph Conil, Juge d'Instruction at the Ile Bourbon (now called Réunion), had come to Paris to consult the medical authorities of that day about a growth upon his neck, which had first begun behind his right ear, but which had spread by degrees

till it had gained his whole cheek, and was threatening to get possession of his head.

"He would have liked them to perform an operation, but Valpeau opposed it, and said to my father: 'Without an operation he may live a year, or not more than a fortnight, but if we perform an operation he will surely die under our hands.'

"This opinion was not made known to my poor uncle; every day new pretexts were invented to postpone the operation.

"One Sunday, when I was allowed to go out, I found him more affectionate than ever, and when I had to go back to the Lycée he said, 'Kiss me, for I shall never see you again.'

"I of course protested against these words. I kissed him affectionately, for I sincerely loved him, and went back to school, where I resumed my amusements and my studies.

"In the night of Thursday or Friday of this same week I was sleeping soundly when a dream transported me to Courbevoie (my father and my step-mother passed the summer there, and there they had taken my uncle).

"In the great chamber *au premier*, looking on the garden, lying on his bed, draped with red curtains, my uncle was carefully nursed by my father and my step-mother, who was always sitting beside his bed, silently praying. There was also a good old Breton nurse, Louise by name, who had been many years in our service.

"My uncle spoke to the persons present by turns. To my father and my step-mother he addressed some advice concerning my sister and me, and I heard his words very distinctly in my dream. I could repeat them now, for this vision made such an impression on my mind and on my memory that it seems as if it took place yesterday. But what he said would be of no interest to your readers.

"To Louise he gave his purse. 'Take it,' he said; 'you have nursed me like a Sister of Charity.' And I still seem to hear the sobs of this devoted woman.

"Then there was a silence, broken by Louise:

"'M. Joseph, for three months you have not been able to

open your right eye. I have here a medal of the Virgin of Auray; put it on your eye and it will open.'

"My uncle smiled; he put the medal on his eyelids, which opened at once and remained open some minutes.

"My uncle was a good Catholic. 'I shall not live through the night,' he said. 'Louise, bring me a priest.' Louise went at once. My father and step-mother took each a hand of the sick man, who continued to converse with them, and I heard everything they said.

"The priest arrived. They left him alone with the dying man. I was present when he made his last confession, but of *that I did not hear one word.*

"The priest went out. My parents and Louise came back. Soon the last struggle began, and I *saw* all its heart-breaking details. . . . My beloved uncle gave a long sigh. Then he was dead.

"When I awoke the college clock was striking. It was 2 A.M. My eyes were full of tears.

"'We must always take dreams by the contrary,' I said to myself. 'I have dreamed my uncle was dead, and of course he is better.'

"On Sunday morning I had a visit from a friend of the family, M. Vigneau, the father of Henri Vigneau, the author of "Orfa," he came to take me home and to tell me the sad news. When I reached Courbevoie my father repeated to me the last advice of my uncle about me . . . and this was precisely the advice that I had *heard.* Very much impressed, I said to my father, 'And did not my uncle also say so and so?'

"'Yes.'

"'Were not his last moments like this?' And I told *all* that I had *seen* and *heard.* All was perfectly exact.

"'But how could you know all this?' asked my papa.

"'Papa, I dreamt it. But tell me what time did my uncle die?'

"'At two o'clock, precisely.'

"'I knew it,' I replied. 'That was the very time when I awoke.'"

Unconscious cerebration will no more explain dreams of this kind than those related in the last chapter.

It seems in this case as if the spirit of the writer had been transported, had seen what was passing in the chamber of his dying uncle. In another dream M. Conil saw Havre before he had ever been there, and perfectly recognized its *quais* and streets when he afterwards visited the town for the first time.

Here are some other instances of the same kind, copied from the collection evoked by my inquiry.

II. "First, several times during my thirty-eight years' ministry I have felt myself instinctively impelled to go to the bedside of persons whom I did not know were sick, but whom I found to be dying. If I did not fear to weary you, seeing the great number of letters you must receive, I would relate them to you. One must suffice.

"One night, or, rather, at one in the morning, I woke up suddenly, for I saw lying in his bed one of my parishioners, who seemed dying and who was calling for me loudly. In five minutes I was dressed, and with a little lantern in my hand was running towards the house of the sick man. On my way I met a messenger coming full speed to find me.

"I reached the dying man, who had just lost consciousness from a stroke of apoplexy. I had only time to repeat the words of absolution when he expired.

"Now this man, robust and strong, had gone to bed at nine o'clock in excellent condition. BOUIN,

"Honorary Canon, *Curé* of Couze, Dordogne."

Letter 4.

III. "I had three very good friends who were farmers at Chevennes. I had not seen them for some time. One night I had a horrible nightmare. I saw their farm-house on fire. I made superhuman efforts to run and call for help, but I could not stir. I could utter no word, my feet seemed glued to the ground. I saw several other buildings catch fire, and at last, just as the whole was falling in, I made a tremendous effort to free myself, and I woke up, with my throat dry and

my legs cramped. I jumped out of bed. My wife woke up. I told her my dream. She laughed heartily at seeing me so concerned at it.

"In the course of the next day I received an express telling me that part of the farm-house had been destroyed by fire.

"GEORGES PARENT,
"Mayor at Wiège-Faty (Aisne)."
Letter 20.

IV. "My father Palmero, a colonial engineer, belonging to the Ponts et Chaussées, and a native of Toulon, after having passed twenty years at the island of Réunion, where he married and had five children, returned to France on half-pay in 1867, and settled at Toulon. My mother, who had been born at Réunion of one of the best families in the place, could not leave her native island without keen regret, especially as she left behind her father and mother, whose means had been greatly impaired by a reverse of fortune.

"In the first years passed in France, where everything was strange to my mother, she was so unhappy that my father, a man of the utmost kindness, took a secret resolve to ask her father and mother to come and live with us.

"He was careful not to let his wife know this, for notwithstanding her great love for her own parents, she would have opposed a plan which would have been so costly, and in the end might have been so injurious to the interests of the family if seven persons had to be supported on the half-pay of my father.

"My mother, therefore, was for several reasons kept in ignorance of this step of my father's, and had it been told her she would not have believed it. My grandfather and grandmother, at a very advanced age, lived at Réunion, among their mother children, happy in their care and in a thousand little satisfactions that proceed from an honorable and quiet life.

"Nothing, therefore, seemed to make it probable that they would accept, as they did, their son-in-law's proposal.

"Leaving everything, selling their scanty furniture, impelled by that unknown force which we call destiny, the two old people took the first steamer for France, without writing (had they done so, their letter would have arrived after they did) and without telegraphing (there was no telegraphic communication between France and the Isle of Bourbon at this period).

"We therefore had had no news when, one night in the month of May, 1872, my mother, suddenly waking up, cried to my father: 'My dear! my children! get up. I have just seen papa and mamma out there beyond Toulon in a boat. Dress yourselves quickly; we shall hardly have time to make ready their room.'

"My father, who could not think his letter had been so persuasive, nor that a steamer had left Réunion a day or two after its receipt, began to laugh, and advised my mother to lie down and let her children sleep.

"Her first emotion having passed, my mother took his advice and went to bed again, but not until she had repeated that she *felt sure that she had seen her father and mother passing the harbor of Toulon in a boat.*

"The next day we received a telegram from Marseilles telling us that grandfather and grandmother had arrived by the steamer of the Messageries Maritimes.

"When my mother told her father about her vision on the preceding night, he told us that, wearied by their voyage and excited by the idea of so soon seeing their beloved daughter, they could not sleep, and that in a sudden burst of feeling they had looked intently into the darkness, their hands clasped each other, and thinking that only a few revolutions of the wheel now kept them from the object of their journey, they had exclaimed to each other: 'There lives our daughter! We shall see her and embrace her in a few hours.' They were in sight of Toulon.

"My grandmother still lives with me. She is very old, but when I speak to her of her return to France her eyes sparkle, and I know that her spirit has traversed space to communicate with the brain of her for whom she left

everything at an age when transportation to new places alarms and disturbs. PALMERO,

"Agent of Posts and Telegraphs at Marseilles."
Letter 24.

V. "My father being at boarding-school, about thirty miles from home, was awakened suddenly one night with his mind full of an idea that his mother was dying. (Was it a dream?) He could not go to sleep again until daylight, being seized with a great fear, and as soon as the school-master was awake he went to him, begging permission to go home. It was refused. The same night a letter reached him from his father, telling him that the night before, and *at the same hour* when he roused up in a fright, his mother had been thought to be dying. She had received the last sacraments, and had spoken of him several times. She had rallied, however, after being very near to death, and she lived long after. BERNARD VANDENHOUGEN.

"Mantes."
Letter 31.

VI. "Some years ago I lived on a little property a few miles from Papiti, the capital of our French establishments in Oceania. I had to go to a meeting one night of the Council General, and about midnight quitted the town in a little English tax-cart, when I encountered a terrible storm.

"My lamps were blown out, the road I had to take along the edge of the coast was perfectly dark; my horse grew frightened and unmanageable. All of a sudden I felt a violent shock, my carriage had run into a tree.

"The two hind wheels, with what belonged to them, remained on the spot of the accident. I fell between the horse and the broken body of the carriage, and was dragged a long distance by the frightened animal, in the course of which I had every chance of being killed a hundred times.

"However, as I did not lose my presence of mind, I succeeded in calming my horse, and getting down from the broken part of the chaise. I shouted for help, but merely on a chance, for I was in a perfectly uninhabited country.

"Suddenly I saw a light apparently coming towards me, and a few minutes after my wife arrived, having run nearly a mile straight to the scene of the accident. She told me that she was asleep when she was suddenly awakened by a perception that *my life was in danger*, and without hesitation she had lighted a lantern, and through the rain, which fell in torrents, had set out to find me.

"I had often returned from town on a dark night, but my wife had never before felt the smallest anxiety about me. That night she actually saw what had happened to me, and could not resist the earnest impulse of coming to find me.

"I have no remembrance of having sent an ardent mental appeal to her, and I own I was completely bewildered when I heard a voice calling, 'I know you are hurt and I am coming!'

JULES TEXIER.

"Châtellerault."

Letter 50.

VII. "I was living at Cette with my wife, her mother, and my two daughters, in a villa on the slope of a mountain. I went every morning into the town in a carriage that I hired by the month, and which came for me always at 8 A.M. Now one day I awoke at five, after a horrible dream.

"I had seen a girl *fall out of a window*, and she was killed on the spot. I told this dream to my family. It was seven o'clock, and they were all getting up. They were much startled by it. I went down into the garden to wait until eight o'clock, when the carriage would come for me as usual. But it did not arrive until half-past nine. I was much annoyed at this delay, which would interfere with my business. But the driver told me that the reason he had come instead of his master was because that morning at five o'clock his little girl (ten years old, I think) had *fallen out of a window* and was dead.

"I had never seen the child. MARTIN HALLE.

"19 Rue Clément-Marot, Paris."

Letter 61.

VIII. "Six years ago I gave birth to my second child, which my mother, fearing for my health, carried the next

day home with her, thirty miles away, that she might have it cared for under her own eyes. I was very ill at first, then I got better. I began to get up and (need I say it?) my thoughts were always of the dear little being so suddenly taken from me that I had barely seen it.

"We heard frequently of the baby, and the news was always satisfactory. We were perfectly easy on its account. One morning I awoke with a singular oppression of spirits. I had dreamed in the night that my child was a hunchback. I told my husband, and I began to cry. He laughed at me. As soon as I was up, and while he was away, I wrote to my mother, telling her my dream and begging to hear from her without delay all particulars concerning my little darling.

"They answered by telling me all sorts of pleasant things about the child. He was a magnificent baby. His grandfather was proud of his grandson.

"Some time after this, my mother, who had not seen me since my confinement, came to visit us, and in the evening, sitting over the fire, she told us in confidence, my husband and myself, that my letter had caused her a sudden attack of illness; that, in fact, when it arrived, she had just discovered that my child was slightly *deformed*. He had had the symptoms for about a fortnight, but it was really nothing, some skilful massage had made all right again, but my mother and the wet-nurse, though they said nothing to any one, had been seriously anxious. My letter arrived in the midst of their uneasiness, and then, almost beside herself, my mother had shown the baby to the doctor, who reassured her, telling her it was nothing and not to alarm herself needlessly. MARIE DUCHEIN.

"Paris."

Letter 166.

IX. "I was staying with one of my friends, in the month of October, 1896. It was the time of the visit of the Czar, and she had to give quarters to some soldiers who had come on for a review. Their mess was at our house, and their cook, when they were leaving, packed up with their things a spoon and fork belonging to us.

"As soon as they were gone we noticed the disappearance of these things.

"My friend wrote about them at once, and two days after, when she awoke, she said to me: 'Marie, I dreamed that I should get my things back to-day, and that I should receive a letter, but what is very curious, that the letter would be on *pink paper all covered with writing*, without the least little spot on it being blank, and the envelope will be white.'

We waited impatiently for the postman, who brought us indeed the lost things and a letter in a white envelope, but the paper *was pink*, and its four sides were *covered with writing*.

"How could my friend have guessed all this exactly? Was it a dream?

MARIE BOUORY.

"Brimont."

X. "I have a brother, now twenty-nine years of age, who, in 1889, went to Santiago, in Chili. He wrote to us regularly. After a letter, received in 1892 (I do not remember the exact date), mamma told us she had dreamed that she had seen him ill, and being carried to a hospital on a stretcher. Letters took about thirty-five days to come from Santiago to France. Five months passed and we had no news. At last a letter came, in which my brother told us he had just *come out of hospital*, where had been under treatment for six months. He had been taken there when suffering from typhoid-fever, which was followed by pluerisy.

"MARIE VIALLA.

"30 Rue Victor Hugo, Lyons."

Letter 146.

XI. "An uncle of my sister-in-law, who is still living, was at one time in the country about thirty miles from Bayonne, where he dreamed, one night, that M. Rausch, one of his intimate friends, had been murdered on one of the Alliés Marines of Bayonne by some Spaniards, as he was going home.

"The next morning M. Bouin, uncle of my sister-in-law, told her his dream, though he did not put much faith in it; but shortly after he received news that his friend had been

murdered by Spaniards on the Alliés Maritimes of Bayonne on the night when he had had the dream.

"I sign these lines as being the expression of the truth, but I should be much obliged if you did not publish the name of my family or mine. G. F.

"Bordeaux." Letter 77.

XII. "In 1872 or 1873, my mother, then a young unmarried girl, lived in the Rue des Tonnelles with her mother. She knew a family of poor people named Morange, who lived in the Rue Saint-Antoine, near the Lycée Charlemagne. One Saturday evening she met this family, and little Morange, a child who was very fond of her, asked her to come and see a new frock she had put on the day before. She went, but soon she left the child and returned home. The next morning, when she woke up, my mother told my grandmother that she had dreamed *that the whole of the Morange family were dead.*

"Soon after it was learned that they had all perished during the night, for their house had been burned down.

"MARCEL GERSCHEL.

"80 Faubourg Saint-Denis, Paris."
Letter 294.

XIII. "I can assure you of the truth of a case that is absolutely authentic, and which happened a few years ago. I saw in a dream, one night, two ladies of my acquaintance in *deep mourning*, though I had not an idea that any member of their family was dead, or even ill. I questioned them and was told that they were wearing mourning for a gentleman, the brother of one of them and the husband of the other.

"A few days after I learned that his death had taken place on the night of my dream. He died at Moscow, the ladies were in Germany, and I lived at Mitau (Courland in Russia). SOPHIE HERRENBURG.

"Mitau." Letter 234.

XIV. "Thirty years ago my family lived at Marseilles. One morning my father told us he had dreamed that his

mother, who lived in Alsace, and who he did not know was ill, was dead. Some days later he learned that his mother had really died on the night of his dream. N. NISCHE.
"Chalous-sur-Marne."

Letter 279.

XV. (A) "When I was a young woman I dreamed I was present when two men were stealing a horse belonging to my husband, and I witnessed all the precautions they took to get the animal noiselessly out of the stable. When I woke up I told my dream to my husband, who went at once to the stable, which he found empty. Three years later the robbers were caught and the horse paid for.

(B) "One night I saw in a dream a friend of my husband. He was in a cavern, and with him were my mother and my sisters, dead. The gentleman had been much attached to them. He was wrapped in long white garments. He came towards me with a low bow. Then he disappeared, so did my mother and sisters. A few days later my husband died.

"If you think that these two dreams are worth publishing, do not give my name. I am a widow, and live humbly in retirement. C. F."

Letter 312.

XVII. "In the month of October, 1898 (on the 13th or 14th), I had just quitted Madame G., with whom I had spent several days, to embark on a voyage home. On the following night she dreamed she saw a shipwreck and a number of persons drowned. When she woke she wished (for having had other experiences she thought she had the gift of second-sight) to telegraph to me, begging me not to leave; but her husband prevented her. On October 15th the papers contained accounts of a great storm and the wreck of a vessel involving more than one hundred deaths. Happily—for me—it was not my vessel. P. P.,
"Doctor of Laws.
"Philippeville."

Letter 396.

XVIII. "Madame B. lived a few years since in a villa near Yokohama. She was in the habit of lying down an

hour before dinner. One afternoon (she does not remember exactly if she was awake or half asleep), she suddenly cried out: '*Ah! mon Dieu!* there is Mr. N.; he is drowning! Save him! Save him! . . . Ah! he is dead.' *She had seen him distinctly.* Her husband tried to reassure her by saying it was all a dream, but a short time after a messenger came to tell them that their friend, Mr. N., had been drowned while taking his daily bath in the river before going up to their villa to dine with them. His intention of going to dine with the B.'s easily explains why he thought of them at the time he went to bathe. The hour of the accident and the time of Madame B.'s dream coincided exactly.

F. E. BADE.

"Hamburg." Letter 447.

XIX. "In 1884, in the early part of April, at Nice, I dreamed that my husband, lying ill in bed, said to me: 'Come and kiss me.' (We had been separated for some time.) An exposition was then going on at Nice. On Good-Friday, April 11th, a voice said to me: 'Go to the exposition to-day, or you will never see him again.' In the night of April 12th and 13th a despatch arrived; my husband had been attacked with congestion of the lungs. On the 13th I left Nice for Paris. I saw my husband at Val de Grace, *just as I had seen him in my dream.* He died on the 15th, without regaining consciousness.

A. S. (widow).

"Nice."

"P.S.—I desire to be anonymous. Initials only, I beg."

Letter 483.

XX. "I should like to tell you of a dream I had about six years ago, which made a great impression upon me, though I am not superstitious.

"At that time I was a teacher in a boarding school in the Department of the Aisne. One night I dreamed that I was walking along the principal street of our town, when, looking up, I saw a clear sky, and in the northeast I perceived a great black cross, on which I saw distinctly two letters like this: M † M.

"The next day I told my dream, and tried, but in vain, to find out if any member of my family had a name beginning with the same initals. Not finding any, I thought of other things. Some days later (unfortunately I cannot tell you the exact date) I received a letter telling me that an aunt who lived in a village northeast of our town, and whose name was Marguerite Marconnet, had just died. The coincidence between my dream and her death was so striking that I never can forget it, and what most astonishes me is that, though I knew my aunt well, (I saw her very seldom, it had been some time since we met), I hardly ever thought of her.

"L. MARCONNET.

"Mont-béliard." Letter 440.

XXI. "Some years ago I read in an English monthly paper that a friend of Sir John Franklin had seen in a dream that Sir John had failed in his Arctic expedition, and then this friend, whose name, if I remember rightly, was Walter Snoo, saw all the country where the event took place.

"As soon as he woke up, being skilled in drawing, he took a pencil, drew the boats, the blocks of ice around the spot, and in fact the whole country.

"This drawing he sent subsequently to one of his friends, the proprietor of a great illustrated American newspaper, in which it was inserted with a brief mention of the impressions of Walter Snoo; but, of course, there was no proof of the correspondence of the event with the details in the drawing.

"When, long after, the mortal remains of Franklin and his companions were found in the ice and snows of the Arctic regions, those who saw them also made drawings of the scene, showing the position of the frozen bodies, the boats, dogs harnessed and lying dead, all agreeing with the friend's drawing.

"I do not know the name of the illustrated paper, nor that of the English monthly, but you could easily find them and thereby prove the exactness of your records to the whole world by verifying this letter which I presume to write to you.

DR. BRONISLAW GALECHI,

"Barrister, Place Cathedrale Farnow, Galicia, Austria."

Letter 563.

XXII. "I can certify to you the exactness of the following facts:

"I was seven years old. My mother, who had never been willing that I should be separated from her, yielded one day to an earnest request from one of my aunts, and let me go with her to the country, giving many charges concerning me.

"A month passed without any incident, and, above all, with no accident, when one morning my mother hurried to my uncle's and said to him:

"'Please write at once to my sister and beg her to send me news of my little girl, for I am in dreadful anxiety about her. I saw her last night, in a dream, lying on a road, lifeless and covered with blood. Something has undoubtedly happened to her. I have a presentiment of it. Now you know that I am never mistaken about such things!'

"My uncle laughed at my mother and told her that his wife was a prudent woman and would expose me to no danger. But the next day he received a letter written by his wife the evening before in which she told him, but forbade him to tell my mother, of an accident that had befallen me.

"The same night on which my mother saw me covered with blood, my aunt had gone out driving, taking me and three other persons with her. It was dark; the carriage-lamp went out, and we found ourselves on a country road without knowing where we were. Suddenly the horse, who had been trotting quietly, shied and reared. He ran up against a hedge on one side of the road, and threw out all the people in the carriage. No one could tell how it happened, but not one of them received so much as a scratch but myself. I had been fast asleep. The shock threw me under the belly of the horse, who, in trying to get up, struck me on the face and chest, and dragged me over the sharp pebbles in the road, the right side of my face being next to them.

"My blood flowed in abundance; my ear was torn; I heard heart-rending cries for help, but no one answered them. As I said, the night was dark and our lamps were out. At last help came from a house not far off, and they found I had

fainted and was in a deplorable condition. A man in his shirt-sleeves had passed close before the horse and had frightened him. G. D.

"58 Avenue de Saxe, Paris."

Letter 625.

XXIII. "One morning, when I was seventeen years old, I woke up about seven o'clock. I went to sleep again till eight, and I dreamed that I was passing before a house where lived a family I knew, but seldom visited. This house had a shop in it, and I dreamed I saw the shop closed, with a sheet of white paper nailed on the door, on which was written the word 'Deceased.' I woke up and told my dream to mamma, who showed me the newspaper of that morning, in which the death was announced. Does not this coincidence tend to prove a certain displacement of the soul during sleep? Without it how could I have had this dream, since nothing had made me think of a death in that family?

"MARIE LOUISE MILICE.

"33 Rue Boudet, Bordeaux."

Letter 661.

XXIV. "One of my friends, at present post-mistress at Louvigné-du-Dezert (Ille-et-Vilaine), Mademoiselle Blanche Suzanne, was, about twenty-five years ago, engaged to be married to a young man, the son of an agriculturist, who had undertaken teaching. One day she dreamed that her *fiancé* had sent her a long letter, in which he wrote as follows, or very nearly so:

"'I should have done better had I not relinquished the plough and taken up teaching.' The next morning the young girl told her dream to her mother, quoted this sentence, and then sat down to her work again. Some hours after the postman brought her a letter from her lover, in which were precisely and exactly the same words.

"HENRIETTE FRANÇOIS.

"Bromberg-Posen, Germany."

Letter 662.

XXV. "Here is what once happened to my father, a Councillor of State, a man seventy years of age, when he was

staying in the country to get a little rest. It was at Saint Élie. In the country where there are few distractions or changes, where one day passes just like another, my father lost count of time, and even forgot it was St. Élie's day, the day of the village *fête*. That morning at breakfast he told us a dream he had had during the night. He had seen his sister-in-law, who lived a long way off. She asked him if the funeral of her husband was to take place that day at St. Élie, or on another day elsewhere. When my grandfather told us the dream, he said it had been a great surprise to learn that this was St. Élie's day. After thinking a moment, and remarking on the strangeness of dreams in general, my father took the train to go to town, promising to come back in the evening. Great was our surprise when he returned, bringing a letter from his sister-in-law telling us of her husband's death, which took place on the day of St. Élie !

"MARIE DE LESLEY.

"Riga-Orel, Government of Smolensk, Russia."

Letter 679.

XXVI. "I had a daughter of the age of fifteen; she was my joy and pride. I left her with my mother, while I made a little journey. On May 17, 1894, I was to be at home again. Now on the 16th I dreamed that my daughter was very ill, that she was sobbing and calling for me with all her strength. I woke up much agitated, but I said to myself dreams are all nonsense. In the course of the day I had a letter from my daughter, who made no complaint about her health, only telling what had happened at home. The next day I got back; my daughter did not run to meet me as she always used to do ; a maid told me she had been suddenly taken ill. She had a terrible pain in her head. I made her go to bed. Alas ! she never again left it. Diphtheria declared itself two days after, and, in spite of all our care, my dear child died on the 29th of May. Now two days before her death I had thrown myself upon my bed, a little sick chamber separated from hers only by a door ; I closed my eyes, but I did not sleep. My daughter was in a doze, but the

nurse was awake. Suddenly a bright light shone in the dark chamber, with a swiftness and a brilliancy like that of a flash of sunlight in August at mid-day. I called to the nurse. She did not answer me for a moment; before she did so I was beside my daughter's bed. The night-lamp had gone out, the flash of light was gone. The nurse seemed paralyzed with fear. In vain I questioned her, but next day she told the servants (and she says the same thing still) that she saw my husband, who died six months before, standing at the foot of my daughter's bed.

"This person is still living. She is forty-eight years old, and she will tell what she saw to any one who asks her.

"MADAME R. DE L.

"Lacapalle."

Letter 633.

XXVII. (A). "Not long ago I got in a very nervous state thinking of my deceased husband, who had died seven years before, when, having gone to bed, I took a newspaper and read a review of a book written by Monsieur K.

"After reading this criticism I had an ardent desire to see the book, all the more so because Monsieur K. had been an old friend of my husband's.

"The next day, on reaching the high school for young girls, in which I am a professor, one of the pupils in the first class brought me a book, and said: 'Madame, I wish you would read this book and give me your opinion of it.' I opened the book, and saw it was the one I had so much wished for the evening before.

(B). "If this had been a solitary case I should, probably, have passed it over in silence, but in the course of the same week a second thing happened which impressed me equally. I dreamed of one of the pupils named Z., who had left school and gone to another town, and whom I had not seen for a year.

"I saw her in a dream, with her hair cut short.

"The next day, in the gymnasium, one of the pupils in my class came up to me and said: 'Madame, I have received a letter from my friend Z.; she begs me to remember her to

you. She is very much put out just now because they have cut off all her hair. . . .'

"Why should two such strange things have happened to me in one week? M. ONANOFF.

"Fayanray, on the Sea of Azof."

Letter 634.

It will be found by these examples of things seen at a distance in dreams that they cannot be said to be few. Here are still some more. It seems to us that the very number of these instances makes it impossible to deny such experiences. These that follow are taken from the *Hallucinations Télépathiques*. The first is told by Dr. Goodall Janes, living at 6 Prince Edwin Street, Liverpool:

XXIX. "Mrs. Jones, the wife of William Jones, a pilot at Liverpool, kept her bed on Saturday, February 27, 1869. When I went to see her the next day, Sunday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I encountered her husband, who was setting out to find me, because his wife was delirious. He told me that about half an hour before he had been reading in her chamber. Suddenly she woke out of a profound sleep, declaring that her brother, William Roulands, also a pilot at Liverpool, had been drowned in the river (the Mersey). Her husband tried to calm her, telling her that Roulands was at his station in the offing, and could not possibly, at that time, be in the river. But she persisted in declaring that she had seen him drown. News arrived in the evening to say that at the hour mentioned (that is, about half-past two), Roulands had been drowned. There had been a sudden squall of wind. The pilot-boat could not put a pilot aboard a ship that wanted to enter the Mersey. It had, therefore, to go before and lead the way. When both were in the river, opposite the light-house on the rock, they made another attempt to put a pilot on board, but the little boat was swamped and Roulands and another pilot were drowned."

This is a striking example of a thing seen at a distance in a dream. Inquiry has proved the absolute authenticity of the story. It is the same with the following case, told by a Mrs. Green, in Newry, England:

XXX. "I saw in a dream two women, who seemed to know pretty well what they were about, driving a vehicle very like the carts used for carrying mineral waters. The horse found some water in front of him; he stopped to drink, but, stepping into a hole, he lost his balance, and, trying to recover himself, he slipped deeper. The women rose up screaming for help; their hats flew off their heads, and then all sank into the water. I turned round weeping, trying to see if I could find any one to render assistance. With that I partly awoke, greatly agitated, and my husband woke me up completely. I told him my dream. He asked me if I knew the women. I told him no; it seemed to me that I had never seen them. All day I could not get rid of the impression of the dream, and the disquietude into which it had thrown me.

"I said to my son that it was his birthday and mine too, January 10th, and that is the reason why I am so sure of the date.

"In the month of March I received a letter from my brother in Australia, and a newspaper, which told me of his grief at losing one of his daughters, who had been drowned with a friend precisely on the same day and at the same hour as my dream, allowing, that is, for the difference in longitude. The accident was related in the Inglewood *Advertiser* in two places."

The Inglewood *Advertiser* of January 11, 1878, published an account of the accident which corresponded exactly with what was seen in the dream.

Here is another very remarkable instance of something seen at a distance in a dream. The person to whom it happened was the son of the Protestant Bishop of Iowa in the United States. He saw in a dream his father, who lived about three miles distant, fall down a staircase. Here is the story as he wrote it to one of his relations:

XXXI. "I ought to say in the first place that between my father and myself there was the strongest tie of affection, stronger than usually exists between father and son. For years I always thought I could tell when he was in any danger, even if we were many miles apart.

"The night when he fell down the staircase I had got home from business about eight o'clock, after a day of very hard work, and I went to bed immediately after supper. I always slept next the wall. Our bed's head is towards the north, consequently I slept on the west side of the bed. I fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow, and I slept a heavy, deep sleep. I did not hear my wife come to bed, and I knew nothing until my father appeared to me at the top of a staircase about to fall. I sprang to seize hold of him, and jumped out of bed at the foot, making a great deal of noise. My wife woke up, and asked me 'what the mischief I could be doing?' I also lit a lamp, and looked at my watch; it was a quarter past two. I asked my wife if she had heard the noise I made. She answered no. I told her then what I had seen, and she tried to make me laugh at it, but did not succeed.

"I slept no more that night. I did not even go to bed again, the impression had been so strong that I could not feel a doubt that my father had hurt himself. I went early to town the next morning and telegraphed to him, asking if all were well. I got a letter in reply from my father, which exactly corresponded to what I had seen in my vision, and the very moment as well. The sad consequences of the fall we know too well—but how, at a distance of three miles, could I have seen my father fall? That is what I cannot comprehend. H. M. Lee."

Bishop Sullivan, Bishop of Algoma, confirms the fact, which was told him immediately after.[1]

The preceding instance was published by Professor Sedgewick in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, in London, and he adds the following case sent him on August 18, 1870, by Madame de Holstein (29 Avenue de

[1] *Sciences psychiques*, 1891. In *Phantasms of the Living* will be found a singular case (vol. i., p. 338, No. 108), which is like this one. In it Canon Warburton suddenly starting from his sleep saw his brother falling down a staircase. Compare also No. 24 in the same volume, p. 202, and a dream of M. Dreuillie described in the preceding chapter, xlvi.

Wagram, Paris). This case is a little less satisfactory as to proof than the last, because the dream was told to no one until its truth was known. It seems, however, to have made such an impression on Dr. Golinski that it is unlikely that its details can have been much altered after the event. It differs from the preceding ones in that the clairvoyant impression seems to have been due not to any *rapport* between the subject and the agent, or to any especial crisis that the agent had undergone, but to his anxiety and intense desire to help. (Psychic waves.)

Now see what Dr. Golinski writes of it. He is a physician at Krementchug in Russia:

XXXII. "I am in the habit of dining at three o'clock, and of taking a little nap afterwards of an hour or an hour and a half. In the month of July, 1888, I stretched myself, as usual on a sofa, and I went to sleep about half-past three. I dreamed that some one rang the bell, and I had the usual disagreeable sensation that now I must get up and go to see some sick person.

"Then I found myself somehow transported into a little room with dark hangings. To the right of the door by which I entered there was a bureau, and upon the bureau stood a little coal-oil lamp of a very peculiar pattern. I was very much interested in the shape of this lamp, it was so different from anything I had ever seen before. To the left of the door I saw a bed, on which lay a woman who had had a severe hemorrhage. I do not know exactly how I came to know she had a hemorrhage, but I *did* know it. I made an examination of the woman, but in some way (it seemed to be by inner consciousness) I knew at once what to expect, though no one had spoken to me. Afterwards I dreamed in a vague fashion that I gave her some medical assistance; then I awoke in a very unusual manner, for I generally wake very slowly—I remain for some minutes in a state of drowsiness, but now I started up wide awake, as if some one had roused me. It was half-past four. I got up; I lighted a cigarette, and I walked about my room in a state of excitement, reflecting on the dream I had just had. For a long time I had had no

case of hemorrhage in my practice, and I asked myself what could have caused my dream.

"About ten minutes after I woke there came a ring at my bell, and I was summoned to a patient. On entering the bedroom I was struck with astonishment, for it was exactly like the chamber I had seen in my dream. The patient was a woman, and what struck me most of all was an oil-lamp standing on the bureau, exactly where I had seen it, and exactly the same shape as I had seen. My astonishment was so great that I lost, if I may say so, all distinction between the dream and the reality, and going up to the bed of the sick woman, I said to her, quietly, 'You have had a hemorrhage.' And I did not recover myself until the patient said, 'Yes, but how did you know it?'

"Struck by the strange coincidence between my dream and what I saw, I asked the woman when she had decided to send for me. She told me she had been indisposed since early morning. About one o'clock in the afternoon she had had a slight hemorrhage and some discomfort, but she had not thought much about it. At about half-past four she decided to send for me. The distance between my house and that in which she lived takes about twenty minutes to walk. I hardly knew the woman, though I had once prescribed for her; but I was not at all familiar with the state of her health.

"I do not commonly dream, and this is the only dream that I can remember, thanks to its correspondence with reality."

Mrs. Henry Sedgwick has described several experiences of things seen at a distance by a young girl of fifteen, when magnetized, which we may certainly include among things observed in dreams. We will quote two of these here:

XXXIII. "Miss Florence F., now Mrs. R., one of my neighbors, was invited to come one evening, after we had prepared an experience as a test of this girl during the day. She came, and told the subject to go to the kitchen and tell us what she saw there. The subject answered: 'The table is in the middle of the room, and on it is a box covered by a table-cloth.' 'What is in the box, Fanny?' I asked. 'Oh, I

dare not look inside the box; it might make Miss Florence angry!' 'Miss Florence wants you to look. Lift up the cloth, Fanny, and tell me what is under it.' At once she answered: 'There are seven rolls and six biscuits.' (This was exact.)

"I grant this may have been transmission of thought, for Miss Florence was in the room, and no doubt the contents of the box were present to her mind, the things having been arranged by her as a trial, but what followed certainly was not.

"Miss Florence asked Fanny what was in the stable She answered: 'Two black horses, one gray, and one red' (she meant bay). Miss Florence said, 'That is not right, Fanny. There are only my black horses in the stable.' Ten minutes or a quarter of an hour after a brother of Miss Florence came to the house and told his sister that he had brought two travellers with him, and on questioning him we learned that the gray horse and the red horse belonged to them, and that half an hour before they had been put into the stable, where Fanny saw them.

"No doubt it may be said that Fanny arrived at this conclusion by reading the mind of some one of the persons present belonging to Miss Florence's household, or that by telepathic sympathy with her father or brother Miss Florence was unconsciously made aware of the facts, and that Fanny took her knowledge from this unconscious source, but is not this hypothesis far fetched?"

XXXIV. (A) "Mr. Howard lived six miles away from my house. He had just built a large mansion of wood. Our subject had never seen this house, although I think she may have heard it spoken of. Mr. Howard had been passing several days away from home, and he asked that Fanny should go there and see if all was well. She cried out at the size and splendor of the house, but she laughed at the ugliness of the front door and the façade, saying that she would not have such an ugly old front door to such a beautiful house. 'Yes, said Howard, laughing, 'my wife is furious with me about the front door, and the steps of the façade.' 'Oh!' inter-

rupted Fanny, 'but the steps are fine, and new.' 'She is wrong there,' said Howard. 'The steps are more ugly than the front door.' 'But don't you see,' cried Fanny, impatiently, 'how new they are, and so clean? Ha!' (and to judge by her tone she was much annoyed) 'I think they are perfectly beautiful.'

"Changing the subject, Howard asked how many windows there were in his house. Almost immediately she gave the number. (I think it was twenty-six.) Howard thought that was too many, but on counting them he found she was right.

"From our house he went straight home, and to his great surprise found that during his absence his wife had got a carpenter to make new steps to the porch, and the work was completed the very day that Fanny examined the house with her invisible telescope.

(B) "Mr. Howard's son had gone into a neighboring county. He was expected home in a few days. Fanny knew this young man Andrew. Mr. Howard being obliged to return to the station, was with us the night his son was expected to return. His faith in our 'oracle' had grown very great, and he suggested to us that he would like to see what was passing in his own house through the marvellous faculties of Fanny. She described the rooms perfectly, even mentioning a bouquet standing on a table, and said that several persons were there. Questioned as to who they were, she replied that she did not know any of them except Andrew. 'But,' she added, 'Andrew is not at home.' 'Fanny! How is that—don't you see him? Are you sure, Fanny?' 'Oh! don't I know Andrew? There now—*now*, I tell you! He is there!' Mr. Howard returned home the next morning, and learned that Andrew had come home late the night before, and that several young men of the neighborhood had passed the evening with him."

Here is another very remarkable case of sight at a distance by a person magnetized. It was first related by Dr. Alfred Bachman, of Kalmar.

"In answer to a letter asking Mr. A. Suhr, a photographer at Ystad, in Sweden, if he could remember anything about an

hypnotic experiment made by Mr. Hansen some years ago in the presence of Mr. Suhr and his brother, Dr. Backman wrote the following account:

XXXVI. "It was in 1867 that we (myself and the brothers who sign this account) were established at Odense, in Denmark, where we saw a great deal of our mutual friend, Mr. Carl Hansen, the hypnotizer, who lived near us. Every day we met a lawyer, Mr. Balle, now a barrister at Copenhagen, over whom Mr. Hansen exercised great hypnotic influence, and who requested, one evening, to be put into so deep an hypnotic sleep that he might become *clairvoyant*.

"Our mother lived at this time at Roeskilde, in Seeland. We asked Hansen to send Balle to visit her. It was late in the evening, and, after having hesitated for a moment, Mr. Balle, in a few minutes, made the journey. He found our mother sick and in bed; but she had only a slight cold, which, he said, she would soon get over. We did not think this could be true, and, as a test, Hansen asked Balle to read the name of the street at the corner of the house. Balle said it was too dark to read, but Hansen insisted, and at last he reap 'Skomagerstraede.' We thought he was completely mistaken, for we knew our mother lived in another street. A few days later she wrote us a letter saying she had been sick, and had moved into the Skomagerstraede."

Here is another case of sight at a distance—a real thing seen in a dream:

XXXVII. "I lived at Wallingford. My chief friend was a young man, Frederick Marks, a graduate of the scientific school at Yale. Frederick had a brother named Charles, then living in central New York, near Lake Oneida. One rainy day Frederick went up to his room to lie down and do nothing. In about an hour he came down, saying he had just seen *his brother Charles*, he presumed in a vision. He was *in a little sailboat*, and had a companion with him, who was seated in the stern. It was blowing a gale, the waves ran high. Charles was in the bow, with one arm *round the mast*, while with the other he held on to the boom, which was broken. His dangerous situation so alarmed Frederick that

he woke, and the vision disappeared. His family thought he had gone to sleep without knowing it, and that the vision was no more than an ordinary dream.

"Nevertheless, three or four days later, Frederick received a letter from Charles, telling him of an adventure he had just had on Lake Oneida. On the morning of the day in question, he and a companion had gone down to the lake, hired a boat, and set sail. As the weather was fine, they went down the lake to Frenchman's Island, a distance of about twenty miles.

"In the afternoon, as they returned, a furious storm arose. Charles baled out the water that they shipped, while his companion held the rudder. When the gale was at its height the boom broke. Charles, seeing the danger, sprang forward, and, seizing the mast with one arm and the boom with the other, he tried to secure it with the hawser. They succeeded in preventing the boat from going down until they ran it ashore. Then they jumped into the lake and made their way to land, safe and sound.

"Oneida Lake is about three hundred miles from Wallingford, and taking into consideration the difference of time, it will be found that Frederick's dream, or vision, must have taken place at the same hour as Charles's danger—perhaps at the same minute. The temperaments and the characters of the two brothers are very unlike, and no particular affinity exists between them. Frederick now lives at Santa Anna (California), and Charles in the city of New York.

"B. Bristol.

"Short Beach, U. S. A."

The letters of MM. Charles and Frederick Marks explain in detail the peril and the vision. They will be found in the *Annals of Psychical Sciences* (1892, p. 250–255). There was in this, it cannot be doubted, a very decided case of sight at a distance. Let us remark, in the letter of Mr. Charles Marks, the following passage :

"In reply to the question, 'Did you know that your brother thought he saw you at this moment?' I would reply that, as far as I remember, I had no feeling that my brother was see-

ing me. I think that all my thoughts were occupied with what I was doing. When getting on the thwart I tried to lower the sail. Knowing the habits of my brother (who is a man exceptionally robust and in good health), I should have thought him possibly asleep at the moment, for his robust constitution enables him to go to sleep whenever he will. He can drop asleep at any moment, at any time in the day, and he often takes a siesta in the afternoon. While he lived at Wallingford he was a student in the scientific school at Yale.

"C. R. MARKS."

All these accounts prove with certainty that human beings are endowed with faculties yet unknown to us, faculties that permit us to see what is passing at a distance. Here is an instance still more remarkable, in which the person who plays the principal part not only saw but seemed to feel herself transported to a distance in a sort of *double* existence, and was seen not only by her husband, but by another man.

XXXVIII. "On October 3, 1863, I left Liverpool for New York, on board the steamer *City of Limerick* of the Inman line, commanded by Captain Jones. On the evening of the second day, after having passed Kinsale Head, we encountered a great storm which lasted nine days. During that time we saw neither sun nor stars, nor did we sight any other vessel. The bulwarks were stove in by the violence of the tempest, one of the anchors broke loose, and did a great deal of harm before it could be stowed again. Several big sails, though close-reefed, were carried away, and their yards were broken.

"During the night which succeeded the eighth day of the storm, the gale was a little less violent, and for the first time since we left port I was able to get a refreshing sleep. Towards morning I dreamed that I saw my wife, whom I had left in the United States. She came to the door of my state-room in her night-dress. On the threshold she seemed to perceive that I was not alone; she hesitated a little, and then came up to me, stooped and kissed me, and after having caressed me a few moments she quietly withdrew.

"When I woke up I was surprised to observe my room-mate, whose berth was over mine, though I could not see him very distinctly, for our state-room was in the stern of the vessel, sitting up, leaning on his elbow and looking at me fixedly. 'You are a lucky fellow,' he said, at last, 'to have a lady come to visit you like that!' I asked him to explain himself. At first he would not, but at last he told me what he had seen, for he was quite awake and sitting up in his berth. It corresponded exactly with what I had seen in my dream.

"The name of my room-mate was William J. Tait; he was not a man likely to be guilty of a joke. He was, on the contrary, a grave and very religious man, whose word I cannot doubt.

"The day after we landed, I took the train for Watertown, where my wife and children were living. As soon as we were alone her first question was: 'Did you receive my visit a week ago on Tuesday?' 'A visit from you?' I said. 'Why, we were a thousand miles at sea.' 'I know,' she said, 'but it seems to me as if I had gone to visit you.' 'Impossible!' I cried; 'tell me what makes you think so.'

"My wife then told me that seeing the great storm raging, and knowing of the loss of the *Africa* bound for Boston, which sailed the same day that we left Liverpool for New York, and had gone ashore on Cape Race, she had been very anxious about my safety. The night before, the same night when, as I have said, the tempest began to abate, she had stayed awake a long time thinking of me, and about four o'clock in the morning it seemed to her that she must come and find me. Crossing the angry waves of the vast sea, she imagined that she came to a black ship, low in the water; she climbed on board, and, going down the companion-stairs, passed through the ship until she reached my state-room. 'Tell me,' she said, 'are all the staterooms like the one I saw you in? Is the upper berth a little farther back than the under one? There was a man in the upper berth who looked straight at me, and for a moment I was afraid to come in,

but at last I came up to you, bent over you, kissed you, pressed you in my arms, and then I went away.'

"The account given by my wife was correct in all its details, though she had never seen the steamer. I find in my sister's journal that we left Liverpool October 4th, reached New York October 22d, and were home on the 23d.

"S. R. WILMOT,
"Manufacturer, Bridgeport."

The New York *Herald* says that the *City of Limerick* left Liverpool October 3d, 1865, Queenstown the 5th, and arrived at her wharf early on October 23d. It also tells of the great storm, of the critical situation of the steamer, and of the shipwreck of the *Africa*. Inquiry has confirmed in various ways this strange story. Mr. Wilmot's sister, who was on the same boat, writes:

"On the subject of the singular experience of my brother one night on board the *City of Limerick*, I remember that Mr. Tait, who that morning took me down to breakfast because of the terrible storm which was raging, asked me if the night before I had come in to see my brother, whose stateroom he shared. 'No,' I answered. 'Why?' 'Because,' he said, 'I saw a woman all in white who came to see your brother.'"

Mrs. Wilmot also writes:

"In answer to the question, Did you see anything peculiar about the man in the upper berth? I must answer that after so long a time I cannot speak with certainty as to minor details, but I know I was much troubled by his presence and by perceiving that he was watching me from above. I think that I told my dream to my mother the next morning, and I know that all day I had a vivid impression that I had been to see my husband. This impression was so strong that I felt myself reassured and comforted, to my very great surprise. MRS. S. R. WILMOT."[1]

This very remarkable case deserves particular attention. It is rather old. The account was probably written more

[1] Annals of the Society for Psychical Research, 1891.

than twenty years after it took place. One of those who saw it is dead, and cannot give an account at first-hand of what he saw. We cannot feel certain that the testimony of the witnesses after so long a time had passed is exact, however honest it may be, nor can we trust all the details. Yet, after all these reservations, there undoubtedly is a remarkable correspondence between the impressions of the three persons. Mrs. Wilmot had, either dreaming or awake, a vision of her husband, and was able to make her way to him through the obstacles that surrounded him. Mr. Wilmot dreamed what his wife thought, and Mr. Tait, awake, saw with his own eyes what seemed a dream to Mr. Wilmot. These are three inexplicable facts which we are forced to admit.

M. Marcel Séméziès Sérizolles reports the following curious observations made on himself:

XXXIX. "In November, 1881, I had a very vivid dream. In it I was reading a book of poetry. I experienced the exact sensations I was reading about. I enjoyed it; but presently I remarked the coarseness of the paper, which had turned yellow, the very black and greasy type, my fingers turned thick pages, and the book became heavy in my hand. All of a sudden, as I was turning over a page, I woke up, and mechanically, still half asleep, I lit a candle, picked up on my table the pencil and paper I always keep beside the book that I intend to read that evening (that night it was a work on military history), and I wrote down the two last verses I had just read in my dream. I could not, even with violent and painful efforts of memory, recall a single line with the exception of the twelve I had written down, which seemed to treat of some question of metaphysics, and their sense was incomplete, for the last line broke off without coming to a stop. Here they are just as I wrote them down in pencil:

"Du temps où je vivais une vie antérieure,
Du temps où je menais l'existence meillure,
Dont je ne puis me souvenir,
Alors que je savais les effets et les causes,
Avant ma chute lente et mes métamorphoses
Vers un plus triste devenir.

" Du temps où je vivais les hautes existences,
Dont hommes nous n'avons que des réminiscences
Rapdiles comme des éclairs.
Où peut-être j'allais libre à travers l'espace,
Comme un astre, laissant voir un instant sa trace
Dans le bleu sombre des éthers . . .

"These lines cannot be a reminiscence of my reading. I have tried to find them in all kinds of collections of poetry. The volume I was reading in my dream seemed to me never to have been published and to be quite unknown."

Here again are one or two cases of presentiments or divination in dreams:

"About 1880 my father was a magistrate at Montauban, and he had in his court a barrister named Laporte. I see him now, lean, fair, with cold eyes, and something enigmatic about him. It is to be observed that I was then a very young man, that these lawyers interested me very little, and that the only relations I had with them were those of mere politeness, such as the son of a magistrate is bound to entertain with all those who belong to his father's tribunal. In 1883 my father died, and Laporte was made judge at Nontron in the Dordogne. I paid little attention to this, and I had completely forgotten the man, when, two or three years later, I saw in a dream my father walking, with a sort of moving cloud beneath his feet, which seemed to float among the other clouds. My father's attitude, garments, step, and smile were just like what they had been in his life-time. Suddenly I saw a form come from beneath the clouds and advance towards him. This form, by degrees, took the exact appearance of M. Laporte, and when the two shades met I heard very distinctly these words uttered by my father: 'Tiens! here you are, Laporte. So now it is your turn!' To which Laporte replied, merely, 'Yes, it is I,' and they shook hands.

"A few days later I found in my mail a *billet de faire part* (the announcement of a death by the family of the deceased). It informed me that M. Laporte, judge at Nontron (Dordogne), had died young, on the very day when I had dreamed about him.

"Here is another case of the same kind. Of this I have preserved the date—December 18, 1894. Dreaming while asleep I saw in his study, looking over some papers, a notary who lived in a little town about ten miles from the capital of the department where I was then living. This notary had some investments in his hands belonging to me, and he was in the habit of coming to see me once or twice a year at irregular intervals to bring me the interest. I repeat that his visits had no fixed date, and I never saw this notary—a most honorable man, a councillor-general, a mayor, and a chevalier of the Legion of Honor—but well dressed, and even elegant in his attire. That night I saw him wearing a long blue overcoat, with a black silk cap upon his head. The day after the morrow, December 20th, early in the morning, this notary, Monsieur X., came in to my study, and presented me an unexpected sum that he said was due me.

"'Well,' said I, 'and what have you done with your blue *redingote* and your skull-cap of blue silk?'

"He looked at me with the greatest surprise, and said: 'How in the world do you know what I wear at home?' I told him my dream, and he then owned, not without astonishment, that on the 18th of December he had sat up in his study very late, and was wearing the clothes I described."

Of these three dreams, the last shows *sight at a distance* of a thing that was happening; the second is a sort of telepathic manifestation from a dying person, but who did not come himself to the percipient, being almost a stranger to him. It is perhaps also sight at a distance, but of a very transcendent kind. The first seems to show a real composition or invention in the brain of the writer, analogous to products of unconscious cerebration recorded by Maury, Condillac, Voltaire, Tartini, and Abercrombie (pp. 325–332).

Apropos of dreams, the following historical fact has been known a long time:

XLII. "One night the Princesse de Conti saw in a dream an apartment of her palace ready to fall down, and her children, who slept in it, were on the point of being buried in the ruins. The image presented to her imagination moved

her heart and froze her blood. In her fright she started up awake and called to her women who slept in her dressing-room. They came at once to receive the orders of their mistress. She told her vision, and declared that she desired some one to go at once and bring her her children. Her women quieted her, telling her the old proverb, dreams go by contraries. The princess insisted that her order must be obeyed. The governess and the nurse made believe to obey, and then came back and told her that the young princes were fast asleep, and that it would be a pity to disturb them. The princess, seeing their obstinacy, and possibly suspecting their deceit, asked angrily for her dressing-gown. They could not help themselves; they went and brought the young princes, who were no sooner in their mother's room than the wall of their own chamber fell.[1]

Sight at a distance, without eyes, in a dream, very closely resembles analogous things often noted by magnetizers in their clairvoyant subjects. Here is an example incontestably true, observed by several surgeons on the occasion of an operation for the painless removal of a woman's breast during magnetic sleep. It is reported by Brierre de Boismont.

XLIII. "Madame Plantin, who was about sixty-four years old," he writes (see obs. 106), "consulted, in the month of June, 1828, a somnambulist whom Dr. Chapelain had procured for her. This woman told her of a tumor forming in her right breast which threatened to become cancerous.

"The sick woman passed the summer in the country, and followed conscientiously the regimen prescribed for her. She came back at the end of September to see Dr. Chapelain, and told him that the tumor had grown considerably larger. He began to magnetize her on the 23d of October following, and the sleep began to show itself a few days later. But clairvoyant somnambulism with her was never more than imperfect. What was done for her stopped the progress of the evil but did not cure her. At last the breast ulcerated, and the doctor saw no hope for saving her life but in removing it.

[1] *Archives Genéral de Médicine*, 1829.

M. Jules Cloquet, an eminent surgeon, was of the same opinion. It remained only to know what the patient would say. Dr. Chapelain succeeded in gaining her consent, thanks to the magnetic power he possessed over her. He endeavored with the whole force of his will to produce insensibility in the part to be operated on, and when he thought he had succeeded he pinched sharply with his nails the part of the breast where the incision was to be made. It gave her no pain whatever. The patient did not know the precise day fixed for the operation, which was April 12, 1829. Dr. Chapelain put her into the magnetic state, then he strongly magnetized the part to be operated on."

Here is the report made on this subject to the Académie de Médecine:

"On the day fixed for the operation, M. Cloquet, on arriving at half-past ten, found the patient dressed and sitting in an easy-chair in the attitude of a person who has gone quietly to sleep. About an hour before she had come from mass, which she regularly attended every day at that hour, and Dr. Chapelain had put her into the magnetic sleep on her return home. She had spoken calmly of the operation she was to undergo. All things being ready, she undressed herself and seated herself in a chair. M. Pailloux, an *interne* and student at the hospital of Saint Louis, was charged with the duty of giving the operators their instruments and making their ligatures.

"A first incision made from the arm-pit was directed over the tumor, as far as the internal outside surface of the breast; the second, commencing at the same place, went round below the tumor and was brought up to join the first. The swollen gland was dissected out with precaution, by reason of its neighborhood to the auxiliary artery, and the tumor was extirpated. The operation lasted from ten to twelve minutes.

"During the whole time the patient continued to talk quietly with the operator, and did not give the smallest sign of pain. There was no movement of her limbs or of her features, no change in her breathing or her voice, nothing even in her pulse showed suffering or even feeling. She remained in

the same state of abandon and impassibility in which M. Cloquet had seen her on his arrival. When the surgeon washed the skin around the wound with a sponge wet with water, the patient showed symptoms like those produced by tickling, and said several times, with a laugh, 'Oh don't—you tickle me.' This lady had a daughter married to M. Lagandie. Unfortunately she lived in the country and could not reach Paris until several days after the operation had been performed. Madame Lagandie was magnetized, and when in a state of somnambulism was remarkably *clairvoyante.*"

XLIV. "M. Cloquet begged Dr. Chapelain to put Madame Lagandée into the magnetic state, and then asked her several questions about her mother. Her answers were as follows: 'My mother has been very weak for several days. She only lives by magnetism, which sustains her artificially. She has no vitality.' 'Do you think we can keep your mother alive?' 'No, she will expire to-morrow morning early, without suffering, without a death struggle.' 'What parts of her are affected?' 'Her right lung is contracted, and is shrunk. It is encircled by a colloid membrane. It is swimming in water. But it is there principally,' added the somnambulist, pointing to the inferior angle of the shoulder blade, 'that my mother is most suffering from. The right lung is gone; it is dead. The left lung is sound; it is by means of that that my mother lives. There is a little water in the covering of the heart (the pericardium).' 'How are the abdominal organs?' 'The stomach and the intestines are all right. The liver is white and discolored on the surface.'

"M. Chapelain magnetized the sick woman several times in the course of Monday, and barely succeeded in putting her to sleep. When he came back on Tuesday, at seven o'clock in the morning, she had just expired. The two doctors desired to verify the statements of the somnambulist concerning the condition of the interior of the body, and obtained the consent of the family to make the autopsy. M. Moreau, secretary to the department of surgery at the academy, and Dr. Brousart were invited to be present. The autopsy was conducted by Dr. Cloquet, and his assistant, M. Pailloux,

with the help of Dr. Chapelain, who put Madame Lagandée to sleep a little before the time fixed for the autopsy. I will not report a scene of the most touching tenderness and filial piety during which the daughter bathed her mother's dead face with her tears.

"Dr. Chapelain hastened to calm her. The doctor's wished to hear from her own lips what she had before said she had seen in Madame Plantin's body, and the somnambulist, in a firm voice, and without hesitation, repeated what she had said already to MM. Cloquet and Chapelain. The latter then took her into the *salon,* which was next to the room where they were about to perform the autopsy, and saw that the door was tightly closed. Madame Lagandée was still in a state of somnambulism, and notwithstanding the barriers which separated her from the doctors, she followed the scalpel in the hand of the operator, and said to persons round her: 'Why do they make their incision in the middle of the breast, when the suffusion is on the right?'

"The indications given by Madame Lagandée in her state of somnambulism were found to be exactly correct, and the *procès-verbal* of the autopsy was written by Dr. Bronsart.

"The witnesses of this case, adds Brièrre de Boismont, are all *savants;* they occupy high rank in the medical world. People have interpreted their communications in different ways, but no one has ever thrown a doubt on their veracity."

Here, too, is an incontestable observation of magnetic sight without the intervention of eyes. It is not less curious than the removal of the breast without pain, which we have also reported, because it was the *first* surgical operation performed under the influence of magnetism. Brièrre de Boismont adds the following case apropos of sight at a distance:

XLV. "A magistrate, a councellor at the court, told me the following fact: His wife had a ladies' maid, whose health had long been delicate. Magnetic treatment was given to her secretly, for her mistress thought that her charitable intentions would not insure her from ridicule had she been known to experiment in magnetism. The lady was aided by her husband. One day, when the magnetic *séance* had been

attended with much pain, the somnambulist asked for some old wine. The husband took a light and went to get some. He went down to the first story without accident, but the cellar was deep under-ground; the steps were wet, he slipped down half the stairs and fell on his back, without, however, hurting himself, or even extinguishing the light he carried. In spite of his fall he went on, and returned with the wine wanted. He found that his wife knew of his fall and of his under-ground journey. The somnambulist had told her about them as they happened."

Here is another example of magnetic sight at a distance:

XLVI. "I knew the wife of a colonel of cavalry, whom her husband magnetized, and who became a somnambulist. During her treatment, an indisposition caused her to seek the services of an officer of her husband's regiment. Some time after, in a magnetic *séance*, her husband asked her to tell them something about this officer. 'Ah, poor fellow!' she cried, 'he is at X——. He wants to kill himself. He has got a pistol, run quick . . . take it away!' The place she named was three miles off. Some one at once set off on horseback, but when he arrived the unfortunate officer had committed suicide."

Here is another curious instance of clairvoyance in somnambulism, taken from one of the last letters that answered my inquiries:

XLVII. "I am very incredulous as to spiritualism, and I was very sceptical about magnetism when the strongest evidence enlightened me, and convinced me on the latter point.

"An unmarried lady, thirty-six years old, very honorable, of high rank, and with a superior education, lived in my family. She developed a cystic tumor of the ovaries, and refused to listen to the doctors who advised an operation. In 1868 she was one day seized with terrible pains, and Dr. B., being called in, feared a fatal issue after a crisis of thirty hours. He decided at last to try magnetism. He succeeded in putting her to sleep and in calming her suffering.

"The treatment, being continued, seemed to have great influence on her malady. Every time that she herself indi-

cated the day, hour, and minute, when the magnetic treatment should be applied, there was a fresh success. At very irregular intervals, more and more remote from each other as time went on, the pains returned.

"The doctor noted the indications that she gave him carefully, in order to magnetize the patient before the attack came on. And very soon she seemed relieved again.

"One night, or rather about three in the morning, the doctor was sick when the expected attack took place with great severity. The nurse who was taking care of her knew that I had studied magnetic phenomena in the works of Beleuze and Baron du Potet, and suggested to me to try to take the place of the absent doctor. In truth, I soon succeeded in putting the patient to sleep, and in calming her agitation, as well, if not better, than the doctor, for she declared my magnetic fluid was more calming than his. This is how, by chance, I became acquainted with the property of magnetism, which I had never imagined before. I magnetized her regularly every evening in the presence of my mother and a large family, and we witnessed marvellous phenomena of *clairvoyance.*

"Notwithstanding the great relief experienced by the patient, she realized that magnetism was only a means of soothing her, and that the development of the cyst made it urgent that, if her life was to be saved, an operation should be performed. It was therefore decided that Mademoiselle de V. should go, accompanied by her mother, to be operated upon at Strasbourg by Dr. Kœberlé, who was famous at that time for operations of this kind. The length of such a journey for the poor invalid disquieted the doctor, who advised that she should take it by easy stages. But when she was consulted, she said she could take the whole journey at once by observing the following precautions: It would be necessary to take with them several bottles of magnetized water, and especially fifteen or a dozen magnetized handkerchiefs, which they must be careful to enclose in stout envelopes of magnetized paper, carefully and hermetically sealed and enclosed in such a way as to prevent the contact of any exterior air. The patient declared that as soon as she became fatigued, or

if an attack seemed at hand, her mother must tear off the envelope from one of the handkerchiefs and put the handkerchief to her forehead, which would bring on sleep, and afterwards might apply it to her abdomen, where the pain was.

"Notwithstanding these assurances, we all remained very uneasy when she departed with her mother.

"All passed, however, as the patient had foreseen. The journey was accomplished without stopping, using the magnetized handkerchiefs only, and not having recourse to the magnetized water.

"On reaching Strasbourg, the mother took her daughter to the learned surgeon, and then drawing him aside, she gave him a memorandum that the doctor (Monsieur B.) had written down from the dictation of the patient. In her sleep she had written minutely concerning her case. 'My cyst,' she said, 'is the size and color of the little yellow balloons that children play with. It contains, not fluid, but compact matter, which is brown. On one of its sides a new pocket is already formed about the size of a very small orange, and on the other side another pocket is beginning to develop itself the size of a little nut. The cyst is surrounded by adhesions and by numerous attachments.' When Monsieur B., her doctor, questioned her as to the probability of dangerous hemorrhage during the operation, she answered that there was nothing from that to be feared; but when they questioned her as to what might be feared from septicæmia she grew pale, and after a moment's silence, she replied, 'God only knows.'

"This was what the memorandum contained that was handed to Dr. Kœberlé, who received it with irony and credulity, declaring that he did not believe what she said, and he added, as a proof that it was all wrong: 'Your daughter says that there are numerous attachments. Now I have just assured myself by palpation that there are very few, for the cyst floated under pressure. You see, therefore, that what she says is purely imaginary.'

"The operation, however, was long, and very difficult, owing to the great number of attachments, as the patient had

said, and the septicæmia having made its appearance, the patient died on the third or fourth day.

"Summoned by the unhappy mother, I left for Strasbourg that I might be with her under this cruel trial. I saw with my own eyes the correctness of all that the patient had said concerning the cyst, which, after the operation, had been preserved. I accompanied the poor mother before she left to see the learned Dr. Kœberlé, whom I found absolutely disconcerted by the minuteness of the details and predictions given by the patient in a state of somnambulism. They had overthrown all his ideas. I asked him particularly how his examination by palpation had made him suppose there were few adhesions when in reality there were so many. He answered: 'It is one of the most extraordinary cases I have ever known. Evidently the adhesions were very numerous, but they were all long, which permitted the cyst to float under the pressure of the hand. This made me conclude what was quite contrary to the reality. It is all most extraordinary, for I cannot deny the perfect exactness of all the previsions and indications of the poor sick woman.'

"I do not know if Dr. Kœberlé is still living, but the remembrance of all these facts must be preserved in the magnificent hospital (Maison de Santé), presided over by the nuns (unfortunately I forget the precise name of their order), but the hospital must be still in existence.

"Such are the facts in this remarkable case. I can certify to them on my word of honor, and they seem to me of a nature to be included in your *dossier* from a point of view strictly scientific. C. DE CHATELLARD.

"Marseilles."

"P.S.—You will permit me to sign with an assumed name, for I am very well known at Marseilles, and I occupy a prominent situation, so that I should not wish my name to be mixed up in any public controversy.

"But I send you my real name in confidence, in case you should value my declarations, and would like me to send you some others which seem to me to be of great interest from a humanitarian and scientific stand-point." [Letter 743.

The same correspondent adds :

XLVIII. "One morning when my poor friend was magnetized, and was calm and *clairvoyante,* many of the usual experiments in magnetism had taken place in the presence of a large family party, when one of my cousins conceived the idea of seeing if she could follow and meet with my uncle, who had started two days before with his son Paul on a little tour to visit the property he held in various communes. The subject, under the influence of magnetism, declared she saw them in a tavern, which her description showed to be in a very different village from the one we supposed. She declared that the father was talking with a soldier, and that his son Paul was rocking himself in a chair before the kitchen fire. Suddenly she burst out laughing and then cried : 'Ah! M. Paul has just tumbled over backward. Oh, what funny contortions he is making! But he is not hurt.' Before the *séance* broke up, Paul's sister seized a pen and wrote to him to tell them the hour and all particulars of this absurd accident. When the account came, it corresponded exactly with what we already knew, and Paul and his father were much puzzled until their return to imagine how what had happened could have been known to us.

"If you desire to verify the account I have already sent you, either through Dr. Kœberlé (if he is still living) or through the Maison de Santé, which must either be still at Strasbourg or in France, I will send you in confidence Mademoiselle de V.'s real name."

Second letter.

"Much gratified by the interest you have shown, and the thanks you have sent me for my communications, I will supplement them to-day, confident that you will draw from what I tell you instructive deductions.

"I will go back to the scene at the tavern. One of my cousins, who was present, asked me to tell the somnambulist to go up to the dining-room. She at once answered, 'No! not *up*—there are three steps to go *down* to get to the dining-room.'

XLIX. "They asked me to send the person magnetized to

church, and ask her to describe a series of beautiful religious pictures. Supposing this was all as it should be, from the serious tone in which the request was made, I transmitted it to the person in a state of magnetism. I was astonished at hearing her laugh loudly and go into a most humorous description of these famous pictures. It was a series of canvases, absolutely grotesque, daubed by an inhabitant of the village, in which the grouping and the design presented anomalies that could only provoke laughter. There was one long burst of merriment from those present, who knew the pictures and who were amazed at the fidelity with which they were described and their most minute details given.

"It seems right to draw certain deductions from the two narratives given above, in a scientific point of view. *Savants* half convinced, and even magnetizers have maintained that in such cases the person magnetized could read such details in the thoughts either of the magnetizer or some person present, which would exclude the hypothesis of seeing at a distance. Now it was not in my thoughts that she could have read these things. I was perfectly ignorant of them.[1] Neither were they in the thoughts of the man who asked me to transmit the two questions, for, though he may have known something of the fantastic nature of the pictures, it was in good faith he asked me to tell her to go *up* into the dining-room and tell us what she saw there, and other members of the family asserted that the person magnetized was right when she said there were three steps to go down to get there.

"During the long family meetings in which I kept her asleep, it once occurred to me to ask her what a remedy was made of, which had a queer name and which I had read about in a pharmacopia. She gave me at once a complete description of a plant, with its successive stages, its efflorescence, its genus, its family—in short, the most minute botanical description. Then she added: 'This plant grows on an island. I see it. It grows in the islands of Oceania.' When we came

[1] We have seen both of these phenomena, thought reading and sight at a distance.

to examine the subject all these details were found correct. I spent many evenings writing under her dictation a description of very many medicinal plants. When she woke up I would often turn the conversation casually on some of these plants which she had just described, but she always seemed to have no more than a very vague knowledge of them.

"One evening I had been questioning her about aconite, of which she had given me a description and had pointed out the zone in which it grew. She sat thinking for some time, plunged in deep thought, from which I had some trouble to rouse her; and she ended by answering me in these words, which I want to *repeat literally, because my memory was so much impressed by them.* Rousing herself from deep meditation, she said: 'It is true. I am not mistaken. But how does it happen that no one has yet found a remedy for that frightful disorder, cancer? I see the plant that can cure. It comes from the same region as aconite.' She then gave us an exact description of it, which lasted through several *séances,* adding that its virtue might be tested by innoculating an animal with it, especially a dog. The active principle obtained from it by maceration would produce a wound very similar to cancer.

"I have several times tried to induce doctors and botanists to search for this plant, but with no success. One learned botanist told me that from the description I gave him, he thought it might be something like *Oxiria dygina.*

"I here send you the literal description of this plant, written down from the dictation of the person magnetized. You, whose name and researches in science do honor to our country, will know better than I how to push such an inquiry to the bottom and to verify what may be the foundation for the hope that it could cure. What glory you would add to your name if, like Pasteur, you could succeed in giving such an inestimable benefit to the human race!

"Everybody knows that the most remarkable clairvoyants, under magnetic influence, sometimes fail—especially women, at certain times, or when they are under pathological influences. But I have no reason to doubt that this lady's affirma-

tions as to a remedy for cancer are not as correct as other things she said. Her earnestness, her spontaneity, her long meditation before saying what she did about it, and her ardent desire to see human suffering relieved, greatly impressed me, and make me believe her declarations.

"However, if you wish to quote my communications in your publications, I am very desirous that you should not mention this last, which is the only one I have sent you that has not been verified."

I have allowed myself the privilege of not abetting the reserve of my honorable correspondent, for I never could have either time or ability to occupy myself with this question, and perhaps some doctor or physiologist may here find an indication which he can utilize for the benefit of humanity.[1] Since sight at a distance and divination are possible, let us

[1] *Description of the plant.*—It is an herbaceous plant, forming a bouquet of spatulated leaves, which are very large and tender; they are of a green color, which is neither very light nor very dark, but inclines to light. It is most analogous to sorrel. The leaves are entirely smooth, and not pointed; they are thin, and contain a greenish juice which is very active, and is found in yet more abundance in the tall stalk, which is fifty centimetres in length, about the thickness of a finger, and diminishes from below upward. This stalk appears in the midst of the leaves at the time of efflorescence. The flowers, before they bloom, appear as reddish buds, which are hardly visible; they become greenish when they open, and extend all along the tall stem. This stem is entirely devoid of leaves. The plant grows upon the slope of a mountain, probably in Switzerland. It extends into the higher regions, just below the snow; the *Glacial ranunculus* is found just above it. It grows in a reddish, dry, and friable soil, where vegetation is scanty and stunted.

The stalk resembles that of sorrel; it bears flowers once in the year—in June; the stalk remains until the winter, when it dries up; all the flowers become little black seeds, which fall to the ground, and the leaves die; the root remains, and in the spring the leaves sprout.

Probably this plant belongs to the *Polygonum* family. It is a *dicotyledonous* plant. Aconite comes from the same region. The covering of the flower is reddish before it opens; on blossoming it becomes greenish. The stem is entirely covered with flowers. The flower greatly resembles that of *Lapathum.*

Some days afterwards the lady was shown a *Polygonum alpinum* from the Valais, and she said: The plant in question differs from this which

disdain nothing, and, collecting all facts which may hereafter be turned to use, let us deny nothing.

you show me; the flower is still smaller, thicker, and more oily; it does not dry up so easily. In addition, the plant I speak of is *greenish* while this is *more white.*

The leaf is less pointed, and in particular it is less woody and more herbaceous.

Taken altogether, the plant is thicker in all its parts, even in the extremity. It approaches more nearly to the family of *knot-grasses.*

## CHAPTER IX

### PREMONITORY DREAMS AND DIVINATION OF THE FUTURE

THE class of dreams which is perhaps most curious and most difficult of explanation is that which shows us a fact, a situation, a state of affairs not yet existent, but which is, nevertheless, completely realized in a more or less distant future.

This boldly stated seems absurd and contradictory; it does not, therefore, find ready acceptance with those who take appearances for realities, and the relative for the absolute, and who do not comprehend that the future can be determined in advance by the connection of causes and of successive effects.

Before entering upon the philosophic analysis of a problem which touches upon the greatest difficulties concerned in our knowledge of material things, let us first inquire whether dreams through which, in some way the future is revealed, really exist and are worthy of belief. It is absolutely necessary that this fact should be established at the beginning of our investigations, for to proceed without it would be to indulge in vague speculation which is a book of superogation.

I do not hesitate to affirm at the outset that the occurrence of dreams foretelling future events with accuracy must be accepted as certain. It is not fiction with which we are concerned; nor can the realization of this kind of dream be explained by the fortuitous coincidences which we call chance.

In the preceding chapter we considered dreams which revealed what was passing at a distance at the moment of its occurrence. Analogous facts are obscured in certain cases of hypnotism, of magnetism, of somnambulism, and of spiritual-

istic experiences. These experiences, therefore, constitute a species of preface, leading up naturally to the question we are about to examine.

I will begin by quoting two dreams whose absolute authenticity I can vouch for. They were both experienced by my mother under circumstances which differed widely in the two cases; she has just related them to me for, perhaps, the twentieth time.

"The date of the first was at a time when she had not yet come to Paris. My parents lived in the small town of Montigny-le-Roi (Haute-Marne). I had begun my studies at Langres, and they had decided to leave the country for the capital, actuated above all by the desire to open to their children the most secure and most promising career. A fortnight before their departure my mother dreamed that she had arrived in Paris, and that she crossed the wide streets and reached a canal, across which there was an elevated bridge. Some little time after her actual arrival in Paris, she went to pay a visit to one of her relations who lived in the *Rue Fontaine-au-Roi,* in the *Faubourg du Temple,* and upon reaching the canal she was very much surprised to recognize the bridge, the quay, the whole appearance of the neighborhood, of which it was impossible that she could have had any knowledge, either by means of pictures or in any other way.

"This dream is very difficult to explain. It would seem to prove that the mind is able to see at a distance, and during the night, details which conform by day to the image remaining in the brain. This, however, is hard to believe. I should prefer to suppose that persons who had come from Paris had told my mother of the existence of this kind of bridge, and that she had forgotten their account which reappeared in the dream. But my mother affirms positively that no one ever spoke to her of either the Paris canal or the suspension bridges.

"Here is her second dream:

"During a certain summer, one of my sisters had gone with her husband and her children to live in the little town of Nogent (Haute-Marne) ; my father had accompanied them

and my mother remained in Paris. All the children were in good health, and no one felt any uneasiness in regard to them. My mother dreamed that she received a letter from my father, in which she read this sentence : 'I am the bearer of a sad piece of news ; little Henri has just died in convulsions, with hardly any previous illness.' My mother, on awakening, said to herself : 'It is nothing but a dream ; it is all imagination and deception.' A week afterwards a letter from my father contained *precisely this very phrase.* My poor sister had just lost her youngest child in consequence of convulsions.

"In the former of these two dreams, it is possible, as we said before, to find an explanation, as a last resort, in information forgotten but latent in the brain. This is, however, extremely improbable, since my mother is sure that she never heard of such bridges. But as regards the second dream, what explanation can be given ?"

My lamented friend, Dr. Macario, the author of a valuable work on *Le Sommeil, les Rêves et le Somnambulisme,* of which I have already spoken, writes the following fact which happened in his family :

"Madame Macario, he said, set out on the 6th of July, 1854, for Bourbon-l'Auchambault, in order to take baths for a rheumatic affection. One of her cousins, Monsieur O., who lives at Moulins, and who is in the habit of dreaming that things which are a little unusual happen to him, had the following dream on the night preceding my wife's journey : He saw Madame Macario, accompanied by her little girl, take the railroad to reach the watering-place at Bourbon. When he awoke, he begged his wife to prepare to receive two cousins whom she did not yet know.

"'They will arrive this very day at Moulins,' he added, 'and they will set out this evening for Bourbon. I hope they will not fail to come and see us.'

"My wife and my daughter did actually arrive at Moulins at the time expected ; but, as the weather was very bad (it rained in torrents), they went to the house of a friend, which was near the railway station, and (as time failed them) they

did not go to call on their cousin, who lived in a very distant part of the town. He was not at all discouraged.

"'They will come to-morrow,' he thought.

"But this time, also, he was deceived in his expectations.

"We have already remarked that Monsieur O. was in the habit of having his dreams come true; and being, therefore, persuaded that the information contained in his dream was correct, he went to the office of the diligence that ran between Moulins and Bourbon, in order to inquire whether a lady, whom he described, with her daughter, had not set out for Bourbon. He received an affirmative answer. He then asked whether the lady had stopped at Moulins, and learned that all the particulars of his dream were correct.

"Before I conclude, may I be permitted to remark that Monsieur O. had no knowledge of either the illness or the journey of Madame Macario, whom he had not seen for several years." [1]

The doctor adds, in this connection, the following fact:

"On Thursday, the 7th of November, 1850, at the moment when the coal-miners at Belfast were about to begin their work, the wife of one of them advised him to examine carefully the ropes of the basket, or cage, in which he was about to descend to the depths of the pit.

"'I dreamed,' she said, 'that they cut it during the night.'

"The miner did not, at first, attach great importance to this advice; nevertheless, he communicated it to his comrades. They unrolled the descending cable, and there, to the great surprise of all, they found it hacked in several places. Some moments later the workmen would have gotten into the basket, from which they would inevitably have been thrown; and, if the *Newcastle Journal* is to be believed, they owed their safety to this dream."

[1] Without, for a moment, doubting the absolute sincerity of Dr. Macario, which I have proved under all circumstances, I must remark that it is greatly to be regretted that this Monsieur O. was too much prejudiced to venture to sign his observations and convictions. What reason can there be for such narrowness of mind? What is there in this dream which could compromise an honest man?

At the time of my entrance into journalism, in Paris, I had for my colleague, on the *Siècle*, a charming writer and a very interesting man, whose name was Émile de la Bédollière. His marriage had been the result of a premonitory dream.

"In a little town in the centre of France, at La Charité-sur-Loire, department of the Niévre, there was a young girl of ravishing grace and beauty. She, like Raphael's Fornarina, was the daughter of a baker. Several suitors aspired to her hand, one of whom had a great fortune. The parents preferred this young man. But Mademoiselle Angela Robin did not like him, and refused him.

"One day, driven to extremity by the persistence of her family, she went to church and prayed the Holy Virgin to come to her aid. The following night she saw, in a dream, a young man in the dress of a traveller, wearing a large straw hat and spectacles. On awakening, she declared to her parents that she absolutely refused her suitor, and that she should wait, which caused them a thousand conjectures.

"The following summer the young Émile de la Bédollière was induced by one of his friends, Eugéne Lafaure, a law student, to make a journey into the interior of France. They stopped at La Charité, and went to a subscription ball. On their arrival the young girl's heart beat tumultuously, her cheeks colored a deep red; the young traveller observed her, admired her, loved her, and some months afterwards they were married. It was the first time in his life that he had visited that village."

This curious matrimonial history is not unique. I could cite several others which are similar, and I do not think I am indiscreet in adding that one of our most celebrated contemporary astronomers, M. Janssen, was seen in a dream by Madame Janssen a long time before they were introduced to each other.

Alfred Maury cites a similar case, but he explains it by his theory of images in the memory. This certainly does not apply to the marriage of De la Bédollière, and it undoubtedly cannot be applied to the one in question. "Monsieur P.," he writes, "an old librarian of the legislative corps, has assured

me that he saw in a dream the woman whom he married almost immediately after; and that she was, nevertheless, unknown to him, or at least he felt confident that he had never actually seen her; this is, *in all probability*, a case of unconscious memory."

The error of theorists is that they wish to explain everything, to confine everything within the limits they themselves have set. *In all probability*, in the light of our new psychic investigations, Alfred Maury here deceives himself.

M. A. Goupil, civil engineer at Cognac, has communicated to us the following fact:

"At Tunis, between the post office and the Café de France, lives a French hair-dresser, whose name I have forgotten. One morning, in the summer of 1891, I played a game of billiards with him; this game being finished, I proposed a second. 'No,' he said, 'I am expecting the doctor, and I want to know what he has to say.' 'Are you, then, ill in any way?' 'No, but I have a little nephew whose age is —eleven years, I think; he had yesterday an hallucination; he rose up all at once crying: "Here is a woman who wishes to take my little cousin (a little girl some months old); I don't want her to be carried off!" This idea lasted some little time, and we could not make him believe that it was a dream.' 'Is he subject to hallucinations?' 'No.' 'Is he well?' 'Yes; but I am afraid that this occurrence must be an indication of a fever.' 'Is your little girl well?' 'Yes; very well.' I put this last question because it had just passed through my head that the meaning of the vision was that the little one was going to die before long. I said nothing of my thought to the man, however, and he left me. The next day I asked him what news. All his little world was going on well. The next day after the same question and the same answer; the third day the same question and still the same answer. He seemed much surprised at the interest which I appeared to take in these children, whom I did not know. Three days passed without my seeing him. Meeting him the day following in the street, I asked him if the children still continued well. 'You know,' he said to

me, 'that we have lost my little girl; she was taken from us in a moment.' (I believe he said that it was from croup.) 'No,' I said, 'I did not know it, but I expected it.' 'Why?' 'Yes; it was a woman who carried her away.' 'What woman?' 'She whom your nephew saw; she represented death, illness, whatever you please; it must have been a prophetic hallucination.'

"I left the man much astonished; he could testify to this narrative, at any rate, along its principal lines, for he was very much surprised at my remarks, and he must remember them."

Can chance be called in here? No. There is something in all this which is unknown to us, but which is real.

A former magistrate, who is now a Deputy, M. Bérard, has published a moving recital, which appeared in the *Revue des Revues* for the 15th of September, 1895:

"At a period, about ten years ago, I was a magistrate. I had just ended the long and laborious trial of a horrible crime, which had carried terror all over the country; day and night for several weeks I had seen corpses, blood, and murderers, both sleeping and waking.

"With my mind still under the burden of these sickening recollections, I had gone for rest to a little watering-place, a sleepy village, sad and dull, without any flaring casino, without any mail-coach arrivals, at the foot of our richly wooded mountains.

"Every day I wandered through the forests of oaks, mingled with which were beeches and great tall pines. In these wandering excursions it sometimes happened that I lost myself completely, in consequence of losing sight of the tall summits by which I was in the habit of finding my way in the direction of my hotel.

"Night was falling when I emerged from the forest on a solitary road, which crossed the narrow opening between two high mountains; the descent was rapid, and in the gorge beside the road there was only a little stream, which fell over the rocks towards the plain in a multitude of cascades. On both sides was the gloomy forest, wrapped in infinite silence.

"A sign-post on the road indicated that the town was rather more than five miles distant. This was the direction for me to take, but fatigued by six hours of walking, and suffering from hunger, I was anxious for a resting-place and an immediate dinner.

"A few yards distant an humble inn (entirely isolated, and the regular stopping-place for wagoners) displayed a worm-eaten sign, 'AU RENDEZ-VOUS DES AMIS.' I entered it.

"The only room was smoky and dark. The host was of herculean stature; his face was bad, his complexion yellow. His wife, who was small and dark, was almost in rags, received me on my arrival with a sly and squinting glance.

"I asked for something to eat, and, if possible, to go to bed. After a scanty—very scanty—supper, taken under the suspicious and very inquisitive eyes of the host, by the light of a miserable lamp, which gave miserable light, but sent forth smoke and nauseating odors, I followed the hostess, who conducted me through a long passage and up a steep staircase into a dilapidated chamber, situated above the stable. The host, his wife, and myself were entirely alone in this forlorn hovel in the forest, far from any village.

"I have a prudence which is sometimes carried to the point of fear, and which arises from my profession, which obliges me constantly to consider past crimes and possible assassinations. I carefully examined my room after having locked the door. It had a bed, or rather a pallet, two rickety chairs, while almost concealed behind some hangings was a door provided with a lock without a key. I opened this door. It led to a sort of ladder which plunged into empty space. In order to hold the door, in case any one attempted to open it from the outside, I put before it a kind of table of white wood, on which was a cracked basin for toilette purposes. Beside this I placed one of the two chairs. Under these circumstances no one could open the door without making a noise. And then I went to bed.

"It will be easily believed that after such a day I slept profoundly. All at once I woke up with a start. It seemed to me that some one was opening the door, and that in opening

it they pushed the table. I even thought that I perceived the glimmer of a lamp, a lantern, or a candle through the key-hole. Much excited, I raised myself upright in the vagueness of a sudden awakening, and I cried out, 'Who is there?' No answer. Silence and complete obscurity. I must be dreaming, I thought, or else be the victim of some strange illusion.

"For long hours I remained sleepless, as if under the influence of a vague terror. Then fatigue got the better of fear, and I fell into a heavy and uncomfortable sleep, interrupted by nightmares.

"I believed that I saw, I *did see* in my sleep, the chamber where I was, and in the bed some one, either myself or another, which it was I did not know. The secret door opened of itself. The host entered, a long knife in his hand. Behind, on the threshold of the door, stood his wife, dirty and in rags, shading the light from the lantern with her black fingers. The host approached the bed with a cat-like step, and plunged his knife into the heart of the sleeper. Then he lifted the corpse by the feet, his wife took it by the head, and they both descended the narrow ladder. But here occurs a curious detail. The husband held between his teeth the slender ring which supported the lantern, and the two murderers descended the narrow stairs by the dim light of the lantern. I awoke with a start, in terror, and with my forehead bathed in sweat. The rays of the August sun seemed to pour into the room through the broken shutters. This, no doubt, was the light of the lantern. I saw only the hostess, silent and cunning, and I escaped joyfully from that obscure inn as if it had been the infernal regions, in order to breathe the pure air of the pines on the dusty road under the blazing sun amid the cries of the birds, festive and happy.

"I thought no more of my dream. Three years afterwards I read in a newspaper an item expressed almost exactly in these words: 'The visitors and the population of X—— are very much excited by the sudden and incomprehensible disappearance of M. Victor Arnaud, advocate, who set out

for a walk of some hours about a week ago, and never returned to the hotel. Conjecture has exhausted itself on this strange disappearance.'

"Why did some strange connection of ideas lead my mind back to my dream at my hotel. I do not know, but this association of ideas connected themselves yet more strongly when, three days after, the same newspaper contained the following lines: 'Traces of M. Victor Arnaud have been partly discovered. On the evening of the 24th of August he was seen by a wagoner close to a lonely inn: "Au rendezvous des Amis." He intended to pass the night there; the host whose reputation is most suspicious, and who up to today has preserved silence in regard to his guest, has been interrogated. He claims that the latter left him that same evening, and did not sleep at his house. In spite of this affirmation strange stories are beginning to circulate in the neighborhood. Another traveller of English extraction who disappeared six years ago is spoken of. Furthermore, a little shepherdess claims to have seen the wife of the host throw some bloody cloths into a pool hidden in the woods on the 26th of August. There is here a mystery which should be elucidated.'

"I could restrain myself no longer, and impelled by an invincible force, which convinced me in spite of myself that my dream had become a terrible reality, I went to the town.

"The magistrates who had taken up the matter in consequence of public opinion were investigating it without any precise data. I happened to go to the office of my colleague, the *juge d'instruction,* on the very day that he heard the deposition of my former hostess. I asked his permission to remain in his office during this deposition.

"The woman did not recognize me on entering, and paid no attention whatever to my presence.

"She stated that a traveller, who answered to the description of M. Victor Arnaud, had really come to her inn on the evening of the 24th of August, but that he had not spent the night. There were, she added, only two chambers in the inn, and upon the night in question they had both been oc-

cupied by wagoners, who had given their evidence and testified to the fact.

"'And the third chamber, the one over the stable?' I cried, interposing suddenly.

"The hostess gave a start, and appeared to recognize me all at once, as if I were a sudden revelation. I continued with audacious effrontery, and as if I was inspired : 'Victor Arnaud slept in that third chamber. During the night you came with your husband, you holding a lantern, he a long knife ; you climbed up by a ladder from the stable ; you opened a secret door which led into that chamber ; you yourself remained on the threshold of the door while your husband went to murder his guest, before robbing him of his watch and his pocket-book.'

"It was my dream of three years before which I narrated; my colleague listened aghast ; as for the woman, overpowered by terror, with her eyes staring and her teeth chattering, she stood as if petrified.

"'Then,' I continued, 'you took up the corpse, your husband holding it by the feet ; you descended the ladder with it. In order that you might have light, your husband carried the ring of the lantern between his teeth.'

"And then the woman, terrified, pale, with her legs shaking under her, said : 'You saw it all, then ?'

"Afterwards refusing savagely to sign her deposition, she shut herself up in absolute silence.

"When my colleague read my recital to the husband, the latter, believing himself to have been betrayed by his wife, cried out with a horrible oath : 'Ah ! the ——, she shall pay me for this !'

"My dream, only too true, had become a gloomy and fearful reality.

"In the stable of the inn, under a thick heap of manure, the corpse of the unfortunate Victor Arnaud was found, and beside him were human bones, which were perhaps those of the Englishman who had disappeared six years previously under identical and equally mysterious conditions.

"And I—had I been intended to share the same fate ? Dur-

ing the night when I dreamed, had I really heard the secret door open, had I really seen the light through the key-hole? Or had it been entirely a dream, mere imagination and lugubrious presentiment? I do not know, but I cannot think without a certain terror of the obscure inn, lost in the extent of the high road, in the midst of the pine woods, and contrasting so strangely with the beauty of nature, with the brook and its murmuring cascades, whose tiny drops sparkled like diamonds in the sun."

This narrative is so eloquent that we may dispense with any commentary. We cannot suppose that its author, a former magistrate, invented it for the pleasure of writing a dramatic story, however admirably told; still, the thing is not impossible. Perhaps M. Bérard could himself furnish irrefutable testimony in corroboration if he would look into the *dossier* of the Victor Arnaud affair.

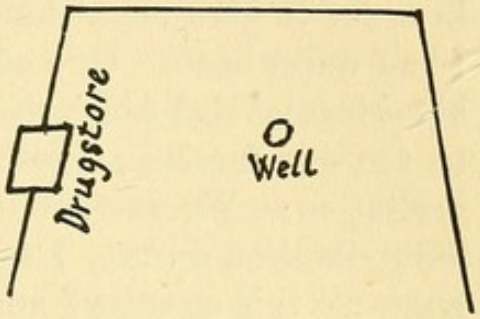
Madame A. Vaillant sent me from Foncquevillers (Pas de Calais) a curious narrative of a premonitory dream, and three very remarkable cases of telepathy, which by an inadvertence, due undoubtedly to the large quantity of letters received, I could not insert earlier. Without returning to the subject of telepathy, I would say that the first concerns the precise view of a death which took place in 1794 on the shores of the Rhine at Arras. The second tells of an apparition and a voice heard at Bapaume by two separate persons; it concerned a husband and father who died the same day in Austria (1796). The third tells how a young girl living in a Scotch castle ran down stairs and at the bottom of the staircase saw her uncle lying covered with blood, who had at that moment been murdered in London (1796). Here is the premonitory dream.

"A few years ago, in a town at the North, a new vicar was appointed to a certain parish. A person well known to Madame Vaillant dreamed some days before that this vicar, who was a Monsieur G., would preach next Sunday on such a subject, that his sister would sit before him; and all the particulars in her dream were exactly what happened on Sunday."

Letter 103.

Here is another premonitory dream, reported by an honorable ecclesiastic.

"I was at school in Niort. I was fifteen or sixteen years old. One night I had a singular dream. I fancied that I was at Saint Maixent (a town that I only knew by name) with my school-master. We were on a little square near a well, opposite to which was a drugstore, and we saw coming towards us a lady of that place, whom I recognized, because I had seen her once at Niort, in a house where I was staying. This lady when she accosted us began to speak of such extraordinary things that in the morning I mentioned the matter to my master. (The head of that school was called *le patron.*) He was very much astonished, and made me repeat the conversation. A few days after, having to go to Saint Maixent, he took me with him. Hardly had we arrived there before we found ourselves on the square that I had seen in my dream, and we saw the same lady coming towards us, who had with my master the same conversation, word for word, as in my dream.




"GROUSSARD,
"Curé of Sainte Radegonde."

One does not see how chance could have had anything to do with such a precise premonition.

My inquiry has brought in great number of premonitory dreams. I have classed them by themselves, and I will ask my readers to permit me to here quote the principal ones, and add them to the preceding, in order that they may have in their hands all the *pièces de conviction.*

XII. "I will introduce myself as Pierre Jules Barthelay, born at Yssoire, Puy-de-Dôme, on October 25, 1825, a former pupil in the Lycée at Clermont, priest in the diocese of Clermont in 1850, vicar for eight years at Saint Eutrope (Clermont), and three times made an army chaplain by the Ministry of War.

"(1) After three years of laborious ministry I was very much worn out, all the more because I had to serve as superintendent over the construction of the beautiful church of Saint Eutrope at Clermont. For four years I looked after the workmen from ten o'clock in the morning, from the water in the foundation to the cross on the top of the steeple. I put the three last slates on the roof. Our professor, M. Vincent, in order to give me a change, made me come to Lyons, where I had never been. One of the first days I was there he said at breakfast: 'M. l'Abbé, will you accompany me? I am going to see our forests at Saint-Just-Doizieux.' I accepted his invitation. We started in a carriage. After having passed Saint-Paul-en-Jarret, I uttered an exclamation: 'Oh! but I know all this country!' and in fact I would have gone all over it without a guide. About a year before I had seen in my sleep all these little terraces made of yellow stone.

"(2) I returned to my diocese, but was sent to the mountains in the West to fulfil a difficult mission, which was too great for my strength. I was ill seven months at Clermont. At last, being on my legs again, they sent me to the Hospital of Saint-Ambert, to take the place of the Chaplain, who had had congestion of the brain. The railroad to Saint-Ambert was not then built, so I took my place in the *coupé* of the *diligence* which ran between Clermont and Ambert. After passing Billom, I looked to the right, and recognized *the little castle, with its avenue of willows, as well as if I had lived there.* I had seen it in my sleep as much as eighteen months before.

"(3) We were in *l'année terrible.* My mother, who had seen the allies marching through the streets of Paris, is a widow. She claims me as the prop of her old age. They gave me a little parish near Yssoire. The first time I went to see a sick parishioner, I found myself in narrow lanes between high, dark walls, but I could perfectly find my way. I had, in my sleep, some months before, passed through this *network of dark alleys.*

"(4) Events, quite independent of my will, took me to Riom; there I presumed I should feel as if I were in a

strange country. What was my surprise to find an old acquaintance in the chapel that my colleague, the Abbé Faure, had built for the soldiers. I had never seen it with my eyes, and had not even known that it existed! I made a drawing of it, which I send you, as if I were still employed in superintending ecclesiastical architecture.[1]

"BERTHELAY.

"Riom (Puy-de-Dôme)." Letter 19.

XVI. "At the beginning of September, 1870, at the watering-place of Weymouth (England), I was awakened about two o'clock in the morning, between a Thursday and a Friday, by a mysterious voice, which said, very distinctly, 'Jump out of bed and pray for those at sea.' Almost at the same moment, the *Captain*, a first-class English iron-clad, was lost in the Bay of Biscay. Three hundred men were drowned. The rest of the squadron came safe into Portland Roads, near Weymouth. The public being permitted to go on board and inspect these vessels, I took advantage of the opportunity, and so did my brother. Seven years later, September 9, 1877, this brother himself perished in the wreck of the *Avalanche*, in the same Portland Roads.

"MARY C. DEUTSCHEMDAFF,
"Wife of the Protestant Pastor at Charleville (Ardennes)."
Letter 29.

XVII. "The following fact was related to me by one of my old comrades, now ninety-one years of age, who was a matter-of-fact person, and in no way inclined to mysticism.

"One evening, about 1835, he was at work in his chamber, at Strasbourg. Suddenly he had a very distinct vision of Morey, his native village. The street on which his father's house stood presented an animation unusual at that hour, and he recognized several persons, among whom was a relation carrying a lantern.

"'Some days after this,' he told me, 'I received news of

[1] This letter was accompanied by four drawings of landscapes and buildings seen in dreams.

my mother's death, which had happened that same evening, and in *presence of the very persons I had seen.* What was more singular, it was my mother's mother who had held the lantern.'

"Such facts, no doubt, are at present inexplicable, but that is no reason why we should treat them scornfully. Let us seek and wait. The future has many surprises in store for us, and will throw light on many mysteries.

"What is it in us that thinks? We undoubtedly do not know, but we can suppose that it may correspond to a certain determined number of vibrations. Let us say, if you like, a million of quintillions per second. The brain which emits these vibrations is at the same time transmitter and receiver. It is possible that, under the influence of intense excitement, these vibrations may be capable of carrying impressions to an enormous distance and acting upon other nervous cells.

"And if the phenomena of telepathy are above all produced by the dying, we know that often, as the last moment draws near, the brain exhibits extraordinary activity. On the other hand those who receive impressions are generally such as are sensitive, nervous, and, in one word, impressionable. In short, affection, hatred, or anxiety, may assist in putting two persons who feel alike into a state of cerebral isochronism.

"Without falling into the domain of the supernatural or the impossible, a day, perchance, may come—but as yet it seems far off—when men will look upon the telephone and the telegraph as primitive and barbarous means of holding intercourse at a distance. These men may, by the force of their own wills, send their thoughts through space. That will be indeed an upheaval for an ancient world.

"DR. DEVE.

"Fouvent-le-Haut, Haute Seine."

Letter 26.

XVIII. "Last year, in the month of September, I had, one night, a distinct vision of the funeral of a child, which left a house in which I knew the inhabitants; only in my dream I could not tell which of the children it might be.

"The dream stayed in my memory all day; I tried in vain to get it out of my head, when in the evening one of the children living in that house, a child of the age of four, fell accidentally into a water-tank and was drowned.

"ÉMILE BOISMARD.

"Seiches, Maine-et-Loire."

Letter 53.

XIX. "My oldest brother, Émile Zipelius, an artist, died on September 16, 1865, twenty-five years of age; he was drowned while bathing in the Moselle. He lived in Paris, but he was then visiting his parents at Pompey, near Nancy. My mother had dreamed twice, at wide intervals, that this son would be drowned.

"When the person charged to bear the terrible news to his parents came to inform them, my mother, feeling sure that he came to announce some misfortune, first asked could it be anything about an absent daughter, from whom she had had no news for several days. When he told her that it was nothing about her daughter, she said: 'Don't tell me, then. I know what it is. My son is drowned.' We had had a letter from him that same day, so that nothing could have led us to foresee such a catastrophe.

"My brother himself had said to his *concierge* a short time before: 'If any night I do not come home, go next day to the morgue and look for me. I have a presentiment that I shall die in the water. I dreamed that I was under water, dead, with my eyes open.' That was just how they found him. He had died under water from the rupture of an aneurism. My mother and father were convinced that that was how he would meet his death. That same day he had at first refused to bathe in the Moselle, but towards evening he was tempted by the coolness of the water, and was thus taken away from all who loved him.

"J. VOGELSANG ZIPELIUS.

"Mulhouse."

Letter 127.

XX. "Several years ago, for six months I dreamed, at least once a week, that I was obliged to leave my children by

themselves while I went out to work in an office, to which I had to run for fear of being late; and the fatigue and the anxiety would wake me, when I would perceive with pleasure that it was nothing but a foolish dream, and that through my husband, who had then a good position, we had a modest competence, enough for our needs.

"Alas! before the year was out my dream became reality. CLAIRE."

Letter 151.

XXI. "On the 25th of November, 1860, having gone out to sea in a fishing-boat, about four in the afternoon, we were coming back, and were not twenty yards from shore, when one of my friends owned to me that in a dream the night before he had been warned that he would be drowned that day.

"I reassured him, telling him that in ten minutes we should be on land.

"A few moments after this our boat capsized, and two of my friends were drowned, one of whom was the one already mentioned. We did all we could to save them. The brother of my friend, L. (the man who dreamed the dream) is still a lawyer at Havre, where the sad accident took place. (You could consult the Havre newspapers of November 26, 1860.)

"E. B.

"78 Rue de Phalsbourg, Havre."

Letter 194.

XXII. (A) "One day last April, when I was occupied studying the subject of chalk, I dreamed that I found a polished pebble in the chalk-pit of Brocles, near Bernot. I had made arrangements to go next day to see this pit, and, while I was exploring it, I was very much surprised to find a pebble exactly corresponding to the one I had seen in my dream. Such stones are very uncommon in chalk.[1]

(B) "A few years ago (also in a dream), I witnessed the discovery of a great number of Gallo-Roman remains in a spot near the village of Sissy. This spot had just been chosen for

[1] Possibly this was a case of unconscious cerebration. Nevertheless . . .

the site of a new cemetery. In one of the first trenches dug, the laborers found a pot, which they sent me. It was a Gallo-Roman pot, and it was soon discovered that the new cemetery was laid out over ancient Gallo-Roman graves.

"ALPHONSE RABELLE,
"Druggist.

"Ribemont, Aisne."

Letter 222.

XXIV. "I have been warned twice, at different times, by dreams, of the impending death of persons whom I knew *only by sight*, and whose decease, as it happened the day before or the same night as my dream, I heard of the next morning, with all its particulars, told almost in the very words I had heard in my dream. In both cases I had not known that the persons who died were ill, and both were people in whom I took no interest whatever. M. LORILLIARD.

"Przemysl (Poland)."

Letter 248.

XXV. "I was eighteen when my poor father died from a sudden attack of illness. Two weeks before his death I dreamed that I saw him in his chamber, lying on his bed, dressed, and dead, while around the bed were *five persons*, all intimate friends of the family, who were watching him. These were the same five persons who watched his corpse the first night after his decease. This very strange coincidence long left me under an impression of profound emotion.

"P. B.

"Marseilles."

Letter 251.

XXVI. "Three days (just the time it takes for a letter to reach us from St. Petersburg) before I heard of the death of the sister of the painter Vereschagin, I saw, in a dream, her husband, and, being surprised to see him alone, I asked, 'Where is Marie Vasilievna?' He answered me distinctly, 'She is at rest,' which means *elle repose*. J. MOTTU.

"Seale House, Ambleside, Westmoreland."

Letter 252.

XXVII. "When my wife (a young girl then) was taking care of her mother, she took little rest either by night or day.

One night, the last, during a brief and unrefreshing sleep, she saw her mother, in a dream, who said to her, 'You will lose me at eleven': and the prediction was fulfilled at that very hour. My wife did not mention this dream to any one until after the first days of mourning; there is therefore no proof of it but her word, in which I believe blindly.

"If you think it desirable to print this fact for your readers, I should prefer (having told you who I am) that my name should not be given. X——,

"Lieutenant in the Navy.

"Rochefort."

Letter 261.

XXVIII. (A) "In 1858 (I am no longer young) I was at Terrasson (Dordogne), employed in building the railroad from Périgueux to Brive. Another employé on the road, who came from the Hautes-Alpes, said to me one morning, with a very troubled air, that during the night he had seen a phantom in which he recognized his father. Two days later he received a letter with a black edge, which told him that his father had died the very night that he saw the apparition.

(B) "In 1885 I was at Périgueux with my family. My wife saw, in a dream, in the night between January 15th and 16th, a bed with closed curtains, and near it stood a table with a lighted taper and a crucifix. She told me of this dream, which alarmed her greatly. We soon after received a letter from Roder, telling us that my father-in-law had died of pneumonia shortly before. LUMIQUE.

"7 Rue Traversière-des-Potiers, Toulouse."

Letter 268.

XXXI. "By sad experience, I know that every time I see in a dream a lady with whom I was once in friendly relations, and who has been dead five years, I shall hear of a death in my family.

"But what is very singular is that about six weeks ago this lady (in a dream) came and walked with me beside the Lagoubran. When we reached the Boulevard de Strasbourg, at the entrance to Toulon, she left me, and went back towards

Lagoubran with some workmen whom I did not know. They all looked very melancholy.

"For several days I anxiously asked myself who I was probably going to lose when the terrible catastrophe at Lagoubran happened that every one knows about. She had come to tell me of the misfortune which was about to befall our whole city.

"One of my friends, on the night of March 3d and 4th, dreamed of the scenes that took place the next night, March 5th and 6th; she saw passing before her door long processions of artillerymen, carrying the dead and wounded, attended by soldiers and priests, and the real scene afterwards seemed a second edition of her dream. M. J. D.

"Toulon."

Letter 345.

XXXII. "It has often happened to me to find myself in some situation, as commonplace as possible, of which I had had an *exact* perception some time before.

"J. H. CHARPENTIER.

"Frankfort."

Letter 351.

XXXIII. "In 1889, in the month of April, a young girl named Jeanne Dubo, who was a servant in my family, dropped dead suddenly in my presence before I could render her any assistance. It was a case of sudden death caused by the rupture of an aneurism.

"The parents of this girl, poor farming people, who lived, and still live, in the Department of the Landes, having heard the sad news, arrived at my house the next morning in tears. Our first interview was as painful to me as to them, for I was greatly affected by the death of this girl, to whom I was attached as much for her honesty and kindliness as for the zeal she showed in taking care of my household.

"The night came. I sat up with the corpse, together with her mother and father; when addressing old Dubo, I put to him in patois the following question: 'Tell me, Dubo, have you ever had any presentiment about Jeanne's death?' 'What do you mean?' he said; 'I don't understand.' 'Yes,' I con-

tinued; 'some sort of sign . . . I hardly know what . . . something that forewarned you of some kind of misfortune?' 'No,' he replied, shaking his head; 'nothing.' 'A dream, for instance?' I persisted. 'A dream? . . . Ah! yes—wait a bit,' he said, like a person trying to call something to mind. 'Yes—a dream,' he murmured. Then turning to his wife, who was lying dressed on a mattress, he said, 'Do you hear, Marceline? Your dream . . . *tiens!*' Sobs responded to this question. Then he told me that one night, about ten days before, his wife had dreamed that their daughter *was dead,* that while she dreamed this she was groaning and shedding tears, and that, notwithstanding all the efforts that he made to comfort her, she continued to feel sure that her daughter was dead. She had a terrible headache in consequence of her agitation, which lasted several days.

"This dream, which I had in some way guessed at, and which the woman Dubo fancied was reality, was destined to become so ten or twelve days later. JUSTIN MANO,

"Tax Receiver, Belin, Gironde."

Letter 371.

XXXIV. "In 1865 I was in England, as French teacher in a school. I was eighteen. The climate did not suit me; I was ailing all the time, and all my thoughts were of returning to France. I had gone to England expecting to stay there two years, which would have given me time to learn English. I had been there since January, when, at the close of July, I dreamed that I must learn faster, because I had not much longer to stay; but my dream gave me no reason why I should be obliged to return home. This dream preoccupied my thoughts, but I tried to get it out of my mind by repeating to myself the proverb, '*Tout songe est mensonge.*'

"On August 13th my mother died, and I had indeed to return to France. LÉONIE SERRES, NÉE FABRE.

"Deaux, Canton of Vézénabres (Gard)."

Letter 406.

XXXV. "In a dream I saw and travelled in a part of the country that was quite unknown to me. I afterwards

verified my vision, which was exact and precise. If you wish it I can send you the particulars. ABDON GRAU.

"Ain-Beida, Constantine."

Letter 486.

XXXVI. "Two years ago I had a situation as governess in America. We were living in the country in Maryland, when one night I saw in a dream a great monumental gate through which was the entrance to a vast forest, and a few steps from it was the game-keeper's cottage. I told my dream the next morning to Miss S., in whose house I was living, and added that no doubt it meant that I should soon go back to Europe.

"But how great was my surprise when last year, having really gone back, as I foresaw, and having a situation at Cracow, we left town for the country, in the month of June. A few days afterwards my pupil, a girl of fourteen, said to me: 'Come, madame, I must show you the beautiful forest of T——, which belongs to Count P.' We went, and at the entrance to the forest great was my surprise to recognize the gate which had struck me so much in my dream a year before. 'Marie,' I said to my pupil, 'I saw that gate a year ago when I was very far from here, and it was in a dream.' She was very much amused.

"I beg you will not print my name. L. R.

"Moravia (Austria)."

Letter 496.

XXXVII. "I think I had better tell you two very characteristic facts relative to presentiments experienced and dreamt by two persons whom I perfectly well know:

A "The first dreamed that her father was dead, and a month later he died under the *same circumstances that accompanied the dream.*

B "In the second dream a lady thought that her baby had just died. It was one day before he really died, under the *same circumstances related in the dream.*

"G. VIAN,

"Former Secretary of the Flammarion Scientific Society.

"Marseilles."

Letter 499.

XXXIX. "One year, in February or March, I had in a dream a vision of a very dear friend dressed in deep mourning for one of her relations. That night (still in a dream) I was present at all the bustle that takes place when people get home from a journey in the middle of the night. I saw her in my dream with her child in her arms, *wandering about the railway station in the lamp-light*, looking for a carriage or some vehicle that would take her home before the funeral.

"Five months after I learned how absolutely true my dream had just become. This lady, to whom I was greatly attached, experienced in the circumstances of which I had dreamed all the care, anxiety, and suffering with which I had seen her overwhelmed at the railway station with her child in her arms. The member of her family whom she had lost had been very ill for some time, but his friends were far from expecting his speedy decease.

"The realization of this dream, though not immediate, took place nevertheless in the month of December.

"Whence comes this prescience of the future that sometimes comes to us in dreams? M. P. H., D. M.

"Romans."

Letter 509.

XL. "I was a day scholar at the High-School, when in a dream I found myself crossing the Place de la République in Paris, a napkin under my arm, when just opposite the *magasins du Pauvre-Jacques* a dog ran past me pursued by a crowd of *gamins* who were tormenting it. I saw the exact number of them—eight. The sales-people in the store were making up their inventory; a fruit-seller (called a *marchande des quatre saisons*) passed by with her cart full of fruit and flowers.

"The next morning, as I went to school, I saw exactly the same things in the same place. It was a repetition of the scene I had witnessed in my dream. Nothing was wanting —the dog ran down the gutter, the eight *gamins* ran after him, the *marchande des quatre saisons* with her cart was turning on to the Boulevard Voltaire, and the sales-people at

*le Pauvre-Jacques* were putting their goods for display outside the door of their establishment. ED. HANNAIS.

"10 Avenue Lagache, Villemomble (Seine)."

Letter 527.

XLI. About 1827 or 1828 my father found himself at Nancy. At that moment there was taking place there one of those lotteries (since prohibited) in which people were exhorted to choose the numbers that they wished for. My father was much tempted to take a chance, but he had not made up his mind to do so, when that night he saw in his sleep two numbers in phosphorescent characters on the wall of his chamber. Much struck by this, he resolved to go as soon as the window of the ticket-office should be opened in the morning, and ask for the numbers of which he had dreamed. But conscientious scruples restrained him. He could not, however, afterwards resist going to inquire the result of the drawing. The numbers he had dreamed of had come out in the order they had appeared to him, and their holder had gained seventy-five thousand francs.

"MADEMOISELLE MEYER.

"Niort (Deux-Sevres)."

Letter 549.

XLII. "We were going to Paris, my wife and I, in May, 1897, to pass a few days, and we stopped at Angers to see some of our relations. The morning of the day fixed for our departure for Paris I was in that state of delicious complacency which one feels when one has a vague idea that life is reblossoming around one, and one is snug in a comfortable bed. I was not awake; I was dozing. Suddenly I heard a fresh melodious voice singing a charming song which delighted me. The air seemed so pretty that I was sorry when I woke. I was delighted.

"*In my imagination* I attributed the song to some young apprentice who had stopped upon the Quai, just under my window.

"We reached Paris the same day, and went to pass the evening at a *café concert* in the Champs-Elyseés, where, to

my astonishment, when it was half over, I heard a performer sing the same air I had heard in my dream that morning. I *affirm* that it was absolutely the same.

"The evening before that the air had been completely unknown to me, and I have never heard it since.

"EMILE SOUX.

"6 Rue Victor Hugo, Carcassonne."

Letter 554.

XLIII. "In 1871 I had a brother twenty years old. He was a doctor in the Military Hospital at Montpellier. My poor brother fell ill. They sent a despatch to my father, telling him his son had typhoid fever. Worn out by a variety of emotions and by the fatigues of the late war, he grew rapidly worse, notwithstanding the care lavished on him.

"On December 1st he said to my father, who never left his pillow, 'I see three coffins in this chamber.' Father said to him: 'You mistake, my dear boy; you see cradles.' I should here say that I had a sister who had been married three years, and had a dear little son thirteen months old, in good health, and a baby born eight days before.

"The next day my brother was worse, and died in my father's arms.

"My father returned to Douai after the funeral, and he found my youngest nephew dying of croup. The other, who had been in the best of health, died also. So there were the three coffins seen by my poor brother.

"These facts are exactly what occurred.

"BERTHE DUBRULLE.

"4 Rue de l'Abbaye des Près. Douai."

Letter 558.

XLIV. (A) "In 1889 I was road-master of an *arrondissement* in the Department of Lozére. Being on a tour of inspection at Saint Urcize (Cantal), I had, about midnight, an impression that a voice said to me '*Your father is dead.*' I went home two days after, much impressed. But no bad news awaited me. Nothing from my father, who lived in a distant part of the country. But two days after (I think) I received a despatch summoning me to him, as he was serious-

ly ill with inflammation of the lungs. I immediately started, but I did not arrive until six hours after he had died. If I had left as soon as I received the warning sent to me in my dream, I might have passed thirty-six hours with my father before he died. I need not tell you how deeply I regret my delay.

(B) "I was twenty-one. I had to draw my chance to serve in the army. The night before the drawing I dreamed of the number 45, and I drew it in the morning. This seemed to me to indicate that what we think is chance is governed by other laws. On the other hand, between the moment when I had the dream and that in which I drew the number out of the urn there may have passed too many things to make me attribute to chance alone the distribution of the numbers. How did it happen that these things did not alter what had seemed decided the night before?

"GUIBAL,

"Road-master in the Arrondissement of Belisane, Algeria."

Letter 573.

XLVI. "In 1893 I had a daughter in Paris at the Dental School. She was twenty years old, and had no inclination for marriage. On January 2, 1893, I had a very strange dream. I saw my daughter coming home for the holidays at five o'clock in the morning (she never came by that train). I saw her enter my chamber wearing a large plaid cloak, which I had never seen. She came up to my bed, and said to me, 'Mother, I wish to be married. I love, I am loved, and if I do not marry him I shall die.'

"I made all kinds of remonstrances, telling her she had better wait until she had finished her studies and not interrupt her course. It was no use. She insisted so earnestly that, in my dream, I acquiesced in her wishes.

"When I woke up in the morning my dream returned to my memory. I told my maid of it, and a seamstress who was sewing for me, and I added:

"'*Tout songe est mensonge.* But no matter, I am not going to write to my daughter, for fear I should put marriage into her head.'

"The same year, at the end of July, I received a letter from my daughter, telling me that she had passed her examinations for the second year with credit, and that she would be home that evening by the train she generally came by, which reached Saint Amand at night at 12.49. We expected her, but in vain.

"At five o'clock in the morning we were awakened by a loud ring at the bell. My maid went to open the door, and my daughter came into my room wearing a plaid duster she had bought a few days before. She kissed me, and repeated to me, word for word, exactly what in my dream I had heard her say on the 2d of January; and I answered, 'Why, you told me all that before.' 'How could I have told you? It is only a week since I came to a decision.'

"At once I remembered my dream. My servant then told her about it. But my daughter was not so much astonished as I should have expected. She told me that I had once before seen in a dream what was long after going to happen. And, in truth, I had seen Saint Amaud when I had never been there, as well as the apartments I now occupy, two years before I came to inhabit them.

"MADAME BOVOLIN.

"Saint Amand (Cher)."

Letter 584.

XLVII. (A) "A few years ago we had a little friend whose mother had entered her at the school at Écouen. I dreamed afterwards that I saw the child passing along the street. I was astonished to see her, for I knew she left home, and (still in my dream) her mother came and said to us, 'I could not make up my mind to leave my daughter at school. *I have been to fetch her home.*' A day, or two days, after my dream, we received a visit from this lady. I said to her: 'Does Marguerite like school?' She answered, 'Don't you know what I have just done? I could not make up my mind to leave her there, and I have been to bring her home.'

(B) "At Toul, where we lived, there was a beggar who made a very disagreeable impression on me. He was very repulsive, he was ugly, and of a bad character. One night I

dreamed that some one was ringing at the front door. It was dark, but through the darkness I seemed to see the outline of this beggar, who said, 'Mademoiselle, I have nowhere to pass the night; will you let me lie down here?' The next evening, while in a dreamy state, I was sitting in the dining-room with my sister and my little cousin, when I heard a noise outside the kitchen door. I went to see what it was. The beggar was there, who said to me, 'I am without shelter; will you let me lie here for the night?' MADEMOISELLE HUBERT.

"Nancy." Letter 607.

XLIX. (A) "When I was about fourteen I dreamed that one evening I was near a wood, but before me was a wall. I was alone, and I felt like crying. Some months later I really found myself in the same situation, and equally disposed to shed tears.

(B) "In 1882, having been made a non-commissioned officer in the 119th Regiment, at Havre, I dreamed that I had turned school-master. I laughed at this, for it would have been the very last thing I should have cared to do. Two years later I was at Stains, teaching a class of the very same children I had seen in my dream.

(C) "In 1893 I knocked at my father's chamber door (Faux-la-Montagne, in the canton Gentioux, Creuse), having returned from Martinique after nine years' absence. He did not recognize me, and asked me who I was and what I wanted. 'I am a traveller,' I said, 'and I bring you news of your son in Normandy.' 'And the one in Martinique?' 'I have no news of him. Why do you ask me?' 'Because *this very night I dreamed* I saw him standing there just in that door, *where you are standing now.*' And he burst into tears. I ought to mention that he had spoken of this dream already when he woke up, and before he had seen me. They had had no intimation that I was likely to return. LEGROS,

"School-master at Gros Morne, Martinique."
Letter 608.

LII. "Some days after our marriage my wife said to me, 'It is extraordinary, but six months ago I dreamed that I

should marry you. I even told my mother so the next morning, and we laughed about it.' My mother added, 'Oh, he is a young man who probably never had a thought of you.' Now observe that up to that time we not only had never spoken to each other, but we were not even acquainted. Although we lived in the same neighborhood we had seen each other only at a distance, as it were by chance, and we did not visit at the same houses. It is, therefore, most extraordinary that that young girl should have dreamed that before long she would be married to me. And yet the dream came true.

"T.

"Villeneuve-sur-Yonne."

Letter 619.

LIII. "You have asked to be told inexplicable facts, facts which, however, are certain dreams, and other observations of the same kind. Perhaps you will not think what I am going to tell you is of any importance, or has any interest, but if everybody thought so, and would say nothing, your appeal would be useless. I am going, therefore, to write you what I know, only begging you not to give my name, if by chance you use my letter. I live in a little town where I had rather my name should not be read.

(A) "In January, 1888, I was pregnant, but for certain special reasons I did not know how long I had been so. Finding I was one day greatly exhausted, my husband sent for the nurse, who said, 'I think it will soon take place' (she was a very skilful woman). Next day I felt very well again. On February 1st it was the same thing, and my sister, who was a year younger than I was, and not married, told me in the morning (she did not know that I had suffered in the night, for she slept in a remote part of the house) what follows: 'Last night I was not dreaming but I was awakened by some one who said to me, "Your sister need not be uneasy about her pains. The child will be born on the 22d of June." And I said to the voice, "Since you know so much, tell me, will it be a girl or a boy?" The voice replied: "That I do not know. But *this* I know: you will all then be far from happy."' Now we already had had two boys and were most anxious for a daughter.

"Of course, we made fun of my sister, and, my pains continuing to increase, I made my preparations.

"But February and March passed, and by degrees we were less inclined to laugh at her; her own faith was never shaken in what had been told her. We even came to the conclusion that the baby would be a boy, as we were not to be happy on its arrival, and we began to believe so firmly in the prediction that on June 21st I made ready the cradle and prepared everything for the next day. On June 22d, at ten o'clock in the morning, my baby was born. It was a girl, which would have given us great satisfaction had I not immediately after her birth had a hemorrhage which nearly cost me my life. Two days later my eldest boy had bronchitis, and my sister, for the first time in her life, was taken ill. My second son had croup, and had to have an operation; my sister, who had risen too soon from her bed to see after him, had diphtheria; and my father, three months later, had a slight accident, in consequence of which he died. Assuredly we were not happy.

"(B) My daughter was three weeks old. I could not nurse her, having an abscess on my breast. My husband had to go to Manosque to get a wet-nurse, who was recommended to us, and he brought her back the same day, Friday, July 13th. Before I woke that morning I was tormented by a strange dream. My sons were doing well, the oldest was all right, and the second, a superb child, was in perfect health. I said to my husband, 'It is strange, but last night I dreamed I was in a town I did not know; I was looking for René's nurse and they told me "As it is Saturday, she has gone to the washing." I looked for her very anxiously, and meeting her alone I asked: "What have you done with René?" Clotilde replied: "Madame, I left him behind this wall." I ran to find him; he was lying up against the wall, quite naked, his body was as black as soot, and he had a hole in his neck out of which protruded the trachea. He was not dead, however.'

"My husband laughed at my dream, and at the anxiety I felt because of it. About four in the afternoon René, who

had not gone out of the house, but was playing with his papa, had a strange fit of coughing, and was nearly choked by it. I sent in haste for a doctor. It was a case of croup.

"At two in the morning, Saturday, July 14th, four doctors made ready to perform the operation of tracheotomy; it was before the discovery of serum; the child was laid naked on a table, his neck was pierced, and a silver tube was inserted in the trachea. The operation was almost completed when, the trachea being torn by the hook with which it was held, the child was choked with blood, and his body became quite black; but happily a large dose of ipecac brought back the cough and relieved him.

"During the operation my husband leaned over me and said: 'Valentine, this is the dream you had yesterday that I laughed at . . .' The child is a big boy now, and is perfectly well. MADAME X.

"Forcalquier." Letter 623.

LV. "Monsieur A. lived in the village of O., and very often had dreams which came true exactly. He was judge at the tribunal of C., where he went every fortnight. One morning when he should have gone to C., he came down-stairs quite preoccupied, and told his wife and daughter (Madame M., who told me this), the following dream: I drove in a carriage into the town of C. where I saw before D.'s house two coffins and a funeral procession being got into line. I knew almost all those who were present; the prefect, the judges, the municipal authorities, and the relatives. I asked a by-stander, 'Why, who is dead in the family of D.?'

"'Don't you know,' he said, 'that Madame D. and her son died the same day, and they are to be buried this morning?'

"Monsieur A., having told us of his dream, left home saying that he was sure that he should hear of some death in the course of the day. Imagine his astonishment when driving into C. he saw two coffins before the D. house, and *just the same persons present that he had seen in his dream.* He hardly dared ask who were the persons who had died, he felt so

sure before-hand that he should hear the very words he had heard in his dream. He however stopped a man who was passing and put to him the question. 'Don't you know,' was the answer, 'that Madame D. and her son died the same day, and they are to be buried this morning ?'

"What seems to me most interesting in the dream is that the words heard were exactly the same as those really heard the next day. There was, therefore, premonitory vision and premonitory hearing, both at once.

"You can be assured of the *perfect authenticity* of this narrative. The family of Monsieur A. was so much impressed by it that they have preserved an exact memory of all its particulars. H. Besson,

"Pastor at Orvin-près-Bienne, Switzerland."

Letter 632.

LVI. "I dreamed that while riding a bicycle a dog ran right before me on the road, and that I fell off, breaking the pedal of the machine. In the morning I told my dream to my mother, who, knowing how often my dreams came true, begged me to stay in the house. In fact I resolved not to go out, but towards 11 o'clock, at the moment of sitting down at table, the postman brought us a letter informing us that my sister, who lived four miles from our house, had been taken ill. At once forgetting my dream, and thinking of nothing but of getting news of my sister, I breakfasted in all haste, and started on my bicycle. My ride was without accident until I reached the place where the night before I had seen myself lying in the dust with a broken machine. Hardly had my dream crossed my mind, when an enormous dog sprang out of a farm-house near the road, and tried to seize me by the leg. Without thinking, I kicked at him, and with that I lost my balance and fell off my machine, breaking the pedal, thus realizing my dream even to its smallest incidents. Now, please remember, that I had been over that road at least one hundred times, and never before had I the smallest accident.

"Amédée Basset,

"Notary at Vitrac, Charente."

Letter 640.

LVII. "Marshal Vaillant, who was neither a visionary nor a narrow-minded man, told one of my friends, who has several times told me, that when he set out for the siege of Rome, having been ordered to conduct the operations, and being totally ignorant what fortifications had been constructed for the defence of the place, he saw very distinctly in a dream, before he landed in Italy, *the precise spot* in which it would be best to begin the attack. It was, as he afterwards assured himself, the one weak spot in the defences. I send this fact without comment; no doubt you can make use of it in your category of auto-suggestions.

"B. KIRSCH,
"Ex-professor at Semur, Côte d'Or."
Letter 643.

LVIII. (A) "My mother, who was born in 1800, August 15, and died in 1886, had a bad fever in 1811, when she was at boarding-school (I think) at Aire-sur-la-Lys. It was, however, the only illness she ever had in her life. In a fit of delirum she saw herself at home with her mother, Madame Campagne, née Marie Louise De Lannoy de Linghem, at Estrée Blanche (Pas de Calais), and while still under the influence of fever she screamed and called out that they must take her away, for the house was on fire.

"Now, a year later, in 1812, the house at Estrée was really burned down, and my mother saw the real fire exactly as she had seen it in her fever in 1811.

"The central part of the house and one wing were laid in ashes, the other wing was saved, and it was there that my grandmother found temporary shelter with her numerous family (she had ten children). The part not burned contained twelve rooms with fire-places and attics. My mother never told a falsehood to my knowledge. She has told me all this very many times; not only she, but my uncles and aunts. The part of the building not burned is standing still.

(B) "About July, 1887, I think (the exact date could be learned from the *mairie* at Saint Omer; I was then living at Tatinghem, a village two miles away), a person, Mademoisselle Estelle Poulain, who has been living in my family since 1873,

saw in a dream her aunt, Madame Leprêtre, née Honorine Hochart, who spoke to her. Mademoisselle Poulain could not distinguish her features, but she *knew* it was her aunt. She started up wide awake, and almost immediately the clock in her room struck three (in the morning). This was on a Saturday, the day the market is held at Saint Omer.

"About twelve or one o'clock Mademoiselle Poulain's uncle, M. Noël Leprêtre, came to my house to tell us that his wife, Honorine Hochart, Mademoiselle Poulain's aunt, had died that morning a little before three o'clock, and had said to the sister of charity, who was nursing her, 'I am so sorry I cannot see my niece Estelle.' Now, on my word of honor, Mademoiselle Estelle Poulain had told me her dream *long before* the arrival of her uncle.

"LÉON LECONTE,
"Editor-in-chief of the *Étudiant*, Paris."
Letter 667.

LX. "In 1882 I was suddenly separated from a person who was *very dear to me;* and while for some weeks I was plunged in deepest grief, I heard a voice saying to me, 'This very day a year from now that person will come back to you.' It was then May, and the next year at the same date I met the person in the street. We were both much affected at the sight of each other. Explanations, regrets, remorse, and reconciliation followed, and since that time I have had no more devoted friend than this one, whose repentance was most *sincere.*

"While asleep I have had sight at a distance of cities to which I have afterwards gone, and have been astonished to see their buildings and monuments just as I had seen them in my dreams—Brussels, for instance, which I had seen in my sleep *a year before I went there.*

"H. PONCER.
"457 Rue Paradis, Marseilles."
Letter 725.

"LXI. (A) "My poor mother died in the night of September 17, 1860, at three o'clock in the morning, having preserved her memory, and being conscious to the last of all that

passed around her. A little before her death she looked round to find me, and when she saw I was not there, the anguish in her face was heart-rending, and big tears rolled down her cheeks. (This was told me later by persons present at the moment when she died.)

"Now, that same night, September 17, 1860, I woke up with a start at three o'clock in the morning, fancying I heard my mother calling me, and several times I sat up in my bed, crying, 'Mamma! Mamma!' which awakened my bedfellow, and then I fell in a heap on the floor. People had to be roused to give me help and to recover me from my fainting fit, which lasted about twenty minutes.

(B.) "It was 1869, at the time of the *plébiscite*, when, one night, I had a dream, or rather, I may say, a terrible nightmare.

"In it I saw myself a soldier—we were at war. I felt all that a soldier has to endure in war time—fatigue, hunger, and thirst. I heard orders given, I heard volleys fired, I heard the roar of cannon; I saw men fall dead and wounded round me, and I heard their cries.

"All of a sudden I found myself in a village where we were to receive a terrible attack from the enemy. They were Prussians, Bavarians, and dragoons from Baden. Take notice that I had never before seen these uniforms, and that the country at that time had no thought of war. At one moment I saw one of our officers climb into the church steeple with a field-glass to observe the movements of the enemy; then he came down, formed us in column to attack, sounded the charge, and rushed us forward at double quick, with fixed bayonets, on a Prussian battery.

"At this moment, in my dream, being engaged hand-to-hand with the artillerymen of this Prussian battery, I saw one of them strike a blow at my head, so formidable that he clove it in two. Then I was awakened by falling out of bed. I felt a terrible pain in my head. As I fell I had knocked it on a little stove which I used for a table.

"On October 6, 1870, this dream came true—village, school, *mairie*, and church were where I had seen them. I saw our

major going up into the steeple to reconnoitre the position of the enemy; I saw him come down, heard him order the charge to be sounded, and we rushed with fixed bayonets on the Prussian cannon. In *my dream* at this moment I had had my head split by a stroke from the blade of a Prussian. In the real fight I expected this, but I only received a blow from a rammer, which possibly was intended for my head, but only hit me on my right thigh. A. REGNIER,

"Sergeant-Major in the Company of Francs Tireurs, at Neuilly-sur-Seine.
"73 Rue Jeanne Hachette, Havre."

Letter 788.

LXIII. "In 1867 I was at Bordeaux, at the head of a drug-store which I had opened a few months before. One night I saw, in a dream, the figures '76 fr. 30' written on the day-book, whereas they ought to have been written on that of the next day. That day, in the morning, this sum was so impressed upon my mind that I spoke of it to my assistant. Our ordinary receipts being about 45 francs a day, we thought that 76 fr. 30 must mean the receipts for two days. The work that day was about what it was on other days, but in the evening we were overwhelmed with customers. At length, at half-past ten, after the last one left (that person must have been at least the hundredth), I looked in the cash-drawer and I found *exactly* 76 fr. 30.

"M. Jaubert, of Carcassonne, to whom I told this, made me observe that it would have needed a number of spirits to bring customers, who all bought and paid, and to hinder others, and there certainly must have been a book-keeper among the celestial operators. I remember one circumstance. A lady, whom I knew to be very unpunctual in paying, bought a great number of articles; she seemed to obey some kind of inspiration. At last she paid for everything! She was the last customer; surely the spirit who was making up the accounts needed just her money. A. COMERA.

"Toulouse." Letter 632.

LXIV. "I lost my father in 1865, and remained head of my family, with two younger brothers. The one next to me,

Aristide, born in 1853, belonged to the class of 1873, and drew his number for military service in 1874. He had not been willing to provide himself with a substitute, and trusted to chance whether he would have to serve six months or five years in the army.

"This alternative greatly excited my poor mother, who spoke of it every time I came to see her at Nieuil-sur-l'Autise (Vendée) upon Sundays, for I was studying to be a notary at Niort, eleven miles away.

"Thinking that I might do a father's part by assisting my brother when the drawing took place, on Tuesday, February 10, 1874, I left Niort on Monday, and went to Nieuil. After dinner, at which the conversation had turned on the chances of the drawing, I went to bed at ten o'clock.

"Preoccupation no doubt made me dream, and I distinctly saw my brother, Aristide, putting his hand in the urn and drawing out a number, when he showed me the figures, considerably enlarged, '67.'

"I started up. I lit my candle, and, looking at the clock, I saw it was three in the morning.

"When I got up at eight I told my dream to my mother, to my brother, to the *garde-champêtre*, and to some conscripts of our commune, who laughed at it heartily.

"But exactly at three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, in the chief town of the District of Saint-Hilaire-des-Loges (Vendée), my brother drew from the urn the famous number—67, and showed it to me with the same gesture with which he had shown it me when he drew it in my dream, twelve hours before; and, what was very surprising, 66 was the last number drawn to make up the contingent which involved five years of active service, while my brother got off with six months in the artillery at Brest.

"ALFRED CAIL.

"154 Avenue de Wagram, Paris."

Letter 788.

LXV. (A) "One of my great-aunts, who is now dead, had frequent presentiments while she lived, which all came true. In the month of February, 1871, she had a dream telling her

of the approaching death of two of her sisters, both of whom were then enjoying perfect health. This dream she wrote out in a book where she was accustomed to note down any events in her life. It unfortunately soon came true, and in a terrible manner. A month later, as may be seen in the newspapers of the period, yellow-fever broke out in Buenos Ayres, and the two sisters were carried off by it.

(B) "Another time, in 1868, my same aunt saw in a dream a domestic scene which proved to be a prediction. The scene was in the apartment of one of her friends, Madame B., who was sitting in an arm-chair near the fireplace; on the hearth burned a bright fire, and she was caressing a baby whom she held in her arms, while a servant was drying his napkins at the fire. This was told to several people, who did not seem to pay much attention to it; for Madame B., already the mother of a numerous family, was past forty, and having had no children for seven years, it did not seem likely she would have any more. However, what seemed so improbable was realized a year later, and one evening when my great-aunt went to visit her after her confinement, to congratulate her on the birth of her youngest child, she saw precisely the scene she had witnessed in her dream. The room, the furniture, the bright fire, the woman occupied in drying infant clothes—all the details of the dream, in short, were reproduced faithfully. The divination of an event in the future was perfectly realized. EMILIO BECHER.

"Rosario de Santa Fé, Argentine Republic."

Letter 800.

LXVII. "I was brought up in Paris, where my people had been long established as wine merchants, at 7 Rue Saint Ambroise. My father died in 1867. My mother and I quitted Paris in 1872. I had also an uncle, my father's brother, who died subsequently, and who was a grocer, 32 Rue Saint Roch.

(A.) "In 1868, when I was seventeen years old, I was employed by this uncle as his clerk. One day after I had wished him good-morning, and while he was still under the impression of a dream he had had during the night, he told

me that in it he had dreamed that he was standing on his door-step, when, looking in the direction of the Rue Neuve-des-Petits Champs, he saw an omnibus turn into the street belonging to the Compagnie des Chemin de Fer du Nord, which drew up before his shop door. His *mother* got out of it, and the omnibus went on, carrying away in it another traveller who had been sitting beside my grandmother. This was a lady dressed in black, with a large basket on her knees.

"We were both much amused by that dream, which we thought could have no connection with reality, for *never* would my grandmother have ventured to come by the Northern Railroad to the Rue St. Roch. She lived at Beauvais, and whenever she made up her mind to come to see any of her children, who lived in Paris, she wrote by preference to my uncle, who was the one of her children that she cared for most, and he went to meet her at the train, and *always* put her into a hackney coach.

"Now on this day, in the afternoon, as my uncle stood on his doorstep, looking at the people who passed by, his eyes chanced to turn in the direction of the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, when he saw an omnibus belonging to the Northern Railroad turn into the street and stop before his door.

"In this omnibus there were two ladies, one of whom, *my grandmother*, got out, and the omnibus went on carrying the other lady just as he had seen her in his dream, dressed in black, and with a basket on her lap.

"Imagine how astonished we all were! My grandmother had planned to take us by surprise, and my uncle told her his dream.

"My other fact is a case of palmistry.

(B) "During the siege of Paris I was enrolled among the mobiles of the tenth batallion of the Seine. One day, when I was dining with my mother, there was also at table one of my cousins, a medical student, who now owns property in the neighborhood of Dieppe. One of my friends, who, like me, was a clerk in a grocery store and a sergeant in our company of mobiles, was there also, likewise a friend of mine who was a

draughtsman, and who now lives at 1 Boulevard Beaumarchais. And lastly, there was a man who bought wines from my father (I told you he was a wine-merchant). This gentleman, who was a man of means, and remarkably intelligent, had been made sergeant-major in the 192d battalion. I do not remember his name ; we will call him Monsieur X.

"At the close of the dinner, and while we were speaking of the Germans, who surrounded us, Monsieur X. began to examine the lines in our hands, telling us that he had made a study of chiromancy, and offering to tell us if anything of importance would befall us in the course of the present events. Naturally, we all asked him if we should be wounded ? He said no—not three of us, M. Lucas, the student, M. François, the draughtsman, and myself would not be hurt. As for the fourth one, the sergeant of mobiles, M. Lallier, Monsieur X. told him, after having minutely examined the palm of his hand : 'This is strange. You will be seriously hurt, and that soon, but it will not be by a weapon. You will be burnt.' 'How will that be ?' asked Lallier. 'I cannot tell you ; accidentally, no doubt,' replied Monsieur X., and we went on to speak of other things.

"This took place at the close of 1870.

"In the course of the year 1871 I went to Bordeaux, whence I returned in November; and as I passed by Tours I stopped to see my friend Lallier, who had found employment there after the close of the war. When I saw him I was struck at once by the great change in him, without being able to imagine what had altered him so much until he said to me,'Do you remember the predictions of Monsieur X.? What he told me was, unhappily, too true. Two months ago a lad in the store most imprudently carried a lighted candle into a room where there were two hogsheads of petroleum ; through his carelessness one of these took fire ; I tried to move the other to prevent greater danger. The petroleum caught fire the moment I touched the hogshead. I had all my left side burned, and it is only two weeks since I came back to work again.'

"Was this a mere coincidence, or did the man who had

studied chiromancy really see the future accident in Lallier's hand ?

"I mention these two facts because I know them to be absolutely true. Both took place in my presence, and I had it in my power to discredit or confirm them. I have often mentioned them to my people and my friends, without being able to get any explanation that satisfied me, except for a part of my uncle's dream, though I have tried ever since I read your interesting articles on the subject.

"I suppose my grandmother, while lying awake, may have taken a sudden notion to leave for Paris that very day, resolving to tell nobody, and on her arrival at the station to take a carriage, as she had often seen other people do, and so enjoy the surprise her arrival would be to her son. No doubt it was at the very moment that she made this plan that my uncle had his dream.

PAUL LEROUX.

"Neubourg, Eure." Letter 825.

LXIX. "In 1879 my uncle, Jacques Théodore Hoffman, was a schoolmaster at Heerenveen (Holland). My father went to see him at the beginning of July, when his sister-in-law, my aunt Marguerite, told him before his departure that she had seen in a dream my uncle Jacques's wife and two children dressed in deep mourning; therefore she feared something might happen, and if they went out in a boat he must be very careful, etc.

"My father and his brother Jacques, on July 7th, took a long sail; no accident happened, and they made fun of Aunt Marguerite's dream.

"Two days later, on the 9th of July, they took my father to the railway station. Part of the family were there. My uncle Jacques, crossing the tracks, did not notice a train which was coming into the station. He was knocked down and killed, his head rolling some distance from his body.

"My two aunts and the two children are still living, and can certify to the realization of this dream.

N. C. A. HOFFMAN,

"Medical Student at the University of Amsterdam.

"25 Rue de France." Letter 850.

After reading and comparing this collection of facts, it seems to us impossible that any one can doubt that future things are sometimes seen in dreams.

Several of these dreams may perhaps be explained naturally. For instance, a person might as readily dream of one number to be drawn as another, and as these cases, of the kind related here, are rare, fortuitous coincidence may perhaps explain them. It would be necessary to know how many numbers were in the urn to know if the chance notably surpassed that which would be given by a calculation of probabilities. But the greater part of the premonitions we have here brought to light cannot be explained.

Some are dreams in sleep, some are waking dreams, which seem to have taken place when persons were in their normal state of health, or very nearly so, and not in exceptional pathological cases. These examples are likewise very numerous. We will point out a few of them.

Dr. Liébault quotes the following case in his *Thérapeutique suggestive:*

LXX. "In a family in the neighborhood of Nancy a young girl named Julie, eighteen years old, was often put into a magnetic sleep. When once in a state of somnambulism she was transported out of herself, as if she had received inspiration, and she insisted on repeating at every *séance* that a certain member of the family, whom she named, would die before the 1st of January. It was then November, 1883. Such persistence on the part of the sleeper led the head of the family, who thought he might do a good stroke of business, to secure a policy of insurance on the life of the lady in question for ten thousand francs. She was in no way ill, and he readily obtained a doctor's certificate. To raise this sum he applied to Monsieur L. He wrote him several letters, explaining why he wanted to borrow money. These letters Monsieur L. preserved, and showed them to me. He regards them as irrefragible proofs of the future event announced as sure to happen.

"At last they settled the question of interest, and the affair remained in abeyance. But some time after great was

the deception of the borrower. Madame X., whom he expected to die before January 1st, suddenly died on December 31st, which is proved by a letter dated January 2d, and written to Monsieur L., which he keeps among the others relating to the same person."

The same writer gives the following case, also quoted exactly from his daily note-book. We all know M. Liébault to be a most scrupulous and methodical observer.

LXXI. "January 7, 1886.—There came to consult me today, at four o'clock in the afternoon M. S. de Ch——, for a nervous condition of much gravity. M. de Ch—— is much troubled in his mind about a law-suit that is now going on, and other things involved in it. In 1879, on the 26th of December, as he was walking along one of the streets in Paris; he saw written on a door, 'Madame Lenormand, female necromancer.' Urged by curiosity, he, without reflection, entered the house, and, when there, was conducted into a darkened chamber. There he awaited Madame Lenormand, who having been told at once of his arrival, soon came in. Looking carefully at the palm of one of his hands, she said to him: 'You will lose your father in a year on this very anniversary. Very soon you will be a soldier (he was then nineteen), but you will not remain long. You will marry young; you will have two children; and you will die when you are twenty-six years old.'

"This stupefying prophecy, which M. de Ch—— confided to several of his friends, and to some of his own family, he did not at first think much of; but when his father died on the 27th of December in the following year, after a short illness, and just a year after his son's interview with Madame Lenormand, the loss made a change in his incredulity. When he became a soldier—only for seven months—and when, having married shortly after, two children were born to him, when he was about twenty-six, he became overcome by fear, and thought he had only a short time to live. It was then that he came to see me to ask if it would not be possible to break the spell. For otherwise, as the first four prophecies had been accomplished, he thought the fifth would surely be ful-

filled. That day, and for several days, I tried to put M. de Ch—— into a deep magnetic sleep, in order that he should throw off the idea that was weighing on his spirits—that, namely, of his approaching death, which he calculated would take place on the 4th of February, which was his birthday. Madame Lenormand had told him nothing upon this point. I could not in any way put the young man to sleep—he was too agitated. Nevertheless, as he urged me to deliver him from the conviction that he must soon succumb (a most dangerous conviction, for one has often seen convictions of this kind accomplish an auto-suggestion to the letter), I changed my treatment, and I recommended him to consult one of my somnambulists, an old man nearly seventy years of age, who was called the prophet, because, when I had put him into a magnetic sleep, he had, without an error, prophesied the exact time of his cure from rheumatism in his joints, which he had suffered from for four years; also the cure of his daughter. M. de Ch—— accepted my proposal with eagerness, and did not fail to come at the right time to the interview which I arranged for him. Having entered into *rapport* with the somnambulist, his first question was, 'When shall I die?' The experienced sleeper suspected the state of the young man's mind, and answered, after a pause, 'You will die . . . you will die . . . forty-one years from now!' The effect of these words was marvellous. Immediately my patient became gay, talkative, and full of hope. When the 4th of February was past, the day he had dreaded, he thought himself saved.

"It was then that some of those who had heard of this sad history, agreed in concluding that there was nothing whatever true about it; that it was merely a post-hypnotic suggestion, and that the young man had imagined everything. They were all wrong. Fate had decided on his destiny. He was to die.

"I had forgotten all about him when, at the beginning of October, I received an announcement of his death (*une lettre de faire part*), by which I learned that my unfortunate patient had died on September 30, 1885, in his twenty-seventh

year—that is to say, while he was still twenty-six, as Madame Lenormand had predicted. And that no one may suppose that there is any error on my part, I have preserved this letter among my papers. So there are two written testimonies to the fact."

Here is another case of the same kind, not less curious, told to M. A. Erny, by Madame Lecomte de Lisle, sister-in-law of the poet, and cousin of one of his friends:

LXXII. "A certain Monsieur X. took a fancy to consult a woman who told fortunes by cards. She predicted that he would die by the sting of a snake. Monsieur X. was employed by government. He had always refused a position in Martinique, because it was an island much infested by serpents of a dangerous kind.

"At last Monsieur B., Director of the Interior at Guadeloupe, persuaded him to accept a good situation in the administration of the colony under his charge, which, although near Martinique, had never been known to have any serpents.

"*No man escapes his destiny!* says the proverb, which this time, among others, proved true.

"Having finished his work in Martinique, Monsieur X. set sail for France; and the boat having stopped, as it always did, at Martiniqne, he declined to go ashore.

"As usual, negro women came on board the boat to sell fruit. Monsieur X., being thirsty, took an orange out of the basket of one of these negresses, when he uttered a sharp cry and said he was stung. The woman turned up her basket, and there was a snake, which had hidden itself, not among the fruit, but under the green leaves that covered it. They killed the serpent, but poor Monsieur X. died a few hours afterwards."

The extraordinary case of clairvoyance and prevision that comes next, was published in the same collection (1896, p. 205).[1]

LXXIII. "A lady, one of my friends, Lady A., lived on the Champs-Élysées. One evening in October, 1883, I had

[1] *Annales des sciences psychiques.*

dined with her. Notwithstanding her large fortune she was a woman of business. Being very active, she gave but few hours to sleep. Every evening when her guests had departed she settled her accounts.

"On this particular evening what was her astonishment, her terror, to find that the sum of 3500 or 3600 francs was missing from the inner pocket of the immense travelling-bag in which she was in the habit of keeping her jewels and her money.

"The lock, however, had not been forced; the edges of the bag only had been a little frayed. Nevertheless Lady A. was certain that about two o'clock in the afternoon she had opened the bag and paid a bill in the presence of her maid, and she was sure that she had then put the money back in its usual place. In her distress she rang for her maid, who could give her no information, but who had had time to let all the household know that a robbery had been committed. As a result of this, the thief, or thieves, if they were among the domestics, had had time to put their plunder in a place of safety.

"At daylight the next day the commissary of police at the Rue Berryer was notified. Masters and servants were searched, the wardrobes, the closets, and the furniture.

"Naturally they found nothing.

"The commissary having completed his fruitless search, talked for a moment with Lady A. He asked her what were her own impressions as to the manner in which the robbery had been accomplished, and which among the servants were least worthy of confidence.

"Lady A., in enumerating her servants, begged the commissary to exclude from suspicion her second footman, a young man of eighteen or nineteen, very good looking, very respectful, very well acquainted with his business, whom they had nicknamed Le Petit, not on account of his stature, for he was rather tall, but from a sentiment of familiar kindliness which his good qualities had obtained for him.

"The morning had nearly all passed in these formalities, entirely without result, when, about eleven o'clock, Lady A.

sent her youngest daughter's governess to my house to inform me of what had happened and to beg me to accompany her to the house of a clairvoyant, whose powers I had spoken highly of a few days before.

"I did not myself know this clairvoyant, but a lady in my family had told me of one of her consultations, where she had distinguished herself in her predictions of the future. We went there.

"Seeing us together she wished to separate us. We made her understand that as we came for the same purpose we wished only one consultation.

"She may or may not have taken us for the same family. She asked us simply, whether the affair in regard to which we came was specially near to the person of one or other of us. I designated Mademoiselle C.; for, as she lived in Lady A.'s apartment she had really been the person nearest to the scene of the robbery.

"Madame E., our clairvoyant, then brought a bowl filled with clear coffee, without sugar or cream, and begged Mademoiselle C. to breathe over it three times, after which the coffee was poured into another bowl, and the first was fitted over the second so that its contents passed partly into the new receiver, leaving only on its inner surface some of the coffee-grounds, which, in consequence of the escape of the liquid, formed strange patterns which had no meaning for us, but in which the pythoness seemed to find something.

"During this mysterious preparation it was necessary to entertain us, so that Madame E. shuffled her cards, and began:

"Ah . . . but . . . it is a robbery, and a robbery committed by one of the persons in the house, and not by some one surreptitiously introduced from outside, etc., etc.

"This promised well. We admitted that what she stated was true. As to the thief, his identity was unfortunately omitted.

"'Wait,' said Madame E., 'I am now going to observe the coffee-grounds, which must have formed their deposit.'

"She seized the overturned bowl, and made Mademoiselle

C. breathe upon it again three times, after which she took up her eye-glass.

"Then, as if she had taken part in the scene, she described to us, bit by bit, the topography of Lady A.'s apartment, without ever being mistaken either as to the bedroom or the *salon*. She saw pass in defile before her seven servants, whose sexes and characteristics she exactly described. Then penetrating again into Lady A.'s chamber, she perceived a wardrobe which seemed to her very peculiar.

"'She has,' she repeated, with astonishment, 'a cupboard, the centre of the door of which is covered with a mirror; and on each side of this principal part of the wardrobe there are two doors without glass; and all this contains . . .'

"'Oh, mon Dieu! . . . why is this wardrobe never closed? although it always contains money, which is . . . in . . . in . . . What a strange object! . . . It opens like a *porte-monnaie* in the shape of a bag . . .; not like a box. . . . Ah, I have it! it is a travelling-bag. . . . What an idea, to put money in there! and, above all, how imprudent to leave the wardrobe open! . . .

"'The thieves know the bag well. . . . They have not forced the lock. They have introduced some object into it in order to separate the two sides; then, with the help of scissors or pincers, they have extracted the money, which was in bank-notes. . . .'

"We had let her go on speaking. All that this woman had told us confounded us by the truth of its details, even the most trivial.

"She stopped from fatigue. We wished to know more. We begged her, we implored her, to tell us which of the servants had committed this theft, since she had already assured us that it was one of the household.

"She added that it was impossible for her to do this without bringing herself within reach of the French law, which cannot, and indeed ought not, allow any one to be con-

[1] It was an English wardrobe, such as she had no doubt never seen.

sidered a criminal, without proofs, and never by the aid of occult means.

"By force of insistence, however, she assured us that Lady A.'s money would never be recovered. This was very probable, since the thief could not be arrested for the robbery, and then, what was more surprising, she said that '*two years later the criminal would suffer capital punishment.*'

"Whenever her glance, wandering over the patterns made by the coffee, fell on what seemed to concern Le Petit, she said she had seen him among horses. We assured her that he had never acted as groom, having been occupied exclusively with house service, and the grooms lived with the coachmen; but Madame E. persisted in what she said. The more we contradicted her, the more she was convinced.

"We ended by yielding this little point, which nevertheless annoyed us, as a blemish in an otherwise perfect whole, for this consultation had been surprising in its accuracy.

"Lady A., at the end of a fortnight, dismissed her house steward and her maid. Le Petit, for some reason unknown to us, left Lady A. three or four weeks later. The money was never recovered; and a year later Lady A. set out for Egypt.

"Two years after the event described, Lady A. received a summons from the Tribunal of the Seine, to appear in Paris as a witness.

"The person who committed the robbery in her house had been found. He had just been taken into custody. Le Petit, gifted with so many excellent qualities, was no other than Marchandon, the murderer of Madame Cornet.

"As is well known, he suffered capital punishment, as the clairvoyant in la Rue Notre-Dame-de-Loratte had told us, and during the trial it was shown that Le Petit had a brother who was coachman in a large house in the Champs-Élysées, very near Lady A.'s residence.

"Le Petit, or Marchandon, since they are one and the same, made use of all his free moments when in Lady A.'s service, to go to his brother's, for he was a great lover of

horses. This, therefore, was the reason that Madame E. had insisted, in spite of our contradictions, that she had seen him repeatedly among horses.

"She had indeed really seen in this little detail what the incidents of the trial revealed to us.

"L. D'ERVIEUX.

"Certified to be the truth.

"C. DESLIONS,
"Present at the consultation."

"REMARK: This case of clairvoyance is absolutely extraordinary. We have seen Lady A., who confirmed the accuracy of the preceding recital.

"The cards and the coffee-grounds were evidently only a means employed by the clairvoyant to put herself in autosomnambulism—that is to say, in a secondary state, where normal consciousness became inactive to the advantage of unconsciousness. In this secondary state the unconscious faculties can assume their full powers, and it is possible to believe that the faculty of clairvoyance which we all, perhaps, possess in a more or less rudimentary degree, can act more freely in a predisposed subject, and acquire a certain degree of precision. DARIEUX."

M. Myers quotes, in the same publication (1899, p. 170), the following case of the repetition of a premonitory dream:

"Sixty years ago a Mrs. Carleton died in the county of Leitrim. She was the intimate friend of my mother, and a few days after her death she appeared to her in a dream and told her that she would never, but once more, see her in a dream, which would be twenty-four hours before her own death. In March, 1864, my mother lived with my brother-in-law, and my daughter, and Dr. and Mrs. Lyon, at Dalkey. On the evening of the 2d of March, Dr. Lyon hearing a noise in my mother's chamber, woke up Mrs. Lyon, and sent her to see what had happened. She found my mother half out of bed, with an expression of horror on her features. They gave her the best attention, and the next morning she seemed restored to her ordinary condition. She breakfasted, as

usual, in bed, and seemed to be in good spirits. She asked my daughter to tell the servant to bring the water for a bath, which she took. She then sent for Mrs. Lyon, and told her that Mrs. Carleton had just come, after an interval of fifty-six years, to warn her of her approaching death, and that she should die the next morning at the same hour at which they had found her in the state they had described. She added that she had taken the precaution to take a bath in order to avoid the necessity for washing her body. She then began to sink by slow degrees, and died at four o'clock in the morning, as she had said.

"Dr. and Mrs. Lyon can confirm this account. My mother had always told me that she would see Mrs. Carleton again just before her death. THOMAS JAMES NORRIS.

"Dalkey, Ireland."

Attestations follow.

M. Myers writes in this connection:

"There are," he says, "three possible explanations of these facts.

"I am myself very much disposed to admit that the deceased Mrs. Carleton really knew of the illness which threatened her friend, and that the two dreams were produced telepathically by a disembodied spirit influencing a spirit still in the flesh. But it is also possible to suppose that the first dream, although purely accidental, produced such a profound impression that, when it reproduced itself, also by chance, it was equivalent to an auto-suggestion of death. Or again, we may suppose that the first dream was accidental, but that the second was symbolic, and was produced by some organic sensation, which was the prelude to immediate death, but was perceptible during sleep, before being so in the waking state.

"There are cases, however, when the predictions in a dream are made so long in advance, and with so much latitude, as regards the date fixed for decease that it is difficult to conceive that the result is due to auto-suggestion."

We will not begin here the discussion of the great problem

of communication with the *dead,* which would require, on its own account, developments indispensable to its elucidation, if, indeed, we could achieve that end. Several of the examples already quoted have called attention to this point. A considerable number of these are in our possession, but the analysis of them would require labor even more careful than that which has presided over the preceding investigations, in which we have not gone outside the limits of living beings. What we have intended to establish here, by the publication of these premonitary dreams, is that dreams have really foreseen and announced the future.

For the moment we will go no further. The human being is endowed with faculties whose nature is still unknown to us, but which permit him to see from a distance into space and time. This is what we have wished to demonstrate by a mass of satisfactory evidence.

Space is lacking in this volume to treat of the question of *presentiments,* as well as that of the divination of the future in the waking state, and we are forced to postpone these interesting investigations until later. This fact, also, has been answered for us in the affirmative. The curious impression of the *already seen* (*le déjà vu*) will afterwards be examined. Then we shall reach the eternal problem of free will and of destiny; we shall prove that the future state exists as surely as the past and the present, and that it is determined by the causes which induce it, in virtue of the absolute principle that there are no effects without causes, the human soul with all its faculties being one of these causes.

Everything cannot be accomplished at once, and I should rather offer an apology for the enormous size of this first volume, and for the prolonged strain to which I have subjected my readers of both sexes. But what was before all important to accomplish, was that the phenomena should receive a *methodical classification,* that they should be studied in order, each section being complete, and that nothing should be accepted except what appeared to our reason to be demonstrated as morally certain.

The telepathic manifestations of the dying, the transmis-

sion of thought, the psychic action of one human being upon another at a distance without the medium of the senses, sight at a distance, and the prevision of the future in dreams and somnambulism, are for us *certain facts*. It has seemed to us logical to commence by these our investigation of the invisible world.

# CONCLUSION

THE documents presented to the reader in this volume demand the attention of all lovers of truth. They are far from embracing the whole range of psychic phenomena, but they will lead us to certain preliminary conclusions.

The object of these researches is to discover if the soul of man exists as an entity, independent of his body, and if it will survive the destruction of the same.

Well ! here are facts brought forward to plead in favor of its existence.

It is certain that one soul can influence another soul at a distance, and without the aid of the senses.

Many dead persons whose examples are herein given have been told by telepathic communications, by apparitions (subjective or objective), called by voices they distinctly heard, by songs, noises, and movements (real or imaginary), and impressions of different kinds. We can have no doubt upon this point. The soul can act at a distance.

Mental suggestion seems equally certain.

Psychic communication between persons who are living is also proved by a large number of cases that have been observed and here reported. There are psychic currents as well as aerial electric and magnetic currents, etc.

The abundance of recent and contemporary testimony has prevented our quoting ancient narratives, which are also very numerous, many of which have all the marks of unquestionable authenticity. Perhaps we may give them some day with all their interesting details. Let us now only refer to the principal ones.

Telepathy held a foremost place in ancient literature. The

works of Homer, Euripides, Ovid, Virgil, and Cicero, often bring forward cases of manifestations from the dying and the dead, apparitions, evocations, and the fulfilment of premonitory dreams.

One of the most ancient records of this kind is that in the Bible, in the Book of Samuel. King Saul consulted the pythoness of Endor, and beheld before him the phantom of the Prophet Samuel. If this account is an unreal tale (which is not demonstrated), it at least indicates what popular belief was in those remote periods.

We read in Plutarch the tragic story of the death of Julius Cæsar, and the premonitory dream of his wife, Calpurnia, who did all she could to prevent him from going to the Senate House. It seems, in reading this account, as if we could hear the voice of Destiny, and there were also singular premonitory warnings when the windows in Cæsar's chamber were unclosed, analogous to the accounts we have just given.

Brutus and Cassius were assuredly men of a virile spirit, sceptical, and belonging to the sect of the Epicureans. Read also in Plutarch what he says about the appearance of a phantom to Brutus in his tent, which promised to meet him again on the plain of Philippi, where he was to find his death.

If Julius Cæsar had been less sceptical on the subject of dreams, he would, perhaps, have listened to the entreaties of his wife. Augustus was better inspired at the battle of Philippi. The dream of one of his friends induced him, though he was ill, to leave his tent. His camp was taken, and the bed on which he had lain was pierced by swords. (SUETONIUS, *Augustus* XCI.)

Cicero tells in his book on Divination, how the ghost of Tiberius Gracchus appeared to his brother; also the dream of Simonides, in which a shade rewarded him for having buried its corpse; there is also the story of the voyager in the Megara, which I have related in *Uranie* (p. 193).

Valerius Maximus also relates (vii., § ii., 8) the premonitory dream of Atérius Rufus, present at a combat of gladiators when he was killed by a rétiaire, whom he had seen in a

dream the night before, at the very moment when he was relating this dream to his friends.

Read also in the same writer of the premonitory dream of Crœsus, in which he saw his son Athys killed by a murderous brand, when he had endeavored to guard him from all dangers, and had confided him to the care of a man who killed him in a wild boar hunt (vii., § ii., 4).

Pliny the Younger relates in his letters (book vii.) the story of a haunted house at Athens, and of a spectre who reclaimed his burial place.

Vopiscus mentions a prediction made by a Druid priestess to Diocletian, in reference to his future destiny.

Gregory of Tours affirms that on the day of the death of St. Martin of Tours (in the year 400) St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, saw and conversed with the dying man while in a state of unconsciousness. We know that the same thing happened in the last century with Saint Alphonsus de Liguori, at the death of Pope Clement XIV. (*Stella*, p. 75). These examples are not very rare in the lives of saints.

Petrarch, in 1348, saw his beloved Laura appear to him in a dream the day that she drew her last breath, and in remembrance of this event wrote a beautiful poem ("The Triumph of Death").

Pope Pius II. (Eneas Sylvius) relates in his *History of Bohemia*, how Charles, son of John, King of Bohemia, who was afterwards the Emperor Charles IV., was told in a dream of the death of the Dauphin (August, 26th, 1336). [I owe my knowledge of this story to M. Mourrel de Monestier, who also made me acquainted with the apparition of a dying person described by Nicolas Charrier, Advocate in the Parliament of Grenoble in the seventeenth century.]

Jeanne d'Arc predicted her own death.

It had been predicted to Catherine de Medici that her three sons should be kings.

Agrippa d'Aubigné mentions the apparition of the Cardinal de Lorraine, on the day and at the hour of his death, to Catherine de Medici.

Jean Stœffler, an astrologer (1472–1530), announced the

date of his own death, and how he should die (by the fall of something on his head).

François de Belleforest, author of *Histoires prodigieuses* (1578), relates that his father appeared to him in a garden at the very moment he died, though he did not even know that he was ill.

Montluc tells us, in his *Commentaires*, of a curious dream which showed him, in the night before the event, the death of King Henri II., who was pierced by a lance, in a tournament, by Montgomery (June 30, 1559). This fact has been recently recalled to my mind by Madame Villeneuve de Nérac.

Marguerite d'Angoulême, in her convent at Tusson (Charente), heard herself called by her brother, Francis I., at the moment when he was dying at Rambouillet.

Sully quotes, in his *Memoirs* (vii., 383), the following presentiments from the mouth of Henri IV.: "They told me that I should be killed on the first magnificent public appearance I made, and that I should die in a coach; and that is what makes me so timid. If we could only avoid having this cursed coronation!"

David Fabricius, a German astronomer, to whom we owe the discovery of the famous variable star, Mira Ceti, predicted that he should die May 7, 1617. He took every precaution to avert his fate, and all day would not leave his chamber. At last, at ten o'clock at night, he went out for a little air, and a peasant killed him with a pitchfork.

The Abbé de St. Pierre (1658–1743) tells us that the Abbé Bezuel saw his comrade, Desfontaines, dead and drowned the night before, and talked with him for some time.

Charles Nodier relates (*Jean François des Bas-Bleus*) that on October 16, 1793, the young man known by that name at Besançon told of the execution of Marie Antoinette, to the great stupefaction of his hearers.

(I do not mention the prediction of Cazotte, because there is reason to think it may be a story arranged by Laharpe).

Gratien de Semur tells, in his critical treatise on *Des Erreurs et des prêjugés*, that a friend of his family, Madame Saulce, wife of a rich colonist at Saint Domingo, cried one

day at a card-party, "M. de Saulce is dead!" and fell backward. That very day her husband was murdered by his negroes.

We have briefly recapitulated the principal stories of this kind told by the ancients, to show that such things do not date from to-day. We venture to hope that when they come to be studied scientifically they may pass out of the shadowy domain of legend and superstition.

Space fails us to analyze in detail every one of the examples we have given in this volume, and to establish, even from this moment, that there are very many causes for these phenomena. We wished first of all to prove that there really are manifestations from the dying, psychic action from a distance, mental communications, and a knowledge of things by the mind without the intervention of the senses.

We may *see without eyes and hear without ears*, not by unnatural excitement of our sense of vision or of hearing, for these accounts prove the contrary, but by some interior sense, psychic and mental.

The soul, by its interior vision, may see *not only what is passing at a great distance*, but it may also know in advance *what is to happen in the future*. The future exists potentially, determined by causes which bring to pass successive events.

POSITIVE OBSERVATION PROVES THE EXISTENCE OF A PSYCHIC WORLD, as real as the world known to our physical senses.

And now, because the soul acts at a distance by some power that belongs to it, are we authorized to conclude that it exists as something real, and that it is not the result of functions of the brain?

Does light really exist?

Does heat exist?

Does sound exist?

No.

They are only manifestations produced by movement.

What we call *light*, is a sensation produced upon our optic nerve by the vibrations of ether comprised between 400 and 756 trillions per second, undulations that are themselves very obscure.

What we call *heat* is a sensation produced by vibrations between 350 and 600 trillions.

The sun lights up space, as much at midnight as at midday. Its temperature is nearly 270 degrees below zero.

What we call sound is a sensation produced upon our auditory nerve by silent vibrations of the air, themselves comprised between 32,000 and 36,000 a second.

Does electricity exist, or is it also another mode of movement? Science must discover this in the future. (It is probable that it exists as a real entity.)

The word *attraction* was employed by Newton only to represent the manner in which celestial bodies move in space. "Things pass," he said, "as if these bodies attract each other." What the essence, the nature, of this apparent force may be we do not know.

Very many scientific terms represent only results, not causes.

The soul may be in the same case.

The observations given in this work, the sensations, the impressions, the visions, things heard, etc., may indicate *physical effects produced without the brain.*

Yes, no doubt, but it does not seem so.

Let us examine one instance.

Turn back to page 156.

A young woman, adored by her husband, died at Moscow. Her father-in-law at Pulkowo, near St. Petersburg, saw her that same hour by his side. She walked with him along the street; then she disappeared. Surprised, startled, and terrified, he telegraphed to his son, and learned both the sickness and the death of his daughter-in-law.

We are absolutely obliged to admit that "something" emanated from the dying woman and touched her father-in-law. This "thing unknown" may have been an ethereal movement, as in the case of light, and may have been only an effect, a product, a result; but this effect must have had a cause, and this cause evidently proceeded from the woman who was dying. Can the constitution of the brain explain this projection? I do not think that any anatomist or physiologist will give this question an affirmative answer. One feels

that there is a force unknown, proceeding, not from our *physical organization,* but from that in us *which can think.*

Take another example (see page 57).

A lady in her own house hears a voice singing. It is the voice of a friend now in a convent, and she faints because she is sure it is the voice of the dead! *At the same moment* that friend does really die, twenty miles away from her.

Does not this give us the impression that one soul holds communication with another?

Here is another example (page 163).

The wife of a captain who has gone out to the Indian mutiny sees one night her husband standing before her, with his hands pressed to his breast, and a look of suffering on his face. The agitation that she feels convinces her that he is either killed or badly wounded. It was November 14th. The War Office subsequently publishes his death as having taken place on November 15th. She endeavors to have the true date ascertained. The War Office was wrong. He died on the 14th.

A child six years old stops in the middle of his play and cries out, frightened: "Mamma! I have seen Mamma!" At that moment his mother was dying far away from him (page 124).

A young girl at a ball stops short in the middle of a dance, and cries, bursting into tears: "My father is dead! I have just seen him!" At that moment her father died. She did not even know he was ill (p. 113).

All these things present themselves to us as indicating, not physiological operations of one brain acting on another, but psychic actions of spirit upon spirit. We feel that they indicate to us some power unknown.

No doubt it is difficult to apportion what belongs to the spirit, the soul, and what belongs to the brain. We can only let ourselves be guided in our judgment and our appreciations by the same feeling that is created in us by the discussion of phenomena. This is how all sciences have been started. Well! and does not every one feel that we have here to do with manifestations from beings capable of thought, and not only with material physiological facts?

This impression is superabundantly confirmed by investigation concerning the unknown faculties of the soul, when active in dreams and somnambulism.

A brother learns the death of his young sister by a terrible nightmare (p. 372).

A gentleman dreams he saw a young girl whom he does not know falling out of a window (p. 384).

A young girl sees beforehand, in a dream, the man whom she will marry (p. 427).

A mother sees her child lying in a road covered with blood (p. 391).

A lady goes, in a dream, to visit her husband on a distant steamer, and her husband really receives this visit, which is seen by a third person (p. 404).

A magnetized lady sees and describes the interior of the body of her dying mother; what she said is confirmed by the autopsy (p. 412).

A gentleman sees, in a dream, a lady whom he knows arriving at night in a railroad station, her journey having been undertaken suddenly (p. 425).

A magistrate sees three years in advance the commission of a crime, down to its smallest details (p. 429).

Several persons report that they have seen towns and landscapes before they ever visited them, and have seen themselves in situations in which they found themselves long after (pp. 436–445).

A mother hears her daughter announce her intended marriage six months before it has been thought of (p. 449).

Frequent cases of death are foretold with precision.

A theft is seen by a somnambulist, and the execution of the criminal is foretold (p. 468).

A young girl sees her *fiancé*, or an intimate friend dying (these are frequent cases), etc.

All these show unknown faculties in the soul. Such at least is my own impression. It seems to me that we cannot reasonably attribute the prevision of the future and mental sight to a nervous action of the brain.

I think we must either deny these facts or admit that

they must have had an intellectual and spiritual cause of the psychic order, and I recommend sceptics who, not choosing to be convinced, to deny them outright, to treat them as illusions and cases of a fortuitous coincidence of circumstances. They will find this easier. Uncompromising deniers of facts, rebels against evidence, may be all the more positive, and may declare that the writers of these extraordinary narratives are persons fond of a joke, who have written them to hoax me, and that there have been persons in all ages who have done the same thing to mystify thinkers who have taken up such questions.

These phenomena prove, I think, that the soul exists, and that it is endowed with faculties at present unknown. That is the logical way of commencing our study, which in the end may lead us to the problem of the after-life and immortality. A thought can be transmitted to the mind of another. There are *mental transmissions, communications of thoughts, and psychic currents* between human souls. Space appears to be no obstacle in these cases, and time sometimes seems to be annihilated.

While comparatively rare, and not commonplace, like the ordinary events of daily life, these cases are much more numerous and more frequent than people, up to this time, have supposed. We have seen that the inquiry I opened in the month of March, 1899, brought me 1130 answers. If we add those I have received since this volume went to press, there will be more than 1200. My readers will have been able to judge and appreciate in this first volume 186 cases of manifestations from the dying, received by persons awake; 70 cases received during sleep; 57 observations or experiences of transmission of thought without any intervention of sight, hearing, or touch; 49 examples of sight at a distance, in dreams or in somnambulism; 74 premonitory dreams and predictions of the future; in all 436 phenomena of the psychic order, indicating the existence of forces as yet unknown, acting on thinking beings, and putting them in latent communication with each other. (I have already probably as many more of the same kind.) Making all pos-

sible allowance for variations and lapses in memory, and for the imagination of the narrators, it is impossible not to feel the sincerity of these witnesses, and not to recognize at the bottom their essential veracity in what they have reported. Besides this, some of the observations and some of the experiences have been related with such care as not to leave any loophole for mistake, that they have in themselves a character of scientific authenticity the most absolute and well-confirmed. Assuredly here are witnesses who have a right to complain of the scepticism of those who, having made up their minds beforehand, simply deny everything; these facts should reduce such people to a last extremity. And now that public attention has been called to this class of facts, many more may be recorded that have hitherto passed unnoticed, or have been considered of no value. In astronomy, as soon as new stars are discovered, all the world can see them.

These investigations have made a much larger volume than I intended to write. But more confined space would have obliged me to make many condensations, restrictions, and suppressions, so that our knowledge of the subject would have been much less, when naturally a larger development of it was required. To have been too incomplete would have enabled me to prove nothing. I prepared to treat fully and methodically the subjects we had to study, instead of touching superficially on a much greater number. In matters of this kind we need an accumulation of convincing truths, testimony that is incontestibly true, abundant, and well supported. What was most important in the first place was to prove that the existence of psychic forces can transmit thoughts and impressions to human beings at a distance, without the intervention of the senses. I hope that this demonstration is now made for every sincere, enlightened mind capable of free thought.

The course of these researches may lead us to examine the phenomena of spiritualism and mediumism, those of somnambulism, magnetism, and hypnotism; the knowledge of remote facts and of the future seen in dreams, presentiments;

the "doubles" of some living persons; apparitions and manifestations from the dead; haunted houses; movements of objects without these being touched; sorcery, magic, etc., etc. From this time forth, setting aside superstitions, errors, hoaxes, and base deceptions, we must acknowledge that there remain psychic facts worthy of the attention of those who would examine them. We have entered into an investigation of a world as ancient as the human race, but at present very new to experimental science, which has not until recently occupied men's minds, but has now created simultaneously an interest for itself in all countries.

Such is my programme of study, and I should like to carry it out to the end, if the time indispensable to the work should be allowed me. But on the one hand it is prudent not to give one's self up exclusively to occult subjects, for one might soon lose the independence of mind necessary to form an impartial judgment. It is better to look upon such studies as not one's main object in life, but as recreation of a superior order, most curious and interesting. These are foods and drinks which it is most wholesome to take only in small quantities. On the other hand, our earth turns very fast, and days pass away like dreams. I hope, nevertheless, to give myself the scientific pleasure of studying a portion of these mysteries, and perhaps what one man cannot do may be done by others. Every one may bring his little stone to assist in the construction of a future pyramid.

Every author is in charge of souls. We ought only to tell what we know. Perhaps we ought not always to tell *all* we do know; but even in our every-day life we ought never to tell what we do not know.

Then let us lay up knowledge, let us work and hope. This collection of psychic facts shows us that we live in the midst of an invincible world, in which forces are at work of which we know very little, and this agrees with what we know about the limitation of our earthly senses, and the phenomena of nature. It is precisely because of this state of things that I have given to this work its title, THE UNKNOWN.

Let us repeat with Shakespeare the words that we have chosen as the motto for one of these chapters:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

And let us also say with Lamartine, when speaking of astronomical philosophy:

"La vie est un degré de l'échelle des mondes
Que nous devons franchir pour arriver ailleurs."

THE END

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