

# JOURNAL

OF THE

## SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

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### A CASE OF MESMERIC *RAPPORT*.

We have received the following very interesting account of some experiences in mesmeric *rapport*, from Mrs. Pinhey, 18, Bassett Road, Ladbroke Grove Road, London, W. :—

I have been asked to write down what I can remember of a very curious experience in mesmerism or animal magnetism, which I undertook and carried on for many months, more than 30 years ago.

The difficulty of doing this accurately after so great a lapse of time is, I am aware, very great ; and, unfortunately, the diary which I kept for the greater part of the time is of the most meagre description, and can scarcely be said to do more than record the fact of the séances having been carried on daily with little intermission from the beginning of March, 1850, all through the summer of that year, until the end of October, when I left home for several weeks.

On my return they were recommenced, and it was during that winter that the most remarkable thought-reading phenomena occurred ; but I seem, meanwhile, to have discontinued my diary altogether, so that, though the main facts are so impressed on my memory that I cannot forget them, I feel the necessity for extreme caution in relating them, having nothing but my memory on which to depend—not even the occasional hints which, in the diary of the previous summer, have helped to bring back some circumstances to my mind, to fix the dates of others, and to show the general rate of progress in the experiments, which I had imagined to be much less gradual than it really was.

The history of my attempt may be told in a few words. Early in the summer of 1849, I happened, with my family, to attend a lecture on mesmerism, as applied to the art of healing, given in the Town Hall by a Mr. Beattie. There were, as usual on such occasions, very curious and wonderful phenomena exhibited, and there was also a good deal of incredulity expressed by some of the audience ; for we are speaking now of 34 years ago, and people's minds were as yet unaccustomed to such wonders. What struck me most, however, was the lecturer's repeated assurance that he did not ask us to believe him. "Go," he said, "and

make the experiment for yourselves. Most of you, if you tried fairly and without prejudice, could produce effects that would astonish yourselves."

I was a girl fresh from school, where we had been encouraged to take an interest in experimental science. I did not know much, but I had learned enough to feel sure there was much still to be discovered and learned in the world, and what could be fairer than the lecturer's challenge? Moreover, I had a near relation suffering from epilepsy, and though this, we were warned, was a form of disease most difficult to treat, the subjects of it being frequently unaffected by mesmerism, yet, as cures were sometimes effected, there could be no harm in the attempt, and if successful, the result would be worth any sacrifice of time and patience.

Accordingly, with the consent of my parents, I determined to try; and on the 11th June, 1849, the following entry appeared in my diary:—"Mr. Beattie called, and shewed me about mesmerism. He also lent me a book." This book was a little volume called "Mesmerism, and its Opponents," by the Rev. George Sandby, and two days later I procured it for myself, and studied it diligently during a short absence from home, which occurred at this time.

Meanwhile, on the 11th, and two following days, I made unsuccessful attempts on my patient E. Then followed the absence already mentioned, but on July 3rd I resumed my efforts and persevered in them daily for nearly six weeks without success. On August 10th I discontinued them, and wrote for advice to Mr. Sandby. I presume that his answer received on the 14th was discouraging, for I made no further attempt at that time.

I was absent from home a good deal during that winter, 1849-50, and it is not till March of the latter year that the subject reappears in my diary. On the 5th of that month there is an entry, the first of a long series of similar ones, "Mesmerised M. N. *again*." I conclude that the attempt having produced no very decided result, was not noted, as I cannot find any allusion to it.

My experiment of the previous year on E. having failed so completely was a great discouragement to me, and I pondered the matter a good deal, and debated during my absence whether it would ever be worth while to renew the attempt.

I considered, however, that one failure on my part should not be allowed to discredit entirely all the wonderful cures and phenomena of various kinds observed by others, and the words of the lecturer still sounded in my ears and urged me not to give up until I had made one more attempt, under less unfavourable circumstances. I had not long returned home when I became acquainted with Miss M. N., who was a parishioner of my father's.

She and her sister lived together on very small means, their circumstances having been much reduced at the time of the death of their parents, and M. was dreadfully afflicted with a chronic kind of St. Vitus' dance, besides other ailments.

I visited her frequently, and as I looked on at her never-ceasing movement, her mouth and eyes twitching and her whole body jerking up and down from morning till night, to such an extent that she could not even feed herself, it occurred to me that hers was a fitting subject for mesmerism. What a boon would an hour or two of perfect rest be to such a person! At any rate, I would talk to her about it, and make my next attempt on her, if she would consent to my doing so.

She had become very fond of me during our intercourse, and I had no difficulty in persuading her to allow me to do anything I liked to her; but some of her friends objected at first, having a sort of idea that mesmerism was a "black art," and not to be meddled with. My father's opinion, however, as clergyman of the parish, and my own reputation as the clergyman's daughter, prevailed so far that I was allowed to proceed without active opposition.

At this time I had no expectation of any marvellous results. I did hope that I might succeed in quieting her nerves and muscles, and giving rest, if not sleep, for a few hours every day, and that this rest might have a beneficial effect upon my patient's health. But though I expected nothing, I was prepared for anything, *i.e.*, I was fully impressed with the necessity of keeping my own nerves quiet and unmoved under any circumstances. I rather dreaded than hoped that things might happen to "astonish me;" but, if they did, I was prepared to look at them with as much calmness and philosophy as I could command.

I think it was on the second occasion, that, *viz.*, of March 5th, noted in my journal, that I succeeded in inducing the mesmeric sleep, a state at that time of perfect repose, not unlike natural sleep—except that the muscles remained rigid enough to keep my patient sitting upright leaning back in the chair. She showed no disposition to lie down.

In this condition I left her, at first with directions to her sister not to touch or disturb her until she awoke of herself, which she did in about an hour.

As time went on, however, and the mesmeric influence gained greater power over her, I found it better to stay with her for an hour or two and wake her before I left. Otherwise she seemed never to awake quite perfectly, but remained for some hours in a dreamy state after the actual sleep had left her.

I cannot recollect, however, exactly the time when this change was made, but it must have been very early in the course of sésances, be-

cause on the 13th, after a week in which I had visited her every day, I find, in addition to the usual entry, "Mesmerised M. N.," the word "Discoveries," and that my mother was present, so that I must then have remained with her during the sleep.

The "Discoveries" and "New Discoveries" entered on the 14th, referred to phenomena which, happening to myself in this way, with every possible guarantee for their perfect truth and reality, necessarily made a great impression on all our minds. They were, it is true, only the introduction to a series of much greater wonders, but, being the first, they surprised and startled us almost more than those which came after.

The first unusual appearance that presented itself was a sort of magnetic attraction towards myself. I noticed that whenever I moved about the room to fetch a book or my knitting, or perhaps to eat some biscuits or sandwiches (for I often took my luncheon with me to save time), her face turned towards me. I tried, by way of experiment, to get quite behind the chair on which she sat, with her eyes closed and quite still up to this time; but she shuffled about in her seat and made every effort to turn round so as to face me. Presently her arm stretched itself out with a mechanical kind of motion and pointed at me wherever I moved. About this time, too, she began to talk.

Her voice and manner of speaking when asleep were much more animated and decided than when awake. Instead of a poor, weak, invalid kind of creature, she became quite a clever, animated talker. Instead of the humility and self-depreciation of her waking hours, she appeared quite pleased with herself and confident in her own opinions. It was very curious to watch her, with her eyes always shut, and her forehead rather pressed forward, as if that were the seat and medium of both sight and understanding. Sometimes she nipped her brows and a puzzled look came over her face, and then a bright smile seemed to show that all was clear again. But this is rather anticipating, for at first she spoke little and rather hesitatingly, except in answer to questions which I soon began to put to her.

"Why do you point at me, Mary?"

Mary: "O, I don't know, but I feel as if I wanted—wanted to get near you. It is very funny, such a funny feeling. I can't help it. Now, you are not angry, are you?"

The last sentence she very often used with a deprecating air and voice.

Meanwhile the attraction became stronger every day till it caused her to stand upright and walk after me; a thing she could not do when awake, and had not done for many months or even years.

All this, of course, interested me extremely, and my mother and

father occasionally went with me to see the marvels I reported, and satisfy themselves of their reality. I thought, however, that all this walking about and general excitement might not be so good for my patient as a quieter rest would be. Besides, the clinging to me was rather troublesome and difficult to arrange for, so when her attentions in this way became too pressing, I told her rather peremptorily to go back to her chair and sit down, which, with some difficulty and exertion, she at last managed to do—sighing a little and begging me not to be angry with her, as she would do always what I wished if she possibly could, but it was very hard, &c.

After that I found that she would always obey any command I gave her; and though I never tried her to that extent, I believe she would have hopped on one leg if I had ordered her to do so.

By degrees, as time went on, I noticed that the attraction became fainter. I cannot now remember how much time elapsed before a new phase of the mesmeric state began to show itself. I noticed that on the 30th March my father went with me “to see the wonders I reported,” and on the 7th April the séance is marked as “very successful,” but I think that both these entries must refer to the first phase, viz., the attraction already described.

It was, however, about this time or a little later that after a few quiet uneventful days, as I was sitting at work or reading in the same room with her, I observed that any little movement of my hands or feet was being repeated in a mechanical kind of way by my patient. As I worked, her right hand went up and down as if using her needle. If I moved my finger or thumb, hers moved too. If I lifted my hand to my face hers attempted immediately to follow the motion; and she then began also to associate herself with me in her speech—“This work tires us very much, doesn't it, dear?”—or if I wagged my finger experimentally and *well out of her sight* (supposing she could see), she would say, “Well! I don't know why we should make this poor finger work so hard, wag, wag, it is quite laughable.”

This sort of thing, which I shall call “sympathy,” went on for some time, increasing in intensity as the “attraction” had done, and then slowly dying out as before, till it gave place to new and still more wonderful phenomena.

That is to say the mere outward mechanical expression of sympathy wore out; but all the succeeding phenomena may be classed under the same head. The influence only went deeper and affected by degrees more important organs, the senses, and finally the brain itself.

It was some time in that summer that I was sitting or standing near the window of her room, eating the cake or sandwich or whatever my lunch consisted of that day. “M.” was in the mesmeric sleep, but had been

less interesting than usual for some days. I was not watching her particularly, when rather a curious sound attracted my attention. I looked at her, and saw that she was apparently eating something very nice, munching away and enjoying the taste extremely.

"What have you got there, Mary?" I said.

"Oh! Why of course you know. We--we are eating our lunch, and it is very nice. We have got some cake to-day, and it is very good."

"That is right; then we will have some more." So saying I went to the little corner cupboard where I always deposited my luncheon and took, not cake this time, but a piece of dry bread.

"Well, yes, bread is very good, but it is not so nice as the cake. We must not be discontented; but there is plenty more cake—why don't we eat it? Ah, I know," with a laugh of triumph, "you think I can't taste it; but that *is* nonsense. Of course we eat together," and so on. I tried her in all kinds of ways, tasted salt, and then sugar, then pepper, and did my best to puzzle her, but she never hesitated or made a mistake.

I find in my journal various entries during this summer, showing the names of several persons who witnessed the facts I am relating. Amongst them, on May 21st, is that of Dr. H., a local celebrity, who lived next door to us, and was an intimate friend of my father's. He had formerly, at the request of the latter, seen "M. N." more than once, and now, on the 20th, he had been brought by my father to visit her again, and had confessed, though much prejudiced against mesmerism, that her health was certainly improved.

The next day, however, when he came on purpose to see the wonders my father had described to him, the séance was a failure. The sleep took place as usual, but the patient remained apparently dumb. Whether the fact of his incredulity had, or could have any direct effect upon the patient, I cannot, with my limited experience, decide; but I am inclined to suspect that the failure was due to my nerves being upset by the knowledge that the doctor had come on purpose to criticise. I know that I was extremely anxious that he should see the things which I saw day after day, and be convinced that at any rate I and my whole family were not the credulous fools he secretly suspected us of being, but that appearances, at any rate, justified our belief. This anxiety, and the nervousness produced by it, were, I believe, the sole cause of failure.

No one (except perhaps my mother, who went very often) ever saw my patient at her best, the same cause operating, only in a less degree, whenever the séance was in any way made a medium of sight-seeing.

And this leads me to remark that whenever I hear of a lecturer on

this and kindred subjects failing occasionally to produce the promised results, hooted off the stage, probably, by a crowd of indignant sightseers, it is to me an additional testimony to the genuineness of his experiments.

When these results are produced by trickery, or mechanism, they can be repeated any number of times with perfect precision and regularity; but when they come to us as the effect of experiments having to do with unknown or unexplained forces, we must expect to be often baffled, not knowing fully the conditions under which those forces act.

With occasional interruptions, varying from a day or two to a week or two, the séances were continued daily all through the summer, and were witnessed by several persons at different times, besides the members of my own family. I find the names of seven people, many of whom are still living, who were present—some of them more than once—either in that summer or the winter following.

I cannot now remember whether any real "thought-reading" had begun before I left home for several weeks on October 24th. That it did so very shortly after my return is certain, from the following circumstances, which, though of a private nature, must be mentioned in order to make the rest of my story intelligible.

It was during this absence that I became engaged to be married to a gentleman belonging to the Indian Civil Service. Circumstances made it expedient at the time to keep the matter quiet, and it was known only to my parents and immediate relations. The gentleman had gone to India immediately after our engagement, and I returned home to my usual occupations as if nothing had happened. No one in the town knew anything about it then, or till some weeks afterwards, yet I had no sooner magnetised my patient than she began talking as if all the facts were perfectly familiar to her. "India is a long way off, isn't it, dear? I wish we could be nearer home, but, of course, if he is there we must go too." In fact for months she could talk of little else when mesmerised, and knew my husband's name, age, and appearance, but was as ignorant as the rest of the world when in her natural state.

Gradually this knowledge of all that I knew became more and more complete, and, accustomed as I was by this time to such marvels, she sometimes fairly astonished me. One day she suddenly burst out laughing. "Oh, what a hurry we were in, how we did fly down the stairs!" I looked up, "What are you talking about? When do you mean?" "Why, you know, this morning, and dear papa was waiting; he doesn't like us to be late for prayers. But we only just wanted to finish that sentence." My curiosity was thoroughly aroused now, and I inquired, "What sentence?" "Why, the German book—Schiller, wasn't it?" It was perfectly true, though the fact had made but a slight

impression upon me, and I had certainly not thought of it again until thus reminded of it, that I had been reading German upstairs that morning until the prayer bell rang, and then, lingering for a moment to finish a sentence, I had rushed hastily downstairs to avoid being late.

This and other phenomena of the same kind puzzled me a great deal; not the fact of her knowing what I knew, for with that idea I was by this time familiar; but the thing which I could not understand was her brain being acted upon by such apparently trifling occurrences. I could perceive that things which had deeply impressed my brain might be repeated in hers as the deflections of one needle are repeated by another at the opposite pole of the electric current. When I asked her a question, my brain probably gave the answer which hers repeated, but why did she spontaneously drag up little things which I had forgotten? Sometimes she even introduced little conversations between my father and mother which had taken place in my presence. "Dear mamma was vexed," she began one day, and then came particulars of some little argument between my father and mother, which I had heard at the time but had never thought of again, and certainly never repeated. I have often thought over this difficulty since, but cannot in the least explain it except upon the supposition that certain things do impress our brains more strongly than others, although we may be unconscious of the fact. It is a line of inquiry which I should think might be worth pursuing in the interests of physical science, if any physician of note could so far shake off all prejudice as to make experiments for himself.

I have only a few more wonders to relate, and they are all of the same kind. One day, during the winter, I was sitting by the fire opposite to my patient, and, to pass the time, instead of working on this occasion, I had a book. I have forgotten what it was, except that it was a novel, one of Dickens', I think. Suddenly she began to laugh. I looked up and saw her with her eyes shut as usual, but her head moving as if reading with her forehead, and her mouth smiling. "What are you laughing at?" "Why at the story, of course." "What story?" And she told me what I was reading about, making her comments on the characters and expressing her amusement at some passages, and her sorrow at anything pathetic which I came to in the course of my reading. I asked her the page, and she told me. I asked her whereabouts on the page certain passages were, and she told me that also. I tried her with written letters, and figures, and put her power to all kinds of tests, and the result always was that she knew what I knew but nothing beyond. She was never what is popularly known as clairvoyante.

I mention this particularly, because it was a point which I took great pains to ascertain, and several times when I asked her questions

about people and things at a distance her answers were so decided, and her knowledge apparently so minute and circumstantial, that I was very nearly deceived into believing it to be true. But on every occasion of the sort I found, on inquiry, that truth and fiction were mixed up together. Everything which I knew myself was true. But the particular facts which were happening at the moment, and which she described as if she saw them, were purely imaginary.

One remarkable instance in illustration of this I will relate. It happened during the summer, or early spring, of 1851. My married sister, with her husband and children, were expected at a vicarage nine or ten miles off, to pay a visit to his father. I knew this, and was, therefore, not surprised when we began to talk about it. Here, I thought, is a good opportunity to test her clairvoyance, so I said, "Oh, yes, we knew they were to come to-day, but have they arrived? Look and tell me?" After a short pause she began in rather an excited way, "Yes, yes, I see them all just getting out of the carriage." "Whom do you see?" I asked. "I see Mr. — and Mrs. — and the nurse, and so many children. They are going into the house, into the drawing-room on the left of the hall." She then described the vicarage, the drive up to it, and many other particulars with what I knew to be perfect accuracy, and her whole story was so likely, so much what I expected to happen, that I was quite prepared to have the whole confirmed on inquiry. But it was not so. In the first place, the train had been late, and the party did not arrive until an hour or two later; and, in the second place, my brother-in-law was detained at his own vicarage, many miles away, and never arrived at all at that time.

On another occasion, some information she gave me about Mr. —, in India, though very likely and plausible, turned out to be incorrect.

Her thought-reading was always perfect, but the clairvoyance always failed when accurately tested; and though I know how fallacious an opinion based on one experiment must often be, and also that there is plenty of good evidence for the truth of clairvoyance, I have sometimes speculated whether, if any apparent case of clairvoyance were accurately inquired into, it would not often be found to have its origin in "thought-reading."

Towards the end of the summer of 1851, I gave up magnetising "M." as a regular thing. Her health was much improved, and she lived for many years afterwards, only occasionally troubled with the St. Vitus' dance, at which times my mother or one of my sisters took my place, and generally succeeded in quieting her.

It was rather a trouble to me that after the first few weeks I scarcely saw "M." in her natural state. She was so sensitive to my

presence that before I entered her room she was already half gone, and it was only at the end of each séance when, with much difficulty, by means of upward passes, fanning, and other expedients I had succeeded in waking her, that I could communicate with her real self. I hoped that my long absence in India, eight years, would have worn out this influence; but when at last I returned home and went to see her, I found her already lapsing into the trance, and had great difficulty in keeping her out of it during my visit. I believe that a more experienced and skilful operator could have prevented this in the beginning, and throughout the course it was always a subject of regret to me.

M. A. P.

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SPECIMENS OF THE CLASSIFICATION OF CASES FOR  
"PHANTASMS OF THE LIVING."

V.

Those who have given any serious attention to psychical research will certainly not need to be told that its various branches of inquiry are by no means isolated, but touch each other and mingle with each other in a variety of ways. The phenomena inosculate, and the causes are interfused. And consequently the lines of division between one of our books and another are necessarily somewhat arbitrary. Were we possessed of complete knowledge of the subject we could not survey it in separate provinces without signalling between each province large belts of debateable ground.

And since, in fact, our knowledge of the whole matter is as yet of a quite rudimentary and superficial kind, it behoves us, therefore, to remember that, at the very most, all that we can hope to do is to construct a Linnean rather than a natural system. We cannot expect to trace the true filiation of our complex phenomena from their supersensory origins, but at most to get hold (as Linnæus did) of certain deeply-seated and constant characters which may, in many cases, be found ultimately more or less closely coincident with the groups in which a complete knowledge may ultimately dispose the multiform narratives with which we deal.

The cases of scenes flashed on the mind, with which we have been dealing in these papers, afford a conspicuous illustration of this intermixture of psychical agencies. The idea of *clairvoyance* as possibly operative in the presentation of some of these phantasmal scenes, has probably presented itself to most of our readers.

Clairvoyance, however, as commonly understood, can scarcely be claimed as a form of telepathy. It seems, at first sight, to be rather an

extension of the powers of some one individual mind than the result of any communication from another mind; rather a sublimated *hyperæsthesia* than a part of what we have been postulating as *teleæsthesia*, induced by impact from without. Yet the history of clairvoyance, if rightly considered, is one of the most striking illustrations of the far-reaching importance of telepathic agencies. Clairvoyance was for a long time known as a phenomenon of spontaneous, morbid origin. It was connected mainly with *somnambulism*, or with different forms of sleep-waking and double consciousness, and it might certainly have been taken as the very type of a physiological state incommunicable by infection or contact.

Incommunicable by infection of the ordinary physical kind it assuredly is. There are no *bacilli luciferi*, no germs of lucidity, which convey the capacity of distant vision from man to man. But inexcitable by contact, surprising to say, it is *not*. It was one of the most startling discoveries of the early days of mesmerism that the *passes* which were thought of as conveying "vital fluid," and as effective in stilling pain, or producing salutary crises in disease, did also sometimes produce a state of "cerebral lucidity," in which the ordinary range of the senses seemed to be altogether transcended. This was a discovery made not only without the discoverers' intention, but almost against their will; for they foresaw (what was, in fact, the case) that the additional incredulity provoked by these new pretensions would prejudice the cause of *curative* mesmerism in which they were mainly interested. Their great difficulty was that this new power could hardly be represented as an *extension* of the power already claimed for mesmeric passes, *i.e.*, of communicating to one organism either the *general vital condition* or the *actual sensations* of another. If I mesmerise a patient and cure his headache, it may be said that I have but transferred to his nerves something that was already in my own. And if he develops community of thought or sensation, if he knows what I have in my pocket, or tastes what I place on my tongue, this may still be called a mere extension of the sympathy established between the two nervous systems. But if I mesmerise my patient and he proceeds to tell me what is going on in the next house, or in a house fifty miles off,—things which neither he nor I can know by ordinary means,—we seem to have made a leap into magical wonders quite unconnected with our previous theory of nervous communication.

Now just the same difficulty which met the mesmerist meets the psychologist who is attempting to explain by telepathy the phantasmal perception of distant scenes. It gradually becomes hard to maintain that the distant scene is a mere picture transferred from some other mind. In certain cases the analogy with mesmeric clairvoyance becomes

so close that it seems plain that whatever explanation is invoked for the one must be invoked also for the other.

Well then, with our minds open to the possible need for fresh hypotheses, we return to the point of bifurcation already noted in our discussion of scenes flashed on the mind. We have traced those scenes in one direction already ;—as they became more panoramic, more pictorial, more limited in extent, and in this way more analogous to ordinary three-dimensional percepts. We have now to trace them along another line, and to watch them becoming more real, more prolonged, more complex, till they suggest, not the mere presence of some new object in the percipient's field of view, but rather the transference of the percipient's own point of observation to some distant field.

Here, as elsewhere, we shall find various steps of transition. And inasmuch as the novelty which is here introduced consists of some apparent psychical action on the *percipient's* own part, it will be convenient to seek for abnormalities in *his* condition, and consider whether there is any profound agitation, or any abnormally deep absorption, which may seem to have set free his own psychical energies to travel along some unknown way.

In this connection Dr. Goodall Jones' case, as given in Proceedings II., will at once occur to us ; when the sick woman's delirium seemed to have quickened her telepathic perception of her distant husband's danger. And we will cite a parallel case, where the percipient's nervous disturbance is more chronic and deep-seated.

From the Rev. Henry W. Harden, Hemsby Vicarage, Great Yarmouth.  
May 10th, 1884.

About two years ago an elderly woman in this parish, named Elizabeth Cubitt, was drawing near her end with faculties and memory impaired by a long illness, one feature of which was the nervous ailment called St. Vitus' dance.

A grandson, aged 18, was at sea in a fishing boat. One morning she declared that she knew he was drowned for she had seen him in the water, and she strongly persisted in the statement. About three days afterwards the lad came home and related in explanation of the wet clothes he brought back how, in a storm, he had been washed overboard by a wave and washed back by the next wave into the boat. The date of the event coincided with that of the grandmother's dream or vision.

HENRY W. HARDEN.

In answer to inquiries, Mr. Harden says :—

At the time of the occurrence which I narrated about Mrs. Cubitt, I was visiting her pastorally, and at one of my visits heard the facts from her granddaughter (now Laura Chaney), an intelligent and respectable young woman, who was nursing her grandmother, and to whom the remark was made.

Before writing to you I verified my memory by asking Laura Chaney to tell me the story again as she remembered it. Her impression was that it

was a dream, but from Mrs. Cubitt's state at the time I hardly think it could be said with certainty whether she was awake or asleep. My impression was that it was something different from a dream—from the way in which (as it was told to me) she had said, "I saw him in the water," instead of saying "I dreamt that I saw him."

I don't think she was particularly subject to alarms. Laura Chaney says that when Edward Barnes, a relative, died, Mrs. Cubitt knew of it before the news came, and insisted that something had happened, but she could give no further details nor could she specify other instances.

This case is not one of which the details can be pressed. But it may serve to mark a step in the argument; and it may be reinforced by the celebrated historical case which we next cite; the vision of the poor fishwife with St. Vitus' dance thus forming our closest parallel to the royal historian's "avertissement que Dieu donne aux personnes illustres."

From the *Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois, Reine de Navarre.*

La reine, ma mère, étoit à Metz, dangereusement malade de la fièvre. Elle révoit, et étant assistée autour de son lit du Roi Charles, mon frère, et de ma sœur et mon frère de Lorraine, et plusieurs Messieurs du Conseil, et de force dames et princesses, qui, la tenant hors d'espérance, ne l'abandonnoient point, s'écria, continuant ses rêveries, comme si elle eut vu donner la bataille de Jarnac: "Voyez comme il fuyent; mon fils a la victoire; hé Mon Dieu! relevez mon fils, il est par terre: Voyez vous dans cette haye le Prince de Condé mort!" Tous ceux qui étoit là croyoient qu'elle révoit. Mais la nuit après, M. de Lopez lui en ayant apporté la nouvelle, "Je le savois bien," dit-elle, "ne l'avois je pas vu avant-hier?" Lors on reconnut que ce n'étoit point rêverie de fièvre, mais un avertissement que Dieu donne aux personnes illustres.

These instances have not yet taken us quite beyond the analogy of our non-mesmeric cases of experimental Thought-transference. In some of these the perception was accompanied (and seemingly facilitated) by a kind of nervous agitation, slight, indeed, but bearing some analogy to the spasmodic movements of chorea or the inconsequent impulses of delirium.

Again, this tendency to excitement is not the only way in which the percipient of these phantasmal scenes has tended to become slightly abnormal. Attentive scrutiny of the cases already given will show that there has been a proneness to sudden and brief accesses of drowsiness, just at the moment when the scene was about to appear. Now our usual way of explaining this fact would be to say that the impression waited till a casually occurring drowsiness dulled the competing trains of thought, and gave opportunity for the telepathic impact to rise into consciousness.

But it can never be amiss, in these obscure matters, to scrutinise our

theory afresh, and to consider whether these interchanging causes and effects can be looked at in a new aspect. Is it conceivable that the telepathic impact can ever be the *cause* of the drowsiness? That it in some way hypnotises the percipient, and thus succeeds in forcing itself into his consciousness? To give weight to this view, we should need instances of very exact coincidence between the actual enaction of the primary scene, and the sudden drowsiness in which its secondary image is displayed. Or we should need to observe accesses of drowsiness as marked and abnormal, as in the following case :—

“Der jetzige Spiritismus.” Prof. Dr. Maximilian Perty, Leipzig, 1877.  
p. 291.

Dr. Notter (a friend of Dr. Perty's) describes a clairvoyant cousin of his as one of the most sober-minded, prosaic, thoroughly unimaginative men he knew, for which reason he did not care to say much about his clairvoyant experiences. When in 1869 his eldest son was accompanying the expedition in Mexico as army surgeon, the father was, on one occasion in the forenoon, suddenly overcome with an irresistible inclination to sleep. He was a man extremely exact in his work, was never accustomed to sleep in the forenoon, and was then engaged on official accounts. During this sleep, which, according to the testimony of attendants who were present, could not have lasted more than a minute and a-half, the father saw the son, pale, and leaning against the side of a narrow pass; his horse, which was a grey one, was close by, and also several military officers. He was greatly terrified at what he had seen, but in order not to alarm his family, said nothing to anyone, but satisfied himself with noting the day and hour. After three or four weeks a letter came from the son in which he described how at that very time he had been thrown from his horse, and as he was again attempting to mount he received a kick which broke one of the bones in his foot. The pain had made him almost faint away, so that he was obliged to lean against the side of the roadway, but he soon recovered from the accident without any permanent ill effects. A later letter confirmed all particulars and mentioned that the doctor was actually riding a grey horse.

Our data here are still insufficient. But we have at least found a definite inquiry to pursue, viz. : Are momentary fits of drowsiness, in which distant events are observed, ever provably coincident to the very minute with those events? If they are so, there will be ground to suspect that the drowsiness is of a quasi-mesmeric character, in some way induced by the distant agent's excitement, and a necessary pre-requisite to the telepathic perception.

It would be very desirable in this connection to ascertain whether spontaneous somnambulists are ever conscious of distant crises. Cases of this sort would be very welcome ; at present we can only give two ; nor is it quite clear what the percipient's condition precisely was in either of them.

3, Mclean Place, Dumbarton, January 8th, 1883.

PROFESSOR BARRETT.

SIR,—Some time ago my brother joined the Loch Rannoch, and sailed from the tail of the bank for Melbourne. A few weeks after he left, my mother saw him clairvoyantly, or in a vision, swimming, astern of the ship and apparently naked. To increase her anxiety it looked as if the ship was leaving him. She saw him exerting every nerve to make up on her ; at length he was successful and got safely on board.

On the ship's arrival in Melbourne, it so happened that my brother and I met in Melbourne on this occasion, and I remember he mentioned this incident at the time, and neither of us then knew that mother knew anything about it. My brother wrote home as usual, but did not in his letter mention about being overboard on the passage out. Mother did not, however, forget about it ; for, on his return, she told him what she had seen (in vision) and asked him if anything of that nature had happened to him going out. "Yes, mother," he said, "one good day, when the ship was in the tropics, I went overboard to bathe. While swimming near the ship, a breeze of wind sprang up, and I dropped astern ; for some minutes I felt very anxious. However, I at last succeeded in getting upon the ship ; got on board," and he added, "I don't think I will ever do the same thing again."

J. COWIE.

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From Colquhoun's "Animal Magnetism," Vol. II. p. 92.

Dr. Arndt, an eminent German physician, relates that, being one day seated near the bed of one of his somnambulists, on a sudden she became agitated, uttered sighs, as if tormented by some vision, exclaimed, "O heavens, my father ! he is dying !" A few moments afterwards she awoke, seemed quite cheerful, and recollected nothing of the anxiety she had so recently manifested. She again relapsed twice into the same state of magnetic sleep, and each time she was tormented by the same vision. Being asked what had happened to her father, she answered, "He is bathed in blood ; he is dying." Soon afterwards she awoke, became composed, and the scene finished. Some weeks afterwards, Dr. Arndt found this lady pensive and sorrowful. She had just received from her father, who was at a distance of some hundred miles, an account of a serious accident which had befallen him. In ascending the stair of his cellar, the door had fallen upon his breast—a considerable hemorrhage ensued, and the physician despaired of his life. Dr. Arndt, who had marked the precise time of the preceding scene of the somnambulism of this lady, found that it was exactly on the day and at the hour when the accident happened to her father. "This," observes the doctor. "could not have been the mere effect of chance ; and assuredly, there was no conceit nor deceit on the part of the observer."

Incidents of the same kind are reported of Madame Hauffe, "the Seeress of Prevorst." But here, again, we must check ourselves ; for in Madame Hauffe's case the discernment of distant events was, so to

speaking, not *idiopathic* but *symptomatic*; it did not form a culminant or exceptional moment in her life-history, but was rather an accident supervening on an habitual condition of trance or ecstasy. Discussion of these alleged states must be reserved for another work; and we must merely note here that our consideration of the percipient's own state as influencing his perception of distant scenes shows signs of leading us rapidly into a region which we have not yet explored. We revert to cases where the sense of a transfer of consciousness becomes marked, though without anything clearly resembling a mesmeric trance.

From Miss M. E. Pritchard, Tan-y-coed, Bangor.

January 30th, 1884.

Two years ago I awoke, one night, with a curious sensation of being in a sick room, and of the presence of people who were anxiously watching by the bedside of some person, who was dangerously ill. It was not till some time after that we heard that one of my sisters, then living in Florida, had been very ill of a fever, and was at the time of the incident in a most critical state.

MAGGIE E. PRITCHARD.

In reply to inquiries, Miss Pritchard adds :—

I have never had any other experience of an impression of sickness or death.

The impression of sickness was not the continuation of a dream and hardly a distinct waking impression. I woke from a heavy sleep with a great sense of oppression, which gradually seemed to assume a distinct impression. It lasted about half an hour, that is, the actual impression, but I had a great feeling of uneasiness for several days. I have never had any hallucinations or dreams of death.

The following corroboration is from Miss Pritchard's sister :—

I recollect my sister telling me of her feeling of being in a sick room with people watching round a bedside. She did not mention it to me till the morning (it occurred during the night). It did not make much impression on me at the time—not till afterwards, when we heard of our sister's dangerous illness.—E. B. PRITCHARD.

This is one of the cases whose *theoretical* interest goes far beyond their *evidential* value. The evidence, indeed, is as strong as can fairly be expected where no crisis of a moment or of an hour is involved, the impression coinciding with a prolonged state of distress. But the great interest of the narrative lies in the light which it throws on what we may call the genesis of telepathic clairvoyance. For the illness of the sister in Florida affects the sister in England in a way which seems almost midway between the two assumed modes of communication.

Let us try to picture to ourselves (bearing in mind that it is only conjecture) how this phenomenon may have occurred.

The English sister, we will say, in her "heavy sleep," was in a condition specially open to telepathic impact. Such impact came to her from the invalid in America, and elicited in her the power of telepathic clairvoyance. As we have already seen, this faculty seems most readily to be excited when the percipient is *asleep*. The number of clairvoyant *dreams* is large. This lady, then, might have been expected to experience merely a clairvoyant dream, remembered or forgotten on waking, as the case might be. On this occasion, however, things seem to have occurred somewhat differently. The shock of waking dispelled the dream; but the clairvoyant connection was still maintained indistinctly, not as vision, but as the mere sensation of presence in the midst of an imperfectly apprehended scene. This may be regarded as a kind of faint "clairvoyance"; since we know too little of the nature of "clairvoyant" perception to assume that a sense of *sight* is a necessary element in it. It seems better defined as "apparent transference of the centre of consciousness, with perceptions whose extent and nature seem to depend on the intensity of direction of the percipient's attention, rather than on the range of any special organs of sense." In the case which we are considering, the perception scattered by the shock of waking seems gradually to have collected itself again, in the percipient's tranquillity, much in the same way as a dream sometimes forms itself anew in a second slumber.

Our next case throws an interesting light on the nature of telepathic clairvoyance.

My uncle, the late A— S—, Esq., of Thornbury, near Bristol, was living at his villa in that little town in the year 1842, and on the evening of a certain day in November had retired to bed in his usual health, at his customary hour. Contrary to his habit, however, he could not sleep, but lay awake counting the hours until three o'clock in the morning, when suddenly he found himself in a country whose features were quite strange to him. He became aware that he was in the Neilgherrie hill country of India, where his brother S— was on invalid furlough. It appeared to him that he remained three months there with S—, that he attended him during his illness, and that finally S— died, when the vision faded, and he found himself again in his bed. He was now satisfied that this vision had revealed a certainty to him, turned round and fell asleep, and in the morning he told my aunt all about it. He has mentioned this matter to me several times, and always expressed his belief that he was broad awake while he saw the vision, which he thought must have passed with the rapidity of "thought," and was quite sure it was no dream.

In the next spring my uncle and aunt were at Cheltenham, whither they had gone for the benefit of Mrs. S—'s health; in due course my uncle

received from his brother's agents at Madras a letter containing information of S——'s death at such and such a place in the Neilgherrie Hills, at the precise day and hour that my uncle saw the vision in his bed at Thornbury. "It was no news to me," said my uncle to me when telling me of the circumstance; "I knew poor S—— was gone several months before."

(Signed) A. S.

Here we find the percipient insisting that he was "broad awake"; although the vision seen is, as one may say, a dream on the very face of it. Where else but in a dream (we may ask), are the events of months apparently lived through in a few moments? Is such a concentrated retrospection possible except in sleep? To this question an answer suggests itself which seems at once to put us in the right track. Concentrated retrospection of this kind is experienced, as is abundantly testified, in the act of *drowning*. That is to say, in the nearest approach to actual death of which we have numerous and concordant accounts, we find that a rapid revivification of memory is a habitual feature. It seems conceivable, then, that a telepathic impression coming from a dying person might convey a kind of bird's-eye review of a long tract of previous existence. And, in supposing this to be the case, we are merely extending a hypothesis already made, namely, that the picture of a scene, as transferred from an agent's mind, may carry with it something of his reflections upon that scene, or of his foresight as to what is going to happen next.

We shall give one more death-bed scene, a case which comes to us on very good authority, and which suggests several reflections.

I had known Mr. H—— as a medical man, under whose treatment I had been for some years, and at whose hands I had experienced great kindness. He had ceased to attend me for considerably more than a year at the time of his death. I was aware that he had given up practice, but beyond that I knew nothing of his proceedings, or of the state of his health. At the time I last saw him, he appeared particularly well, and even made some remark himself as to the amount of vigour and work left in him.

On Thursday, the 16th day of December, 1875, I had been for some little time on a visit at my brother-in-law's and sister's house near London. I was in good health, but from the morning and throughout the day I felt unaccountably depressed and out of spirits, which I attributed to the gloominess of the weather. A short time after lunch, about two o'clock, I thought I would go up to the nursery to amuse myself with the children and try to recover my spirits. The attempt failed, and I returned to the dining-room where I sat by myself, my sister being engaged elsewhere. The thought of Mr.—— came into my mind, and suddenly, with my eyes open, as I believe, for I was not feeling sleepy, I seemed to be in a room in which a man was lying dead in a small bed. I recognised the face at once as that of Mr.—— and felt, no doubt, that he was dead and not asleep only. The room appeared

to be bare and without carpet or furniture. I cannot say how long the appearance lasted. I did not mention the appearance to my sister or brother-in-law at the time. I tried to argue with myself that there could be nothing in what I had seen, chiefly on the ground that from what I knew of Mr.—'s circumstances, it was most improbable that, if dead, he would be in a room in so bare and unfurnished a state. Two days afterwards, on December 18th, I left my sister's house for home. About a week after my arrival, another of my sisters read out of the daily papers the announcement of Mr.—'s death, which had taken place abroad, and on December 16th, the day on which I had seen the appearance.

I have since been informed that Mr.— had died in a small village hospital in a warm foreign climate, having been suddenly attacked with illness whilst on his travels.

Now we find, on inquiry, that Mr.— had died some hours before this clairvoyant vision occurred. And the vision avowedly reveals not a *dying* man but a *dead* man. It might therefore be urged that this narrative was out of place amongst cases of telepathic impressions originated by living minds. But on a closer survey we observe that the marked depression began in the *morning*, and that the vision was not a sudden incident, but rather the culmination of a prolonged emotional disturbance.

We suggest, therefore, that the dying man's thought reached this lady's mind, and affected it (as in so many other cases) with a mere vague depression. This depression, however, was strong and persistent; it accumulated as the effects of a synchronous vibration accumulate, and at last, when the percipient was in a passive condition, (having been driven to renounce other occupations by this haunting sense of distress), she was made, for a moment, clairvoyante, and her centre of consciousness was transferred to the scene whence the operating influence had arisen. By that time, no doubt, the scene was one of apparent death; but we may still refer the original impulse to the *dying* man. And we may just observe that the phenomena of mesmerism offer some interesting analogies in the *incubation* of transmitted impulses in the subject's brain.

It is, in fact, obvious that in dealing with telepathic clairvoyance we are, so to speak, standing at a centre towards which many lines of recorded phenomena converge. We must not encumber the main course of our argument by noticing these at length. But we may just point out that among the cases of so-called "second-sight" in the Highlands, &c., are many which would fall into our scheme just at this point. In "second sight," two distinct elements seem to be involved: (1) Symbolical prevision, as the sight of coffins or lights before death; (2) Clairvoyance, sometimes voluntarily exercised, sometimes involuntarily, and in the latter case corresponding generally to some danger or distress

of a distant person. The quaint case which we cite from "Theophilus Insulanus," a contemporary collection of such narratives made by Mr. Donald Macleod towards the end of the 18th century, is obviously parallel to many of the experiences on which we have already dwelt.

Mary Campbell, a woman of acknowledged probity and candour, relates that when she was a young girl, living in her father's house upon the island of Scalpa, there was a notable old *seer*, one Evander Mac Mhaoldonich, a domestic in the family, who by the second sight, foretold several events which punctually came to pass; and in particular, that Kenneth Campbell, her brother, being on a jaunt in the Lewes, and as he was returning home, accompanied by his servant whom he had sent upon an errand to a village at some distance, as the said *Kenneth* was solitarily on his way, he found himself seized with a faintness, which so gained upon him that he was obliged to crawl on all fours, through mires and puddles, to a desolate cottage, where he remained that night, and after a sound sleep, recovered of his ailment. The old *seer* that night seemed fretful, and being asked the reason of his being so much out of humour, told that the said Kenneth Campbell was not at his ease, and that he observed him, by the second sight, in a very different condition, his clothes being fuddled, and all bespattered with filth and mud; which, upon his return to the family next day, he himself declared to have been literally true, according to the above prediction.

Here we may leave for the present the subject of telepathic clairvoyance. The next paper will be concerned with cases where the quasi-percept is still confined to one individual, although there seems no obvious reason why other persons present might not have shared in the seeing or hearing, had there been anything objective to see or hear.

F. W. H. M.