

# The Annals of Psychological Science

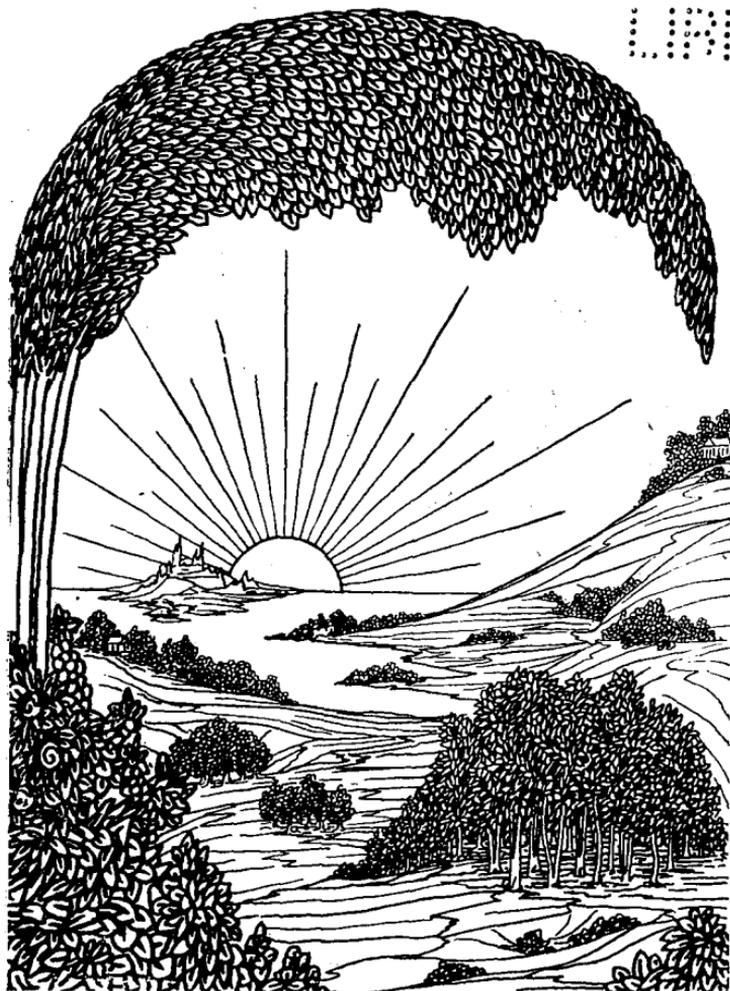
JANUARY—MARCH, 1909

THE

FIFTH YEAR.

VOLUME VII. No. 49.

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CONTENTS.

MY EXPERIMENTS WITH MME. X.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES RICHTER

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY MME. X.

---

ON DESTINY

BY DR. ARNALDO CERVESATO.

---

THE TENDENCIES OF METAPSYCHISM

BY MRS. LAURA I. FINCH.

---

ECHOES AND NEWS.

---

BOOK REVIEWS.

## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

IN accordance with the unanimously expressed desire of our subscribers—(only *five* out of all our subscribers voting for the continuance of THE ANNALS as a *monthly* as heretofore, all others desiring the journal to develop into a *Quarterly Review*)—we are inaugurating, with this present issue, the Quarterly publication of THE ANNALS. This change will allow THE ANNALS to become not only, as in the past, a Review consecrated to the registering of authentic psychical phenomena as such occur, but *also* a Review consecrated to a deeper discussion of hypotheses and problems bearing relation to psychical research.

We hope the new Quarterly periodical will, in time, succeed in winning the approbation and support of those of our readers who might have preferred to see THE ANNALS continue as a Monthly Journal. For they will find that, on the one hand, none of the former repertory, so to speak, will in any way disappear; whilst, on the other hand, it will not perhaps be disagreeable to them to find so many more articles consecrated to establishing the *rapprochs* between the facts.

The programme of THE ANNALS remains unchanged, for the method of observation is ever one and the same; and it is not possible to turn aside, however slightly, from that method, without falling into arbitrary deductions. Nevertheless, we may not identify the word *Science* with the too narrow conception which some of its devotees lend to the word; it is precisely the (slow but certain) triumphal ascent of psychical research which has decreed the bankruptcy of limitations, whether systematic or otherwise, in the study of phenomena.

Thus, our new programme is only our former programme; and our Review asks no better lot than to be in the present and in the future, as in the past, the ground of observation of the Advance-Guard of Science.

As regards the regular compilation of THE ANNALS, our readers will not find us hesitating before any effort likely to make the Review ever more worthy of their sympathetic support.

It is indeed as an exchange for our own efforts—past and present efforts—in favour of our common cause, that we allow ourselves to appeal to their aid, both morally and materially.

If, for example, each of our subscribers would confine himself to procuring one new subscriber, by that fact alone, having doubled the number of subscribers, our Review (which is also theirs) could without a doubt contribute, in a still larger and worthier fashion and with annexed publications, to the great forward movement of psychical research.

We have not forgotten the sympathy with which a large number of our readers responded to our appeal for aid last year. And although £350 out of the £400 so spontaneously forwarded to us was given, not as a donation but as a *loan* only, we are none the less grateful to those who, by their large-hearted encouragement and their contributions, showed us how deep was the bond of sympathy which links our work to our family of readers.

A Review like ours which can only address itself to a public among the *elite*—a public which represents, for the moment, only a tiny legion of pioneers in the new order of research,—can never become a speculation in the ordinary sense of the word, neither in fact nor, in however so small a degree, in aspiration.

Thus it is perhaps well our readers should know that in aiding us—either by subscribing for themselves or by subscribing for their friends—they will not be contributing to our gains, they will simply be lessening the burden of our expenses.

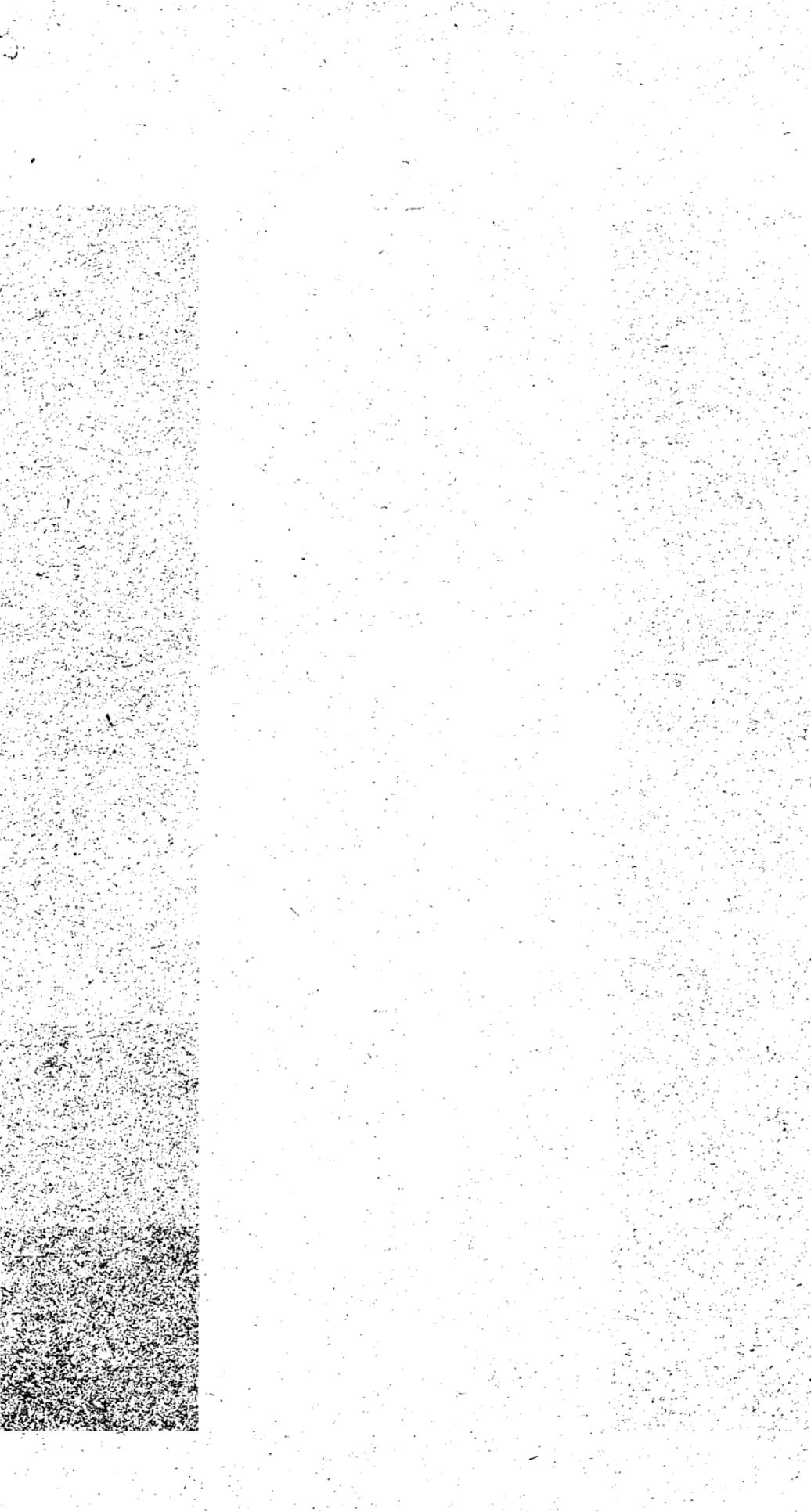
As in the past, THE ANNALS undertakes to give serious consideration to all communications which may be forwarded by readers; and again we beg them to bring to our knowledge all facts which possess an interest for psychical research.

As regards this first issue of the new *Quarterly Review*, we trust our readers will agree to the decision which has led to the publication in *one number* of Professor Richet's *Memoir* (instead of spreading the paper over several issues, a course which might not only have been tedious for the reader, but which might also have hidden some wealth of aspect and meaning which only documents accumulated *en masse* possess).

Laura I. Finch,  
1, Voltastrasse,  
Zurich,  
Switzerland.



Laura D. Threlkeld



# THE ANNALS OF PSYCHICAL SCIENCE

FIFTH YEAR. VOLUME VIII. NUMBER 49.



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## MY EXPERIMENTS WITH MADAME X.

By PROFESSOR CHARLES RICHEL.

(With Annotations by Madame X.)

*Note by Mme. X.*—The following *Memoir* was written by Prof. Richet in the summer of 1901. It was written not so much with a view to publication as to facilitate a clear mutual conception as to how we both stood in relation to testimony of abnormal human faculties after two years of persevering labour on both our parts.

The *Memoir* served us considerably as a guide to future work; and we continued the rigorous investigation of these psychic phenomena, without swerving to right or to left, until 1905.

From 1905 to 1908, my attention was turned to another object. No longer able to give myself whole-heartedly to the development of phenomena in myself, as phenomena, from the fact that much anxiety and mental stress accompanied my newly self-imposed task—slowly and surely the phenomena have, if not entirely disappeared, at least turned into a channel which, if more directly helpful to myself, no longer lend themselves to scientific control and experiment.

For two years I have seriously deliberated whether I should sacrifice

my new labours and aspirations in order once again to take up the study of such phenomena as are obtainable through myself.

Circumstances have decided for me, and made my choice imperative and irrevocable. Since I have left the domain of experimentation on myself, I consider I owe a duty to the special public interested in these researches to make known, as far as possible, the results of my work with Prof. Richet. Considerations of a private nature, not so much concerning myself as others, make it impossible for me to give an exhaustive report for the time being.

For example, the psychological study of certain trance personalities which manifested in myself would be most instructive; but I am unable to dwell on this aspect of the subject at present.

I can, however, place before the public many *facts*. And as Prof. Richet gave me his *Memoir*, to do with as I think best, as well as all the necessary documents, I consider I cannot do better than make a report, as comprehensive as possible, of the chief phenomenal facts produced by myself between 1899 and 1906.

As a most important part of my phenomena: "*Writing in foreign (unknown) tongues*," formed the subject of discussion, nearly four years ago, in the Society for Psychical Research, London, and as I believe that true conclusions in that branch can only be reached by the study of, and the comparison with, other phenomena produced also by myself, I have been obliged to open Prof. Richet's report by the almost entire reprint of his communication on Xenoglossy before the Society for Psychical Research.

I sincerely trust readers will see the wisdom and necessity of thus grouping together, in one complete report, *all* the phenomena. It is the accumulation of evidence alone which carries conviction, and adds value to what might, if of unique nature, be regarded as equivocal.

As Prof. Richet is not in Europe at present, I am unable to submit to him the proofs of his *Memoir*, and my arrangement of our notes. I must therefore assume all responsibility for this publication.

Needless to say Prof. Richet's *Memoir*, as written in 1901, has been strictly adhered to, and only slightly changed here and there (*nowhere* when *facts* are in question) where the ever-accumulating mass of evidence rendered such changes necessary. Most of the documents are in Prof. Richet's own handwriting, or in the handwriting of the different people concerned.

## PART I.

ALL the observations which I am now about to report bear exclusively on the phenomena known as *psychic* or *metapsychic*.

Given that, according to the present teachings of science, our

knowledge of the exterior world is exclusively due to the evidence of our senses, are there still other modes of knowledge? Such is the problem which metapsychical science sets itself to solve. This is also the question which I have tried to solve, with the help of Mme. X., who, for many years (1889-1908) has consented to study with me these difficult problems.

It is evident that neither my good faith, nor that of Mme. X., can be demonstrated by scientific reasoning, so that it will have to be admitted, without further proof, that all that I say here is sincere. It is, however, in this way that all scientific truths have to be established. The scientist does not need to prove his sincerity. It is a postulate which precedes the facts which he brings out. If in analysing a solution of salts, a chemist says he has found 2.515 grammes of chlorine we must believe the word of the chemist: for no one can verify or contradict his statement; in the same way all the facts which I advance here must be considered as honestly and sincerely stated. I have tried to relate the whole truth, exactly and completely, and with all the details, even those which appear the most unimportant; but it is impossible for me to furnish any proof of this.

As to Mme. X., her good faith appears to me to be as certain as my own; and I do not doubt her good faith any more than I doubt my own. But, as Mme. X. may not be known to those who read this memoir, and as they will probably have no means of knowing her, my affirmation may not be sufficient, and I shall be obliged, in the course of this work, to suppose that Mme. X. was not sincere, and that she tried to deceive me; a hypothesis which seems to me a thousand times absurd, and which is constantly contradicted by the facts, but one which I am absolutely obliged to make, if I wish to bring conviction to anyone.

I am all the more authorised to make this hypothesis because there are, as is well known, two kinds of deception: a wilful, calculated, complicated deception, artfully premeditated, perseveringly carried out, and which presupposes a profound perversity of nature. Of this sort of deception there can be no question, and yet, in the

interpretation of certain facts, I shall be obliged to discuss even this hypothesis, ridiculous as it is.

The other kind of deception is one which is carried on unconsciously, and to which we are all more or less liable, medical men perhaps more than others.

Suppose, for instance, that I had absolutely and completely forgotten that I had ever seen the city of Valladolid, and that I began to describe exactly the streets and squares of that city, it might be thought—and I should be the first to confirm that hypothesis—that it was by a sort of supernormal power or exalted lucidity that I was able to give an exact detailed description of a city I had never seen. So that this absence of conscious memory, combined with unconscious hypermnesia, would bring about the curious result of causing myself and others to believe in my lucidity, when in reality the phenomenon was a very simple one.

Now if the coincidence of loss of conscious memory and unconscious hypermnesia is rare in normal individuals, it is very frequent in mediums and *somnambules*, and should always be admitted *a priori*. We must therefore constantly suppose that the facts indicated are due to unconscious memories, and the problem, which is very complicated, resolves itself into this: Can there have been, at any time, knowledge of the facts indicated?

It will be understood that, under these conditions, it is often very difficult to come to any conclusion. All throughout life, facts, acts and memories are so manifold and complex that it is very difficult to state that we have never seen or heard such and such a thing. To return to the example I gave just now, I might *à la rigueur* assert that I had never been to Valladolid; but that no one had ever spoken to me of the city, or shown me some photographs of it, or that I had never read a description of it, is a thing I could not affirm; and a severe and profound discussion would be needed to establish the fact that such or such an exact detail given by me concerning Valladolid was unpublished, and was not due to any recollection.

I will go further. Even if I were to give some authentic and

precise detail as to a house or shop at Valladolid, I should not have the right to conclude in favour of lucidity. It would be necessary that this lucidity should be frequently repeated to render admissible the hypothesis of a special faculty. In the case of a unique fact, I should always prefer to believe in some unconscious recollection or in chance rather than in an unknown power of my mind to know a fact of which I had not been informed by my senses.

We need, then, on the one hand, precise and formal documents, unexplainable by wilful deceit or by unconscious memory or by chance. If these three hypotheses are eliminated, we shall be forced to conclude in favour of lucidity.

\* \* \*

It is to Frederic Myers that I owe my acquaintance with Mme. X. In August, 1899, he wrote to me from Cambridge to Carqueiranne, where I then was, informing me that Mme. X. was at Paris, and that it would be well for me to study with her some surprising phenomena of trance and lucidity.

I then wrote to Mme. X., and finally it was arranged that I should go to see her at the convent in Paris where she was then living. Further on will be found Mme. X.'s notes relative to that first interview.

This first interview which, though not intended to be such, developed into a seance, took place in the presence of Mr. Smith-Piddington, then an Hon. Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research, London. I shall not enter into the technical details as to the form of the trance, for I do not attach great importance to the degree of more or less conscious sensibility which constitutes the difference between the state of trance and the normal condition.

After this first seance, I saw Mme. X. about once a week, and all my attention for a considerable time was directed to avoiding speaking to her of myself, or giving her any indication as to myself or those nearly or distantly connected with me. I am absolutely certain that, for six months, she knew nothing of me from what I had told her.

Later, from about June, 1900, this alert supervision over my

words relaxed, as there was no further need for it, my method of procedure being different. Instead of questioning her about myself, I now went to see her with someone whom she did not know, and concerning whom she had to tell me certain truths which neither chance nor perspicacity, nor any unconscious recollection, could reveal to her. This constitutes a second category of facts, as interesting as the first.

I shall therefore divide this first part of my memoir into several distinct chapters: (1) Foreign languages (*Xenoglossy*) spoken or written by Mme. X. (2) Lucidity in regard to myself or to deceased persons. (3) Lucidity in regard to persons present, but unknown to Mme. X. (4) Other phenomena of various kinds.

In order to render this *exposé* more methodical, I shall not follow the chronological order, but the analytical order; for it seems to me that there is an advantage in putting together similar facts. It will be understood that the phenomena did not present themselves with the regularity here indicated.

\* \* \*

### Section I. FOREIGN LANGUAGES. (*Xenoglossy*.)\*

Although on November 7th, 1899, the day I first met Mme. X., there was no intention to hold a seance, in the ordinary sense of the word, nevertheless, soon after I arrived—during my visit—Mme. X. lost consciousness, and in a state of trance, with her eyes closed, wrote with difficulty, in pencil, the following phrase:

(i.) Η ανθρωπινη σοφια ολιγου τινος αξια εστι και ουδενος αλλα γαρ ηδη αρα απειναι.

It must be remarked at once that there are here two distinct sentences, and that a full stop must be put after *ουδενος*. We must also read, not *ηδη αρα απειναι*, but *ηδη ωρα απειναι*.

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\* This chapter on *Xenoglossy*, here slightly curtailed, was published by Prof. Richet in *The Annals of Psychological Science* for June, 1905; and in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research*, London, for December, 1905.  
(EDITOR.)

Mr. Piddington, who was present, observed, as I did, the great effort, almost amounting to suffering, made by Mme. X. while she was writing these lines. The characters were traced very slowly, and with a sort of convulsive trembling. On waking Mme. X. did not appear to have retained any recollection of what she had done.

The meaning of the first phrase is very simple: "*Human wisdom is a thing of small account, indeed it is even of no worth.*" The meaning of the second is: "*Behold, I am already about to leave you.*"

The first phrase is to be found in the Apology of Socrates [ix. 23. A]; the second phrase is also to be found at the end of the same work.

Some days later, being again in the same state of trance, Mme. X. wrote in my presence these words:

(ii.) Χαίρετε εγω κατιστος ονοματο Αντωνινος Renouard. Χαριστωτ τω θεω.

This phrase is divided into two parts: concerning the first part, Mr. J. B. Shipley looked up the first edition of the Dictionary of Byzantios, and found at the word *ὄνομα* the following phrase: *κάποιος ὀνόματι Ἀντώνιος*: "One named Antonius." Therefore in place of *κατιστος ονοματο* we should read *κάποιος ὀνόματι*. The meaning of the first phrase will then be: "*Salutation. I am the one named Antoine.*"

We may also point out that in the Dictionary of Byzantios there is the division *Αντωνι-* and at the following line *ος*: so that the letter *ν* which is not in the text is, perhaps, the imperfect transcription of the hyphen which follows the word *Αντωνι*.

As for the second phrase, it means: "*Give thanks to God.*"

Some other communications also signed A. A. R. were given about the same time (November and December, 1899).

(iii.) Ευχη θεος ευλογω και ηλθα κατα προσκλησιν τον κατα τα δεδομενα. Συμπατριωτες και δισεγγενος. A. A. R.

We must probably read *θεω* instead of *θεος* and *ηλθε* instead of *ηλθα*. Then the meaning is: "*Prayer to the God of blessing, and let us respond to the invitation to conform to the doctrines (?)*" or to the teachings given us [*διδομενα* for *δεδογμενα*].

As to the signature, we must read Συμπατριώτης instead of Συμπατριωτες (*your compatriot*), and δισέγγονος instead of δισεγγενος. But δισέγγονος does not mean "great-grandfather," but "great-grandson."

(iv.) Συμπατριωτης εγω ειμαι.

The two following communications were given later, in the summer of 1900. They were not signed by A. A. R.

(v.) Τοις δει δεδη τοιουτος τοιουτους ανηρ υπομνημασιν ορθως χρωμενος τελους αι τελ ε τας τελουμενος τελος ουτως μονος γινεται ασπασμος.

Mr. Shipley has found this phrase in entirety in the *Phaedrus* of Plato [249 C].

There are no mistakes in the transcription except for the word δει in the beginning, which is a hesitation corrected immediately by δε δη.

The following is the original text:—

Τοῖς δὲ δὴ τοιούτοις ἀνὴρ ὑπομνήμασιν ὀρθῶς χρώμενος, τέλους αἰετὲς τελετὰς τελούμενος, τέλος ὄντως μόνος γίγνεται.

"The man who makes a just use of such commentaries and who is impregnated with these perfect mysteries becomes, by these means alone, perfect."

The word ἀσπασμός, which is a modern Greek word meaning "Salutation!" [Farewell], bears no connection with this quotation; the phrase following it in Plato, begins with the word ἐξιστάμενος.

(vi.) Ἐχετε ολιγην υπομενην ολα υπαχουν και ευχην θελετε ευχαριστηθη. Ανατελλοντος και δυοντος του ηλιου η σκια εκτεινεται μακραν.

The first phrase no doubt contains errors. We should read ὑπομονην for υπομενην, and then the beginning would signify: "Have a little patience."

In the Dictionary of Byzantios, at the word εὐχή we find: ὅλα υπάγουν κατ' εὐχὴν [*everything is going on well*].

The phrase θέλετε εὐχαριστηθῆ is also found in the dictionary of Byzantios and Coromélas\* at the word Εὐχαριστῶ (p. 181, col. 3); also Ἐχετε ὀλίγην ὑπομονήν at the word ὀλίγος (p. 310, col. i.).

\* As I shall often have occasion to refer to this dictionary, I will give here the exact bibliographical description of it: Dictionnaire grec-français et

The other phrase, as also all the preceding ones, was written by Mme. X. in my presence. But on that day Mme. X. was in a state of great nervous trembling. It was in June, about half past seven in the evening. The setting sun shone into the little room in which we were; and the Greek phrase, which was then written, corresponds exactly with that particular fact: "*When the sun is rising or setting, the shadows are lengthened.*"

Now this phrase is found word for word in the Greek dictionary of Byzantios at the word Ἐκτείνω (p. 139, col. 2), with a slight error: εκτεινεται for εκτείνεται; and the French translation of it is given: *Quand le soleil est à son levant ou à son couchant, l'ombre se projette au loin.*

We shall have occasion to return to this remarkable experience.

For a long time no more Greek phrases were given. But in 1904 the following words were written:

(vii.) Πρωτοκοκός τα Χριστού λευκά σκληρώς θα τιμωρηθῆ ἀναλωσ (and, as at that moment Mme. X. said she could write no more, the following letters were given by means of "raps";—under the circumstances there is no need for me to enlarge [upon the physical conditions of the phenomenon]: σκληρώς τα κριματα κυριου αβυσσος. The word κριματα was corrected three times: κριματι; κριμαθε; κριματα. Κυριου was also corrected three times, from κυρου to κυριον and κυριου.

français-grec, par Ch. D. Byzantios et André Coromélas, Edition seconde, stéréotype. Athènes: Imprimerie d'André Coromélas, rue d'Hermès, No. 215. 1856. One volume of 520 and 422 pages, with Prolegomena of xi pages (first) and viii pages (second edition).

The copy which was sent me from Athens by Dr. Vlavianos is the second edition. But, as we shall see further on, all the passages given by Mme. X. are found in the first edition; moreover, there is one passage which is not in the second edition and is in the first edition; therefore, there can be no doubt that it was according to the image of the first edition that the Greek phrases were reproduced.

In the National Library, Paris, I found a copy of this first edition. [Λεξικόν ἑλληνικόν καὶ γαλλικόν, συνταχθέν μὲν ὑπὸ Σκαρδάτου Δ. ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ, ἐκδοθέν δὲ ὑπὸ ΑΝΑΡΕΟΥ ΚΟΡΟΜΗΛΑ. [Ἀθηνησιν ἐκ τοῦ τυπογραφείου Ἀνδρέου Κορομηλα. (1846, in 8vo, xi., 401, 239pp.).]

Mr. Shipley suggests the following version for the beginning of this phrase :

"There is no congruity between the cases of the first three words. The fourth may be λεγων (for λευκα), and at the end of the phrase ἀναλογως for αναλωσ : which may be translated 'The first-born, the Christ: he who speaks harshly (of him ?) will be punished with like severity.'"

As to the other phrase: "*The judgments of God are unfathomable,*" it is comprehensible, and quite correct. This phrase is found in the Dictionary of Byzantios at the word κρίμα (τὰ κρίματα κυρίου ἄβυσσος), p. 246, col. 2.

This is, briefly set forth, what I may call the first phase of the phenomenon.

We now come to the second phase, which opens with a remarkable fact.

The following communication in Greek was sent to me by Mme. X. at a time when she was in Paris and I at Carqueiranne, in October, 1904.

It is written on a single sheet of paper, and is divided into four parts of unequal length. The part which I will call (A) is in large letters, as also is the second (B). The third part (C), which contains only two words, is in very large characters. The fourth part (D) is in very small characters.

We reproduce herewith (on pp. 11 and 12) facsimiles of the script in question, slightly reduced from the originals.

This communication was accompanied by a letter in which Mme. X. said :

"I have seen nothing but Greek, and finally my hand had to write this nonsense, which I send you, before I could set about my work. . . . I hope now to be all right again. . . . How absurd! My hand seems about to play me false again. You have no idea how curious this sensation is; I struggle against something as though in a dream; everything seems far away . . . I do not know who will win."

The last words of this letter contained Greek characters: σ and s for s, etc.

After trying with more or less success to translate this Greek,

χρῆσθαι λέξεσιν Ἑλληνικαῖς, ἵπειδαν  
Ῥωμαίας προχεύρους μὴ ἔχωσιν...

... ὀχμιόνον ...

Ἐξευλόλιξαν μεγαλοπρεπέστατα  
υφάσματα της κίνας, λαμπάσα  
διχτυωτὰ βαμασχα λευκα  
καί στυλπνα, ὡς ἡγλὸν  
τῶν λιβαδιῶν, ἀλλὰ δέ  
καταστραπτόντα τὴν  
ορασιν μὲ τὴν οἰκίαν αὐτῶν  
εὐρωθρότητα, σήρικα ῥοδόχρ. α.  
αἶθ λάξια πυχνά, πεκινια  
μαλαχότατα, ναγκίλια ἄσπρα  
καὶ κίτρινα, τε λευτατόν  
ἕως κειπεριζώματα τῆς Ματ

VIII. (2/3 size of original).

Automatic script obtained by Mme. X. in October, 1904, during the absence of Prof. Richet.

(VIIIb.)

Εἰς ταῦτα προσθήσασι τῆν τερφῶν  
τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν, ἔχοντων ὑπ' ὄφιν  
ἐν ὄρφθ' ἑρπυς, τὰς διαμαρτυρίας,  
γλαφυρότητας καὶ πικρὰ βασιφύλλου

ἔρημικοῦ βρυοντος ἀπὸ ἀνθη κατοικουμένου ἀπὸ  
πτηνα πολυποικίλα διαβρεχομένου ἀπὸ μικρὸν  
ρυθκίον ὕδατος ζῶντος, τὸ ὅποιον, πρὸ τοῦ να  
διαχυθῆ ἐπὶ τοῦ δροσιεροῦ λειμῶνος, καταλείβεται  
ἐκ τοῦ ὕφους βράχου τινος μέλανος καὶ ἀγροτικά, λάμπει ἐπ'  
αὐτοῦ ὡς λιπτοῦφης ταινία ἐξ ἀργύρου, ἔπειτα δὲ εἰς  
μαργαριτωδεις μεταβαλλόμενον ἔλασμα χυνεται ἐν τῷ  
δεδωμένῃ διαυγεστέτης, ὅπου ὠραταί κύννοι ὡς τῆν  
χρόνα λευκοὶ πλείους μετὰ χάριτος ..

(VIIIb.) Ἑλλάδα ἀφ' ὅνδρα πολυκενδρῶν  
ἀγρῶν κατὰ τὸ ὄρατο τῆν  
πολιτικῆν ἀντικειμένου καλεῖται  
ὁπλοδοξία πρὸς ἀλλοτρίαν  
ἡττιον ἐν κλητῶν ὀφθῶν, ἐπὶ  
ἀτακτικῶν τῆν ἀπο τῶν  
φάτων καὶ τῆν παιδείας  
προφορικῶν ἀντικειμένου  
ἐν κλητῶν.

(VIIIc.) Χίπτος ὀφθαλμοδῶν

(VIIIc.)

VIIIb, c, and d. ( $\frac{2}{3}$  size of original).

Automatic script obtained by Mme. X. in October, 1904, during the absence of Prof. Richet.

which is difficult, I was put on the track of the very strange origin of these long quotations. While looking in Littré's *Dictionnaire de la langue française*, at the word *Damas*, M. Courtier found this phrase :

“ Ils déroulèrent des magnifiques étoffes de soie de la Chine, des lampas découpés à jour, des damas d'un blanc satiné ” . . . .

(Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, *Paul et Virginie*). It is therefore evident that the first sentence (viii. A) was the translation of a passage from *Paul et Virginie*.

Not being able to find at Paris a Greek edition of *Paul et Virginie*, I applied to my *confrère*, Dr. Vlavianos, of Athens, asking if there was such a translation, and informing him of my reason for wishing for it. He replied by telling me that the sentences viii. A, B, and D were to be found word for word in the French-Greek and Greek-French dictionary of Byzantios and Coromélas. He also sent me the dictionary, of the existence of which I was absolutely unaware.

In fact, in this work, which is no doubt the standard dictionary used by young people in Greece for learning French, there occurs, in the *Prolegomena* to the first edition (the *Prolegomena* being written in Greek) on page α, line 29, the phrase “Χρησθαι λέξεσιν Ἑλληνικαῖς, ἐπειδὴν Ῥωμαίας προχείρους μὴ ἔχωσιν.” This phrase is not translated from the French; it is the translation of a phrase of Cicero, given in Latin: “*Graecis licet utare, cum voles, si te latinae forte deficiant.*” These Latin words were followed immediately by the Greek translation, placed in parentheses and quotation-marks (“Χρησθαι” . . .).

It is noticeable that the text and the accents are strictly correct, whereas, in the sentences previously written, the accents are only given very rarely and irregularly.

The phrase viii. C.: Χοπος. Συγγωρησις appears to indicate that at that moment fatigue was felt [κόπος], and *forgiveness, pardon* [Συγχώρησις] is asked for that fatigue.

But there are two other quotations in Modern Greek which are found in the *Prolegomena* to the Dictionary of Byzantios (p. 2 of

the second edition). I give them here word for word, in order that it may be seen how small are the differences between what is printed in the Dictionary and what was written by Mme. X.

First the quotation viii. A.

Ἐξετύλιξαν μεγαλοπρεπέστατα ὑφάσματα τῆς Κίνας, λαμπάσα δικτυωτά, δαμάσια λευκὰ καὶ στιλπνὰ, ὡς ἡ χλόη τῶν λιβαδίων, ἄλλα δὲ καταστράπτοντα τὴν ὄρασιν μὲ τὴν ὀξείαν αὐτῶν ἐρυθρότητα, σηρικὰ ροδόχροα, ἀτλάζια πύκνά, πεκίνια μαλακότατα, ναγκίνια ἄσπρα καὶ κίτρινα, τελευταίον ἕως καὶ περιζώματα τῆς Μαδα(γασκάρ).

The following is the extract from Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, of which the above is a translation into Greek :—

“Ils déroulèrent de magnifiques étoffes de soie de la Chine, des lampas, découpés à jour, des damas d'un blanc satiné, d'autres d'un vert de prairie, d'autres d'un rouge à éblouir, des taffetas roses, des satins à pleine main, des pékins moelleux comme le drap, des nankins bleues et jaunes, et jusque à des pagnes de Madagascar.”

The accents are inserted in the following proportion. There are fifty-one accents in the Greek text. There are twenty-eight in the manuscript, or rather more than half, and they are correctly inserted except for Ἐξετύλιξαν which is written Ἐξετυλιξαν. There is no error in the text except in καταστράπτοντα, which is written κατασραπτοντα. Moreover ἀτλάζια is written ατλασια and περιζώματα is written περιζώματα, as though the letter ζ was impossible to transcribe correctly.

As for the text itself, it is of little interest ; it was taken by Byzantios as an example of the possibility of translating into Modern Greek some rather strange and unusual French expressions.

The passage viii. D is also a transcription from the Dictionary of Byzantios. Here also the author has wished to give a specimen of little-used French terms which can be translated into Greek. It is the translation of a passage from the *Mystères de Paris*, by Eugène Sue.

Εἰς τὰντα προσθέσατε τὴν τέρψιν τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν, ἐχόντων ὑπ'ὄψιν ἐν ὄρα θέρους, τὰς σμαραγδίνους γλαφυρότητας κήπου δασυφύλλου ἐρημικοῦ, βρόντος ἀπὸ ἄνθη, κατοικουμένου ἀπὸ πτηνὰ πολυποίκιλα διαβρεχομένου ἀπὸ μικρὸν

ρύακιον ὕδατος ζῶντος, τὸ ὁποῖον, προτοῦ νὰ διαχυθῆ ἐπὶ τοῦ δροσεροῦ λειμῶνος καταλείβεται ἐκ τῶν ὕψους βράχου τινὸς μέλανος καὶ ἀγροτικοῦ, λάμπει ἐπ' αὐτοῦ ὡς λεπτοῦφῆς ταινία ἐξ ἀργύρου, ἔπειτα δὲ εἰς μαργαριτῶδες μεταβαλλόμενον ἔλασμα χύνεται ἐντὸς δεξαμενῆς διαυγεστάτης, ὅπου ὠραῖοι κύκνοι ὡς τὴν χιόνα λευκοὶ πλέουσι μετὰ χάριτος.

Here is the text of Eugène Sue :

“ Joignez à cela l'été, pour perspective, les vert(e)s profondeurs d'un jardin touffu, solitaire, encombré de fleurs, peuplé d'oiseaux, arrosé d'un petit ruisseau d'eau vive, qui, avant de se répandre sur la fraîche pelouse, tombe du haut d'une roche noire et agreste, y brille comme un pli de gaze d'argent, et se fond en lame nacrée dans un bassin limpide où de beaux cygnes blancs [comme la neige ?] se jouent avec grâce.”

The accents are very correctly put ; there are ninety-four in the copy and 104 in the printed text. Even the comparatively little used accents such as ὄρα and λεπτοῦφῆς are correctly transcribed.

*There are no errors in the text itself ;* I wish, however, to draw attention to the following points : first, the letter ζ is correctly transcribed in ζῶντος, for instance ; then the ψ is written in rather a strange manner, which might lead one at first sight to think that there was a confusion between the φ and the ψ. But this is not really an error, for the two letters are differently written. The ψ is written like an I in the middle of which an O has been added, giving the appearance Φ. The φ, on the other hand, is written in quite a normal manner.

There is a curious error in line 5 of the manuscript. The word μικρὸν is written, unmistakably, μικρον, and there is no accent over the σ. We shall see later that there is a reason for enlarging on the nature of this error.

Lastly—but this may be merely a coincidence—there is, as it were, a similarity in the form of a rhyme between the first two lines ; so that, at the beginning of the passage, there appear to be two lines which rhyme, each having ten syllables. There is nothing of the sort in the Greek text, which is written in the form of prose.

I have already said that this quotation viii. D is written in much finer characters than the two others. It seems as though it

were in quite a different handwriting. Under a magnifying glass it can be seen that there is a slight trembling, especially manifest towards the end.

The phrase viii. B is found in the first edition [and not in the second] of the Dictionary of Byzantios, but with an important difference.

The Dictionary is dedicated to the King Louis Philippe, and the dedication is in two columns, one in French, the other in Greek.

The first paragraph [Greek] is the phrase viii. B in entirety, with this difference, that the word Ἡ Γαλλία given by Mme. X. is, in the text of Byzantios and Coromélas, Ἡ Ἑλλάς.

The following is the French text : *Après avoir conquis par de pénibles travaux son indépendance politique, la Grèce (la France in Mme. X.'s script) se propose aujourd' hui un nouveau but non moins noble que le premier : elle veut rappeler dans son sein les lumières qui l'avaient jadis couverte de gloire.*

I would like to point out that in the copy at the French National Library, which I have at present before me, the French-Greek Dictionary [in which, moreover, no phrases are given] is uncut; whilst the Greek-French Dictionary is cut. There is no translation in the French-Greek Dictionary of the word France into Γαλλία; but a small lexicon of proper names is added to the Greek-French Dictionary [pp. 400-401; *πινάξ κοριων ονοματων*] where Γαλλία [ἡ] is translated by "France."

The accents have been placed in the following proportion: There are forty-four in the Greek text; there are eight in Mme. X.'s writing. *There are no faults in the text itself;* for the κ and the χ are written almost in the same manner by Mme. X.

Lastly, there is this fundamental difference between document viii. and the other Greek phrases previously given, that the whole of this writing (viii. A,B,C,D) was sent to me without my having seen Mme. X. write it.

Now, seven months later, another phenomenon occurred of extreme importance, for Mme. X. wrote *in my presence* a long

passage similar to those above given, and proceeding from the same origin : the Dictionary of Byzantios.

I had told Mme. X. that I had received the Dictionary of Byzantios, and she was not a little surprised at this unexpected discovery. But I did not bring her the book. Now, it was a week or two later, on May 2nd, when I was calling on her and telling her of my intention to take Byzantios' book to London, that the new phenomenon occurred.

On that day (May 2nd), she suddenly told me, after a few words of conversation, that she felt unable to speak English, and that she saw Greek characters all around her ; then, in a state of semi-consciousness, she took a stylographic pen, and, standing beside me on the balcony of her house, she wrote the following phrase :

(ixa.) . . . ολα τα ταυτὰ,

then she crossed out these three words and wrote without interruption phrase (ixb.) which we reproduce in facsimile on pp. 18 and 19 together with all the script received on the afternoon of May 2nd, 1905.

I may say at once that the (ixb.) passage is the commencement of the quotation from Eugène Sue given further back, and that it is also to be found preceding the passage viii. D, in the Dictionary of Byzantios. I give it here as it is in the printed text, for comparison with the manuscript written in my presence by Mme. X. :

“ . . . ὅλα τὰ δωμάτια ταῦτα . . . εἶχον ὡς στολισμοὺς . . . ὁμίλους ἀνθρωπίων τῆς πηλοπλαστικῆς τέχνης τοῦ Κλωδίωνος, καὶ σποράδην, ἐπὶ ὑποβάθρων ἰάσπιδος ἢ ἀμυγδαλίτου ἀρχαίου λίθου, πολυδάπανά τινα διὰ λευκοῦ μαρμάρου ἀντίτυπα τῶν θελκτικωτέρων βακχίδων τοῦ ἀποκρύφου Μουσείου τῆς Νεαπόλεως.”

(Translated from the French of Eugène Sue) : “ Toutes ces pièces . . . avaient pour ornements des groupes de biscuit ou de terre cuite de Clodion, et sur leurs socles de jaspe ou de brèche antique quelques précieuses copies des plus joli(es) groupes du Musée (apocryphe de Naples) en marbre blanc.”

I will first of all make a few remarks as to Mme. X.'s manner of writing. This was written while she was standing up, holding

(IXa.)

". Ολα τα ~~κώμα~~

(IXb.) ". Ολα τα τωματια ταυτα. εϋχον ως  
 ζολιωμαός. . δμίλους ανθρωπιών τῆς  
 Πηλοπλαριχῆς τέχνης τοῦ Κλωδιωνος  
 χαν απα άδην έπε υποβάθρων ίσοκωδός  
 ή άμυδαλιτου άρχαίου λέθου,  
 πολυδόπατά τινα εια λευκοῦ μαρμαρου  
 άσδευπα τών θελκτικωτέρων  
 βαχιδων τοῦ άπομρσαν Μουσεζου  
 τῆς Μεαπόλεως. "

(X.)

έγπαρόδφ, περαστικῶ  
 δέν ήξεύρω Άγγλικα.

(XI.)

τα άντέγραφον εἶνε ὁμοιον με το  
 πρωτότυπον.

AAR

IXa, IXb, X., and XI. ( $\frac{2}{3}$  size of original).

*Automatic script obtained by Mme. X., May 2nd, 1905, in the presence of Prof. Richet.*

(XII.) μού εἶνε αδύνατον να παρεκτρα  
πῶ ἀπὸ τὰς ὁδηγίας τὰς  
ὁποίας ἔχω

(XIII.) τὰ σχόλια ταῦτα θὰ λάμουν τὸν  
τόμον ὀγκωδέστερον.

ΑΑΑ

(XIV.) ὁ πόλεμος ζῆτος δυσφέρου  
ὅλην τὴν Εὐρωπὴν.

XII., XIII., and XIV. ( $\frac{2}{3}$  size of original).

*Automatic script obtained by Mme. X., May 2nd, 1905, in the presence of Prof. Richet.*

in her hands the stylograph and note-book, and consequently under rather difficult conditions for writing, so that the handwriting is trembling and sometimes not very distinct. *Mme. X. seemed to be looking into space, and to be copying something that she saw before her.* It was four o'clock in the afternoon; I was quite close to her, and I can assert that there was no writing in the note-book of blank paper which she held in her hand; so that I myself have not the slightest doubt as to the origin of this writing done under my own eyes, under conditions of absolute certainty.

Now, as regards the comparison of the manuscript with the text given by Byzantios, there are some interesting points to be developed. The two dots before “ . . ελα ” and after “ στολισμοῦς . . . ” are given exactly as in the text. Nearly all the accents are inserted. There are forty-nine in the text and thirty-nine in the manuscript. There are few errors, though more than in the previous transcription: πολυδόπανα for πολυδάπανα; τωματια for δωμάτια; πηλοπλαφικῆς for πηλοπλαστικῆς; ἰάσπιδος for ἰάσπιδος; απα,άδην for σποράδην; ἀντίενα for ἀντίτυπα, etc.

I will also mention two errors which are extremely interesting because they seem to prove that the phenomenon, whatever may be its essential nature, is a *visual* one.

The first is the word στολισμοῦς, which is written σολισμαδς. I do not stop to consider the omission of the τ at the beginning of the word, which finds its explanation in the fact that in the first edition στ is written *stigma*—a typographical abbreviation which is rather uncommon; but I call attention to the δ at the end, which replaces the ÷ in στολισμοῦς. Σολισμαδς is not a Greek word, and has no resemblance to a Greek sound, for no Greek word ever ends in . . . μαδς. But at a distance the ÷ resembles a δ, so much so that it is as though the Greek characters had been transcribed, as seen from a distance and not very clearly, by someone who did not know Greek.

The same with ὄμιλους which has been written, very distinctly, δμιλους which latter is not a Greek form; there is no δμ in Greek.

But the  $\delta$  resembles  $\delta$  from a distance, and so the visual transcription has given  $\delta\mu\lambda\omicron\upsilon\varsigma$  for  $\delta\mu\lambda\upsilon\upsilon\varsigma$ . I may say almost the same of  $\text{Μουσείου}$ , which is written  $\text{Μουσεζου}$ .

The following is a more or less correct translation of phrases x. to xv., which, as will be seen, are signed A. A. R. (Antoine Augustin Renouard) as in the case of the first communications which were given in Greek.

(x.) "*En passant—for the passing moment—I do not know English.*"

(xi.) "*The copy is conformable to the original.*" (We must probably read  $\tau\delta\ \acute{\alpha}\nu\tau\iota\ \gamma\rho\alpha\phi\acute{\omicron}\nu$ ).

(xii.) "*I have my instructions, from which it is impossible for me to depart.*"

(xiii.) "*These notes . . . will make the volume still larger.*"

(xiv.)  $\delta\ \acute{\rho}\acute{\omicron}\lambda\epsilon\mu\omicron\varsigma\ \omicron\upsilon\tau\omicron\varsigma\ \delta\upsilon\omicron\phi\acute{\epsilon}\rho\epsilon\iota\ \acute{\omicron}\lambda\eta\nu\ \tau\eta\nu\ \text{Εὐρώπην}$ .

"*This war interests the whole of Europe.*"

(xv.)  $\epsilon\nu\theta\upsilon\mu\eta\sigma\omicron\nu\tau\omicron,\ \nu\acute{\alpha}\ \tau\delta\ \epsilon\nu\theta\upsilon\mu\eta\sigma\alpha\iota!$

("Souvenez-vous-en?")

All these phrases are to be found in the Dictionary of Byzantios. I transcribe them here:

(x.)  $\acute{\epsilon}\nu\ \acute{\rho}\alpha\rho\acute{\omicron}\delta\omega$ , *in passing* (at  $\acute{\rho}\alpha\rho\acute{\omicron}\delta\omicron\varsigma$ , p. 341, col. 2).

$\delta\acute{\epsilon}\nu\ \eta\acute{\xi}\acute{\epsilon}\upsilon\rho\omega\ \text{Ἀγγλικά}$  (at  $\Delta\acute{\epsilon}\nu$ , p. 103, col. 1).

(xi.)  $\tau\delta\ \acute{\alpha}\nu\tau\iota\gamma\rho\alpha\phi\omicron\nu\ \epsilon\iota\nu\epsilon\ \acute{\theta}\mu\omicron\iota\omicron\nu\ \mu\acute{\epsilon}\ \tau\delta\ \acute{\rho}\rho\omega\tau\acute{\omicron}\tau\upsilon\pi\omicron\nu$  (at  $\acute{\theta}\mu\omicron\iota\omicron\varsigma$ , p. 313, col. 2).

(xii.)  $\mu\omicron\iota\ \epsilon\iota\nu\epsilon\ \acute{\alpha}\delta\upsilon\nu\alpha\tau\omicron\nu\ \nu\acute{\alpha}\ \acute{\rho}\alpha\repsilon\kappa\tau\rho\alpha\pi\acute{\omega}\ \acute{\alpha}\pi\delta\ \tau\acute{\alpha}\varsigma\ \acute{\omicron}\delta\eta\gamma\iota\acute{\alpha}\varsigma\ \tau\acute{\alpha}\varsigma\ \acute{\omicron}\pi\omicron\iota\acute{\alpha}\varsigma\ \acute{\epsilon}\chi\omega$ . (at the word  $\text{Ὀδηγία}$ , p. 307, col. 3).

(xiii.)  $\tau\acute{\alpha}\ \sigma\chi\acute{\omicron}\lambda\iota\alpha\ \tau\acute{\alpha}\upsilon\tau\alpha\ \theta\acute{\alpha}\ \kappa\acute{\alpha}\mu\omicron\nu\nu\ \tau\omicron\nu\ \tau\acute{\omicron}\mu\omicron\nu\ \acute{\omicron}\gamma\chi\omega\delta\acute{\epsilon}\sigma\tau\epsilon\rho\omicron\nu$  (at the word  $\acute{\omicron}\gamma\chi\omega\delta\eta\varsigma$  of the first edition).

(xiv.)  $\delta\ \acute{\rho}\acute{\omicron}\lambda\epsilon\mu\omicron\varsigma\ \omicron\upsilon\tau\omicron\varsigma\ \delta\iota\alpha\phi\acute{\epsilon}\rho\epsilon\iota\ \acute{\omicron}\lambda\eta\nu\ \tau\eta\nu\ \text{Εὐρώπην}$ , at the word  $\text{Διαφέρω}$  (p. 113, cols. 1 and 2).  $\delta\upsilon\omicron\phi\acute{\epsilon}\rho\epsilon\iota$  is put for  $\delta\iota\alpha\phi\acute{\epsilon}\rho\epsilon\iota$ .

(xv.)  $\acute{\epsilon}\nu\theta\upsilon\mu\eta\sigma\omicron\nu\ \tau\omicron!\ \nu\acute{\alpha}\ \tau\delta\ \acute{\epsilon}\nu\theta\upsilon\mu\eta\sigma\alpha\iota!$  at the word  $\text{Ἐνθυμοῦμαι}$  (p. 149, col. 3).

If we compare the accents as given in the various quotations, we shall notice their correctness; there are fifty-six in the Greek text, and fifty-two in the transcription, which means that, on the whole, the accents are all there, and correctly placed. The only

errors are in (x.) *παροδφ* instead of *παροδψ*; (xi.) *τὰ ἀντίγραφον* for *τὸ ἀντίγραφον*; and (xii.) *παρεκτραπῶ* for *παρεκτροπῶ*; on the whole, extremely few mistakes.

The mistake of *παροδφ* for *παροδψ* is interesting, because it is a *visual* error such as might be committed by anyone who reads hastily and does not know Greek. There are no terminations in *οδφ*, any more than in *μαδς* for *στολισμοὺς*. (See above.) The *ψ* on a hasty reading might easily be taken for a *φ*.

I must call attention to the fact that these Greek phrases have a precise application to the affairs of the moment; for I had asked Mme. X. to give me an explanation as to the communication (ix.) which had just been given by her; and the words (x.) and (xi.) apply to it exactly, as also (xii.) and probably (xiii.).

As to the phrase (xiv.), it refers to an event of the time, the Russo-Japanese war, of which we had also spoken; and finally as to the phrase (xv.), that same afternoon Mme. X. had several times hummed an old French song ("Monsieur et Madame Denis"), the refrain of which is "*Souvenez-vous en,*" and she had asked me whether I knew it. (It is, in fact, a favourite song with Mme. X.).

I wish to draw attention to the fact that, from the point of view of the general signification of these Greek phrases, without stopping at present to consider their origin, we may assign them a double cause, as to their finality.

In one place their object is to give, so to speak, a material and technical proof of the knowledge and comprehension of Greek [long quotations: *the setting sun and gathering shadows; the copy conformable to the original; etc.*].

In the second place, the phrases express general ideas, rather mystical perhaps, on the life to come, on the necessity of pursuing the study of the Mysteries [v.], on the imperfection of human wisdom [i.], etc.

So that, notwithstanding the apparent incoherence of the phrases given, we discover the closely woven woof, the straightforward and comprehensible course, of one Master Thought pursuing, by two different ways, the same purpose.

Such then, with all necessary details, are the facts of which I am about to seek for an explanation.

#### HYPOTHESES :

I will say at once, for the sake of simplicity, that the only three explanations which can be given in the present state of science—that is to say, (1) fraud: conscious, wilful, prolonged, and astute fraud; (2) unconscious memory of things seen and forgotten; (3) the intelligence of a spirit permeating the intelligence of Mme. X.—appear to me to be all three equally absurd and impossible.

I shall, fully and freely, examine them one after another.

First of all, may I be permitted to ask pardon of Mme. X. for discussing the hypothesis of fraud. I know her perfect sincerity, and I can guarantee it as though my own daughter or sister were concerned. But it is a hard necessity in experiments of this sort to demand something more than an act of faith. If it were my daughter or my sister, if it were my own case, I should be constrained to give other than moral proofs. These moral proofs, however valid in my eyes, will not satisfy others, and I must—as indeed Mme. X. herself has asked me to do—examine this question of fraud quite independently, as though it were not the case of a person whose sincerity is beyond all suspicion.

In the first place, *Mme. X. does not know Greek*. Certainly it is impossible to prove absolutely that a person does not know a language. It is easy to prove that one knows a foreign language, but it is radically impossible to prove that one is ignorant of it. However, we can establish the following facts: that Greek is a difficult language to learn, and cannot be acquired offhand: that Mme. X. has never, either in her childhood or later, studied Greek books; that she has no Greek books at her home; that neither her husband, nor her sister, nor her children, nor her friends, nor I have ever seen her studying Greek; and consequently, even *a priori*, the improbability that she has studied Greek and knows Greek is very great.

One reservation must be made when it is said that she has

no Greek books. In fact, in November, 1899, a few days before my first visit, she suddenly felt seized with the desire to learn Greek. Mme. X. thus describes the sensation accompanying the sudden desire to learn Greek :

" During the fortnight which intervened—(between the receipt of my letter asking her to permit me to call on her and my first interview with Mme. X.)—the old man whose influence I had felt in holding M. R.'s—(that is, my)—letter, seemed to be continually near me, and I had the impression that this influence had been well acquainted with the classics and much occupied with books during his earth existence. Suddenly I became possessed with a keen desire to learn Greek, so much so that I communicated my wishes to my French reader, a young woman who knows the language, and asked her to recommend me the necessary books. She brought me two elementary text-books\* on the Monday evening (I expected M. R. on Tuesday). I turned over the leaves and determined to begin the study the next day. But the possession of the books gave me a feeling of satisfaction, which at the same time seemed to take away the desire to learn. . . . I have not yet begun the study of Greek. Now and then the wish again comes to hold a Greek work in my hands, but it passes quickly and I have no longer the desire to learn the language. . . . I have never learnt nor endeavoured to learn, nor, apart from the instances referred to, wished to learn Greek ; I have however, read much, and in many works have come across Greek quotations. It is possible that some part of myself has been able to master the sense thereof, and learn what I was ignorant of, and, consciously at least, most certainly never tried to acquire ; and though I used literally to haunt the bookstalls on the quays of the Seine, I have no recollection of having come across a Greek dictionary.

" Nevertheless, when I wrote phrases VIII., I felt as though I were reproducing forgotten memories. At the time, I was engaged in translating a French work into English. Three weeks of assiduous labour, during which time I scarcely left my desk, working from early in the morning till late at night, had brought me into a condition of cerebral exhaustion, and I had reached a point when the pages danced before my eyes and words contained no meaning for me.

" I spent a whole day in this annoying state of mind, and finally went to bed at eight o'clock, still dull and dazed-like. Just before dropping off to sleep, I

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\* The two books which Mme. X. received from her French reader are entitled: *Premiers Exercices Grecs*, by L'Abbé Ragon (twelfth edition, Paris, Poussielgue, 1898), and the *Christomathie grecque*, by the Abbé Ragon (fourth edition, Paris, Poussielgue, 1897).

tried to pull myself together, and I sent out a mute prayer for help and clearness of brain.

"But the next day was worse still. For the dullness of the previous day was now complicated by hallucinations: all day long I was troubled by fleeting visions of old books and manuscripts in Greek. Finally, towards evening these fleeting visions settled into a very distinct mental picture: a book, which appeared quite old, held up before me, the leaves of which were turned over, one by one, quite slowly, as though someone were reading.

"I was sitting at my desk when this vivid vision occurred; and somehow, whilst gazing at it, I seemed to be hypnotised by it, and I must have partially lost consciousness; for I have no recollection at all of having written the phrases VIII.; though I had a vague feeling that my hand was writing something. It was like a dream; everything seemed to be far away.

". . . Whatever the nature of the force at work, after the production of this phenomenon I felt remarkably clear mentally, and the book on which I was engaged was finished in a very short time, without my experiencing any further feeling of fatigue."

In the two text-books bought by Mme. X., there is nothing that resembles, even remotely, the phrases which have been given; there is not even the Greek alphabet. The word *ανθρωπινα*, which occurs in the first phrase written in November, 1899, is not in either of them or in the small lexicon which is appended to them. This observation is, however, quite unnecessary, since Ragon's books are for Ancient Greek, whereas the manuscripts given by Mme. X. are in Modern Greek.

It is needless to add that Mme. X. had never seen the Dictionary of Byzantios, and that the first time she set eyes on that work was when I brought it to her, after all the Greek phrases given above had been written by her.

All the evidence, then, goes to show that Mme. X. does not know Greek, and this is irrefutably corroborated by the fact that, in these Greek writings, there are errors such as\* could not have been committed by anyone who knew Greek, even superficially. Thus, for instance, *τὰ αντίγραφον* for *τὸ αντίγραφον*; *ἐν παρόδῳ* for *ἐν παρόδῳ*; *μικρον* for *μικρόν*, etc.

These are faults that even a beginner would not commit after two weeks of rudimentary instruction.

I will give still another proof, of a technical nature, to show that Mme. X. writes Greek like a person who does not know the language.

My friend, Dr. J. Héricourt, in a careful study of a celebrated document (the *bordereau* in the Dreyfus case) has shown that current handwriting, seen under a powerful magnifying-glass or enlarged by photography, is neither tremulous nor irregular, while it is quite different with imitated writing, which is tremulous, irregular, betraying hesitation in the strokes; so that one can, by studying handwriting under a magnifying glass, recognise whether it is a flowing or an imitated hand, according as it is tremulous or firm. Now the writing of Mme. X. is very tremulous, altogether as though it were that of a person who does not write Greek readily, but can only do so by copying from an image in front of her.

Thus, to sum up this part of the discussion, I arrive at the conclusion, as duly and firmly established, that *Mme. X. does not know Greek.*

I now come to the very gist of the whole question, namely, the complete and absolute similarity between the Greek phrases, whether written in my presence or in my absence, and the passages to be found in different parts of the Dictionary of Byzantios.

First let it be noted that the copy which I possess was sent to me, about the 1st of April of this year, from Athens, that it was printed at Athens, and that there are probably not many copies of it in Paris. I have applied to a bookseller in Paris who told me that he could only procure one by sending to Athens for it. The other copy which I have at present (first edition) belongs to the National Library at Paris. This, however, does not mean that there may not be copies of this work somewhere in Paris, on the second-hand book stalls, or at a dealer's. I have no doubt at all that there are, or have been, copies at Paris; but this work is certainly very rare; it is not a class-book, for our young scholars *never* learn Modern Greek; and the Greek dictionaries which are to be had are all, without exception, Ancient Greek dictionaries.

However, it is evident that the relation between the written

phrases and the passages of the Dictionary of Byzantios is not fortuitous. From phrase vi. to phrase xv., all the quotations, long and short alike, are in the Dictionary, of which they are exact transcriptions; we may therefore say that from the month of June, 1900, all the Greek phrases that were written are phrases from the above-mentioned Dictionary.

I have already said that I refused, for *moral* reasons, which appear to me primordial, to admit the hypothesis of fraud; but I can now say that there are *material* reasons, equally potent, which combine to render this hypothesis absurd.

(1) It is materially impossible, according to our present knowledge of the limits of human memory, to have an exact and complete transcription, in an unknown language, of a whole series of phrases, with punctuation, dots of omission, and accents, as in the phrases ix., x., xi., xii., xiii., xiv., xv., which were written in my presence within the space of scarcely an hour.

This is all the more impossible as it is a case of visual transcription, since we have  $\delta\mu\lambda\omicron\upsilon\varsigma$  for  $\delta\mu\lambda\omicron\upsilon\varsigma$ ;  $\sigma\omicron\lambda\iota\omega\mu\alpha\delta\varsigma$  for  $\sigma\omicron\lambda\iota\omega\mu\omicron\upsilon\varsigma$ ;  $\pi\alpha\rho\omicron\delta\phi$  for  $\pi\alpha\rho\omicron\delta\phi$ ; it is, therefore, a transcription without previous-reading, which would have given the correct spelling; a transcription of signs without meaning, since the writer did not know Greek terminology.

I have taken the pains to count, out of curiosity, the Greek letters and accents thus written before my eyes, in conformity with the phrases in the Dictionary. They are 622 in number (phrases ix. to xv.). The errors or omissions are forty-two in number; this forms therefore a proportion of 6.7% of omissions or errors. Thus, 622 signs were written, with only 6% of errors.

To these 622 signs must be added 913 contained in the letter sent to me, written, as I have said, under the same conditions; in all, 1,535 signs, written from memory, without comprehension of the text.

To suppose that the human memory has this power, is to surpass the limits of probabilities.

(2) A second and still more striking demonstration can be

given. The phrase beginning with "Χρησθαι," etc. [viii. A], is not given in French in the Dictionary of Byzantios. It is only given in Latin, and in the Latin of Cicero which is rather difficult to understand when a special study of Latin has not been made.

I look upon it as a fact that a person who is not well acquainted with Latin will not be able to understand these words: "*Græcis licet utare, cum voles, si te latinæ forte deficiant.*" We then come to this absurdity, that Mme. X., while not knowing Greek, knows Latin, since she used, in order to say what she wished to say, a Greek phrase (which she did not understand), translated from a Latin phrase (which she could not understand either). There is here a second manifest absurdity.

(3) The fact that phrase ix. was written in my presence, with as much perfection in the transcription as phrases viii. A, B, and D, renders the fact absolutely certain that these latter phrases were written under the same conditions. The peculiarities of the writing are the same; thus, for example, the word μικρον for μικρον. The proportion of accents which are wanting is similar: 130 against 198, or 66% of the full number; while in the phrases written in my presence 86% of the accents are correct. The accents were therefore inserted rather more correctly and completely in the phrases written in my presence than in those written in my absence.

It is therefore certain that all the quotations from the translation of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, and from the translation of Eugène Sue, were given under the same conditions as phrase ix., which was recently written in my presence.

(4) The Dictionary of Byzantios consists of a French-Greek dictionary and a Greek-French dictionary. Now all the phrases that I have quoted are taken from the Greek-French dictionary, that is to say, from a dictionary which could only be used by a person who knows Greek for translating Greek into French. For if we wish to translate from French into Greek, we find only the Greek word, and never the detailed phrase; so that in order to express an idea (in other words, to write a theme in Greek, as in the present case), this abridged French-Greek lexicon does not give any of the

phrases referred to, and we must know Greek in order to make use of the other, or Greek-French dictionary. In other words, the dictionary is intended for translation from the Greek, and not for writing in Greek. This remark is of great importance, for it is difficult to find how to express what one wishes to say, merely by the aid of a dictionary intended for translation from that language into French. For instance, supposing that a pupil wishes to say "The writing resembles the original," or "The copy is like the book" he finds at *écriture*, γραφή, γράφισμον; at *manuscrit* χειρογραφος; at *copie*, αντίγραφον, ἀπομίμημα; on the other hand, at *ressemble*, he will read ἀλλάζω; at *semblable*, ὅμοιος, παρόμοιος; and at *impression*, τυπωσις; at *livre*, βιβλίον; at *original*, πρωτοτύπος. So that he will have seven or eight possible phrases. Now the phrase that was written is identical with that found in the Greek-French dictionary. We must therefore suppose, which is absurd, that this Greek theme was composed from a dictionary intended for translation from the Greek, and which could only be of use to a person *who already knew Greek*.

For all these reasons of a technical order, which are decisive, and which, I repeat, have quite as much force as reasons of a moral order, I consider the hypothesis of fraud, astute, complicated, prolonged fraud, implying the possession and the study of Byzantios' book, as being ridiculously absurd.

Permit me here to make a short digression.

Too often, when we are face to face with facts which we cannot explain, we are tempted to solve them by a simple suspicion which is not supported by any evidence. Whatever be the personal honour of the parties in question, we take no account of this. We solve every difficulty by a short word which explains without commentary and without proof. We forget that if bad faith is easy to prove, it is impossible to establish good faith. I do not remember who it was that said, "If I were accused of having put the towers of Notre-Dame in my pocket, I should first of all get out of the reach of prosecution." In reality, in this case, the hypothesis of fraud is

just as absurd as that of the theft of the towers of Notre-Dame. We must remember that there is no other reason for alleging trickery than the difficulty of admitting the reality of a phenomenon which we do not understand. As if we understood everything in Nature! Alas, in reality, we witness many phenomena which we foolishly imagine we understand, but of which, in reality, we have not an approximate, or even the slightest, notion.

To speak of fraud because we do not understand, is as absurd as the exclamation of an excellent man, an honourable Academician, who, when the first phonograph was shown to him in 1879, declared that it was ventriloquism. He did not understand, and, in order not to admit a phenomenon which was incomprehensible to him, he imagined deception, thus dispensing with any intellectual effort.

We now come to the two other hypotheses which, I must say, seem to me quite as unacceptable.

2. The hypothesis of *unconscious memory* requires to be closely examined.

Here, in fact, there can be no question of fraud. For this hypothesis presupposes that the book in question had been seen *en passant*, so to speak, for a few moments only; that it had then been forgotten, but that the recollection had been engraved in the unconscious memory (the subliminal self), without the conscious personality having any cognisance of the fact.

Such examples are not rare, and in the study of hypnotism some remarkable cases have been reported. But we do not think that it can be a question of this in the present case, for several reasons.

I will, first of all, remark that when Mme. X. gave the writings in question, she was not at all in a state of hypnosis. At the beginning, in the first experiments, there was real trance; but little by little the phenomena came to be produced without any trance, with complete preservation of the normal, conscious personality; at most there was a slight vagueness, a transient overclouding, which was dissipated by the slightest word from without.

This, however, matters little; for it is not absolutely necessary to suppose a state of hypnosis, latent or manifest, in order that the unconscious memory may show itself.

The difficulty lies entirely in the prodigious extension, unheard-of and improbable, that would then be given to the powers of the human memory.

Let us suppose that Mme. X. had observed and turned over the leaves of Byzantios' book outside a second-hand book-shop, a thing which is not impossible certainly, although very improbable. What is impossible is that she should have unconsciously read at least a hundred pages of this Greek book, so as to have had under her eyes, at least once, the phrases which would apply to the different situations in which she was to find herself; for she wrote this phrase, which exactly answers the question which I put to her: "τὸ ἀντίγραφον, etc."; "*the copy is conformable to the original.*" It is absurd to suppose that, on opening the book, her eyes fell upon this precise phrase, that she remembered it at the right time, with its French signification and the corresponding Greek typographical form. Even this is not enough, for she must also have seen many other phrases, of which she had unconsciously retained the meaning, after having seen the characters. Why should she have said, "*I no longer know English,*" at the same time that she wrote δὲν ἤξεύρω Ἀγγλικά—and why did she hum "*Souvenez-vous en,*" when she wrote ἐνθυμησον τὸ? This would presuppose the enormous absurdity that she had gone through the whole dictionary (in a state of unconsciousness), and that she had retained phrases enough to be able to apply them to the various conditions in which she was to find herself later on. (The pages, in fact, on which the quotations are found are numerous: pages α and ε of the Prolegomena; pages 181, 139, 310, 246, 341 313, 307, 113, 149. This supposes that she had read at least eleven pages.)

It might be admitted, by going to extremes, that a superficial reading, retained by the unconscious memory, might include one or two phrases, not having a meaning directly applicable to the present conditions; but that a number of phrases, all quite coherent, should

thus be retained, is really absolutely impossible ; the fact of turning over the leaves of a book does not give rise to precise and manifold recollections.

The conditions as regards duration must also come into play. For if, according to the testimony of Mme. X., she has had opportunities, very rarely, and certainly quite by chance, of turning over, *en passant*, some old books, this was at a period comparatively remote ; that is to say, only in 1899 ; since that time she has had no opportunity of seeing any Greek book whatever.

As early as June, 1900, there was written a phrase identical with one which occurs in the Dictionary of Byzantios (vi.), and probably even in November, 1899, when the word *διωργενος* was given, a word which belongs, not to ancient, but to modern Greek, indicating that even at that time there was a relation between the Dictionary of Byzantios and the Greek writing of Mme. X. So that, even if we make what appears to us to be the inadmissible supposition of unconscious memory, we should have to attribute to it the unheard-of faculty of persisting *during five years* without any alteration, giving the textual reproduction of all the signs, which were incomprehensible, but which remained in the memory.

Lastly, the difficulty is not less in supposing that the memory has this prodigious aptitude (unknown up to the present) for retaining the smallest graphic signs. Whatever credit we accord to the unconscious memory, even if it be proclaimed as a sovereign divinity which can do everything, this is not a rational explanation. We have just refused to admit such a power for the conscious, reflecting memory, and we cannot postulate this power for the unconscious, non-reflecting, involuntary memory, which is capable of much, but which, we believe, is incapable of fixing all the details of such a complicated picture as a page of Greek, when each of the signs traced is devoid of sense and the language is unknown.

Besides, the objection which I made above, as to the impossibility of understanding the phrase of Cicero : "*Græcis licet utare, cum voles, si te latinæ forte deficiant,*" remains equally valid, as well for the unconscious as for the reflecting memory.

We can therefore resolutely conclude that the fact of thus writing, with perfect correctness, long Greek phrases, is, in the present state of psychology, absolutely inexplicable, and that it is a desperate attempt to escape the inexplicable to take refuge in the hypothesis of a prodigious memory.

For up to the present no such feat of memory has been recorded. When calculating prodigies work out long series of figures which have been called out to them, in reality they are speaking a special language which is familiar to them, and to which long use, aided by an extraordinary cerebral apparatus, has accustomed them. When a musician retains all the orchestral parts of a score, it is again a case of a language which he knows well. But in this case there is nothing of the kind; it is signs, and nothing but signs, which are reproduced with all their delicate punctuation, down to the smallest details, and which are the symbols of an absolutely unintelligible language.

Nevertheless the fact exists. It is a hard, indisputable fact, and no one can deny it. It cannot be explained by memory, as we have just shown. Let us see whether the *spirit* hypothesis can account for it any better.

3. The two preceding hypotheses having been shown to be absurd, we may resort to another one. But we shall see that the theory of spirits is not any more admissible.

In fact, what we know or think we know as to the reality of spirits, and as to their power, is so vague that the supposition that we have to do with spirits really amounts to admitting our ignorance of the matter. The spirits are *Dii ex machina*, easily invented in order to supply an explanation. To explain a phenomenon which we do not understand by means of phenomena still more incomprehensible is very doubtful logic. Just as savages explain hail, rain and lightning by the action of genii and devils, so the spiritists explain that which surpasses our human comprehension by unknown, undefined forces, which they call "spirits." In other words, it is explaining the unexplained by the inexplicable.

Having said this, let us assume for a moment that the personality of the dead does not disappear, and that it still mingles with our earthly life. In this case the personality who returned would probably be Antoine Augustin Renouard, since the signature A. A. R. was given. But this supposition gives rise to many difficulties.

In the first place, Ant. Aug. Renouard was not, strictly speaking, a Hellenist. He was a publisher and bibliophile; he published *Daphnis et Chloe*: but his knowledge of Greek was not exceptional, and he probably did not know modern Greek. Now the book in question dates from 1846; A. A. R. died in 1853, at the age of 86; moreover, since 1825 he had quite given up publishing in order to devote himself exclusively to the collection of old books.

It will be noticed also that A. A. R. signed himself *δισεγγενος*, which does not mean great-grandfather, but great-grandson. In the Dictionary of Byzantios (French-Greek), there is nothing at Great-grandfather [*arrière grand-père*]; there is *πάππος* at *Grand-père*, and *δισεγγονος* (not *δισεγγενος*) at *arrière-petit-fils*; at the word *Bisaïeul*, there is *πρόπαππος*.

If the proofs are weak, or rather *nil*, in favour of the hypothesis of the survival of A. A. R.'s personality, they are naturally still weaker for that of the intervention of any other personality, and it is useless to expatiate upon them.

There still remains, it is true, the recourse to a sort of *mixed hypothesis*, in which there would be, on the one hand, unconscious memory, and on the other the use, by an outside intelligence, of the signs remaining in the subliminal memory. But we strike here on the same difficulties as before; for the hypothesis of a spirit explains nothing, and it is quite impossible, as we have said, to suppose the unconscious memory (aided or not by a "spirit") capable of retaining this enormous mass of graphic signs.

As for the hypothesis of thought transference, if, going to extremes, we may admit it in the case of the last phrases given, when I had, being near to Mme. X., read and gone through the dictionary attentively, it is elsewhere inadmissible; for all the

earlier phrases were given at a time when I was absolutely ignorant of the existence of the book.

\* \* \*

We have now come to the end of this analysis, which I have not been able to make any shorter.

We have seen that three hypotheses can be formulated—*conscious memory—unconscious memory—influence of a spirit*; and we have shown that they are all three absurd.

But because the explanations are absurd, is that any reason for rejecting the facts? It would be a grave error to wish, at any cost, to give a rational explanation to facts which we do not understand. There are in Nature facts which surpass our comprehension. Before the movement of the heavenly bodies was known could eclipses be understood? What explanation could be furnished to those who were ignorant of the revolution of the moon and earth around the sun? This knowledge is indispensable to the understanding of eclipses. If Thales, who discovered the electrical properties of amber, came among us again, he would understand nothing of the theory of ions; and Basil Valentine, if he were told *ex abrupto* of the theories of stereo-chemistry, would think, with good reason, that there was some magic in it.

In the same way, again, Lavoisier, that 'genial and fruitful discoverer, denied that meteorites existed, and he was tempted to believe that people were liars who asserted that they had seen stones fall from the sky.

Here we are face to face with a positive, undeniable fact. We cannot explain it. If we assume that it is a phenomenon of memory, conscious or otherwise, we fall into a series of prodigious improbabilities. We are forced to ascribe to the memory powers which it does not possess, to construct a whole scaffolding of supposition, not in conformity with the facts, contradictory to all justice and all truth. Is it not better to say that we are in the presence of the unexplained?

And why should science be afraid to pronounce this word? Unexplained does not mean inexplicable. We have seen how,

successively, the phenomena have developed, becoming, at long intervals of time, more and more clear, without having yet attained the necessary degree of precision. Who knows whether, by pursuing this study with patience (waiting for the phenomena, for they cannot be induced), we shall not finally come upon the solution of a problem the terms of which I have stated, while declaring that the solution is unknown to me?

For my part, I have no hesitation in declaring that a fact, minutely observed, may remain inexplicable; this is an avowal that I do not hesitate to make, for I believe that many errors would have been avoided if those who studied the phenomena of Nature had had, more frequently, the courage of modesty.

#### APPENDIX.

The above article was already written when a new phenomenon was forthcoming. On Friday, May 26th, 1905, I was speaking to Mme. X. concerning the foregoing. We had been somewhat lengthily discussing the Greek passages, and other facts relating to the phenomena in question, when Mme. X. passed rather suddenly into a state of semi-consciousness, and wrote in my presence the phrases herewith reproduced in facsimile (p. 37).\*

(As with the preceding phrases, so in this case the writing was done slowly and tremblingly: it appeared to necessitate a great effort of application: it looked as though the text, which Mme. X. was trying to decipher, was being held up before her eyes in space.)

All these phrases, with the exception of the three last, are the reproduction of the words of the Christ in the Gospel of St. John. I give herewith the Greek text according to the edition of Tauchnitz [Leipzig, 1903].

[1] *Ἐἶπεν οὖν ὁ Ἰησοῦς πρὸς αὐτόν, ἐὰν μὴ σημεῖα καὶ τέρατα ἴδητε, οὐ μὴ πιστεύσητε.*

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\* I am numbering these various phrases 1, 2, etc., for the sake of simplification, although no such numeration was given by Mme. X.—C. R.

- (1) εἶπεν οὖν ὁ Ἰησοῦς πρὸς αὐτοὺς  
Ἐὰν μὴ σημεῖα καὶ τέρατα ἴδῃτε,  
οὐ μὴ πιστευσῆτε
- (2) Ἀμὴν ἀμὴν λέγω ὑμῖν, ὅτι οὐκ ἐνώκεις εἰ,  
τὰ ἔργα ἃ ἐγὼ ποιῶ, κἀκείνος ποιήσει καὶ  
μειζονα τούτων ποιήσει ὅτι ἐγὼ πρὸς  
τὸν πατέρα μου ἰσχυρίζομαι.
- (3) Καθ' ὃ, τί ἂν αἰτησῆτε ἐν τῷ ὀνόματι μου,  
τούτο ποιήσω ἵνα δοξασθῇ ὁ πατήρ  
ἐν τῷ υἱῷ
- (4) Ἐὰν τι αἰτήσῃτε ἐν τῷ ὀνόματι μου,  
ἐγὼ ποιήσω.
- (5) Ἐν τῷ κρυφῷ καὶ ὁ κόσμος με οὐκ ἐπι-  
θεωρεῖ ὑμεῖς δὲ θεωρεῖτέ με ὅτι ἐγὼ  
ἴδω καὶ ὑμεῖς ζήσεσθε.
- (6) Οὐκ ἐπιθεωρεῖ ὑμᾶς λέγων δούλους. \*
- (7) Ταῦτα ἐντέλλομαι ὑμῖν, ἵνα ἀγαπάτε  
ἀλλήλους.
- (8) Μειζονα ταύτης ἀγάπης οὐδεὶς ἔχει, ἵνα  
ἴσῃ τὴν ψυχὴν αὐτῆς ἵνα ὑπερ τῶν φίλων  
αὐτοῦ.
- (9) Νῦν δὲ ὑπάγω πρὸς τὸν πέντακτά με.
- (10) Δὲν ἠμπορῶ πλέον.
- (11) τελεσουργός.
- (12) **Τέλος.**
- (13) ΚΥΡΗΝΑΙΩΝ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΝΟΣ ΑΑΡ

[St. John iv. 48.] *Then Jesus said unto him, Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.*

[2] Ἀμὴν ἀμὴν λέγω ὑμῖν, ὁ πιστεύων εἰς ἐμέ τὰ ἔργα ἃ ἐγὼ ποιῶ καὶ ἐκεῖνος ποιήσει, καὶ μείζονα τούτων ποιήσει, ὅτι ἐγὼ πρὸς τὸν πατέρα μου πορεύομαι.

[St. John xiv. 12.] *Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also ; and greater works than these shall he do ; because I go unto my Father.*

[3] Καὶ ὃ τί ἂν αἰτήσητε ἐν τῷ ὀνόματί μου τοῦτο ποιήσω, ἵνα δοξασθῇ ὁ πατήρ ἐν τῷ υἱῷ.

[St. John xiv. 13.] *And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.*

[4] Ἐάν τι αἰτήσητε ἐν τῷ ὀνόματι μου, ἐγὼ ποιήσω.

[St. John xiv. 14.] *If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.*

[5] Ἐτι μικρὸν, καὶ ὁ κόσμος με οὐκέτι θεωρεῖ, ὑμεῖς δὲ θεωρεῖτέ με, ὅτι ἐγὼ ζῶ καὶ ὑμεῖς ζήσεσθε.

[St. John xiv. 19.] *Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more ; but ye see me : because I live, ye shall live also,*

[6] Οὐκέτι ὑμᾶς λέγω δούλους. . .

[St. John xv. 15.] *Henceforth I call you not servants. . . .*

[7] ταῦτα ἐντέλλομαι ὑμῖν, ἵνα ἀγαπᾶτε ἀλλήλους.

[St. John xv. 17.] *These things I command you, that ye love one another.*

[8] Μείζονα ταύτης ἀγάπην οὐδεὶς ἔχει, ἵνα τις τὴν ψυχὴν αὐτοῦ θῆῃ ὑπὲρ τῶν φίλων αὐτοῦ.

[St. John xv. 13.] *Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*

[9] Νῦν δὲ ὑπάγω πρὸς τὸν πέμψαντά με. . .

[St. John xvi. 5.] *But now I go my way to him that sent me. . . .*

[10] δὲν ἤμπορῶ πλέον.

[11] Τελεσιουργός.

[12] Τέλος.

These words [10, 11, 12] are modern Greek. At the word ἤμπορῶ (p. 146, Vol. II., first edition, Byzantios Dictionary) we find : δὲν ἤμπορῶ [*To be under the impossibility*]. The meaning of these words is, therefore : " I can do no more . . . he who has finished his work . . . The End."

(The last word in this particular piece of automatic script is written in *Hebrew*, and signifies *Salutation* or *Farewell*.)

In working out a technical analysis similar to the one we gave to the previous phrases, we notice the remarkable conformity of the automatic writing with the Greek text. There are 633 characters of diverse kinds; the proportion of errors is very slight; there are but fifty-four errors or omissions, that is to say, 8% of error, which is almost a minimum.

Moreover, it is nearly always a case of accents omitted or wrongly placed; for there are only two mistakes in the text: in the phrase [4], instead of ἐν τῇ ὀνόματί μου, the τ in ὀνόματί is omitted, and we have ἐν τῇ ὀνόμα ι μου. In phrase [8] it is again the letter τ which is omitted: instead of ἵνα τις τὴν ψυχὴν, the writing gives: ἵνα ις τὴν ψυχὴν.

However, there is an essential remark to make: If the text of Byzantios is unique, and no variations as to accents and punctuation can exist therein, the same cannot be said of the Gospel of St. John, of which there are certainly very many editions. Mme. X. tells me she has a vague recollection of an ancient edition in Greek of the New Testament, which her family possessed. We may suppose that the accents are not identical in this edition and in the Tauchnitz edition which I have before me. What makes me think that some relation exists between this automatic script and the edition Mme. X. speaks of, is the fact that τοῦτο is written τστο; ὀνόματί μου is written ὀνόματί μδ. (However, at the next line, the word, μου is written μον.)

ψυχὴν αὐτοῦ is written ψυχὴν αὐτδ. Further back, at phrase [2], πιστεύων, is written πισεύων, and this seems to indicate that the text bearing relation to the writing is a text in ancient Greek orthography.\*

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\* Since the above was written, I have been able to discover the Greek Testament of which I then had but a vague recollection.

I wrote to Australia and received from my husband a small Testament

The word *οὐκ ἐτι* is written in two words at phrase [5] and in one word at phrase [6].

The number of accents in the Greek text is 167, while in Mme. X.'s writing there are 121. The proportion of omissions is therefore 27%.

But what truly strikes us is the almost absolute correctness of the text: this accuracy is probably highly superior to that of which students, after two years' study of the language, would be capable.

Finally the adaptation is perfect between the ideas expressed; as, after the fine words which St. John gives to the Christ, there is written: "*I can do no more. . . . I have finished my work. . . . It is the end.*" These words are written in quite a different text, and in almost another language—the text of Byzantios and modern Greek.

I think there is no need to dwell longer upon the variety of the Greek phrases thus given. We have not only phrases from the Dictionary of Byzantios (Preface, Dedication, Lexicon) but also quotations from Plato (*Apology of Socrates*, and *Phædrus*), and these long quotations from the Gospel of St. John: that is to say we have quotations from four distinctly different works, and *always* the given phrase—as I have several times pointed out—is admirably adapted to the conditions of the time being.

(*Note by Mme. X.*).—The foregoing report formed the subject of an address given before the Society for Psychical Research, London, by Prof. Richet, on May 11th, 1905.

It was afterwards reproduced in *THE ANNALS OF PSYCHICAL SCIENCE* for June, 1905.

Later on, in December, 1905, it was published in *The Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, Part LI., Vol. XIX., where it formed the subject of discussion; Sir Oliver Lodge, Mrs. Verrall, Mr. Feilding and Miss Johnson each contributing a paper.

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which had been in his library for over fifty years, and which he had used in college when a small boy. The testament was published by Bagster, London, in 1829.

On comparing the phrases of the Gospel reproduced by me with the same phrases in the Testament in question, there can be no doubt but that the latter was the source of the representation visualised by me.—(MME. X.)

Sir Oliver Lodge concludes: . . . "I doubt if the script of Mme. X. represents a case of memory at all; it seems to me more like a case of copying—of copying something actually before her, which Prof. Richet's evidence appears to negative, or else of *type mentally seen in a manner something analogous to a crystal vision* (the italics are mine)—where the thing seen is vivid enough to be drawn or written down, without necessarily any understanding at the time."

Mrs. Verrall, after an exhaustive analysis, writes that, judging exclusively from the internal evidence of the script, "there is not sufficient information, to warrant a conclusion."

She considers, however, that the evidence suggests a *double source*; and supposes the splitting of the personality of Mme. X.: Mme. X. (X.<sup>2</sup>) gets books, acting blindly, *unconsciously*, on suggestions from the subliminal consciousness (X<sup>1</sup>), who is therefore the responsible agent, whilst the normal Mme. X. is the automatist of the active subliminal.

Mr. Feilding and Miss Johnson, in their joint paper, will admit of no explanation save that of deliberate, conscious, premeditated fraud, aided by chance and a marvellous memory; they seem to base their conviction chiefly on:

- (1°) Mme. X.'s desire to learn Greek in November, 1899;
- (2°) the presence of the Greek Dictionary in the Library (*Bibliothèque Nationale*, Paris);
- (3°) the production of one of the Greek sentences by *raps*;
- (4°) the evidence of progress in the accuracy of the script;
- (5°) the humming of the tune *Souvenez-vous-en* before the production of the corresponding Greek phrase.\*

Mr. Feilding and Miss Johnson seem to me sincere in their conviction of fraud on my part. Indeed so great is their sincerity, that they congratulated me on the success with which I carried off the affair; and in a joint letter they were so good as to write me (28th January, 1906), they tell me they consider that "*the incident was a good joke on your part against students of these obscure phenomena*"; and they beg me to permit them "*to treat the affair in no tragic spirit.*"

It may be well, therefore, to interrupt Prof. Richet's *Memoir*, by reproducing herewith his reply to Mr. Feilding and Miss Johnson:

#### PROFESSOR RICHET'S REPLY TO THE OBSERVATIONS OF MR. FEILDING AND MISS JOHNSON.

There is first of all a doctrinal point which can be solved in a few words. My critics tell me that it is merely a question as to

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\* *Proceedings*, Part LI., page 259.

whether their explanation is *easier* than mine. But that is not the question at all, for I give *no explanation*. . . I construct absolutely no theory; so that the explanation by fraud is neither easier nor simpler than mine, as I give none. Where nothing exists there can be no comparison. I claim only that this explanation by fraud cannot be supported.

• I shall put aside all moral objections and discuss only the technical objections.

The following are essential :

(1) Mme. X. does not know Greek.

(2) The phrases she has written are phrases reproduced by visual memory and not by phonetic memory.

(3) It is not possible to suppose that the visual memory is capable of furnishing long phrases, the sense of which is unknown, and which are revealed solely by visual signs.

I shall demonstrate successively these three points.

(1) Mme. X. does not know Greek. On this point Mrs. Verrall's argumentation is decisive. F. and J. are forced to admit "*she knows extremely little*." But this extremely little is so little that it is nothing. The efforts of Mme. X. to learn Greek confined themselves to buying two Greek text-books through a friend, and not looking at them. Moreover, if Mme. X. had really wished to hide from me the possession of these two books, nothing would have been easier. She could easily have concealed these two tiny volumes, and thus destroyed the argument which appears of such importance to F. and J. (*Mme. X.'s desire to learn Greek.*)

(2) The phrases are from writing *read* and not phonetically pronounced. This point is capital and merits all our attention.

First of all, I do not understand how F. and J. can say that there exist, in this case, only very few examples establishing that the reproduction is due to the visual memory. For instance: when there is " . . . ολα, etc. . . " and the Greek text gives, " . . . ὄλα, etc. . . ," it is evident that the two points which precede and the two points which follow reply to no "phonetism" but solely to a fact of visual representation. The same for all the

accents without exception. If we cannot quote many words where the visual representation is glaringly revealed, it is because every time the copy is exact we are unable to decide whether it be due to "phonetism" or to visualisation. But then why the accents? Why is there τοῦ κλωδίονος exactly as in the text, whilst the phonetic memory might have written, by one who was ignorant of Greek, τόν κλώδιονος just as well as τοῦ κλωδίονος?

The same argumentation can be repeated for all the words without exception.

It is therefore evident that everything has been written by visualisation and not phonetically.

There is no doubt on this point. It is not by "phonetism" that there was representative memory, but by visualisation.

(3) Now is it possible to conceive of a memory capable of reproducing visual signs (deprived of all sense, as Mme. X. knows no Greek) in such great numbers and with such perfection? . . .

I shall conclude by saying: *To reproduce, solely by visualisation, 622 signs, surpasses the bounds of human memory.* Until I have been shown such a prodigy, I shall persist in regarding the hypothesis of an extraordinarily super-active memory as divested of all authority.

Moreover, I find this admission in the remark which F. and J. are obliged to make: "*The abnormality lies in an unusually strong and vivid visual memory.*" And, to say the truth, this is indeed all I affirm, in so far as we are only discussing the technical conditions. But it must be admitted that a hyper-acuteness of memory, such as is without example, cannot serve as an explanation for a phenomenon already rendered improbable *a priori* by the *ensemble* of the moral conditions under which it was forthcoming (F. and J. rightly suppose that I took every precaution against the possibility of a page written up beforehand, hidden by Mme. X. and copied by her at her leisure under my very eyes).

Thus we arrive at the conclusion that we are forced to admit an abnormal phenomenon; that is, a visual memory of such intensity that it is, up to the present, totally unknown. But we must then

recognise that this is no *rational* explanation. We should consider as rational only that which is established by experience; now no experience, up to the present, has proved that the visual memory can reproduce twenty-five lines of an unknown language.

There is another element of appreciation over which F. and J. glide in silence. But I insist upon it, because it is of capital importance. This is the phrase which is translated from Cicero; and in which the Latin text and the Greek text are alone given, so that Mme. X., who does not know Latin, has written the Greek phrase without knowing what the meaning of it was.

If that phrase were insignificant, it would prove nothing; but it just happens that this phrase applies most strictly to what follows.

What! Here is Mme. X., who sends me a document in Greek writing; and in the beginning of this document is written in Greek: "*You can when you like use Greek characters, if by chance Latin characters fail you.*" Is it possible to maintain that this phrase does not strictly apply to the sending of documents written in Greek?

Certainly we may invoke chance. But this explanation, if it is one, is too easy to be made use of in a scientific discussion.

To sum up, in conclusion: The explanation which F. and J. propose is founded upon three propositions dependent one on the other, and all three necessary.

(a) There was prolonged, cunning, deliberate, permanent fraud.

Now all the moral conditions are against this proposition, since the one and only reason invoked to maintain it is the strangeness of the phenomenon produced.

(b) There was a prodigious super-activity of the visual memory.

Now, up to the present such hyper-acuteness of memory has not yet been observed. It is therefore advancing an improbable hypothesis to admit of a phenomenon which has no precedent.

(c) There were lucky hits which resulted in finding just the right words and phrases.

Now chance, as a scientific explanation, does not exist.

Rather than admit these three concomitant absurdities: fraud,

chance and supernatural memory, I prefer to declare simply that I do not understand.

So that my conclusion that we have here an unexplained phenomenon—and I have never claimed anything more—rests absolutely intact.\*

*Other Writings—Other Languages.*

Mme. X. has sometimes written in Latin. Once (in 1900) as I was insisting that the state of trance should leave neither fatigue nor any other painful resulting effects, she wrote, whilst still in trance :

*“My daughter, nulla vestigia retrorsum.”*

A little while before she had written the following phrase, which bore no reference to any incident in our previous conversation :

*“Deus creator omnium ; redde Cæsari quæ sunt Cæsaris, et quæ sunt Dei Deo.”*†

As to the Latin, this is what Mme. X. wrote to Mr. Myers at the time (April, 1900) :

“I have never learnt Latin, but frequently when writing I receive *clair-audiently* appropriate Latin sentences, which I can often write unhesitatingly and without error. Sometimes when I come across a Latin quotation, the meaning is clear with the clearness of familiarity, though I am positive I have neither studied the language nor had Latin works in my hands. . . . When corresponding with X., I have not, I believe, once written a Latin word, though he is acquainted with this tongue ; but when writing to my son G., I am frequently obliged to destroy and rewrite my letters, so many Latin words have cropped up, obliterating all interest and sense therein for the little child who does not yet know Latin.”

Three or four times in my presence Mme. X. has written in Arabic. At these times she wrote, as the Arabs do, from right to

\* Is there any need to add that if we searched for analogous examples of xenoglossy, we would find some well-authenticated ones, such, for example, as that presented by Laura, the daughter of Judge Edmonds?—C. R.

† On another occasion the words : *“Mors Janua Vitæ”* came appropriately and spontaneously. I was not very well, and was thinking of the relief in Death.—MME. X.

left; the characters did not appear to have any particular sense. My friend R., who has examined them, tells me that the word *Allah* was among them, and that it was spelt in the ancient Arabic manner.

Now Mme. X. does not know Arabic. The most we can suppose is that in visiting some mosque (Mme. X. has passed through Cairo), certain characters written in the interior might have caught her eye, and that she had unconsciously preserved the recollection of them. Perhaps also a book containing Arabic characters might have fallen under her notice, and the memory of these lines may have remained with her. So that the fact of these Arabic characters being written is not as interesting as the phrases written in Greek. A well-developed unconscious memory may explain them to some extent.

Lastly, to finish with the references to languages, I will say that several times Mme. X. wrote in English in the form of mirror-writing, and with great rapidity.

It is very difficult to write rapidly in mirror-writing, and we must suppose a quite special psychic adaptability. But strange as this phenomenon is it can be explained by a psychological derangement, which, though very singular, has nothing super-natural about it, and there is no need to resort to the hypothesis of super-normal psychical action.

In the last analysis, if we seek for what results from the Greek, Arabic, and mirror-writing, we shall see that the mirror-writing may be explained by a psychological trouble in the writing; that the Arabic can be explained by unconscious hypermnesia; but that the Greek remains an unexplained phenomenon.

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## II.

### *Lucidity relating to deceased persons.*

(A) *The Antoine Augustine Renouard and Charles Aug. Renouard Episodes.*

I shall commence the narrative of these experiments in lucidity

by mentioning the facts with regard to A. A. R. and Ch. A. R., because they are the most disconcerting—I will not say the most convincing—of all that I shall have to relate.

From the first sitting, November 7th, 1899, Mme. X. spoke to me of my great-grandfather, Ant. Aug. Renouard, and of my grandfather, Ch. Aug. Renouard. The details given were very exact, but I do not think it necessary to give them all here in detail, for they are not unpublished, and therefore prove nothing.

In 1880 I published a biographical notice of the lives and works of my grandfather, Ch. Aug. Renouard, and of my great-grandfather, Ant. A. Renouard, which appeared in the *Revue politique et littéraire*. At the outset of my experiments it was much more simple to suppose that this notice had been read by Mme. X., that a set of this Review was to be found in a *pension de famille* in Switzerland, where she had been the previous year. I therefore at first supposed that this old Review article had come under her notice. We shall see whether this hypothesis can be defended.

Here are some of the details given by Mme. X. at various seances. As always, I give Mme. X.'s words without changing anything. Sometimes they are notes written by her in my presence; sometimes they are her words, which I took down in shorthand, as far as possible, and with the maximum of precision.

“I see near me someone who calls himself Antoine Augustin. He felt much sorrow at the death of André Chénier! He knew Latin, Greek, and made a study of bibliography. He occupied himself with books. He was very old when he died, more than eighty. He had a son who was in connection with you, and a brother (no, she added, a son) who was named Jules. . . . My life on earth seems but a dream [here it is as though A. A. R. himself were speaking]. In Rue Saint André des Beaux-Arts I passed many years. My books, my engravings, my manuscripts, are they all sold? The books which I loved, Manutius and . . . the Estiennes. There were manuscripts. I was eighty-nine when the dream ended at St.-Valery-sur-Somme.”

Now all these details relating to the life of Ant. Aug. Renouard are in the Dictionnaire Larousse.

The following details are not in that Dictionary, but in the bibliographic notice which I published :

“ Antoine speaks to me of his wife. She speaks to me of Adèle, Louise, Beauchamp, and of Paul, and of Charles (she was very fond of Paul). Her father was a soldier in the French army. Why also Marie ? ”

Many other details followed, but which are of comparatively little importance, since they give nothing but what is either in the Dictionnaire Larousse or in the bibliographic notice published by me.

Having communicated to Mme. X. my doubts as to the extra-natural revelation of these facts, I obtained from her the very energetic declaration that she had never looked in the Dictionnaire Larousse at what referred to me, or to my grandfather ; that she had not read and had never heard of a biography of Charles and A. A. Renouard. I replied quite frankly that no fact reported by her that was not unpublished could have any value ; that consequently all the details so far given by her of the lives of A. A. R. and of Ch. A. R. were without importance, since they were contained in the Dictionnaire Larousse and in the biography in question.

Then she added this (*in a state of trance*) :

“ You have a book which was read by you and by your grandfather—together—Virgil, perhaps. When I was in London I had a great desire to read Virgil. . . . I heard a voice which said to me: ‘ Read Virgil.’ One day, on going into a bookshop, I could not restrain myself from following this advice, and I bought a Virgil (in English). Since then, although I have not had the time to read it, I have had tranquillity, and I have heard no more about Virgil. Now I understand that it was Antoine, and perhaps also Charles Renouard, who gave me this desire to read Virgil. Moreover, your grandfather talked much to you, when you were a child, about morality, and you were much together.”

Now there is in the biographical notice a word about Virgil. In fact, this is what I say about my grandfather :

“When I was a child, he explained to me verses from Virgil, and seldom finished this little literary lesson without a moral lesson which left an ineffaceable trace in my young intelligence.”

To be impartial, I ought also to mention two episodes which, in conjunction with the facts which I have just narrated, have greatly perplexed and cruelly embarrassed me.

“Antoine gives me the name of Girard. . . . Someone talks of Poland. . . . Girard. . . . The father of the wife of Ch. A. R. ; died at the age of 70. Thin, dark man, somewhat disappointed expression on his face, determined and persevering. Hair went grey. Works hard, studying all his life ; perhaps with machinery, of an inventive turn of mind, was once in prison, can't say for what, probably for injustice ; someone near him with the name of Philippe. He lived with his brain more than with his family . . . all his thought was of making inventions, solving problems, etc.

These facts (Philippe de Girard, Poland, etc.) refer not to my great-grandfather, Pierre Simon Girard, engineer, father of my grandmother, Adèle Girard, who married Ch. A. Renouard in 1821, but to another celebrated engineer, Philippe *de* Girard, who is in no way related to me, and whose biography is given in Larousse and other dictionaries.

The second fact is as follows :

“Do you know a Louis Alfred, who is greatly interested in things going successfully with Charles Epheyre ? ”

Now this name of Louis Alfred is the name which the Dictionnaire Larousse incorrectly attributes to my father. Along with my name there is given also my pseudonym, “Charles Epheyre.”

I have tried to gather together all the facts which seem to prove that there was on the part of Mme. X. a machination directed towards making me believe in a supra-normal revelation, when in

reality she had acquired knowledge of these things by very simple and quite natural means. Now if I adopt this hypothesis I can reconstruct, in the following manner, the whole scaffolding built by Mme. X.

Knowing that I was to try experiments with her in November, 1899, she looked in the *Dictionnaire Larousse* (she possesses the small edition of that dictionary) to see whether my name was there. She found the name of my father, incorrectly given as Louis Alfred Richet, whereas in reality my father was called Didier-Dominique Alfred. She saw there my pseudonym, Charles Epheyre, and the name of my grandfather Charles Aug. Renouard. From the biography of Ch. A. Renouard she passed on to that of Antoine Augustin, his father. She also learned that the speeches delivered by my grandfather before the Cour de Cassation had been collected by me, forming a volume of 130 pages 8vo, with a biographical notice (P. Ollendorff, Paris, 1879). She could not buy this work, which is no longer on sale, the edition being exhausted, but she consulted it at a library. There she saw the name of Girard, engineer, as that of my great-grandfather. Without further verification, she looked in Larousse to see who this Girard, engineer, might be; and she found the name of Philippe de Girard.

On that hypothesis, therefore, she would, along with things quite germane to the subject, have committed two errors not imputable to herself, and which afford the proof that there is nothing supra-normal in her words, because on the contrary they would establish the origin of the information obtained. Lastly—and this is a point to which I shall have to return—in what she related concerning Ch. A. Renouard and A. A. R., nothing was said by her which had not appeared in a printed biography (St.-Valery-sur-Somme—Manutius—Estienne—verses of Virgil, etc.) so that the proof would be given that there was nothing in all this but trickery.

I have had to set forth this hypothesis in all its force, for there is no doubt that it will present itself to the mind of everyone, and I do not fear to say that for my part I have long and resolutely reflected on it.

If I had to seek other arguments than those of fact, and to give

moral proofs, I should simply say that I am *quite sure, absolutely certain*, of the good faith of Mme. X. ; but, I repeat, such arguments do not prove much, and the very nature of these experiments demands that I should establish by fact, and by fact alone, the innocence of Mme. X. We all know how difficult it is to prove the innocence of anyone !

Let us then examine the hypothesis of non-innocence, and see what it involves.

I leave aside the colossal improbability of a prolonged and constant machination, and will provisionally admit that Mme. X. spared no pains to lead me into error. After all, the Bibliothèque Nationale is not difficult of access, any more than the Dictionnaire Larousse. But then how was it that she did not give me still more details ? Why did she stop half way ?

Rigorously, one might suppose that a consummate cleverness had prevented her from giving me more than a few scattered notes. She might have given me half a volume of them ; she contented herself with a few indications ; this was clever, certainly. But it must be confessed that this cleverness was not very considerable, since she did not dream that I should suppose that she had consulted Larousse or the biography named. Simple as she may have thought me, she was wrong in thinking me so simple that I could not suppose that she had read the Dictionnaire Larousse. Even after I had told her that unpublished information was alone valuable, she continued to give me such as was not unpublished, for instance, the episode of the verses of Virgil and of the moral lessons given me by my grandfather.

Here, then, is extreme cleverness combined with extreme simplicity. Once she knew that I had begun to doubt, she could no longer, without an unreasonable confidence in my credulity, continue to give me as valid proofs the tales about Virgil and morality, since these details were not unpublished.

The two facts of "Philippe de Girard" and of "Louis Alfred" remain to be explained, for they constitute at first sight a presumption against her.

In fact the name of Louis Alfred Richet, French surgeon (1816-1890) is in the Dictionnaire Larousse, and yet this designation is erroneous, and is found nowhere else; so that it is evident that the designation of Louis Alfred given by her originated in the incorrect statement in Larousse.

Having declared this to Mme. X., I saw that she was not troubled by it, and she again asserted that she had not looked in the Dictionnaire. Now, on the occasion of my next visit to her, a day or two later, Mme. X. showed me a letter from Australia, which she had preserved, and which was some weeks old. This letter had been written to her by her husband, who charged her with a commission on behalf of a doctor, a friend of the family, namely, to procure for him the work of Dr. Louis Alfred Richet on *Fractures of the leg*: (This work, which is also mentioned in Larousse, is no longer on sale; it is a reprint of lessons on fractures of the leg which appeared in the *Union Médicale*.)

Thus, by a series of extraordinary coincidences, the name of Louis Alfred Richet came to Mme. X. from Australia. Improbable as it may appear, I was obliged to recognise the correctness of this explanation, for I saw the letter, in the handwriting of Mme. X.'s husband, with the date. The incident of the words Louis Alfred Richet occurred on the day on which Frederic Myers was present in December, 1899.

The episode of the error with regard to Girard is comparatively much simpler. This is how Mme. X. explained it in a letter to Mr. Myers:

"It was early in February, 1900, that I received clairaudiently the name of *Girard*; then there came the word *Napoleon*. Instantly a vague history, surrounding the word '*Girard*,' arose in my mind, so vague, that I thought I must have received the information in a dream; and seeing no reason to doubt that this was the source of these hazy recollections (especially as I am in the habit of receiving much of my '*clairvoyance*' by dreams, or accompanied by the same sensations and dream characteristics)—I wrote down most of what passed through my mind, and gave the notes to M. R.

"The next day M. R. said to me: 'You have made a mistake about the

name *Girard*. You have given the wrong man. Have you ever studied the Dictionary of Larousse?' The full meaning of his words, especially of his thoughts, was only apparent to me when his visit terminated. It appears the name of *Girard* occurs in his family, but I had written down—and thought that in so doing I was giving abnormally acquired information—all which concerned a certain Gerard who was in no way connected with this man's family, and which information it seems is all to be found in the Dictionary of Larousse.

"A day or two afterwards, in looking over a book of literary notes I had taken a year previously, before I even knew of the existence of M. Richet, I came across an allusion to 'Philippe de Girard and Napoleon'; the notes showed that I had been reading the former's life in connection with Napoleon.

"I believe I received the name *Girard* clairaudiently; but the name must immediately have invoked—unwittingly to myself—the associations I had a year previously connected with that name.

"One of the characteristics of any phenomena I receive, especially if I remain in a conscious state, is this: I am absolutely obliged to say, or write down, *everything* that floats through my mind; even if I know it to be incorrect. I must still mention everything lying in my consciousness, under penalty of losing the real pearl.

"I have therefore preferred not to fight against errors (due certainly to the play of a layer of consciousness very near to the normal), but to let them come and take a place also in my notes, trusting to my intuitive faculty to weed them out later on.

"For I repeat, the production of any startling proof of lucidity has, with me, always been, as it were, conditioned by the letting loose of the erring consciousness as well as the more subliminal consciousness; the first always seems to me to refuse the second the right of *entrée* unless allowed to have his say also."

I scarcely need to add that I have seen the book of notes taken by Mme. X. in 1898. It related to distinguished men in France from 1800 to 1825, and mentioned among others Châteaubriand and Philippe de Girard.

Consequently, if we do not accept the absolute sincerity of Mme. X., we are driven to suppose machinations more and more deep-laid, and a whole arsenal of duplicity: correspondents who send her from London letters which, forging the handwriting of Mme. X.'s husband, they antedate and feign to write from Sydney, introducing details which she asks them to insert; a note-book or

diary completely forged, and antedated, freshly written to give the appearance of an old note-book.

In view of such complexity of machination, the hypothesis, already extremely frail, of unconscious memory would disappear completely. It would be, in truth, altogether impossible to declare that so long a series of acts as I suppose above as having been executed by Mme. X., could have been unconscious.

There remain, then, two hypotheses; for chance and hypermnesia with unconsciousness are hypotheses which it is useless to discuss any further:

A. The hypothesis of a complicated deception;

B. The hypothesis of penetration into the past by an extra-natural lucidity.

Now the hypothesis of a complicated deception appears to me impossible to admit, for it supposes some psychological improbabilities, or rather, absolute psychological absurdities.

(1) Mme. X. must have made a gross mistake in confusing two persons as different as Philippe *de* Girard and Pierre Simon Girard, my great-grandfather. Nothing would have been easier, if she had gone to look up documents at the Bibliothèque Nationale, and elsewhere, than to obtain a series of correct details, and her error is so childish that it could not be explained. Philippe de Girard and Pierre Simon Girard are both names well enough known for their biographies to be easily consulted without the possibility of error.

(2) Instead of consulting a biography written by me, she might have referred to other biographies not written by me, and, since she was trying to deceive me, she would not have taken precisely what I knew best, that is to say, *my* book, which she must have supposed to be thoroughly well-known to me; there are numerous books and prefaces by my grandfather, various notes, obituary articles, etc., and yet she seeks for just what *I* had written.

(3) With regard to Alfred Richet, my father, there are equally abundant documents. There exists a notice of his life and scientific works in 1884, in 1897, etc. At the time of his death my biographical sketch was published, with the speeches made over his grave. From these a quantity of precise statements could be obtained, the origin of which it would have been comparatively difficult for me to trace.

(4) In order to be able to show me the letter written to her containing the name of Louis Alfred (*and fractures of the leg*), it would be necessary to suppose that she had an understanding with some accomplice settled abroad.

To sum up, if Mme. X. had wished, with the help of documents gathered from the libraries and dictionaries, to make me suppose that she was gifted with extraordinary faculties, it would have been very easy for her to do this, and I do not even see how I could have discovered her machinations. It would have been sufficient not to have taken these details from a dictionary so widely circulated as Larousse, nor from a biography written by me, and not to have confounded two names which no schoolboy would confuse, Philippe *de* Girard and Pierre Simon Girard.

And even admitting a mixture of such astuteness (an accomplice abroad, a whole note-book freshly copied) with so much simple-minded stupidity, why did she limit herself to quoting a few scattered facts, instead of overwhelming me with innumerable precise details? Why did she continue to make me believe that she was furnishing unpublished details, after I had warned her that the details in the biography written by me did not count?

After all, there remains nothing against her of the objection drawn from the error about "Girard," or of the error about "Louis Alfred," or of the details as to the verses of Virgil; *all this in no way proves fraud.*

There remains, however, one fact, and it is a grave one; we must not overlook its importance:

*All the facts mentioned by her are in print ; and of the lives of A. A. Renouard and Ch. A. Renouard she has never given any unpublished facts.\**

*And yet how many things she might have said that are scarcely known except to myself, and which would have been completely convincing !*

I state the problem without solving it, without even attempting to solve it. For I do not content myself with this affirmation, a very improbable one, that it is easier to know things that are printed than those which are not printed. The fact is that in this particular series of experiments, the proof of lucidity of any kind was not furnished.

The only two possible hypotheses are equally absurd. It is absurd to suppose in Mme. X., whose intelligence and good faith I know, a mixture of cunning and stupidity contrary to the most ordinary commonsense. It is absurd to suppose that facts relating to the departed could not be given unless they had appeared in a book or other form of publication.

I will say, then, to terminate the discussion with regard to this episode, that there is here nothing conclusive, either in favour of a machination or in favour of extra-natural lucidity.

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### *B. The George Vian Episode.*

On the morning of January 13th, 1900, I was at home, at lunch, with my wife and children. My distinguished friend, Professor Enrico Ferri, was lunching with us ; and we were at table, when a telegram came for me, announcing the absolutely unexpected news of the death of my nephew, George Vian.

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\* Mme. X. has given some unpublished details concerning A. A. R. and Ch. A. R., correct for the most part, sometimes erroneous, but unfortunately so vague that no conclusion can be arrived at.—C. R.

This was what had happened. This young man, twenty-two years of age, enjoying perfect health, had for several years been haunted by sad and strange ideas, which he carefully concealed from everyone. On Friday, January 12th, about nine o'clock at night, he retired to his room, after having asked for a warm drink, a *tisane*, as he had a slight cold. Nothing was heard during the night, but in the morning, at ten o'clock, his father, not hearing him go out, knocked at the door of his room. There was no answer; he opened the door and found his son dead on the bed. On a table near the bed was the cup of *tisane*, half empty, with a strong dose of strychnine in it; on another table was a bottle of strychnine, half empty, and a letter, unsealed, addressed to one of his friends, in which he explained that, being tired of life, he had for a long time resolved to kill himself, and that he had long since fixed on that day as his last.

The strangest thing about this resolution was that everything in life seemed to smile on George. Fortune, health, intelligence, all these were his. I may add that, with prodigious energy of will, he had kept hidden from everyone this long premeditated secret intention.

Here I must mention two facts of premonition, or rather of telepathy, which, though they do not relate to Mme. X., deserve to be reported here.

On the evening of January 11th, the Wednesday evening, he had been at the Théâtre Français with my son Jacques (the play was Louis XI.); and the two cousins had laughed and talked together quite gaily and freely. On the evening of the 12th my wife and daughter Louise had been to the Opera (Aida) in Mme. P.'s box, and they had seen at the Opera Mme. P. Aubry, M. Paul Aubry, their cousins, and Germaine Aubry, daughter of M. and Mme. Aubry. Now, on the morning of January 13th, at the first breakfast, at which all my children werè gathered in the dining-room on the second floor, at 8 a.m., my daughter Louise said to her brothers: "I

dreamed this morning that Paul Aubry was dead; I had this dream between 6 and 7 o'clock, for the Angelus had already sounded. I dreamed that Paul Aubry died suddenly between 4 and 5 in the morning, and I said to Jacques (in my dream), 'That is not possible, for you were with him at the Opera.' I also dreamed that Germaine wrote me a letter, not at all sad, in which she said: 'He is dead, and leaves you a hundred francs.'"

After Louise had related this dream, George added: "I also have had a mournful dream. I cannot precisely say who it was. If it was one of my old uncles I should be less sorry than if I lost a friend, such as George Vian or André Thurot."

Note that Louise's dream is a remarkable case of telepathy. She dreams of the death of one of her cousins who was at the theatre with Jacques. He died suddenly; "Is it possible! You were at the theatre (she said, 'at the Opera') with him." There are evidently some errors, as Jacques did not go to the Opera with Paul Aubry, but to the Théâtre Français with George Vian. But the warning was none the less singular.

With George, the telepathy is more vague; but he is not at all in the habit of dreaming. He scarcely ever dreams. It is perhaps the only time in his life that he said he had had a mournful dream, and immediately after he had had it he thought of George Vian. The fact that he only thought of him to dismiss the idea does not matter.

To return to Mme. X. and the facts in connection with George Vian.

On January 13th, Mme. X. was in England, and was to return to Paris that day. Now it had been arranged that I should meet her at the Gare du Nord, and as a matter of fact at half past seven in the evening I met her there, just as she was getting out of the train. I took her in a carriage to the convent in the Rue d'Ulm and told her that a member of my family was dead, but gave her no other indication either of age, sex, relationship, or anything else.

I saw Mme X. during the Sunday, but did not speak to her of the event. On Wednesday, the 17th, I again spoke of the person who had died, and asked her if she could tell me anything.\*

On Saturday the 20th, whilst talking to me—she had just come out of a short trance—she suddenly interrupted herself and said :

“*Is it George who is dead?* I get the name of George, do you know that name? Ever since Wednesday I cannot hear any other name. Besides, I think I have written it down.” (She went to look among her papers to see if she could find any trace of what she had written, but found nothing.) She continued talking: “I received the name of George on Monday, and again on Friday, and also this morning, and the name of Robert as well. It seems as though the veil was being lifted now. He is here: he is not content; I do not know why. He did not want to die. He is full of regrets.”

For the better understanding of the facts which follow I must say that the real cause of the death of George, with the details

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\* *Note by Mme. X.*—There is a slight error in Prof. Richet’s notes. He met me at the Gare du Nord, as he says; but my train was very late, and as it was already past his dinner hour, I begged him to allow me to drop him at his own house whilst I went on alone to the Convent. This is what we did. I am absolutely positive on this point; I have it marked thus in my diary for that day. Moreover, I had particular reasons for making a note of this fact. As we drove up to the door of Prof. Richet’s house, I had the sudden impression of funeral wreaths and I experienced a curious hallucination, his house seemed to me to be draped in black. All these eight years have not weakened the shock of that impression. Unfortunately, I did not mention the matter to Prof. Richet, and therefore should not perhaps mention it here . . . . but the impression was like a real experience and the effect has always remained, so much so that I never have since cared to go down the Rue de l’Université or pass Prof. Richet’s house.

I am also absolutely certain that Prof. Richet did not tell me, on the evening of my arrival, anything about a death in his family. His manner struck me as strange and worried, but he said nothing which might lead me to suppose that such a thing as a death had occurred.

It was the next day, Sunday, that he first spoke of a death: he said to me: “Someone has died, and I want you to try and tell me all about the person who has died.” He said it was a relative, but gave no other details whatever.

On Wednesday, Prof. Richet again asked me to try and get into communication with “*la personne*” who had recently died; then, as before, he left the subject, and said no more about it.

I wrote up my diary very regularly at that time; and both my memory and my diary agree on these few points.—MME. X.

accompanying it, had remained absolutely secret from everyone, except eight persons, who kept the secret perfectly: Paul Vian, the father of George; M. Dancognée, brother of Paul Vian and uncle to George; my son George, the intimate friend of George Vian; Albert Aubry, my brother-in-law, the brother of George Vian's mother, and his wife, Madeleine; Mlle. Claire Landon, governess to Thérèse, sister of George Vian; Etienne Corpet, a friend of George, and myself. The secret was so well kept that even to-day no one else knows that the death of George was due to suicide. Neither his sister Thérèse, nor my wife, nor my children (with the exception of my son George), know that George met his death voluntarily.

On Saturday, January 27th, without saying that it referred to George, Mme. X. wrote: "Someone is here who died suddenly. Something rises to his throat (is it blood?)—he falls back dead. (Man 56 or 65 years)."

On Saturday, February 5th—

(Professor Richet had said to me before I went into the trance state: "My hope is that we may find in the George who has just died another George Pelham," alluding to the case obtained through Mrs. Piper.—MME. X.)

—when she was in a profound somnambulant state, she said: "*Oh, that writing, that writing! I thought I should never have the time to finish it. . . . Too young to die!*"

On Saturday, February 19th, I said to her, when she was in the somnambulant trance: "Occupy yourself with George."

On Wednesday, February 22nd, she said to me: "George was not very old; I think he was married, for I see two children in his surroundings; I also saw a lady with him who was young when she died."

Up to the present the facts are without great importance: they are vague; but on Saturday, February 26th, at 9 p.m., they suddenly assumed extreme precision:

"Was George also called Henri? Vivien, Vivian, Vian, Evian, something like those names." (I said, "Very good.") "George and your son were always together. He died on a bicycle very young. He was 22 or 23 years of age. Beside him is M.

Dumoulin or Desmoulins.\* Paul is with him. There is a Paul and a Marie in his family. He lived on the other side of the Seine.”

The following is the account given to me by Mme. X. of these extraordinary events. This account by Mme. X. was written by her in April, 1900, to Frederic Myers; she had not seen the notes written by me, nor had I seen those written by her :

“When I returned to Paris in January, M. Richet told me that a relative of his had died, and he said his hope was that his relative might return and speak through me. No mention was made of the name, sex, degree of relationship to M. R., or manner of death of the person in question. Almost at once I received the Christian name. But though I waited patiently and tried earnestly for some weeks, nothing else came. I could see nothing—(I was as though psychically blind; moreover, whenever I thought of ‘George,’ a sickening repulsion generally seized me, I felt somehow as though I ought not to try to lift the veil or allow him to come near me. It took me some time to conquer that feeling of repulsion).—One Thursday afternoon (it was the 23rd February), I visited the Church of St. Severin, in the Rue St. Jacques. I felt a strong desire to pray; I do not know how long I remained on my knees . . . an hour, more nearly two hours I think, I cannot say exactly. I prayed long and earnestly that my friends on the other side might come to me and help me with ‘George.’ Suddenly, I felt a hand on my shoulder and I heard someone say: ‘My daughter, your prayer has been heard and will be answered.’ Looking up, I saw a priest beside me. He was not looking at me, but rather into space above my head; he stood still, with his hand on my shoulder, for one or two seconds after saying those words, and then without another word he went away and passed out of the church through a door close by. A woman sitting not far from me rose and came to me, told me that the altar at which I had been praying was known as a spot where ‘miracles’ happened, and that most certainly my prayer was going to be answered. . . .

“I returned to the Convent deeply moved, somehow all my doubts and anxieties had disappeared, and I felt absolutely certain that I would be told all that was necessary for me to say about ‘George.’ I went to bed very early, soon after 8 o'clock, and fell asleep at once. I was awakened in the night by hearing

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\* (Might this name Dumoulin be an effort to give the name *Dancognée*? If the two names were spoken through a telephone, they would be almost similar in sound; names heard clairaudiently are very indistinct and have often to be guessed at from their rhythm.—MME. X.)

a name spoken most distinctly quite close to me. I wrote it down in the notebook I always keep by my bed-side. It was, as I learned afterwards, the full name of the spirit whose Christian name only had up to the present been given to me.

"On the following Saturday evening, during the visit of M. Richet, there came as it were a sudden flash of light; it was just like the rending of a veil: and the spirit, 'George,' seemed to stand there before me and was able to speak to me. Since then he and I have been more or less in constant communication, and he has given me more true and useful information than any one spirit not immediately belonging to me."

I now return to the facts conveyed by George to Mme. X.:

"*There was something unexpected in his death.—He was your nephew, was he not? You told me that in the night in my sleep; it was neither morning nor evening, but at midnight. . . I have something in my throat which keeps me from speaking. . . I cannot speak, I do not know why George cannot use his voice. George is a young man of 22 years . . . born at Bourgie? No, born at Paris. Medium height, dark hair and beard. . . Paul is the name of the father of George . . . I hear Toubout—Turbigo—something to do with Turbigo.—He was the same age as your son, but did not resemble him. His nose is very different. Has he a brother?"* (I said, no.) "Or a sister? I see both. He has a brother or someone who is dead. I think George liked music. There is a piano in his house, which he seems to have played. He seemed to come home for twelve o'clock lunch, sometimes late for dinner.—*Did he suffer from the liver or kidneys? Only moustache. Looked delicate in life—sometimes wore beard, sometimes only moustache; face smooth at times. . . Emilie. . . I did not want to die, and I am not dead. He read a great deal. Had been reading late the night before his death . . . from 10 to 11 o'clock—he was dressed and apparently well in body, just as well as usual. I don't think he really felt well . . . He says the name of Elise or Alice and Marie. Something was put on his heart before death—by P. C. R.\* I think there is a woman near him. . .*

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\* Mme X. in her notes generally refers to Prof. Richet as P. C. R.—(EDITOR.)

*I seem to see something dark on his lips, may be blood. . He knew a place which sounds like Clifton. At some time George met with an accident, bicycle, injuring his face, which frightened his people. I think it was P. C. R. who gave George something to drink within an hour of his death, or tried to do so; it was difficult. Mouth seemed very firmly closed. His heart must have had something to do with his death . . . Someone calls P. C. R. 'uncle,' maybe this is George. He was too young to die. . . Did he do much writing? He wrote with a quill pen often. Rosellyn? Who is this? I think it must be George's mother whom I see. . . I thought at first he was married. Was he delirious? Seemed to be very feverish, was he not? I do not think he was 29 years. Rather 22 or 23 years. Yes! I am sure of this. George is anxious to tell his mother something. George knew English. . . Stephen, Stéphane. He is always speaking of him to me. Stephen. He speaks to me of Stephen. . . You pleased George very much last year, that makes him very grateful to you. He lived close to the Church of St. Eustache. He was buried at Père Lachaise. George was not so tall as P. C. R.'s son. Nose quite straight. Dark eyes. Only slight moustache. Broader build altogether than other George. Would have said that he should live a long time. He was once, not very long ago, out in a heavy rainstorm; his cousin George Richet was with him. He speaks of last July. It was last July, He gives me the name of Alice again. He could swim well; he knew Nice or that part of France or the South coast. A dog (probably species retriever) with him. The dog seems frequently to plunge into water after a stick. Dark-haired dog, not very small, hair fairly long, long ears. George must have run a great risk; he narrowly escaped being drowned; Marguérite. (Unverified story of an occurrence when swimming.) Was it Etienne with whom George was nearly drowned? No, Etienne is still living. Seemed to come into especially close relations with Etienne a year before his death. Etienne is well known to the members of George's family, and is like a member of the family. George suffered from his head the year before death. He was rather troubled about this some time before talking of it to P. C. R.*

"The name of George's mother is Marie. [I said, No.] M. or D. is her family name [No].

"George died very suddenly. It was not after a long illness. He went out on the morning before his death. I think it was an accident that happened to him about noon. He suffered much. George speaks of his sister. Has he two sisters? The name of one of his sisters is Emma or Em. . . , the eldest sister. This sister is not married. She is going to be married [No]. The name of the sister is M. [No]. There is a letter M in the name. George knows a Félix. George went to the Restaurant Duval. His profession was the law. He had an uncle named Edmond. What is the meaning of Leuleu, Lulu?" [I said, "Very good."] "You did something for George in January, a month before his death. George speaks to me of William. He knew William. Has he read David Copperfield? P. C. R. did something for George not long before his death; I think he gave him some money (500fr.). George was very fond of eldest sister. Did she ever make him some woollen stockings for bicycle? She is not very tall, is dark.

"Eldest sister is married, and she speaks to me of a child. A sister named Mary. Etienne is, I fancy, an old man, nearly 70 years. George was born in July (July 6th). He knew England, has been some years in Liverpool. He speaks of William Frank. Paul was 54 years old; he is George's father. George shows me a white house, not at Paris at all, country, trees, lawn. . . . George speaks of Félix. He says Noël. . . a name which sounds like Namie, or Nannie, or Mamie, Mammie, as though this name were in George's home. George talks of Nannie. Etienne says that the judge was wrong, he says a name like Picquart. Says Polo. George knew a Rachel (his mother?). He plays billiards well; says something about the lips. Had a mark on left-hand side of his mouth, across upper lip, moustache would have hidden it, looked like a cut, was deep, at times very noticeable. I get a name like Lucy from George, and there comes a name like LOELI from a younger man. George seems to have been extremely generous and affectionate. Eva from George. Ellen, also Margaret.

Someone he knew died when 7 years old. Reginald. *Claire*. Edith, Eulalie, *Madeleine* (all from George)."\*

We have now to interpret the phenomena, and, as before, we have four hypotheses before us :

- (1) Chance.
- (2) Unconscious deception.
- (3) Conscious deception.
- (4) Extra-natural processes of obtaining information.

(1) The hypothesis of chance must be quickly eliminated. It is true that there are in what Mme. X. said many variations of facts and names, so that in a certain measure we have to take our choice : married—engaged ; with a brother—without a brother ; 65 years (as mentioned in January)—23 years. The names relating to him are very numerous : Félix, William, Etienne, Rachel, Marie, Paul, Emma, Emilie, Frank, Dumoulin, Henri, Robert ; but they are not all given with equal authority ; and the true details are too correct to have been given by chance.

Here are the principal correct facts as given by Mme. X. :

*"It is George who is dead. His name was Vian. He lived near the Church of St. Eustache, probably on the side of the Rue de Turbigo. He was 22 or 23 years old ; he was your nephew. He studied law. He died suddenly, and on the morning before his death he had gone out ; he died between 10 and 11 at night. He was fond of his bicycle, and had a hunting dog. He was a friend of George Richey and they were caught in the rain together one stormy day last July. He died with blood on his lips, a black froth like blood. His father's name was Paul, his grandfather Félix, his sister, Emilie. He had two sisters. What is Lulu ? Why does he keep speaking of Etienne ? A name like Loeli . . . ."*

In truth, George Vian, aged 22½ years, law student, lived in the Rue de Turbigo, near the Church of St. Eustache. He must have died between 10 and 11 o'clock at night, and his death was sudden, absolutely unexpected. He was fond of his bicycle, and of

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\* (I have italicised all absolutely correct and verified details.—MME. X.)

hunting. He was the intimate friend of George Richet, and they were overtaken by a violent storm of rain in the previous July, 1900. George, on his deathbed, had a slight foam of black blood on his lips. He had two sisters; one sister, Amélie, is dead, she was called *Lili*, in private. George was called *Lolo* in his childhood, and Etienne C. is the friend to whom he wrote a letter just before his voluntary death.

All those true details could not have been given by chance.

Let us now look at the false details :

*“He had a sister Marie—a sister betrothed—he was married and the father of two children. He speaks of Alice;\* his mother is still living; her name was Rachel or Marie. He was nearly drowned one day with Etienne. He had an uncle named Edmond.† I lent him 500 francs; he played the piano and billiards; he was hurt on the Friday at noon; I applied mustard-plasters to his stomach or heart, to relieve him. He had been in England, at Liverpool or Clifton.”*

All these details are erroneous.

Besides these true and false details, there are other insignificant ones, correct, but without value; for they are so vague that they might apply to almost anyone :

*“George knew English, he had been to England; he had been to Nice and the South of France. He went to a country house in the neighbourhood of Paris. He wrote much. He went to the Restaurant Duval. He suffered from his head and kidneys. He had black hair, he wore a moustache, but sometimes was clean shaven. He had read David Copperfield, he played tennis, etc., etc.”*

In spite of the significant correct details, and the many errors, in spite of the great number of names given (for instance, there are not less than fourteen women's names: Lucie, Claire, Marguerite, Elise, Rachel, Marie, Emilie, Emma, Eva, Madeleine, Alice, Edith, Eulalie)—in spite of all this it is impossible to suppose chance. *George Vian, my nephew, law student, living in the rue de Turbigo, and*

\* Prof. Richet has a cousin named Alice.—(MME. X.)

† George had an uncle *Edouard* who was killed in battle when a young man.  
(MME. X.)

son of *Paul Vian*—this is sufficiently clear and precise to make it absolutely impossible to be referred to chance.

The second hypothesis, that of unconscious deception, is not less absurd than that of chance. For I am absolutely and rigorously certain, as certain as one can be of any human thing, that no word from me could have let Mme. X. know unconsciously that it was George Vian who had died. Nothing had been said in the newspapers about the death of G. V. Besides, Mme. X. does not read the papers. Consequently we must ascribe this case either to a clever dissimulation or to an extra-natural penetration.

The hypothesis of wilful and deliberate deception must be supposed. Let us examine whether it is possible.

Yes, certainly, up to a certain point. I will suppose that a person, able and rich, had an interest in knowing who was the member of my family who died about the 12th or 13th of January; this would be possible to find out, and in various ways. First, by applying to an information or private detective office, which might be able to furnish the details asked for; then by making enquiries oneself, either directly from the concierges, for instance, or indirectly by going to the registrars of the cemeteries, or to the Mairies of Paris, to see the lists of deaths on the 12th and 13th of January, or rather, for the three previous weeks, for remember Mme. X. did not know when George had died. She only knew that the death had occurred between the 19th December, 1899, the day she left Paris for London, and the 13th January, the day she returned to Paris. But this search is not precisely easy. The information offices are enterprises of a low and doubtful class, which are dangerous to deal with. Neither in the churches, at the cemeteries, nor at the Mairies is it easy for an unknown person to obtain information.

However, it is certain that this hypothesis is not impossible. I will assume then, provisionally, that Mme. X., being desirous of knowing who was the member of my family who was dead, was able—with difficulty—to ascertain that it was George Vian, my nephew, son of Paul Vian, student of law and living in the Rue de Turbigo.

But even admitting this—and for the reasons which cause me to believe in Mme. X.'s good faith as certain, it would be difficult for me to admit it—we strike at once against two absurdities :

(1) Why so many false details ?

(2) Why some details absolutely correct, which no detective agency could furnish ?

The false details are grossly false. First it was said that George was 65 years old ; then—and Mme. X. is actually still (in 1901) persuaded of this—that George's mother is still living, and that he died from a bicycle accident, and that I attended and cared for him shortly before his death ! If Mme. X. had made the slightest enquiry, such as would have been necessary in order to learn by normal means that he was a student of law, she would at once have known that Mme. Paul Vian was dead.

In the same way, why should she say at first that George was 56 or 65, then maintain that he was 23, that he was married and had two children ?

In strict rigour it might be claimed—for we must suppose even what is absurd—that all these false details were given intentionally, and that Mme. X., knowing that they were false, added them in order to allay suspicion. But with all this astuteness she would thus have given proof of great clumsiness, for the errors are too numerous for her to have voluntarily consented to diminish the importance of the correct facts by adding this mass of erroneous ones.

It might also be claimed that having only been able to obtain certain facts by her enquiry, she had made up the rest as well as she could. *But the details given are of such a nature that no one could have supplied her with them who had not a profound knowledge of the real facts.*

(a) I will first mention this statement, which corresponds in a startling manner with the facts : “. . . *I see something dark on his lips, may be blood.*” Now when I got to the poor boy I found him stretched on his bed, with his day-shirt on ; he had not had time to undress completely, or to cover himself with the sheet. The arms were crossed on the breast, convulsively ; the fists closed, and a black froth of blood was on his lips—about 5 or 6 grammes of

black blood. The violent tetanic contraction, in asphyxia, of the muscles of the thorax had no doubt caused the rupture of the lungs and the extrusion of a little blood.

This detail with regard to the corpse could only have been given by his father, my son George or myself, so that I do not see any other explanation of this fact than chance or lucidity. We shall come to the same conclusion by other indications.

(b) "*Stephen, Stéphane. He is always speaking of him to me. Stephen*"; and again: "*He seemed to come into especially close relations with Etienne a year before his death.*" Now the letter which George Vian had written, before drinking the fatal draught, was addressed to his friend, Etienne C. The English translation of this name is Stephen. Etienne C. has very little connection with the family of George Vian; and it was an error when Mme. X. said later on: "*Etienne is I fancy an old man nearly 70 years old. . . He is like a member of the family of George. He is married. He very nearly had an accident in bathing with G.*" In fact, Etienne C. is a young man whose acquaintance George had made in the regiment, a year or two before his death. He was, however, very little with him, and it was the first time I, at least, had ever heard his name.

Therefore no enquiry, no indiscretion, no agency could have revealed the name of Etienne. As in the case of the explanation of the detail of *blood on the lips*, we must say that it was either chance or lucidity which gave the name of *Etienne*.

In connection with the name of Etienne, I will take the phrase uttered one day by Mme. X. when in trance: "*Oh! that writing, that writing! I thought I would never be able to finish it! . . . Too young to die.*"

In this case it is difficult to come to a conclusion; for nothing in Mme. X.'s words indicated precisely that they referred to George, and to the letter he wrote to Etienne immediately before or after taking the poison; but on collecting all the indications, they give a very remarkable sum of facts.

It should be noted also that the hour given for the death is

probably correct. As far as the terrible scene can be reconstituted, George went to his room at half-past nine, poured the poison into the cup of *tisane*, and then began to write the letter to Etienne C. ("Oh! that writing!"); then took the poison, and began to undress. He had not time to undress completely; he was overtaken by the tetanic attack, and at midnight he was dead; for at 10 o'clock in the morning he was stiff and almost cold. Now Mme. X. said: "It was between 10 and 11 o'clock. . . at midnight. I have something in my throat which prevents me from speaking,"—as though there was some allusion to the tetanic seizure of the glottis and the larynx which asphyxiates and prevents all speech.

"I do not know why George could not use his voice." The constriction of the jaw which no doubt prevented him from continuing to drink (for he had put the cup containing the rest of the poison on the stand by his bed), is vaguely indicated; although with a great error, in this phrase: "P. C. R. gave G. something to drink within an hour of his death, or tried to do so. It was difficult. Mouth seemed very firmly closed."

The events which accompanied the death of George are therefore, though without *absolute* exactitude, set forth with astonishingly precise details. The blood at the lips—the mouth firmly closed—the impossibility of speaking—Etienne—towards midnight as the hour of death. Is it possible to attribute all this to chance?

(c) I will mention the word "Leuleu" or "Lulu," which seems to me most characteristic. My children were in the habit of calling their cousins Amélie and George Vian, *Lili* and *Lolo*. Now, for five or six years this habit had almost entirely disappeared, and three years ago, after the death of Amélie Vian, it ceased altogether. The word *Lulu* could therefore only be the result of an indication from someone who knew the family intimately.

(d) The name of Amélie Vian was not given; but it was approximately indicated. "The eldest sister's name was Emma . . . Em . . . there is an M in her name. . . . The name of Loéli is given . . . name like Loéli (*Lili*) from a younger man."

Here, then, the names of *Lulu* and *Loeli* were given. There is no need, I think, to discuss further whether this was the result of an enquiry secretly and cleverly carried out. As in the cases (a) and (b), we might rather suppose chance, all the more so as Mme. X. did not distinctly say that Lulu was a name given to George and Lili that of his sister. The two words came while she was speaking of George—that is all that can be said. Moreover, they are very incorrectly given: Lulu for Lolo, Loeli for Lili. And, in the third place, they are, as it were, drowned in the midst of erroneous statements: “An elder sister, who is going to be married,\* is it Marie? Is it Lucie? Is it Emma? Em . . .?”

But chance would not easily give Lulu and Loeli. We shall return, however, to the hypothesis of chance.

(e) George Vian was overtaken by a storm in July, when in company with George Richet.

The fact is correct; but it is not absurd to attribute it to chance, all the more as Mme. X. also speaks of an accident when swimming—of an accident with a bicycle—of the piano, of polo, of billiards, all, I believe, wrong statements. Yet neither in regard to the piano, polo or billiards is there anything as clearly said as about the storm in company with George Richet, so that the hypothesis of chance appears very improbable. Where it is probable is when Mme. X. spoke of tennis; George Vian played tennis very well, but billiards not at all, nor polo, nor any musical instrument.

(f) A very embarrassing episode is that which relates to the following words: “*You pleased George very much last year—that makes him very grateful to you.*”

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\* A few months later, George's second sister was, it was thought, likely to be married. However, the young fellow her friends thought likely to become her husband (and Prof. Richet himself was among the number, for he often spoke to me of this probability), married, some years later, not George's sister but his cousin. May there not have been confusion, therefore, in the Subliminal? As time has no real existence, may not the Subliminal be excused for thus confounding the future with the present?—MME. X.

This assertion was referred by me to a very singular incident, and certainly unknown to almost everyone. Up to January, 1898, I had had scarcely any intimate relations with my nephew George; but at the time of the Dreyfus affair, after I had made a little speech on the subject at the Society of Biology, George wrote to me of his own accord to congratulate and thank me, and this brought us into close relations.

I therefore thought that I could put this assertion down to lucidity, when several days afterwards Mme. X. unfortunately completed what she had said by an absolutely false detail: "You lent George money, 500 francs."

The coincidence is, therefore, perhaps fortuitous, and I hesitate to set it down to lucidity (notwithstanding the mention of the name of *Picquart* later on).

(g) I shall also attribute to chance (at least provisionally) some other correct incidents: country house in the neighbourhood of Paris; black eyes, black hair, moustache sometimes completely shaved off. "*He gives me the name of Félix* [his grandfather's name], *of Madeleine* [his aunt's name], *of Claire* [name of his sister's governess]"; for in giving so many names it would be extraordinary if Mme. X. had not given any which referred to the family and relatives of George. The story of the dog (retriever) is interesting, but I cannot consider it as characteristic. The same with the journey to England and to the South of France.

"*On a visit to the South of France, not far from water (sea), to some people, relatives of P. C. R., George was very happy. There was a Paul there, and Marguérite.*" Now George certainly paid a visit with me to some close friends of mine at Carqueiranne. The gentleman is named Louis, but his wife and daughter are both named Marguérite.

There remain, then, as the result of this long discussion, two classes of facts:

A. Facts which could only have been obtained by an enquiry

carried on with deception and simulation : *George Vian, son of Paul Vian, 22 years, law student, Rue de Turbigo.*

B. Facts which could not have been obtained by enquiry, and which could only be explained by *chance* (if we do not wish to adopt the hypothesis of extra-natural processes of obtaining information) : *blood on the lips, Etienne, the closed mouth, the contracted throat, Lulu and Loéli, a storm when with George Richet.*

Now we have to choose. If we admit machination, it must be agreed that this machination, able as it was, did not go very far. If we admit chance, we must recognise that chance served Mme. X. astonishingly well.

The conclusion which arises is that the facts must be greatly forced in order to adopt this convergence of the two things—simulation and chance.

Finally, these facts must be taken along with the following episodes in order to acquire their full value.

#### C. *Episode of Emmanuel Bourdon.*

For the facts relating to Emmanuel Bourdon there can be no question of an enquiry or information, for no document could have put Mme. X. on the track. There is therefore nothing to fall back upon but the chance of such and such a coincidence.

The beginning of this episode is very singular. I showed my stick to Mme. X.—a stick which I had lost for a few days and just recovered; it was a small Egyptian bronze (an ibis head) joined to an ordinary cane. I asked her what this stick signified.

A series of incorrect statements were made, both vague and erroneous. "I get a woman's influence—man of 30 or 35—Langlois, Lacroix, Lagrange," etc. She then said abruptly "*Mathilde. This stick comes from Ghizeh* [which is true, but is not surprising, for the ibis head gives it an Egyptian character]. *You have had it twenty years*" [which is true; in fact, I obtained the ibis head twenty-three years ago]. She then said the names: "Henri, Claire, Louis Victor." I then told her that on the day before,

when looking at the cane, she had said: *Emmeli . . . Emmeli . . . there is something about Emmeli with that stick.*"

I now said to her: "The name of the person who had to do with the stick is Emmanuel."

She tried to describe him; but at first the description was confused and comparatively erroneous: "*About your height—fine features—moustache—black hair—red and brown moustache—he has sometimes written.*" Then she said (in a semi-trance state): "*A young man, 30 years, fair beard, delicate features, very high forehead. He sits familiarly on the edge of the table here . . . He gives the letter E. . . Em., he says he was interested in literature; and that P. C. R. spoke to him about literature. Slightly stooped. Perhaps Eustache; he coughs; he spits blood. (Now E. B. was of my height, fine features, blond hair, and almost bald, very blond moustache, and naturally he sometimes wrote.) This man was with P. C. R. in Egypt. Seemed to do much writing. Wonder if the two ever worked together at some book. Died young; clever.*"

"*Emmanuel knew a François. He knew him very well. He speaks of Alice; why?*" (A story of a duel in which Emmanuel had been mixed up, and which is incorrect.) "*Was Emmanuel born in Brittany?*" [No.] "*In Normandy?*" [No.] "*To the north of Paris, at any rate.*" [I said that he was born at Paris.] "*In any case he died in the South of France, [true], at Carqueiranne. [No.] E. says Nice or Cannes.*" [In fact E. died at Cannes.]

*E. was a doctor. He came to Egypt after a great sorrow that had happened to you.*" (Then I said: "Not to me, but to him.") "*You spoke to him of death and survival: the first to die was to come and apprise the other. You were with him when he died.*" [No.]

"*Emmanuel was 29 years old. He died in a kind of chair. Why the name of Claire in his family? He often spoke of Claire. I see a young person . . . Claire is happy. She has a father who is now . . . He died in July. Emmanuel fenced. Reginald, why? Emmanuel had a sister and one or two brothers. His father alive when he died, also doctor. Sister lives yet and is married. I hear Louis. Is François his brother? Death looks like consumption; he speaks of Alice. .*"

*He rode well on horseback. E. says something of a sister ; he means the sister of P. C. R."*

*Reflections.*

The point on which I insist in reference to this case is that the details given can only be explained by chance or by lucidity. We will discuss this double hypothesis.

To do this we must eliminate all the errors contained in the utterances of Mme. X., and only retain what is correct. I refer, of course, to what she said at once, without previously giving incorrect assertions. Therefore I ought not to include that she said that he died at Cannes ; for she said at first Carqueiranne, then Nice. It is true that she began by saying South of France.

But two or three characteristic names came.

*"The name of Claire is in the family ; he often spoke of Claire."* Now Claire is the name of his mother. I am quite aware that there was an error in saying, of Claire, that she was young, that she still lives, which is erroneous. But this matters little. The importance of the name Claire, coming thus directly, is very great.

She said also : *"E. was a doctor. His father was a doctor ; he was living when E. died."* (Three assertions which are quite correct.)

The names he gives relate to persons closely connected with him. *Louis* is the name of his brother, *Alice* is the name of a young woman with whom he was once in love. It is true [that I cannot find in the family either Henri, or François, Victor, or Reginald. But the names of Claire, Alice, Louis (especially the name of Claire, which was given with insistence) seem to me to be important.

I will also mention this : *"He came to Egypt after a great trouble that had happened to you."* This is a very interesting detail, for it is almost true. E. came to Egypt after a great sorrow that had occurred, not to me, but to him.

Lastly, there was a vague project of marriage between E. and my sister. (*"Says something of a sister of P. C. R."*)

To these facts must be added some statements which are correct, but extremely vague: He fenced, rode on horseback, we commenced a book together.

On the other hand, there were notable errors: "E. had a sister, now married"; which is false; "two brothers" (in reality only one brother). The story of the duel is false, and I was not with him when he died. The scene of his death is correct but also very ordinary.

Now taking everything into account, it must be considered that if chance again determined the correct statements made by Mme. X., then chance once again served her remarkably well.

#### THE ANTOINE BREGUET EPISODE.\*

(a) In the beginning of October, 1900, I was at Carqueiranne, when I received a letter from Mme. X. Mme. X. had left Paris on the 1st of October for Fontainebleau, with the intention of spending a month near the forest. In her letter to me she related that on the arrival of the train at the station of Melun, she had a notion that someone entered her carriage [and sat down opposite to her. This "vision" spoke to her, saying he had known me very well, that he used to call me "Carlos," and that I called him "Tony"; he told her that he knew Fontainebleau very well and would accompany her in her walks in the forest.

After that letter I received others from Mme. X., giving me numerous details concerning this vision which called itself "Tony," a vision which was repeated several times during Mme. X.'s visit at Fontainebleau. These details were particularly remarkable and abundant between the 20th and the 28th October. I will briefly enumerate them.:

"Tony" showed me a tree to-day on which were engraved the letters A. B. and a date 1880, or 1883—the last figure was indistinct; underneath the letters

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\* See *Metapsychical Phenomena*, by Dr. Maxwell (Duckworth & Co., London, 1905), page 215.

A. B. was the name "Lucie." . . . "Tony" seems to have had to do with machinery of some kind. He had hoped to construct a machine, which would have been of great use to mankind. He seems to say it was he who discovered the telephone,—or, at least, that he was on the right track. . . . I hear him say, "*I know Madeleine well.*" He says he adored his father. He speaks about Léon, Sarah, and Marguerite, but especially about Lucie. *His wife's name was Lucie.* . . . There were Jews in his family; he also talks about Louise. . . . He worked with telegraphy and electric wires. . . . He knew you remarkably well; he called you "Carlos," and you called him "Tony"; of this I am sure, for he speaks of it so often. He says he collaborated with you in some work. He says that when he was dead, you went into his death-chamber and kissed him on the forehead. . . . He had not been previously ill,—a feeling of suffocation in the chest and that was all. [*Quelque chose l'a étouffé à la poitrine et ce fut tout.*] He was only 30 or 32 years old when he died. . . . I do not think he was married, that is to say in the legal sense of the word; but he was very much attached to Lucie, by whom he had a daughter, who was about three years old when he died. This child seems to be still alive, but very few people know about it. He adored Lucie, who seems to have been very charming, for Antoine shows me her portrait,—a medallion or locket which he used to wear—in which she seems to have beautiful dark eyes and hair. He lived for about four or five years with Lucie; but Lucie had previously been married to a Jew [*un gros juif*], whom she did not care for. I think Antoine lived a long time with Lucie at Fontainebleau; they were sadly happy there [*tristement heureux*]. The house they stayed at is no longer inhabited. It was a red and white cottage, quite close to the forest, which was just behind it. . . . The house stood alone; a tramway passes by there to-day. . . . "Tony" also speaks about his father. His father loved his own fireside; he once lost a lot of money when Antoine was grown up; but Antoine did not take much notice of this, for he did not trouble himself about money matters. The house in which "Tony" and his father lived together, is one which they seem to have always inhabited. "Tony" seems to have always known this house. The furniture is old; the rooms look as though they had been occupied for a very long time. He speaks of the Faubourg Montmartre; does that mean he used to live there? . . . Antoine also had to do with engines of war. I think he was wounded during the war [the Commune], because I hear the noise of cannon—and your father dressed his wound. . . .

Antoine was a Freemason. He admired Claude Bernard. His political opinions were of a socialistic tendency. He did not care for the society of women. He was temperate, and did not drink wine; he was no epicure. . . . He has been to Geneva. . . . He has hunted with you. . . . He used to like reading *Titus Livy*. . . . He cared nought for the world's opinion,

taking his conscience for his sole guide. . . . He often saw Philippe. He also mentions Yvonne, Josephine, Georges, James, Clotilde, and André. . . . He speaks about a pseudonym; he has written some things under a *nom-de-plume*. . . . Antoine had beautiful dark eyes, large and most expressive, full of resolution, but, at the same time, soft, dreamy-looking eyes. He had a frank, hearty laugh, and this merry sound was often heard [*Il riait souvent de ce bon rire*]. He had a habit of putting his hands behind his head, and stretching himself out on a sofa, laughing merrily. . . . He has very long, thin fingers, which seem to be clever at mechanical work; indeed he seems to be clever at everything, and to do all things well. . . . A short time before he died—a Wednesday—you and he were at a banquet together, and drank each other's health. "Tony" then told you that he had not been feeling well, and that he was in great need of a holiday. . . . Antoine told me again to-day, that he loved Lucie dearly; "and," he said, "I still watch over her, even now; tell her no evil will ever befall her." [*Rien de mauvais ne lui arrivera.*]

(b) The preceding are the most important of the data concerning my friend Antoine B., given me in Mme. X.'s letters during the month of October, 1900. I repeat Mme. X. was at Fontainebleau, and I at Carqueiranne. Therefore, I could not have given her any hints by my words, and I am particularly anxious to point out a fact, of which I am absolutely certain, which is, that I had never pronounced the name of my friend Antoine B. in the presence of Mme. X.; I am positive that no word of mine could have afforded the smallest clue to Mme. X. of my acquaintance with Antoine B.

I may also add that, though to-day, 1904, four years after these visions occurred, Mme. X. has become one of my friends, at that moment, October, 1900, [our acquaintanceship dated from a few months only; and, at Mme. X.'s own request, in order to avoid hints and suggestions, I abstained from ever speaking with her on anything save vague, general topics. Mme. X., at this time, lived a secluded, retired life in a convent, seldom going out and receiving no visitors. She was, moreover, almost an entire stranger to Paris, having arrived there only a short time before I made her acquaintance. If Mme. X. spoke of any one of my deceased friends to-day, it would be impossible for me to affirm positively that I had never pronounced that name in her presence; but, thanks to the great

care I took at that moment to avoid all manner of confidences whatsoever, continually seconded in my efforts by Mme. X. herself, I can certify that the name of Antoine B. had not been pronounced up to the month of October, 1900.

Therefore my stupefaction was indeed great, when I discovered in Mme. X.'s letters so many precise and correct data, though mixed up with occasional errors. And when I speak of precise and correct data, I do not mean data, traces of which may have been left in printed matter. I speak of private, unpublished facts, facts known only to me or to his wife. Notwithstanding this, however, I was blind to the truth. And I sought to explain away these phenomena of lucidity, by an apparently rational explanation.

. . . I think it may be useful to acquaint the reader with my hesitations, and the manner in which I tried to explain these facts: First of all, I supposed that Fontainebleau was a mistake, since, as far as I knew, Antoine B. did not go to Fontainebleau in 1883. At the same time, I thought I remembered he had been a pupil at the School of Artillery at Fontainebleau in 1874. But, I asked myself, why should Mme. X. speak about Antoine B., whose name I was, and am, certain never to have pronounced in her presence? I found, or rather I thought I had found, the explanation. In the month of September, 1900, Antoine B.'s daughter Madeleine, the wife of Jacques B., died, and one or two newspapers mentioned this sad and premature death. Now, I supposed that Mme. X. had unconsciously glanced over one of these newspapers, that Antoine B.'s name had appeared therein with his biography more or less fully traced, our relations mentioned [he had been director with me of the *Revue Scientifique*], and reference made to his term at the School of Application at Fontainebleau. That was my fable.

It is true there were several other facts awaiting explanation; but I did not let them hinder me—so dazed are we by the fear of meeting with the truth just where it really is, when we find ourselves in the presence of facts, with which force of habit has not yet rendered us familiar.

I will not dwell upon the absurdity of this manner of thinking; I will simply repeat, that my first thought was that this vision of Antoine was simply the souvenir of some sub-conscious reading, with here and there a few gleams of lucidity, already very important in themselves, but not exceeding in precision or in importance other proofs of lucidity, of which Mme. X. had already given me numerous and decisive examples.

Well! I was altogether wrong! It was a conversation which I had with Antoine B.'s widow [she was now Mme. L., having married a second time] which showed me my mistake.

During the summer vacation in 1901, she was staying at my house at Carqueiranne, and one day I happened to speak about Mme. X.'s visions concerning Antoine. As soon as I began, Mme. B. became agitated; the recital wrought upon her feelings considerably. When I had finished, she furnished me with the two following fundamental facts, which entirely destroyed the point of view I had first of all adopted: 1. "Antoine was never a pupil at the School of Application at Fontainebleau"; 2. "In 1883 he and I were at Fontainebleau together."

Consequently the scaffolding I had erected in order to explain Mme. X.'s visions entirely collapsed. The connection between Antoine and Fontainebleau—connection discovered by Mme. X.—could not have been provoked by the souvenir of the reading of any newspaper, and the hypothesis—a very improbable one, moreover—of a sub-conscious souvenir, of the unconscious reading of a hypothetical newspaper, had therefore no *raison d'être*. So that the knowledge of a connection between Antoine and Fontainebleau could not have been due to any printed matter—since, naturally, no newspaper had mentioned this private detail in Antoine's life—or to any suggestion I might have given inadvertently—since I was ignorant of the fact.

Three other hypotheses remain: that of chance, and this is so absurd, that it is useless even to mention it; that of collusion between Mme. X. and Mme. B., a hypothesis which is as absurd as the preceding one, even if it were possible, for neither of these two

ladies had or has ever seen the other ; lastly, there is the hypothesis of an extraordinary lucidity, on the nature of which I will not dwell, in order to avoid theorising, but which I must, perforce, be content with simply pointing out.

There is not the slightest trace left of Antoine B's. visit to Fontainebleau in 1883. At Barbizon, where he stayed with his wife from the 15th May to 20th June, 1883, he lived in a rustic inn, which has been demolished to make way for a tram-line. No writing, no letter, no souvenir of any kind whatever could have furnished a clue to this private detail in Antoine B.'s life.

(c) I will now confront the reality, such as it was in June, 1883, with what Mme. X. wrote me in October, 1900.

1. In order to go to Fontainebleau, or rather to Barbizon, M. and Mme. B. left the train at *Melun*. It is impossible to say whether the initials of A. B. and the name of Lucie are engraved on a tree in the forest.

2. "There is much resemblance between Antoine, as he was, and the physical portrait drawn of him by Mme. X., especially the soft, caressing expression of the eyes. In politics he held advanced opinions for his time, and, had he lived, he would, in all probability, have been a socialist to-day ; at least his opinions would have been very favourable to socialistic doctrines. The sentence, *Nous étions tristement heureux*, is characteristically true ; for at Barbizon, in spite of our long walks and our reveries in the forest, he was already very weak and in the grip of the illness which, soon afterwards, carried him off so rapidly." [The above was written and handed to me by Mme. B. in October, 1901.]

3. Lucie is not Mme. B.'s name. Her name is Marie. But Antoine often said to her, "*What a pity you are not called Lucie!*" It was his favourite name.

4. It is quite true that, alone among all my friends, Antoine called me "Carlos," and that I, on my side, called him "Tony." This is a fact known only to me. It is also perfectly correct—and I am not aware of having related this fact to any person whomsoever—that, when Antoine died, stricken to death in a few hours by

a disease of the heart, I went into his death-chamber and kissed him on the brow.

5. All the details relative to the construction of machines, electric wires, invention of the telephone [before Graham Bell's invention had been made known], collaboration with me in a scientific work, all these details are correct.

6. The house in which he stayed at Fontainebleau stood by itself, with its back to the forest; a tramway passes there to-day, the house having been pulled down to make room for it.

7. His daughter (who died in September, 1900, at about the time when Mme. X. says she first heard a voice call me "Carlos") was called Madeleine. His sister's name was Louise. Louise married M. H., of Jewish origin. ["*There are Jews in his family.*"]

8. He was thirty-two years old when he died, and his death was almost instantaneous. It would be impossible to describe his death more correctly than Mme. X. does in the words: *Quelque chose l'a étouffé à la poitrine, et ce fut tout.* In fact, towards eleven o'clock in the night he was seized by a thoracic oppression, which made such rapid progress, that he expired at four o'clock in the early morning.

9. He was not wounded during the Commune; but once when, as a reserve artillery officer, he was assisting at gun-firing at Grenoble he lost the hearing of the left ear, an affliction which saddened him very much. Probably I knew this, but, if so, I had completely forgotten it. It was Mme. B. who related this detail to me in October, 1901, a detail absolutely unknown to everyone, for Antoine never spoke of it.

10. When Antoine was already grown up, [shortly before his marriage, his father, Louis, suffered heavy losses of money through a defaulting cashier. Antoine did not take this to heart; moreover, no one ever knew of the] incident, which was carefully kept from the knowledge of everyone outside of the family.

11. He wrote under a pseudonym. He wrote a few insignificant plays in 1876 or 1877; but it would be almost impossible to recover traces of [them to-day.

12. The house where he was born, and where he lived up to the time of his marriage, is very old (situated on the Quai de H., and not in the Faubourg Montmartre); the furniture is ancient; the house is quite unlike a modern one.

13. The description of Lucie, his wife, is exact—"a very charming woman with beautiful dark hair and eyes." Antoine had a portrait of her in a locket, which he used to wear on his person.

14. In a conversation I had with him a short time before his death, he spoke to me about the extreme fatigue which he felt, a kind of general lassitude, and of his great need of change and rest.

In all the above facts there is an admirable and most unlikely concordance between the reality and the indications given by Mme. X.

To be quite complete, I ought to mention the facts which I have not been able to verify, and those which seem inexact to me.

Among the facts I have been unable to verify, are the names of Yvonne, Josephine, Sarah, Marguerite, Georges, Clotilde.

The chief inexact details are the story of Lucie's true husband—a Jew (*un gros juif*)—and of the child Lucie and Antoine had, of whose existence hardly anyone knew; also the detail of having been wounded during the Commune and his wound having been dressed by my father. I ought also to add that Antoine and Marie B. were at Fontainebleau with their three children. However, for reasons which I will develop further on, these errors have a great interest and merit an attentive examination.

When considering these phenomena we must, first of all, rid ourselves of commonplace prejudices. The question is, not whether such or such a phenomenon does or does not accord with recognised ideas, but whether the phenomenon exists or does not exist—always supposing, of course, that it be not in flagrant contradiction with established and verified truths.

Therefore every effort of demonstration must be concentrated on this one point: Can we explain the above facts by any known process? For the sake of simplicity let us **only take one of the facts,**

that of the presence—"or of the *thought*"—of Antoine B. at the Melun railway station. We have seen that I fell into error by endeavouring to explain this presence—or this *thought*—by a term at the school of Artillery at Fontainebleau; and I do not see what other explanation can be attempted, since not the slightest trace is left of Antoine's visit to Fontainebleau with his wife twenty years ago.

Even if an expensive detective enquiry had been set on foot, it is highly doubtful if anything concerning M. and Mme. B.'s visit to Fontainebleau could have been found out.

Therefore, at the very outset, and without taking into account any of the other exact details in Mme. X.'s visions, we encounter the material impossibility of establishing any relations between Fontainebleau and Antoine.

But, just for one moment, let us make the concession that the names of M. and Mme. B. had been somewhere met with at Barbizon after an interval of twenty years; this would immediately entail the knowledge of many other details ever so much easier to gather than were those very details given by Mme. X., and not only easier but also more exact. Had this visit become known to Mme. X. by any normal means, there would not have been the story of an illegal union, and of a residence of five years at Fontainebleau.\* So even the mistakes are a confirmation of the truth, one of the most interesting of confirmations; for, honestly, we cannot suppose that, knowing the real facts, Mme. X. would have taken it into her head to add facts, which she knew to be incorrect.

To put it in another way, even if we admit this absurdity of an extremely cleverly conducted detective enquiry making known to Mme. X. the story of Antoine's life, she would not have distorted the results of such an enquiry by introducing errors therein. To take an example, when Antoine was at Fontainebleau with his wife

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\* Let us, however, point out that Antoine had been five years married when he died, and that he had been at Fontainebleau with his wife, consequently the error, which consists in saying five years of life together at Fontainebleau, constitutes only a relative error:

and three children, she would have mentioned the other two children. She would also have said—and this was extremely easy to find out—that the B. establishment was situated on the Quai de H.; and not in the Faubourg Montmartre.

Therefore, every point carefully considered, I think it is absolutely certain that normal means of knowledge could not establish any connection between Antoine and Fontainebleau.

In the second place, unpublished details were furnished. I will pass over all the details—though they too be correct—which might be found in biographical or obituary articles; I will simply draw attention to the following five extremely private details:

1. The name of Lucie; and a locket containing her portrait which Antoine always wore on his person.
2. The names of "Carlos" and "Tony."
3. A pseudonym.
4. Money lost by his father.
5. The circumstances of his death.

Now, not one of these details could have been found out by any enquiry, however clever, however well-planned and well carried out such an enquiry might have been.

1. Mme. B. was the *only* living person who knew of Antoine's preference for the name of Lucie. She had never spoken of this to anyone; and it is a minute detail of which I was in complete ignorance, until Mme. B. told me of it in 1901, after hearing about the visions Mme. X. had related to me in her letters, a year before.

2. I was the *only* person living who knew that Antoine called me "Carlos"; and this is not a very commonplace statement, since no one, save Antoine, has ever called me "Carlos."

3. No one ever suspected Antoine of having written under a *nom de plume*; the few insignificant things he wrote for the stage are so entirely forgotten, that Mme. B. herself remembered nothing about them in 1901; and it is even highly probable that what he wrote could not be found again, the Bobino theatre, where he produced his plays, having disappeared years ago.

4. The monetary losses which his father, Louis B., sustained

a short while before Antoine's marriage, had been carefully kept from the knowledge of everyone. These losses were occasioned by a dishonest cashier. The man was not prosecuted. Notwithstanding the importance of the sum involved, Antoine was relatively indifferent to the loss, as was distinctly indicated by Mme. X.

5. The circumstances of his death are described with striking reality. I kissed Antoine on the forehead when he was dead. Some little time before the end, he spoke to me about his health, saying he felt in great need of rest. He did not look ill, however, and he died, after a few hours' illness only, from a cardiac affection : *quelque chose l'a étouffé à la poitrine.*

There is still another item of interest, which I wish to touch upon : this is, the "message" from Antoine to his wife : *rien de mauvais ne lui arrivera.* These words were written by Mme. X. in one of her letters to me, with the indication that Antoine had pronounced them on a certain day. Now, on that very day, Mme. B. was delivered of a still-born child. She was, therefore, in a perilous condition at the very time Antoine said : "I watch over her even now ; tell her, no evil will ever befall her."

### CONCLUSIONS.

We have, now, to draw our conclusions. The hypothesis of chance is absurd ; the hypothesis of fraud is absurd ; there remains a third hypothesis, that of a phenomenon inexplicable by any of the existing data of our knowledge. It is for this inexplicable phenomenon that we have to try to find an explanation.

Two explanations at once present themselves : either  $\alpha$ , this knowledge is entirely due to the intellectual faculties of Mme. X. ; or  $\beta$ , some other intelligence intervenes, which manifests itself to Mme. X.

$\alpha$ . This hypothesis is rather complicated, for it is not in the form of abstract knowledge that Mme. X. learnt of all these real facts concerning Antoine, but in the form of Antoine himself. So that, if it really be only a question of abstract notions, these

abstract notions have taken a concrete form in order to manifest themselves. They would thus have constituted a sort of error in themselves. It has been supposed that Antoine himself came into the railway carriage at Melun, that he accompanied Mme. X. in her walks in the forest at Fontainebleau during the whole month of October, 1900, that he related the story of his life to her; and there is something which shocks us in the thought that, though the story told to Mme. X. be true, there was no Antoine. At the same time, this objection is not paramount; for we know so little of the ways in which supernormal knowledge flows into the mind, that we are unable to make any negation concerning them.

Moreover, it is relatively more rational not to suppose the intervention of another force, since, *à la rigueur*, a human intelligence, under extraordinary conditions of clairvoyance, may suffice to explain everything.

$\beta$ . If other personalities intervene, they may be either  $\beta'$ , the personality of Antoine B. himself, or  $\beta''$ , other forces non-identical with human personalities.

$\beta'$ . Assuredly, the hypothesis that it is the consciousness of Antoine B. himself who came to Mme. X. is the simplest, and at a first glance, it satisfies us. But then, what a number of objections such a hypothesis raises! How is it possible for the consciousness to survive after death? How can intelligences which suffer birth escape death? A beginning implies an end: Birth implies death, the one involves the other!

$\beta''$ . Other force, such as genii, demons, angels, etc., may exist, as strict logic commands us to admit. There is a certain impertinence in supposing that, in the Infinite Immensity of Worlds and Forces, man is the only force capable of thinking. It seems to me necessary to admit that there exist intelligent forces in nature, other than man; forces, which are constituted differently to him, and are consequently imperceptible to his normal senses; these forces may be called angels, genii, demons, spirits, no matter the name we give them. It is evident, however, that this hypothesis of intelligent forces ought not to be confounded with the hypothesis

of human personalities surviving after death. These are two absolutely distinct hypotheses. Now, I think that it is not the hypothesis of intelligent forces which is doubtful; what is extremely doubtful is that these forces can enter into communication with man. Moreover, as in the case under notice, why should they take the material appearance of a deceased human being, and declare their identity with such?

We see that all the explanations so far put forth are imperfect, and, for my part, I find them so imperfect, that I am inclined to believe in some other hypothesis which I do not know, which I cannot even guess, but which, nevertheless, I am convinced exists, since here we have real facts, which not any of the hypotheses heretofore presented can explain in a satisfactory manner. It is to this hypothesis *X* that I attach myself, for the present, recognising, while doing so, that there is a certain amount of irony in proposing a hypothesis of which I am unable to give the formula.

In conclusion, we see that this case of Antoine B. involves the whole problem of spiritism. . . . And I have related it because the simple and complete narration of facts ought to precede theories.

November, 1903.

The series of phenomena concerning Antoine B. do not cease with the above recital. That recital comports an epilogue not less extraordinary than itself. I say an "epilogue," for most assuredly it has some connection—of a psychological order—with the preceding recital. I will set it forth as concisely as possible:

One evening in May, 1903, I was dining with Mme. X. and her family. After dinner we tried for phenomena, but received nothing. Towards the close of the evening, shortly before I left, Mme. . . pronounced the following words—words which I wrote down among my notes as soon as I reached home—"*I see a woman standing near me; she has grey hair, she is about fifty years of age, but looks older than she really is. Her hair is quite grey. I believe it is Mme. B.*" (Antoine's widow), "*though I am not quite sure yet. I see the*

*figure 7 with her, which probably means that she will die in seven months, or on the 7th of some near month.*" Such is the copy of the very brief note I took of Mme. X.'s words. I ought to add that this note is a much abridged account of Mme. X.'s actual words, and that she also said:—"Mme. B. is very ill; she has some sort of chest complaint—perhaps tuberculosis—and she will die very soon indeed."

What renders this premonition extremely interesting is that Mme. B., at that moment, was only very slightly ill. She was so slightly indisposed, that not for a moment did the thought ever cross my mind, that her indisposition might turn into anything serious. Neither I nor anyone in the world suspected any danger whatsoever. But fifteen days after this prognostication had been made, the apparently slight bronchial affection from which Mme. B. was suffering, and of which I had, naturally, never said a word to Mme. X., remained stationary, but still the idea that the result might prove fatal never entered into anyone's head.

Nevertheless, the result did prove fatal. Mme. B. died, within seven weeks after Mme. X.'s prediction, on Tuesday, 30th June, 1903, after a very sudden and irresistible aggravation of her previously slight indisposition, which carried her off in four or five days. The illness turned out to be a sort of pulmonary affection, the nature of which is still unknown to the doctors who attended her: (tuberculous? infectious *grippe*?).

An interesting detail: Mme. B. had black hair; I, who knew her well, had never noticed any grey in her hair; I did not know she was grey. Now a few days before her illness took a serious turn, one of the members of my family who had just been paying Mme. B. a visit, said to me: "*Mme. B. does not dye her hair any longer, so that one can now see how very grey she is!*"

Here is a veritable premonition. The authenticity of this remarkable fact cannot be doubted, for it would have been impossible for me, or for anyone else, by means of telepathy, or in any other way, to convey to Mme. X. the idea of a death, in which I did not believe, and which did not, even for a moment, cross my mind, or anyone else's mind.

Such is the epilogue. Although we cannot state precisely the link uniting the various psychical phenomena exposed in this case, I do not think we can consider them as independent of each other. There are certain mysterious relations here, which the future, aided by our patience, will certainly elucidate.

January, 1905.

During the revision of the above pages, whilst I was showing them to Mme. X., the latter told me that "the family B. were not yet done with" [*tout n'est pas fini encore pour la famille B. !*]; her words conveyed to me the impression of a presentiment of some misfortune about to fall upon that family. These words were uttered between 3 and 4 o'clock on the 23rd December, 1904.

Now, during the night of the 23rd-24th December, towards 11 o'clock, Louis B. (the son of Antoine B.) narrowly escaped being killed in a serious railway accident. That he was saved was little short of a miracle. When, on the morning of the 24th December, I saw by the newspapers that Louis had escaped, I was struck by the thought that Mme. X.'s prediction [*tout n'est pas fini encore pour la famille B.*] had been on the point of becoming realised.

Alas! the presentiment was but too true; for Oliver L., the son of Mme. B.'s second husband, was in the same train as Louis B., and, though the morning papers did not mention the fact, he was killed instantaneously.

I have another interesting point to mention in connection with this presentiment. On the 8th July, 1903, Mme. X. wrote to me saying that Mme. B.'s death (she had just died) would be soon followed by another. She added: "Someone tells me that one of the sons will soon die,—before the end of two years. I think it is Jacques B., but they do not say so." [*Quelqu'un me dit qu'un des fils mourra bientôt, avant deux ans. Je pense que c'est Jacques B., mais on ne le dit pas.*]

Thus this premonition—somewhat vague, it is true—pronounced eighteen months before, was realised. It will be remarked that

Mme. X., by adding her own impression to her auditory perception, committed an error; whilst the perception itself, though not very explicit, was correct.

In joining the case of *Antoine Breguet* to the preceding episodes we see that we are forced to suppose (if we eliminate the hypothesis of *Lucidity*) a most extraordinary chance, joined to an equally extraordinarily clever and perfidious, at times remarkably clumsy, investigation concerning every person connected either nearly or remotely with myself.

It will be noticed that none of these isolated facts can appear very evidential, by the very fashion in which I conduct the discussion. If we take authentic names such as George Vian and Antoine Augustin Renouard, then I suppose that these were due to deception, to a long and minute search; if we take the phenomena inexplicable by investigation, I attribute them to chance—to a very fortunate piece of chance.

Conviction will therefore be gained, less by isolated facts, however precise, than by a considerable collection of such facts.

#### (E.) *Other Facts.*

##### (1) *Episode of Robert Girard.*

*"I see Robert, you knew him at school. He loved you very much. He puts both his arms on your shoulders. He is 15 or 17 years old, dark, pale, smaller than you. I think he died at 27 years. Trouble in throat at death. Often walked arm in arm. He cut his initial with you with a knife into a door or desk at school in Paris."*

Now one of the friends of my childhood was a cousin, Robert Girard. I do not remember that he cut his initials on a desk or door at school, but this is possible; for we were very fond of each other, and in my schooldays he was my most intimate friend. He died at the age of 45.

##### (2) *Episode of Paul Gibier.*

On Thursday, July 5th, 1900, Mme. X. said to me: "*I see*

a Paul whom you knew, still very near the earth. It is sad, very sad. Doctor of medicine. He studied with you. What a pain in his chest! It is as though all his ribs were broken. He died far from France, in America perhaps. A great establishment, a sanatorium, intent on leaving it to some one, to a doctor, Henry Pigott. Marie is his wife. There is someone called Georges Rabier, Rabier, Libier. He went out into the town, into a street, and died from an accident. Paul studied at the University of Paris. He says: *Richet will continue my work.*"

These facts refer to Paul Gibier, but the details relating to him are mostly given in *Light*, of June 30th, 1900, p. 303, so that I cannot count this episode as other than a reminiscence of what had probably been read. Mme. X., although I had never said anything to her on the subject, might evidently have supposed that I had known Paul Gibier.

(3) *Episode of Ernest Chambard.*

On January 29th, 1900, she said: "I hear Henri—Cécile—Ernest—Philippe Chambard—then Georges Deschamps. Ralph Charles Dupuy. Ninon. Man 45 to 50 years. Dark eyes, moustaches. . . Wears pince-nez at times. Very studious and fond of analysis. Married (two children). Dead not very long. Get name Ernest Raymond. Albert or Alfred Léon."

Very vague indications as to the personality of Ernest Chambard, whose name was mixed up, in my opinion, with the personality of F. Raymond (to whom the details might apply).

(F.) *The Rollin Episode (Related by Mme. X.)*

The Rollin Episode (Rollin is a fictitious name, the real name, however, begins with the letter R) occurred in June, 1902. As Prof. Richet's *Memoir* was written in 1901, and he has left me only the documents of the Rollin incident, I have decided to enter into no discussion whatever, but to place before the reader, in as orderly and readable a fashion as possible, these same documents, which consist

of my notes and the remarks of M. Rollin, for whom these notes were made.

On the 17th June, 1902, Pr. R., calling on me at about half past six in the afternoon, told me that a stranger had been to see him that afternoon at his laboratory and had asked him (Pr. R.) if he could introduce him to a "medium," as he badly wanted to get into communication with some one belonging to him.

Pr. R. told this stranger that though he could not introduce him to any medium, he might be able to get something for him through a mediumistic friend of his, by *psychometry*; and he asked him to bring some object that had been worn by the dead person.

Pr. R. would not allow the stranger to give him any particulars of himself. Therefore, even had he wanted to do so, Pr. R. could not have given me any hints in any shape or form whatever.

On Thursday, 19th June, Pr. Richet brought me a small box from X.

I did not open the box until I felt I had received all I was ever likely to get for X., that is nine days after receiving it, when my notes were already complete and I was handing them over to Pr. Richet for the latter to convey to X.

I should not have learned very much even had I opened the box; for it contained only a withered flower (a *fleur de lys*) and an ordinary looking lady's purse. Inside the purse was the address of a tea-shop in the Boulevard Haussmann.

I received the box on Thursday, 19th June; on Saturday, 28th June, I returned the box, with the notes I had taken, to Pr. Richet.

Pr. Richet did not know what I had written, and did not look at my notes until Monday, 30th June, when M. Rollin came to the laboratory and went through my note-book in Pr. R.'s presence.

I obtained my information by a sort of psychometry. On Thursday night, I slept with the box in my hands, and early on Friday morning I wrote down my impressions.

Night and day, I kept my attention turned on the box; but after Tuesday, 24th, I could get no more information; I tried to go further, but even the help of a photograph which, on the 30th June, I asked M. Richet to obtain for me and which he gave me on the 4th July, was powerless to evoke additional impressions.

I translate my notes as literally as possible from the original French, omitting repetitions only.

*Friday morning, 20th June, 1902.*—I have never felt a more gentle influence than that which comes from this box. It belonged to a person whose mind was turned towards good, who could not bear to wound the feelings of others.

When I awoke this morning, I saw a young woman near me who told me that it all concerned herself; and that the box contained things which had belonged to her. . . .

I get the influence of a fairly young man with her, who seems to be united to her as though they were man and wife. . . . With the man I see the letter R (or B, it is difficult for me to distinguish between these two letters), and I get also a large capital F above both their heads. . . .

I hear her say something like "*bras cassé*" (right arm?).

I see [the dates 1901; in August, 1900; 1880; 71; 19; (1: 9:); 2 5-2; Charles; M.

The letter M. for her. It is strange, but I feel as though I could not open this box; it is as though it contained *sacred* things.

Her character is gentle, gay, sensitive, loving, good; rather shy and retiring. I feel that she loved profoundly this man (X.) whom she showed me. He is of average height, dark, aged from 35 to 40 years. . . .

I think that the love between them was stronger than death, and that she will be nearer than ever to him now.

It seems to me as though M. tried to take a pencil or a painting brush and to communicate thus with R. It was she, her spirit, who advised him to go and see P. C. R.; she promised to give him proofs through another person. . . . I hear her say "*Mon bien-aimé*"; and "*Cher Ber*" (or "*Père*"?).

I see this man (X.) take M. in his arms lovingly and tenderly; "*mourir*," she says. . . . I see her hair loose on her shoulders; it is brown in colour and not very long. . . . It is strange that though she was slight and almost delicate in appearance, I have the sensation of good health. I cannot yet see her ill or dying or dead. At the same time, I feel that she has died very recently . . . not more than a few months ago if that. . . . Yes, the letter R follows her always.

She laughs with happiness in his arms, she makes me think of a singing bird or blackbird. . . . I hear her say a name like Mi-mi, *Minnie*. I think she lived in the direction of the Opéra—no—rather in the Bois de Boulogne. . . . She does not look as though she were more than 25 years, and sometimes I see her look much younger still. Sometimes when I look at her, I say to myself she cannot be more than 17 or 19 years; then she changes a little and I add a few years on to her age.

I get no feeling of straitened circumstances or of misfortune; on the contrary, she gives me the impression of having been the joy of those about her all her life.

I cannot see either her father or her mother, so I suppose they are both dead. The father died young. . . . Does H. represent his name?

Her nature was so sunny, that if trouble came her way she would conquer the sadness and not think over much of her trouble.

A harsh word never passed her lips. "Merci" she smilingly said for everything and to everyone.

M. seems to want to tell me that she has a brother; that he is alive; and she seems to say about 30 years of age.

I feel commercial influences around her. . . . R. has also, I think, relations with the state. I cannot yet feel the presence of a child in her life. . . . I will see later on . . . she has gone . . . she comes back again, but how she is weeping! she died very, very recently, a few weeks ago only she now seems to tell me. She was so happy, she wanted to live much longer here.

Someone she knew seemed to paint. . . . She has just made me see a tiny child, a baby, still wearing long baby-clothes. I begin to think this is her own child and that the birth of that child caused her death. . . . I get a name like Léon (Louis?) . . . I hear again the name like Mimi or Moumou or Minnie. And again I hear "bras cassé" . . . "mon mari" . . . "ça va mieux" . . . "à bientôt" . . . "adieu" . . . "au revoir" (these words come by jerks). "Non," "Non" . . . "fièvre," "cœur," "trouble," "faut mourir" . . . (she has gone; wait till this evening).

*Friday evening, 20th June.* . . . It is strange. M. has come, she embraced me . . . she weeps; she weeps terribly. I am almost sure she regrets her death, and that she wants to return to the earth. Yes, she is dead only a very short time, scarcely a few weeks. . . .

I fear also that she was very unhappy before dying. Until now she has only shown me the happy past; but now I feel great sadness.

I do not yet really understand her death, for I cannot see her seriously ill nor threatened with any fatal illness. I fear that her death was most unexpected. I get a feeling of remorse, of profound anguish.

I hear "Carolus Duran." . . . "Commerce" . . . "aisance" .

“mort subite.” . . . I see a young woman, light brown hair, who holds a baby in her arms . . . she says “Bernard” and a name like “Daguerre.”

I seem to feel much treachery about her. . . . She died because she was afraid R. loved her no longer. She died to relieve R. of her presence. She was profoundly wounded, wounded to the heart. . . . I believe she was poisoned (or died from poison).

There were traps laid for her . . . the little one rushed into destruction blindly. Suspecting nothing, she fell into the trap. . . . What sorrow she felt when dying! . . . I feel the presence of a woman (35 to 40 years) who is intimately connected with the life of R. (M.'s husband). . . . It was because of this woman that the little woman suffered so much; this was the cause of her death and of all her trouble. . . .

Sometimes it seems as though M. and R. were not yet married. I do not understand . . . there is that woman's influence in her life, did she prevent them from being married?

I feel now a mystery about her death (M. . . . the person who is dead). . . . She died very oddly. She died far from her own country. . . . I get the feeling that she was not French, but rather English. . . . I see her make several sea voyages.

I have something strange to say. I do not want to say it, it may apply to someone else, all the same I am forced to say it: “I believe that M. died poisoned” (a voice cries out ‘No, No,’ but I believe it all the same). Certainly someone near her (either M. or someone loved by her) died from poison.

I see trees where M. died (the country or a boulevard). . . . She was wealthy; that is to say, I feel ease and comfort about her; but this man is rich also, I think.

She went on a voyage once with R. . . . Certainly she had a child; she is concerned now about that child. She seems to want to say that a great victory will soon arrive for R.

How unhappy she was to die. I see her almost alone at the end. . . . Yes, I feel the sea about her and long voyages to foreign countries. She died after having made a journey near the sea. . . .

I think her death was unnatural. Certainly her death was not natural. She has foreign relatives (English probably). . . .

Someone made her believe that R. loved her no longer . . . it was not true, he loved her always. It was a woman's vengeance. It seems to me as though the little one put herself to death in a moment of great despair . . . she was mad with despair . . . she died because she thought that R. loved her no longer . . .

There was a question of money concerning her . . . and also I feel it about R. . . .

She has left a letter which has not been found. It will be found. This letter is important. She is anxious this letter should be found.

There is a great deal of money about them both—M. and R.

She talks again of her love for her husband . . . and I hear a word like *Daguerre*.

She seemed to have had many sombre thoughts just before she died.

I asked her how long she has been dead and she showed me the figure 3, which means three weeks since she died.

A capital F. always. Also the letters *G. J. B. C. M. R.* always about her. . .

I hear the word "Carthage."

She says "*Cassé*"; for certain she is trying to tell me something important something was "broken."

M. must have suffered long and cruelly before dying. I seem to see her convulsed with agony, then calm, then the pains in her stomach come on again.

I do not see many people about her when she died. There is a woman, a sort of servant. . .

I hear the word "*brûlure*," something seemed to burn her. I hear "recent . . . child . . . mort . . . apathy . . . listen . . . Bernard . . . theatre Sarah Bernhardt . . . beautiful music."

. . . I hear nothing but the word music, music, . . . (my hand writes automatically: "Not that, for God's sake Minnie, I am forced . . . Philippe . . . brother no . . . thirst, great thirst . . . seule, seule toujours . . . Normandie.")

Monday, 23rd June. . . . Yes, she was R.'s wife. She died near him in Paris. I hear *Alice*. . . .

Orphan. I think M. was an orphan or only child. Yet she seems to have had a brother who loved her dearly. . . . "Humbert" . . . "Carthage" . . . great disappointment. . . .

No, she did not kill herself. But her death came like a thunderbolt . . . like a rush of blood to the heart. . . . There is a young man like a brother-in-law or a brother, aged 20 years, in her home. . . . Two men near her, one about 37 or 40 years, the other 20 years.

D. V. J. G. H. D. B. (B. or R.) C. M. are the letters that are always following her about, and are much mixed up with her. She seems to have an aunt (aged) and two uncles still living.

Really she seems to think she was poisoned.

I often see a young man of about 20 years in M.'s home; her brother-in-law?

She was rather disheartened lately, was she not?

I hear the words: "*Une liaison*."

There is a large capital F attached to her name; is it Frederic?

On the 30th June, just as Prof. Richet was leaving me (he had come to fetch the note-book): I saw the word "*Alma*."

The dead woman seemed to show herself suddenly to me, and to hold up the word "*Alma*"; it was only a flash.

The chief real facts of the case are as follows: The Count C. de Rollin married, 17th July, 1901, the only child of a wealthy American, Edith B... They lived in the Villa D..., Bois de Boulogne, Paris. She had made several voyages between New York and Europe; and, eighteen months before her death, she had visited Egypt.

After her marriage, (in October, 1901) she and her husband went on a visit to Normandy,—to Havre.

On the 19th April, 1902, twin children (both boys) were born.

On the 27th May the young wife died from puerperal fever, at the age of twenty-two years.

On one occasion, during her illness, she asked her husband if she was going to die; and on the night before her death she persisted in saying she had been poisoned.

For eleven hours previous to death she suffered great agony.

Her body was taken to the American Church, Avenue d'Alma, until the father was able to carry it to New York.

A question of money existed between the Count and the father; the father wanted his daughter's body, and the children also; the Count finally consented to give up his wife's body on the father settling on him a large sum of money.

Shortly after marriage the Count discovered that his wife was on abnormally friendly terms with a woman of "Sapphoistic" temperament.

Fifteen days before her death the Count informed his wife that "*quelque chose était cassée*" between them.

A little while before death she complained that the hot-water bottle burned her.

There were present at her death-bed her father, her husband and a nurse.

She was an artist, and also a very fine musician.

The Count (who is 34 years of age) has a brother, E..., aged 20 years, who was occasionally in the house.

The Count's Christian name is very similar to the Italian of Charles: "Carlo," and phonetically it is practically the same. But his wife generally called him Diki: and, though his wife's name was Edith, he always called her Minnie or Didi.

Edith's mother had died at the birth of her daughter, from puerperal fever: she was 26 years old.

Her father's name is Frederic . . . . He is still alive.

The names of the twins are Jean Frederic Lloyd, and Louis Richard.

There were *commercial* interests surrounding the Count and his wife whose father had made his money in commerce.

The day after the death of his wife, the Count signed a document dealing with commercial interests: it was, in a sense, a "victory" for the Count.

On December 21st, 1901, the young wife had written an important letter; it was addressed to her husband and her child to come.

This letter was found after her death.

Her character was rather complex, she was of a gay, sunny humour, and very fond of her husband. She was of average height and had light brown hair. She was a prey to dark, sombre thoughts for some time before her death.

It will be seen that the important dates for the deceased wife to remember were: 19, 27, 17:

17th July, 1901 (date of marriage).

19th April, 1902 (date of the birth of the twins).

27th May, 1902 (date of her death).

Among the dates purporting to come from her are: 19; 1: 9: 25-2; (27?) 71 (for 17?)

*Comparison between the real facts and some of the information received.*

*Information received.*

A young woman says the box concerns herself.

Among the dates or figures obtained were: 19; 71; 25-2.

Influence of a fairly young man (35 or 40) with her . . . like man and wife; with the man the letter R.

"A large capital F over both their heads (her own and her husband's). . . Is it Frederic?"

The word *cassé* repeated often.

She is anxious that a certain letter she had written should be found.

She shows a painting-brush and talks of music.

She talks of something burning her: "Suis brûlée—brûlure."

She gives the letter M. as her name and says Mimi, *Minnie*.

She lived: "rather in the Bois de Boulogne."

She looks 25 years and younger.

She shows a baby in long clothes, and intimates she died in child-birth; and says fever.

She says she has a brother-in-law or a brother, aged 20 years.

She says she died three weeks ago (previous to the experiment).

She gives the word *Alma*.

*The real facts.*

The box contained a purse belonging to the dead young wife and a fleur-de-lys taken off her coffin.

The important dates were: 19; 71; and 27.

M. Rollin is 34 years of age.

Frederic is her father's name.

M. Rollin had told her fifteen days before her death that "something was broken": (a statement which caused her sorrow).

An important letter she had written five months before was found shortly after her death.

She was a fine artist and musician.

Shortly before death, she complained that the hot-water bottle was burning her.

Her name was Edith, but her husband always called her *Minnie*.

She lived, in truth, in the Bois de Boulogne.

She was 22 years old.

She had twins (two months old at the time of the experiment); the consequences of child-birth caused her death: puerperal fever.

The Count has a brother who is 20 years old.

She died on the 27th May. I received her box on the 20th June.

Her body was then lying in the American church in the Avenue d'Alma.

*Information received. (continued)*

She says her death was due to poison . . . "she was poisoned."

She was not French, "rather English."

She had made many sea voyages, says *Carthage, Normandie*.

She gives the sensation of wealth and ease.

She talks of a woman's bad influence, says "*une liaison*."

She gives a word which sounds like *Daguerre* for her husband.

She also gives Charles.

She gives "Louis."

She gives as first letters of important names connected with her: D.V.; J.; D.; B.; R.; C.; M., and she says "Bernard."

She says "*Alice*."

She was an orphan or only child.

She had one aunt and two uncles living.

**The chief incorrect details are :**

That she was an orphan ;

That her father died young ;

That she had a brother aged 30.

That her husband was of average height (he is nearly six feet tall).

That she herself was short (she was of "average height" says her husband).

Having now placed the details of this case before the reader I will leave him to draw his own conclusions.

*The real facts. (continued)*

On the eve of her death, she persisted in saying she was poisoned.

She was an American (United States).

She had been several times backwards and forwards between Europe and America. She went to Egypt eighteen months ago ; and her last journey was with her husband to Normandy.

She was very wealthy.

She had fallen into the hands of an unprincipled woman in Paris.

She called her husband Diki, and he called her Didi at times.

Her husband's Christian name begins with Carl. . .

One of her children is named Louis.

She lived at Villa D... (V.D.); one of her children is named Jean ; (J.) Didi and Diki ; (D.) B... (her family name) ; Rollin ; (R.) Carl... ; (C.) Minnie ; (M.) *Bernard* is phonetically much like her family name (which begins with the letters Bar...).

She had two close friends named "*Alice*."

She was an only child.

She had one aunt and one uncle living.

## III.

## FACTS RELATING TO LIVING PERSONS UNKNOWN TO MME. X.

The facts which I have now to report are scarcely, if at all, open to criticism; for it was not possible for Mme. X. to know or find out anything about them, by any investigation, however clever.

The persons whom I brought to Mme. X. for this purpose were:

1. M. Roger Alexandre.
2. M. Serge Youriévitich.
3. M. Jules Héricourt.
4. M. Henri Ferrari, père.
5. M. Henri Ferrari, fils.
6. M. Octave Houdaille.
7. Mad. M. de Montebello.
8. M. Gaston Fournier.
9. M. Jean Roux.

(1) *Séance with Roger Alexandre*

The experiment with Roger Alexandre, like those with Roux and Gaston Fournier, did not appear to be made under good conditions; Mme. X. was not prepared to receive them.

*Note by Mme. X.*—I failed with M. Alexandre for the following reason: M. Richet had made a mistake which this first experience sufficiently showed the necessity of avoiding in the future: he had confounded me with professionalism. [287] It is not often (in fact I know of no other case) that a lady of private means and position, endowed with mediumistic faculties, will consent to lend herself unreservedly to experimentation. I accepted in silence the constant insinuations of possible fraud, trusting to time to destroy that hypothesis.

But I could not permit any forgetfulness of the real circumstances. I could not, for example, permit M. Richet to imagine that he had in me a professional medium.

Now on the morning of the day on which he brought M. Alexandre to see me, I had received a short note from M. Richet saying that the experiments had so far given no conclusive results, that it was necessary, if I wished to convince him of my innocence, that I should say "interesting things" for people I did not know. He would therefore bring a friend of his that evening (without asking my permission to do so). This seemed to me an insult and an impertinence. My fashion of regarding my duty to my own personal dignity

would not allow me to refuse to see M. Alexandre when he came; and I even made a slight effort to visualise for this person. But it is not astonishing, under the circumstances, that nothing should have been forthcoming.

I omit therefore the notes on the experiment with M. Alexandre: for though the name of his mother, *Marie*, was given: also "*Robert, Louise and Edward the father of Robert*," all correct, "he knew," Pr. Richet writes, "so many other persons that there is nothing characteristic in this . . . and the experiment may be considered as being without result."

With neither M. Fournier nor M. Roux did I feel psychically at ease. I was also on both occasions far from well. Mme. X.

(2) *Séance with Serge Youriévitich.* (November 24th, 1900.)

Mme. X. in trance says:

"What has Dimitri to do with Carqueiranne? This gentleman knows a James, Stephen. He is not French. Someone says to him, 'My uncle.' Someone standing round the coffin. Someone is talking and says a name like *Fédora*. . . You have been in Poland. *Marie*. . . *ski*. Stephen, Henri, Martin, *Marguérîte*. Someone belongs to this gentleman . . . over his coffin, when the leader . . . not in a church (that is, not a Roman Catholic church) . . . it must be at night, with candles round him. Also *Petrovski*."

After the seance, Mme. X. (still in a sort of trance) said to me: "This gentleman is called "S." Nicolas knew S's wife. Catherine, a near relation of S. (a Countess), not very tall, dark eyes, gentle and lovely disposition. She and Elisabeth together. She knew St. Petersburg. Driving in a low carriage, quietly dressed in dark clothing. Dark clothes, black or brown over her, alone in the carriage, as though she often drove alone."

"James and Alice and Henry, Pierre and Léon, as though they were living to-day. Ivan (whom M. 'S.' knows) asks if his wife did not know Dimitri. There is someone who died young (as a child) long ago, perhaps twenty years, a young man in relation with M. 'S.' Did not die in France, perhaps in *Russia*. Someone talks of the *Court of St. James*, as though M. 'S.' knew this person and England before her death.

"What was the matter with Elisabeth's hand? *Fédore* and

Catherine seem both to examine it anxiously. Someone who had something wrong with the right side is near me, almost like paralysis. Van (Vanoff) who is dead repeats: Van, surely you remember me.

"Lydia, little child with fair pretty hair, died some years ago, after a short illness. Related to 'S.' He used to play with her. She shows me some sticks which seem part of a game with which she played sometimes; 5 to 8 years; a merry child, very active.

"Flossie, Alicia, Maria.

"James, died 36 years old, comparatively recently (within five years). Long, black, silky moustache. Strong resemblance to M. 'S.' in the physiognomy, but very much taller. Broad in shoulders, energetic, generally wore a long coat, which he rarely fastened. Rich, and moved in good circles of society; was much liked and respected, though reserved of disposition, and could be very severe, cold in manners, and even haughty. Generous, but not extravagant; active and intelligent, occupied in diplomatic circles. European, but not French, brings a Northern influence (French, English and German fluently). Speaks another language (Russian). Hands particularly noticeable, soft and white, and with long supple fingers and beautiful nails. Speaks of Vienna. His brother knew Paris and Vienna well. James, Alice, Sigma, Peter.

"He was married (for I see a young woman) and two small children who felt keenly his death (unexpected). Telegrams were hastily sent to various people. An unusual bustle seems to prevail in a large white house.

"He had a way of walking quickly, energetically. His heart was not strong (influenza). Stéphanie, Léon, Naty.

"M. 'S.' seems to write fairly well. David . . . ski. Elie, Elise, Maria, Katia, family names. M. 'S.' speaks a language quite different from a Latin language. Letters I am not familiar with. Near him someone who bore a title when on earth. Tolstoi's name, as though M. 'S.' was much interested in Tolstoi.

"Lydia tells us something unusual for M. 'S.' as though he was fond of Maria and played some instrument. Near him a

woman who played extremely well, from whom M. 'S.' seems to have inherited his taste for music. Very deep sympathy between this lady and 'S.' The mother was musical. Wan, Lydie, Jean. Maria repeats . . . dosky and Fédora. Influence of a man who was killed and knew 'S.' very well. He was shot as a young man, in the chest. Nacha."

This experiment is interesting from more than one point of view. We cannot, however, say that it is absolutely convincing of lucidity.

It is possible, in fact, that M. Youriévitsh's accent in French and English may have led Mme. X. to suppose that he was of Slavonic race. This is only a matter of a little perspicacity. Evidently nothing in my words or in those of M. "S." could have put Mme. X. on the right track.

(Note by Mme. X.—M. Richet does not point out what are the correct details. But though I scarcely know M. Youriévitsh (I have only seen him three times since), and I know little if anything of him, I may point out the interest in certain of the above given details:

1. The letter "S." for his name, found almost at once.
2. "David . . . M. 'S.' seems to write fairly well" (see below).
3. His taste for music. (He is a good musician.)
4. The reference to the Court of St. James' and diplomacy. (He is an Attaché to the Russian Embassy in Paris.)
5. The decided perception of Russian surroundings.

Relating to: "David . . . M. 'S.' seems to write fairly well." Though M. Youriévitsh was not then known to be interested in literature, he published, seven years later, 1907, an important book, *La Psychologie de la Femme anglaise*, which he signed by the name of *David Staars*.—MME. X.)

(3) *Experiment with Dr. J. Héricourt* (Wednesday, December 12th, 1900, 8.30 p.m.).

I did not inform Mme. X. beforehand that Héricourt was to come, but simply said that I should come with "someone,"—without any indication as to the age or sex of the person I was to bring. Then she wrote, *before seeing him*: "It is a man of nearly 40 years of age (might be over 40—50 years old, but his bright expression

makes him look younger to me). He is rather tall. His hand-touch is firm and gentle, and gives me the feeling of the ideal doctor's hand. Not so tall as P. C. R. but of stouter build. I think he is doctor. He wishes to receive definite proofs of another life. Critical but kindly, generous and warm hearted. Married happily and has children."

In the presence of Héricourt she said: "You have at home two children, and their mother is in the house. A boy with a book; the little girl is there also, but I do not see her; they are almost the same age. M. X. has tried to put people to sleep. *He has the same magnetic power as P. C. R. He must be a doctor.*" Then, as I tried to speak of various subjects, she added, "*Talk about tuberculosis.*"

In a letter which she wrote me the day after this experiment, she said: "*Your friend is Dr. 'J.'* *As soon as he arrived I knew that he was interested in tuberculosis, because he seemed to be surrounded with bottles, and I felt that he was also interested in magnetism.*"

A few months later, Mme. X. told me that at that time (December, 1900, when writing me the letter just referred to) she had felt impelled to look in one of the drawers of the *escritoire* at which she wrote, feeling sure that she would there find the name of the visitor of the previous evening. But as this drawer only contained letters she did not pursue her search, and closed the drawer again; six months afterwards she perceived, by chance, that there was in this same drawer a printed note which contained my name and that of Héricourt (written thus: *M. M. Richet et Héricourt.*)

This experiment is truly remarkable from various points of view. In the first place the description given *in advance* (before seeing Héricourt) is very correct. "A doctor, aged 50, and appearing rather younger, not quite so tall as myself, with dark clothes." All this is correct; and especially the fact that he occupied himself with "tuberculosis, because he was surrounded with bottles." Now for a long time H. has been my collaborator in experiments on tuberculous infection, and occupies himself especially with cultures in Pasteur globes. He has also—though a good many years ago—occupied himself with somnambulism.

Lastly, the name of Dr. "J." is far from being an error, for his name is Jules Héricourt.

To explain the giving of these details, there is nothing but chance or lucidity. Perspicacity is not enough. If she could have supposed that my collaborator, Héricourt, would come, she could certainly have given many other revelations; for instance, the whole of his name, and not merely the first letter of the first name, all the more so as, in most of the printed references, the name of Héricourt is not preceded by the initial of his first name.

(Dr. Héricourt's wife is still living. He had had two children, two boys. One of his sons had, I believe, died a year or two before this experiment.—MME. X.)

(4) *Experiment with Henri Ferrari, père.* (December 20th, 1900.)

Mme. X. wrote *before seeing him*: "He seems to be 38 or 40 years of age. Moustache. Brown eyes, low stature. Seems to write, learned, rather musical, interested in psychology. His name begins with B."

But when F. came in she said at once: "*His name begins with 'F.'*" Then she entered into a series of details, which led me to suppose that she took F. for Janet; which is quite absurd, for she now knew that F. was the correct name of her interlocutor. This is what she said: "Jules, Pierre, Paul are three names of your family. The name of Pierre is in your family, and you live on the left bank of the Seine, Rue Barbet de Jouy. An uncle died not long since, who loved you much. Pierre is your name. You are interested in nervous diseases. Your uncle was 74 or 76; he was at the Normal School like you. He studied at Strasbourg, and died in Paris." (I then said to her: "You are making a mistake; you are confusing M. F. with Pierre Janet." Mme. X. was at this time attending Pierre Janet's course of lectures.) Mme. X. replied: "Let me go on talking. . . I must say what comes to me. . . . M. 'F.' writes much. Near him is a young woman, only a short time dead. Tall, not so tall as I am. He writes, and he has in one of his drawers a secret concerning someone who is dead. *Marie, Marguérite, Rosalie.*

"He has three children at home, one boy.

"He is so much interested in philosophy that I should say he was a publisher, interested in a philosophical and scientific review. People come to him for what he writes (regularly); they stand while he writes something on a desk. There is a Pierre, died of a disease of the chest (Théodore, Théobald). Leaves of reviews and newspapers round him. About him are two women (dead); one young (Ma...). The lady of 60, the other, small, brown eyes, dark, perhaps the mother of M. F. M. F. has a son of 12 or 14 years, who gives promise of great intelligence."

This experiment is rather troubling, on account of the strange mixture of truth and error. It is evident that the facts (doubtless known to Mme. X.) concerning Pierre Janet led her to give details which relate to him, and to Paul Janet, uncle of Pierre, of whom numerous biographies have appeared in the papers. The name of Pierre is also in M. F.'s family (it is the name of his son-in-law), and F. lives also very near the Rue Barbet de Jouy, where Janet lives. Moreover, how are we to account for the details about Pierre Janet when she knew M. Pierre Janet so well already from attending his lectures; and also when she knew that the name of her interlocutor began with an "F"?

A perfectly correct detail is that M. Ferrari is director of a review. It is true that it is not a philosophical review, but Pierre Janet is not the director of a review. F. has three children, one of them a son, but this son is 28 years of age. F. lost his wife, whose name was Marie, five or six years ago.

(5). *Experiment with Henri Ferrari (fils).*

This experiment is more remarkable than the preceding ones, and I call special attention to the correct elements which it contains.

Before H. F. came (and nothing could have apprised her of his coming) Mme. X. wrote:

"M. X. has written much. He studies when everybody is asleep. He has the air of a German student; he is more or less blond (35 years), gay, careless, good-hearted, tall (not so tall as P. C. R.).

He has a foreign air. Near him an old man who seems to direct his studies, and under whose direction he works. The old man is named *Claude*. X. has a scientific mind. Influence of doctors near him, but I cannot say whether he practises medicine. Yes, he practises medicine. He reads a book: '*The Life of Dr. C.*' He is occupied with something at present, is it tuberculosis, as with P. C. R.? He is rather bent, as though he studied much. The name of Jean is near him."

During M. H. F.'s visit (whom I did not address familiarly), she said nothing all the time he was there; but immediately after his visit, she wrote:

"His mother died of consumption, and P. C. R. fears that the disease is contagious. Very studious, not very affectionate. He is not married, and would much like to marry the daughter of P. C. R. He seems destined to make great discoveries. One of his near relatives was a great doctor, and he seems to continue his work through M. X. He is probably an only son, perhaps has a sister. The first letters of his name are N. (or M.) and F. The ties are so close between him and P. C. R. that he is probably a cousin. His father was a doctor or a physiologist. A little girl who is called *Suzzie*. There is the sister of his cousin, a charming child, who is dead. I hear Claire, Charles, Alphonse, Philippe, Bernard, Bobbie, Francesque, Eugène."

Some explanations are necessary to indicate how far this observation is interesting.

In the first place M. H. F. has quite the appearance of a German student, of about 30, or rather 25 to 30. He is blond, slightly bent. Although his mother did not die of consumption, there was reason to fear tuberculosis for him, and he cannot but think of tuberculosis, being a doctor of medicine, and in all probability attacked by that malady.\* He has published a book on one of his relatives who was a great doctor (Antonio Ferrarini

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\* Dr. H. Ferrari died, a year later, from rapid consumption.—MME. X.

de Gradibus). There is no question of an old man named Claude; but he has worked for some time with a young man aged 30, Dr. Claude, for the review on tuberculosis. He has a sister (still alive and well), to whom he is much devoted, and whose name is *Suzanne*. However, he has no relationship with my family.

Is it possible that all these details are due to chance? I do not think so. A very private fact was the desire (extremely secret, and I believe communicated to no one, but simply guessed by me) to marry my daughter Louise. Note also that when later on I told Mme. X. that Henri Ferrari was the son of the H. F. whom she had previously seen, and whom she called M. F., she would scarcely believe me. The father and son do not resemble each other in the least.

(6) *Experiment with Octave Houdaille.*

This was an excellent experiment, probably still better than No. 5.

On January 28th, I intended, but without doing so, and without speaking of it to anyone, to write to O. Houdaille asking him to take part in one of these experiments. Before I had even written to him, Mme. X. wrote this concerning the person who was to come:

"A young man, 30 years of age, who is witty, height of Dr. J., quite a French air. Black hair, fine features, a fine-looking man, not married. His father in the employ of the State (Municipal counsellor or something of the sort). Medicine and law are in his surroundings. M. 'H.' I hear *Ponts et chaussées*. Two brothers, one sister, for I see a young woman in his surroundings. Not married. Great smoker. Does he wear a pince-nez?

"He lives on the right bank of the Seine, in the direction of the Opéra. Near him Robert, who practises medicine. George knew him" (probably George Vian, which is true). "He has two brothers, Robert and George."

On Thursday, February 21st, Octave H. came with me to Mme. X.'s house.\*

(I did not write to H. until February 20th.)

After we had left her Mme. X. wrote :

"Philippe was one of the friends of M. H. He brings influences and memories of law. There is someone here who has been a banker and belonged to a family of bankers." (Here she gave a long story about Philippe who practised law and lived on the right bank of the Seine, which cannot be verified. "Perhaps he committed suicide? He gives the name of Yvonne.")

"There is a name near M. H. like *Houardaille* or *Hallouairde*. The mother of M. H. died ten years ago. Madeleine? Black hair, quite tall. She used a pince-nez. Dressed in black usually. Her pince-nez was attached to a chain. Her son; one of her sons is an engineer and married. *Griselda* and *Marie*."

We have to note in this experiment the details given *before*, and those which were given *after* seeing M. Houdaille.

Among the details given *before* (when I had said nothing to anyone, and had not even written to M. H.), there are some characteristic words.

O. H. is of the same height as J. Héricourt (they had once measured themselves together in my presence to see which was the taller). O. H. is brown, witty, has black hair, wears a pince-nez and looks scarcely more than 30 (he is 40). He lives on the other side of the Seine, but a long way from the Opéra (Rue de Longchamps). Not married, a great smoker, one of his brothers

\* Note by Mme. X. I found it hard to become passive on the evening M. H. came to my house. I had, that morning, escaped a carriage accident; and was still slightly upset. As a curious coincidence, M. Richet related to me, as he came in, that—at the very same moment I myself had escaped—he himself had had a terribly narrow escape from death. His carriage had collided with a tram at the Place d'Alma, and was broken to pieces. The horse was killed (if I remember aright), but neither M. Richet nor the coachman had been injured.

It will be understood how difficult it was for me, under the circumstances, to become passive.—MME. X.

practises medicine, and another law. His father was a *jugé d'instruction* in the provinces. He always wears a pince-nez.

Lastly, the name of *Houardaille* is characteristic (Mme. X. might have known that I had written in collaboration with Houdaille. But nothing in my words indicated that this person was he).

It is to be remarked (as Mme. X. told me later on) that the names "Houardaille or Hallouairde" were not given to her directly, but indirectly; that is to say, she felt that the name in question was printed along with my name on the cover of a book. She was then impelled to look in her library for a certain book, and as she only found there the name of "Charles Epheyre" she concluded that the impulse was erroneous: some minutes after the names Houardaille or Hallouairde appeared in her mind.

In short, this experiment is a most remarkable one.

(7) *Experiment with Madame de Montebello, 11th January, 1901.*

Before the arrival of Mme. de M. (she knew from me that it was a lady who was coming), Mme X. wrote the following:

"The lady who is coming is dressed in black; 39 or 40 years of age. She is about my size. She moves about quietly; there is no abruptness in her character. She is so much like an English woman that I should have thought she was English. I think she has children, but I do not see them. Yes, there is only a son. She has a son near her. No other children. I would not be surprised if she had lost her husband. There is near her a Paul, who is alive. She has travelled much, and comes from a distant country. . . . She is interested in spiritism, and has seen more than one medium recently."

(During Mme. de Montebello's visit, Mme. X. remained absolutely silent; with her head bent down, holding in her hand and against her forehead Mme. de Montebello's hand. In about an hour she said, "That will do," and dismissed us. Scarcely a word was spoken the whole time.)

After having seen Mme. de Montebello, she wrote:

"A voice tells me to call her Mme. B. . . . I see also the letter M. for her

name. Two husbands. *Edouard* wants me to say he is near her ; he gives me the name of *Blanche*.

" Mme. B. is very musical and plays admirably. When she was here, I had a vision of Paderewski, who seemed to play Russian airs.

" There is something curious . . . the influence of two husbands.

" *Edouard* was young when he died. The names of *Edouard* and *Philippe* are given to me. Mme. B. had a child, I think, who was scarcely born when he died.

" She seems to be in the military and diplomatic world ; for I see in her surroundings the uniforms of foreign countries. . . .

" She knew someone who was named *Joseph*. . . .

" Mme. B. seems to be writing just now (Thursday evening, 12th January), she writes a letter, touches a bell which is on her *escritoire*, seals her letter. A domestic in livery enters and takes the letter. A maid, very active, comes in after the butler goes out.

" I hear several names, many guttural sounds which do not at all belong to any Latin language. I am tempted to say she is not French ; but so cosmopolitan do her surroundings seem, that I cannot say what her nationality is.

" Mme. B.'s son ought to succeed as a diplomat.

" I see a young girl beside her who has been dead for a long time.

" I also see a man who has been dead for some years, perhaps he was about fifty years old. He held himself very erect . . . had large brown moustaches. . . . I hear him say something like : " *mon fils ; ma fille* " . . . Now come a lot of foreign words . . . I will try and write some of them after the sound : *Youshchou, douchka, mouzka, Rodgerovitch ; Nicolas*. . . . *Maria Mouzouskent Khoudvjuik, Petrovna, Sergevitch, Mouchka*.

" There is some one here, a young man I think, who seems to have been killed.

" Now a young officer (25 years old) shows himself. He is very much like Mme. B. She has his photograph, he is in uniform, only the bust.

" I also see a very pretty young woman in Mme. B.'s surroundings ; not an ugly thought in her pretty head, she is a great and good friend of Mme. B. I get the name *Blanche*. . . and I also get *Geraldine*.

" I hear the word *marchand* close to Mme. B. Is it the name of a person, or does it mean that her father was a merchant ? . . .

" I get the *Etoile* and the *Parc Monceau* about her. She lives there, does she not ?

" I also hear the name *Gustave* quite close to her.

" I get a house close to the sea which seems to belong to Mme. B.

" Mme. B. is a cousin of P. C. R., someone says. Alice (?).

" Someone tells me that years ago she loved a man . . . it was a great trouble . . . he did not believe she loved him. . . ."

This experience also is remarkably interesting.

In strict rigour we might say that the giving of the letters " M " and " B " for the name of Mme. de Monte-bello was not an error. Although 49 years of age, Mme. de M. did not look more than 40. On that day she was dressed in black ; and her manner is much like that of an Englishwoman.

She lives quite in the diplomatic world. Her husband, M. *Gustave* de Montebello, is French Ambassador at St. Petersburg (1901).

*Nicolas Rodgerovitch*, pronouncing the word *Douchka*, is a very interesting revelation (although it refers to a young man, and not to a man of 55). Mme. de M. was, years ago, loved (as she told me afterwards, for I was not aware of it) by a young man named *Nicolas*, a Russian who often spoke to her of survival ; he died suddenly, and is said to have killed himself through love of her.

The son of Mme. de M. is, in fact, an officer, about 25 years old, much resembling his mother, who has his photograph, showing the bust only, in her drawing-room. He has a young wife.

The father of Mme. de M. was named *Joseph*, and she has a cousin named *Géraldine*.

It will be seen to what extent this experiment is remarkable.

(*Note by Mme. X.*—I have it entered in my notes taken at the time that Pr. R. had informed me that the name of *Blanche* was significant : unfortunately it is not indicated in what way.—It is also entered that a *Philippe*, a relative of Mme. de M., died when a child ; also an *Edouard*, another relative, died in infancy.

Moreover the word *marchand* is interesting, as Mme. de M.'s father was indeed, Pr. R. informed me, a merchant.)

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\* \*

*Note by Mme. X.* Pr. Richet's Memoir ends with the phenomena obtained up to March, 1901.

No doubt, had he been in Europe at this moment which I have judged opportune to publish the complete account of our experiments, he would have dealt in a masterly manner with the series of experiments conducted from November, 1901, onwards.

Unfortunately (in so far as any help I might be able to give is concerned), on going through these more recent documents, in nearly every case Pr. Richet's written observations are wanting: he has marked off the interesting passages in some cases, but this is of no help in the apprehension of the real value of the experiments.

I am therefore obliged to omit nearly all of the experiments concerning this later period.

However, I possess complete documents of one of these experiments: the person for whom I sought information in this case, Dr. Beretta, carefully went through my notes at the time and wrote down his observations.

Before concluding with this case it may be of a certain interest if I briefly describe our manner of experimenting for lucidity from November, 1901.

Pr. R. henceforth (in his own library and alone) drew by lot the name of the acquaintance he should take for the experiment. This friend, X., then went to Pr. R.'s own home on a pre-arranged evening, remained alone with Pr. R. in the latter's library, talking of the deceased friends of X. Sometimes Pr. Richet remained alone *in thought only* with X. It did not seem to make any difference to me whether X. was present or absent; that is, whether Pr. R. and X. remained together in Pr. R.'s library, or whether Pr. R. remained alone simply concentrating his thought upon the absent X.

I, in my home, was to endeavour to "hear" what or whom they were talking about, and to get any information I could concerning M. X. Sometimes I held in my hand a few lines of writing, on one occasion a blank sheet of paper, from the person in question.

All the experiments conducted in this manner succeeded. Sometimes they succeeded before the evening came round, and from the very nature of the information given annulled the experiment. For example: before the experiment came off, I got the name of Paul P. . . (by a dream in which it seemed as though I had got the name from Pr. Richet himself), as the person with whom Pr. R. had arranged to hold the next experiment.

Again, one day I had a vision of a sort of "herald," who

seemed to enter my sitting-room and tell me that "he" had arranged to avoid all confusion for the next experiment (the last one had been rather full of errors), and would only allow one "spirit" at a time to enter and give me information.

Now this "herald's" first act was to "let in" Dr. Henri Ferrari (the recently deceased son of M. Ferrari), who seemed to me to say most clearly: "*It is my father. . . . They are going to talk about Henri . . . about me, Henri Ferrari.*"

On another occasion, having exhausted his list of friends, Pr. R. told me he was at a loss whom to ask for the next experiment. Suddenly he said: "I have just thought of someone." . . . Even as he spoke I saw the word "*Camus*" come, as it were, out of his forehead with the vision of the person in question. The description was correct, as also the name. It was indeed a M. Camus of whom Pr. R. had suddenly thought. I did not know he knew a Camus; and I think it was even the first time I had ever heard the name.

M. Houdaille was likewise selected for one of these experiments in lucidity across space. I got the fact and wrote it down in my notes (showing the same to Pr. Richet), a week before the night fixed upon for the experiment.

Sometimes we tried what is called "psychometry." And the experiment of which I possess complete documents belongs to that category. I give it forthwith:

### I. *The Beretta Episode.*

This experiment took place early in March, 1902. I had asked Pr. Richet to beg anyone among his acquaintances to send me a few lines of handwriting, a quotation of any sort, the envelope also to be addressed by the same person; that is, Pr. R. was not, as was usually the case, to hand me the writing: I wanted this precaution to be taken in order to avoid a "mixture of influences," for I often got mixed up between Pr. R.'s and X.'s psychic surroundings when, instead of sending it by post, Pr. R. himself handed me the writing or article which was to

serve me as a link with these experiments in clairvoyance and psychometry.

I received, therefore, by post an envelope from X., containing a quotation from Sully Prud'homme, and signed "X."

According to custom I kept this writing on my person for a week and jotted down any impressions which crossed my mind. At the end of the week I gave my note-book to Pr. R. to transmit to X. That gentleman was good enough to make a neat and exact copy of my notes, adding his remarks beside each assertion I had made. The following is the word-for-word copy of this document :

*Information received by MME. X.*

A very gentle disposition. He loves children and womanly women. He likes to see a woman full of grace, elegance and gentleness; he likes to see a woman well-dressed.

Very careful as to his own person, of his clothes (never in disorder), of his hands, which are white and well-made.

Extreme sensitiveness; great delicacy of mind and thought. Very (too much so) easily wounded by light-spoken words.

I hear: "not an artist." All the same, I see him stop with pleasure in front of certain pictures (portraits rather).

Not very tall; 45 years old; moustache; regular features; a firm though gentle character; not a great talker.

He is not married to-day. But he seems to have been married.

He has much wept the loss of a woman (dead), who was very beautiful and charming from every point of view.

*Remarks by DR. BERETTA.*

In a general manner, all these notes apply rather to what I still was five or six years ago.

VERY TRUE. Particularly exact what is said of *womanly women*.

Yes, if well-dressed signifies "with taste." I appreciate to-day simplicity more; but never negligence.

This is perhaps as I appear in public. In reality, I am rather careless. My hands are very ordinary, and rather short and stumpy.

Sometimes capable of great, etc. . . . it is possible. But at other times! . . .

All this is exact; except that I am just over 50 years, that I wear a beard and that my features present several irregularities (notably a rather heavy lower jaw).

Incorrect.

Correct.

*Information received by MME. X.*

M. X. looks more like a doctor than a lawyer. Nevertheless (apart from the influence of P. C. Richet) I feel legal influence only (to-day). . .

(Later on). There comes a name which stops me from hearing any other name around M. "C." It is sometimes like "Lucien," sometimes like "Julien," and the letter J is just as persistent as the letter C. The first time I said these two letters was during a visit from M. Richet; when, asking mentally what was the name of this Mr. X., I saw, tracing themselves slowly on the waistcoat of M. Richet, first the letter C, then the letter J, with the sound of Julian—Italian.

I hear the words: "two sons, two brothers."

Very generous; sometimes he is generosity itself. Among his acquaintances in thought, there is a frail, slight, delicate, unhappy woman who blesses him for what he did for her. A disease (which he looked after just as though he were a doctor).

I think he would be more inclined to aid and defend an unhappy woman than an unhappy man. He is *chevaleresque*, and his sympathies turn rather towards women, it seems to me.

A name like "George Noro" (...or...) "Philippe." (But as I hear also immediately the name "Renouard," this is probably something for P. C. Richet.) Typhoid . . . stricken . . . insomnia . . . great insomnia . . . sleep not enough . . . (someone is speaking to me, but I only hear those words distinctly) . . . "Doctor," Medicine (?) . . . Free-thinker . . . Honesty itself . . . a child (dead?) . . . a woman gone away . . . alone to-day (not married to-day?)

He is probably not very rich; because someone is trying to show me a tiny flat situated above a little shop (a flower shop or a butcher's shop, I think).

*Remarks by DR. BERETTA.*

My Christian names are: César, Joseph, Savin; the last-named is more current in Italy.

I have indeed only *one* brother.

If this concerns a deceased person, it applies well to the lady of whom mention is made further back.

*Quite true.* I do not like to see a woman or a child suffer; that is good for men (not for women).

That which here follows does not touch myself; and awakens no recollection.

Ah! that is certainly to do with me. *Not at all rich.* A *tiny flat* above *shops*. There is a *butcher's shop* just in front.

*Information received by MME. X.*

When I touch his letter, I feel as though I had a headache and was very tired and weary. That should be the condition in which M. X. is to-day (18th March), my feet also are aching, especially the toes of my right foot. It is like a sort of cramp (bad circulation?) I think M. X. wears himself out often. He is too active and too energetic. He is a dreamer also. Why does he not sleep more? He has need of affection and feminine influences. It seems to me as though he could not live without a woman's care and love. He is happy in the midst of women.

Yes, I would say that his brain worked ceaselessly: a tireless brain-worker.

As for religion (in the ordinary sense of the word) I do not think he has any.

He has large, generous ideas.

I see two spirits very close to him, whom he has lost during his life. First of all, a lady whose death caused him great sorrow. When she died, he seems to have passed through a period of despair, of rebellion against the silence of death.

Has he not suffered from his throat (between 26th February and 18th March?). Something like bronchial catarrh.

His mind is very active. He cannot remain for long on one subject. His judgments are made rapidly and, generally, justly.

That lady whom he lost through death is young, she has beautiful eyes . . . her name is like *Jeannie* . . . and very beautiful; a pale complexion. Died suddenly rather. Carlo. Italy.

*Remarks by DR. BERETTA.*

I do not remember if I was unwell on March 18th.

I have always highly appreciated *feminine influences*. But there have been times when I could get on very well without. I have lived much alone.

I have rather overdone it at times, overworked myself.

This is not correct, or I should rather say it is too absolute.

Ideas! how easy 'it is to have ideas!

*Absolutely true.* This is even the only time in my life when the *Silence of Death* irritated me to such an extent as to make me unburden myself to another man; and that man was precisely P. C. Richet himself (October, 1892).

Formerly I suffered from my throat; it has remained tender. But I do not remember if I suffered at the moment indicated.

My imagination is indeed all too *mobile*. But my judgments are not always so prompt, I often remain undecided.

She was not young, but she looked young. Very *beautiful eyes*. Her real name was indeed derived from *Jeanne*; it was a little different. Her family, her friends, called her *Jenny*, she signed her letters with that name. She was very beautiful; pale complexion. She died rather suddenly, but after a long chronic illness, which might have prolonged itself until to-day.

*Information received by MME. X.*

There is the spirit of a man near M. X. who does not seem to have been dead for long. A man of superiority from the points of view of morality, intellect and goodness. He was tall, slight, dark, thin but long moustache; pointed chin, very speaking eyes; an expressive hand (gesticulated much with it). In fact, his hand makes me think of an artist. This man seemed to be ambitious, and it is as though he were suddenly struck down by death just as he was well on the road to fame.

Is M. X. going to change residence? It seems to me as though he lived, or was going to live quite close to the Rue de l'Université (in the direction of the Champs de Mars).

I sometimes hear a language like Italian or Spanish close to "C." . . . *Argentine*. I hear that he would have been in a much more comfortable position to-day (almost wealth) if he had insisted upon something (I don't know what). It seems to me that M. X. is not altogether French, because the spirits beside him hardly ever speak French.

I believe that X. is a doctor. For I hear constantly the word "Medicine" when I ask what is his profession: "Medicine; hospital; and barracks; a mixture."

I see him alone. I see no woman near him. If he is married, I do not know. I cannot feel the influence of a woman (young) in his home. But I see all this through a veil, and I cannot be quite sure.

"C. B. R. 71199-7-9-11-41." I am forced to write these letters and these figures, and to speak again of that young woman who is dead, but who remains very close to M. X. all the same.

A rather elderly lady is also near M. X. I see with her the letter M. (Mother?) A woman whom he loved as a mother.

*Remarks by DR. BERETTA.*

The portrait of this man awakens in me no recollection.

Perfectly correct. This is the situation of my present apartment.

Twenty years ago I was very much connected with some people belonging to the *Argentine* Republic; and, at one moment, I thought of going there to try my fortune.

*Correct.* My family on my father's side is Swiss. My mother's family is half *Italian*, half French. With her I often spoke the Milanese dialect, a mixture of Italian, Spanish and French.

Exact. I have been engaged in the Hospital Hôtel-Dieu.

I have had many diverse occupations (*a mixture*).

I am *alone* in my flat.

B. and R. are the initials of the lady in question. The figures say nothing to me.

I have, as a matter of fact, lost my mother, twenty years after the death of my father.

*Information received by MME. X.*

M. X. may be a puzzle to his friends. Towards the beginning of March, was he not slightly worried? It has passed away now.

I hear: "Died in the street." Those words come, I think, from a man whom M. X. knew, and who died suddenly in the day-time (I see the light of day when he falls) and in the street. Perhaps it was an accident; but I believe it was rather a natural, though a sudden end. P. B. H. (with this shade). He seems to have been about 40 years old.

The letter *H* is not the name of "C." But I see it often beside him as though someone who was called "H" wished to say he was close to "C."

There is someone near me who does not show himself, but who says he knew "C" when he was alive. He died a long time ago (10 or 15 years), and gives me the letter *E* for his name. A doctor, I think, at least he says the word "doctor."

"R. B. C."

On the afternoon of March 20th, M. Richet called on me (he was to leave Paris the next day) to fetch the above notes in order to send them to Dr. Beretta before leaving Paris.

M. Richet and I went over my notes together. Beyond saying that the letter "C" was correct, M. Richet did not tell me if the notes were to the point in any way.

But while we were reading these notes, M. Richet became suddenly very sleepy (we were sitting in front of my writing table). I slipped a lead pencil into M. Richet's right hand, and placing my left hand on his wrist, and closing my eyes, I *mentally willed* M. Richet to write automatically the surname of M. X. (Dr. Beretta), of which I was ignorant and which I had tried to get clairvoyantly but without success.

In a little while, Prof. Richet's hand began to move and the pencil slowly traced some letters on the note-book. I did not look,

*Remarks by DR. BERETTA.*

Perhaps, but it does not matter. Slightly worried! it is a question of daily bread. Had I more in the beginning of March? It is possible.

My father (*P. Père?*) was struck in full daylight, in the street, with cerebral apoplexy. He died a few hours afterwards, in his home, without regaining consciousness. He was 52 years old.

The letter *H* awakens no recollection.

No recollection.

but kept my eyes shut all the time. . . . The hand ceased moving, and almost at once Prof. Richet awoke.

He saw what was written, told me it was the surname of the M. X. in question, and congratulated me, thinking I had myself obtained it by automatic writing. I am not sure if the good Professor was pleased to hear that it was himself who had written the name, whilst asleep.

I herewith reproduce the writing:

The image shows three distinct samples of cursive handwriting. The top sample is the word "Beretta" written in a clear, elegant cursive. The middle sample is a very large, sweeping signature that is mostly illegible, possibly reading "Beretta" but with a large flourish. The bottom sample is another cursive "Beretta", written in a slightly different style than the top one.

Perhaps it may add a certain interest to some of the above psychometric details if I give the following information:

Dr. Beretta died about a year ago from a cruel disease of the heart which kept him bed-ridden for some months before his death.

He lived a long time unmarried. I am told that a feeling of pity and commiseration for a woman he knew caused him to marry her a little while before this experiment; she was not young but

she was very good to her husband. A little child (a boy) was born about a year or so after this experiment.

I think there is no need for me to discuss or analyse this experiment. The facts speak for themselves.

MME. X.

\* \* \*

If we try to analyse the results of these experiments, we shall see that *it is impossible to explain the phenomena otherwise than by lucidity*. For the hypothesis of a knowledge of names and persons is inadmissible. At the utmost we can only call it chance. We will then briefly discuss the alternative between these two hypotheses, chance and lucidity.

In summing up the facts, a distinction must be made between those which Mme. X. gave *before* and *after* having seen the sitter.

First let us take the details given *before* the seance. These relate to experiments 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7.

3. Doctor of 40 to 50. Correct.

4. Man of 40, learned, dark seems to write. Correct.

5. Doctor of 35, with the air of a German student, works with a man named Claude. Correct.

6. Man of 30, who wears a *pince-nez*, not married, two brothers, George and Robert. Correct.

7. Lady of 35 to 40, like an Englishwoman, she has one son. Correct.

Among the details given *after* seeing the sitter, I will note the following facts as characteristic :

(1) Dr. J. is surrounded with bottles (for he occupies himself with tuberculosis), and he has practised magnetism.

(2) M. H. F. (*père*) is director or publisher of a review.

(3) M. H. F. (*fils*) is a doctor, occupied with tuberculosis. He had thought of marrying my daughter Louise. His sister is named Suzzie.

(4) M. O. H. is named Houardaille. One of his intimate friends (deceased), a student of law, was named Philippe. His mother wore a *pince-nez*.

(5) Mme. de B. is in the diplomatic world. Near her is Nicolas, who says in Russian, *Douchka*. Joseph and Géraldine near her. Photograph of her son taken at 25, as an officer, in bust only.

Now it appears to me quite impossible for chance to give such results, even taking into account the errors mingled with these correct results. It seems indeed as though this lucidity consisted, as it were, of two parts: sometimes, with dazzling-like rapidity, flashes of the truth; then, after this fugitive lucidity, things said at random containing nothing correct, at haphazard, just as we might say things such as anyone might guess at without possessing any special faculty.

#### IV.

##### *Other Phenomena of different kinds.*

##### *(Experiments with other persons.)*

These experiments were made under different conditions from those already described. That is to say, there were others present besides Mme. X., who placed their hands on the table, and the answers to the questions asked were given by raps. In the two cases which I am about to relate, *the hands did not touch the table*, and the questions asked related to facts known only to one person present.

These experiments appear to me very important, for it must be admitted that the question asked was such that no perspicacity could furnish the reply, and that the reply was beyond anything that could have been given by chance.

*Experiment I.* Tuesday, March 26th, 1901. Present: O. Houdaille, Mme. Noeggerath, MM. Bétime, Beudelot, Gaston Fournier, myself, and Mme. X.

Intelligent raps were given by the table without being touched by anyone. It was answered that the spirit present came for Fournier.

(Note by Mme X.—There are certain details in connection with this sitting which Prof. Richet passes over but which seem to me not devoid of interest. I desire to add these details: The following sentence was first of all rapped out—without contact be it remembered: “*Pour l’humanité souffrante, nous venons dire Alléluiah*” (For suffering humanity, we have come to say Hallelujah.) Prof. Richet then asked if we could not receive some proof of identity: “Is there no one here whom someone of us knew?” The answer came: “*Qu’importe?*” (What does it matter?) . . . Prof. R. again asked with insistence for a proof of identity; and it was then the answer came that there was someone present for M. Fournier.—MME. X.).

“Who?” Answer by raps: “*Margu rite Fournier.*” (Now Margu rite Fournier, who died twelve years ago, was the sister-in-law of Gaston Fournier. I was the only one besides Gaston who knew the name, and I had completely forgotten it.)

Then Gaston said: “I know several Margu rites.” And the reply at first was: “*Margu rite Quin*” (which probably signifies nothing) then, “*Margu rite Baron.*” Now an intimate friend of Gaston Fournier’s mother was named Margu rite Baroncelli. I was entirely ignorant of this, and of course the others (except Gaston) were still more ignorant of this name.

Even if we admit (though it was not so, and could not have been so, as we were well away from the table and the movements of the feet and hands of each sitter were under each other’s control and observation) that one of the sitters produced the raps which we heard by blows of his foot on the table, the names of *Margu rite Fournier* and *Margu rite Baroncelli* could not have been given.

*Experiment II.* Tuesday, April 3rd, 1901. Present: Gaston Fournier, Mme. N., B time, Beaudelot, Mme X. and myself.

(I cannot say whether on this occasion the hands touched the table or not.)

A “spirit” declared by raps that it came for Octave Houdaille. I asked the questions. H. did not put his hands on the table. The reply was: “*J r me.*” O. H., much astonished, said: “I do not know any J r me.” Then the table continued, and said: “*J r me David.*” Suddenly O. H. remembered that some twenty-five years ago, when he was a child, he was once at table beside

Jérôme David, a personage whose name is well known, having been a Bonapartist deputy under the Empire.

These are almost the only experiments which were made under those conditions. They are so interesting that it is a pity there were not more of them.

\* \* \*

*Notes by Mme. X.*—On the 28th January, 1901, a seance was held at which, although no proof of lucidity was forthcoming—(and this is no doubt why Pr. Richet passes it over in silence, as he is, in this memoir, solely engaged in deducing proofs of lucidity)—some interesting manifestations took place.

There were present beside Pr. Richet and myself, Mme. Noeggerath, M. Bétime and M. Beaudelot.

After receiving (*without any contact whatsoever*) by raps several airs, given unhesitatingly and with absolutely correct rhythm, the raps announced that the table could be levitated.

This was done. Three times the table rose to the height of about three feet from the ground; it remained suspended in the air, on the first occasion for twenty-one seconds; on the second, for sixteen seconds; on the third, for fifteen seconds.

On each occasion the table descended at our request very slowly.

(I have always traced a certain connection between physical phenomena and the weather; hence it may not be without importance to mention that the weather on this occasion was remarkably fine and dry.)

The question was asked who was manifesting, and the answer came:

*“Je suis celle qui passe, qui aime, et qui souffre.”* (I am she who passes, —comes and goes?—who loves, and who suffers.)

At these seances for physical phenomena, there was generally a remarkable obstinacy shown on the part of the manifesting intelligence towards giving proofs of identity: for example, on one occasion, when the raps (*without any contact*) were remarkably strong and evidential, seemingly meaningless phrases only were obtained such as: *“Voulez-vous faire le fin tussor olive? Nous pouvons le faire.”*

But the moment insistence was placed on the obtaining of proofs of personal identity, there was an abrupt end to the seance. It was generally so, either an abrupt end or absolute silence until the desire for proofs was dismissed. The intelligence manifesting at these seances for raps and physical phenomena has on the one hand, pretty constantly shown this same disdain for the desire to receive proofs of identity; whilst on the other hand, it has always been ready

to give what Prof. Richet calls "those commonplace phrases which the subliminal consciousness so often pronounces," and one or two of which I have already given: ("Pour l'humanité souffrante, nous venons dire Alléluiah." . . . "Je suis celle qui passe, qui aime, et qui souffre," etc.)

On one occasion, in November 1901, when only Prof. Richet, his friend M. Roger Alexandre and I were present, raps resounded in broad daylight on a small table on a verandah where we were sitting taking tea.

The raps answered, in reply to Prof. R.'s question as to who was present: "*Napoléon Bonaparte.*" Prof. R. asked if someone could not come for M. Alexandre; and the answer came "*Lucien . . . M'as-tu pardonné ?*"

It seems that many years ago, a certain acquaintance of M. Alexandre, a young man named *Lucien*, driven to desperation by monetary difficulties, had broken open a safe which contained all the reserve funds of M. Alexandre, and absconded with the money.

M. Alexandre never saw his money or *Lucien* again. He had also almost forgotten the incident. Therefore the information that *Lucien* was present and asked for pardon was, to say the least, interesting.

#### The *Cuvellier* incident.

At a seance held at my home on Wednesday, 6th May, 1903, at which were present: M. Richet and his son; my daughter and my sister; and two friends (M. H. and Mlle. S.) of M. Richet, an incident of interest occurred.

We were still experimenting with raps without contact. In a fairly good light (sufficient to read by), we received intelligent raps: several airs ("*J'ai du bon tabac,*" the "*Marseillaise,*" etc.) were rapped out rhythmically.

Prof. R. asked if anyone ("spirit") was present who could give a proof of his identity. "Yes" was rapped out after a short silence. And immediately the following was received (there was no hesitation in the message, the raps came distinctly and with precision; Prof. R. spelt out the alphabet):

*Henri Cuvellier.*

("How old were you when you died?")

*Fifty-nine.*

("Where did you live?")

*Rue de la Paix.*

("What number? *Pair* or *impair*?)

*Impair.*

("Were you married?")

*Yes.*

("What was the name of your wife?")

*Marie.*

("How many children had you?")

*Five.*

At this point, the raps ceased abruptly, and nothing more could be obtained. An intelligence was therefore present who put forward as proof of his identity the information:

"I am *Henri Cuvellier*, who died at the age of 59 years; I lived at an *odd number* in the *Rue de la Paix*; I was *married*; my wife's name was *Marie*; I had *five* children."

With one exception (his house was, Mlle. S. thinks, an *even*, not an *odd*, number) all this information was correct.

Mlle. S. had once known a *Henri Cuvellier*. He had died many years ago and she had forgotten all about him, so much so that the name at first seemed to mean nothing to her.

I repeat that no one touched the table once the "raps" had begun. We were sitting several inches away from the table and could see each other's movements. No one's feet could have touched the table without the other sitters noticing it.—MME. X.

### *The "Banca" Episode.\**

The case which I am now going to relate presents an interest of a very special kind. The conditions of experimentation were irreproachable; and it is absolutely impossible to entertain the hypothesis of either fraud or error, when considering this particular case. All those who are interested in psychical science will admit that such cases are extremely rare, and that—if on no other grounds than this—the case in question merits an exceptional place.

It is true that the words obtained—with the signification which may be given them—are not altogether decisive, and, *à la rigueur*, it may be supposed that hazard is capable of like combinations. It is an inestimable advantage to be able to offer the reader data which are free from all reticence, in so far as the conditions under which they were obtained are concerned; so that he is able, in all security, to

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\* See ANNALS OF PSYCHICAL SCIENCE for June, 1905. This incident has already received publicity. I reproduce it here for the sake of completeness in the amassing of phenomena produced by myself.—MME. X.

choose between the alternatives of chance on one side, and lucidity on the other.

Such experimental precision is of great importance ; for, if we are to suppose fraud or bad observation, there is no limit to error ; and, however good the result may be in appearance, a slight experimental fault may change the aspect of, and cast legitimate suspicion on, everything.

We have nothing of the kind here ; all the documents will be put into the reader's hands ; and, possessing thus a thorough knowledge of the matter, he will be able to decide, quite as well as I, if hazard can be appealed to in this particular case.

On Wednesday, June 10th, 1903, we met in séance at Mme. X.'s home in Paris.

There were present Mme. X., her daughter, Mlle. D., her sister, Mlle. K., my friends, H. and Mlle. S., my son, C., and I. We were seeking for *raps without contact*. We lowered the light—which was, however, always sufficient to read by—and, in a little while, received raps without contact ; the raps were distinctly perceptible, and displayed intelligence. I will not dwell upon the mechanical conditions of the phenomenon, I will simply mention the message which was obtained.

As usual, it was by means of the alphabet that the communication was given. It was I who spelt out the letters.

After a good deal of hesitation, the raps became firmer and louder, and we obtained the following letters :—

BANCALAMO.

Seeing the word *Calamo*, I could not help saying : “ It is Latin ! ” I then continued to spell out the alphabet, and the following letters were successively dictated :—

RTGUETTEFAMILLE.

Reading over this communication, we can clearly make out the following sentence, with its very precise signification :

*Banca la mort guette famille.*

After this phrase, the raps became weaker, irregular and incoherent, and soon ceased altogether.

It was between 10.45 and 11 o'clock in the evening when this communication was received.

We asked among ourselves to whom this phrase might apply. We supposed that the word *Banca* had been altered in the transmission, and signified *Bianca*. But none of us knew anyone of the name of *Bianca* or *Blanche*; and one and all of us thought it was simply a phenomenon—uninteresting from a psychological point of view—the communication of another of those commonplace phrases, which the subliminal consciousness so often pronounces.

This phrase, therefore, made no great impression upon us. Nevertheless, when I returned home, I took care to enter it in my notes.

On the morrow, Thursday, June 11th, towards one o'clock in the afternoon, the news reached Paris of the criminal outrage committed by some Servian officers against King Alexander and Queen Draga. At the moment, I did not think of establishing any relation between the message received on the evening of June 10th and the assassination of *Sacha* and *Draga*; neither *Mme. X.*, her daughter, her sister, *Mlle. S.*, *M. H.*, nor my son thought of it either.

Two days afterwards, Friday, June 12th, as I was reading, in the *Temps* the biographical details of the unfortunate *Draga*, I saw that her father—dead for some time—was called *Panta*. Immediately the idea came to me to compare the word *Panta* with the word *Banca*.

The similarity is striking; and the two mistakes in the transcription from *Panta* to *Banca* are not altogether mistakes.

First of all, the pronunciation of the letters *b* and *p* is almost identical. The Germans say "pody," "poat," for "body," "boat," etc.; they pass from *b* to *p* and from *p* to *b* without difficulty; and if we admit that a mistake had been made in transmitting the *p*, the only letter which could replace it would be *b*.

As for the other letter, *c*, we have a very delicate interpretation to make. I wrote to Belgrade, and asked for information concerning the correct way of pronouncing the *t* in *Panta*;—in the Servian alphabet there is a *tz*, which is pronounced *ts*, and is written *ç*.

Now, it appears that the *t* in *Panta* is not *tz* but *tj*; that is to say, a letter which has not its analogue in the French alphabet. The *Temps's* translation of the name was *Panta*. It might just as well have been translated *Pantza*, which would bring the letter very close to our *c*. In any case we see that it is difficult, not to say impossible, to find one single letter in the French alphabet which answers to the Servian letter in question.

However, for the moment, let us put these considerations to one side, and let us admit that there are two mistakes, and even two complete mistakes. We will try to calculate mathematically what was the probability of obtaining by chance the word *Banca* instead of *Panta*.

First of all, we must admit, there was one chance in six of obtaining five letters for five letters of the real name—as a matter of fact, we could just as easily have had four or ten letters, as Jean or Marguerite—consequently, with a probability of  $\frac{1}{5}$  there was a success.

In order to be able to calculate the compound probability, we will make use of the classical formula :

$$\frac{s}{\alpha! \beta!} \times p^\alpha q^\beta$$

a formula in which *s* represents the sum of trials, *α* the number of successes, *β* the number of failures, *p* the probability of the successes, *q* the probability of the failures. (The sign ! means factorial.)

Now, in working out the calculation, we find that the total compound probability is—(with two failures and three successes—the probability of the failures being  $\frac{2}{5}$ , and the probability of the successes  $\frac{1}{5}$ )—the final number  $\frac{1}{1605}$ . Now we have  $\frac{1}{6}$  probability of receiving correctly five letters; that makes finally  $\frac{1}{10170}$  or in round numbers  $\frac{1}{10000}$ .

Assuredly, this number will not appeal to the imagination; it is an abstract datum which does not move us. Nevertheless, it is truly scientific; for chance alone (or lucidity) could have given the letters BANCA. No one present at that seance thought of Servia—it

was far from everyone's mind—still less of Draga's father, whose name was absolutely unknown to us, as, probably, to all the French, before the catastrophe of June 11th.

I now come to the phrase itself: *la morte guette famille*.

These words, which the raps gave us between 10.45 and 11 o'clock on the evening of June 10th, apply strictly and exactly to what was occurring at that same moment at Belgrade.

Belgrade time is one hour and a quarter in advance of Paris time. Consequently, at the very moment we were writing down the words *la mort guette famille*, the conspirators left the hotel—where they had been supping—to go to Alexander's palace, and assassinate Draga, her two brothers and her two sisters—Panta's entire family; for the Queen's two sisters, as we know, escaped death by a miracle.

In short, it is impossible to find a phrase which is more concise and more precise than the phrase dictated, to indicate the danger threatening Draga and her brothers and sisters. The word *guette* is remarkable by reason of its extreme energy and accuracy.

There is strict concordance of time to within a few minutes. Two hours later the crime was committed, and the words—*la mort guette famille*—would have been devoid of signification. Two hours earlier the peril was less imminent. It is, therefore, minute for minute, at the very moment when death was menacing Panta's children, that those words were dictated to us.

True, these words, *la morte guette famille*, might apply to all individuals whom danger threatens; and, no doubt, that evening—as every evening—death was menacing many a family, so that our phrase might apply to many people.

It is here that our calculation of the probability of the word *Banca* being given for *Panta* intervenes; and the problem stands on the following footing:

Given a phrase, which applies admirably and absolutely, with strict accuracy of time, with perfect adaptation of terms, to the situation of Panta's family, what is the probability of obtaining Panta's name?

Now we have seen that the probability of obtaining an approximation like *Banca* is  $\frac{1}{10000}$ . Therefore, there was only a  $\frac{1}{10000}$ th chance of the word *Banca* being given, and it was given!

The reader is now in a position to judge for himself.

To indicate in what direction my personal opinion trends, I will suppose that the word *Panta* had been correctly given; in that case the probability would be  $(\frac{1}{25})^5 \times \frac{1}{6}$ , that is to say  $\frac{1}{58303750}$  or in round numbers  $\frac{1}{60000000}$ ; this would entail certitude. But, though the *mathematical* difference is immense between the probability of  $\frac{1}{60000000}$  and  $\frac{1}{10000}$ , as a matter of fact, the *probability* is very feeble; and, in practice, it is considered—rightly, I think—equally null. If I took a ticket in a lottery my chance of winning the first prize would not be much greater if there were only 10,000 tickets, than if there were 60,000,000; and, in reality, I should win the first prize in neither one case nor the other.

Definitely and finally, I am inclined to believe that something else than mere chance lies behind these words. *It is a phenomenon of lucidity*, since an intelligence announced in Paris towards 11 o'clock in the evening, what was, at that very moment, occurring in Belgrade.

Once again I wish to say, that the very special value of this fact resides in the absolute authenticity of the conditions; this permits each reader to choose between these two hypotheses—(for none other can exist)—chance or lucidity!

## PART II.

### GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

If it were merely a question of establishing a new fact, but a simple and a probable fact, all the proofs I have accumulated here would appear more than sufficient, and the demonstration would be abundantly furnished. But it is quite another matter when we

have to prove a fact which is in apparent contradiction with everything that is admitted by science, namely, that beyond the data furnished by our senses there exist other means of knowledge of unknown nature.

But when I say *contradiction*, I express myself badly. *There is no contradiction*; there is novelty, which is not the same thing. That Mme. X. should write a Greek phrase, without ever having read or learned Greek, does not in any way contradict scientific truths at present known. It is a new phenomenon; it is not a contradictory phenomenon.

The quadrature of the circle, and perpetual motion, are contradictory to science. But the decomposition of nitrogen is not contradictory, although it is not proved in the least, and it is perhaps just as false as the quadrature of the circle or perpetual motion.

Therefore there is nothing in the new facts which I bring forward which contradicts the known scientific facts. What I bring is new—it is unexpected, it is in a measure improbable, but it is not contradictory.

But it is so new, so unexpected, so improbable, that very rigorous proof is necessary.

As I said at the beginning, we must admit either (1) a very clever deception, a deep and marvellously well-laid plot; or (2) lucidity; or (3) very astonishing and lucky coincidences.

As a matter of fact, the hypothesis of *unconscious deception* must be abandoned as soon as it is presented. The episode of George Vian is there to prove this. In her (apparently) normal state, she has spoken to me of George Vian, and the details which she gave concerning him were not all given only in the state of profound trance. She could have learnt nothing about George Vian unless by long and patient search; for accidental reading could have furnished nothing.

The same with the hypothesis of *chance*. Chance could not cause her to say "George Vian, your nephew." Chance is an idiotic hypothesis in this case.

There remain then the hypotheses of lucidity or of a very clever, deliberate and artfully managed deception. All other alternatives must be resolutely set aside.

Although it is painful for me to discuss the question of wilful deception, it must be done. Science cannot be treated as a matter of sentiment: and just as, for a scientific purpose, to learn the truth, we inflict tortures on innocent animals, so, in the search for that sacred truth, we have the right and the duty of analysing the phenomena, without thought of wounding and profaning pure consciences.

Let us then suppose this: that for any reason a person had wished to deceive me profoundly, by making me believe in supernatural faculties, could she have given me the proofs that Mme. X. gave me? Is it possible? Yes, or no?

First, as regards Greek: this is already answered. No.

As regards the episode of *Ant. Aug. Renouard* and *Ch. Aug. Renouard*, nothing could be simpler. The *Dictionnaire Larousse* indicates that I have published a biographical notice of my grandfather and great-grandfather. Then, by referring to that notice, a quantity of details would be found, which could easily be given. And in fact all the details, without exception, given by Mme. X. are to be found in that biographical notice and in the *Dictionnaire Larousse*.

The episode of *George Vian* is more difficult to explain in this way. However, I will suppose that an individual interested in deceiving me wished to know what member of my family had died between December 19th, 1899 and January 13th, 1900; this would be possible to find out. The newspapers gave no information; but an enquiry made at the cemeteries, at the Mairies, at the churches, by asking my servants, etc., might have gradually led to this knowledge (to some of the knowledge obtained).

As to the episode of *Emmanuel* and *Robert*, they are after all so little characteristic, and as they might have been due to chance

alone, they prove nothing. The truths are mingled with so much error that we can draw no conclusion from them.

As to the experiments undertaken with sitters, we have no longer to discuss the hypothesis of fraud, which is impossible, but simply that of a more or less lucky chance, combined with some perspicacity.

Then, for the first series of experiments, can we admit fraud as an explanation ?

I say, Yes, but with two formal reservations. The first is that fraud alone is not sufficient, and that we should also have to suppose a fortunate series of extraordinary coincidences.

Thus, how are we to explain that with regard to George Vian, Mme. X. told me the name of Etienne : "*Stephen, Stéphane. Always speaks of him to me. He spoke to me of Stephen. . . There is an Etienne. George knew Etienne well ; he met him a year before his death. . .*" Now this name of Etienne is characteristic. It was to Etienne that George wrote before his death. And no one among George's friends or servants knew the name of Etienne C.—not an intimate friend, not familiar at the house—to whom G. V. had written a message, *no one knows why*, just before his death.

It is absolutely impossible to admit that any enquiry could have furnished Mme. X. with the name of Stephen. It would, therefore, in the midst of wilful deception, be absolutely the result of chance—a singular coincidence.

Equally improbable, as the result of enquiry, is the name of *Leuleu*. In George Vian's family and my own it was the custom to call Amélie and George Vian "Lili" and "Lolo"; two names which have little connection with Amélie and George. Mme. X. was speaking of George, but without saying precisely that it was a nickname for George, she said *Leuleu* or *Lulu*, as nearly as I could determine the exact sound of the syllables. The same with *Loelie*; but here also without clearly indicating that it referred to Amélie Vian.

This is exactly how the name of *Leuleu* (*Lulu*) came. "*George*

*knew a Félix . . . He went to the Restaurant Duval. . . His profession was the law. . . He had an uncle who was called Edmond . . . What is Leulen ?”*

It is certain that if she had said, “George Vian was called Lolo,” a decisive proof would have been given ; but we come very near, as will be seen, to the decisive proof : it only needs the change of Lulu into Lolo, and the assertion that Lolo was the nickname of George, instead of being a name simply uttered without saying to whom it applied.

We will also mention the description of George dying : “*Something dark on his lips (may be blood). Mouth seemed very firmly closed.*” It is impossible to give a more exact description. It matters little that there were also errors (we shall return to these). The description is sufficient to be scarcely attributable to chance. Nothing to be obtained by a supposed fraudulent enquiry could explain the knowledge of such details, and yet the details are true. When I arrived at the death-bed of poor George Vian, he was stretched out on the bed, his mouth tightly closed (by the convulsions due to strychnine) and a black froth of blood on the lips. Four persons only saw him thus : his father ; his uncle, M. L. D., my son George and the official doctor whose duty it was to verify the death.

Thus the reservation I made above is explained by the difficulty of accounting for (1) the name of Etienne ; (2) the description of the corpse ; (3) the name of Lulu.

I leave aside the story of the storm in which he was caught one day while walking with my son George, for in strict rigour this might only be a coincidence.

Reservation must also be made of the episode, *Antoine Breguet*. No biography, no publication, mentions the fact that he had been to Fontainebleau. Why, then, on arriving—for the first time in her life—at Fontainebleau, does she think of Antoine Breguet ? And why does she give me the name of Carlos as having been the one by which Antoine B. called me ? She also gave this exact detail : that I had been to see him on his death-bed, and that I had kissed him on the forehead.

Thus here also we have to make a reservation which renders the hypothesis of fraud very difficult to accept, if it is desired to explain everything by fraud (or chance).

The second reservation is still more important. If we admit fraud as to Ant. Aug. Renouard, Ch. A. Renouard, and for George Vian, how are we to explain the great errors which were committed? And in fact in all these observations there were prodigious omissions and errors.

I have dwelt on the Girard error. The name of Girard is found in the biography of my grandfather, who in 1821 married Adèle Girard, daughter of a celebrated engineer of that time. It would have been easy for Mme. X. to give me all details as to Pierre Simon Girard, whose name is in several biographies. But instead of P. S. Girard she gave me details of Philippe de Girard, also an engineer but who had nothing to do with my family. How, after laboriously meditating a fraud, came she to commit such an error?

Why, also, if in possession of these biographies, did she not go to greater length? Instead of giving the details she only furnished vague and rapid indications, which it would have been easy for her to render very precise.

With regard to George Vian and Antoine Breguet, there are surprising errors. She said that George Vian had a mother living, even though she gave the name of Paul Vian, father of George, 54 years of age, jurist, Rue de Turbigo. She believed that George had a married sister. She imagined that George had had a bicycle accident, that his head had struck on a stone, that I was at his bedside when he was brought home wounded at noon, and that I had given him a draught, at the same time putting a cupping-glass on his chest.

If she had learned by enquiry all the facts which she gave, why did she commit such grave errors? How many things she might have told me which would have fully convinced me! Far from that, she committed error upon error; she spoke of George's talent on the piano and at billiards, whereas he had a horror of both; gave the names of Lucie, Eva, Edith, Eulalie, Rachel,

Reginald—all errors impossible to explain if we suppose that she had made an enquiry.

I could push this discussion much farther, and enter into the smaller details, but it is sufficient to have established the immense difficulty which presents itself, if we are determined to explain these incidents by fraud.

If there was complicated and elaborate fraud, how are we to explain such facts as Etienne, Leuleu, and the death-scene?

If there was complicated and elaborate fraud, how are we to explain that there was such penury of details, and such an accumulation of errors—(amidst which were sprinkled truths a knowledge of which no inquiry, however cleverly carried out, could have obtained)?

In other words, again, if there had been complicated and elaborate fraud, I would have been led into error still more seriously, and it would then have been comparatively easy to furnish me with (so-called) proofs of lucidity.

In the *second* and *third* and *fourth* series of experiments, that is, those conducted in the presence of sitters, or for such or such a friend X., or with other sitters, whom she never saw, everything changes its aspect. The hypothesis of a complicated deception can no longer enter under discussion. Deception is not possible, and in this case, to explain the results obtained, it can only be a question of chance or lucidity. Now, could chance give such results?

Why, *before* Dr. J. H. arrived, should she say that it was Dr. J. who was coming, and who occupied himself with tuberculosis?

Why, *before* Dr. H. F. ( *fils*) arrived, should she say: Dr. F., who has the air of a German student, and he works under the direction of Claude?

Why, with O. Houdaille should she say, H. Houardaille?

And why, in the case of Mme. Gustave de Montebello, should she say, Mme. M. B., who is in the diplomacy, who knew Géraldine (a very uncommon name) and Gustave and whose son was an

officer, of 25 years of age, and she had a bust photograph of him? (Also, why should she speak Russian for her, and mention *Nicolas Rogerovitch*—a man who had loved her and killed himself from love of her?).

Why, when M. H. F. *père*, director of the *Revue Bleue*, came, should she say M. F., who is director of a review?

It appears to me incontestable that *these are phenomena of lucidity*, for no sagacity can give such results; fraud is impossible, and chance, which might give good results in one case, or even perhaps two or three times, would not give them ten times.

Consequently the results of the second and third series and fourth strongly corroborate those of the first series, and render them very forcible. If lucidity certainly exists in the second and third and fourth series, and was highly probable in the first, while explanations based on fraud are complicated and improbable, it is evident that lucidity is a simpler explanation of these also.

If we do not admit lucidity, we are met by startling contradictions.

Was it chance that gave *Jérôme David*, *Marguérite Baron*, *Lucien*, *Banca*, (and *Beretta* and *Jeannie* in the *Beretta* episode, *Minnie* and *Frederic* in the *Rollin* episode)?

Was it sagacity that caused her to say *Houardaille*, and *Claude*, and *Géraldine* and *Gustave* and *Nicolas Rogerovitch* who pronounces endearing words in Russian? Was it chance which served her so well with the *Rollin* and *Beretta* episodes?

Was it chance again that caused her to say *Claire*, for *Emmanuel*; and *Leulu*, for *George*, *Lucie* for *Antoine Breguet*?

Was it a machination that caused her to find *George Vian*, son of *Paul Vian*? If so, what a singular mixture of profound sagacity, extraordinary coincidences, clever astuteness with accomplices, detective agencies, enquiries, long training and perseverance in deception, the whole united with an unbounded confidence in my simplicity, and a maladroitness in researches, and what an astonishing insufficiency of memory!

For my part, my conviction is formed, but I do not know

whether the proofs I have given will convince others. I have presented the facts without attenuating them in one direction or the other—at least I have tried to do so—and from this impartial exposition it appears to me to result that the only rational and adequate explanation of the multiplicity and the complexity of the results, is *lucidity*.

And why should we refuse to admit it?

What is the scientific reason that could militate against this hypothesis? Are there no other properties of nature and force than those accessible to our senses? Before the discovery of the Röntgen rays, who could have supposed that vibrations, after passing through opaque bodies, could impress the retina and photographic plates? Lucidity, that is to say, perception by unknown faculties, is not more extraordinary than the sight of a leaden shot in the body of a living man, through the clothes, the skin and the muscles.

It will perhaps be observed that I have voluntarily abstained from all hypotheses as to the cause and the mechanism of this lucidity. The time has not yet come. It is not allowable to seek an explanation of a fact when the fact itself is not yet irrefutably established. This is why, independently of all theory, my efforts have been directed entirely to the demonstration of the *fact* of lucidity.

I hope that, after this demonstration, there will come others, and that they will enable us to classify and to determine this astounding property of the human mind: the property of knowing facts which our normal senses cannot reveal to us.

CHARLES RICHTER.

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NOTE.—We have to thank *The Society for Psychical Research*, London, for their generous loan of the blocks used throughout this article to illustrate the automatic Greek script of Mme. X.—(EDITOR).

## APPENDIX.

(Note by Mme. X.)—I give herewith Prof. Richet's short-hand report of a sitting which took place on the 4th July, 1900. M. Richet was the only person present.

I give it, not because of its technical value, for it has none or very little from the point of view of *facts*, of information abnormally acquired; but because it may interest students to have a *verbatim* report of any one seance, whilst the trance state was a necessary condition with me for the obtaining of phenomena.

In this particular seance, it is difficult to pick out precise, correct details. Everything seems to be spoken at random; just as though one were gliding over a billowy sea of memories, dreamily watching the froth tossed about by the billows.

In the column of *Remarks* I have tried to "place" some of the information.

(The trance state quickly announced itself, and the personality (supposed to be an ancient Egyptian Priest, Shoo-Astro-bar-Khan) manifested, then retired, appearing now to give place to a sort of acknowledged subliminal in which I myself seemed to speak, without, however, the participation of the normal personality, or any recollection, when I awoke, of having spoken. It is, in fact, from about this time, and manifesting first of all as though it were my deeper self, that a personality gradually took birth, a personality named "Phygia," which has played a curious rôle in my life during the last ten years, and of which I hope to publish a study some day. For the present, this personality is still too active to permit me to maintain for long the standpoint of mere spectator; and until this is so, I cannot hazard an essay on "her" psychology.)

*Trance talk.*

I hear the name of Julia<sup>1</sup> . . very thin, brunette, short. She looks as though she were 35 years. She is dead? She knew your father . . . And then Louise . . . She did not want to leave the head<sup>2</sup>. She had children . . . I hear Julie, Robert, Louise. Robert did not know Louise on the earth . . . Louise<sup>3</sup> makes me feel inclined to weep . . . she is afraid of something which may bring . . . "Take care," she says . . . misfortune to someone she loves on

*Remarks.*

<sup>1</sup> This may be premonitory of my meeting with a *Julia* (exactly answering to this description) some two years later.

But a *Julia* (or Juliette) was also a friend of P. C. R.'s father. She was an artist, and once did a small picture of P. C. R. as a child: *the head only*<sup>(2)</sup>. I did not know this at the time nor before 1904, when Pr. R. showed me the painting.

<sup>3</sup> The name *Louise* is that of P. C. R.'s daughter; but also of a

## France talk.

earth<sup>4</sup> . . . I would not trust too much in Richard, he has something to do with you.

Someone is here who died five or six years ago.<sup>5</sup> He is rather big. . . . He speaks of the child of his daughter who died when she was a young girl . . . Black hair hanging down on her shoulders . . . 13 or 15 years . . . short dresses, hair in curls.

Rosi<sup>6</sup> . . . speak of *Rosi* . . . There is George. . . Charles Renouard . . . that is not good Charles.

I do not like Jules<sup>7</sup> at all. He wanted everything for himself. He was not like his other two brothers, he was like a Jew.

Poor Paul<sup>8</sup> . . . the death of Paul was a great sorrow for Antoine.

There is someone whom I do not . . . Masselle<sup>9</sup> (Marcel ?) . . . dead some time ago . . . he knew Francis . . . that old Alphonse . . . begin to wake up. . . .

Aunt Marie Anne!<sup>10</sup> put that down, it is perhaps for you . . . you had a cold. . . . It is perhaps the same person François.

Emilie—George is talking about this Emilie.<sup>11</sup>

Robert,<sup>12</sup> 27, he wants to say—number 2 and 7. . . . Antoine says in the house where Claire was . . . there is a stick which belonged to him.

Antoine says: "Beware of Claire."<sup>13</sup> Who is speaking of Field?<sup>14</sup> . . . There is someone here whose arm was broken—Philippe—a young boy, right arm. Someone has died and is with a young woman who is dead.

Nelly is dead with much pain. It

## Remarks.

cousin, one whom his cousin Robert should have known.

<sup>4</sup> This cousin Louise is dead. The apparent warning can be understood to-day.

<sup>5</sup> Prof. R.'s father?

<sup>6</sup> Prof. R. has underlined *Rosi* as important; I cannot say why.

<sup>7</sup> C. R. had a son *Jules*, to whom these details might apply. Unlike most of the information received for A. A. R., this concerning *Jules*, as well as the remarks concerning *Paul*, cannot, I believe, be found in any biography.

<sup>8</sup> Correct.

<sup>9</sup> There was (in 1901) a chemist named *Massel* at Hyères, near Carqueiranne, where Pr. Richet generally resides in summer.

<sup>10</sup> The name *Marianne* occurs in Prof. R.'s childhood as the name of a person attached to him (a sort of nurse).

<sup>11</sup> George Vian and his sister Amélie (?).

<sup>12</sup> Prof. R.'s cousin (who, however, died at 45).

<sup>13</sup> Though a *Claire* cannot be placed in A. A. R.'s life, still Prof. R. told me that the phrase: "*Beware of Claire*" was remarkable, and touched a particularly secret incident in Pr. R.'s life; no phrase could have been more appropriate. Pr. R. related the incident to me, but I do not feel at liberty to repeat it.

<sup>14</sup> One of Prof. R.'s friends is named *Field*; and is a person whom I and my children (four years later) had to meet. Was this a premonitory glimpse? (At that time I was unaware of the fact that Pr. R. knew a Mr. Field.)

*Trance talk.*

is like *Cancer*,<sup>15</sup> a little child that Nelly lost, he is big now. She speaks of a little girl who was very young.

Why is Charles dead? Franel.<sup>16</sup> It is quite as though she died young. Tuberculosis? When the child was born she died—that young woman,—twenty years ago.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>18</sup>Paul is so active, it is as though he died suddenly, he was so active in his life. His wife thinks of coming to Paris with the children.

James is going to die soon, says Paul. (When?) Paul says: "I do not know." He knew this James.

He knew Charles also. (Which Charles?) . . . <sup>19</sup>Adèle, how nice she is! she puts something on her head like lace. Always dressed in black silk, wore a gold chain round her neck. Somebody in your family still has it. Hair parted in the middle, grey hair . . . Adèle. Often she says: "My child," she is like a cousin to you.

It's Robert's<sup>20</sup> little girl . . . he can't tell me anything . . . he died . . . must find out where and who that person . . . she said by my hand. I am sure . . . by the same hand I will write that I will cause to be made known by the same person . . . to give proofs.

By the same hand I will<sup>21</sup> say I spoke through a medium—to Richet (R. Must I believe in that person?) . . . Paul Méry. . . Hodgson? Why? No—he is coming here—and Paul says that he will do something. He wants to remain on the earth and

*Remarks.*

<sup>15</sup> I did not then know that Prof. R. was trying to find a remedy for *Cancer*: some little while before I met Prof. R., a woman and also a little boy, who, for a time, seemed to have been cured by his remedy, relapsed and died from *Cancer*. Both these deaths greatly affected Prof. R. I cannot verify if the woman's name was Nelly.

<sup>16</sup> I personally have had to do with a *Franel*, but not until seven years after this. I had not heard the name before the year 1907, and was surprised to come across it in these notes, for it is a most uncommon name.

<sup>17</sup> In his notes, Prof. R. has underlined this as being important. I know nothing about it; unless it be the mother of George Vian, who died in child-birth, at about 25 years of age. It is about 22 years since she died.

<sup>18</sup> Dr. Paul Gibier?

<sup>19</sup> Probably meant for Prof. R.'s grandmother, to whom the details might apply.

<sup>20</sup> Robert was unmarried.

<sup>21</sup> All these phrases would seem to relate to Dr. Paul Gibier.

*Trance talk.*

give excellent proofs. Why does Felix<sup>22</sup> talk? Felix is alive—Phil. is dead.

He will find one, two other means of sending you someone. Call. You must not, he will find a way . . . Somebody. It is always she living or dead.

Let him speak. Paul<sup>23</sup> is going to speak; there is someone who is guiding him. You must encourage this state: Astrobar says it is better to stay at home—road—house—America. Be careful of all things. Encourage this state . . . Photography . . . Everything will be prepared . . . Fainted? oh no! there is nothing the matter . . . that is why those people should not be given peace. . . . (She, Mme. X., yawns, and says, "Where am I?")

*Remarks.*

<sup>22</sup> Felix was the name of Prot. R.'s father-in-law. He is dead.

<sup>23</sup> Dr. Paul Gibier?





## ON DESTINY.

By ARNALDO CERVESATO,\* *Docteur ès Lettres.*

WILL the problem of human destiny, which is at the root of all psychical research, be solved in the manner called by men of science *natural*; that is, solely by the intervention of the laws of Cause and Effect which govern the Universe?

One would say that a tendency of this kind is giving the direction to the more recent conclusions on the subject. The laws which govern the domains of physiology, of pathology, and of several other branches of general science, such as electricity, already appear, to many enlightened and modern minds, sufficient in them-

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\* Readers of THE ANNALS are already acquainted with the author of this article from the profile given of him in our issue for June, 1908.

From that brief sketch they will have seen that the name of Arnaldo Cervesato is that of a writer and thinker of no mean calibre, whose work in connection with the cause of psychical research has been exceptionally noteworthy in Italy.

The Review, *La Nuova Parola*, which he founded in 1902, has been the veritable pioneer of our cause in Italy, and this indefatigable apostle of modern thought well deserves the title of honorary member which the Italian Society for Psychical Research (Milan) has bestowed upon him side by side with Morselli, Lombroso, and the elite of national thinkers.

Cervesato's works have not only obtained a marked success in his native land, but are speedily becoming known to, and appreciated by, the international public. His *Primavera d'idee nella vita moderna* has been translated into French by M. Georges Dubu, and will also shortly appear in English. His last work: *Piccolo libro degli Eroi d'Occidente*, is already announced as about to appear in German, French, Swedish and English.

Cervesato is not only a prolific writer, but has also admirable organising powers. He is a member of the Committee of the Society of Philosophy, Rome; and, after having been appointed Secretary to the Press Association, he founded, in Rome, the *Società dei Letterati*, which is analogous to the *Société des Gens de Lettres* existing in France and to our own *Society of Authors*, London.

His activity in the domain of higher intellectual thought assures to our cause the sympathy of the finest intellects in Italy. The ANNALS may be congratulated on having obtained Dr. Cervesato's consent to act on its editorial board.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

selves to explain, or at least to try to give, by their application, an explanation of several phenomena called "spiritistic" and which seemed, until recently, to require a separate classification under the domain of laws regarded as unknown.

It is to be hoped that in this matter of psychical research, as in all research, we may be able to arrive at the greatest possible result with the least possible effort. It is always an advantage to be able to reduce the classification of little-known phenomena to the categories of methods and branches already within our domain.

Nevertheless, as though in support of Spencer's words that the circle of our knowledge is a sphere which, as it enlarges, multiplies continually its points of contact with the unknown, it seems as though even when one has solved the why and wherefore of all that series of phenomena involving such obscure and complex questions, the *ensemble* of which constitutes what is called the *Problem of Survival*, there will still be room for mystery in the sense that we shall not, even then, have examined all the facts of that disconcerting prism: the problem of human destiny.

For there will then come the necessity of a closer study of the problem of man's *rapport* with that same destiny as it presents itself in modes by no means easy of apprehension (such as telepathy, apparition, etc.) and reducible to series of phenomena perhaps already known—but under a form which is absolutely and completely undiscernible, and, the more often, only perceptible after its results.

I allude to that series of phenomena (so obscure and, so to speak, arbitrary that, up to the present, they have been the object of observation of poets and philosophers only, but not of men of science) which precede the important and, for the most part, decisive acts of our life, and which take place, as a rule, entirely outside, and free of, any participation on our part, whether active or even conscious.

All who admit of the existence of Destiny will see nothing more than natural in the fact that she indicates the way at each turning of the road.

But there are many who deny the existence of Destiny. And since the object of modern research is to preserve certain vital questions from the verbiage of controversial opinions, in order to confide them solely to the deductions of a severe analysis, it seems to me opportune for a Review like THE ANNALS, which is dedicated to the scientific analysis of like problems, to endeavour to place the question of Destiny—at least to place it—on the objective ground of fact, in order to initiate a collection of documents which might be considered as the groundwork for attempting an impartial and vigorous study of the question.

I shall therefore *place* the problem, for it is first of all necessary to have a problem clearly expressed before we may try to arrive at its solution.

A fact which happened recently to myself appears to me altogether suitable to serve as an example (we are dealing with that category of facts to which I have just alluded, that class of experiences one might term *interior*, as belonging altogether to our “inmost soul,” and which elude all control of proof and witness):

It was September 26th, 1908. I was at Berlin, where I had gone to take part in the International Press Congress in my capacity of representative of the Press Association of Italy.

There had been a long sitting of the Congress on that morning of the 26th September, and as I intended leaving Berlin on the morrow, it was therefore a very busy day with me. I had many letters to write, correspondence to finish, telegrams to send; and as the banquet which was offered to us that day in the Zoological Gardens would only commence at half past one, I decided to leave my colleagues at half-past eleven and return to my hotel in order to finish my writing.

There was no need for me to come back again to the Reichstag, where the Congress held its sittings, to join my colleagues in the motor-cars which were to take us to the Zoological Gardens, because, in the Potsdamer Platz, scarcely fifteen yards away from my hotel, there was a station of the underground railway, which,

allowing me to work up to the last moment, would have brought me, quite comfortably and with extreme rapidity, to the Zoological Gardens at the exact moment of lunch.

I therefore went back to my hotel to finish off my correspondence; I worked until ten minutes to one.

At that moment, feeling suddenly very tired, I got up, took my hat and overcoat and went out. I crossed the short fifteen yards which separated my hotel from the station of the Metropolitan Underground Railway with the object of taking the first train to the Zoological Gardens.

If I analyse my state of consciousness at that moment, I perceive that, as is always the case when we believe we are engaged in doing things of only ordinary importance, I did not feel in any state of special lucidity. On the contrary, I acted in a relatively automatic fashion, and my movements were in reality only the result of a desire to rid myself of the intellectual fatigue which the work of a long morning had accumulated in my brain.

As I arrived at the station in question, and just as I was in the act of going down the steps, I felt a sudden sensation—I remember this most vividly—of a strange well-being; as though the few yards in the free, fresh air which I had just traversed, had sufficed to chase away all feeling of fatigue, restoring me completely.

This then seemed to me a most opportune moment to return to my hotel and finish the few letters still awaiting their turn, and thus rid myself completely of all my correspondence before sitting down to lunch. I did so.

I returned to my work; and it was whilst I was finishing my correspondence that—on the same line I had been about to travel over—between 1 and 1.30, there occurred that terrible disaster which the English readers of *THE ANNALS* may still remember; for the disaster of the 26th September last was, after that of the Metropolitan in Paris, two years ago, the most terrible railway catastrophe which has taken place since this system of traction has existed in the European cities.

When I again left my hotel, this time to go definitely to the

banquet at which I was expected, as I went down the steps of the station at Potsdamer Platz, I found all the ticket windows shut, and a porter gave me the first news of the catastrophe which had just occurred, I repeat, on the very same line I would have necessarily had to travel over to go to the Zoological Gardens.

In this case which occurred to myself I see a specimen, of an obscure type, of that series of phenomena which we cannot otherwise define, it seems to me at least for the present, than as *indications* of the *rappports* which exist and intercede between man and his destiny. It might be said of the case I offer, as of many others of the same kind, that all was merely due to chance, and that if I had met my death in that catastrophe, I would simply not be here to relate my state of mind in connection therewith. But to this too simple observation we may reply that, in the first place, the further the study of the laws of Nature is carried, the further she seems from yielding any place in the chain of conclusions to the intervention of that unknown but extremely convenient personage, Chance; in the second place, the multiplicity of examples of this kind grows much too important each day to permit of denying to a whole collectivity of phenomena that right to investigation which one has perhaps exceptionally the option of denying to a few sporadic facts without precedent or sequent.

I said that the case which occurred to me might be called typical of its kind; for in its simplicity I do not think I am deceiving myself in saying that it is one of those where the play of unknown forces appears most obscure and mysterious.

Let us admit that an intelligent Force guided my steps; that Force acted coherently and in accordance with a great natural law: it made absolutely the least possible effort in order to produce the greatest possible result. It might have made me continue writing for perhaps three quarters of an hour longer. But evidently I was too exhausted to do so, and I might therefore have interrupted my work at 1 o'clock or at 1.15, instead of at the first sign of fatigue, at ten minutes to one o'clock.

The short stretch from the hotel to the station would most probably not have sufficed to restore my brain had I gone out at 1 or at 1.15, and that beneficent Force would then have been obliged to make a greater effort, to give me much stronger and more direct sensations and premonitions, in order to turn me aside from my very set purpose of partaking of a good lunch.

That Force, I repeat, never forsook the law of the "least effort"; for instead of alarming me with any premonitory sensation (as it might well have done) at the moment I began to descend the steps of the station, it confined itself to stimulating me with the evocation of duty still awaiting completion, a duty which I had now the power and time to bring at once to an end.

There are cases where this Force is obliged to manifest itself in a more decided and imperious manner, and act by inhibition on the centre of the faculty of will. Many persons can recall to mind a sensation of sudden and irresistible repulsion which seized them as they were on the point of taking such or such a train or boat, of crossing such or such a spot or street where an accident would inevitably have struck them down.\*

It is therefore evident that this Force, unable to appeal to the logic of ordinary motives (because the logic of your interests obliged you to take that particular train or boat, to follow that road on foot or in motor), was obliged to act in a direct and imperious fashion, to command, to unveil itself so to speak.

For—let us not omit to mention it, since the case presents

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\* As, for example, in the following interesting case taken out of a private record which I believe will shortly be published in THE ANNALS:

" . . . There was a gentlemen sitting outside the circle and I mistook him for a reporter—really he was a great sceptic, one who 'only came to see what we did.' I gave him a very detailed description of a young lady and added 'drowned a long time ago in a mill pond or weir. At any rate, I see a mill there and the water is smooth.' He said 'No,' he did not know her at all. . . . About three weeks later he came to me and said: ' . . . You remember giving me a description of a young lady who was drowned?' I said 'yes.' 'Well,' he said, 'it was thirty years ago; but I quite remember it now. *I was going over a certain bridge, but altered my mind. At the time I should have been on the bridge, it gave way, and that young lady, who was on it at the time, was drowned.* (The italics are mine.) And close by it is Morton's Flour Mills. . . .'"—A. C.

itself *en passant*—one of the characteristics of this Force, and one of the most mysterious, is that of acting as though we should always remain ignorant, not only of its power, but also and especially even of its presence; it follows, let us not forget this, the most wonderful of all natural laws, the law of least effort.

From this manner of acting alone, so profoundly systematic is it, we would be justified in believing in the real existence of some extraneous Force, manifesting itself thus at these important turnings of the path of life.

Its mysterious character increases when we pause awhile to remark what I may call its functioning "in the reverse"; that is to say, when, instead of holding us back from misfortune, on the contrary, it thrusts us forward, with (I believe it is possible to prove it) the same method, in the direction of misfortune and unforeseen accident.

Maurice Maeterlinck, in an essay on Luck, dwelling on this point of our *rappports* with fortuitous destiny, emits an explanation which would be reasonable and even profound if it were quite acceptable.

Those whom Destiny saves, he says, are they in whom the Unconsciousness is free and untrammelled, and therefore more readily able to attain the first, and still obscure, layers of intellect. The Unconsciousness is aware of and sees the catastrophe, since, for the Unconsciousness, there is neither time nor space, and since the catastrophe is taking place at this very moment under the very eyes of the Unconsciousness, just as it is taking place under the eyes of the eternal powers.

"A happy or untoward event," says Maeterlinck, "that has sprung from the profound recesses of great and eternal laws, rises before us and completely blocks the way. It stands motionless there: immovable, inevitable, disproportionate. It pays no heed to us; it has not come on our account, but for itself, because of itself. It ignores us completely. It is we who approach the event; we who, having arrived within the sphere of its influence, will either fly from it or face it, try a circuitous route or fare boldly onwards. Let us assume that the event is disastrous: fire, death, disease, or a somewhat abnormal form of accident or calamity. It waits there, invisible, indifferent, blind, but perfect

and unalterable; but as yet it is merely potential. It exists entire, but only in the future; and for us, whose intellect and consciousness are served by senses unable to perceive things otherwise than through the succession of time, it is as though it were not. Let us be still more precise; let us take the case of a shipwreck. The ship that must perish has not yet left the port; the rock or the shoal that shall rend it sleeps peacefully beneath the waves; the storm that shall burst forth at the end of the month is slumbering, far beyond our gaze, in the secret of the skies. Normally, were nothing written, had the catastrophe\* not already taken place in the future, fifty passengers would have arrived from five or six different countries, and have duly gone on board. But destiny has clearly marked the vessel for its own. She must most certainly perish. And for months past, perhaps for years, a mysterious selection has been at work amongst the passengers who were to have departed upon the same day. It is possible that out of fifty who had originally intended to sail, only twenty will cross the gangway at the moment of lifting the anchor. It is even possible that not a single one of the fifty will listen to the insistent claims of the circumstance that, but for the disaster ahead, would have rendered their departure imperative, and that their place will be taken by twenty or thirty others in whom the voice of Chance does not speak with a similar power. Here we touch the profoundest

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\* "It is a remarkable and constant fact that great catastrophes claim infinitely fewer victims than the most reasonable probabilities might have led one to suppose. At the last moment a fortuitous or exceptional circumstance is almost always found to have kept away half, and sometimes two-thirds, of the persons who were threatened by the still invisible danger. A steamer that goes to the bottom has generally fewer passengers on board than would have been the case had she not been destined to go down. Two trains that collide, an express that falls over a precipice, etc., carry less travellers than they would on a day when nothing is going to happen. Should a bridge collapse, the accident will generally be found to occur, in defiance of all probability, at the moment the crowd has just left it. In the case of fires in theatres and other public places, things unfortunately happen otherwise. But there, as we know, the principal danger does not lie in the fire, but in the panic of the terror-stricken crowd. Again, a fire-damp explosion will usually occur at a time when the number of miners inside the mine is appreciably inferior to the number that would habitually be there. Similarly, when a powder factory is blown up, the majority of the workmen, who would otherwise all have perished, will be found to have left the mill for some trifling, but providential, reason. So true is this, that the almost unvarying remark, that we read every day in the papers, has become familiar and hackneyed, as: 'a catastrophe which might have assumed terrible proportions was fortunately confined, thanks to such and such a circumstance,' etc., etc.; or, 'One shudders to think what might have happened had the accident occurred a moment sooner, when all the workmen, all the passengers,' etc. Is this the clemency of Chance? We are becoming ever less inclined to credit it with a personality, with design or intelligence. There is more reason in the supposition that something in man has defined the disaster; that an obscure but unfailing instinct has preserved a great number of people from a danger that was on the point of taking shape, of assuming the imminent and imperious form of the Inevitable; and that their unconsciousness, taking alarm, is seized with hidden panic, which manifests itself outwardly in a caprice, a whim, some puerile and inconsistent incident, that is yet irresistible and becomes the means of salvation."

MAURICE MAETERLINCK;

depths of the profoundest of human enigmas; and the hypothesis necessarily falters. But is it not more reasonable, in the fictitious case before us—wherein we merely thrust into prominence what is of constant occurrence in the more obscure conjunctures of daily life—to regard both decision and action as emanating from our unconsciousness, rather than from doubtful, and distant, gods? . . . The mode of prescience matters but little. Out of the fifty travellers who have been warned, two or three will have had a real presentiment of the danger. . . . The others suspect nothing: they inveigh against the inexplicable obstacles and delays: they strain every nerve to arrive in time, but their departure becomes impossible. They fall ill, take a wrong road, change their plans, meet with some insignificant adventure, have a quarrel, a love affair, a moment of idleness or forgetfulness, which detains them in spite of themselves. To the first it will never have even occurred to sail on the ill-starred boat, although this would be the one that they should logically, inevitably, have been compelled to choose. But the efforts that their unconsciousness has put forth to save them, have their workings so deep down that most of these men will have no idea that they owe their life to a fortunate chance; and they will honestly believe that they never intended to sail by the ship that the powers of the sea had claimed.

“As for those who punctually make their appearance at the fatal tryst, they belong to the tribe of the unlucky. They are the unfortunate race of our race. When the rest all fly, they alone remain in their places. When others retreat, they advance boldly. They infallibly travel by the train that shall leave the rails, they pass underneath the tower at the exact moment of its collapse, they enter the house in which the fire is smouldering, cross the forest on which lightning shall fall, entrust all they have to the banker who means to abscond. They love the one woman on earth whom they should have avoided, they make the gesture they should not have made, they do the thing they should not have done. But when fortune beckons and the others are hastening, urged by the deep voice of benevolent powers, these pass by, not hearing; and, vouchsafed no advice or warning but that of their intellect, the very wise old guide whose purblind eyes see only the tiny paths at the foot of the mountain, they go astray in a world that human reason has not yet understood. These men have surely the right to exclaim against destiny; and yet not on the grounds that they would prefer. They have the right to ask why it has withheld from them the watchful guard who warns their brethren. But, this reproach once made—and it is the cardinal reproach against irreducible injustice—they have no further cause for complaint. The universe is not hostile to them. Calamities do not pursue them; it is they who go towards calamity. Things from without wish them no ill; the mischief comes from themselves. The misfortune [they meet has not been lying in wait for them;

they selected it for their own. With them, as with all men, events are posted along the course of their years, like goods in a bazaar that stand ready for the customer who shall buy them. No one deceives them; they merely deceive themselves. They are in no wise persecuted; but their unconscious soul fails to perform its duty. Is it less adroit than the others: is it less eager? Does it slumber hopelessly in the depths of its secular prison: and can no amount of will-power arouse it from its fatal lethargy, and force the redoubtable doors that lead from the life that unconsciously is aware of all things to the intelligent life that knows nothing? "

To my mind Maeterlinck's argumentation only solves half of the problem, that is to say, it does not solve it at all. For, according to this hypothesis, humanity, from the psychical point of view, would be simply divided into two great categories: the enlightened and the blind.

To render such a thesis acceptable, it would be necessary to demonstrate that this mysterious force, as long as it is active, is solely a force for good and for salvation; whilst—and it is here, particularly here, we perceive the perplexing side of the problem—it makes use of the same subtle means, and acts according to the same law, when acting in the contrary sense, condemning, therefore, to death and misfortune.

Take the case of two brothers travelling in the same railway carriage (a case briefly referred to by Prof. Richet in Mrs. Finch's edition of Dr. Maxwell's *Metapsychical Phenomena*, and which she has related to me in detail). A collision takes place just as the train is slowly moving out of the station, and if both the brothers had remained in the carriage, neither would have been killed; but one gets up and goes into the corridor; at that very moment the collision occurs and he is killed outright.

There is no place here for the play of chance, because the misfortune was predicted eighteen months beforehand as going to occur "within two years," and on the eve of the occurrence was again spoken of by the same "sensitive" as imminent.

We must therefore willingly admit that, if it is not the same

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\* *Le Temple enseveli*, Maurice Maeterlinck.

force in action, then two forces exist both exactly "equal and of contrary nature." Whilst the faculty of being sensible of peril and avoiding it might be a sort of superior instinct of the evolved Unconsciousness, for the contrary case, human reason stumbles into error if it thinks it may rest upon any like explanation.

And what is still more serious is the fact that it is, according to all probability, the same force which acts with the same system and the same wiles, indifferently, whether it be to save or to destroy.

We must own that documentation on this point is infinitely more difficult to obtain than in any other class of psychical phenomena. But as something is always better than nothing, I think it would be desirable, in the interests of psychical research, to make a first collection of cases bearing witness to this extraordinary Force or Influence which has appeared to guide us either directly or indirectly,—especially in order to save us from misfortune (because in the reverse case the victims are scarcely ever able to testify). Such a selection would add new elements to that documentation which we are in course of preparing for the conclusions of our children and, let us hope, for our own also if we have the time to gather sufficiently convincing testimony.\*

ARNALDO CERVESATO.



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\* (We shall heartily welcome cases of the kind referred to by Dr. Cervesato ; and we venture to hope a rich documentation may eventually be furnished by our readers.—EDITOR'S NOTE.)



THE TENDENCIES OF  
METAPSYCHISM.

By MRS. LAURA I. FINCH.

THE phases through which the history of metaphysical studies has passed are known to every student of metaphysics. A rapid historical sketch will therefore be sufficient to define their present direction.

Two great schools, strongly opposed to each other, have derived their origin and draw their nourishment from Metaphysics.

1. *Contemporary Mysticism*—(under the forms of Spiritism, Theosophy, Christian Science, Faith Healing, and even of Behaism)—which owes much, if not all, of its vitality to the facts of Metaphysics; and

2. The recognised Sciences of *Pathology* and *Psychiatry*, which, starting in the first place from metaphysical tradition, remained for a long time in the domain of empiricism and are now rapidly attaining to the experimental method.

As I have said elsewhere, there is nothing new in Spiritism—(from which have successively proceeded the movements of Theosophy, Christian Science, Faith Healing, and Higher Thought—all taking their origin, like Spiritism, in America)—or in Metaphysics, nothing new but the metaphysical system founded on the facts of Spiritism. It is in this, and in this alone, that Spiritism, properly so-called, consists. It is not disputed that the beliefs forming the substance of these teachings have received a considerable extension. But the only new phenomena, I repeat, which the spiritist form of contemporary mysticism offers are their constitution into a body of religious doctrines and their rapid extension.

Again, it is not entirely correct to say that the metaphysical theories based on the revelations of "spirits" are new.

Nothing is really new if we study the history of the human mind, except perhaps the contemporary extension of Spiritism. In many respects it would appear to play in civilised, sceptical and materialistic society, the simple part which nascent Christianity began to play in the second and third centuries of our era.

Metapsychical facts are anterior to Spiritism, and cannot legitimately be classified under that name. This word, "Spiritism," expresses a body of metaphysical and religious doctrines, explaining metapsychical phenomena by the intervention of spirits and crediting the spirits of the dead with the revelations received. The success of Spiritism is due to its timely arrival in response to a general need.

Metapsychism under the form of Spiritism claims to satisfy the religious aspirations of the period. And it does satisfy the aspirations of simple souls, of unsophisticated minds, of intellects who have no idea of the complexities of life. The phenomena of spiritistic seances—the real phenomena—are the "miracles" which are given to confirm the information given by the "spirits."

The *clientèle* of spiritism, since the occurrences with the Sisters Fox at Rochester, has grown with extraordinary rapidity. The extension of this belief is one of the most curious phenomena of the present period, and stands for what appears to be the birth of a new religion throbbing with the promise of a great destiny. The human mind, enclosed in the flesh, turns instinctively, as the needle towards the pole, in the direction of the unknown, to the mysterious source of all things; and by means of Spiritism, Spiritists believe that they are able to reach this source.

I do not touch upon the more or less elaborate and complicated doctrines of Theosophy and other similar forms of contemporary mysticism, because they are all more or less akin to those of Spiritism.

For a long time metapsychism remained in the mire of credulity, in which the smallest phenomena—for example, the pathological

phenomena of neurosis and hysteria—were attributed to the direct action of the spirits of the departed, and accepted as proofs of the survival of human personality after death. Then about 1878, some men and women of standing, convinced by personal observation of the strange phenomena of materialisation, *apport* and levitation, decided to submit them to a more rigorous observation and to endeavour to bring them within the range of experiment. Thus the Societies for Psychical Research of London and New York came into existence. From this time the tendency of metapsychism has been more and more scientific, although religious theories have made equal progress with the verification of the phenomena on which the new science of metapsychism is based.

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After the above rapid sketch of the phases through which the history of metapsychism has passed, we may ask, what new paths it will now follow? Will it follow a direction different from that which it has hitherto taken? What may we hope for from this new science, and if, as we believe, it will rapidly spring into life and vigour, what will be the scientific, moral and religious results?

In the first place, as regards the theosophical and religious schools, since they have so far led to nothing definite, and as their method is opposed to every scientific method hitherto adopted, it seems evident that it is not on the side of theosophy and religion that metapsychism will progress; not that in the future, in a future perhaps very remote, it may not be possible for man to acquire certain truths by other methods than that of scientific analysis. Who can say if some day, prayer, ecstasy, and especially intuition may not take the place of observation, experiment, logic and calculation? We dare affirm nothing, or rather, we only affirm that this time has not yet come. To-day, in 1909, given the state of our minds, the state of our human knowledge, there is no other means of knowledge than the methodical analysis of phenomena, by observation first, then by

experiment, and always with vigilance in the arguments and deductions which no unguarded enthusiasm should be allowed to disturb. If we are unable to understand these elementary principles of the scientific method, it is useless to engage in scientific pursuits.

It is very clear, therefore, that metapsychism will be scientific, that is to say, it will follow the same course of procedure as the classical sciences, and "metapsychists" will do as physicians, chemists and geologists have done. There will only be theories when these theories are supported by a number of well-authenticated facts, and even when these theories have been put forward we shall not fear to regard them as fragile, because in themselves they will be of little interest, only needing the adaptation to them of the phenomena observed.

This is not all. It will not be sufficient to put phenomena on the basis of future metapsychics, we must also know how the phenomena shall be studied. Well, on this point it does not seem that there will be any difficulty, for if we are only allowed to follow scientific methods, we shall, at least, be permitted to be very eclectic as regards the choice of scientific doctrines to be adopted. The *traditional* method, the *empirical* method, the *experimental* method, are all three equally to be recommended, though assuredly they do not all carry the same amount of certitude.

The *traditional method* is the bibliographical study of facts narrated by our predecessors; analytical criticism, severe but impartial as to all that has been said before, and furnishing ourselves with all the assurances necessary for appraising historical facts. We should be able to study metapsychical facts as a historian studies the history of the human race. The acute historian seeks to extract from the hesitating and confused evidence that which he believes to be authentic, that which appears most veridical, that which it is necessary to regard as well-founded; so the metapsychical historian, putting aside party spirit and prejudice, takes one by one the various phenomena which savants or unknown persons have enumerated in journals or books, compares and supplements one with another. This will be a great work of

erudition and necessary criticism, because we have no right to neglect all these teachings of the past. There are so many interesting things accumulated in the special journals that it would be almost a sacrilege not to take account of them.

But this traditional method is not sufficient, because we should quickly be convinced of the insufficiency of the phenomena thus recorded. It is no exaggeration to say that there are gaps, and very great gaps, in all experiments, even the clearest, even the most decisive, which are narrated in books. We bring no accusation against the illustrious *savants* who have given them, for we know very well what inextricable difficulties are always encountered when we experiment in these difficult subjects. We only say that traditional evidence will not suffice, and that it must be supported by others.

The *empirical method* is closely akin to the traditional method, with the difference that our observation, instead of bearing upon facts of the past, relates to those of the present; and in consequence, each time that an observation is insufficient, we can endeavour to supplement it by new information, by questions, enquiries, interrogatories to define obscure points and explain apparent contradictions. All these are things which we are able to do with regard to a phenomenon which occurred yesterday, but which it is impossible to adapt to facts dating back to 1868 or 1878. For this purpose we must neglect nothing. We must not be afraid of losing, if need be, a good deal of time in attempts, varied and repeated.

It is correct to say that these two methods carry much less certitude than the third, which is the method *par excellence*—namely *experimentation*. But to carry it out successfully, it is necessary to have rare qualities, and the first of these is unflinching perseverance. No science, apparently, is more disheartening than metapsychical science, because we sail, so to say, in complete darkness. We believe we have reproduced all the necessary experimental conditions in order to obtain a second result identical with the first, and yet the second experiment does not come to anything, although the first had been brilliantly successful. To recommence without becoming

weary is an absolute necessity. Time does not enter into the matter, we do not take account of the hours, days and months lost in vain research. More even in metapsychical than in other studies, we do not believe Truth will present herself to us unaided, of her own free-will, that she will hold out her arms to us, and that we shall meet her on a path strewn with flowers.

Next to perseverance another essential quality is that of clearness of mind, and by clearness of mind we mean shrewd and sagacious criticism which will be able to thwart fraud and detect trickery, as well as the loyalty which will cause us to admit as possible all that mathematics and physics regard at present as impossible; we cannot deny anything because science has not demonstrated the impossibility of anything; in the strangest phenomena of materialisations, *apports*, telepathy, there is not a single fact which is opposed to proved scientific facts.

What gives to metapsychical science a character altogether different to other sciences is that we have not only to struggle with matter but we have to contend against human perfidy. There are some mediums who, consciously or unconsciously, play upon the credulity of their audiences, and it is always necessary to bear in mind that one may be deceived. Until we have eliminated the possibility of fraud, we have done nothing. That is very disconcerting, because in no other scientific phenomena do we have to concern ourselves with a similar fear. On the contrary, in metaphysics, we can always ask ourselves whether we are not being deceived by some impostor. Certainly, instances of definite imposture are very rare; but the fact that they exist is sufficient to draw the attention of every experimenter to this painful possibility.

To sum up, we must treat metapsychism like other sciences; we must have the same methods, the same patience in research, the same courage in the investigation of the truth. There are no other ways than these, and if we seem to be criticising spiritists, it is because, with the [majority of spiritists, fact is subordinate to theory. They only regard the phenomena as lending greater assurance to a theory which is dear to them. We, on the

contrary, who desire to bring this research within the compass of experimental science, say that to us the theory is of little moment. What matters to us is fact, because the phenomenon and the fact comprise the truth. We do not despise theories, far from that, but we place them a long way after phenomena.

It will be understood that this is only a very short and elementary sketch of the conditions of future experiment, but we have to-day not only the intention of emphasising the necessity for this method. We desire, supposing that they are adopted, and that they succeed in establishing certain indisputable facts, to examine also what are the consequences of these facts and of the theories which may be deduced from these facts.

From the scientific point of view, first of all, it is no exaggeration to say that they will be of immense importance, and that science will, so to speak, be turned upside down ; but this phrase needs explanation. The admirable feature of science is that nothing can overthrow established facts. That which is true to-day is always true. No discovery, however marvellous and unexpected, will contradict the fundamental principles which we possess ; whatever materialisations, *apports* and telepathy there may be, nothing will prevent carbonic acid from being a compound of carbon and oxygen, the heart from being arrested by the excitation of the pneumogastric nerve, and the combustion of hydrogen from liberating heat. However, if our science is positive, it is very incomplete, and certainly passes over a number of important phenomena of which we are so ignorant that to us they do not even appear mysterious, because we do not understand them. But metapsychism will soon make us acquainted with a large number of these facts, and our conception of the world will be modified accordingly.

If it is true that it is possible to have raps on a table or a piece of wood, that is to say, blows struck in an intelligent manner, it follows that intelligent forces are able to act on matter at a distance, and immediately we are in the presence of a new force, not yet determined, which has escaped the physicists and which has the characteristic of being endowed with intelligence.

If it is true that the phantom of a dead person can appear to a friend at the moment of death, it is because peculiar vibrations, quite unknown to physicists, are produced, which traverse space and cause the brain of the friend to be impressed.

If it is true that a singular phenomenon can be foreseen and indicated in many characteristic and improbable details several days in advance, it is because the present facts contain within themselves the elements which go to determine future occurrences, and that certain of these elements, imperceptible by the generality of men, become appreciable to the intelligence of those who are clairvoyant.

If it is true that from a phantom there may issue flames, will-o'-the-wisps, luminous forms condensing by degrees and assuming luminous or material appearances with warm, living hands, a larynx which speaks, eyes which see, lungs which breathe, it is because we have here the creation of matter, and of living matter, under conditions which fill physiologists and physicians with amazement.

Consequently, if all these phenomena are true, and it is probable that they are true, the aspect of nature, the laws of physics, and the principles of physiology will find themselves modified from top to bottom. None of the ascertained laws will disappear, but new laws will be placed side by side with the old ones.

We therefore shall not err, in assuming that the advent of metapsychics and its penetration into the laws of nature may, and very probably will, establish entirely new conditions.

But probably their importance is greater than we yet suspect; because it is a characteristic of science that each new truth seems to reveal unlimited further vistas. One discovery brings another, and we never know what prolific consequences may not be entailed by the recognition of a new and unexpected fact. In consequence, we are not able to foresee the import of this great scientific development. It goes beyond our hope and imagination. This, it seems, is one of the hopes of humanity from the scientific point of view; we only see the beginning, we are not able to foretell how far or where we shall be led,—undoubtedly it will be a long way, too long

for us to anticipate. However, it will be in the right direction, because the right direction is always and solely towards the truth.

From the point of view of Morality and Religion, this metapsychism will also have serious consequences. In the first place, need we say, that it will show the frailty and pitifulness of man, it will establish better than all long discourse the fragility of our pretensions? It will place us, as atoms lost in space and time, in our true cosmic situation. It will lessen us in our individual pride and increase us in the pride of our common humanity.

And then, this is not to be despised, it will also increase our courage, because it must be confessed that nothing is more unpopular, nothing lends itself more to raillery, to sarcasm, to undeserved mistrust, than the study of a science such as ours. When we have the courage to declare ourselves for it, to defy proscription, we ennoble ourselves and raise our own character. Do not say that there is no proscription; this would not be correct; certainly, proscriptions do not go so far as to cause us to be burnt as the Christians were burnt under Nero, or the "heretics" in the sixteenth century. Proscription to-day takes another form, less cruel, but real notwithstanding. It is a certain ostracism, an aversion with scornful pity. Offensive pleasantries, affectation of regarding as semi-madmen, or as half fraudulent, those who take up this maligned science, with the clearly-formed foregone conclusion of keeping them from all honours or positions, of isolating them from the family circle, in fact, everywhere they are considered somewhat as pariahs, forming a caste by themselves. It is a sort of Nessus tunic which we put on when we adopted the cult of this new science. Ah well, it is not amiss if courage is strengthened by this half proscription, it is a test of character and we cannot but grow by passing through it.

From still further points of view, a new morality may spring from it, and here I shall no doubt pass beyond the domain of acquired facts, and enter into hypotheses. Suppose then that the facts of metapsychism have led us to the hypothesis that there is a

survival of personality after death; immediately morality changes its aspect, we shall no longer have to preoccupy our minds solely with what is around us, but simply with what our ego will be. Certainly, this future self is still quite vague, but we have already caught a glimpse of the possibilities of its being and of its persistence. To admit that the demonstration will perhaps be made, is even now to conceive of a morality quite different from our present utilitarian morality.

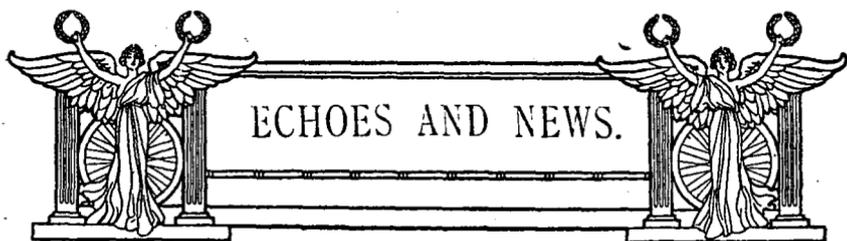
Indeed, willingly or unwillingly, in spite of all scientific tendencies, metapsychism will inevitably evolve towards a religious idea, but a religious idea which will require to be well understood, under penalty of falling into the domain of defunct religions.

In this new religion, man, or rather the human soul, will be regarded as the centre. There will be a great feeling of respect and love for man, the masterpiece of creation; an unbounded respect for the human soul, that supreme flower of all terrestrial evolution, for which are reserved destinies of which we can scarcely conceive. In a word, it will be the religion of humanity, the religion of the soul.

But we must not forget that in order to attain the summit, untiring labour, unbounded patience, well-tested courage, will be necessary. What do fatigue and anxiety matter when the cause is so noble?

LAURA I. FINCH.





### **Spirit Photography,**

AMOUNT RECEIVED—33,000 FRANCS. TWO PRIZES OFFERED FOR 1909.

THE Committee formed as the result of the subscription promoted by M. Emanuel Vauchez met for the first time at Paris on October 24th, at the house of Dr. Foveau de Courmelles, M. Vauchez being present. The nomination of several new members of the Committee was approved. After discussion, it was decided that the Society about to be formed should take the name of "The Society for the Study of Transcendental Photography."

Commandant Darget, treasurer, stated that the subscriptions already amounted to 33,000 francs, which had been deposited with the General Society of Commerce and Industry; this sum invested as capital would produce an annual income of about 900 francs. It was therefore decided to offer two prizes of 600 and 300 francs respectively, to be awarded within a year "to those persons who produce the best processes or incontestable results of photography of invisible beings and of radiations hitherto unknown."

The Committee believe that these two prizes, notwithstanding their small monetary value, will encourage the students of transcendental photography, and at the same time, attract the attention of the public to the work of this new Society.

Since the last announcement in the August—September issue of THE ANNALS OF PSYCHICAL SCIENCE, the following additional contributions have been received :

|                           |           |
|---------------------------|-----------|
| Prof. Charles Richet,     | 50 francs |
| M. Camille Flammarion,    | 20 "      |
| Dr. Foveau de Courmelles, | 20 "      |

### **The "Daily Mail" and Spirit Photography.**

THE *Daily Mail* has organised a Commission composed of Spiritualists and photographic experts in order to arrive at a definite decision, if possible, on the question of spirit photography.

The Commission is composed of Mr. A. P. Sinnett, President of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society; Mr. E. R. Serocold-Skeels, the solicitor

who acted for Archdeacon Colley in the action against Mr. Maskelyne; Mr. Robert King, well-known in spiritualistic circles; Mr. E. R. Sanger-Shepherd, renowned for his work in three-colour photography; Mr. R. Child-Bayley, editor of *Photography and Focus*; Mr. F. J. Mortimer, editor of *The Amateur Photographer and Photographic News*; and Mr. T. Thorne Baker, who will act as arbitrator between the spiritualistic and technical members of the Commission.

Mr. Sinnett states that some time must elapse before the report of the Commission can be made public, because it will be necessary for the technical members to assure themselves on certain points before arriving at a conviction as to the authenticity of spirit photography. In the meantime, Mr. Sinnett has secured the services of a medium who is willing to offer his services for the possible practical demonstration of the photographic phenomena whenever called upon to do so.

### A Prophetic Dream.

THE *Corriere della Sera*, of Milan, recently published an article by Dr. Ry (the pen-name of a highly intelligent and cultured medical man of that city), entitled "In Conflict with Mystery." In it he related a case of a prophetic dream recently cited by Professor T. Flournoy, of Geneva, in the *Archives of Psychology*, and although Dr. Ry premised that such cases, when surrounded by the usual embellishments of fancy, are often of but slight interest to science, he admitted that this one, reported by his colleague at Geneva, and some few others, carefully selected, deserve consideration on the part of students who do not obstinately refuse to admit any possibility of foreseeing the future. The article concludes by saying:

"It is well that the habit should become general of considering these cases as far as they have any value for the science of thought, perhaps also for the science of human destiny; and therefore that as soon as such a case comes within the experience of any of us, it should immediately be fixed indelibly in all its details. In the case of a prophetic dream, the person to whom it occurs should write out an account of it, as soon as he wakes, and send what he has written to the editor of a daily paper or of a review devoted to psychical research, or to a scientific specialist."

To tell the truth, this conclusion is somewhat perplexing. It opens out a prospect so vast that perhaps the writer himself might regret it, when, for instance, he came to be deluged with dozens upon dozens of narratives of dreams; the ladies especially, who are more subject to dreams and more impressionable than men, will not let so good an opportunity slip, and instead of telling their dreams to their neighbours, there will be a constant stream of them coming to confide them to the professor!

I ask pardon for this innocent and almost inevitable joke, and speaking seriously (without forgetting that I lay myself open to attack by writing on this subject to a special review, according to Dr. Ry's advice) -I will add that at various times I have been profoundly struck by the singularity of certain dreams, although my temperament renders me resistant to surprises from the beyond, and no magnetiser, I believe, would find in me the smallest aptitude to act as a medium ; but even the calmest, most positive, and best balanced person, if he sees something which is extraordinary, ought to say that he has seen an extraordinary thing.

What I am about to relate is unfortunately not supported by written documents, because when it occurred I do not remember to have written about it to anyone, and only gave a personal account of it to a few intimate friends. One night in 1893 I dreamed that I was in a dark, closed place, and while I was looking at the ground to try to make out where I was, I saw a coffin rise up, with the inscription upon it in very plain printed letters: *Alberto Sormani*. Nothing more. But a few weeks afterwards Alberto Sormani, who was young, gay, and happy, one who never spoke of death, but went boldly forward to win the prizes of life, died.

I confess that at the time of my dream it made very little impression on me, because, knowing Alberto Sormani, one might be prepared for something remarkable to happen, but not that he should die at twenty-six. I even thought of telling it to him as a joke, but it seemed of so little interest and so puerile that I said not a word. But on thinking afterwards about the mysterious warning I was profoundly struck by it.

I have no deductions or conclusions to draw from it. I have a great respect for what I do not understand, and, I may say, little curiosity about the supernatural. However, if my case, plainly narrated with that calm objectivity so dear to science, be thought worthy of note, I shall be grateful to Dr. Ry, who, in his noble zeal for popularising these higher studies, has, by appealing to the public, afforded me the opportunity.

N. (Rome).

### **New Challenges to Prestidigitators.**

*1,000 francs offered for reproduction of Miller's phenomena. A further 500 francs for reproduction of table levitation.*

IN consequence of an article which appeared in a Belgian newspaper, *La Dernière Heure*, Chevalier Le Clément de Saint-Marcq sent the following letter to the editor of that journal:

"In your issue of September 22nd you speak of a challenge issued by

a certain M. Caroly\* who undertakes to imitate by artificial means all the phenomena obtained through mediums, and you ask the opinion of spiritists.

"Will you allow me to reply in their name? I believe that, in the interests of science, it is expedient to decide whether or not it is possible to produce by 'trickery' phenomena identical with those which were produced before many people by the medium Miller.

"Let it be well understood that it would be necessary for the prestidigitator to be placed in the same conditions as regards light, arrangement of material, etc., and that he should only be able to use conjuring apparatus concealed in his pockets, so that they were invisible before and after the seance. It would be equally necessary that the spectators should be placed in the same way and at the same distance from the prestidigitator as in the case of the medium.

"As the interest in this experiment appears to warrant it, *the Belgian Spiritist Federation offer 500 francs to the first prestidigitator who succeeds in satisfactorily accomplishing this.*

"On the other hand, you are not unaware that on June 25th last, Mr. Miller gave, at the house of Mme. Noeggerath, in Paris, a remarkable seance: after having disrobed to the last thread before a Commission of four members (Bénézech, Gaston Mery, de Vesme, and Ch. Blech), and being re-clothed in black garments without linings or pockets, with no white linen or light stuff, he caused the production of a large number of apparitions clad in white as usual.

"We willingly offer a prize of 500 francs to the prestidigitator who will produce the same phenomena after submitting to a similar test.

"If no one comes forward to try to win these prizes we shall abstain from imitating M. Maurice Berger and from attempting to draw a general opinion: this can only be done at all conclusively if he either succeeds or if the best known prestidigitators fail and admit their inability to counterfeited the phenomena.

"For the *Belgian Spiritist Federation,*

"LE CLÉMENT DE SAINT-MARCO."

Another Brussels paper, *Le Soir*, published a letter from M. F. N., who added 500 francs to the sums offered by Captain Le Clément de Saint-Marcq.

With all due respect to the devoted President of the Belgian Spiritist Federation, we point out that this challenge is not practical.

First of all it should be thoroughly understood that it only refers to physical

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\* This M. Caroly is one of the best prestidigitators in Paris, editor of the review *L'Illusionniste*, the organ of the union of prestidigitators.

phenomena, that is to say, apparitions, to the exclusion of intellectual phenomena, because it is evident that an imitator may produce *equivalent* but not *identical* phenomena. For instance, if M. Caroly does not know English and German—perhaps also Spanish—he would not be able to reproduce what was said by Doctor Benton, Betsy, Melancthon, etc.

Secondly, M. Caroly might raise the question whether there was a confederate at the test-seance. How could M. Le Clément de Saint-Marcq prove the contrary?

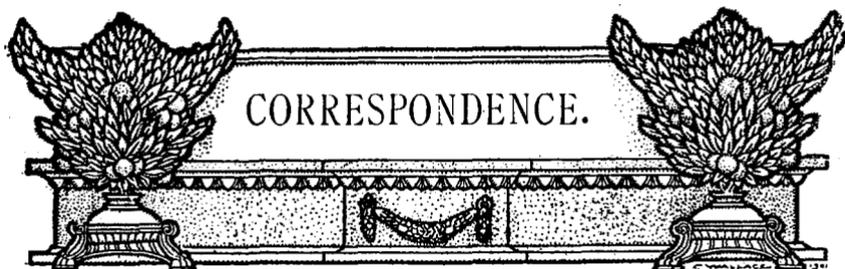
Then, if the possibility of illusion was produced by the state of mind of the experimenting spiritists, how to reproduce in them this state of mind, when they *know* this time that it is only a matter of trickery?

But, after all, it is clear that the victory or the defeat of M. Caroly will only depend on the experimenters chosen. Supposing that those chosen are persons who had only seen in the phenomena of Miller that which an illusionist might perform; it will be quite natural that when they see an illusionist at work, they shall say "Ah, yes, that is it."

It is not the same with the challenge in the *Soir* of October 6th, when M. B. C. advised M. Dr. Arsac that he held the sum of 500 francs to hand to any medium who should produce a phenomenon of levitation while submitting to rules as regards control which should be drawn up by him and the Committee of the Independent Society for Psychological Research at Brussels.

There are already in Paris thousands of francs awaiting the prestidigitator who is capable of this exploit. Dr. Dariex has offered (see *ANNALS*, June-July, 1908, page 333) 500 francs to the prestidigitator who will imitate the phenomenon of table levitation under the conditions laid down by Professor d'Arsonval.





### **A Letter from Dr. Maxwell *re* Miller.**

WE have received the following letter from Dr. J. Maxwell, with regard to the medium Miller.

SIR,

You have done me the honour to ask my opinion on the seances with Mr. Miller, at which I was present, thanks to the courteous invitation sent me. My attention has been drawn to the fact that in certain periodicals I am represented as having been convinced by the facts which I there observed.

I do not want this erroneous statement to influence some who may be hesitating in their convictions; it therefore seems to me to be necessary to state my impressions, as you desire to make them known.

I was not convinced of the reality of the materialisations which I saw; you will excuse me from discussing the question of fraud. I shall not do it, out of regard for those who honoured me with the invitation, and, I ought also to say, out of consideration for the medium himself, who, in the slight measure in which control was permitted, gave me at several seances every facility for observation. I should be sorry to respond to these courtesies by discourteous criticism.

I will discuss the question from a general point of view, that of the conditions in which materialisation phenomena should be obtained in order to satisfy one who seeks the truth. This is the only thing which really concerns us.

In the first place it should be noted that no strict observation was possible in the seances to which I was invited: the darkness did not permit me to see distinctly the materialised forms. I know that light is unfavourable to certain phenomena: I am inclined to believe that it is particularly so in regard to materialisations: the only point to which I would draw attention is that I do not believe that it was possible to positively identify the forms perceived.

Betsy and Mother Sadi were very brown of skin: that was visible; but it

did not demonstrate that they were really women of colour. It is so easy to give this appearance to a white face that I do not consider I am warranted in regarding this circumstance as conclusive.

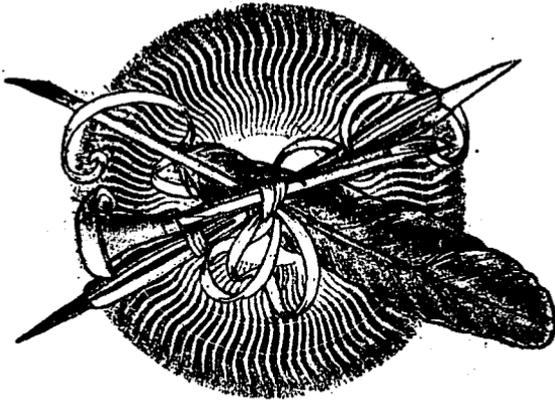
The same remark applies to the hair of certain female forms and the long beard of some masculine phantoms; Rameses I., for instance, whose mummy we have, and it shows a man whose beard was completely shaved off—a curious contradiction.

In order to be convincing, the seances should enable us to set aside all explanations other than the metapsychical one; it is an absolute principle in science not to admit the possibility of a new fact until the old facts are insufficient to account for the observations made. It is evident that the conditions in which the seances were held did not satisfy this rule.

I noticed other points, which I reserve for the present. Mr. Miller has promised to give me sittings in April under strict control; he knows that I should never allow myself to pass beyond the limits of test procedure which may be agreed upon: I therefore await his return in order to form an opinion upon his powers, if he will allow me to determine, by mutual agreement, the means of observation which I judge necessary to demand; he may be quite sure that if I am convinced, I shall not hesitate to say so publicly, but I must first be thoroughly convinced.

Yours faithfully,

DR. J. MAXWELL.





## BOOK REVIEWS.

*Les Hallucinations télépathiques.* By **N. Vaschide.** (Paris: Blond et Cie. 1fr. 50.)

THE problems, still unsolved, which are included in the domain of Metapsychism, can only be dealt with successfully by experimental and strictly scientific methods. Fully accepting this principle, Dr. Vaschide, whose recent death is a loss to science and philosophy, has given us in this work the results of his enquiries and experiments on the difficult question of telepathic hallucinations. After explaining his method of research, Dr. Vaschide states his conclusions and his personal thesis of psychological and affective parallelisms. He considers that our psychic and sub-conscious life is the source of telepathic hallucinations, and that the hypothesis that thought can be projected across space by means of vibrations must be abandoned. Between beings united by affection there is an intellectual pre-established harmony, controlled by emotion and affection —“ the fundamental and primary substance of our being.”

*The Interpretation of Life.* By **G. C. Mars, B.D., Ph.D.** (London: Appleton & Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS work is an eclectic, philosophical anthology, and attempts to summarise the principal teachings of the noblest minds of the past, and to find a totality in the unity of thought and will. It is claimed that in every man there lie the potencies and possibilities of that Supreme Reason which inhabits and imbues the Universe, with the absolute unity of its harmonious order (Beauty), the infinite omnipresence of its Thought (Truth), and the eternal omnipotence of its Will (Goodness). There are five main divisions in the treatise. The Natural World-Order, the Supra-Natural or Rational World-Order, the Threefold Unity of Reason, the Threefold Interpretation of Reason, the Pedagogy of Pain, and Realisation. The main object of the work is to demonstrate the relation of modern culture to Christian Science, which Dr. Mars says is only at the beginning of its career in the world, growing apace, like the oak sending its

roots down to the depths of the everlasting hills. "It is not the fugitive utterance of a sentimental or idealistic woman, but the rational voice of the Cosmic Order, making itself heard in the unfolding consciousness of man; it is the Divine Logos, enlightening man and leading him in the way of all Truth; it is the revelation of God."

The author regards Hypnotism as "inimical to the highest moral aims. To subject one personality to helplessness under the almost complete control of another, not only makes possible dangerous forms of malpractice, but is always humiliating to the patient, and at best ambiguous." This position is taken on the ground of the responsibility of the individual, and "if there is any power in suggestion to the sub-conscious or unconscious mind, it ought to be raised into the free, rational, self-conscious control of the individual whose immediate welfare is concerned." It is not an easy matter to give a summary of a work covering so efficiently as this does such a wide range of subjects, but it demands and will repay the serious attention of every intelligent thinker.

*La Pathologie de l'Attention.* By **N. Vaschide and Raymond Meunier.** (Paris: Blond et Cie. 1fr. 50.)

FRENCH psychological literature has hitherto contained not a single volume devoted to the pathology of attention. In recently published treatises on the Psychology of Attention there is scarcely a chapter devoted to the pathology of attention. Drs. N. Vaschide and Raymond Meunier have endeavoured to supply this deficiency, and, from the experimental basis which is their habitual foundation for research, they have drawn such conclusions as seemed justified. They say: "It is only by the application of the methods of experimental psychology to psychiatry that pathological psychology can be established. In this work we only deal with data furnished by the laboratories, or by the methods employed in them." They review in succession the previous experimental researches of Sancta di Sanctis, Obersteiner, Buccola, Charles Richet, Ischisch and Marie Walitzky, investigations which gradually become more precise as regards method and results; then they enumerate the psychometrical data of Rémond, of Nancy, on the question of the time of reaction; the experiments and observations of MM. Raymond and Pierre Janet which resulted in the important discovery of "paradoxical curves"; finally, the more recent works of Wiersma, Consoni, Roques de Fursac, A. Marie, J. P. Nayrac, Cl. Charpentier, and the author's own experiments in the Laboratory of Pathological Psychology at the School of Higher Studies. Drs. Vaschide and Meunier tabulate the principal experimental results and state their own conclusions.

*Les Synesthésies.* By **Henry Laures.** (Paris: Blond et Cie. 1fr. 50.)

THE author has endeavoured to regard this interesting subject of Synesthesias (coloured hearing, etc.) in a new light. He considers that

psychologists have not paid sufficient attention to the question of the emotional or non-emotional character of these phenomena, which he divides into two groups: (1) Those not presenting any emotional character, such as simple coloured audition; (2) Those which one or both of the sensations received have an emotional character. He points out the affinities which exist between these phenomena and the "correspondences" which we consciously establish between two sensations of different orders, as between colours and sounds. Thus regarded, the Synesthesias of the first type appear capable of explanation by physiological theories. The others seem to be consequent upon the first. They are particularly noticeable in subjects who are abnormal, or of developed culture: the explanation of them may be found in a psychological theory of emotion.

*L'Audition Morbide.* By Dr. A. Marie. (Paris: Blond et Cie. 1fr. 50.)

AUDITORY disorders are divided in a general manner by Dr. A. Marie into *hypercousia* and *hyperacousia*. These troubles may be of peripheric or central origin, and are more especially physiological or psychological; they may or may not be concomitant with the various morbid conditions of the conductive fibres. Into all these points Dr. Marie enters with much precision. The disorders consisting in deficiency have been experimentally studied by the author in idiots and the mentally undeveloped. The disorders of excess are rather those of *dysacusia* than *hyperacousia* properly so-called. The phenomena generally described under the name of *hyperacousia* "do not consist in a highly developed sensibility but in exaggerated actions with regard to ordinary excitations received by the periphery."

*Le Spiritisme dans ses rapports avec la Folie.* By Dr. Marcel Yiollet. (Paris: Blond et Cie. 1fr. 50.)

IN this work the author gives proof of an impartiality such as spiritists seldom meet with from physicians who concern themselves with their researches. The author is neither a believing spiritist nor a sceptic. He regards spiritistic phenomena as being no less worthy of belief and study than many other phenomena which are still mysterious. He desires that spiritistic researches might end in the "creation of a new science." But, precisely for this reason, he is distressed to see spiritistic gatherings composed of ill-balanced people, of persons pre-disposed to mental affections and even deranged. All such find in the mysterious phenomena and in the doctrine of spiritism conditions eminently favourable for delirium. Spiritism is only dangerous to them; but to them it is very dangerous. And these people also become dangerous to spiritism and to spiritists. These perils which they let loose are those which paint in dark colours the history of lunacy; and those also which result for spiritism itself, from all the grotesque exaggerations put forth by these unbalanced persons.

The author makes a profound study of the connection between spiritism and lunacy, and desires, in the interests of all, that spiritists should look carefully to the state of mind of those who seek to enter their seance-rooms.

*Les Préjugés sur la Folie.* By **Princesse Lubomirska.** (Paris: Blond et Cie. 1fr. 50.)

THE public mind is full of prejudices, born of ignorance, against lunacy and lunatics. In ancient times lunacy was regarded as a proof of divine wrath, and in the Middle Ages as a diabolical machination of the evil one against God. This belief in the supernatural origin of lunacy still remains in many places. But it does less harm to lunatics than other prejudices, such as the belief that lunacy is contagious, that it is incurable, and that permanent injury may result to those living close to lunatics. Moreover, the public usually regard lunatics only as grotesque mountebanks of absolute inanity and worthy only of curiosity. The author, who for many years has been interested in the fortunes of those who have been cured of mental infirmities and is a member of a society for aiding them on their discharge from asylums, has seen how intolerable their position was rendered by the existing prejudices against them. Because of the general mistrust, these unhappy people are refused all work; to obtain a situation recent references must be produced; and they can only show their certificate of discharge from the lunatic asylum, a most unfortunate paper for this purpose, so much so that the saying is current in the asylums: "Better come out of prison than out of a lunatic asylum." In order to destroy this prejudice, the author simply tells the truth and strives to make it understood that the deranged person is a patient deserving, like all others, of care, tenderness and pity.

*The Busy Life Beyond Death.* Edited by **John Lobb.** (London: L. N. Fowler & Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS work mainly consists of a series of short essays on various aspects of spiritism, with messages alleged to have been given after death by many who were prominent characters in English literature and history. Though the book is not without interest, many of the statements it contains can only be regarded as unproven and, at present, at any rate, unprovable; e.g., "Bands of spirits attend places of worship with groups of starved souls. The unseen audience is often greater than the seen." The value of the work is also marred somewhat by the inclusion of details irrelevant to the subject discussed.

*Science and the Soul.* By **W. Britton Harvey.** (Melbourne: E. W. Cole.)

A REPRINT from various sources of the opinions of eminent scientists on the question of spirit return, together with an account of many psychic phenomena, in explanation of which the spiritistic explanation is unequivocally accepted.

*Not Silent—if Dead!* By **H ! ! ! ! !** Through the Mediumship of "Parma." (London: John Lewis & Co.)

THIS work is said to be a series of sermons or essays delivered by a well-

known clergyman who died a few years since. They are highly ethical in character, and claim to publish revelations of life in the spirit realms.

*Our Friends the Angels.* **By Irene Palmer.** (London: Elliot Stock. 3s. 6d. net.)

A COLLECTION and exposition of all the various passages in the Bible dealing with the ministry of angels. As a devotional work, it contains much that is helpful and inspiring, and as Sir Robert Anderson says in the preface, it "is a most suggestive book."

*Arcana of Nature.* **By Hudson Tuttle.** (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

THIS is a reprint claimed to have been written "automatically" by Hudson Tuttle when still in his teens, and which at the time of its original publication—1858—attracted the attention of a German scholar, who translated it into German and published it in Germany in 1860, where it was used by Büchner to support his materialistic theories. Extracts are also given from *The Philosophy of Spirit*, also claimed to have been dictated through the same medium, which was originally intended to form a second volume of *Arcana*, and which proposed to treat the world of spirits as the first volume had the realm of matter; it seeks to prove the immortality of spirit and the manner of its existence in the spirit world, its origin, law and destiny. For this purpose clairvoyance is received as positive testimony and spirit intercourse is assumed to be admitted. It is no disparagement of the work to state, as admitted by Dr. Emmett Densmore in his introduction, that the "statements in the *Arcana* are not all in conformity with present-day science," for the main value of the work lies in the study of the psychological aspect of the "superior condition" into which Hudson Tuttle, in common with others, claims to have been raised. This has been rendered easier by the valuable lengthy introduction by Dr. Densmore, in which he sketches and compares the "conditions" in which Swedenborg, Andrew Jackson Davis, Hudson Tuttle and others have produced their various writings.

*Spiritualism: The Open Door to the Unseen Universe.* **By James Robertson.** (London: L. N. Fowler & Co. 5s. net.)

THIS is not only an account, and an exceedingly interesting one, of the author's personal experiences, but is in some measure a history of the Spiritualistic movement in the United Kingdom since the meeting of the British Association at Glasgow in 1876, when a lengthy discussion followed the reading of a paper by Professor W. F. Barrett, which was taken part in by Crookes, W. B. Carpenter, Groom Napier, and others. The author found that Spiritualism supplied the deficiency he experienced in Materialism and threw himself heart and soul into the new movement, so that the book is replete with experiences. Mr. Robertson deprecates phenomena without the accompanying philosophy. He avers that "the person is merely ignorant who denies the

reality of spiritual (istic) phenomena," but assuming that there is no flaw in the phenomena, persistence of life alone and not necessarily immortality is proved by their means. The book is a valuable contribution to the history of spiritualism in this country.

*The Orbs of the Universe.* (5s. net.); *The Secret of Satan or The Origin of Evil.* (2s. 6d. net.); *Counterparts.* (2s. 6d. net.) (Glasgow: C. W. Pearce & Co.)

THESE three books form part of a series now being issued containing an epitome of the work and teaching of Thomas Lake Harris, who has hitherto suffered from the same disadvantage as Swedenborg, a teacher with whom he was in close harmony: the writings of both are so voluminous that they demand special and serious study, to the exclusion of other things, on the part of those who would master the philosophy inculcated. "Respiro," the pseudonym of the compiler of these and other pamphlets in the series, has applied himself to this study and placed the results at the disposal of others. These works are, however, not merely a chronological compilation of all that Harris may have written on any given subject, but the author has examined literature, ancient and modern, exoteric and esoteric, occult and scientific, for all that is cognate to the subjects. The philosophy of Thomas Lake Harris has in no way suffered by condensation, compilation and exposition, but has even been enhanced in value.

*The Coming Science.* **By Hereward Carrington.** (Boston, U.S.A.: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.)

THE Coming Science, the science of the present century, is the knowledge how to open up communication with a world of spiritual intelligences, and the study of the phenomena apparently produced by them. "Psychical phenomena," declares the author, "offer the only proof that we can ever obtain that a soul or consciousness can exist apart from brain functioning, and it consequently becomes a matter of the first importance to ascertain, if possible, whether such facts actually exist, or whether they are one and all hallucination and the result of fraud and a disordered imagination." The author does not seek to establish these facts, regarding the literature already published as sufficient for the purpose, but assumes, for the sake of argument, that they are really established, and discusses the various theories that may in some way account for them. In the interest of science, however, he urges personal and careful investigation of the various branches into which psychical phenomena are divided, and claims that there is absolutely no reason why these subjects should not be investigated in precisely the same scientific spirit as any other problem. The importance of investigation of psychical phenomena is emphasised in the statement that, apart from the facts of psychic research, we have no evidence that the soul exists after the death of the body at all, and that, upon the outcome

of this investigation the whole future spiritual evolution of the race may be said to hang.

*An Occultist's Travels.* By Prof. Willy Reichel. (New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.)

THIS is an extension of the work already published by the same author entitled *Occult Experiences*, and the greater part is devoted to the narration of séances held with the medium Miller. The author, though admitting leanings towards Theosophy, is of opinion that experimental Spiritualism forms the true basis for the certainty of a future life. Several of the seances recorded in this work were held under test conditions, says Mr. Reichel, so that the registration of them is not without a certain value.

*Morag the Seal.* By J. W. Brodie-Innes. (London: Rebman, Ltd., 6s.)

THIS West Highland romance is based on the little-known legend of the "Seal Woman," who was regarded as a sort of guardian spirit to the Camerons, coming to avenge any wrong done to them and warning them of death or danger. Incidentally the reader is introduced to Charcot's work in Paris, and the theories and demonstrations of telepathy and clairvoyance, projection of the double, as well as sleeping sickness and other less known forms of disease, all of which are skilfully interwoven with the "plot" of the romance.

