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DREAMS AND THEIR  
MEANINGS. BY HORACE G.  
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WITH MANY ACCOUNTS OF EXPERIENCES  
SENT BY CORRESPONDENTS  
AND TWO CHAPTERS CONTRIBUTED MAINLY  
FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE PSYCHICAL RESEARCH  
SOCIETY ON TELEPATHIC AND PREMONITORY DREAMS

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## CHAPTER I.

### WHAT SCIENCE HAS TO SAY ABOUT THEM.

I OUGHT to explain why I, being a person without any of the scientific attainments that would fit one for the task, take it on me to write of dreams. It occurred to me that there were certain kinds of dreams common to nearly every one. Every one (using the word in a liberal sense, and not in the grudging spirit of the man who objected to ninety-nine ducks being spoken of as a round hundred) is familiar with the dream of falling over a precipice. A great many people know the dream that they are flying. Few have not dreamed that they have entered a polite assembly in a costume very much more appropriate to a Turkish bath than to their visionary surroundings, and there are many other common, generally familiar, dreams. And this being so, I was struck by the fact that no one seemed to have tried to find the common cause of each kind respectively of familiar dreams. If three-quarters of mankind, say, dream many times in their lives that they are falling over precipices, and half mankind dream nearly as often that they are flying, then it seems only reasonable to think that some

tolerably constant cause must produce the one, and some other constant cause the other. There seemed at least a strong probability that this was so. And seeing that no better qualified person than myself appeared inclined to tackle the problem so suggested, I took upon myself—rushing in where angels seemed fearful of treading—to write an essay in *Longman's Magazine*, briefly stating the problem and asking for lights. Lights came, in abundance that was rather dazzling and stupifying. I was deluged with letters on the subject. I had rashly asked people to help me by giving me their own experiences and ideas. As a result I was so pelted with experiences as to bewilder my own ideas completely, and make the daily burden of the postman almost too heavy for him to bear. The experiences were interesting, the ideas were illuminating. I can never be sufficiently grateful to those who took the wholly gratuitous pains of communicating them to me. But what came to me as the most striking illumination of all was the discovery that the subject possessed so much general interest. It was quite astonishing. And it is this discovery that has made me so very bold as to attempt this volume, discussing the whole subject of dreams in a more or less comprehensive, though altogether in a popular way. When I essayed my first essay on the dream problem that I have stated above, I was assailed by one critic (using rather heavy bludgeons for the beating of a butterfly) because I displayed ignorance of the writings of the learned on the subject of dreams generally. It would have needed extraordinary acute-

ness on my part to conceal such ignorance. More ignorant few men could have been. Since then I have read, with the feeble grasp that a hopelessly unscientific brain has of matters scientific, as much as I could lay hands on of what the learned have written. But my critic need not have bludgeoned so heavily, for I fail to discover that the particular problem, as I stated it, was ever tackled, or, apparently, ever realised by the learned, and certainly at that time it was with no idea of treating the subject of dreams comprehensively, even from the most popular point of view, that I wrote. And now, my grasp on the scientific details being but feeble, I shall not try to explain to anybody else what I have not been able to explain to myself, and shall avoid as far as possible all references to different nerves of the body and cells of the brain that fulfil different functions. A few words touching on the physiological aspect of the subject are almost inevitable if we are to get any idea of the stuff that dreams are made of. If any one who has not yet studied the physiology of the subject is disposed to do so, he may have fat pasture of the kind for his brain in the works of Maury (*Le Sommeil et les Rêves*), of Macario (*Du Sommeil, des Rêves, et de la Somnambulisme*), of Volkhelt and of Wundt. Of our own countrymen, Dr. Carpenter and Sir H. Holland have perhaps said most that is to be understood by the general reader, but it is not easy in most points to go behind or beyond Maury's book, which is as interesting and intelligible as it is instructive, although it is doubtful whether the factor which he suggests as the

chief one in determining the lines that dreams will take is likely to be accepted by the great majority. Of that, however, later.

In the first place it seems almost necessary, before we can get any clear idea of what happens when we dream, that we should try to clear up our notions as to what happens when we sleep. What does going to sleep mean? It is not easily answered. But even before answering this question we are met by the question whether we dream all the while that we are sleeping. It is a question that the learned have answered very variously, so much so that their answers seem fairly to balance each other, and we are left with a tolerably open sheet on which to set our own convictions down. There are those who hold that we only dream at the very moment of awaking, but though it is certain that dreams make such mincemeat of time and space that we can dream of events extending over hours and miles in a few seconds, it is no less certain that the mind is often hard at work during sleep—we speak, we move, laugh and so on—long before the moment for waking. If this is to be called a dream, and certainly it is the common use of the term, making it equivalent with any operation of the mind during sleep (no matter how completely the sleeper forgets it when he wakes up) then it is obviously certain that dreaming is not confined to the moment of waking. On the other hand, if by dream we are to mean only an operation of the mind during sleep of which the dreamer is conscious when he awakes, then the problem remains unanswered; although it is

to be said that most people, on being suddenly woken, awake invariably to find that the sudden waking has broken off a dream, and this seems to make it very probable indeed that the mind is unconsciously active all the while that we sleep, but that it is comparatively seldom that a memory of its activity remains with us when we awake. When we awake gradually, in a normal manner, it is likely that as we regain full use of our sensory apparatus the impressions it conveys to us gradually efface those feeble ones that have come to us during sleep, and so we forget the latter. In case of a sudden awakening, memory and attention become active before any awakening sensory impressions have intervened to obliterate the impressions made in sleep. Incidentally the question arises as to the meaning we are to give the word "dream". It would be far more convenient to restrict it to operation of the mind during sleep that is remembered on awaking; but since, in common parlance, we use it of any operation of the mind during sleep (though forgotten by ourselves on awaking) of which others can take notice (as we say of dogs that they "dream" when they yap and move in their sleep), it is better perhaps to use it, for the present, at least, in its common sense, although, if we adopt the view that the mind is active throughout all the sleeping hours, we must look on "dreaming" in that sense as a constant accident of sleep.

Sleep, so far as we can understand it, is a means of repairing fatigue by rest. Chemically described, it is the repairing of the waste in tissues, nerves and

cells caused by oxidation. The rate of the circulation is lessened, and the heat of the body is lowered. On the other hand, the heat of the brain is increased, and there is a greater flow of blood into its cells than in the normal waking state. This influx of the blood is found to produce, curiously enough, one of two almost opposite conditions—a comatose congestion that accompanies, perhaps produces, perhaps is, sleep or a hyper-excitability, such as we are very familiar with when we lie awake with hot head and cold feet. And it also happens, and generally happens (perhaps always) in sleep that some of the cells of the brain, which correspond on the psychical side to certain mental faculties, are in the state of comatose congestion, while others, cells corresponding to other faculties, are in the state of higher excitability. And further it would appear that it is always those faculties of attention, will, judgment, reasoning, which we may call the higher faculties, that become comatose during sleep, while the imaginative faculty becomes hyper-excitable. It may be difficult to see why the influx of blood should produce congestion in the one and this hyper-excitability in the other. There is a scientific explanation, which it does not matter to give here. Perhaps it may best be understood by the familiar analogy of gout, a complaint that we see produced equally by over-richness or by penury of blood (opposite conditions of blood producing almost the same effect) as in the case of the different parts of the sleeper's brain almost opposite results come from the same condition of the circulation. As the circulation to the



outer, the peripheral, nerves is lowered during sleep, the senses with which they communicate become less active.

So when a man falls asleep he is in this condition so far as his mental processes are concerned: his reasoning power (which we may take to include will and judgment, and so on, different psychologists have such different divisions, all purely for convenience sake really, of these faculties) and his attention are practically gone, they are comatose, they are fast asleep, whereas his imagination is abnormally active and wide-awake, and his senses are in the condition of semi-activity in which we find them when we begin to "come to" after a dose of anæsthetic. That seems to be a not unfair account of the condition of the sleeper, only—this is important to remember in considering the dream question—he did not go to sleep with his mind in the condition of a *tabula rasa*. It was not vacant. It was occupied with something. It is not as if the sleeper crossed a line when he fell asleep, and left all his previous chain of connected thought behind him on the other side of the line. It is hard to say that there is any hard and fast line of the kind, and in any case it is quite certain that if there be the mind goes on making its chain, link by link, as the sleeper crosses the line. In fact we may say that from birth to death (and for aught we know both before birth and after death) we all are forging our life-long chain of associated ideas without a break. A break of course there is, in the shape of a new starting-point, now and again, when the chain is in-

interrupted by some object striking the senses which breaks off the association, and starts a new line of thought; but, if we are to carry the metaphor on, these points of departure would be better marked by some difference in the link—say by an iron ring instead of the ordinary link—in the one long chain, rather than by a new chain altogether.

I can quite well imagine that it will occur to some one to ask me, seeing that I have jumbled up will and judgment (these are not always entirely, but generally and always in some great degree, in abeyance in dreams) together under the head of reasoning, why I should have bothered to keep “attention” separate. It will be seen, I think, that attention is sometimes present in dreams, so that we look on at and are conscious of ourselves dreaming, while the other higher reasoning faculties are quite in abeyance, and also that the faculty of attention is sometimes quite in abeyance even in some waking states, as, for instance, in the state of reverie (name derived from the dream, the *rêve*, as being so like it) when we pursue a train of thought quite unconsciously, and only when “recalled to ourselves,” as we say—that is, when our attention is drawn to what we are doing—do we realise our mental action.

The two ways in which the lengthy chain of life-long thought is forged prevail in our sleeping mental operations no less than in our waking ones, that is to say there is: (*a*) the association of ideas working on and on indefinitely until it is interrupted by (*b*) the appearance of some object of sense that either mingles



itself with the previous series of ideas and impressions or starts a new series. These interruptions occur less often in sleep than in the waking state for many obvious reasons—usually we sleep in quiet, in the dark, in the absence of objects to strike the senses ; and also the nerves that communicate with the senses are in a state of lowered sensibility, owing to the slower circulation. All this gives the “other way,” as the cooks say, a more free chance, and the reasoning faculty, that would tell us when the association of ideas is leading us to impossibilities, being in abeyance, our mind wanders on from absurdity to absurdity of imaginative conception that is not matched in all the thousand and one Arabian Nights. Some of the writers, and Maury, I think, among them, divide the “central” incitements to dreaming into two heads. By “central” incitement, it should be said, is meant the incitement—the starting off—of a dream in the brain itself. Thus any dream arising from the association of ideas would be said to be started from a central incitement. But they also invent another kind of central incitement, in form of some physically suggested thought. Such a thing may occur, but it is not very easy to see, in the first place, how the people know that the dream started from an accidental physical change in the brain rather than elsewhere ; nor, secondly, what special advantage or convenience is gained by distinguishing a dream starting from a sensational cause in the brain itself from a dream starting from any other sensational cause. The useful division to make seems to be between the dream operation that is a simple continuation of the

chain of associated ideas and impressions and the dream that is started or modified by some object appealing to one or other of the nerves. This simple division covers all the ground, and it is not easy to see the advantage of complicating it. Hartley, indeed, makes a third heading or class, under which he puts ideas and impressions lately received among the originating causes of dreams, but it is evident that these fall under the head of association of ideas and impressions. Maury's theory of associated fibres in the brain spontaneously suggesting impressions is too subtle for us here. The appeal to our senses need not, of course, come from any outward object. More often probably it comes from something in our own body, some worry of the digestive business, some muscle growing cramped after lying long in one position, too much warmth, or too much cold, and so on. But the other cases, in which a sleeper's dream has been occasioned, or altered, by a light brought into the room, a noise in the room, and so on, are too many and well established for us to doubt that they occur, even if our own experience did not confirm them.

The Marquis d'Hervey, who made a profound study of the whole question of sleep and dreams, took the view that sleep meant merely the loss of all sense (I am purposely stating his case very crudely), the brain remaining in its normal activity. It is a view, however, which Maury combats with perfect success, as the general verdict allows, pointing out on the one hand that the avenues to the brain by way of the senses are by no means altogether blocked in sleep

and on the other hand that the activity of the brain in sleep is by no means of its normal kind.

It may appear very singular, and indeed it is most curious, that a similar state of sleep (and of repair of waste) is induced in the members of the body by an influx of blood to the vessels below the normal amount, as in the brain by an excessive influx of the blood (for it is correct enough to say that all parts of the body sleep, in the chemical sense of the word), but Maury points out that there is a congestion *hyperémique* and also a congestion *anémique*, as he calls them. Again, we may make this seem less strange by remembering the analogy of the two gout, of the rich man and of the poor man, as we call them.

It is the view of the Marquis d'Hervey, in some degree following as a natural sequence on his theory that sleep means little else than the abeyance of sensation, that dreams become more distinct in proportion as the sleep becomes deeper. The common phrase of "deep dreamless sleep" he would therefore take to be a contradiction in terms. It is not very easy in the first place to fix an exact meaning to the term deep—in French "*profond*"—as applied to sleep. In common talk we use it, I think, in two senses. We use it in the first place of a sleep that might be better called "quiet," when the sleeper shows no sign of any mental agitation, no tossing, no mumbling of words; and in another sense we use it of a sleep from which there is difficulty in awaking the sleeper. The two senses are different, for sometimes it is easy to wake a sleeper out of a very quiet sleep and difficult, com-

paratively, to wake him out of a sleep that gives indications of being troubled. So we cannot dogmatise about this. Maury, in opposition to d'Hervey, contends that a quiet sleep is dreamless, but it is hard to see that he proves it, any more than d'Hervey strictly speaking proves his contention on the opposite side ; but the fact that whenever we wake a man suddenly (unless he be one of the very exceptional people who never retain, when they awake, any consciousness of any mental operation during sleep) he always awakes to find that he was dreaming, is strong evidence, surely, against there being such a thing as dreamless sleep at all. It is not a little remarkable too, and it is evidence that tells much in favour of the Marquis d'Hervey's view, that the dreams of which we give the clearest indications to those who are watching our sleep are not as a rule those which remain most clearly in our waking memory. The somnambulist, I believe, almost invariably forgets not only all that he did in his sleep, but almost all the train of thought that led up to his somnambulistic actions. If you wake a tossing, or a talking sleeper he often will be found to retain but a very vague memory of the cause of his troubled movements and mumblings. Far more likely are you, as the Marquis d'Hervey says, and as all our evidence shows, to get a lucid account of a dream from a man whose sleep has apparently been quite untroubled. It is a commonplace observation that all memory of a dream vanishes with wonderful quickness, unless its incidents be jotted down, run over in the mind, or told to another, immediately on awaking. But in this there is no

mystery. The fact that the faculty of attention is practically in abeyance fully accounts for it, and perhaps the wonder is rather that any memory of mental operations in sleep should remain at all in the waking mind than that it should quickly vanish.

Besides these originating causes of dreams that we have mentioned, Maury has a whole class of creations, phantoms, or whatever we are to call them, to which he ascribes a very preponderating influence in the production of dreams. As described by him, there is not the very slightest doubt that they must have such a preponderating influence. Yet he surely makes a mistake in thinking that as he describes them they are factors in the dream experience of ordinary men and women. He devotes a whole chapter to these phantoms, under the heading of "Hallucinations Hypnagogiques". The mind of the dozing man, he says (he speaks of his own mind in particular, and clearly he deems his experience to be part of the common lot of man), is beset with a whole host of hallucinations of appearances of people and places. In the sense that the mind, between waking and sleep, goes on with its association of ideas, modified and perhaps altered entirely by some sound dimly heard as sleep draws on, this is of course true, and part of common experience, but until the attention so far falls into abeyance that we may be said to be actually asleep (for the boundary line between sleeping and waking is not fixed hard and fast) we do not, I think—that is to say the majority of us do not—ever find ourselves taking part in a conversation, say, with people we

know to be dead, nor commit any of the outrages on common-sense (consequent on mistaking the images that our ideas suggest for objective realities) such as we commit in sleep and such as Maury would have us believe that we commit in the society of those "Hallucinations Hypnagogiques". A considerable number of persons, notwithstanding, seem to have been conscious of these hallucinations, these creations of what they do not wish us to call a "dream world," but may permit us to call a "doze world," and curiously enough some of the people who seem to have been most conscious of them have been some of the learned people who have written on the subject. The Germans have invented a special name for the phantoms of the "doze-world," the *hallucinations hypnagogiques* of Maury, namely, the *Schlumberbilder*, generally visual images occasioned, as it is presumed, by sensations aroused, in the absence of external causes, by some physical commotion of the nerves themselves. Yet in spite of some learned argument in favour of these images being the stuff of which dreams are commonly composed, it is exceedingly doubtful whether more than a small minority (among whom, by-the-bye, is to be reckoned the notable instance of Goethe) are aware of these images at all. With most of us it would seem more probable that association of ideas is sufficient to account for the raw material of most of our dreaming.

There is one very curious thing about the way in which our ideas during sleep are associated with the ideas that were in our minds shortly before we went to sleep. It is the common experience of "every



schoolboy," as Lord Macaulay said, that the "rep."—lines to be learned by heart for repetition in the morning school—if conned over only carelessly over night will often be found clear in his mind in the morning. This would not be so curious if we could find any indication that the boy's mind was occupied with these lines during his sleep. But in every case—that has come my way at least—the boy has declared that he did not dream of "such rot as 'rep.,'" as he is likely to call it, at all. Of cricket or football he may have dreamt, but certainly not of the 'rep.' And yet it assuredly looks as if his mind must have been busy, unknown to himself, with that unsavoury subject during sleep; or else how can he come to know it so much better? There is here an unexplained mystery, as it seems to me; nor can I find that any of the scientific books throw any real light on it. It is a common observation about dreams how absolutely their cause is beyond our control. We cannot determine what they shall be about, by fixing our mind on any particular subject before we drop off to sleep, nor can we, after waking out of a pleasant dream, prolong it, by thinking of its incidents, when we again fall asleep. I am well aware that there are exceptions to this rule—people who claim, and no doubt justly, to be able to influence in a great measure the course of their dreaming thoughts, but they are in a very small minority. The rule, most certainly, is as I have stated. We cannot, by taking thought as we go to sleep, exercise any control over the course of our subsequent dreams. So true is this, that among the many who have written to me there

are two who say that if they specially wish to avoid dreaming of a certain subject that they think likely to engage their minds during sleep, they deliberately concentrate their thoughts on this subject as they lay their heads on the pillow, with the certainty that this would prevent its occurrence in their dreams—a very remarkable statement indeed, as it seems to me, in view of the well-known facts about the schoolboys' "rep.," etc., which seem to argue so strongly in the opposite sense. It would almost seem to suggest the inference that two distinct mental operations go on while in sleep—that there is one set of ideas of which we *think*, unconsciously, and another set of which we consciously *dream*; and further, that while we are likely to think of the ideas on which our attention was set shortly before going to sleep, we are not, on the whole, at all likely to *dream* of them. On the other hand we are very apt in dreams to recur to all those ideas and impressions with which our minds are *habitually* occupied, though not those to which we have given a *recent* and *forced* attention; just as the schoolboy, though he has lately concentrated himself on his "rep.," more often dreams of the cricket and football which are the more natural and habitual occupation of his mind.

Attention and study, as we have said, weaken as we drop off to sleep. It is very common with most of us, I think, as we lay our heads on the pillow, to say to ourselves, more or less consciously, "now here I am, going to sleep at the end of another day; let's see what I have done in it." And a mental review of the day's work begins—and commonly ends, as



the attention weakens—with the contemplation of the incident in it that has interested us most, and this in spite of all our intention to keep our minds concentrated on a particular object. We may conjecture that the explanation of the exceptional cases noticed above (of a man dreaming of the subject that he has suggested to his mind as he laid himself down to sleep) may be that this subject happens to be the one with which his mind has been most occupied during the day, the most remarkable incident of his day. Of course this theory is rather contradicted by the experience of those who insure avoidance in their dreams of a certain subject by fixing their minds on it as they lie down, but perhaps, again, their experience is too exceptional to be regarded as any valid argument on the general question.

The schoolboy does not dream of his “rep.” It is to be noted that when a man’s mind has been so engrossed in his work that it becomes the subject matter of his dreams, his sleep is seldom refreshing and his state is morbid. This is to be explained on the physical side by saying that the apparatus employed in his daily work does not get its natural rest, does not sleep in fact, and get the chemical constitution of its fibres and cells repaired.

There is not the least doubt that when we begin to investigate this whole matter of dreaming, matter that we are obliged to investigate mostly by noting our own symptoms, we have to be particularly on our guard against self-deception. It is so easy to imagine that we have visual hallucinations, or whatever we

please to term them, so easy even to encourage ourselves by unconscious self-suggestion to have them. At every stage we have to regard ourselves with the greatest suspicion, as not only possible, but very probable, frauds, for the purpose of such an inquiry. And this being so, it is permissible that we should mete out at least equal measure of this critical suspicion to the account of their symptoms that others give us. It is very difficult for us to avoid becoming slightly neurotic when our attention is continuously fixed on our own nerves (which are apparatus that we never ought to think about at all) and we are aroused to more than a suspicion of neurotic tendency in Maury, who has given us perhaps the most complete survey of the whole question, by some of his statements of his own symptoms, both in the sleeping and the waking state. But if any one desire a fuller and more exhaustive treatment than even Maury gives of the *hallucinations hypnagogiques*, he had best read M. Baillarger's article "De l'influence de l'état intermédiaire à la veille et au sommeil sur la production et la marche des hallucinations" in the *Annales medico-psychologiques du système nerveux*. Maury on this point says: "On voit, on songe (just before going to sleep) des personnes et des objets auxquels on n'avait pas pensé depuis des années" (when he says "on voit," he means, I suppose in the "mind's eye," for he specially says "devant mes paupières fermées"). And he goes on: "Ces apparitions sont la preuve que l'association plus ou moins logique des idées ne saurait expliquer tous les rêves; car c'est le

phénomène de l'hallucination hypnagogiques qui s'y poursuit." "La preuve," proof, is always a mighty big word. It means a deal. And with the highest respect to M. Maury it certainly seems too big a word for the kind of evidence he offers us here, just as, also, "car" seems to be a word of far more strict logical sequence than we can find justified by the force of the argument. It does not in the least follow, because we cannot trace the association of ideas right on from their source to this or that phenomenon, or link in the chain, that the phenomenon was of necessity suggested by something outside that association; indeed the ordinary mind is rather surprised than otherwise when, suddenly asking itself the question, as often happens: "What in the world made me think of such or such a fact or person?" it succeeds in answering the question, in tracing the train of thought to its source. And if there be this difficulty in tracing the course of waking thought, how much more likely that there would be difficulty about tracing the much looser, irresponsible and uncontrolled suggestions of ideas during sleep, when the attention was scarcely alive at all, for the time being, to take notice of it.

The operation of the attention has so large an effect in determining sleep or wakefulness that no other mental faculty has so much. A very dull sermon or book that lets the attention flag is an excellent soporific. If we are wakeful, with the attention concentrated, despite ourselves, on some worry, the best means of dispelling the wakefulness is to read a book that shall distract the attention to another topic. The same

function is intended to be performed by the sheep—personally I always find it more amusing to turn these *hallucinations hypnagogiques* into pigs—going one by one through a gate. The pigs rush and squeal more amusingly than the sheep, and, I think, divert the attention better. Concentration of mind, even the listening for an expected sound, is fatal to sleep. Absence of concentration is its condition. It is not a synonym of sleep, for after the attention falls into abeyance the semi-comatose condition of the senses has to supervene before one falls asleep. A very curious fact is related to me out of the experience of one of the many people who have been good enough to help me with instances about dreaming. It is to the effect that when the writer falls lightly and for a short time asleep, he always finds that his dreams are of events that have happened lately. When on the contrary he is awakened from a sound sleep, he always finds his dream occupied with events that happened long ago, almost as if the thought in the sounder sleep went back to some of the deeper layers of reminiscence, to speak in this metaphorical way about it. It is a case that is the more worth noting because (were it found to be confirmed by others) it seems as if it might throw some new light on the many problems that still beset the whole inquiry. It does, however, require a good deal of corroboration, to make it of any value for the drawing of inferences; but if it should be found to be a typical condition in dreams, it must seem as if it had some connection with the tendency so often observed in the very old, whose intellectual powers

are failing, to remember events that happened long ago far more clearly than the event of yesterday.

It is worth remark, too, and is not altogether alien from our subject, that the perception of time which is so altogether wanting in dreams depends almost entirely on the attention. The attention is in abeyance in dreams; and so, too, the perception of time. The typical case and historical instance is that of Lord Holland who fell asleep while a book was being read to him, awoke to hear the finish of the sentence that he had heard begun, and in the momentary interval dreamed a dream extending over a considerable time. The loss of perception of time is not of course restricted to a dream state, although it is in that condition that it is most constantly and completely exhibited. In minutes, or even hours, of waking reverie, not to speak of the trance and the like abnormal states, we lose all idea of time; and confess as much, more or less consciously, in common talk, when the clock strikes or the dinner bell sounds, to arouse us, and we ejaculate: "By Jove, I had no idea it was so late"!

It is more than probable that the whole conception of time, depending on the exercise of the attention, which is an exercise of the reasoning power, scarcely exists among the lowest nations of mankind, and is developed progressively with the development of the reasoning faculty. Evidently a complex state of society, requiring a nice fitting of the various duties of the day, fixed meal times and the rest, demands a far closer attention to the occupation of time than is required in the pastoral, nomadic or the hunter state.



An American, who had been much among the Indian tribes, described to me their indifference to time as something almost "divine," to use his own word. A band of the Pawnees he said, would sometimes encamp for a while in the neighbourhood of his home-stead on their way to a certain forest where they found suitable poles for their wigwams. And sometimes they would go on the next day, or sometimes they would stay for a month, or even three years (that was the longest period that he named to me) before moving on to complete the business on which they had set out. Nor did they seem to be actuated by any motive for staying or for moving. No plan involving any concern with time seemed to have entered into their heads, unless it were to move on when their present wigwam poles should actually fall to pieces. My informant added that though he and all the neighbourhood were on excellent terms with the Indians, they were greatly relieved when they did at length decide on a move, because they were, one and all, expert and unscrupulous horse-thieves. The whole story illustrates an indifference to time that may indeed be described as "divine," or equally well as "dream-like".

In a work, to dignify by such a name a book so entirely "popular" as this, it is not perhaps worth while to go deeper into the physiological side of sleep and dreaming. Without some little sketchy attempt of the kind it did not seem very easy to bring the reader up (or down) to that equal state of ignorance with the writer which is necessary if they are to under-

stand each other in the chapters that follow. If any are brave enough to go further into the subject in the writer's company, the latter believes he can promise them less dry and dismal entertainment in the pages to come.

## CHAPTER II.

## THEIR ASSOCIATION WITH IDEAS OF IMMORTALITY.

WHEN man first came to such power of mind as to be able to look on at his own mental operations and take intelligent cognisance of them, his first dream must have been a very funny experience. He did not set out equipped, as we are, with a very perfect system of psychology, a system so perfect that we change it for the better daily with each new book of each new psychologist. So this primitive man, waking up one morning from the first dream, the first experience of the kind of which he had an intelligent consciousness, says to his wife : "I have seen my father, whom we saw killed a year ago. He came and talked to me last night."

So this makes a new departure in the ideas of the man and his wife about the nature of man. No doubt he had not formulated his ideas very clearly, but such as they were, here was a distinct and definite addition. His father, whom he had seen killed, had come and talked to him. His father, therefore, was not dead. And yet he had seen the father's body, or one of his bodies, die and perish. It was evident therefore that his father was composed of two beings, one of



which was dead, and the other still alive, and capable of reappearance. Thence the primitive dreamer would quickly come to the idea of the survival of a part of the man, of one side of his being, so to speak of it, after the death of the other. How long after we do not know, nor when the idea of immortality, of everlasting deathlessness, of the soul came in. This is probably a very much later notion, and we find Socrates, who is not to be regarded altogether as a primeval savage, introducing the idea as a new one, and one so strange as to require some little apology for its introduction, in the last book of *The Republic*. The life of the man after death, which is perhaps as near as we can get modern words to express the idea of the savage about his dead father's apparition in a dream, is one thing, and the immortality of the soul, the idea that it lives endlessly, quite another thing. It is the former idea that the dream suggested to the mind of primitive man. The suggestion may have led eventually to the latter idea, but there was a length of mental travelling to be done before arriving there. In the meantime, primitive man, to whom the world was opening like an oyster, had other and more immediate things to occupy him. In one dream he saw his father, whom he had previously seen killed. In the next dream he saw things at a great distance away from the place in which he was sleeping. When he awoke we may suppose him telling his wife that he had been a journey into a far country and never had travelled so quickly before. On which his wife would contradict him and say that he had

been here, in this place, asleep, all the time. At first, probably, the man denied this, and the wife would not insist, for the woman's rights, and especially her divine right to contradict her husband, had not yet been invented. The instrument of conviction in those days was not the syllogism but a stout stick, so the wife would acquire the art, that modern women have lost, of silence. But after a while the husband would learn from others besides his wife, others as well equipped as himself with the weapon of primitive conviction, that he had not stirred from beside his fire, even though he appeared to himself to have gone to a far country. So then he would acquire another idea, supplementary to his notion about the life of his father's soul after death. He would argue that while he himself to all appearance was altogether here, asleep by his fire, it was in reality only half of himself that remained here, the other half journeying off to a far country and seeing strange things. The conclusion of that, again, was that man was composed of two parts, of which one would stay asleep by the fire and the other go wandering, and it was likely that this same other part that went wandering when the first part was asleep, also went wandering when the first part was dead, and thus, simply and naturally, the apparition of dead people is accounted for. It is all nice and easy. A singular point to be noticed about it all is that it is only in sleep or in trance or death that the two parts seem able to disconnect themselves sufficiently for the one to go wandering off independently of the other. And in this we see the beginnings of

the idea of the prophetic trances that have pleased the notions of man in all countries at a certain stage of intellectual progress.

Primitive man, being observant, as he had to be if he was to live, did not fail to notice that in those conditions, sleep, trance, death, when the soul (so to speak of his notion, for convenience sake) went wandering, there was a difference in the manner of breathing, from the manner in which the man breathed when awake and when his soul did not wander. In sleep the breathing was slower and more regular, reduced again in trances, whether of the cataleptic or most other natures, finally, quiescent altogether as death came on. The inference was natural and inevitable that there was a close connection and perhaps identity between soul and breath, so that we get the words *spiritus*, *anima*, *pneuma*, and so on, in Latin, Greek, Sanscrit, Slavonic, Turanian, and whatsoever language of mankind you will—in every case the words are more or less interchangeable and synonymous for soul and breath. The breath was the outward and palpable sign of life, that ceased with death as the soul left its tenement.

And yet the soul seldom appeared naked. It usually appeared clad with some kind of covering, always of the kind that it had worn during life—or would again wear in life, if it were but the soul of some sleeping, not of some dead person appearing. This is a consideration that leads to another line of the primitive man's thought. The late Professor Chandler, Professor of Moral Philosophy, as it is called (there used not to

be much ethics or morality about it), at Oxford, used to say, of those that tried to found any argument on a life after death from the appearance of dead persons' ghosts, that if ghosts proved anything they proved too much; for they not only proved that the man was immortal, but that his hat and coat were immortal too, for whenever you met a ghost you always found it decently dressed. Therefore, he said, ghosts proved if anything too much. It seems a little too much, it is true, for our mental swallow, but it was not at all too much for the savage. If ever there was a proverb that expresses wisdom garnered by hard experience it is that which tells us that "appearances are deceptive". The primitive man had not the faintest inkling of this solemn truth. He believed all that appeared to him with the simplicity of a new boy in his first term at school. In many ways he was very like that boy, just beginning, in the lowest form, in a strange school. We must go back to have another look at that dreaming man with his wife by his side taking notes, to be used with much caution subsequently, by reason of the instrument of conviction.

He would go to sleep, and there would appear to him, in his dream, the vision of his dog, which he had buried, or eaten, a week ago, when a wild beast had killed it. Naturally, therefore, he says to his wife when he awakes: "Ponto"—to translate the dog's name—"is like my father, he too has a soul that is alive, for he has been to see me". So that was quickly settled—animals also have a soul that does not die when their bodies die. But there is yet more

than this. A week ago this primitive man lost his axe of stone, fathoms deep in the river, as he swam across. He could not find it by diving: it was completely dead to him, lost for ever. Yet he went to sleep, and in his dream it appeared to him. He did not see it down in the depths of the river, or else there would have been nothing strange. It would merely have meant that his soul, his second self, went wandering and saw it there, being a better diver than his body. But he saw the axe hanging up on the tree bough where he always used to hang it. It was there. So this proved that, like his father, and his dog, his axe too had a soul, a second self, that could move about—it seemed a constant attribute of these souls to have much greater freedom of movement than the bodies to which they belonged—it was proved by the simple fact that he had seen it; for if primitive man had not assimilated the proverb that appearances were deceptive he had a most perfect faith in that rather contradictory one of our coining that says “seeing’s believing”. He believed because he saw. That was all. And from this belief several rather singular results followed. He saw that his father had a life after death. And in that life after death he had no reason to doubt that his father required the things that had been necessary for his existence in this life. The primitive man had no idea of an after life in which there was no eating and drinking. Had such a life suggested itself to his mind, he would have figured it as a life hardly worth the living, seeing that his principal joys in the life

that was familiar to him were just these eatings and drinkings. His father, he would assume, would have need for the things that were essential to his subsistence here; such, for instance, as his axe and his fire stick. And since these things too had a life after death (as was apparent by the vision in dreams of the axe that he had seen drowned and the firestick that he had seen burned) there was the less difficulty in conceiving his father using them in the life after death. And in order that they should be ready at his hand in that future life, the custom grew of burying the material axes and firesticks and so on with people when they died, so that the souls of the dead should take the souls of these things with them to the spirit world. The burying of the axes and so on probably did not mean that the primitive people thought the man's soul took away the actual material axes into the spirit world—there was indeed constant disproof of this in the undoubted fact that the axes remained in the grave—but the notion was that the spirit man used the spirit axes, and that these were the handier for his use if the material part of them could be laid beside his material part. Of course it is rather hard work trying to explain mental processes in the language of quite a different psychology from that of the person who thought by the medium of these processes. One can but do one's best, and ask the reader's good and intelligent help in trying to get the thing intelligible. In this notion of the souls of the material things there does not seem to be any immediate foreshadowing of the Platonic notion of



*ἰδεαι*, though this too implied the existence of a spirit kind of axe, in a supernatural world. But the Platonic idea seems to have been that there existed somewhere, in some supernatural world, a single and very perfect axe, that was the type or model of all the imperfect and terrestrial axes—giving the mind of man who invented the axe his first suggestion. It is quite a different notion from that of the primitive man who conceives a supernatural existence of each axe and material thing of present use—an existence suggested to him by the appearance of these things in his dreams. The notions are quite distinct. It needed another theory to be the connecting link between the two. If no very close relationship is to be traced between the primitive man's ideas of the object souls and the ideas that Plato recorded from the mouth of Socrates, it is far otherwise with another set of classical ideas less famous than those advanced by Socrates, but which have had much more influence on modern thought. They are the ideas that we associate with the name of Democritus. The relationship of these ideas to Plato's ideas, as those which Socrates is supposed to have enunciated are generally termed, is not very difficult to trace, but it is not much to the present purpose. What is more interesting is that those ideas of Democritus are a most important link between primitive and modern thought, and make the historical chain complete. We have seen the primitive man speculating about the apparitions that came to him in dreams, and inferring from them the souls of men, beasts, plants

and inanimate objects. It had not yet, however, happened to him to look on at himself thinking, so to say, to wonder how the machinery of thought went on. As soon as man began to look at himself from that point of view, metaphysics commenced; and they commenced with the ideas of Democritus. The question that Democritus asked himself (and it was a question that it had not occurred to man to ask before) was how his soul (as we should say, his mind) got the perceptions of external objects. Hitherto man had taken all this for granted. Such and such an external object existed. It was there, before his eyes. Naturally he saw it, he was conscious of it. To Democritus, and to the school of which his name is typical, it occurred that it was not so natural, in the sense of "inevitable" and "explicable"; and the more they began to consider the question, the more difficult it appeared to be to answer it. The interest of their point of view consists quite as much in the fact that they asked themselves the question as in the answer they worked out for it, for it was the first time, so far as Western History at all events shows us, that man ever did put such a question to himself. That he should have done so then marks off the date and the school and the philosopher, as making a new epoch in the history of human thought. Man took a distinct step upwards, towards the gods and the pure light, when first the question was put forth.

The question itself would suffice to warrant that the answer should claim our interest, even if the answer in itself had no interest. But the answer had an interest,



particularly in connection with our present subject, because it is supposed to have been drawn from the notion of those very object souls which primitive man invented to account for his dream visions. It was a notion familiar enough to the philosophers of early Greece. Everywhere in the ancient world we find the custom of burying things, likely to be useful to the deceased, in the grave along with him, kept up long after an active belief that he really would use them had passed away. Sometimes the things were not even useful, but only symbolic. Such were the jewellery that the Etruscans buried with their dead, and the little toys that we dig up from the mummy graves of the Egyptian. It is said that to this day the Esquimaux bury toy canoes with the deceased. The early Christians placed playthings and wearing apparel in a grave, and even now the German and the Irish peasants bury their dead with a coin in the hand or mouth. The common practice of the English poor of laying coppers on the eyes of the dead may have a like origin, though these serve a practical purpose too.

A question from that very learned and very interesting book (the two do not by any means always go together) Mr. Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, in which all these things are discussed and instances cited at great length, shows what the custom was in the days of old Greece. "Lucian," he writes, "is sarcastic, but scarcely unfair, in his comments on the Greek funeral rites, speaking of those who slew horses and slave-girls and cupbearers, and burned or buried clothes and ornaments" (the burning was a recognised

means of sending to the spirit world, and both the burying and the burning were the custom with the Aryan peoples generally) "as for use and service in the world below ; of the meat and drink offerings on the tombs which serve to feed the bodiless shades in Hades ; of the splendid garments and garlands of the dead, that they might not suffer cold upon the road, or be seen naked by Kerberos." (Perhaps we see some remnant of the custom of garlanding the dead in the wreaths and flowers of the modern English funeral.) "For Kerberos," he goes on "was intended the honey cake deposited with the dead ; and the obolus placed in the mouth was the toll for Charon, save at Hermione in Argolis, where men thought there was a short descent to Hades, and therefore provided the dead with no coin for the grim ferryman. How such ideas could be realised, may be seen in the story of Eukrates, whose dead wife appeared to him to demand one of her golden sandals, which had been dropped underneath the chest, and so not burnt for her with the rest of her wardrobe ; or in the story of Periander, whose dead wife, Melissa, refused to give an oracular response, for she was shivering and naked, because the garments buried with her had not been burnt, and so were of no use" (the idea being that the object souls were set free by the burning, to go to the spirit world) "wherefore Periander plundered the Corinthian women of their best clothes, burned them in a great trench, with prayer, and now obtained his answer".

Instances might be multiplied without end, but enough is said to show that the notion of the souls of

objects was very ready to the hand of Democritus and his school, whatever degree of credence they gave to the religious points involved ; and of their notion they made use to form a theory of the manner in which man perceived external objects. The objects, according to the theory on which they answered the question they had suggested to themselves, were continually throwing off likenesses of themselves, souls of themselves, or ideas, according to the term that Democritus used. These likenesses absorbed the air of the atmosphere, and entering into the soul of the recipient, enabled him to perceive the object.

Fantastical enough, maybe ; but whether the answer of Democritus is acceptable in any degree by modern thought, it is certain that modern thought began when he and his fellows posed their great and still not very adequately answered question. The notion, however, that there was some kind of objective reality in the species, some objective reality in our "idea" of an axe, say, survived down to a very late date in the history of human thought, certainly well into the nineteenth century. This notion, though it is perhaps as akin to the idea of Plato as to that of Democritus, certainly owes its origin to the latter philosopher and the theory suggested to him by the prevalent notion of the souls of objects. It is the ultimate triumph of modern thought to realise the idea, or general conception, as something purely abstract, with no material side to it at all, except the subtle changes in the brain cells, and the nerves that communicate with them, in the recipient.

One point of some interest that is raised by this ancient custom of burying unburnt the dead man's weapons, wives and so on with him in his grave, is that it obviously implies the notion that the soul, the second self, is not dissevered from the body once and for all at the moment of death. If this were the belief, there would be no motive in burying the weapons along with a body from which all life had gone and which could never possibly have any use for them. The idea clearly is that the soul or second self may come back, for a time at least, to the terrestrial body, and so have the opportunity of taking the second self or soul of the axes. It is no doubt a notion that has grown from, or been encouraged by, the idea that the soul leaves the body for a while in sleep and in trance and that the severance during death is greater in point of degree rather than kind. The idea that the soul hovers over and haunts for a while the spot in the vicinity of which the body is buried is one that has lived on down to times far remote from those of the primitive savage. To our modern ideas, as to Lucian, it seems a little hard to sacrifice the wife and the cup-bearers. The custom was not confined to the Greeks. It was common to many nations. The best known record is contained in Herodotus's description of the burial of a Scythian king. We might think that they could have reconciled humanity with good service to the defunct by the fiction that the wife's soul could go to the dead husband while she slept—a journey that would have presented no difficulty to their notions—but they had no place for the sentimental and perhaps

exaggerated value of human life, especially the life of a wife or a slave, that our modern notions give. Moreover there is always the trouble that from sleep one wakes, and the soul returns. Herodotus's description of the Scythian king's funeral is one of the most tremendous in all literature. They took the dead king, his favourite wife, cup-bearer, charger and a number of his guards out into the desert, many days' journey. The king they buried in his grave, with gold and silver ornaments, utensils, weapons and garments. They killed his horse, his wife and his cupbearer, and laid them in the grave beside him. Then, with this as a centre, in a circumference around they killed and staked, sitting on their dead horses, the horses themselves staked so as to stand upright, fifty of his bodyguards, and so, in the silence and solitude of the desert they left them. What a sight, what a company for the lone traveller to chance upon, the dead king on his horse, secondly his wife and cupbearer, and around, still, silent and stark, the guards in their grim equestrian circle! It strikes one as the most horrible description to be found in literature, and it gains in the element of horror from the simple matter of fact manner of Herodotus's description, who allows himself no adjectives for its picturing. Just the stark facts suffice. This is an affair that only incidentally comes into a talk about dreams, but assuredly it is excellent material for a most terrific nightmare. The slaughtering of the horses evidently implies a belief that they had souls which could accompany their masters and serve them in the life after death.

On the whole, then, and taking into the account all these various considerations, it is not at all too much to say that dreams were certainly the largest factor in natural religion towards inducing in primitive man a belief, not indeed in immortality—there is no evidence that he conceived the life after death as likely to endure for ever—but in existence for a while at least after the body that he was best acquainted with had died. It is singular, in comparatively how few religions there is any belief in the existence of the soul before its birth in the terrestrial body; and this is possibly to be accounted for on the grounds that dreams would naturally show the sleeper nothing of which his waking sense had not had cognisance, nothing, that is to say, that he had not seen, heard, or so on, or combinations that the imagination could weave out of things of sense.

Primitive man was by no means satisfied with our simple division of soul and body. He conceived in some cases of two souls and even three or four. There was the soul that could go about clothed with the body, so to speak of it, in sleep or death—the soul that he saw when he dreamed. Then there was the soul of which the outward and visible sign was the breath. In some systems of primitive psychology these souls were identified, as we have seen, and as the words *anima*, *spiritus* and so on imply. But in other systems they were held to be distinct souls. Some of the African savage races deem it dangerous to walk by the side of a river lest the shadow thrown upon the water be seized by crocodiles. All accounts agree



that it is the shadow, not the reflection, that is liable to be seized to the man's undoing ; but perhaps it is a point not sufficiently ascertained, and perhaps difficult to ascertain from those who speak a primitive and strange language. In Latin *umbra*, and in our use of shade—the shade of the departed—we find evidence of the identity of one of the souls with shadow. There arose a trouble, as we may assume, out of the idea that the soul of the man, with its body clothing it, went to some far distant country with the souls of wives, chargers, battle axes and so on, and yet appeared to a living man in his sleep. One way of getting over the difficulty was to suppose that the soul made a very rapid journey and came to appear before the sleeper on earth. Another way, in the language of the cookery books, was to think that while one soul remained in the far distant country, in happy hunting grounds, Elysian fields, or however the place was imagined, there was another soul that haunted for a while, at least, the neighbourhood of the place in which the body was buried, and appeared from time to time to people in their sleep. We still see this notion surviving of ghosts haunting the place where the bodies they used to inhabit are interred. Therefore it appears that there were in some psychologies no less than four souls, corresponding to the breath, the shadow, the apparition seen by the sleeper, and the soul conceived to be away in Elysian fields, or Hades ; and the last two of these ideas are derived from the apparition of dead folks to living sleepers, which may also have suggested the notion of something that did not die

with the body appertaining to the first two ideas as well. Some Africans also believe in a soul that goes to live in an animal in the bush. When we come to systems of psychology arrived at a more advanced stage of mental evolution, dreams are found to give suggestions of a rather different kind. It is not a little difficult to know the degree to which we are indebted to primitive psychologies for our own more developed ideas of the soul, but together with any inheritance we may have received from earlier suggestions we see mingling a new set of ideas in which dreams have had much to say. It is in dreams that the soul, according to the primitive notion (the mind, as we may perhaps call it, or the imagination) seems in some ways to act with greatest freedom, to be least bothered and confined by the body. It has therefore suggested itself naturally enough that the apparent parting of the soul and body during sleep is but a temporary parallel to what happens permanently when the body dies. The sight, so to speak, of the soul leaving the body and wandering to far regions during sleep, suggests the conception of what happens in death, which is regarded as a prolonged sleep (this again is evidenced by the way in which we speak of the eternal sleep and so on) only that the separation of soul and body is regarded as more complete during death, as it is also permanent. The dream state, therefore, is regarded at once as an evidence and a foretaste of the immortality of the soul when it shall be freed of its clogging terrestrial prison. It is right here to speak of the immortality of the soul, for by the

time this idea that we are referring to had come into the psychologies, the idea of the eternal life of the soul, as distinct from a mere prolongation of life, had also been developed. It was the apparent separation of the soul (as they chose to regard it) from the body during sleep that seemed to certain speculators one of the strongest evidences of the soul's independence of the body, and of a possibility of its separate life. The view is best expressed perhaps by Bishop Newton, in his *Dissertations*, in the following words : " It is evident that the soul is in a great measure independent of the body even while she is within the body, since the deepest sleep that possesseth the one cannot affect the other ; and while the avenues of the body are closed, the soul is still indued with sense and perception, and the impressions are often stronger and the images more lively when we are asleep than when awake. They must necessarily be two distinct and different substances, whose natures and properties are so very different that while the one shall sink under the burden and fatigue of the day the other shall be fresh and active as the flames ; while the one shall be dead to the world, the other shall be ranging the universe. Why, then, should the death of the one be any more the death of the other than the sleep of the one is the sleep of the other ? Since the soul can think and act in this manner without the body even while united to it, why should she not be able to think and act in a more enlarged and more exalted manner when separated from the body, or united to a spiritual body that shall no longer hinder her operations ? Since the soul hath

her distinct joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains, while the body is senseless and asleep, why should she not be capable of the same when the body shall be no more?"

Thus his lordship the Bishop, and although all this psychology, the idea of the "soul" being indued with "sense" and so on, sounds a sad muddle to us who have had our ideas of the dependence of mind and body a good deal further analysed and developed, still the passage gives an excellent notion of the way in which dreams suggested the independence of soul and body:—"Why then should the death of the one be any more the death of the other than the sleep of the one is the sleep of the other?" This sentence puts the point of view before us briefly and distinctly.

Seafield quotes this passage from Bishop Newton, in a chapter headed "On Dreams as Arguments for Immortality," and follows it with a quotation from "Letters to a German Princess on Divers Subjects in Physics and Philosophy"—surely a princess would have to be German to be entertained with so fearful-sounding a correspondence—"Sleep furnishes something like an example (prefiguration) of the state of the soul after death, as the union of soul and body is then in a great measure interrupted, yet the soul ceases not from activity, being employed in the production of *dreams*. These are usually disturbed by the remaining influence which the senses exercise; and we know by experience that the more this influence is suspended, which is the case in profound sleep, the more regular and connected are our dreams.

“Thus after death we shall find ourselves in a more perfect state of dreaming, which nothing shall be able to decompose. It will consist of representations and meanings perfectly well sustained.”

“Decompose” is good. For the rest the view of the correspondent, by name Leonhard Euler, of the Royal German Lady, that dreams are “usually disturbed by the remaining influence which the senses exercise” is no doubt as accurate as his inference therefrom is singular. Whether our dreams are more regular and connected in proportion as our sleep is more profound, which Mr. Euler says is a thing well proved by common experience, is in fact an interesting speculation on which there will be about as many opinions as there are dreamers, save that a certain number of people hold the view that in profound sleep we do not dream at all. But this evidently is by no means the view of Mr. Euler as communicated to his German princess on whom all must have compassion for the formidable nature of her correspondence.

Porphyrus and Macrobius tell us of a fancy of the ancients that the souls of the dead dwell in the Galaxy or Milky Way, as we call it, and these it is, according to Pythagoras, that descend to the earth and appear to men in dreams.

We of the twentieth century have been brought up with our ideas on subjective and objective comparatively so fully grown, that it is very hard for us to put ourselves into the mental attitude of our savage forefather. But the more we can succeed in so doing

the more we shall see, I think, that it was not only natural, but even inevitable, that he should take of dreams the view that all evidence derived from observations of the savage tribes of to-day leads us to suppose that he did take, the view that the apparitions manifested in them were real—in the sense that they were living and visible beings—and, granted that, the inference followed, no less of necessity, that, if he saw visions of people whom he knew to be dead, these people were living again in a life after death, and capable of re-visiting the earth, in their bodily shape, and in the garments (though in those days that was a less consideration than it is now) which they used to wear when on earth. In a word, he had the strongest grounds for inferring at once immortality (or at least the life after death) and also something that was equivalent to the resurrection of the body.

It is an interesting speculation, though one that does not lead to much solidity of conclusion, what the course of human psychology would have been had it never happened to man to perform “mental operations during sleep of which he retains consciousness on awaking”. Had the world been peopled by men and women who never dreamed, it would have been not a little different. As history-makers, dreams have played a big part. “We are such stuff as dreams are made on” is scarcely as true as if it were a little inverted to “We are such stuff as dreams have made us”.



## CHAPTER III.

## DIVINATIONS FROM DREAMS.

Friday night's dream, on Saturday told  
Is sure to come true, be it never so old.

—NURSERY RHYME.

THE idea that dreams meant something, that they are sent for a particular purpose to warn us against a calamity that threatens to approach or to point out to us a particular duty to perform, is made very familiar to us by the Bible story. Therein we read repeated accounts of old men seeing visions and young men dreaming dreams, and it seems to have been the common and natural opinion of that time that these appearances could not have occurred for nothing. Often it is quite a different view from that we have seen held by savage races, that the appearances seen in dreams were actually substantial things, that they were really seen with the eyes, and not, as we believe, fancied. In some cases God or His Angel are spoken of as actually appearing. But another view prevails. Joseph saw in a dream the sheaves of corn bowing to the monster sheaf. He saw it "in a dream," that is to say, saw it with the eye not of sense but of the mind. He did not suppose, as the savage would have thought, that he himself—him-

self, but part of himself, his secondary self only—had gone, during sleep, to a cornfield and seen sheaves really behaving in this astonishing way. Apparently he knew quite well that his eyes had not seen these things at all, but that his mind had fancied them. So far his point of view was just what ours would be to-day. But from that point his opinion would begin to show a great divergence. For whereas most of us would dismiss the whole thing from our mind, perhaps with the observation that it was “a funny dream” he, on the other hand, was convinced that this dream could only have come to him by supernatural inspiration: he held that it was sent to him for some purpose, to warn him of some coming event; and it behoved him, in humble gratitude for the premonition, to do his best to find out why it had been sent and what it was intended to foretell. Well, with the result we are all well acquainted. It is a typical instance of the analogical interpretation of a dream, a system that was held in very high favour by most of the ancient oneiro-critics, or interpreters of dreams. But before we take a glance, in a cursory way, at the different oneiro-critical systems, it will be rather interesting to notice the divisions marked by Seafield of the dreams that the Bible has thought worthy of mention. It is not always easy to follow Seafield very exactly. Though his book shows an immense amount of research, it hardly seems as if the results were put before the reader as kindly, as clearly, and in as systematic a manner as he has something of a right to expect. Seafield thus describes the biblical dreams under three headings.

1. Dreams that come from God.
2. Dreams that come from an agent of the devil pretending to be an angel or from a human false prophet.
3. Accidental dreams as we may call them, *i.e.*, dreams not purposely suggested.

And the first of these headings is again to be subdivided into (*a*) dreams in which God Himself is manifested, and (*b*) dreams in which the divine message is brought by an angel.

As references to the third, the accidental kind of dreams, Seafield quotes Job xx. 8 : "He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found ; yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night." Psalm lxxiii. 20 : "As a dream when one awaketh ; so, O Lord, when thou awakest thou shalt despise their image." Isaiah xxix. 7, 8 : "The multitude of all the nations that fight against Ariel, even all that fight against her and her munition, and that distress her, shall be as a dream of a night vision. It shall even be as when a hungry man dreameth, and, behold, he eateth ; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty : or, as when a thirsty man dreameth, and, behold, he drinketh ; but he awaketh, and, behold, he is faint, and his soul hath appetite : so shall the multitude of all the nations be that fight against Mount Zion."

Seafield adds "*À propos* of such passages, Dr. Lee judiciously observes 'when the sacred writers do not refer to divine revelation, or to the means by which it is imparted, we observe how carefully they indicate their clear appreciation of the fact that *ordinary* dreams and visions are altogether valueless'."

At the same time it is to be noted as a significant fact that all the passages quoted by Seafield, as showing that the Bible writings entertained the idea of a class of dreams that were altogether without importance, are taken from writers of comparatively late date, from Job, Psalms and Isaiah, and while there is, of course, no doubt whatever that dreams have been regarded as a means of communication between God and man all through the ages of the Bible story, and even down to the present day, still there is not a little doubt whether at the date of the earlier books *all* dreams were not regarded as communications from the supernatural, sometimes conveying a direct and simple message, sometimes, as in Joseph's case, conveying instruction by analogy that could only be understood by study and skilled interpretation. And whereas in the oldest dreams we commonly find God speaking in person to the dreamer, in the later we commonly find the communication made by the agency of an angel, as if the Divine Majesty withdrew itself further and further from the ken of its sinful creatures.

As instances of his first class of biblical dreams, Seafield quotes Genesis xx. 3: "God came to Abimelech in a dream by night, and said to him, Behold, thou art but a dead man, for the woman which thou hast taken; for she is a man's wife." Genesis xxxi. 24: "God came to Laban the Syrian in a dream by night, and said unto him, Take heed that thou speak not to Jacob either good or bad"; and I. Kings iii. 5: "In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee."

As instances of the angelic communication in dreams, we have Genesis xxxi. 11 : "And the angel of God spake unto me in a dream, saying, 'Jacob'; and I said, 'Here am I,'" and, from the New Testament St. Matthew i. 20 : "Behold the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, 'Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife.'" Later, Joseph was "warned of God in a dream" (whether directly or by agency of an angel we are not told) and again, "The angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, 'Arise, and take the young Child and His mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there till I bring thee word, for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.'" St. Matthew ii. 13.

Of dreams of the second class, those sent by the devil or inspired by false prophets, we have, Deuteronomy xiii. 1, 2, 3, where it says : "If there arise among you a prophet or a dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a sign or a wonder, and the sign or the wonder come to pass, whereof he spake unto thee, saying, 'Let us go after other gods,' which thou hast not known, and let us serve them ; thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams ; for the Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul." It would seem however as if this clause "the Lord your God proveth you" rather precluded the idea that the suggestion was of diabolical origin, but no doubt the view of the biblical writers was that all evil was at least *permitted* by God, for

His own inscrutable purposes. To open up this line of inquiry would take us into the interminable problem as to the origin of good and evil. Seafield takes his second instance under this class from Jeremiah xxiii. 25, where it says, "I have heard what the prophets said, that prophesy lies in my name, saying, I have dreamed, I have dreamed. How long shall this be in the heart of the prophets that prophesy lies? yea, they are prophets of the deceit of their own heart; which think to cause my people to forget my name by their dreams, which they tell every man to his neighbour, as their fathers have forgotten my name for Baal. The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream: and he that hath my word let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord. Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces? Therefore, behold, I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that steal my words, every one from his neighbour. Behold I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that use their tongues and say, He saith. Behold I am against them that prophesy false dreams, saith the Lord, and do tell them, and cause my people to err by their lies, and by their lightness; yet I sent them not, nor commanded them; therefore they shall not profit this people at all, saith the Lord!" And the righteous wrath of Jeremiah finds expression no less, in the words of Zechariah x. 2: "For the idols have spoken vanity, and the diviners have seen a lie, and have told false dreams; they comfort in vain."

Now if there existed this trouble, of dreams that



were sent by God and others not sent by Him, but by the devil pretending them to be God's own message, then the necessity for some test that would distinguish the true from the false becomes apparent at once. The test, according to the best authorities such as Amyraldus in his *Discours sur les songes divins, dont il est parlé dans l'Écriture* (a work published in 1625 at Saumur) is whether the instructions and advice that they contain make for good or for ill—a criterion unfortunately that it cannot always have been possible to apply, for the tendency could only be determined by the result, which might not be manifest until long after the time for taking action according to the intimation of the dream was long past. We can well imagine persons with the best will in the world taking the advice suggested in a dream, believing its tendency to be for good, then finding it lamentably ill in the result. The comment then would be: "This was a dream not from the Author of good but of evil". Evidently some much more immediate test was required, for practical purposes, than that which Moyse Amiraut or Amyraldus suggests, and it becomes obvious at once how valuable the services of the interpreter of dreams would become, on this view of their significance, even if they contained direct intimations and were not merely of the class of dream like the stories that give intimation by analogy. Indeed the more simple and unmistakable the directions, the more necessary it might seem to know whether their source was good or evil. Another test, which Amyraldus, by collating various texts, supposes to have

been applied, was based on the assumption that a proof of the Divine origin of a dream was that it conveyed an intimation of such things that God alone could be supposed to know them. Presumably this excluded knowledge that other men might possess, although the dreamer himself did not possess it—as, for instance, an event lying in the future which could be known to no man. But claim to this knowledge was always put forward, implicitly and often avowedly, by the false prophets, so that here again the test seems to fail and the need for the expert interpreter's services to be imperative. Sometimes, as we see, the dreams were so hard to interpret (it is true those were rather of the analogy kind than the direct intimations) that they puzzled the expert, until a master of the craft appeared, as in the competition on dream interpretation that we see Daniel and the wise men of Babylon taking part in; and in this case it would seem that the key to the puzzle was communicated from a Divine source no less than the dream that set the puzzle. Often interpretations in exactly different sense were given by different experts, as occurs in other sciences, with the result that a further Divine communication would seem to be needed in order to decide which of the two were the true interpretation; and here again we presume the Evil One might come in and simulate the attributes of Divinity, so that the whole matter seems very difficult and the value of the trustworthy interpreter scarcely to be over-estimated. The most complete list of Divine dreams, so to speak of them, that is of dreams divinely inspired, is given by Amy-

raldus, quoted above. His work, originally published in French at Saumur, was translated into English by James Lowde in 1876. Geographical exploration had not extended its limits very far in those days and the primitive man had not been studied, in the person of existing savage races, with the care that has been given since to his comprehension, whence we hope to learn something of the primeval infancy of our noble selves. More knowledge in dream affairs has therefore come to us since the date of Amyraldus's writing, and one of the facts that we perhaps can see more clearly than he could, is that when you had done with "Divine dreams" you had very few left over in the opinion of dreamers of some ancient races. Homer says in a comprehensive way that dreams come from Zeus. Seafeld says that Homer "was aware of the necessity" (there seems a touch of unconscious humour about this phrase) "of distinguishing between the *onar*, or *oneiros*—the divinely sent message—and "the mere, meaningless *ἐνύπνιον* which was incidental to any sleeping individual". The gods and goddesses who were interested, generally from motives that were frankly personal, in the success of this or the other champion of the Trojan war, constantly had recourse to sending dream messages to those they favoured, or sometimes delusive messages to those that they wished to bring to a bad end. The first book of the Iliad is especially interesting in the light it throws on the views of the ancient Greeks on dreams. The Grecian host is stricken with plague. Apollo has doubtless sent it upon them. But what have they done to earn

his displeasure? That is the question that agitates the common mind. Achilles comes forward with a suggestion for discovering how they have merited such punishment. A true priest or prophet (where again is the expert to decide between the true and the false?) is to go, after due ceremonies, to some holy place, "good for dreams"; there, having made sacrifice and prayer, he will lay himself down to sleep on the skin of the sacrificed beast, and piety requires all to believe that if these rites be duly observed Apollo will appear to him in his dreams and reveal the reason of the Divine anger. The Greeks credited their gods with a very cat-like affection for certain localities, so it is all of a piece with their general system of theology, that certain places should be especially good for dreams, good for the god appearing to sleeping men. Such places were the temples of Amphiaraus and of Podalirius. Of course our own folk lore and leechcrafts are full of invocations for dreams, but the locality is seldom held so important. Seafield indeed quotes Dendy: "The modern Franciscans, after the ceremony of Mass, throw themselves on mats already consecrated by the slumber of some holy visionary, and with this foolery they wait the Divine inspiration of their dream". But this is not quite the same thing as attributing a special virtue to a special place, for it would seem that wherever the holy mat were conveyed its efficacy in producing the divinely-inspired dream would not be affected.

In the *Odyssey* Athene is busy with dreams, fashioning an image like Iphigenia to go and comfort

Penelope in a dream. The recipe for the dream-making is interesting. The goddess does not personally assume the form of Iphigenia and go herself, which would seem to be the simplest way, but makes an image like the lady, and sends that. Perhaps, however, she was trying various recipes at the time, for when she wants to give some good advice to Nausicaa she does, in her own divine person, take the shape of the daughter of Dymas, and so appear to the sleeping maiden. But it is significant that in neither case does that plan which to us would seem the simplest of all for a goddess to take for such a purpose, appear to suggest itself to her, to make the sleeper believe that Iphigenia, in the one instance, and Dymas' daughter in the other, had come to them. That make-believe idea would be an anachronism. The psychology of that day had not invented such a thing. To make a person see this or that in a dream, the thing had to appear before him.

Seafield does very well to point out the very close resemblance between the lying spirits denounced by Micaiah and the dream sent by Zeus at request of Thetis, to induce Agamemnon to lead the Greeks to battle in order that they might become aware of the loss their power sustained by the absence of Achilles (Thetis' son) who was still sulking in his tent. Assuredly it must have been very hard in those days to know what to believe and what to disbelieve, in sleeping as well as in waking.

The Greeks of the Homeric Cycle had their analogical dreams, as well as the direct communication,

even as the biblical people. When poor Penelope, much over-wooded grass-widow, is so grievously troubled by the "greedy" suitors for her hand, who, in course of hard wooing, are like to eat her out of house and home, she has a dream in which she sees twenty geese attacked and slain by a splendid eagle. So obvious an analogy as a goose for a wooer seems for some while to have escaped her notice—we may suppose her mind slightly worn by the nocturnal work of undoing the web she weft by day—but at length the significance of the identity of numbers, a goose to each of the twenty suitors, is forced on her out of the mouth of the eagle himself, who tells her that in him her husband is personified. Who more aptly represented after all in her eyes by the eagle, the royal bird of Zeus, than the god-like Ulysses! The whole blessed meaning of the vision became patent—Ulysses would come home like an eagle and destroy the horrible wooers. Ulysses in his proper shape first confirmed and then made good the eagle's words. But of course it was all in the way of a parable, so to say—an allegory. It was not a direct message. It was just on a par with Joseph's vision of the sheaves—a type of the analogical dream.

The Grecian tragedians, even Euripides who could laugh at the gods on occasion, seem to have accepted the divine inspiration of dreams, although it is hard to say how much stock a playwright takes in the notions that he puts into his creatures' heads. Herodotus does not commit himself much on the matter, his attitude, if he were a member of the *Psychical Re-*



search Society, would be eminently a non-committal one, but all down all the pages of his history, rambling as it does from Greece through all the islands to Asia and Africa, everywhere we find the people he portrays earnest believers in the dream as a message sent from the gods. We do not seem to hear so much, in his company, of the bad, the delusive dream ; but the attention that is paid to the instructions of dreams in general is strict even to piety. Plato was a poet, a creator. It would be hard for such a man, with so rich an imagination, to escape the attractive theory which he found ready made, that the gods spoke to men in dreams. His views on the subject are very fully discussed in the *Timæus*, and his conclusion is distinct that knowledge is divinely communicated by dreams, and the manner of communication, according to his conception, is interesting. Perceiving that the natural intelligence is in abeyance during sleep, he conceives that the communication is made to the lower, the sensual, soul—as we may perhaps say, directly to the senses. He perceives the likeness in the conditions of sleep, trance and ecstasy, in all which alike the operations of the mind are somewhat in abeyance, and conceives that only under those conditions are the divine communications made. It is a view of divine inspiration which has held its ground all down the ages. But for the correct understanding of the communications, when made, he conceives that the rational intelligence is required, and clearly intimates that this correct understanding is more likely to be reached by others than by those who have

received the communications—by an expert class of interpreters in fact—apparently with the idea that the highest critical faculty is not likely to co-exist with the faculty of receiving the communications. To put it in popular modern phrase, the dreamy person is not likely to be correctly critical—a conclusion in which we shall be able to agree. It is almost as much as to say that the creative and critical faculties are seldom given to one person in the highest perfection.

Aristotle, whose mind is as typical of the critical disposition as Plato's of the creative, takes the view of the subject that we should perhaps expect to find in a philosopher of his time and temper. He treats the popular theory with a kind of conscious indulgence, in an essay on divination in dreams, saying that it is "not incredible" that the gods may communicate with man in sleep. The Stoic philosophers, as a rule, considered it only natural to suppose that they would do so.

A like opinion was held in the Rome of the republic and the empire. Cicero, for all his saying that he could not understand how augurs—those who prophesied from the flight of birds and the like significant phenomena—could pass one another in the street without a grin, had some disposition to think that divine communication in dreams was not impossible, and his views on the whole question work out to much the same conclusion as that of Aristotle. Yet all these writers, later than the date of the direct intimation recorded in the Homeric poems, discuss the intimations given in dreams as belonging to the second class of Seafield's biblical dreams, the communications given

in an allegory, as by the sheaves of Joseph, the geese of Penelope. The Deity was not made manifest, either personally or by the appearance of the messenger. The intimation was given in form of a parable, so to speak, and it required the service of an expert to interpret its meaning accurately.

These people, the Stoics and the rest of them, did not know in their philosophy the person whom the compassionate Scotch divine spoke of as "the *puir de'il*"; and this is probably the reason that we do not find them much perturbed with the notion that a dream might be sent purposely to delude. The question of the source of the dream does not seem to have troubled their interpreters, much as its secret meaning might worry their skill in deciphering. But when we come to the Christian Fathers, as they are called, with whom the devil was a very real and important personage indeed, then we seem to come back again to the old story. They held it as a truth beyond question that the Divine will and Divine knowledge often were communicated to man in dreams, but at the same time deemed that dreams were often sent by the evil one for his own evil purposes. Of the Stoical philosophers, there was at least one, Ennius, who thought the whole business of soothsaying and dream interpreting what a modern schoolboy would call "all rot". He considered, in the words of Seafield, that they all, "augurs, astrologers, dreamers and interpreters of dreams" were to be "despised as vain pretenders to more than human skill". This is an extremely modern view of the affair.

But though Ennius, in this bravely impious opinion, thus stands apart from all his brethren of the old philosophies, we do not find a single one of the patristic Christians so greatly daring. It is not possible or profitable to quote many of them. St. Thomas Aquinas is distinctly of the opinion that God communicates His will to men in their dreams, and mentions Joseph and Daniel as among those who have been skilled in the business of interpreting the Divine meaning thus obscurely revealed. He has no doubt that dreams give glimpses into futurity; but he is much troubled by the difficulty that crops up on the very threshold, as to knowing whether the dreams are sent from heaven or its antipodes. He points out the sufficiently obvious difficulty, but does not suggest any very efficacious way of solving it. Calvin, too, conceives that God may still, as he undoubtedly did in many instances recorded in Holy Writ, communicate with men in their dreams, and further preaches the duty of praying for good and helpful dreams and for deliverance from those that are evil.

The question that this touches, of man's moral responsibility for the nature of his dreams, is one that terribly vexed the casuists of the Middle Ages and the Reformation. Dreams scarcely fall within the province of ethics in their modern conception. We dream of committing the most fearful crimes, yet do not think ourselves in any degree guilty. The old divines did not take this lenient view of the matter at all. Actually they show disposition to revert to the old primitive idea of the reality of the dream apparitions; for these

evil apparitions they professed to regard, in some instances, not merely as being inspired, sent or suggested by evil demons, but actually as *being* evil demons, who only appeared when the soul was freed, as in sleep, from its terrestrial trappings. Many learned pages are devoted to consideration of the best means of exorcising, whether by prayer or other less simple methods, these evil apparitions, for whose appearance the dreamer was deemed none the less responsible, or but little less responsible, because of the supposed reality of their existence. A little less responsible, perhaps, is the way to phrase it, for there is a curious blend in the manner in which some of the old writers regarded the case. It was partly the man's misfortune, and partly his fault, that his sleep was beset by these demons. After all, who can expect to have converse with the devil and his agents and be held guiltless? This view was not so very illogical when all is said. But it shows a singular return to the old muddle between the objective and subjective.

The notion that we are, in some measure at least, responsible for the general nature of our dreams is in much more accord with modern ideas on the subject than the notion of the objective reality of the apparition. It is argued that we can in some measure determine the nature of our dreams by the subjects that we voluntarily present to our waking thoughts just before going to sleep. There is, however, a great deal of evidence on the other side too. The idea of suggesting to ourselves the subject matter of our dreams by our thoughts as we lay ourselves down to sleep

appeals very strongly to *à priori* opinion. Unfortunately the sardonic translation of *à priori*, as "in ignorance," is not always far from the truth, and experience shows conclusively that *à priori* argument in this case is not to be applied very generally. Almost everybody, we should imagine, has tried the simple experiment, directing his thoughts to one train as he drops off to sleep, in the expectation or hope that his dreaming thoughts will follow obediently. In how many cases has the result been according to the hope? In a very small minority, we may confidently say. Out of the great many with whom the present writer has corresponded on the matter of dreams in general, and certain points of their details in particular, two only maintain their ability to control in any degree their dreaming thoughts by the directions given them as they go to sleep. The great majority confess themselves unable to direct their dreams in any degree at all; while one says that he has found the rule so constant that his dream does not occupy itself with the subject that was most in his mind when he fell asleep, that if there should be any subject of which he fears that it may occupy and annoy him during sleep he purposely fixes his mind on this subject as he puts his head on the pillow, in the certain conviction that whatever other disagreeable topics may occur to him in sleep, his dreams will be free at least of this one. The way in which we most often make attempts to control our dreams by the direction given to our thoughts as we fall asleep is in the attempt to continue a pleasant dream from which we have been roused,



but most of us know how utterly unable we are to give ourselves this pleasure, though it is to be admitted that there are a few exceptional cases of people who claim to be able to renew a pleasant dream at will. If, then, we are to admit that we, generally speaking, have no control whatever over our dreams, we naturally cannot admit that we have any responsibility in the matter. They lie outside the province of ethics altogether, and indeed it is a common remark that in dreams we find ourselves entirely without any moral sense. We have no conscience. This is illustrated by the famous instance cited by Miss F. P. Cobbe (and elsewhere quoted), who has written on dreams most interestingly, of the "mildest mannered villain that ever cut a throat," in other words, of a man of a most harmless and gentle disposition, who dreamed that he ran a friend through the body with a sword, and was so far from being stricken with remorse at his act that he noticed with a kind of artistic satisfaction that the end of the sword stuck out the best part of a foot beyond the poor victim's back. This is a typical instance of its kind. On the other hand, although the moral sense is so utterly lacking in the dream itself, and though we are generally unable to control the course of any particular dream, it is still not impossible, nor improbable, that on the whole a good man will be prone to dream good dreams and a bad man bad dreams—using these epithets in the ethical sense. Although there may be marked exceptions, as in the case of the good man who ran his friend through the body and rejoiced in the skill with

which he did the deed, still, on the whole, it is unlikely that the peaceable citizen will as often indulge in dreams of the joys of burglary, let us say, as he who is a burglar to his trade. Dreams will probably, on the whole, be in agreement with the general bent of a man's mind, just as in the case that is referred to elsewhere of the celebrated cricketer whose wife is often startled by his sitting up in bed, throwing up his arm and shouting "No ball!" in a stentorian voice. Whether this is because he often umpires in boys' matches or because he is, or was, haunted by a constant fear of being no-balled (he was, however, famous for his batting rather than his bowling), in any case the dream is almost beyond doubt the result of the bent of his mind toward things pertaining to cricket. This, again, is an instance that may almost certainly be taken as typical and going to prove that on the whole the stuff of dreams is apt to be the stuff of a man's waking thoughts. And perhaps to admit this, though it is not going so far as to admit that a man has any moral responsibility for the sins of thought he commits in dreams, is yet going so far as to admit that dreams, and the subjects with which they are occupied, may be taken as an indication of the general moral state of the dreamer. This is an aspect of the subject that has not escaped the notice of moralising divines. They urge that a man's besetting sin, which he may not have suspected, may be revealed to him by forming a recurrent topic of his dreams, and thus dreams may act as valuable danger signals to a man to show him the temptations which it behoves him specially to

guard against. They may give him indications of his spiritual state, whether we consider such intimations to proceed directly from God, or whether we regard them as a natural consequence of the nature of man and the law under which he lives. All these are curious speculations which are interesting to note, no matter what degree of credence we are disposed to give the theories that they discuss.

It is worthy of notice, too, that the intimations and premonitions supposed to be given by dreams (it is not too much to speak of them as premonitions, for intimation of a man's spiritual or moral state surely does give solid grounds for forecasting his future action) are not confined to the spiritual or moral sphere. It has been deemed that they give intimations about his physical health, too, which are hidden both from the sufferer himself and from his advisers in his normal waking state. Thus, if a man shall dream himself to be suffering from an affection of the heart, say, or of the brain, it has been deemed that this gives rise to a reasonable expectation that he actually will be attacked by disease in the organ that he has dreamed to be affected; and this is not merely an opinion that prevailed at the date of the fantastic notions about dreams, when the most far fetched interpretations were put upon them, but even since the days that dreams have been considered with what we are now pleased to call an intelligent and scientific eye. A quasi-scientific explanation is given—to the effect that, as the body in sleep is more freed from the control of the reason, so it is the more sensitive to

conditions affecting the nerves. Thus, in certain experiments, the sleeper has been pricked by a pin and has dreamed that he was pierced by a spear (the same prickings do not always produce the same piercings, be it observed, but the dreamer does sometimes respond in this way, and this response is to be taken as typical of the facts on which the argument we are considering is based). In dreams, then, it sometimes happens that the body is affected by something that corresponds to hyper-æsthesia, and in these conditions it is not altogether impossible that it may feel and be conscious of the first slight attacks of incipient disease which would have passed unnoticed in the waking state, and may therefore fairly be taken as premonitions which would not have been received at all but for the intimation given during the dream. It is even possible that in something of a similar state of liability to moral temptation, the dreaming mind may be conscious of an evil impulse which would have had no effect on it in the waking state, and may conceivably be a fore-warning of a weakening of the moral fibre, a growing liability to temptation of a certain kind, which would never have been suspected but for the hint given in the dream. In both cases, fore-warned may be fore-armed, and the dreamer who has received these hints may act upon them and strengthen either his moral or his physical nature, accordingly as one or the other is threatened, against the imminent attack. We may find, in fact, nature speaking to us in dreams, where the more primitive man (past the first phase of utter confusion of objective and subjective) conceived that

the supernatural was speaking ; and so fall into line with the general scheme of mental evolution which sees more and more clearly the forces of nature in phenomena where the earlier speculator saw supernatural forces.

Obviously, it is quite possible to widen out the argument we have been looking at until it ceases to have much practical force. A dream is perhaps more directly and immediately the result of what a man has eaten, drunk, or what he has been doing during the day ; and it is possible to argue that, had he not been such and such a man as he was, he would not have eaten or drunk such and such things, and therefore would not have had such and such a dream, but this seems to be widening the argument to a degree that is not far short of fatuous, and makes it worth little attention.

It is evident that there are two divisions of the art that has to do with dreaming, in the opinion of the chroniclers. There is the art of interpreting the dream when it has been received, and also the art of inducing the required dream, that is to say the dream that shall give the required answer. Of this latter kind is the recipe for sleeping in the temple of Apollo, as advised by Achilles ; of sleeping on the consecrated mat, as it is related that the Franciscans used to do ; and even to this day in parts of the Continent there is quite a brisk sale of the little books giving directions how to produce the dream that shall tell you the winning numbers in the State lotteries. That all do not win, we can only ascribe to their lack of faith in not

buying and reading the little books, or not following with sufficient piety their precepts when read. There is a brief but adequate prescription for dreaming of him or her who loves you in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, which contains, besides the rhymes, *Fireside Tales*, and accounts of many old English customs including a useful smattering of white magic, such as the divining from dreams. For old English interpretations of dreams, no book is better than *Saxon Leechdoms*, which has a whole chapter in the original Anglo-Saxon, with the translation facing it on the opposite page, devoted to dream interpretations, very direct and simple, with no reason given for the arbitrary meanings attached. A fuller account of the means for producing the dreams required is given in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*. It is curious, in that curious old book, to see the divining rod for water-finding treated as a survival of superstition, though now, many years after the book's publication, there is a revived tendency to faith in the use of the water-finder and his hazel twig.



## CHAPTER IV.

## CLASSIFICATION OF THE MORE FREQUENT DREAMS.

## PART I.

IT is now again necessary, at the beginning of this chapter, that I should make something that is in the nature of what they call in Parliament a "personal explanation," not at all because it can have any interest on that account, but in order to show how it is that I am able to offer to the reader the many opinions and illustrations of the commoner kinds of dreams which seem to me to give this chapter a special value—a value that it scarcely could have if it were all the work of one hand, and certainly could not have if it were all the work of my hand. More than a year ago I wrote in *Longman's Magazine* an article which I headed "A First Essay in Dreams"; and by way of explaining the object of that first essay and its results, I perhaps can do no better than quote the essay itself, by kind permission of the publishers, virtually *in extenso*, rejecting only such parts as are not appropriate to the volume form or that treat of questions discussed elsewhere in the book.

By way of putting the reader into a position to

understand what it is all about—a position more or less essential to his comfort—let us begin straight away with a category of the most universal and frequent classes of dreams, so far as my little knowledge goes. There is :—

1. The falling dream—you are falling over a precipice or down the stairs.
2. The flying dream—the dream that you can fly.
3. The dream of more or less inadequate clothing—that you are not properly clothed.
4. The dream of not being able to get away from some beast, or injurious person or thing, that is pursuing you.
5. The dream of being drawn irresistibly to some dangerous place, such as a fire.
6. The dream that some darling wish has been gratified.
7. The dream of being about to go a journey, and being unable to get your things into your trunks, etc.

No doubt there are a great many more. The list could probably be lengthened considerably. That is why it is that I called this a *first essay*, in the hope that many people might supply much new material for a second essay. In a rough and ready way, and so far as a plain man's ignorance might permit, I tried to jot down the classes according to the relative frequency of the dreams. In this respect one has to make a distinction, for whereas one kind of dream may happen to be dreamt very often by the same person, and so

have a claim to frequent occurrence, another kind may be dreamt by the same person only once or twice within his remembrance, but may happen to have been dreamt by a great many persons. It is the latter kind of frequency that is most interesting, and ought to be significant, if only we could tell what its significance is. For it is an obvious inference that, if the same dream has occurred to very many people, it is likely to have had a common cause in each case, or, at least, in most of the cases. The natural comment on this would be that if we find the same dream occurring to a great many, the probability is that it is a recollection of an incident common in the life of a great many. But, in answer to this very obvious theory, it is to be observed that the first case of all, which I conceive to be the most frequent, is scarcely an instance of an incident common to the lives of a great many; for the falling over a precipice is not the sort of thing that happens more than once, at all events, in the lives of any but a very few. So the common cause is probably not quite so simple or obvious as this, and as to what it may be, one must still leave the world to conjecture. The only even probable inference is that a common cause exists. Its nature is hardly to be guessed.

The cause of the other kind of frequency is perhaps equally obscure, but less interesting, for it is comparatively easy to suppose that a certain person should often suffer certain emotions or sensations that would be likely to produce a repetition of the same dream in a person of his temperament. That the same dream

should repeat itself with persons of all kinds of temperaments is far more singular.

There are those who declare that they never dream at all ; but in order to understand what they mean by this it is necessary to understand what dreaming itself actually means. Dreaming does not merely mean, in the correct sense of the term, that the mind is carrying on some kind of operations during sleep, but also that on awaking it should retain a consciousness of what it was thinking about during sleep. And in this regard it is to be observed, that when we are suddenly awakened, it always seems to most of us as if we had been awakened out of a dream that is exceedingly vivid for the immediate moment. It is one of the most notable features of dreams that they vanish very quickly from our recollections a few minutes after we have thus been awakened, and we strive in vain to regain our grasp of what our mind had been doing while we were asleep. On the other hand, if the awakening has been gradual, it is probable that, in the leisurely process of the mind's reviving interest to the things of waking life, it unconsciously loses its grasp of what it had been doing in the sleeping state. From this it would seem likely that those who declare that they never dream, do not really differ from the great majority of us who are dreamers by any difference of the operations of the mind while they are asleep, but rather that they are either slow in awaking, so that the mind loses remembrance of what it had been doing while they slept, or else that they lose their remembrance more quickly than most, owing to some differ-

ence of mental constitution. It would perhaps be curious to observe whether those who say they do not dream have any special characteristics in common, which would serve to explain this. The entire subject thus raised, of the mind's remembrance of its experiences, is a curious and interesting one. The common case of temporarily forgetting a name, which we painfully search for in vain, until it suddenly flashes across us while we are thinking of something quite different, is familiar enough, and yet more singular is the ultimate success in recalling a melody, of which all or part has escaped us and evaded us for a long while. It all goes to show that the mind has stored up within it recollections of various kinds which the will is not always potent enough to summon into consciousness, but which something (probably some often unsuspected association of ideas) accidentally recalls. But we are wandering into fields of speculation outside our beat. It is essential, however, to realise that dreams have, properly speaking, no being unless they can be remembered when we awake. Without this a dream cannot be said to have occurred, in any sense that is humanly speaking intelligible, any more than there can be deemed to be any continuity of the ego, or of the individual existence, except on the assumption that in the future life we are to have remembrance of our being in this life.

It scarcely needs to be observed that the great majority of the classes into which we have put dreams are of the kind that would be described as bad dreams rather than good. Two of the classes only suggest

pleasurable emotions; the dream of flying, which always gives a feeling of satisfaction, and the dream that a darling wish has been fulfilled. In my own childish days the darling wish of my life was to possess a watch, and in dreams it happened to me over and over again to have this good gift bestowed on me, though such a mighty event did not happen in real waking life till many a year afterwards; and it was often the matter of my keenest debate whether it was better in ultimate result to have a good dream or a bad one, so sore was the disappointment when I awoke to find the unsubstantiality of the good gift that I had supposed to be given me. On the other hand, in case of the bad dreams that were so often the consequence of the fearful intemperance of childhood in such matters as jam tarts and unripe apples, the relief of waking to find that all the dreadful imaginings were without foundation—that one was not between a dragon's claws or at the foot of a precipice—was worth almost all the suffering of the previous imaginary pangs.

There is scarcely a question but that the most frequent and universal of all the forms of bad dreams consists in the fancy that we are falling down a precipice of prodigious height, or sometimes it may be only the moderate, yet sufficient height of an ordinary staircase. And yet in any case the height does not make much difference, for just as the Irishman—the proverbial Irishman—is fabled to have said that it was not the falling that hurt him but the sudden stopping at the bottom, so here, in this falling dream, we invariably escape the hurt that would naturally result from the



sudden stopping at the bottom, because in these dream experiences no one has ever yet been known to come to the bottom at all. It is popularly said that if one did dream of coming to the bottom one would die ; but that is not easily proved, because the only man in any position to speak decidedly and of first-hand experience on the subject, would be, by the hypothesis, one of the dead men who tell no tales. The fact remains that no one has ever yet dreamed himself to the bottom of the precipice,<sup>1</sup> though the dream of being in mid-air is so very frequent, and though one is conscious of a vague and dreamy surprise that one does not mind the falling so much as one expected. All these sensations are most excellently worked into that best of books of dreams, *Alice in Wonderland*. The fidelity to the vague inconsequent manner of dreams in the way in which all the incidents take place is its highest artistic triumph.

The number of people who fly in their dreams is not nearly as large, according to any computation that I have been able to make, as the number who fall. Perhaps the proportion is about as one to three. That is not to say that the same people do not both fall and fly. Indeed, the falling dream seems almost universal among those who are conscious of dreaming at all. And it is virtually impossible that the flying dream should be as common as the falling dream, because it is distinctly pleasurable and satisfactory, whereas the majority of dreams are eminently disagreeable. There

<sup>1</sup> But see page 118.

are many more bad dreams than good, even as appears from the above category, and the bad are far more often repeated. There is a peculiarity about the flying dream that seems to be very constant. Of all those whom I have asked about the matter, and who are conscious of the flying dream at all, hardly one has ever known himself to make any high flights in his dreams. One almost always flies low, with a skimming manner, slightly but only slightly above the heads of pedestrians. And one's critical attitude in a dream towards one's own performance is always interesting to note, both in regard to this particular class of dream and even more towards one of the other classes. It is an attitude that is well brought out in *Alice in Wonderland*, where Alice is made to exclaim or to think, while she is falling, "How brave they will all think it of me at home, not to mind a great fall like this." We all have this feeling I fancy, in the falling dream, a pleased surprise that it hurts us so little. And in regard to the flying dream we are all conscious of a sense of satisfaction, of superiority to our poor crawling fellow mortals on the earth by virtue of our capacity for flight, even though it be lowly flight. But we are not unduly elated or proud, and it is one of the most constant and curious characteristics of dreams that all our experiences in them are somewhat at a lower temperature, the same in kind but different in degree than they would be under like circumstances occurring in waking life. Thus although the pedestrians over whose heads we skim, using our arms wing-like, with a kind of swimming action, appear to be a

little surprised and disposed to admiration of us, yet they do not express anything like the degree of surprise and admiration that they would infallibly evince if they saw us in this aerial disport in real life.

The most striking instance of the subnormal temperature of the dream emotions, so to call it, is given in the painful class of dream which may be labelled the inadequately clothed dream. In this class of dream it occurs to us to come down from our bedrooms, to mingle in society, even sometimes to be presented at court or to take part in the highest and most solemn functions, in a costume that we should deem scarcely adequate if we had been just roused from our beds by a shout of "Fire!" The degrees of this comparative nudity are very various, and it is remarkable that it is most unusual, so far as I can learn, for any human being (that is to say in the temperate climates) in his dreams to appear before his fellows in an absolutely Arcadian or idyllic lack of costume; but the costume is commonly very inadequate, so inadequate that the police would very rightly interfere in the bare interests of decency. Indeed that fear, the apprehension of police interference for the sake of public morals, is a factor in the general uneasiness that we feel in our dreams of finding ourselves going abroad in such *déshabille*. For we are conscious of a measure of uneasiness, we can feel that we did wrong in not putting on this or that absolutely indispensable portion of our wardrobe before we left our room, but it is as nothing to the utter shame and

horror that would overwhelm us were we really to find ourselves in such condition. And in the same degree the shock that our appearance gives our unfortunate friends among whom we show ourselves in such guise is not a circumstance to the pain those sensitive souls would feel if our appearance were a reality instead of a subjective fancy. Yet we retain a sufficient sense of shame to be conscious of a very real relief when we wake to find that we have not behaved ourselves in such a manner as to be the reprobation of every right-minded man and woman. Almost as common, perhaps, as the flying dream (and possibly instances of the naked dream ought to be classed fourth rather than third on the scale of frequent occurrence), is the dream that we are pursued by some lion or monster, and that all our efforts to escape are frustrated by an inexplicable paralysis of our limbs or by some substance of a sticky nature, like strawberry jam or birdlime, through which it is our unhappy fate to have to move knee-deep. The paralysis, quite painless, of the limbs is the form under which I, personally, am compelled to await the bogey's remorseless approach; I have never had the experience of the strawberry jam about the feet, but I am told by others (perhaps they have been brought up on a more clayey soil) that this is the way in which the trouble besets them. And in any case it is satisfactory to think that in this instance again the *dénoûment* never comes. Perhaps, as before, it would have fatal results if it were to happen. But just as the monster is about to lay its fearful claw on us we awake, and again the sense of relief makes it

almost worth while to have endured the previous suffering. There is a variant to this; and in this variant form it was a common and dreadful experience of my own childhood, wherein, instead of being pursued, while one's efforts to escape are clogged, one is remorselessly and mysteriously drawn towards the fearful object, whatever it may be, that object itself remaining stationary. Some force like hypnotism (though the actual name of hypnotism had hardly been invented in my childhood) seemed to impel me to walk, despite my wishes, to a certain landing on the main staircase, whereon the breakfast urn used in my dreams to appear, swollen to a huge size, and encircled, like Brunhild, with a wall of flame. Towards this dreadful object (perhaps my fingers had been burnt by the urn sometime or other) I found myself bound to walk with slow steps, in spite of my own horror of its flaming fiery furnace and the prayers of my nurse who used to stand with me on the landing below, whence I began my reluctant ascent towards the flames and the urn. I remember that I never could understand how it was that she did not stretch out a hand and pull me back from the horrid journey, but she never did. I cannot understand it even now. In consequence of this dream and its attendant horrors, the breakfast urn itself, harmless and rotund copper body, grew to be associated with pains and terror. I took an intense childish dislike to the thing, and probably many will be able to recall a like experience of a harmless inanimate object becoming endued with actively terrible attributes. Inanimate objects are not

the only harmless things that the waking or dreaming fancy of children endows with such imaginary terrors that they become a principal part of what may be called the "bogey" dream. In many of my dreams the *rôle* of bogey was played by a middle-aged gentleman whom I constantly used to meet along the road, but whom I never spoke to in my life, nor did he ever address a single word to me. I did not, nor do I now, know his profession, position in life (I think he belonged to what we should call the middle class) nor his name. He had a reddish, curling beard, and all the very little later knowledge that I picked up of him showed him to be a benevolent and perfectly harmless person. Yet this unfortunate man I had selected, for some reason not known to myself even, as the bogey of my dreams. I had no fear of him at all in real life, yet in dreams it was generally he, when it was not the *urn*, that was the incarnation of all terror to me. This in itself is a singular reflection, but what I think is even more striking, and not a little painful, is the consideration of the possibility that you, very gentle reader, or I, who deem ourselves kindly of heart and would not harm a fly, much less a human child, may be posing nightly as the horror and the bogey not of one, but of many children's lives. It is a humiliating and distressing reflection. Let us hope it has no foundation in the truth. After all, this red-headed, middle-aged bogey of my childhood may have been less innocent than he appeared, may have hidden a black heart beneath his rufous exterior. But I do not think so. I think it was the amazing imagination of



childhood that invested him with a majesty of terrors to which he had no just claim.

Rather analagous to the dream of inadequate clothing is the dream that we may name the "train fever" dream. Herein we find ourselves about to go on a journey, but one of the bags or boxes inexplicably declines to get itself packed, in spite of all the best endeavours of self and servants. It is like the waking experience of all those of us who are occasionally, but not often enough to make the process easy and familiar, obliged to pack for ourselves—the experience that whenever we strap up the last vehicle for luggage we immediately find another suit of clothes demanding to be packed—a suit of whose existence there was no previous sign. In dreams it is not only a suit, but a whole portmanteau load that will not get itself packed. As fast as one thing is put in another is created to be put in after it, and after the whole has been packed quite full it is often found in some mysterious way to be quite empty again, and all the things in a muddle on the floor.

Another form of the bogey dream, and in a small way a peculiarly distressing one, was probably peculiar to myself, personally, but no doubt others have their own peculiar forms that are analagous to it. I used, as a boy, to keep numbers of caterpillars, in the hope—sometimes gratified, often frustrated—of their developing into perfect moths and butterflies to grace my collection. The peculiar form of bogey dream to which I have referred consisted in the

escape of all these captives, which occupied their new freedom in crawling over my person in great numbers. The sensation of being crawled over by multitudes of caterpillars of the "woolly bear" texture was peculiarly irritating and distressing.

It is singular that, in spite of childhood's perpetual fear of ghosts, a dream in which ghostly figures play the *rôle* of bogey is seldom known. The bogeys almost always take the form of some familiar person or object, often ludicrously innocent of offence.

Although it is obviously true that dreams have a way of concerning themselves with objects and scenes familiar to us in waking sense, it is astonishing how utterly inconsequent is the order of events, and how entirely we lose all moral sense and all sense of proportion in them. It is nearly certain that the world of a sane man's dreams resembles not a little the mental waking world of the madman. The similarity of the conditions is more fully discussed elsewhere. But though it is true that the troubles and circumstances which occupy our waking thoughts also have a way of invading our dreams, still it is singular how perpetually and almost invariably we are defeated in any effort to command our thoughts in any particular train when we lay our heads on the pillow. Dreams seem to come and go of their own accord, free from the dominion of our volition. If we are awakened from a dream, it is nearly always in vain that we try to pursue its course when we turn again to sleep. Yet it is evident that the mind is unconsciously occupied

during sleep with the subjects last presented to it in waking hours, otherwise how are we to account for the before mentioned fact that a schoolboy who has very imperfectly learned a piece of repetition over night will have it perfectly pat in the morning? And dreams do follow, in their own vague, dreamy way, the general bent of the waking thought, as is indicated by the case that we cited of the famous cricketer who often used to umpire at boys' matches, and would startle his wife not a little at nights by starting up in bed, throwing up his right arm and shouting "no ball!" in a stentorian voice. The loss of the moral sense is perhaps the most startling of the many curious phenomena of dreams, and there is not the slightest doubt that the mildest mannered bogey of a child's dream, the most innocent and blameless man in real life, must often have surprised himself by the atrocious actions that he is capable of committing without any reproach of conscience in his dreams.

## CHAPTER IV.

## PART II.

THE correspondence that I received in response to the invitation set out in Part I. of this chapter seems to contain matter of interest that may be grouped conveniently under several distinct heads; there are some suggestions directly responsive to the question of the causes of the dreams; some dreams that had escaped my own notice—or that did not seem of sufficient frequency to be worthy of a class to themselves—have been shown to deserve recognition in the form of a separate class; suggestive and interesting additions to the dreams within the classes that I drew up have been contributed; besides many comments on the subject as a whole that are full of interest, although they do not advance one's general understanding of the way that the different, well distinguished, dreams come about. Among the most interesting, and most mysterious, of the additional kinds that have been suggested to me is what we may call the "dream within a dream". You dream that you are dreaming, you seem to awake, still in your dream, out of the one dream, and you go on

with the other, and when really awake are conscious both of the outer and of the inner dream so to speak. This is an experience that has never come to me personally, but it is mentioned by many correspondents and therefore should have some claim to be placed in a class by itself, were it not that, if it has a common cause, in most cases of its occurrence, it must surely be so very subtle and complex a cause that we may quite despair of tracing it. Perhaps to be mentioned in association with this dream within a dream question is the question of "dual personality" which a correspondent, for whose opinion I am bound to have more than ordinary respect, suggests as an explanation of some of the phenomena of dreams. We are told, and on such good authority that it is hard to disbelieve it, that in the case of certain hypnotic subjects, studied at the Saltpetrière and elsewhere, a "dual personality," as it is called, has been developed. That is to say, for instance, that a young peasant girl of Brittany, typical of her class and perfectly ignorant of any classical language, will, in a certain stage of the hypnotic trance, imagine herself to be, let us say, a priest of the Middle Ages, and gabble Monkish Latin. Of course, it sounds utterly incredible, but the fact is abundantly testified, and I believe it is said that cases have even been known in which, at a further stage of the hypnotic trance, a third personality has been developed, wherein the patient acts, thinks, and speaks, in a manner perfectly agreeing with this third metempsychosis, as one might almost call it, and perfectly distinct

from the action, thought or speech exhibited either in the natural state or in the earlier stage of the hypnotic trance. However that may be, it is on the dual personality, merely, that my correspondent in whom I put much faith, takes his stand, suggesting it as an explanation, and in his opinion the most probable explanation, of some dream phenomena. For example, the instruction of youth has occupied much of his time during the life here below. He has dreamed—according to the well known tendency, that was noticed in the first part of this chapter, of dreams to concern themselves with the stuff of waking thoughts—that he was lecturing to an assemblage of sufficiently thick-headed students, endeavouring with some measure of success to make them comprehend an involved argument or subtle point, when suddenly, just as his eloquence and lucidity had gained their interested attention, the whole train of his thought and their own was confounded by a raucous voice shouting behind his back “The Prince, the Prince. Make way for the Prince!” The Prince, as it turned out, was Ranjitsinjhi, Prince of cricketers, and the scene instantly shifted, as it only does in dreams or Drury Lane, to Lord’s pavilion, and the Prince himself appeared in the semblance of a fat old Indian Nabob—anything but a sharp short-slip. Very well then, argues my friend, this is only to be explained on the supposition of a joint authorship, a dual personality, of whom the one, the good and intellectual Mr. Jekyll, is conducting his dream lecture in orderly fashion until it is suddenly spoiled by the



intrusion of the Philistine and raucous-voiced Mr. Hyde with his cricket.

Again the same dreamer quotes me another dream pointing, in his opinion, to a like conclusion. He is a sufficient French scholar to read French fluently; occasionally, when in the country, finding his vocabulary, or at least his idiom, a little lacking for want of practice. In his dream he finds himself, thus moderately equipped with French, conversing with a Parisian speaking the language with the delicacy and swiftness of finished perfection. Now and again the Englishman has to ask the Frenchman to repeat more slowly. Now, how is it possible, my friend in effect asks me, that I could put into the mouth of my Parisian that perfect and beautiful French, and at the same time could find it now and again beyond me to understand it? Surely this again must be a case of dual personality—myself being myself with the “French of Stratford-atte-Bowe,” my dream-man, with his perfect Parisian, my second, my dual self.

I do not agree with my friend in this, for all my respect for his opinion. I could not respect him so much if I could not venture frankly to disagree with him. In the first place I suspect this fluent Parisian, with his perfect idiom and fluency, altogether. You see, the only evidence that we have of the idiom and the fluency is the effect they produced on the mind of my dreaming friend. That he should imagine a man speaking beautiful French to him, is easy enough to comprehend; that he should accordingly have difficulty in understanding his quick speech and should ask for a

repetition, is only in accord with what would be his natural conception of a conversation in which he and a born Parisian took part. There is nothing difficult to imagine in this ; but, on the other hand, what is difficult to imagine is that he was a better French scholar asleep than awake, or that the dual personality is the correct explanation. Far easier to credit, according to my thinking, that he imagined the Frenchman's diction to be more perfect than he could have made it!

And this very consideration brings us into touch with a remarkable fact of dreams that has been noticed long ago, the extremely moderate calibre of dream wit, dream intellect, dream humour and the mental operations of dreams altogether. It has often been observed that in dreams we seem to have hit now and again on a wonderfully illuminating thought, a remarkably neat epigram or a solution of a problem that has baffled everybody—perpetual motion has probably been solved again and again by dreamers—but whenever one has awaked with any exact remembrance of those achievements, they have proved to waking criticism the merest drivel and only vaguely coherent. This at least is my personal experience of the intellectual efforts of dreams, and on the whole I think that it is confirmed by general consensus. On the other side it is only fair that I should quote instances to the contrary and among them I may include certain passages in some of the letters that correspondents were good enough to write me about the first essay. “Feats of considerable intellectual energy,” one writes, “have been satisfactorily accomplished in dreams, *e.g.*, a friend of the

writer once composed a parody on Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and remembered it quite well in the morning. Schoolboys and schoolgirls too, have worked out problems in their dreams which have defeated their best efforts in consciousness, and they remembered the working and solutions with satisfactory results the next day."

On this point it is to be said that the fact of composing a parody on the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* does not in itself of necessity amount to a great intellectual performance. It is only the quality of the performance that should be the measure of its greatness, and of that the writer gives us no assurance. To remember the parody in the morning was indeed a feat, but it was a feat of the waking, rather than the dreaming, intellect. In regard to the solution of problems by boys and girls during sleep, I can only say that I have heard few instances in support of it, although it is very true, and the fact has been noticed more than once already, that a piece of repetition conned over at night and very imperfectly known then, is sometimes remembered quite pat for early school the next morning. There is a strong inference that it must have occupied the mind during sleep, but that does not bring it within the sphere of dreaming as defined by an operation of the mind during sleep of which one is conscious on awaking. It is one of the most curious points in this connection that it should have thus occupied the mind during sleep, without consciousness of that occupation being retained. Common fairness demanded that I should put on record this statement of my corre-

spondent, although it does not agree with my own experience, nor with the experience that I believe to be general. There is the old tale of Coleridge, it is true, and his *Kubla Khan*; but in the first place it is to be noted that this poem, if composed in sleep at all, was composed in the unnatural sleep of opium, and it is permitted to suspect that, while the scenes described were doubtless dreamt, the language in which they were put on paper occurred to the poet's mind as he wrote. If by feats of "considerable intellectual energy" my correspondent referred only to the range of thought, it would accord with the common experience of all dreamers, but referring it to the power and quality of the thought, as it is referred in the case of solution of hard problems, it is almost certainly at variance with what we commonly find to be the facts. Lawyers are said to have written in their dreams lucid opinions of cases submitted to them. This, if true, and the evidence is strong, is very wonderful; but to accept it as true does not prevent our recording it as very exceptional, nor invalidate very seriously the statement that most of the intellectual feats which strike us as so brilliant in dreams appear folly to our waking criticism. The people who have written on dreams seem generally to have accepted without much suspicion every statement as to the feats of intellect performed, of problems solved, and the rest, in dreams. They ought at least to have weighed, on the other hand, the illuminating thoughts, the splendid humour, that seem to be discovered to us in dreams and which yet, on waking, we find to be the height of imbecility. This is a fact that

ought to have raised a certain suspicion about the quality of the feats said to have been done while the best part of the mind was not in working order. In case any should doubt that it *is* a fact, that the quality of dream humour and dream composition is not generally high, I may perhaps quote one or two letters from correspondents to bear me out; but I do not think that many who have looked into the matter at all will require much confirmation of the statement. "Sense of humour," one writes, "in dreams, is another curious thing. It is strange how exceedingly amused one may be with some exquisite joke, that wakening may prove to be hopelessly commonplace or, more often, gibberish." "More often gibberish," is, I am afraid, the usual verdict of the wide awake critic on all the mental efforts that have seemed to him so fine and grand in his sleep. "In another class of dreams," writes another correspondent, "the dreamer imagines conversation in which he or some other person says things so amusing that they actually laugh in their sleep." He does not say, however, that he has ever been largely rewarded when he has sent these efforts of humour to *Punch*, or any of the comic papers, on awaking. Yet another says "This dream was a long one" (I have spoken of it elsewhere) "and under its influence I wrote a lot of doggerel which exists somewhere amongst my papers, and begins :—

"Twas in the early morning, when dreams they say are true,  
Just as the sun was rising, turning the grey to blue."

This is really a fine poetic effort as judged by the ordinary standard of dream composition. I am told

by one of my correspondents that the present method of shot-making was discovered by some one in a dream : "A man dreamed of taking up some height a sieve or colander and pouring molten lead through into water beneath, and found that the morsels of lead were quite round, which led to the experiment of making lead by this dream process". Sir Walter Scott, I think, refers to this in some of his writings ; but the chance discovery can scarcely be called a great intellectual feat ; neither can dreaming the winner of the Derby. Both are valuable dreams. The trouble is that so many people have dreamt the wrong winners of the Derby. And that, on the contrary, is not a valuable, but a very expensive dream, if acted on with much conviction of its truth. James Payn dreamed of his *Lost Sir Massingberd*—lost in a hollow tree trunk. But none of these are exactly intellectual feats. They are rather to be called lucky fancies. And in this modified sense it is not to be doubted that much good work has been done, thanks to dream suggestion. As Macario says, "Many successful literary and scientific efforts have been inspired by an intellectual dream" (what he means by an "intellectual" dream in such context, goodness knows no doubt, and Macario may, but I do not. The translation is in the *Medical Critic and Psychological Journal*, for April, 1862). Galen and Hermas he quotes as having done great things by working on ideas that have come to them in dreams. That is conceivable enough. But when Seafeld writes : "Thus Voltaire made a duplicate of the first canto of the *Henriade* ; the *Divina*



*Commedia* is said to have been inspired by a dream ; Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* was unquestionably (?) completed during a dream ; and Tartini's *Sonata du Diable* is a plagiarism from a violin played by a dream-devil"—it seems very much easier to accept the explanation of the way in which the *Divine Comedy* is here stated to be due to a dream influence, than to accept the mode (not of *suggestion* by a dream but of actual *creation* in a dream, which Seafield seems to look on as synonymous) in which the last two compositions are said to have been made. The one is intelligible and conceivable, not contradicted by other dream experience ; the latter idea is altogether opposite to such experience, and makes a very big demand, *à priori*, on credulity. Probably enough, it is that very abeyance of the rational faculty which puts criticism so much at fault in dreams, that permits to the dreaming thoughts their immense, their unrestricted range, a range untrammelled by the hard and fast laws of fact and possibilities, with the result that the dreams of some who are most prosaic thinkers in the waking state are marked by the most extensive flights of the imagination. A striking instance, worth recording for the singularity of the dream itself, as well as its illustrative bearing on this general quality of dreams, occurred within the writer's knowledge. A friend of his, of most calm and philosophical cast of mind, dreaming that he saw his face in a mirror, was surprised to find it covered with grime. On nearer inspection he was yet more startled (with the mild, sub-normal surprise of the dream state) to see that

each grime mark had the shape of a tiny handprint, the thumb mark in each print being a little defective. There was a basin handy, in which he washed his face, and the water forthwith became bemuddied by the grime which gradually settled to the bottom of the basin, and, as it settled, made itself into the shape of many little hands perfectly formed save that each hand was a little defective by reason of a deformed and stunted thumb. My friend could think of no occasion of this dream, that shows imaginative power so strangely vivid. It is not easy to tell the extent to which novelists have drawn from their dream imagination, but probably their debt is considerable. Avowedly Turgeneff and Stevenson did so, and James Payn, as we have said, saw in a dream the main incident in the losing of *Lost Sir Massingberd*. Probably many another, likely enough without being aware to what extent, has drawn from the same source ; and of course Alice, both in Wonderland and the Looking-glass, moves through pure and simple dreamland. But that is another matter from saying that the incidents were actually dreamed.

In investigating the stuff of our dreams, it is not always easy to remember that we must judge them, and account for them by other standards than we apply to our consideration of the working of our waking intellect. It is this difficulty, I fancy, that led my friend to infer that there was within him a dual personality, only in evidence when he slept, of which the one individual was capable of talking pure Parisian. It is so impossible to say how we know, or think we

know, our dream creations to be what they are. For instance, to quote another correspondent whose opinion deserves every consideration, we find ourselves in Harley Street; it is full of shops, yet we know that it *is* Harley Street; or in some other street, and we know it to be *that* street, and yet, instead of houses, there are the trunks of beech trees on either hand. In the logic-monger's language we have the "denotation," but the "connotation" is all adrift. We may suspect that my friend's purest Parisian was like the shops of Harley Street, which, when awake (if ever it is), has never a shop in its long dull length. This friend is one of the many who has known the dream within a dream, to me unknown. That dream is worth transcribing, for the sake of the explanation that he suggests for it. "I was chatting," is his account of the dream, "with a school friend, the scene a familiar walk by a river. We were smoking, and I relating something that had come into my life since I had seen him. Suddenly, feeling unaccountably drowsy, I said, 'Fred, old boy, the sun is unbearably hot, let's have a nap. I'll get under this bush.' The scene had changed, as it does in dreams. The bush was a whin, the river became bunkers and links, Fred turned into his brother George. This transformation did not affect me, and I laid myself under the whin and was asleep at once. In that sleep I had an inner dream, and though foggy and ill-defined I was able, at the breakfast table, to give some outline of it to those around." The explanation that my friend suggests is as follows: "that by some movement of an arm or body while in the

original or normal dream, I had drawn the sheet over my head and become hot and half-suffocated ; but being gradual, the sensation did not waken me. The second dream must have been almost instantaneous, for I could not long have suffered the semi-asphyxiation, and when it could no longer be endured, by a motion of the arm I may have unveiled, as I had covered, my breathing apparatus, and burst into oxygen instead of carbonic acid gas."

The explanation, whether or no it be accepted, is ingenious.

Of course this matter of the dream within a dream is very subtle and we have to be careful lest we get into trouble with our phrases in trying to explain it. I rather think that this is just what has happened to one of my correspondents who writes : " With regard to 'double dreams' "—the kind that I have spoken of as "dreams within dreams"—"when a dream is experienced and then narrated in a second dream, are we sure there is such a thing? For instance, some mornings I seem to have dreamed of quarrelling with a relative, and then, in another dream, of meeting him and remarking about the first dream." (But surely this is simply an affair of two dreams, not of a dream within a dream. The dream within a dream means, if anything, that you dream you are dreaming—*are* dreaming there and then. The other seems only to mean that you dream about a previous dream, quite a different affair.) "But did the first dream," my correspondent continues, "really occur at all? Or had I not only one dream, that I met so and so and told him I

had dreamt of quarrelling with him? The narration creates the supposed first dream. We have no other evidence of it." Well, that may very well be, but it does not seem to matter much, does not seem to bear on the topic in hand, if the dream is in any case only a reminiscence of a previous one. That hardly constitutes what we mean by a dream within a dream. "Putting this theory aside," my correspondent goes on, "I may say I have had these double dreams not infrequently, and usually related them at the breakfast table. Once, and only once, I had a triple dream, when I dreamed something, dreamed of relating it, and dreamed that I was dilating on my double dream. At least, such was my impression on awaking, but by the above theory I only dreamed that I had a double dream. This is very curious."

In discussing these rather intricate dealings of the mind it is very difficult, not so much to escape a tangle in one's own head, as to avoid creating a tangle in the reader's. One may be very clear about the matter oneself, and yet express one's view in such a way that it is very foggy to other people. I am only too much afraid that this will often be the case in what I myself have written on the subject, for me to cavil at all at what seems to me (and probably by my own want of comprehension) the occasional fogginess of some of the correspondents who have been good enough to send me their experiences. Maury, who seems to have been the greatest experimentalist in dreams that has given his results to the public, experimented by giving a sleeper pin pricks to make him dream of spear

thrusts—that is the type of his experiments—and sometimes the sleeper dreamed of spear thrusts “quite good,” but sometimes of something quite different, and sometimes of nothing at all—that is, he could remember nothing when he awoke. So what Maury proved amounts to something like this negative conclusion, that the same *sensational* cause will not always produce the same dream effect. And let it be said here, at once, for fear of misunderstanding, through inattention, that this is not the same as proving that the same dream is not always produced by the same cause. It does not directly touch that question.

The definition of dream that I ventured on in my tentative essay was a mental operation in sleep that is remembered on awaking. Objection to this may well be taken on the ground that mental operations of one person while asleep are often made obvious by speech or action to another, though the sleeper will perhaps have no knowledge of them when he awakes. Whether this is to be called a dream depends—on what? On the meaning we ascribe to the word. Now, if we take the view that mental operations go on all the while we sleep, but that in so-called dreamless sleep we forget them, then it is evident that we must limit “dreams” to the mental operations we remember. Otherwise it becomes a name of one constant aspect of sleep, which is not what we want. But if we take the view that these mental operations go on intermittently, then “dreams” may have a meaning distinct from “sleep,” as indicating the moments in which those operations do go on. Whether they go on all the while or



intermittently there seems to be a division of opinion among the clever people. Opinions seem so equally divided that they seem to cancel each other fairly—it is not the first time that the opinions of the learned have been so divided, nor the first time that it has been noticed (Dean Swift, in his pleasant way, noticed it)—so that we are left with a sheet tolerably blank to put our little opinions on : a very happy condition.

Sir Henry Holland, for instance, is of opinion that there is no such thing as dreamless sleep but that we dream, unconsciously, all the while that we are sleeping. Against his opinion we may put that of Dr. Arthur Durham, who not only thinks that there is such a thing as sleep without dreaming, but actually maintains that no sleep is sound in which a dream occurs. Sir Benjamin Brodie is of Sir Henry Holland's opinion, and, to make the balance level, we may cite Lord Brougham, whose view is that we dream only at the moment of transition from sleep to wakefulness. I cannot find that either Maury or Scherner express an opinion on the point, but instances may be cited on the one side or the other, to the end of the chapter. The case of Lord Holland, so often told, who went to sleep when some one was talking to him, woke up to hear the end of the sentence of which he had heard the beginning before he fell asleep, and in the momentary interval dreamed a dream whose incidents traversed much time, is often quoted in favour of Lord Brougham, as showing that it is just at the moment of waking that we dream. What this case, which is typical of many instances, really does show appears to be merely this

--which is amply shown by many dreams--that in dreams the limits of time and space do not exist, that we can dream, to put it popularly, as fast as we can think, the incidents of the dream drama succeeding each other as quickly as thought can move, from one continent or from one century to another. This fact, which is established by all experience, is exactly what would be expected *à priori*, a comfortable state of things that does not always exist for the flattery of our poor reason.

It is a singular thing that these learned men should have come so terribly to loggerheads about the question. Those who oppose Lord Brougham and Dr. Durham cite the case of a man or a dog dreaming in sleep from which they do not wake immediately. They obviously "dream," in the popular sense of the word. The man talks in his sleep, the dog growls and trembles, and, as obviously, they do not dream at the moment only of transition from sleep to wakefulness. This seems to knock the bottom clean out of the argument of Lord Brougham and Co. And so it really would, if this twitching and growling of the dog, this talking of the man, were to be taken as signs of dreaming properly so-called. We shall find, I think, that this is only popularly, and improperly, to be called dreaming, and also find that in this case, as in so many others since the days that Locke wrote his famous essay on "Words," it is because of the *double entente*, the double meaning, of the word they are discussing, rather than any real difference of opinion, that the learned have disagreed.

When we want to get at the real meaning of a word one recognised plan is to look up its etymology. "*Dream*" says Seafield "is an Anglo-Saxon noun; in Saxon" (something quaintly spelt with what looks like a digamma) "and in both languages having a primary meaning of melody, joy, gladness." (This does not seem to harmonise altogether with our ideas of nightmare.) "The Dutch form" Seafield goes on, "is *droom*, the Swedish *dröm*, with a direct sub-assumption of idleness and vacuity" (this looks like getting nearer our idea) "and the German *traum*." And then Seafield proceeds to some rather surprising statements, in view of some of the instances of so-called "dreaming" that he cites elsewhere. "Dismissing the word, we may in one sentence epitomise all the current definitions of the thing. For all men are so well agreed upon this matter, that it is rather that their experiences vary, than that their ideas are dissimilar. We shall find enough of contrariety of opinion by-and-by; but it will not be now and here." Then follows the definition of "dream" especially to be noted:—"Every lexicographer from the time of Suidas, has consented that an ordinary dream is the intellectual activity of a sleeping person *which leaves its traces in the waking consciousness.*" I have italicised the last clause, which seems to make all the difference.

It is very evident that dream, in this sense, is not properly applied to the operations of the man who talks in his sleep, or of the dog who growls and twitches, unless we can prove that their waking

consciousness retains memory of the operations of which these sleeping movements and sounds were the signs. It is hard to get any proof of this in the dog's case, but in the case of the human being I have always found that if he is left to sleep, even for some ten minutes only, after ceasing talking in his sleep, the dream out of which he will tell you you have awoken him will have no relation, that can be perceived, with the train of thought that his sleeping words showed to be in his mind ten minutes before. Without further argument, or hammering away at what is evident, and not likely to be disputed, it may be said that when we see a man talking or a dog growling in its sleep, such signs are not evidence of dreams properly so-called, that is to say in the dictionary sense, at all. And yet we always call them dreams in common language. So that there really seem to be two senses in which the word is used, the correct and the popular—the correct being “the intellectual activity of a sleeping person which leaves its traces in the waking consciousness,” and the popular “the intellectual activity of a sleeping person,” without the final modifying clause.

And this double sense sufficiently accounts for all the loggerheads to which the learned have come. The sleeping dog's growls, the sleeping man's words are signs of “the intellectual activity of a sleeping person,” but are not signs of “intellectual activity which leaves its traces on the waking consciousness”. Before we can get any indication about this modifying clause, we must wait till the sleeper wakes. And all

experience, so far as I have been able to gather it, shows that the only intellectual activity during sleep which leaves traces in the waking consciousness is the activity that immediately precedes the waking—in the transitional stage of Lord Brougham. In this sense then, the strict sense of the word “dream,” Dr. Durham’s implied view, that there is much sleep without dreaming, has also to be admitted as correct. On the other hand, the fact that if we are awoken suddenly from sleep we always seem to find ourselves in the midst of “intellectual activity,” no matter how deep the sleep, seems to show no less conclusively that in the popular sense of the word “dream” we do go on dreaming all the time, and in this sense Sir Henry Holland and Sir Benjamin Brodie and all their following are no less right in saying that there is no such thing as sleep without dreaming. The Broughamites seem to have the stronger position, as based on the more correct meaning of the word; but as for all their differences, it is quite certain that misunderstanding as to the business they are fighting about is the real cause of their trouble. It is doubtful if the learned are sufficiently grateful when they are brought into accord by a process that while it shows them both to be right yet shows them both no less to have been almost equally wrong. At all events, for us who look on and applaud the battle, it is interesting to know the real causes that brought it about.

Now, for all that I am proud enough to think I know the meaning that ought to attach to the word “dream,” and the departure from that correct meaning

which popular usage has sanctioned, still, in order to avoid the confusion and trouble of constant definition, I have gone on using the word in the popular way, except where the case has especially seemed to require that the sense of the word should be defined strictly. Likely enough I shall again and again fall into the mistake that I have just pointed out as seeming to have entrapped my betters, but at least I shall have the consolation of feeling that I stumble in company that is far too good for me. After this discussion in chase of a definition we may hark back to the true line of the hunt. It is a fact very well known, and one that we have had a look at before, that when the higher mental faculties, which really do exercise a considerable control over the lower in sane waking life, are in abeyance, the lower mental processes become much more active, the imagination ranges without a check, following each suggestion of associated idea or of sense, without any reference to the laws of reasonable probability or possibility. That is why we get the little hand-prints with the defective thumb-marks, the Kubla Khan's gardens and the rest of the works of imagination. It is impossible to forecast the direction or the length which the train of ideas suggested by association in dreams may take, even if one can perceive the first stimulus that set them working ; but it certainly does seem as if there must be some common stimulus of each of the more common and easily defined classes of dreams, and as if the common stimulus ought not to be so subtle as to elude us until the end of time.



It would run this volume to quite an impossible length if I were to attempt to give an account of anything like all the interesting dreams and dream facts, apart from those which fall under the headings I have suggested, that correspondents have been kind enough to send me. I will be content with mentioning a few of the more interesting, and first I will take one that is curiously illustrative of a fact that is well known indeed, but very interesting both on its bearing on the dream state in particular and on general psychological phenomena. Some small article had been lost—I forget now what ; let us say a key—belonging to one of two sisters who were travelling together. It could nowhere be found. But one night one of the sisters dreamed that she saw the key in the pocket of her travelling bag. She told this dream, on waking, to the other. “And have you looked in the pocket?” the sister asked. “No I have not,” said she “for the very good reason that there is no pocket in my travelling bag.” “Well,” said the other “there is a pocket in mine. I will just have a look there on the chance”—and there the key was found. The inference is that the dreamer had seen (with the eye of sense, though not with the eye of observation) the key put into the pocket. Even when the key was so found, she had no recollection of seeing it placed there, but the brain had unconsciously recorded the sensation, in course of sleep it had stumbled on that record, and by good luck the sleeper on awaking chanced to remember the mental operation that had taken place during sleep. It is a singular and almost alarming reflection that our

brains are stored with countless such records of which we know nothing, nor ever shall know unless the association of ideas or some peculiar mental state bring them to our notice. In regard to all this side of the subject Miss Cobbe writes very interestingly and suggestively in the essays on "Unconscious Cerebration" and on "Dreams," respectively, that are included in her volume named *Darwinism in Morals*. The dream state, with its apparently ready obedience to each suggestion arising from association of ideas, would seem to be very analogous to the state of hypnotic trance. In both there is the same suspension of the powers of reason and attention, with an increase, that is very probably a consequence, of some of those mental faculties that we are bound to deem lower. It is also worth noting that the mental operations of the sane dreamer have a close resemblance to the operations of the waking mind of a person suffering from that kind of dementia that comes either from an insufficient or an excessive supply of blood in the brain.

And now, to take up the argument more directly in connection with the point of view which suggested the first tentative essay, I would say that there seem to me to be other classes that can be added, out of the mass of correspondence that I have received, to those set down at first. Several of these, the dream of strange and beautiful scenery, the dream of death, the dream of a certain house, of acting in a story, and the dream of hearing distinctly a voice in the room, seem defined enough to suggest that nearly all the cases coming under one of these headings have a common

cause. The dream within a dream and several others would seem to be of sufficiently frequent occurrence, if that were all that is required, to make them worthy a class to themselves, but probably they are produced by causes that are too complex to give the most remote hope of discovering the common stimulus in the different cases.

Although many correspondents have been kind enough to suggest causes for the different well defined and common kinds of dreams, I hardly think that any of them are wholly satisfactory ; on the other hand the instances that they adduce, and of which I will set out a few, grouped under their proper headings, in Part III. of this chapter, cannot fail to be of interest and may even be of value in tracing the stimulus that gives rise to each dream of the same class. As regards the falling dream, that is first on the list, the common account given of it is that it is caused by a form of indigestion which produces pressure on the heart and consequent sending of blood to the brain with a jerk. But why this should make us imagine we are falling is still left unexplained, and I fail to see that this "explanation" puts us farther on our road. It is to be observed that when we say that we "imagine we are falling" we give a true account of the dream, but when we say we "feel as if we were falling," we give, in all probability, an untrue account. For we do not know, the great majority of us, what the sensation is of falling from a great height. What happens to us in the falling dream is therefore something that gives us the impression that we *imagine* we should experience in

falling from a height. That is all we can say. One of my correspondents does indeed suggest that the dream is a survival from the time when we lived in trees, and a chief anxiety of our lives was the fear of falling out of them in sleep. But I am not aware that monkeys often fall from trees in their sleep ; and even so we ceased being monkeys some time ago. If we analyse our impression of falling from a height we shall find, I think, that a chief factor in it is the moving upward, past our eyes, of stationary objects, as the side of the precipice, etc. If any quaint trick were to be played by our circulation, or any other influence, on our optic nerves during sleep, so as to give us this impression of things moving upwards past us, we should at once, as it seems to me, have material for the construction of the falling dream. Also it would account for the singular fact that so few (though there are exceptions) of the dreamers of the falling dream ever come to the bottom, for we may suppose that most of us are awoken by the vividness of the impression of the stationary objects going upward past our eyes. Of course I only hazard this as the merest unconfirmed conjecture, which only claims the merit of being, in my humble opinion, a better explanation than any other that I have yet heard or seen.

It is also an explanation that, with a slight difference perhaps, might account for the flying dream. Any influence on the optic nerve that might make us appear to see objects moving horizontally below us might conceivably give us the impression that we were moving horizontally above them ; and I should

very much like to hear whether either or both these dreams come within the category of the dreams known to blind persons, for if either class of these so common dreams were constantly excluded from their categories, the inference would be strong that the dreams were connected with the optic nerves. I believe it to be a tolerably ascertained fact, as it is in accordance with *à priori* probability, that blind persons never imagine themselves in their dreams to be seeing. Their dreams are confined to impressions of the senses that they possess in waking life. Incidentally I may say that among all my correspondents, to most of whom the flying dream is familiar, one only (and it is the only instance I have ever heard of) flies at any considerable height. All the rest of the world skim, with a floating motion, just over the pedestrians' heads, or skate or slide, sometimes in an upright posture, just above the ground. The prone position of the body during sleep is an explanation that is suggested for the ordinary flying dream, but one that scarcely strikes me as being very satisfactory.

In regard to the dream of inadequate clothing, I regret to say that one or two of my correspondents admit appearing in their dreams in a condition of utter nudity, yet with no properly corresponding sense of shame. A sense of shame there is, yet in no degree adequate to the offence; and while on this point I may say that, whereas one correspondent avers that the moral sense is active in the dream state, so that she feels acute remorse for her evil acts, in the very great majority of instances it seems to be in utter

abeyance, so that the mildest mannered and most tender conscientious commit atrocious crimes without a regretful afterthought.

I think the best known illustration of this almost utter abeyance of the moral judgment in dreams (it is of course only of a piece with the almost utter abeyance of the attentive faculty) is that cited before from Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who writes of a friend of hers, a well known man and a gentleman, as well as a gentle man, who, in a dream, imagined himself to run a friend through the body with a sword, and so far from repenting of his deed when done, was conscious of a certain satisfaction, as at an artistic piece of spitting, in seeing a foot or so of the blade sticking out through the friend's back. This case has been published already. I have not the publication here to refer to, but to the best of my recollection there had not been in the dream or in life the slightest discussion or quarrel between the friends, such as would give rise to the angry emotion that would give a conceivable cause for the act of murder. It was done in cold blood, on a sudden impulse, and the murderer took an æsthetic delight in the fine art with which the murder was done.

This is an extreme case of the absence of moral sense, but on that very account it is typical. It is supported by instances too many to name, by instances for which most will find a parallel in their own dream experience. It may be noted that in all cases of execution or threatened punishment by justice, such as we shall see are not infrequent in dreams, the



victim always supposes his innocence, or at least does not suppose his guilt. I think I have only a single correspondent out of the number that have been good enough to write their experiences to me, who maintains that she (the writer is a lady) has any sense of remorse for the many and various outrages on morality that we seem to commit in our dreams. The conclusion is that any real sense of moral judgment or responsibility is very rare indeed, that the absence of the ethical attitude is the rule, as could only be expected, seeing that the ethical judgment cannot consist with the almost total abeyance of the rational attention which we have seen to characterise the mental operations of dreams. By way of explanation of the dream of inadequate clothing, it is suggested that it is produced by the fact that our night dresses are as a rule of a light material, perhaps giving the impression that we are lightly clad; but the blankets are comfortably thick, and if we are to accept this hypothesis we ought to find, when we awake from this dream, that we have thrown off most of the bed-clothes, which I do not think is the case; and again we ought to dream this particular dream more often in warm weather, when one's bedclothing is light, than in winter, when it is heavy. But this again does not seem to agree with the evidence. Neither do the changes in the temperature, nor indeed any external sensational causes seem to give adequate explanation of any of the well defined classes of dreams, although it is possible to induce a sleeper to answer you by addressing him a question

that seems suited to the course of his mental operations as you infer it from his more or less coherent talking. But broadly, it may be said, I think, that there is no ascertainable common external cause for any of the dreams in these classes. The dream of inadequate clothing, I ventured to suggest as due to an idea inspired by some inconvenience that had actually occurred, as a person coming into a room unexpectedly while one was dressing, the intruder, maybe, mistaking it for his own room. I was perhaps properly, and certainly indignantly, rebuked by one of my correspondents for the suggestion. Yet conceivable cases of the kind are infinite.

The dream of the gratification of a darling wish permits a very similar explanation, and perhaps presents less difficulty than any other class in the category. And the dream of unsuccessful packing, that might perhaps be better termed the dream of exaggerated trivial inconvenience (clergymen dream that they lose their place in church for an hour together, and so on) arises probably enough from a remembrance of similar inconveniences, actually occurring, which the unrestricted dream imagination magnifies according to its manner.

The dream that a beast or bogey pursues you and that you suffer from a paralysis preventing your escape, as well as the dream that you are drawn irresistibly to a burning fiery furnace or other undesirable place, may arise from a recollection of childish terrors, aided, as has been suggested to me, by the comparative inability to move one's limbs in

sleep. My correspondent, who ascribes the falling dream to an inheritance from our anthropoid days, has no trouble in explaining the bogey dream in a like fashion. From my own experience I am satisfied that the bogey dream is nearly, if not quite, always caused by physical discomfort, whether arising from the operations of digestion or the position of the body ; but I cannot find that any particular form of the bogey dream follows any particular form of the physical discomfort.

A startling kind of bogey is suggested by a child's dream that the ticket collector came to the door of the railway carriage with the face of a monster. This dream might be the punishment of conscience for travelling first class with a third class ticket.

By no effort of will, I think, are we able to suggest dreams to ourselves. One correspondent I have quoted as telling me that if he wishes to avoid dreaming of any particular subject he concentrates his last waking thoughts on it in the assurance that it will then not recur in his dreams. But reason and volition are not always, though they are generally, fast asleep, for many of us are conscious of willing effectively the continuance of a pleasant dream, although we cannot suggest it to ourselves effectively in the first instance, nor renew it after being fully awake. Moreover, when we come to mature years it happens now and then that we have a recurrence of the bogey dream or nightmare that so vexed our childhood, and therein it occurs not very unfrequently that we recognise the torment to be a dream affair

and force ourselves to awake from it, knowing, although we know it to be a dream (a very singular feature of the business) that it will continue to torment us if we let it run its course. This, if nothing else, would suffice to show that reason and volition are not always in complete abeyance during sleep, and further the fact that this dream terror or nightmare is so much more common with children than adults is probably due in great measure to the fact that their less developed powers of reason and will are more easily and completely overcome in sleep. To a rather similar cause we may perhaps attribute the dreams of terror that attend the sleep of those whose powers of mind and will have been weakened by illness, by excessive drinking, or, generally, by any abnormal and prolonged strain on the nerves.

I will now proceed to quotation, under their own headings, of the more interesting instances of the commoner kinds of dreams that correspondents have been kind enough to send me.

## CHAPTER IV.

## PART III.

*A.—Instances of the "Falling" Dream.*

IT is to be noticed that there is, besides the actual falling dream, an experience akin to it that is very common, namely a sensation of falling some three or four feet, while half-awake. It is quite painless, accompanied only by slight shock, and I believe that the doctors ascribe it to something that happens to the heart. It lies quite outside our subject, for it is not a dream at all, and it is a little curious that one of the very few of my correspondents to whom the falling dream is unknown says that the sensation of a sudden short drop while half-asleep and half-awake is peculiarly frequent with him. Another correspondent has a curious dream sensation which he classes under the head of the flying dream, but it seems equally well to come under the head of the falling dream, and, indeed, to be a singular medley of the two. This correspondent writes as follows: "As regards what you say about flying in your dreams being a pleasurable sensation, it never was so to me. As a child I have a vivid recollection of constantly flying downstairs in my

dream, but having all the time a perfect terror of dropping down, and was only too thankful when I found myself on *terra firma* at the bottom." The flying, with a fear of dropping and a sensation of terror therewith, is surely, so far, more akin to falling than flying, as the two are commonly experienced in the dream illusion, and the true flying, so to speak of it, is generally so pleasant a sensation that it seems in this regard quite different from the experience of this writer. On the other hand, the fact that the dreamer landed, that the falling (so to call it as she calls it) finished, differentiates this altogether from the typical falling dream, so that this has to be regarded as a kind of freak dream, a cross between the falling dream and the flying, and with some qualities of both. Neither the typical falling nor the typical flying dream occur in the experiences of this correspondent. It would seem, however, that the reaching the bottom of the fall, in the falling dream, is not so unusual as I had supposed, for another correspondent writes: "With regard to No. 1 class, the writer of these notes knows several people who have more than once reached the bottom in safety, though most dreamers wake with a start just before the end of the fall." Another correspondent writes to me of an experience which consists at first of falling, but towards the end of the fall its line becomes less and less perpendicular until it ends by a kind of skating away along a horizontal line. The curious finish to the fall in some measure seems to ally the dream to the cross-bred falling and flying dream noticed just above. There seems a tendency for the



illusion of actual flying to merge into a gliding in an upright posture, as will be seen when we go on to discuss the second class. Miss Frances Power Cobbe writes : " I have read somewhere that the falling dream arises when the process of pressure of the blood vessels on the brain takes place with a jerk instead of gradually, and that we have in fact a sort of miniature apoplectic fit ". It is evident that Miss Cobbe does not attach much importance to this, the commonplace, explanation which will perhaps, if it explains anything, explain the sudden drop in the half-asleep state equally well if not better than the fall in the dream state. Miss Cobbe also says that there is " a terrible kind of disease of the brain in which the otherwise sane patient imagines that a great chasm or abyss opens suddenly before him in the street or the floor of his room, and he retreats instantly in horror ". Miss Cobbe suggests that this may be merely an exaggerated form of the falling dream. But against this theory comes the consideration that Miss Cobbe herself ventures on in the following sentence, that " this dream " (the falling dream) " is very abrupt, not led up to, as most vivid dreams are, by introducing circumstances, and is always followed immediately by waking ". This, as it appears to me, is very typical of this falling dream, and I do not know any other dream that is quite like it, in this circumstance, of which the probable explanation (the explanation, at least, which I should suggest) is that the illusion of falling being so very vivid, not to say distressing, it is far more likely to remain in the waking consciousness than any of the introducing circum-

stances. The fall over the precipice is a much more striking incident than the walk up to its edge, which walk very likely occurs to our sleeping fancy, but is not remembered when we wake up. The vividness of the illusion of falling may even have an active effort in obliterating the consciousness of the less vivid introductory illusion. This explanation I offer as merely the vaguest conjecture.

In the most typical and frequent form of the falling dream, one wakes before reaching the bottom. Indeed, as I have said elsewhere, a common notion or saying is that if you dreamed of reaching the bottom you would then and there die, presumably of nervous shock. This can, however, by the nature of the case, be again but a conjecture of the vaguest. There is no proof that any one ever died such a death, and on the other side of the argument I have the evidence of one correspondent at least who reached the bottom, not in any oblique gliding fashion, but with an impact direct and clashing like a lyddite shell. This lady writes: "You say you have never heard of any one falling who has arrived at the bottom. I have 'arrived' with a crash, have broken up into pieces, and then I—a sort of detached ego—have picked up the pieces and glued them together again". Now this is marvellous; it is magnificent; but it is not war—that is to say it is not the typical falling dream. It sounds more like war than dreaming; but we may dismiss it as not being made in the mould of the ordinary falling dream. It is a freak, and a mightily disagreeable one, as we may imagine. Another variant of the falling dream,

a correspondent describes as follows: "As to the falling dream, I never awake immediately, except when I only seem to step over a step, without any dream at all, immediately after going to sleep". Evidently this is the "drop" of a few feet, in the transition stage, between sleep and wakefulness, of another correspondent, and is not, as that correspondent says, a dream at all. He proceeds: "I generally throw myself over the precipice to escape something, not always exactly alarming" (merely a boring acquaintance, perhaps) "and the result is that at once I have the sensation of being carried away on a river, my sleep becoming dreamless".

This is something like the way in which that other correspondent experiences the falling dream, the falling turning into a gliding, and finishing without any shock, even without sufficient shock to awake the dreamer—very different from the lyddite shell business of the last correspondent's alighting. In this account it is to be noted, too, that there are "introductory circumstances," which persuade the dreamer voluntarily to throw himself over the precipice (it is well that no precipices are at hand when we see certain of our friends approaching us in waking life, otherwise we might be tempted by the example of this dreamer to his heroic mode of getting free from the friendly attention). This dream again is evidently a freak or departure from the true type of the "falling dream". The correspondent adds "I remember this" (*i.e.* that there is the river ready for his reception, like the feather-bed that receives the villain who is hurled

over the precipice at the Adelphi Theatre) "in my dreams, and throw myself over with perfect confidence and do not see anything as I go down. Indeed I have no sensation of going down. After the spring the floating away comes at once." Evidently this is not the true falling dream at all.

One correspondent who dreams, obediently to rules, the falling dream in its typical form, gives me a suggested cause of it, which is well worth noting, however much or little we may be disposed to adopt it. The first sentence of that correspondent, that I will quote immediately, is by way of an answer to a suggestion of my own that the falling dream might be the outcome of an optical delusion which showed some object passing upwards from below. This would satisfy the optical condition of a long fall, and conceivably might arise from some momentary twitch of the optic nerve. I have spoken of this elsewhere. My correspondent writes thus: "In my own case I do not, in the falling dream, *see* any objects at all, either apparently rising or otherwise; the sensation is purely of physical falling" (Query—our familiarity with this sensation?) "but without striking against anything, rather as if the ground or bed were suddenly removed from under me" (certainly this is a good description) "I have felt something not unlike it when in a berth at sea, when the sea was very rough, and the berth suddenly descended, leaving me, for a perceptible fraction of a second behind. This seems to suggest another possible explanation. Can the sensation be due to one's losing the bodily impression of the bed

beneath one a little too soon, before the brain is sufficiently unconscious not to be startled by the apparent loss of support to the body?" The very least to say of this is that it is a very ingenious theory. My own doubt is whether the physiological conditions of sleep will permit its acceptance.

Another correspondent, writing to me of the falling dream, tells me that his experience of it presents features in most respects quite normal, but differing from type in that "I really reach the bottom, and the sudden concussion awakes me. This I had always attributed to some momentary cessation of the heart's action, which probably caused the whole dream." This is the popular account, no doubt, but it is hardly scientifically accurate. Yet another writer, whose experience of the falling dream seems to conform in general to the type, expresses in this way a departure from it: "I, however, always experience a cold terror, while falling, and never wonder at any lack of fear". I gather from all that my correspondents say, that this is a very rare departure from the type. Alice in Wonderland falling down the rabbit hole and thinking how brave the people at home would deem her, not to be frightened, is typical of the dream. Only one more writer will I quote, and then we will cease to fall, which is a stupid action after all, and commence to fly, which is much more engaging. This correspondent suggests that the falling dream is "purely physical". "I always believed," she writes, "it to be caused by the relaxing of one's muscles, as one sees in dogs and cats when fast asleep. A twitch of the

limbs will cause them to start violently, and perhaps utter a sound of distress, sometimes causing them to wake, but not always, and most clearly causing a dream, presumably like that of falling." Are we to admit the adverb, the "presumably," and let it go unchallenged? And after all if we admit the twitch to be identical with the falling sensation (and is not the twitch familiar to us as something different from the fall?) does not that leave a question behind, still to be answered, namely, "What is the cause of the twitch?" So let us leave this business of falling, some of us gliding on on arrival at the bottom, as if on skates and ice, some of us landing dynamically with a crash and a splutter of fragments, but most of us never reaching the bottom at all, our dream breaking off with us in mid-air, which is, most obviously, the proper situation in which to begin the more honourable business of flight. Lucifer and the devils fall, but all good angels fly.

### PART III.

#### *B.—Instances of the "Flying" Dream.*

A great many of my correspondents, who have read the essay that I threw out tentatively to attract records of dream experiences, take me to task very strongly for saying that the majority of dreams are unpleasant. Indeed, so many write to this effect that I am convinced I must be wrong, and that the majority of mankind find a balance of pleasure over discomfort



in dreamland; a conclusion that is certainly more comfortable than the gloomy one which my own experience led me to offer in the first instance. "I am sure," writes one of these correspondents, "that many could speak of the lovely dream world to which the Ivory Gate admits them. There are dreams of beautiful scenery, such as the waking eyes have never beheld, of entrancing music, mostly heard at a distance—of hearing again loved voices, long hushed in death. This last comes under the class of dreams from which the waking is sad. But many others are most refreshing. One is taken out of the narrow, depressing life of the sick room. One is well again, active, seeing and hearing beautiful things," and so on. A sufficient proportion of correspondents write in this strain to convince me that the sad conclusion I drew, chiefly from my own nightmares, was wrong and that dreaming is to be reckoned on the side of the pleasures of life. I do not know whether Sir John Lubbock, to speak of him by the name in which he wrote and by which he is best known, mentions dreaming among the pleasures of life in his category. Amongst the pleasures of dreams ought surely to be catalogued this most pleasant fancy of flying.

The type of it, that is to say its most general form, is I think a skimming, in a horizontal position, with some easy swimming-like movement of the arms, at a height of say eight or ten feet, either in a room or without. The rising off the ground is effected by a jump; and so many have the feeling that this rising is assisted by drawing the breath in strongly, and so

expanding the lungs, as to suggest that this flying dream is caused by some action of the breathing organs. It remains a conjecture. Of this typical flying dream, as of the falling, there seem to be many variants. "The flying dream," writes one correspondent, "I often experienced, but in my version the flight is never overhead. It is like a sensation of skating on air, just above the ground, rather than of flying, that I have. I move forward rapidly, with long swinging strokes" (with arms or with legs?) "and feel surprised always either at my never having found out my powers in this line before, or at my having neglected so delightful a method of locomotion. For there is often a memory of former dreams of flight, though never *as dreams*. I think 'Why, I have done this before, I can't understand why I gave it up'." (This is a common experience, I think, in the flying dream.) "Sometimes," my correspondent proceeds, "I soar slowly upwards, and move about a room" (here we pass into the typical form of flying dream) "for such soaring dreams have always their place in-doors, while the air-skating, if I may call it so, is always outside." This air-skating, presumably in an upright posture, seems to be not at all infrequent, but more commonly occurring to those who do not know what it is to fly properly. It seems, as it were, the beginning of flight, the sensations being very similar in kind though differing in degree, both having in common the sensation of moving forward through the air by means that are not within man's power of locomotion (with all excuses to the levitationists) in waking life.

One correspondent says: "The flying dream I have never had; the nearest approach was floating down the stairs, upright, with my hand on the balusters, without touching the steps with my feet". This seems to be the very infancy of the art of dream-flying, and to belong almost as much to the falling as to the flying class. It is really scarcely more than a slightly glorified fall.

Another correspondent writes interestingly of the flying dream thus: "The flying dream is most pleasant. In my dreams I am sometimes asked how I do it, and explain that it is perfectly easy. One has only (!) to raise oneself from the ground and can then skim along (upright)" (the position in this instance is really the only departure from the type) "without any exertion. There seems to be a slight exertion in raising oneself, and in getting up to a higher level, but that is all. I am almost always in a building, but sometimes it is of enormous height and I have often raised myself to the top. I do not see things below me, but look straight in front or to the side and notice details of architecture, etc." It is very singular how often people dream of flight within a building—singular because it seems so unnatural, so unlikely, so contrary to experience. In experience, when we see things flying, they are flying out of doors, with the exception of house flies and an occasional moth. The first idea that the word "flight" suggests to us is flight in the open air, not in a room; and generally we notice flight of birds going from tree to tree. Now it never, so far as I know (and never is a big word) happens to any one to dream

of flitting from tree to tree, like a bird, or from flower to flower, like a butterfly. It is always a long skimming flight, sometimes aided by kicks on the ground, as a bad swimmer aids himself to swim in shallow water. Evidently it does not owe its origin to dream memories of birds and fancying ourselves capable of their flight. It is flight *sui generis*.

In another letter I have an account of the flying dream not unlike the last, only that in this case the air-skating is done without any of those long powerful strokes, presumably of the feet and legs, that the former speaks of, in fact without movement of limbs at all, so that it were better described as air-sliding than skating, if words can indicate it at all. The writer says: "My experience of the flying dream is of a rapid movement at about a foot from the ground" (presumably in an upright posture, though this is not mentioned) "without any motion whatever of the limbs, and is only exceeded in pleasurable sensation by that of one which might be classed as the dream of discovering new and beautiful scenery in familiar haunts of one's waking hours—dream transformation of 'My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood'." In every instance, whatever the position of the body and the height of the so-called flight, it would seem that the sensation is a pleasant one, even as we all imagine that the sensation of flight, were we really able to fly, would be delightful. As a matter of fact the birds who can fly seldom seem to do it for amusement. The skylark soars apparently for its pleasure, wild ducks fly in circles round towards roosting time, and rooks

and starlings perform evolutions that do not seem to have any special purpose in the air ; but these are exceptions from the general rule that the birds only use their wings to take them where their business calls them, and do not go flying about for the fun of flying, as we imagine we should do if we could. Our flight in dreams—so to call what really resembles a fast floating through the air rather than the series of impulsive movements that go to make flight—is always an amusement ; we never seem to use the power as a base means of transit merely. It is something better.

An exceptional case of the flying dream, in respect of the altitude of the height, is given by another correspondent who says : “ The flying dream I often dream, only I always find myself flying at a great height, and a delightful sensation it is. I seem to dread getting nearer the ground, as I know I shall be unable to rise again, and yet eventually something drags me down, and when I get near the earth I always awake.” Is this an instance of the flying dream passing into the falling dream? Its end has some of the features of the falling dream, and we have seen cases of the falling dream apparently passing into the flying dream, or at least into the air-skating or sliding. These instances are to be noticed, because it is one of the commonplace remarks about dreams, that in spite of their incoherence they always follow the same emotional course. That is to say, that a pleasant dream is pleasant from first to last, the imagination selecting only the thoughts that are pleasurable and stringing them together in its own haphazard fashion, whereas in an unpleasant

dream the imagination picks up only the unpleasant things that are suggested. This is a theory to which I find many contradictory instances, dreams often passing from the pleasant to the disagreeable and *vice versâ*, The passing from falling to flying, and perhaps *vice versâ* are instances in point, for the falling dream, although generally unaccompanied with terror, is the reverse of pleasant, whereas the dream-flight is always pleasant, however lowly it may be. The idea that filling the lungs, and so giving oneself the feeling of buoyancy, helps in levitation, occurs in several of the communications I have had under this head. "The flying dream," writes one, "was common with me some years ago, but I used to fly by going sideways, not far, say eighteen inches, from the ground, every now and again giving myself a fresh push on with my foot. I fancied breathing helped me, but everything seemed to depend on the volition of the will. As I used to glide by people I used to pity their having to walk, and wonder that I ever walked when I could go thus!" This sense of wonder and compassion is very typical of the flying dream, and scarcely less so is the idea that a deal of the flight is done by hard willing. What is very unusual is the sense of flying sideways. The common sensation is of floating forward in a horizontal line, the body itself in a horizontal attitude, or, far less often, upright. This side swimming action, with a kick off the floor now and then, is quite abnormal.

Another writer confirms the service that the will seems to perform in the dream flight, as follows: "With respect to dreams of flying, I have never had



them, but I have often and often felt in my dreams that I had a perfect power of swimming through the air, *without any bodily action*, but simply by a strong *effort of volition*. So vivid has this impression been, that on awaking I have been for some time unable to persuade myself that it was only a dream." In spite of the writer's preface to this account, it is evident that his is really the "flying dream" in the sense, perhaps too loose, in which I have used the term as a class-heading. Not only does the account fall within the class, but it is fairly typical of it, so far as the account explains itself. The flying dream has a distinct type of its own. It is apt, as we have seen, to pass into the falling dream, in which case it seems to lose its pleasurable character and become disagreeable. But I do not think that in any typical case of the flying dream it gives other than a delightful sensation. One of my correspondents, it is true, writes in a contrary sense: "As regards what you say about flying dreams being a *pleasurable* sensation, it never was so to me. As a child I have a vivid recollection of constantly flying downstairs in my dream, but having all the time a perfect terror of dropping down, and was only too thankful when I found myself on *terra firma* at the bottom."

This, which is given as a contradictory instance, is really not to be regarded in that light, for it is evident that this is a quite different dream from the typical flying dream. It is indeed quite as like the type of the falling dream, and is to be looked on more as an instance of the transition from the one class to the

other. There is more of terror expressed in the account of it than is common even in the falling dream itself, from the type of which it is further separated by the ultimate safe landing at the bottom. But probably this is really to be regarded as one of the unclassified dreams which do not fall fairly under the one class or the other, for this reason, that the correspondent names the particular staircase (in their house in Amen Court) down which she used to take this dream flight or fall. This sensation of a distinctly recognised locality of the fall or flight is not typical of either the falling or the flying dream. In general there is the sensation of falling or flying, but not falling down any particular precipice or well, nor flying to or from any particular place. There are exceptions, but this is the rule, and this singular dream we are talking about must rank, I think, among the great number of the unclassified. It presents too many exceptions to come very kindly under either the falling or the flying head.

### PART III.

#### *C.—Instances of the Dream of Inadequate Clothing.*

It is painful to have to record that further correspondence inclines me to suppose that the aggravated form of this dream, in which we appear in public in perfect nudity, is less rare than I had thought. One correspondent, it will be seen, apologises for the aggravated form in which she envisages herself in this dream by saying that she is accustomed to draw from the nude.

That is better, no doubt, than no apology at all. If we can regard ourselves thus, from the point of view of the artist, we are justified, while in the studio, in feeling no shame, but still, the model of Queen Guinevere does not go forth in Piccadilly as she sat for the equestrian picture. For such doings as these we have to go to "The Night Side of Nature," or to the dream-land with which it is about equally real. No doubt we are reconciled to the parlous state the more easily because it seems to give no offence. This, I think, is always the case. I have collected no instance of the spectators rebuking the inadequately clothed for their nudity. "When going only half-dressed," writes one (a clergyman), "into a room full of people, in my dreams, and dreadfully conscious" (dreadfully conscious expresses the typical feeling well, there is no overwhelming sense of shame though there is some slight distress) "of the lapse from decency and good manners, nobody notices it in the least." So tactful of them! It is the attitude that the spectator always adopts towards the poor hero of this dream. A peculiarly painful form of the dream of inadequate clothing, as attacking the clergy, is related by another correspondent. "A clergyman once told me," he writes, "that he used to dream that he was late for church, undressed, and unable to get on the gown to cover his naked limbs." In this case the dream of inadequate clothing seems to have been supplemented and aggravated by some of the vexations belonging properly to another class, the dream of trivial inconveniences. The being late does not enter into the typical idea of the dream

of lack of dress. It is an outside, extra aggravation. But otherwise the dream was typical enough; and after this, who can doubt that the devil busies himself with sending dreams now, even as he did in the Middle Ages?

An ingenious suggestion of the cause producing this dream of inadequate clothing is given by a correspondent whom I am on the point of quoting. It is a suggested cause that perhaps may carry the more weight because of the different degrees of inadequacy in the dream toilet, which we have seen to prevail, the delusion of complete nudity being quite exceptional. My correspondent writes: "With regard to the dream of inadequate clothing, I have long had the idea (very open to question, I know) that it is caused by the last impression we receive of our own appearance before going to bed. Most people, I think, have a stage in their going-to-bed operations at which they take things rather easily, brush their hair, read a little, or think over the events of the day. It seems to me that this appearance of oneself in a state of semi-undress (impressed more strongly by the reflexion of the bedroom mirror as we move about) is about the last picture presented to the eye—the picture which consequently tends to reappear in sleep. The only proof I can offer in support of the theory is, that in my own dreams of this class I always find myself at the same stage of undressing, and that the one at which I habitually pause. I believe that this might be found to be the same with other people who suffer from the dream."

Now this is a very ingenious theory, but it does not quite seem to work out right. In the first place not many men, I think, ever contemplate themselves with the Narcissus-like satisfaction here suggested, on their way to bed. As a rule, one is too sleepy or too cold, or too something. Also, one is perhaps not worth looking at. But those who do contemplate themselves on the way to bed, at a certain stage—the hair-brushing stage—are women. They sit long before a glass, while a maid or their own hands brush their hair, but though I have inquired, so closely as one may inquire into a matter so delicate, I have not been able to learn that this particular stage, rather than any other, is the one at which one appears in dreams to be going into the best society, nor is there any special suggestion of the flowing locks which ought to accompany the appearance if the fancy were so strictly connected with the hair-brushing and mirror-gazing moment. And at the same time we find that this dream is quite common among men, who I do not think have a habit of contemplating their reflection in a state of semi-toilette. There is also this to be said, which is pointed out at more length in another chapter, that the thoughts that occupy the mind just before the moment of sleep are by no means those which are likely to occupy the dream thought. To this argument, answer may be made, that this is not an affair of the occupation of the mind with a subject, but of the scarcely conscious notice taken by the eye of a familiar object, and maybe, this is a good answer. But there is a certain objection to the theory advanced, to which I do not

perceive any adequate answer; and that is that the real essence of this dream, that which is its distinguishing feature, is not simple nudity or semi-nudity, but semi-nudity (let us take the typical form of it) at the wrong time—without a sufficient regard to those relatives on which so much stress is laid by Aristotle, the when, the where and in what manner. It is not simply that we dream we are naked, or in a semi-dress, as in the *négligé* appropriate to the hair-brushing-stage for which a woman has no reason to blush in her maid's presence, but it is semi-nudity in the presence of conventional, frock-coated society, it is semi-nudity not at the right time, even though it be the time shortly before the hour for sleep.

One of my correspondents—a lady, I think—who suffers from the dream of inadequate clothing in its extreme form of absolute nudity, records that she takes to herself comfort of a philosophical kind by the following quite logical reasoning: “I usually console myself by thinking that people shouldn't be there when they are not wanted, and that since they don't mind, I needn't”. This is philosophy at the heroic height.

The most apparent theory on which to explain this dream of inadequate clothing is, no doubt, that one is actually inadequately clothed with bedclothes insufficient for their purpose, or at all events for going one's walks abroad. To this effect one of my correspondents says: “The dream of inadequate clothing I must think arises from the fact that one *is* inadequately clothed for appearing in public. I have never had any



one come into my room unexpectedly while I was dressing." This last remark is evidently an answer to a suggestion that the dream was inspired by an inopportune opening of the door when the toilet was not complete. "I must confess," this writer goes on shamelessly, "that it does not trouble me in the least, but I am personally concerned about my bare feet, and have shuffled them under the sand when bathing on the sea-shore, so that they might not be seen. Sometimes I am only afraid of their being hurt."

The trouble about accepting the theory advanced here is that it does not jump with the facts. So far as I can make out we do not dream the nude dream, so to call it with brutal brevity, when we are under warm bedclothes, nor does the general type of this dream seem to be appearance in one's nightgown or pyjamas, but appearance in a state of semi-day-toilette. But there is some fuller discussion of this delicate subject elsewhere. With regard to the dream of inadequate clothing, as experienced by this writer who shuffles bare feet under the sand, it all looks as if it might be called more rightly a dream of bathing, a reminiscence of preparation for sea-bathing, than a dream of insufficient clothing. Light clothing and insufficient clothing are not the same thing. The clothing that is perfectly adequate for bathing is light; but it is not adequate for going to church or to court. Similarly on a hot night in summer the bedclothes will be light, but may be quite adequate; and the class of dream we have been talking about is typically one in which the clothing is not adequate.

## PART III.

*D.—Instances of the “Bogey” Dream.*

The instances of the bogey dream, that correspondents kindly have communicated, are very many, very varied, and very curious. There is a special form of the bogey dream evidently recurring so often that I shall group a few of its instances under a class by itself—the dream that one is dead and has curious *post-mortem* experiences, sometimes, but not always, disagreeable. I am rather sorry to think that dream-death has never come within my own experience, for there is no doubt that the sensations are novel and interesting. Of course the veritable terror of the bogey belongs more to the dreams of childhood than of grown-up people, and it is commonly said, indeed, that all dreaming is much more frequent in earlier years, say the first fifteen of life, than later. Probably the meaning of this is that not until we come to years of a certain discretion do we fully realise that dreams are no more than a delusion. The fuller knowledge enables us to realise unconsciously, at the very moment of awaking, the unreality of the mental experience we have just passed through, which experience we therefore at once cease to attend to and turn our thoughts to subjects of more natural interest. The child, on awaking, has not this instant full appreciation of the fanciful nature of his sleeping thoughts; and therefore, dwelling on them longer in the first of his waking thoughts,

impresses them on his mind, and will, more often than the adult, have that waking consciousness of his mental operations in sleep which we have seen to enter into the strict definition of the word dream. On the theory that *every* mental operation occurring in sleep is to be called a dream, the man probably dreams as often as the child—indeed it is probable that both dream in this sense almost, if not quite, continuously—but the waking consciousness of such operation of the mind will remain with the child more often than with the adult. The phrases “sleeping like a child,” “the peaceful sleep of children,” and so on, in such common use, are testimony to the fact that the child shows less evidence to an onlooker of its mental operations during sleep, although it is generally agreed that children dream, in the true sense of the word, far more often than the adult. The bogey dream naturally is more common (bears a larger relation to the total of dream experiences) with a child than with an adult, for few children are free entirely of a fear of the dark, or of ghosts or burglars—fears that, in the first place, are often put into their heads by foolish nurse-maids. This fear, without the appearance of the object that inspires the terror, is quite typical of the bogey dream. Thus one correspondent writes: “I have had a dream of walking in some neighbourhood where some wild beast was at large and being very much afraid of meeting it, but it has never run after me”. Well, that is very much what happens to children, and very nervous grown-up people too, if they have occasion to walk at night through a lonely wood. They imagine

sounds, shadows take the form of men lurking in wait behind tree-trunks, and so on, until fear of something unseen quite overmasters them and they fairly turn tail and run. Children do it, and confess it; adults do it more often than they confess, unless they are much misjudged. Another kind of terror, very typical of the kind of trouble that harasses us in the bogey dream, is described by the correspondent just quoted: "I sometimes dream of trying to shut a door or window to keep out some danger, robbers generally, and being unable to secure the fastenings". Any form of unreasonable inability to escape from the terror that is pursuing is typical of this class of dream. On the other hand, I do not think that all fleeing from a terrible pursuit comes fairly under this head. For instance, one friend writes to me: "A dream I have often had is of fleeing from justice whose punishment I have merited, generally through theft"; a candid confession that it is to be hoped is coupled with a conviction that "dreams go by contraries". The same friend also says: "I have often dreamt of battle. I have fought through it, been wounded, and so on, all in the most realistic manner". The realistic manner is perhaps what distinguishes these instances from the typical bogey dream. Therein the terror is conceived as something unusual, vague, superstitious almost. It is nothing so definite as justice. Even when childhood invests some harmless individuality with terror, as in my own case, the terror is of a supernatural kind. Childhood's fancy and fears have invested it with terrors that do not properly belong to it, as they

distinctly do belong to "justice," presuming that its vengeance has been incurred.

There is one correspondent, it is true, who writes : "I have no sense of fear or terror. If I am pursued by an animal I always sooner or later escape from it or overcome it in some way which causes a glow of pride." This absence of terror is very unusual in the dream. On the other hand, the sense of relief and joy at being rid of the bogey is much more frequent, and almost typical of the dream where it lasts long enough for such a *dénoûment* and does not wake the sleeper by the intensity of the terror. It is only natural that a sleeper who regards the pursuit with the calmness of this correspondent should carry on the dream to this pleasant finale. But the sense of relief and pleasure that commonly comes as a consequence of the danger evaded, following on all the disagreeable sensations of fear, is yet again opposed to the theory that dreams follow a single line of emotion, pleasurable or the reverse. There is a distinct change from the disagreeable to the pleasant in the emotion of danger imminent followed by the emotion of danger escaped.

There is often in this dream a knowledge that the whole affair is a dream and a delusion, yet at the same time it is accompanied with a terror that the sleeper cannot shake off. He knows that he can rid himself of the terror, if he can but awake ; and yet, in spite of all his efforts, he is not always able to wake himself. Sometimes he succeeds, but generally it is only after severe effort, and in some cases, even while continuing

to struggle to awake, he has to wait till some sensation from without gives his will the required energy, as in the following account which may be taken as fairly typical of the bogey dream: "I become suddenly aware, in my sleep, of some unseen presence in my bedroom, being at the same time conscious of the geography and details of the room. It is mostly a living presence I suspect, but the terror of the supernatural is suggested. The object of my terror always remains invisible, either hidden by cupboard door, hanging drapery or by remaining below the level of my vision as I lie in bed. Indignation, coupled with a strange childish fear, compels me to shout words of adjuration, remonstrance or threat; but enunciation is difficult in sleep, as the tongue refuses to act" (this be it observed, is by no means always the case) "and the unformed words seem to come from the throat, making sounds most horrible, as I am told. All the time I know it is a dream, and I have tried occasionally, but always in vain, to make some movement of the body so as to wake myself up." (It is not a little curious, the will thus helping itself, as it were, by an action that itself suggests. It is an experience that is common with people who strive to wake themselves from a horrid dream.) "However, I have been so often awoken by my daughter rapping on the wall of an adjoining room, whenever she hears me, that I find myself, during the process of the dream, formulating the wish, 'Oh, when is she going to rap, that I may awake'?" (again a very curious and yet typical experience)! "Immediately I hear the rapping I awake



and I usually find that I have both arms across my chest, or else that I am lying neither on my side nor my back, but midway between both."

It is rather hard to "box the compass," so to speak, so finely as to understand exactly the point of anatomy meant by "midway between side and back," but on the whole this dream is very typical of the bogey kind, very interesting. This dream, more than any other, may be attributed to bodily discomfort, whether coming from causes without, as from position of body and limbs, or from within, as lobster salad taken late at night. The bogey dream, in fact, is the genuine nightmare. And yet, on this very point, one of my correspondents raises a very curious question: "It is indubitable," she (a well-known writer) writes, "that bad dreams are generally caused by some physical condition, specially that of the digestion. Every one's experience bears this out. How is it then, that in illness, and in cases where digestion is specially at fault, good dreams should be more frequent than bad ones?" It is of course possible to deny the fact, but by observation of my own dreams in illness and asking others for their experience, both personal and such as they have been able to note in others, it appears to me that the fact as stated by the writer is not to be denied, that it is absolutely correct, and that the inference to be drawn from it certainly seems to run counter to the prevalent theory that indigestion causes nightmare. Perhaps it is only a certain kind, degree, or phase of indigestion. At all events, the question raised is just one of those that we

are surprised to find has not been answered long ago, in all the years that science has learnt to be scientific.

I find I have been rather severely taken to task by one or two correspondents for saying that it is very rare to dream of ghosts, several asserting that ghosts are a common form of their dream apparitions, but in almost every case I find on reading a little further that what they speak of as "ghosts" are really apparitions of people who are in fact dead, but whom they do not realise in their dreams to be dead. They appear as living people, with no suggestion of the supernatural about them, and thus, as it seems to me, hardly come under the description of "ghost," properly so called, for "ghost" essentially conveys the idea of the supernatural, and of the seer's knowledge that it is supernatural. It is just this knowledge and its inevitably accompanying terror that we do not have in our dream when we seem to see apparitions of the dead. One correspondent who sees this distinction a good deal more clearly than most people seem to grasp it, says: "I have sometimes dreamt of actual ghosts" (what this means is not quite clear, but probably it means the recognised white-sheeted figure of the graveyard) "and often of people who have died, not as ghosts, but as in bodily life, and yet remembering all the time that they have died. I have a great horror of this dream. Of course I also often dream of them as living, without remembering their deaths, which is quite different." Of course it is that which makes all the difference. Another dream of the true ghost character is that of a daughter who dreamed a cruelly realistic

dream in which her father, who had lately died, appeared to "enter the room carrying his coffin". There were many details of the apparition too horrible to relate. Naturally the dream made a very deep and lasting impression, and frequently recurred. The same person seems quite in the habit of dreaming of ghostly visitations, but such cases would appear to be altogether exceptional and the normal type is of the pursuit, attack or terror of some dangerous beast or some presence that has about it something of the supernatural, while there is an equally supernatural inability to escape until the fearful thing gets very close, when the terror seems to pass away and at the same moment one awakes. It is quite common, I think, for the terror to pass, even before the waking moment, though it often also happens that one seems to be awoken by the very intensity of the terror itself. Sometimes the inability to escape takes rather ludicrous forms, as of the feet being caught in strawberry jam. It is seldom, I think, that the apparent paralysis of the limbs is total; one can generally move, but not fast enough to give one the most distant chance of escaping. One of the most absurd of the entanglements that prevent escape from the pursuing terror is described as "trying to get through a door small enough for fowls on the level of the floor and finding it distinctly difficult and inconvenient, only succeeding finally in squeezing half through the aperture". A quaint variety of the wild beast terror described by the same writer is in the shape of "a tame beast" such as a domestic cat or dog suddenly becoming wild and attacking every one in

its vicinity, especially the dreamer, with sudden and unaccountable ferocity. In some ways similar is the account of another correspondent: "The first dreams I can remember in my early childhood were of wolves. The 'wolves' varied in appearance between terriers and grizzly bears, but they were always called wolves, and generally ate me. This was uncomfortable, but not painful, and never seemed to do me any harm!" This catching (which we must presume as a preliminary stage, even in such inconsequent affairs as dreams, of the eating, even as the hare has to be caught before being cooked) serves to distinguish this dream from the normal type of the bogey dream, for the normal bogey never catches the dreamer. Much more like the typical bogey dream is this other, which the same writer contributes: "A horrible dream of my childhood was of a book of most terrifying stories. At the beginning of the dream some one would produce the book and read to me, but in course of time I became more or less associated with the heroine. The stories varied, but the book was always the same." It is not at all unusual for the dreamer to identify himself with some fictitious person of a play or novel. A curious form of bogey is narrated by a correspondent already quoted: "One is often worked up into a frenzy of despair by various objects increasing enormously in size, such as a person or a train at the other side of the room becoming alarmingly bigger as it approaches the unhappy dreamer". "A house on fire is with some a common form of danger," says the same correspondent in another part of the letter, "from which it seems

impossible to escape, and a sudden awakening to consciousness proves a very great and real relief." This is an instance of the normal stationary bogey dream, as one may call it. On the other hand, the instance that this writer further quotes seems to show complete departure from the type: "Burglars hidden away in dark recesses of rooms," he says, "behind curtains, etc., usually followed in the dream by a wild and hopeless chase after the offender, and also frantic efforts to bar doors and windows against invaders of various descriptions are most fruitful sources of terror". Well, if terror there be in this, it would seem that the bulk of it is reserved for the burglar, after whom goes the "wild and hopeless chase". It is surely the chased rather than the chaser that ought to be the terror-stricken, and this inversion of the rôles differentiates the dream entirely from the normal type of the bogey dream in which the terror of the dreamer is one of the most conspicuous and constant features.

### PART III.

#### *E.—Instances of the Dream of Trivial Inconveniences.*

From the letters that I have received I am quite sure that I made rather too much of a specialised class of the "journey" dream—the dream that you are packing and always, by some perversity, put in your newly-blackened boots or your sponge-bag with your clean white shirts, and no wrapping between, or that your cab-horse is struck with a paralysis that makes it

almost impossible to catch even a South-Eastern train. The dreams, if they can be classified at all, ought to be classified rather in regard to the sensations and emotions they excite than to the illusory objects that appear as their exciting causes. And I find a like emotion of distress caused by many other fancies than the fancy that we are missing a train. I should, therefore, prefer to alter the title of this class into that of "Dreams of Trivial Inconvenience". It is a class that includes the missing of trains, but I quite see that it is only by an accident, due perhaps to the fact that I happen to travel pretty frequently, that the dream of trivial inconvenience commonly afflicts me under this guise. Thus a correspondent writes: "The packing dream is the one that pursues me, but then I travel a great deal, and so I often go through the difficulties of not being able to close my trunk because it is too full". Another writes, "The journey dream is rare with me now, but used to take the form of not being able to find part of my dress" (presumably at a moment when time to catch the train was valuable).

A typical instance of the dream of trivial inconvenience is one that seems tolerably common with clergymen. They lose their place, or their memory, while preaching. Thus one writes: "One of my unpleasant dreams (being a clergyman) is that I am in church, and cannot find the Collect or Lessons or Psalms, and I stand for a full half-hour turning over the pages, backwards and forwards, in an agony, and cannot get any further. The strange thing is that the people whom I momentarily expect to get up and leave



the church never seem to notice my dilemma." This latter circumstance is very peculiar. It would not be so peculiar if it were the experience of this dreamer only. In that case we might look on it as an accident. But it is in fact typical of what takes place, not in this class of dreams only, but also in the dream of inadequate clothing. As this same correspondent notices: "When going only half-dressed into a room full of people (in my dreams) and dreadfully conscious of the lapse from decency and good manners, *nobody notices it in the least*". It presents a very curious problem this, that "the people whom I momentarily expect to get up and leave the church never seem to notice my dilemma". It is very curious, because the whole scene is of course an invention of the mind, and yet the "people in the church," although they are only the puppets of the mind that is inventing the whole show, do not act in the manner that the mind expects them to act, neither is this manner of acting one that any previous experience could unconsciously suggest. It all seems to raise a psychological problem of as much interest as difficulty. I am too afraid of my own ignorance to venture even a conjectural explanation. It is true that "one never seems to be surprised" in dreams, as another correspondent notices, but it is hardly to be thought that we endow all the puppets of our dreams with the attitude of *nil admirari*. At least if we do so, the reason seems far to seek.

One form that the journey dream is apt to take does not concern itself either with packing or with vain endeavour to catch a train that is on point of

starting, but consists of "futile efforts to find the train in the bewildering intricacies of some nightmare railway"—probably Clapham Junction. It does not seem that this dream, in any of its forms, often causes sufficiently poignant discomfort to wake the dreamer, but I find that it sometimes does so (unless indeed the very fact of its waking him ought to put it outside the class of *trivial* inconvenience). And actually I find this the case in an instance almost exactly similar, except in its *dénoûment*, to the dream of the clergyman as narrated above. In this second instance it is the wife who writes of her husband's dream, apparently of no trivial inconvenience with him, as follows: "My husband, who is rector of this parish, is often tormented by a dream that he is reading the services in church—never in the sermon." (Perhaps he has sufficient fervour of extempore preaching to make the loss of his place in the sermon no matter of consequence.) "He fancies he is reading the service as usual, when he happens to lift his eyes from the book for a moment, and when he looks back at the book he cannot find the place. He stops short, turns the leaves backwards and forwards, gets into a flurry, fancies the book is upside down, turns it, but still cannot read the right sentence, the congregation are all staring at him in astonishment, and then, in an agony of shame and confusion he awakes." Perhaps we are to conclude that this is a clergyman of a much more sensitive nature than the other, so that what is to the other but matter of trivial inconvenience is to this one very much more. Certainly the latter is the manner in which it would be

viewed in waking life by both ; it is what we should expect. But for that very reason it is not nearly as typical as the former of the dreams of trivial inconvenience. Indeed the degree of the distress that it occasions seems to take it right out of that category and exalt it rather to the dignity of a genuine nightmare.

One correspondent writes : " The dream of difficulties in packing for a journey, I have known, but not as often as difficulties in reading, which you do not mention ". This is worth a little notice, because there certainly appears a tendency for the dream of trivial inconvenience to repeat itself in the same form with the same person. Thus, the clergyman dreams of losing his place, the frequent traveller of troubles over his journey, but it does not often happen so far as I can learn that the same person will have more than one form of the trivial inconvenience dream at all constantly. He either has trouble with his journey or with his place in church or some other inconvenience of the kind, but one and the same person seldom suffers one at one time one at another. It rather looks as if the same cause, recurring in sleep, produced the same dream of trivial inconvenience pretty constantly. But the above is an instance of a dreamer who has sometimes one form and sometimes another of the dream of trivial inconvenience. I am led to think that such instances are rare. One writes to me : " The packing up and many similar dreams " (which looks as if this again was an instance of the same dreamer suffering different kinds of the dream of

trivial inconvenience) "I often have; but I almost always overcome the difficulties in the end".

I do not think that this successful finish is very typical or usual. The more usual thing is an awakening to a sense that the difficulties are ceasing to trouble but not to any sense that they are solved. It is as if the dream had gradually lost its reality before we awoke, but of course this does not necessarily imply that any length of time worth speaking of has passed between our awaking and the mental process in sleep which we remember when we awake. One would conjecture that the awaking was gradual in this, the normal type of this dream, unlike the swift recovery of all the working faculties which seems to accompany the awaking in consequence of a strong appeal to the senses or of a strong emotion caused by the dream process itself.

Another curious and not very usual form of the dream of trivial inconvenience, a correspondent narrates as follows: "My most usual 'troubled dream' not amounting to nightmare, is of going up narrow rough stairs, about unceilinged lofts, through low garrets, with gaps in the flooring, and finding myself in dismal places with no exit but a crack or finger hole, often seeing or fearing some haggish horror". The sight or the fear of the haggish horror might well seem to bring this dream under the head of the bogey dream, rather than that of the trivial inconvenience, were it not that the writer expressly says that it does not amount to nightmare. For all that, it does seem that when the "haggish horror" enters on the scene it

must at once elevate the dream out of the class of trivial inconvenience, and perhaps the fact is that we may take the dreams as described here as fairly falling under two heads, the one, before the entry of the terror, under the trivial inconvenience head, the other, after the terror's appearance, the bogey heading. In any case the dream is a curious one, the more so as I should not gather, from the rest of this writer's correspondence, that climbing about in lofts and garrets makes part of his ordinary walks in life. And the dream of trivial inconvenience generally takes place amid the common surroundings.

The only other form of the trivial inconvenience dream that seems to me worth any special notice is the form in which it seems apt to occur to people who are fond of shooting. It is thus that one correspondent describes it, and his description is typical enough: "My most frequent nightmare" (but it does not really aspire to the dignity of nightmare) "is that I am shooting, and that my gun will not work. Sometimes it comes to pieces in my hands, sometimes I forget how to use it, and as my nightmare gun is no ordinary weapon, but a curious and complicated structure, this is not to be wondered at. I am perfectly certain that if that gun were to be put into my waking hands, I should not be able to fire it. Then again, I always, being left-eyed, have to shut one eye when I shoot. In my dreams I often shut the wrong eye. Curiously enough, I was shooting one day this autumn when I was not very well. Everything went wrong with me, and at last, to my horror, I found myself shutting my

right eye, exactly as in my dreams. The sensation of waking nightmare was one of the most disagreeable I ever had, but I have never dreamed that particular dream since. The last sentences are interesting enough, but they go into a line of psychological speculation which does not strictly belong to dreams, although dreams cast a valuable light on it. To adhere by our own lines, it is to be noticed that this dream is fairly typical of the dream of trivial inconvenience as it assails shooters. Another has told me that sometimes the trigger seems to be made of india-rubber or some flaccid substance, so as to give the finger no power to pull the spring and release the striker. With another the striker seems padded, so that it will not explode the detonating charge, and yet another tells me that in dreams his gun often hangs fire for an unconscionable time, and the doubt whether or no it means to go off, long after the trigger has been pulled and the gun even been taken from the shoulder, is a very trying form of suspense. So it would be, were they aware of it, to all who might happen to stand in its line of fire. From all such eccentricities of the shot gun may the good Mr. Purdey deliver us.

The writer whom I have quoted on this shooter's dream speaks of it as nightmare, but really the temperature of the discomfort does not rise to that of nightmare. Evidently this experience of the shooter rises in the scale of the disagreeable to just about the same standard as that of the clergyman who loses his place in church, or the traveller who cannot pack his



clothes and misses trains. They are trivial inconveniences when all is said. They are not in the class of those nightmare bogeys that drive us into a cold sweat of terror, but rather of that class of familiar little troubles that drive the layman to profanity and the clergyman to such lighter efforts in the same line as the colour of his coat will permit him. One does not swear at the bogey of one's nightmare. He is much too terrifying.

### PART III.

#### *F.—Instances of the Dream of Strange and Beautiful Scenery.*

Some of the accounts that are given under the head of dreams of lovely and generally unknown scenery are very curious. Thus one correspondent, who writes with much lucid suggestiveness, tells me: "The dream of new and lovely scenery I have pretty often, and also the kindred ones of finding new kinds of flowers or of seeing absolutely unknown colours". This last imagination seems so curious as scarcely to be intelligible (for the evolution of the image of a new colour seems as difficult as the grasp of a fourth dimension) until we begin to consider that "dreaming" of a strange and unknown colour merely means temporarily *having the opinion* that we are seeing an unknown colour. We do not realise the colour any more than (in my assumption of what happened in his dream) my friend who dreamed that he put pure

Parisian into the mouth of a Frenchman was capable of speaking such "French of Paris". We imagine we have seen an unknown colour, just as we imagine we have performed some great intellectual feat, have composed some charming or epigrammatic verse; but the verse that we have supposed so pointed and so charming proves, to our waking criticism, if we can recall it, the purest drivel undefiled. We cannot recall the imaginary impression of the "unknown" colour, but if we could we should probably find it the veriest mud colour or a common scarlet.

A strange form of the unknown scenery dream is related by another correspondent. It may be said, in passing, that the new scenery or the new flower present nothing of the same difficulty as the unknown colour. The former are but fresh combinations of what we have perceived, the latter, if it really were an unknown colour, would mean a new creation out of nothing. And this is the sort of creation that the finite man is not equal to. "Once," writes a correspondent, "I had a very odd dream experience. I was preparing busily, but not anxiously, for an examination, to pass which I had to go to Edinburgh. Some weeks before the date of the examination I seemed in a dream to be walking through the familiar streets of that city. I was troubled, knowing that it was not yet time for me to be there. As I walked along I suddenly thought 'Perhaps this is only a dream. If so, these houses and streets are not real, and I can change them at will. Therefore I resolve, if I am dreaming, that I shall come to the sea on turning this corner.' And

surely enough I stepped round on firm brown sand, with a low tide rising over dark parallel reefs of rock. I know" the writer adds, "that people often struggle to awake from unpleasant dreams, but never heard of any other instance of deliberately changing one." It is very curious. The identity of the dream place with Edinburgh, and yet attended with such strange circumstances, may be compared with Miss Cobbe's dream of Harley Street, which was Harley Street and yet had shops instead of dwelling-houses. Some of my correspondents dream of making up their scenery dreams out of pictures, and the dream pictures and dream scenery seem to run and dissolve into each other without any trouble and with very excellent results. And with these dreams of beautiful scenery may be associated the hearing of beautiful sounds. This, I think, is far more rare; but at least one correspondent writes to me of such musical dreams: "There are dreams of beautiful scenery, such as the waking eyes have never beheld; of extraordinary music mostly heard at a distance". In this connection I may say that dreams of hearing in general are much less common than dreams of scenery. Dreams, in order of frequency, follow the same order of frequency in which impressions of the waking senses are received. We receive many more sight impressions than hearing impressions, more hearing impressions than smelling impressions, and so on. And dreams in the scale of frequent occurrence follow the same order. Sight dreams are most frequent. Hearing dreams come second. Dreams of smell, touch and taste third in order. And it is interesting

to note, in this connection, that naturally blind people, as I am told, never dream of seeing things, and those who have lost their sight by illness or accident soon cease to have dreams containing sight impressions. I presume that it is the same, *mutatis mutandis*, with those who have lost their hearing; and so in the case of all the senses. One correspondent, who comments quite truly on the greater frequency of visual dreams than those which convey the impression made by any other sense, makes also a noteworthy suggestion, as follows: "With regard to the dream of beautiful and strange scenery, which I know very well, it would, I think, be interesting to discover if it is best known to those who study landscape paintings attentively. I have been inclined to think that such a study does supply a good deal of the material of these dreams."

Two of my correspondents write of dreaming a great deal of the sea or of large expanses of water, and possibly these should be grouped under the same head (by which I mean, arise from the same occult cause) as dreams of strange and beautiful scenery in general. "At one time in my life" writes one of these (who also notes the common yet curious fact of certain dreams often being repeated at one period of life, and deserting the dreamer in favour of other dreams frequent at another period) "I was constantly dreaming of the sea. I was on it, or by the sea-shore. Sometimes it was calm and the sun shining, but more frequently the waves were rough and tempestuous. We did not live by the sea, I am not fond of it, nor was I

interested in any one connected with the sea that would account for it. But now that dream has completely left me, and I never dream of the sea."

The dream scenery is not here, as it is in some cases, more beautiful than any that the waking eye has ever rested on; *e.g.*, to quote another correspondent: "I find myself wandering in some ideally lovely country, under skies perhaps glowing with wonderful sunset colours, or in fields full of strange new flowers". I greatly regret that these charming fancies never come to delight my own sleeping hours, although I believe myself to be gifted with a tolerable appreciation of natural beauties, and greatly admire landscape painting.

In the experience of one of my correspondents the scenery seems to change, as in a magic-lantern show: "Dreams of changing landscape," he writes, "were sufficiently prominent in my experience to be classified as 'dissolving view dreams'. I had often the experience of finding myself in a strange city, and endeavouring in vain to discover where I was. These dreams belong chiefly to the later period of my life." This dreamer also notes the much greater frequency of dreams in youth than in later life. I believe this to be a common experience, and it may perhaps be attributable in some degree to the stronger power of the reason in later life (the abeyance of the reason we have seen to be a condition almost essential to the unrestrained wanderings of the imagination which composes the dreams) and in part perhaps to the relative loss of delicacy in the nerves as people grow older. So lively is the pleasure

that this dream of strange and beautiful scenery brings those who are lucky enough to enjoy it, that one correspondent, previously quoted, says of the delightful "flying dream" itself, that "it is only exceeded in pleasurable sensation by that of one which might be classed as the dream of discovering new and beautiful scenery in familiar haunts of one's waking hours—dream transformation of

My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood."

So much do we unfortunately prosaic people lose who do not have this illusion of lovely dream scenery.

### PART III.

#### *G.—Instances of the Dream of Death.*

So many people tell me that they dream of their own death, and of their existence after death or of death narrowly escaped, that it seems as if dreams that have this tragic subject for their central figure ought to form a class apart in any attempted classification. Where the dream is one of death narrowly escaped, it seems to be something very like the bogey dream, but there is none of the sense of semi-paralysis of the limbs preventing escape from an on-coming danger, and it differs from the bogey dream by more distinct definition of the fate impending—no less a fate than death. And yet it is not in all cases a disagreeable dream. We have already noticed the case of the dreamer who was often eaten by wolves, and did



not seem much to mind it; indeed it hardly seems that the notion of death was inevitably attached to the eating, although in the waking state such a fate would be more than likely to cause death. That, however, is no argument at all that it should do so in dreams. A very quaint and naïve death-dream is related by one of my correspondents: "I was wandering along a lonely seaside, and came upon a young woman whom I knew at once was born on the same day and moment as myself and was my own height". Obviously such coincidences as these are an adequate form of introduction in dreams, for he goes on: "We went about together and saw castles and houses and scenery". (Query—was this still on the lonely sea-shore?) "Then she looked at me, and kissed me" (this seems to make it clear that it still must have been the lonely seaside, and even so it seems a little forward of the young woman. So he seems to have felt, for he goes on at once, as if it was the most natural consequence) "and I died and yet, strange to say, I went about trying to find her, that I might kiss her, as she had kissed me". (The bold and unrepentant villain!) "This dream was a long one" he says, "and under its influence I wrote a lot of doggerel, which exists somewhere among my papers, and begins—

'Twas in the early morning, when dreams they say are true  
Just as the sun was rising, changing the grey to blue!"

Unhappily I cannot say what it was that was "in the early morning"; but the two lines are well up to

the average of the dream compositions, in spite of the stories of *Kubla Khan* and the rest of them. A good observation that this correspondent makes is that it is interesting to notice "the strange intuitions in dreams. We see unknown people, but seem at once to know who they are and their history—see places and know all about them by intuition." An instance in point is his own young lady of the fatal kiss on the lonely shore, and for places, Miss Cobbe's finding herself in a street that she knows to be Harley Street though it has shops all down each side, whereas there is not a shop in all the dreary length of Harley Street of waking life—at least, I do not remember one.

Some dreams seem to be of the death-dream kind in its early stages, but to progress no further than the first stages, as in the case of the dreamer before quoted, who writes: "Several times I have dreamt of dying, but have always awaked before the end, and have never, in my dream, felt much pain". I think this is always and perhaps necessarily the case, that one does not feel intense pain. Any dream sensation carried to a severe pitch seems to wake one, but very intense emotion, as of pleasure, may be experienced without awaking. Possibly physiology may have some explanation of that to offer, but I do not know of any.

One correspondent writes: "If I am killed" (in dreams, be it understood) "as has happened more than once, I contemplate my state with amused curiosity. Such dreams however, rarely come. I remember vividly one or two dreams of my childhood, notably one about hell, which always interested me to re-

member, partly because my hell was very prosaic" (whatever modern theology has done for this place, we seldom hear this particular complaint brought against it) "and all the people knew they would get to heaven by-and-by." Evidently there was nothing distressing in the dreamer's experiences either of death or the life after death although it was spent in the wrong place. And, curiously enough, even in the not uncommon case of dream of death by violence there is comparatively little pain accompanying the deaths. Thus one writes: "I have suffered execution, always of course condemned innocently, under, I believe, all the known forms, except burning. I have been hanged, strangled, guillotined, beheaded in the old-fashioned way, etc., and I can give as my experience that being shot, as in a military execution, is of all the least terrible and the most painless! In each case the dream continues until the suffering is over, only one wakes to common life, instead of to the life beyond". Now although this dreamer writes of "suffering" yet the chief point that this same correspondent makes against me is that the dream world is on the whole one of delight rather than of disagreeables, and I really do not see how this could be so, in his experience, if all these dreams of execution were accompanied by anything at all like the pain, sharp if short, that they must cause in waking life. The same writer at the end of the letter, asks, "is not the theory that all dreams are a recollection, however confused and distorted, of some former experience, contradicted by the execution dream"? Well, yes, seems to be the

answer, such a theory would seem to be contradicted by such a dream, but we would ask, has such a theory ever been advanced seriously? Recollections of what we have received through the senses may indeed be a very large part of the stuff of dreams; but they include all that we have heard with the ears, read, or seen, in pictures or in life, with the eyes, and so on. The idea that all our dreams are far off echoes of personal experiences is surely too far fetched to be taken very gravely.

A curiously detailed death dream is related by one of those who have been good enough to write to me. It is given as follows: "I was in the streets of this little town" (a certain small seaport in the far north), "and was pursued by a number of Russian sailors who were doing their best to shoot me. I ran down the pier with bullets singing about me, dived from the end and tried to swim up alongside it, under water, to the shore. Then suddenly I found myself on shore, and I shall never forget the exquisite feeling of lightness and freedom which possessed me. But all at once I caught sight of my own body lying on the beach. I knew that I was not dead, and that I might be revived if prompt measures were taken. Some men stood near, and I moved to them and tried to tell them what I wished; but found I could not make myself felt, heard or seen. Then the thought flashed through me 'I am a ghost,' and my first idea was that it would be good fun to frighten the men. Then came a sudden realisation of the fact that I was cut off from the living world, which filled me with the wildest terror and

horror. I shrieked out at the men and tried to strike them, but with no effect. They, however, just then saw my body, dragged it up and began trying to revive me. I felt myself being drawn back into the body and then I awoke." About time too, we should think, but though sensations of terror and horror are mentioned there seem to have been no actually painful sensations, even in this dream of such vivid reality and circumstances apparently so distressing.

I like very much the account of another correspondent who writes: "I thought I had died, and was ushered into a large barn-like hall, where we were told we should find our souls. Each was to pick out his own, and to appear with it for judgment. The souls were piled at one end of the building and resembled blow-bladders. The dream vanished during the hunt for our souls." Distinctly this was a pity. Sometimes we go away with the wrong hat, sometimes better than our own, sometimes worse, from an evening party. Even that is vexatious. It would be infinitely more annoying to make a mistake in the souls and have to go through eternity badly fitted with the wrong one.

A correspondent, quoted above, says that in dreams of hell this place is found too "prosaic," of all things in the world, to be agreeable. It is almost the same feeling to which another correspondent naïvely confesses on finding himself not there but in heaven, its antipodes. Giving no description of it, he merely says: "I am always glad to awake from this dream, as the knowledge that I am in heaven always seems

to give me a feeling of constraint ". It almost seems as if this must be one of the unfortunates that had got fitted with the wrong soul, not quite equal to the exalted circumstances.

Regarding these and other forms of the death dream, it seems that they are so various that one can hardly find any common type for them. They have the common feature of absence of the severe pain which would be likely to attend the circumstances if they were real, but this is not at all distinctive of the death dreams. It is common to all dream experience, and probably it must be so, for if the pain became severe, even in the illusion, the dreamer would awake. I have grouped these few instances together under the heading of the death dream, but really they have not any features in common, there is no constancy about them, the features do not repeat themselves, as they do in the falling and the flying dreams. They ought really perhaps to be just left in the jumble of dreams in general, unclassified—suggested, so far as we can conjecture, by no one common cause ; whereas, in the case of the other dreams, wherein certain features do repeat themselves constantly, there is on the contrary every reasonable ground for conjecturing that there is a common cause, if only we could find it, for each instance of their occurrence. The death dreams seem to come under one heading by virtue only of the accident that, in each, death is either imminent, present or past ; the manner of its apparent occurrence seems quite matter of chance.



## PART III.

*H.—Instances of the Dream of certain Houses or Places.*

An interesting class of dreams is that of the dream in which the sleeper finds himself frequently in a certain house or room that is familiar to him in dreams but quite unknown to his waking hours. By many letters, and sentences in letters, I am reminded that I ought to refer to this class of dream fantasies, although, perhaps for want of sufficient inventive faculty, I have no dream houses, so to call them, for my own habitation. Again, as in case of the beautiful dream scenery enjoyed by some fortunate ones, I have to lament my own private limitations.

The best story in which a dream house of this kind plays a part has been told often before. Whether it has ever been published I do not know, nor care. It is good enough to tell twice, too good to be grudgingly guarded by copyright. A certain lady dreamed frequently of a certain house until it had become exceedingly familiar to her; she knew all its rooms, its furniture; it was as well known to her as that in which she lived her waking life, and, like a good wife that has no secrets from her husband, she often talked over all the details with him, a very pleasant fancy. One day they, husband and wife, went into the country to see a house that they thought of taking for the summer months. They had not seen it, but

the account in the house agent's list had attracted them. When they arrived before it they gave a simultaneous exclamation of surprise—"Why," said the husband, "it is your dream-house!" It was. No one who is acquainted with house agent's lists, and the houses described in them, will be the least surprised at their failure to recognise it from the description given. Naturally they were greatly interested to find that the house corresponded in every detail with the particulars of the dream-house. The coincidence attracted them. They took the house.

In course of their occupancy they learned that the house had the reputation of being haunted, that several people before them had taken it for short terms, but had seen, or fancied they had seen, "something," and had left before their term of tenancy expired. Had these new tenants not brought their own old servants with them, it is likely they would have had some difficulty in whipping up a domestic staff, so uncanny was the reputation of this apparently quite reputable house. The new tenants dwelt in the house with all satisfaction and peace through the summer months, until their term of tenancy came to an end. On leaving, husband and wife expressed their satisfaction to the local agent. "The only thing," said the wife, "that we were disappointed in about the house, is that we never saw the ghost."

"Oh no," said the agent. "We knew *you* would not see the ghost."

"What do you mean?" asked the wife, rather nettled. (One never likes the suggestion that one

is too obtusely prosaic to be a recipient of the supernatural.)

"Oh," the agent repeated. "We knew *you* would not see the ghost. *You are the ghost*, that people have always seen here."

It is rather a shock, no doubt, to find that even in life one can officiate as a first-class bogey and frighten people out of their wits, all unknowing it. But is it not a capital story? Perhaps it has had some *chiffons* broidered on to it, but the evidence is very strong for telepathic influences. It is easy to dismiss it as "all humbug"; but it is not a scientific attitude to take up. Science, looking at these things that it does not understand, ought to be reminded now and then of the view that it took for a long while about mesmerism. It would take no view of it at all—shut its eyes to it—declared in fact (and in long words) that it was "all humbug". Science came a cropper once; so for the future she had better imitate a little more the prudent gait of Agag. However, all this is too previous, not to say presumptuous. This dream of the dream-house has led us into the hard places of telepathy. Let us come back to the comparatively solid ground of our dream-houses. There are plenty of them. But none of the other stories are nearly as good as this one. The digression was worth making. I will now quote, shortly, one or two extracts from letters that speak of dream-rooms and dream-houses that have no counterpart in the waking knowledge of their dreamers. "I have dream places to which I go occasionally," one writes, "and

which I have never seen when awake. One is nothing more interesting than a railway station, whence trains appear to start, at different platforms, for everywhere." (Certainly it would be far more interesting if they all started from the same platform "for everywhere".) "I often dream," another writes, "of being in a familiar place, generally a house, while all the details of the place or house are either far more like some other place or house or quite different from all I know. And yet I never feel puzzled nor doubt their identity." This, yet again, is like Miss Cobbe's Harley Street, with the shops. Yet another correspondent, writing not of his personal, but of some communicated experience, says, "I know two persons who each have a dream-house, *i.e.*, a house unlike any house they have seen in waking life, but which they visit in their dreams, so that they are quite familiar with its rooms and passages, and in fact call it *their* house". These are just a few extracts, giving instances of what I believe to be a large class of dreams. Instances, of course, vary immensely in interest, from the "finished sketch," presented by the one first quoted (probably owing a little to "accretion," as they say—to the semi-conscious additions made by each teller of the dream), down to the mere uneventful dream of some house or place unfamiliar to waking sense.

## PART III.

*I.—Instances of the Dream of Hearing a distinct Voice.*

Visual dreams, dreams in which the impressions appear to come in through the eyes, though the eyes of sense are closed, are far more frequent as we have said, than dreams in which most of the impressions seem to be felt through the medium of any other of the senses. But a very common and frequent dream is that of hearing a voice speaking in the room. In the commonest form of this dream the voice speaks loudly, briefly, sometimes calling the dreamer by name, so that he awakes, startled, and has difficulty in believing that a real person has not been in the room, addressing him. Thus a correspondent writes of it with vivid descriptive powers: "One feature of dreams is very distinct and peculiar, that of hearing a voice addressing one very loud and clear. It apparently has nothing to do with any dream one is indulging in, but rings out, with marvellous distinctness, from the surrounding space, and gives one the strangest possible conviction that some being has addressed one, it is so much louder and arrests one so infinitely more completely than ordinary 'dream voices'."

This last remark is quite true, the voice heard in this way has a distinctness quite different from the ordinary conversations heard in dreams, so much so that one is disposed to think it must be due to some effect on the auditory nerve. At all events, the im-

pression seems different, not only in degree but in kind, from the impression of voices as commonly heard in dreams. Another correspondent writes no less strikingly : " The dream of hearing a well-known voice suddenly, close to, I have had, but very rarely. On one occasion it made a specially vivid impression on me. I had just fallen asleep, when I was awoke by hearing my name called, clearly and distinctly, by one of my brothers, apparently just outside my door, and in the very moment of waking I heard it again as loudly as before. This brother was going to start early next morning on a ' natural history ' expedition, and I, thinking he had forgotten some of his directions, jumped up instantly and opened the door. I was fearfully startled at seeing there was no one there ; but as I knew he had not had time to go away again I concluded it must have been a dream, though it seemed almost incredible. But for the fear of being thought superstitious, I should have gone to his room, which was in quite a different part of the house, to see if he was ill ; and I felt very real relief when he returned, safe and sound, from his expedition. Afterwards I thought his voice might have been that of another brother, who had died a few years ago and might ' mean something,' but nothing ever came of it." It is quite clear that in the quality of distinctness and emphasis, these impressions are quite different from the ordinary talks that we seem to hear in a dream.



## PART III.

*J.—Instances of the "Story Dream".*

In my first tentative essay on the subject of dreams, which elicited so many letters from kindly correspondents, I ventured to remark that it was very rare indeed to dream of any incident in which oneself was not the central figure, the hero, so to say, of the drama. The responses of my correspondents have shown me that this is a remark that must greatly be modified, so many describe themselves as often being, in their dreams, in the attitude of spectators towards a drama that is being enacted before their eyes, or a story that is being told, in which they have no part. Yet in one or two of these cases I see that my correspondents say that after listening for a while as audience they gradually become drawn, after the inconsequent manner of dreams, into the drama, and forthwith play their part in it gallantly enough. A few instances will suffice for explanation and illustration. Sometimes the dreamers seem to have done a little of both at the same time, acting and looking on at once as though gifted with the apparent dual personality which we have seen to run through so much of the dream delusion. "It happens to me in dreams," one of my correspondents writes, "that I am reading a most thrilling and fascinating story, or partly reading and partly acting it. These tales, each of which seems to me at the time to be 'the finest story in the world' I

never seem to remember afterwards, or if I do remember parts of them I find them most extraordinarily feeble and inept. Fairy Gold!" (Alas, another mite of evidence to lay in the balance against the *Kubla Khan* and the rest.) "I also, many years ago, had a most curious dream in which I found myself an elderly stout person answering to the name of 'Major,' and leading a hunt for a horse-thief in some foreign country. The curious part of it was, that though within the 'Major' I seemed to be rather a spectator behind the scenes of his being than the man himself." Most uncomfortable for the Major, one might imagine; but the experience is singularly interesting. Some will be inclined to see in it evidence of a dual personality again. *Credat Judæus!* "Often," writes another, "in my dreams there is a whole vivid background of imaginary past, which I have not gone through the process of dreaming, so far as I know. Sometimes I dream a kind of story or drama, in which I often seem to be acting the part of one of the characters while sometimes at the same moment looking on in my own person as spectator, watching the story develop. I never act in real life." This is the kind of dream experience that suggests, obviously enough, the dual personality. A similar account, interesting both in its points of likeness with this and differences from it, another correspondent contributes: "Often I dream a bit of a story, in which I am generally the hero or heroine (for though a woman in fact, at night I sometimes become a man; a warrior, a hero, or a monk) but sometimes I am not in the dream at all; and sometimes I begin by reading the

story ; I dream I see it printed in a book, and then by degrees the book vanishes, and the puppets live, myself among them, probably. I often know that it *is* a dream, and I sometimes dream that I know what is coming, because I have dreamt it before ; which my waking memory does not confirm."

## CHAPTER V.

## INTERPRETATIONS.

FOR the interpretation of dreams I intend to crib somewhat, with every possible apology for paying him the compliment, from Seafeld, and will further crib from Seafeld himself a passage to justify my very cribbing from him. Thus he says, in writing of a crib that he is himself making from the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana* of the interpretations of Gabdorrhachaman (euphoniously named Arabian) "There is no overwhelming claim to immortality" (without a doubt he means "originality") "in the abstract, at least such a claim is rarely conceded". So we may fairly deal with Seafeld according to his own measure. Indeed I do not want to crib from him any more than extracts from the interpretations of this Arabian with the long name, of Artemidorus and others. If Seafeld should object, I could tell him that I had extracted them from the originals (as I might do equally well). This Arabian interpreter was translated into French by Vattier, and published in a book by the name of *L'Onirocrite Mussulman*.

The man who undertakes the interpretations of dreams must be wise and good. Explanations are

to be drawn from the Koran and from the words of Mohammed. Proverbs and words in dreams realise themselves either to the very letter of the fulfilment or else to its contrary. And dreams vary their meaning according to the character of the dreamer; if a good man dream that his hands are tied it only signifies his aversion to the evil, but if the wicked dream the same dream it signifies his sins and their punishment. Dreams dreamt just before dawn are the most likely to come true, a view which the Arabian shared with the Greeks and Romans—and those that come in the afternoon siesta are also to be trusted. Especially are dreams likely to come true if they occur at the season when the fruit is ripe. (Has this any connection with the evil nature of the dreams that attack the British schoolboy in the season of the unripe apple?)

Trees, beasts of prey and birds denote men generally, but with distinctions. Thus a palm tree denotes a useful man or an Arab (the two probably synonymous in the eye of this Arabian interpreter with the terrific name); a walnut tree denotes a foreigner and an idle cackler, because (notice the logic) the walnuts rattle in their shell. A bird denotes a traveller generally (no doubt because of its locomotive gifts). The planets have their places in dreams, Saturn signifying the Chief Justice; Mars, the Commander-in-Chief; Jupiter, the Lord Treasurer or Lord Chamberlain (we imagine he would not be a severe censor of plays); Venus, the Queen; and Mercury, the Home Secretary. Mercury, we may remember, was the god of thieves, but we may hope that this is not to be taken as any

reflection on our own official who holds the post designated as home secretaryship, for these are only Seafeld's approximations, as I understand them, to offices of an oriental court, according to the description of Gabdorrhachaman, modified by the translation of Vattier. So the approximation is not likely to be very exact, nor need the right honourable secretary feel aspersion cast on his right honourableness.

White and red grapes are wonderfully fortunate things to dream about; "they are indeed the juice of the good things of this world," says Seafeld, apparently in quotation from Vattier's translation of our long named friend, who perhaps thought all the better of the grape's juice because it was forbidden him, as a good Mohammedan. But all sorts of ill befalls from dreaming of the black grape, because Noah held it in his hand while he cursed his son, and so caused it to turn black.

Apparently those old Orientals dreamed strange dreams; for our guide goes on to say that "to dream that we have our heads beneath our shoulders, without their being severed at the neck, is a sign of dismissal by a superior, and of consequent poverty". Then there is a good deal more, about the growing of the hair, its changing colour and so on. All these, being dreamed about, "mean something," as we say. As for tongues, "he who dreams that his tongue has grown to an immoderate length, will vanquish his opponent in argument if he be engaged in any controversy, but if otherwise, he will utter much folly and ribaldry; but under all circumstances, and on every



occasion, few dreams can be more fortunate than that in which a man sees the tongue of his wife amputated at the root”.

If any man that is married does not see the rationale of this last interpretation I am quite sure that the long named Arabian would advise him to go and ask his wife the meaning of it. He is not a little of a cynic, I imagine, apparently not a thoroughly domesticated man as we should say. “Each tooth,” according to him, “points to a different relation. The two in front denote children, brother and sister; the next two, uncles, aunts and cousins, and so on to the more remote; but the Khalif Almansor took a sure mode of obtaining a happy prognostic when he dreamed that his complete set fell from his jaws.” The first interpreter he consulted on this told him that he and all his relatives would die, so the Khalif sent the man away, telling him he had an evil tongue, and had another dream-teller, who said the dream meant that he would out-live all his relations. Almansor liked this a great deal better, and gave the good prophet ten thousand drachmas of gold. The moral for dream-seers is that it behoves them to be courtiers.

A man engaged to be married, dreamed, according to our Arabian, that his plighted bride was changed into a little Ethiopian dwarf. “Hasten to complete your nuptials,” was the advice to be drawn from the dream, “for the blackness of the bride signifies great riches; the smallness of her statue, brevity of days.” All, with this affectionate bridegroom, seems to have gone merry as a marriage bell. He married the

bride, she brought him great wealth, died in a few days, and he inherited all her fortune. Such, according to our dream-teller, is obviously the whole duty of woman.

There are many other modes of signification in dreams given. Horses of different colours mean different things. It is lucky to dream about a donkey, and so on, to a tedious length. It is perhaps useful to know what you should do on awaking from a bad dream; "it is prudent to spit on the left side, and to ask divine protection from Satan."

Of course the Magi and all the Oriental wise men were great on the interpretation of dreams. There is a canon of dream meanings that is attributed to Astrampsychos. I am not very clear whether it was an individual of that name that collected these interpretations, or whether they were merely attributed to him as being strung together by disciples of his school. In any case it does not matter much, and perhaps it is all the more in accord with the subject that a certain haziness should brood over the authorship of the canon. There is nothing very noteworthy about this canon, which it is not worth while to transcribe at length. Seafield has it all—at least I think there is no more of it than he gives. This point is worth mentioning, that several of the maxims show an appreciation of the notion that we in our language express by saying that "dreams go by contraries". It is known that this is a view of the old Persians, and if it were not otherwise known it might be

inferred very obviously and surely from this canon :  
“Laughter in sleep presages difficult circumstances.”  
“To weep in sleep is a sign of the utmost joy.” “If any one offers incense to you, it portends misfortune.”

On the other hand, the vast majority are interpretations from analogy, so to say, accepting the dream in an allegorical sense. Thus “to wash the hands denotes the release from anxieties.” “To be dead signifies freedom from anxiety.” “To shiver a sword signifies the crushing of our foes.”

Black, in various forms, is a bad colour in dreams. It is bad in clothes and bad in horses.

One maxim runs : “The sight of a hare portends an unlucky journey”. Has not this idea still some existence? “The sight of a mouse bespeaks propitious circumstances” is a maxim of which one does not easily see the reason. One interesting one is “for a blind man to see is the best omen possible”. It is said, by modern people, that the dreams of the blind are *never* occupied with seeing, and that if one who has been able to see loses his sight his dreams soon lose all visual character and occupy themselves only with impressions of other sensations. This is a point that might be much better studied in the East, where, unhappily, disease of the eye is so very common and so little understood—where, in fact, as George Borrow said of Spain, “ophthalmia and oculists are equally to be feared.”

I will only quote two other maxims from this canon :  
“To swim in the sea forebodes bitter sorrow” and “to dream in the daytime of swimming in the sea is good.”

The interest of these contradicting maxims is that they introduce us to an idea that is frequent enough as a principle of dream interpretation in the East—the idea that the time at which a dream is dreamt makes a difference in its significance. So strongly was this idea held by the Persians that there is a canon of dream interpretation existing in the languages of Persia, and also in the dialect of Gujerat, in which the significance of the dreams is made entirely dependent on the day of the month in which they are dreamed, and apparently entirely independent of the character of the dreams themselves.

On the first day of the month the dream will be good, the significance clear. But the dream must not be told to any one till it is fulfilled. (This prudent clause survives.)

On the second day dreams will come true within four days; but they are apt to delude (owing apparently, to doubtful significance).

Dreams will generally come true on the fourth, fifth, and sixth days. On the third day, dreams will not come true. Many are more or less indifferent days. As we speak of good or bad or indifferent days for scent, when hunting or shooting, so there are in this *Sifat-i-Sirozah*, good, bad, and indifferent days for dreaming. But the dreamer has the advantage of knowing beforehand the character of the days. Curiously enough, though each day, in the Persian conception, has its own guardian angel, the character of the angel seems to have had little

connection with the character of the dreams dreamt on his day. The seventeenth day is the day of Serosh, the angel who presides over learning; and yet this is a very bad day for dreaming. All the dreams on it will prove false. Even the day of Dep-din, "who is God himself," that is to say the twenty-third of the month, is an inauspicious day, and "whatever may be dreamt of ought to be kept secret".

Astrampsychos, whoever he was, although he wrote in Greek, was, so far as his heritage in his dream interpretation goes, an Oriental, like the author or collator of *Sifat-i-Sirozah*.

Macrobius, who had something to say about dream interpretations in the fourth century, was probably a Greek, though he lived at Rome. He has a fivefold division, and again a fivefold subdivision of dreams; and this would not be so interesting if it was not that Artemidorus who is the great interpreter of all (the man on whose writings are composed all the chap-books—the *Royal Book of Dreams*, etc.—that pedlars still sell at fairs) makes use of the same division. I do not know whether one derived the division from the other. Probably both picked it up from opinions floating in the air at a time when the interpretation of dreams was an affair of very considerable importance.

The divisions, then, of Macrobius were into:—

1. *ὄνειρος* or *Somnium*—the kind of dream that revealed things in an allegory—the special subject of interpretation.

2. *ὄραμα* or *Visio*—a vision seen in a waking state

of trance or delusion (obviously this is not in the modern sense a dream at all. It is not an operation of the mind *during* sleep).

3. χρημάτισμος or *Oraculum*—a dream sent by the Deity in consequence of sleeping in a certain place, *e.g.*, Apollo's temple.

4. ἐνύπνιον, *Insomnium*—the disconnected, incoherent fancies, incapable of interpretation, of which, in fact, most dreams consist.

5. φάντασμα, *Visum*—which appears to be equivalent to what we might call a visual nightmare, a dream in which some object appeared, but no dramatic sequence of incidents occurred.

This last, again, does not admit any interpretation. The *Oraculum*, it appears, does require explanation often, but it is generally for the priest of the temple to explain it. The *Visum* is too clear to need interpretation. Therefore there is only left the *Somnium*. It is this kind of dream, the *Somnium*, that Macrobius again divides with a fivefold classification; a classification which, according to Seafield, St. Augustine (of whose writings I regret to say I know nothing) virtually adopted in his *Liber Exhortationis*. Perhaps this gives them an added interest. At all events their enumeration will not take long. The *Somnium* is divided, then, into :—

1. *Proprium*—where the dreamer is the principal person in the dream.

2. *Alienum*—where some one else is the principal.

3. *Commune*—when he and another share chief honours in the dream.



4. *Publicum*—when it is concerned with the public welfare (I fear the average Englishman is hardly enough of a politician for such things to vex his sleep much).

5. *Generale*—when the dream is *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, so to say. Artemidorus, the great lexicographer of dream interpretation, was an Ephesian, in the reign of Antoninus Pius, *i.e.*, in the second century. He seems to have given most of his life to his work, travelling about, collecting instances by hearsay and by reading, and in the end producing a book, which was first printed in the sixteenth century in Venice, and is the ground work of all the systems of dream interpretation that have been published since. All are copies, more or less conscious, of Artemidorus. I do not know that there is much system or method to be observed in the interpretation that he presents. The entire subject is one that has quite lost its practical interest for the cultured of to-day. It has a certain historical interest, however, for it is quite sure that at one time—in fact for a long period of time—the dreams that men dreamt and the meanings that they attached to them, exercised a very practical influence on their actions and conduct. I think I shall quite satisfy the historical interest by giving not the whole canon of interpretation from Artemidorus and his followers, but a certain selection from it, to show what the whole is like. I have selected interpretations that seem to apply to the dreams which I gather from the correspondence that I have received to be most frequent; so that the modern dreamer may be amused by seeing

what his own dreams would have meant to a man of old time, had it happened to this olden man to dream them.

But it is a little singular that the dreams which we have seen to be most common do not seem to have occurred, with any such frequency as to call for a special comment, to these old fellows who used to attach such mighty importance to all that they did in dreams. There is some reference to the meaning of falling down a precipice, but not such reference as we should expect, seeing how common the dream is now. And there is no reference at all to flying. But it is not to be believed that a people who paid great attention to most of the circumstances of dreams would not have paid any at all to the very remarkable circumstance of flight. Possibly the explanation is that they were so much occupied with the story, the dramatic chain of events, that one single incident in it, such as the flight or the fall, would not seize their attention very strongly. Evidently the dream of death was recognised, and fairly frequent with them, and they had their interpretation ready cut and dried for it. Raphael's *Royal Book of Dreams*, that was published some time in the last century, is occupied chiefly with a kind of spirit writing and indication of meanings by a series of ciphers. This is not meant for an explanation of the system, but only to show that it does not hang on to the interpretations of the ancients, that it is therefore without any historical interest, and could only be believed even by its author on the assumption that he was rather crack-brained.

I like very much the allegorical dream of "angling," signifying trouble, and "bagpipes," signifying contention. They are great cynics, these dream interpreters: to dream of funerals seems always good, because of the inheritance you shall receive from the dead. On the whole, so far as we can trace any principle on which the dreams are here interpreted, it is always the simple principle of direct allegory. To dream of black is bad, of white is good. There is no idea here, so far as we see, of "dreams going by contraries" as in the Persian code, although we have this proverb in our talk.

Therewith let us take a few extracts from the most recognised canon of interpretation. Any one who likes to take the trouble may invent interpretations on the like lines for any dream under the sun or moon.

*Angling.*—To dream that you are angling betokens much affliction and trouble in seeking for something you desire to get.

*Apes.*—To dream you have seen, or had anything to do with them signifies malicious, weak, strange and secret enemies; also malefactors and deceivers.

*Bagpipes.*—To dream that you play upon bagpipes signifies trouble, contention and being overthrown at law.

*Buried.*—For a man to dream that he is buried and interred signifies he shall have as much wealth as he hath earth laid over him.

*Dead Folks.*—To dream of talking with dead folks is a good, auspicious dream, and signifies a boldness of courage and a very clear conscience.

*Devil.*—To dream that one has seen the devil, and that he is tormented, or otherwise much terrified, signifies that the dreamer is in danger of being checked and punished by his sovereign prince or some magistrate. And quite contrarily, if he dreams he strikes the devil or some other person he believes to be possessed, and fancies he overcomes him, it is a sign he that dreams thus shall overcome his enemies with glory and satisfaction. If any dream that he sees the devil it is a very bad sign, for such a vision cannot bring along with it any good tidings; to the sick it foretells death and to the healthful it signifies melancholy, anger, tumults and violent sickness. If any dream the devil speaks to him, it signifies temptation, deceit, treachery, despair and sometimes the ruin and death of him that dreams. To dream that one is carried away by the devil is a worse dream; and yet no dream delights the dreamer so much as this, for being awaked he is ravished with joy that he is freed from so great an evil; for which he ought to return thanks to God and beg of Him that He would be pleased to send him His good angel to guard him and fight against that wicked spirit which always stands sentinel to surprise us. To dream you see the devil as he is drawn by painters and poets, *viz.*, black and hideous, with horns, claws and a great tail, signifies torment and despair. To dream you see yourself with the devil signifies gain.

*Face.*—To dream you see a fresh, taking, smiling face and countenance, is a sign of friendship and joy. To dream you see a meagre, pale face, is a sign of

trouble, poverty and death. To dream one washes his face denotes repentance for sin; a black face signifies long life.

*Fools.*—For a man to dream that he is a fool is good to him who would undertake any business, for fools and madmen do that which comes into their brain. It is also good for marshals and sheriffs who would have authority over the people, for they shall have great honour and repute. It is also good for those who would govern and teach children, for children do willingly follow fools. It is also good for the poor, for they shall have goods, for fools catch on all sides and all hands. To the sick it is health, for folly makes men go and come, not sleep and rest.

*Funeral.*—To dream that one goes to the funeral and interment of any of his relations or friends, or of some great lord, is a good sign to the dreamer who is betokened thereby to get an estate by means of his relations or else marry a fortune to his content.

*Grapes.*—To dream of eating grapes at any time signifies cheerfulness and profit. To tread grapes signifies the overthrow of enemies. To gather white grapes signifies gain, but to dream of gathering black grapes signifies damage.

*Grave.*—If a man dreams that he is put into a grave and buried it presageth he will die in a mean condition; yet some believe (grounded on experience) that to dream that one is dead and buried signifies he that hath such a dream shall recover an estate according to the quantity of earth that is laid upon him.

*Hanging or hanged.*—If any one dreams that by

sentence or judgment he was condemned to be hanged, and dreams also that the sentence was really executed, he will be dignified according to the height of the gibbet or tree whereon he was hanged. But if the dreamer be sick or afflicted, he will be freed from his disease, and in the end have joy and contentment. If any one dreams he condemned another to be hanged, that signifies he will be angry with him whom he imagined he condemned, but in a small time after he will place him in honour and dignity, which he will abuse. According to the interpretations of the Persians and the Egyptians, he that dreams he is hanged by sentence of law, will be rich, honoured and respected. If anyone dreams that he has eaten the flesh of a man hanged, he will be enriched by some person, but it will be by some foul practice and some secret crime. If any one dreams that, being about to be hanged, he was delivered, and came down to the bottom of the gibbet, that person will lose his estate and dignity.

*Heaven.*—To dream of Heaven, and that you ascend up thither, signifies grandeur and glory.

*Hell.*—A dream that one sees hell as it is described, and that he hears the damned souls groan and complain through the extremity of their torments, is an advertisement that God sends to the dreamer to the end that he may throw himself upon God's mercy. If any one dreams he sees the damned plunged in the fire and flames of hell, and that they suffer great torture, it signifies sadness, repentance, and a melancholic distemper. To dream of descending into hell, and returning thence, to those that are great and rich,



signifies misfortune ; but it is a good sign to the poor and weak.

*Keys.*—To dream that you lose your keys signifies anger. To dream you have a bunch of keys, and that you give them to those that desire them of you, shows great good to poor captives, for it implies that shortly they shall gain their liberty. A key seen in a dream, to him who would marry signifieth a good and handsome wife, and a good housekeeper. It is cross to a traveller for it signifieth he shall be put back and hindered and not received. It is good for such as would take in hand other men's business.

*Kill.*—To dream you kill a man signifies assuredness of business ; to dream you kill your father is a bad sign ; to dream you are killed denotes loss to him who has killed you.

*Looking or looking-glass.*—To dream of looking down from high places, or out of windows, or being in a high garret, shows an ambitious mind, curious desires, wandering imagination, and confused thoughts. To dream of looking in a glass, in married folks, betokens children ; in young folks, sweethearts. For as the glass does represent their likeness, so does love show them their like in affection. For a young woman to dream that she looks in a glass and there sees her own face, esteeming it to be very handsome, shows her to have a great opinion of her own beauty. Also for one to dream that he saves himself in the water is death to the dreamer, or to some familiar friend of his.

*Monster.*—To see a monster or monstrous fish in the sea, is not good, but out of the sea every fish and

great monster is good, because then they can hurt no more, or save themselves. And therefore, besides that our dream signifies that our enemies cannot hurt us, it saith moreover that the wicked shall be punished.

*Orchards.*—To dream of orchards, gardens, and flowery places is an emblem of pleasure; and if you dream that they abound with good fruit, it signifies abundance of riches and plenty; and if you dream also of many fountains in them, they signify pleasure and delight, with great store of wit. If you dream the trees be barren, it signifies the contrary.

*Precipices.*—To dream that one sees great and steep precipices and that one falls over them, signifies that he that dreams will suffer much injury and hazard of his person, and his goods be in danger by fire.

*Quagmire.*—To dream one is fallen into a quagmire shows the party dreaming shall meet with such obstructions in his affairs as shall be very difficult to overcome.

*Reading.*—To dream you are reading romances and comedies, or other diverting books, signifies joy and comfort. To dream you read serious books or books of divine science, signifies benediction and wisdom.

*School.*—To dream you begin to go to school again, and you cannot say your lessons right shows that you are about to undertake something which you do not well understand.

*Transmutation.*—In dreaming, to be changed from little to great, and again from great to be bigger, so that you exceed not reason, is good, for it is because

of business and goods ; but to be greater than common use is death. Also it is ill for an old man to be changed into a young man, or a young man into a child, for they shall change to a worse estate ; but the contrary is good, for they shall come to a better estate. To dream of being turned into a woman is very good for men in mean circumstances. Rich men who dream thus will meet with misfortunes ; and such a dream is bad to all handicraftsmen whose labour is hard. If a woman dream that she is an unmarried man, without children, she will have both husband and children ; but if married, and having children, she will die a widow. To be turned into brass shows some sudden quarrel and victory ; it is good for military men. Iron shows hardness and misery. Clay or earth foretells dissolution ; but those who deal in earthenware may reap good from such a dream. Rocks, stone, flint, etc., show continual hard usage, with mocks, reproaches, blows, and slanders. To dream you are turned into a beast shows that your nature partakes, or will partake, of the nature of that beast.

## CHAPTER VI.

## TELEPATHIC AND DUAL PERSONALITY.

But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear ;  
The rest may reason and welcome.

—*Browning.*

## INTRODUCTION.

[FOR more reasons than one I could not deem myself capable of dealing adequately with dreams that convey premonitions or telepathic sensations. Apart from reasons that are too obvious to the reader to want explaining, I felt keenly an incapacity due to want of faith. I am far from being a dogmatic disbeliever in telepathy and premonition, whether in dreams or in the widest-awake state. A very distinguished member of the Psychical Research Society (alas that he has passed to the other side of that veil which he tried so hard to lift while in life) and one who approached its problems from so rationalistic a point of view that "materialist" was sometimes thought none too hard a name for him, told me that the evidence collected by the Psychical Society for the apparition of persons at the point of death, to others at a distance, was so strong as to amount in his opinion to scientific proof. I think I can hurt no one by mentioning the name of my in-

formant, the late Professor Sidgwick, and certainly the mention of the name guarantees the value of the opinion. "Scientific" proof, as I imagine, means something considerably removed from "mathematical" proof, belonging more nearly to the class of what logicians call "moral" proof—in popular talk, substantial proof, at all events.

Professor Sidgwick's opinion went a great way in disposing me to think that the premonitions and telepathic communications said to be received in dreams might have something much more than a fancied, that is to say a subjective, reality. It is at least certain that the attitude of dogmatic disbelief is almost always that of the fool, so let us try to avoid it. But in the effort I, personally, am able to go no further in this matter than agnosticism. The agnostic attitude is very near the indifferent attitude. It is very difficult to simulate or to stimulate zeal in a subject towards which one's attitude is indifferent. Therefore, all other reasons apart, it seemed to me far better to seek a collaborator who had a lively faith, and the zeal that comes from faith, in these dreams of the telepathic and premonitory kinds.

Science perhaps, finds it hard to recognise any possible truth in these telepathies and premonitions of which she is incapable of giving an account ; but science had her hard knuckles so badly rapped over her once scornful rejection of the since proved facts of hypnotism, that she is more careful now, adopting an attitude not quite so unscientific towards that which she is not able to explain.

I cannot possibly express too strongly my thanks to the Psychical Research Society for the very liberal use that my collaborator has been allowed to make of instances communicated to, and tested by them, of dreams of a telepathic and of a premonitory kind.—

H. G. H.]

Although most of our ordinary dreams can be explained, or partly explained, by the theory “Imagination run riot,” a thorough study of the subject will soon show us that this theory cannot hold good in every case.

Very many instances of premonitory and telepathic dreams have been noted and thoroughly investigated, only to bring us up against a door on which is written “Here lies the threshold of another world”.

Premonitory dreams we will deal with in another chapter ; and, as far as is possible in a small space, try to give here a compilation of dreams which can only be interpreted on the theory of telepathy and dual consciousness.

Wireless telegraphy is now an acknowledged fact. Two finely sensitive instruments are so tuned in complete sympathy that a message sent by one will vibrate on its fellow through miles of space.

Now it is well known that the human brain is more sensitive than any instrument made by hands in existence. Is it not possible to conceive of two brains being so tuned in sympathy that the thought in one will send its message through waves of space till it reaches its fellow instrument and conveys its meaning



to that delicate machinery? There is nothing "super-natural" about this; it is but natural. True, we are but seeing dimly through the veil as yet, but some day it will be lifted, and we shall *know* what at present we can only vaguely guess at.

There are many cases where an experience of a friend at a distance has conveyed itself more or less clearly to the mind in sleep. This is telepathy.

"The word telepathy was brought into use by us," says Professor Sidgwick, "to express the (scientifically speaking) novel conclusion—which several different lines of inquiry have tended to establish—that thoughts and feelings in one mind are sometimes caused by the influence of another mind, conveyed somehow otherwise than through the recognised channels of sense. The word by its derivation suggests that the influence in question operates across a considerable distance of space. . . . Now there can be no doubt that the general acceptance of telepathy, in this sense, as a fact of nature, must importantly modify the current scientific view of the relation of mind to matter."

A phenomenon more difficult to explain is the revelation of an event taking place at a distance (the said event being unconnected with any friend who might have sent a thought wave to the sleeper) to a dreamer who notes the details and the time, only to find that his dream was true in every particular. May this not be explained by dual personality?

Mr. Frederick Greenwood in his interesting book *Imagination in Dreams* remarks: "It is easy to imagine

the mind of man dual—its faculties supplied in a double set. Duality seems to be a common law in nature. The brain which is the mind-machine, is itself a dual organ ; and nearly all the difficulty of understanding dreams would disappear if we could believe that our mental faculties are duplex, and that though the two sets work together inseparably and indistinguishably while we live our natural lives in the waking world, they are capable of working apart, the one under the observation of the other more or less, when all are out of harness by the suspension of the senses in sleep.”

We give an instance of this kind of dream which appears to us to be only thoroughly accounted for by the theory of dual personality. The lady who was the dreamer lives in Kensington and had an office in which she carried on a business in Knightsbridge, the office being about two miles from her house.

“On the night of —— I dreamt very distinctly that I saw a crowd, and I heard a voice saying ‘she is quite dead, I’ve cut her throat, I’ve cut her throat’. I was very frightened, as it impressed me as being so *real*. I awoke, and noted the time—4 A.M. The next morning at breakfast I told my family including my cousin Miss M. D. When I arrived at my place of business I saw a crowd outside the next door house, and found on inquiry that a man had murdered his wife *by cutting her throat* about 4 A.M. in this house.

“(Signed) A. W.-W.”

“My cousin told us her dream at breakfast on ——, and I remember hearing in the evening that a murder had taken place in the house next door to my cousin’s office in the early morning.

“(Signed) M. D.”

Miss A. W.-W. was worried about her business at the time ; does it not seem a simple explanation that her dual personality was haunting her office at the time, and saw the commotion when the police discovered the crime, and thus conveyed the impression to Miss A. W.-W.’s sleeping brain ?

Mere coincidence cannot account for the many instances of these “true dreams”. After all, a coincidence is not an explanation ; it is usually an undeciphered sign-post.

There are many persons ready to explain away absolutely proved facts by some extraordinary hypothesis. This is not scientific ; it is only foolish. Mr. Edward Maitland has well expressed this kind of intelligence in the following sentence : “I recognised so fully the unphilosophical character of that attitude of mind, so conspicuous in the science of the day, which assumes that it knows the limits of possibility and accordingly puts hypothesis above truth by rejecting, prior to examination, all facts which do not accord with its hypothesis, and even while calling itself experimental, denies on the strength of its non-experience affirmations based upon experience, and considers it has effectually disposed of these”.

I will now proceed to give a few instances of telepathy in dreams.

The writer has had many personal experiences of this class of dream. In 1898 while staying at Bournemouth a dream occurred which gave a deep impression that a particular and close friend (then staying in Somerset) was in great grief about something; on waking, very upset and terrified, the time was discovered to be 3 A.M. In the morning a letter was written to Somerset asking if anything had occurred to disturb this friend. The next morning arrived a letter from Somerset written at the same time (the morning before), giving an account of a terrible and most realistic dream, which seemed so real that the dreamer was made quite ill by it, and awoke at 3 A.M., trembling and sobbing, and begging the writer for help. These two letters, *which crossed each other*, are now in the writer's possession.

Another time the writer dreamt of being in very great pain in the head, and this continued till apparently awakened by the pain, the time then being 12-30 A.M. The next evening a letter came, saying that the friend mentioned above had been kept awake till past twelve by violent neuralgia in the head.

These are only two instances out of many.

The following is an abstract of the original account, which was written in French, of a remarkable dream:—

From Mr. B. L. L.

“Mr. B. L. L. was a French professor at the École Réale of —, present age (in 1894 when account was written) forty-five. Towards the end of July, 1870, being in Paris, he dreamt vividly that he went into his sister's house, and found her lying dead in a

coffin in the drawing-room. He woke and told a friend with him that his sister was dead. At the same moment he heard ‘une voix mélodieuse et qui n’avait rien de commun avec nos voix terrestres: “Ladislas chère! Ladislas chère! Ladislas chère!”’ (Ladislas being his christian name). His sister died at the same time. He knew that she was ill, but the last two letters he had had about her had said that she was convalescent. His only anxiety at the time was about the approaching war with Prussia.”<sup>1</sup>

This dream could really come under the “dual personality” heading, but may also be telepathic, as most probably the sister was thinking of him at the time.

The following are very clear cases of telepathy, and are remarkable in more ways than one. It is easier to understand the first case, as the recipient of the telepathic influence was in the room; the others have more or less distance between the subjects.

Mrs. Venn of 3 St. Peter’s Terrace, Cambridge, writes, referring to her son:—<sup>2</sup>

“I think the oddest experience I ever had with him was one night at Bournemouth, when he slept in my room. I dreamed a dream and woke with it, and he immediately (asleep still) in his sleep began to talk about it, proving that he was dreaming the same thing. It was a very queer dream, and involved the question of how many inches (of a row of candles) should be cut off each candle. He gravely begged me to ‘cut off six inches, do, mamma’; when I was feeling four

<sup>1</sup> Vol. x., part xxvi. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*

<sup>2</sup> Vol. xi., part xxix. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*

would be enough. It was a *fête* in our dream, and we were lighting up some room. No real thing had happened to suggest it to us, but we both dreamt it together apparently."

Compare the following case from a percipient known to Dr. Hodgson :—

"2,024 LEXINGTON AVENUE,  
"NEW YORK, 17th February, 1893.

"About two weeks ago, I think on the night of the 3rd inst., I dreamed that I was going to a place called Pontegardo. I remembered the name distinctly on awaking, but it seemed so 'outlandish' and queer, I did not think that it could be a real name. I asked my mother if she knew of a place with such a name. She said she did not. Three or four days after that I received a letter from my husband, who is in Florida, saying that he would probably go to Puntagardo. This letter was written either the day preceding my dream or the day after.

"PHEBE L. GRIFFING (Associate S.P.R.)."

"As related above, my daughter-in-law asked me, the morning after her dream, if I knew of a place called Pontegardo. I did not know of such a place until my son's letter was received saying that he thought of going there.

"JANE R. GRIFFING."

"2,024 LEXINGTON AVENUE,  
"NEW YORK, 21st February, 1893.

"DEAR MR. HODGSON,

"My daughter-in-law has the letter referring to Puntagardo, but as it is principally about personal



affairs she does not like to send it. Charley writes of a business project which, if he carries it out, will make Phebe's dream premonitory, as they will go there to live. If this should be the result, it will be one of the clearest of premonitions, as when she received the letter, nothing of the kind had been contemplated. There was only an intention on Charley's part to remain in Jacksonville or go to Tallahassee to take charge of a newspaper office. These two plans were in Phebe's mind, and she had no idea of any other plan.

"JANE R. GRIFFING."

"Between a certain man and woman, both of a rather romantic cast, a strong affection had grown up from childhood; an affection very much tried but never quenched, nor apparently ever diminished. Through a variety of commonplace mistakes and hindrances they could not marry. They had to remain apart and nearly always at a distance; but with communication enough to be assured from time to time over ten or twelve years that the old affection remained what it was at the beginning. Towards the end of this period the man was tormented by a series of dreams, occurring at intervals of days, weeks and months, in which the woman figures as avowing herself 'false as Cressid' and shamelessly glorying in her freedom. 'Tormented' was his own word; but not because these dreams ever disturbed his faith for a single waking moment. Indeed, he described himself (to me; I was his confidant or confessor at the time, and therefore can speak to the truth of this relation) as puzzled and humiliated that such phantasies should invade his mind

by any avenue or in any shape. The torment was felt no longer than the dream lasted, or till he had shaken off the horror he woke in. It was not surprising to hear, however, that the repetition of these visions during a space of two or three years became increasingly distressing, and the more so because their only difference was in scene and circumstance. There was a casual meeting, now on a country road, now on a seaside parade, now at a garden-party; but whatever the place of meeting the same thing happened on all occasions. With a defiant gaiety, and with a 'Now, do you suppose?' or a 'Why, dear me, yes!' or a 'Are you so stupid as to imagine?' she scattered confessions as lightly as if she were flinging roses. The lady died, and when she was dead the leaves of a sealed book opened (how, need not be told) revealing what no one expected to read in it, and all in accordance with her lover's dream. Not that there were any signs of the pagan audacity that was so amazing in them; but, on the contrary, tokens of violent passions of remorse, frequently recurrent.

"Little help from superstition is needed to impress one with a story like this. It should be marked that R.'s persistent dreams were not accounted for by doubt, by jealousy, or by anything seen or heard that could sow the seed of suspicion. Nothing that was native to his own mind suggested them; they were dreams of intimation from without, if any such there be. And yet in explaining them by the wave-of-communication hypothesis an extremely curious and interesting difficulty has to be encountered. It is almost inconceiv-

able that even in her most mute and secret musings, the unhappy woman could have wished to present herself to her lover's mind as she did appear to him in sleep. To be sure, the psychologist or the poet may make something of it, as the communication of a wild and impulsive remorse. We know that remorse will sometimes drive a sensitive nature to extravagant lengths of self-condemnation and self-punishment; and if the poet chose, he could make a pretty picture of the poor lady overcome at times with violent shame at her deceit—her mind straining with a wish that he might be defrauded of his confidence no longer, and going forth to him in an excess of penitence and extravagant self-revelation. It is quite credible, and quite in accord with what is known of human nature and human conduct.”<sup>1</sup>

The reader will notice that each of these cases appears to give distinct evidence of thought transference or telepathy. The following is a striking instance which has been communicated to me:—

“In 1884 I was up in Mussoorie for the season. At the end of the season I prepared to go back to the plains again. I sent on most of the furniture with the nurses, three children, and a lady who was staying with me at the time. I prepared to follow with another lady who was staying with me ‘Miss B. H.’ when we suddenly discovered, much to our disgust, that we were fifteen coolies short, and could not possibly start till we had more. However, our Khan-samah offered to get us something to eat, and make a

<sup>1</sup> *Imagination in Dreams* (Frederick Greenwood).

fire for us in one of the rooms, and we proceeded to have dinner, and lie down on two mattresses which we luckily had.

"I fell asleep, and had a dream as follows: I was in the next room, and saw a half-caste woman enter hurriedly screaming. She was followed by three men with sticks. Two of these men proceeded to beat her to death, while the third looked on, the whole time the woman was shrieking for help.

"I was wakened by Miss B. H. shaking me, and begging me to wake. She told me that I had been screaming out for help for somebody. I began telling her my dream. She would not let me finish, and we sat up talking the rest of the night. The next day she told me that the dream was *true*. A woman who had been unfaithful to her husband in that house had been beaten to death by her husband and one of her brothers, while her other brother looked on. Miss B. H. told me she had known this story for some time, but would not allow me to be told.

"(Signed) L. DE BOURBEL."

"I certify above account to be true in every particular.

"(Signed) B. H."

We now come to the class of dream which we have catalogued as "dual personality".

Some of these dreams show undoubted evidence of sleep-clairvoyance, but the strange part is that this clairvoyance usually comes to those who are not clairvoyant in their waking state. Take the numerous

instances of the finding of lost articles through a dream. Can this be explained by the theory that our spirit in sleep is conducted by so-called occult means to the place where the lost article is reposing? What other explanation solves this riddle?

Dr. Radcliffe—whose name is well known as a physician, and who studied deeply metaphysics and psychology—had many theories about dreams, including “liberty to believe” that the spirits of the dead may visit us in our sleep. Also he thinks that our spirit is capable of taking on a separate identity in our sleep and overcoming the usual rules of time and space. “How is it,” he asks, “that I am at once introduced into a world of spirit in which there is, as it were, no time and space, in which I lose the distinction between now and then, between here and there? I do not explain the fact by saying that it is a mere fiction of my imagination. Imagination is a manifestation of my own being. Where imagination can be, there I must be, in spirit at least. In a word, I do not see how to account for the operation of my imagination in time and space without supposing that I must be a spirit which is truly alive in the past and future as well as in the present, and which is, in the true sense of the word, ubiquitous. And so it may be that my true relations to time and space are made known to me more clearly in a dream than at any other time;” and he goes on to say “from this point of view you may look upon yourself as a spirit which may be incarnated at one time, and translated out of reach of the senses at another”.

Mr. Frederick H. Myers says that : " Dreams often recall to us facts of our waking life which we have known and forgotten. May it not also recall to us facts which our supraliminal selves have never known?"

At the beginning of this chapter we quoted an instance of "Dual personality," in which Miss A. W.-W. was made aware in her dream of a murder which had been committed two miles away.

The following case is analogous to Miss. A. W.-W.'s dream, in that Mr. Wack was made aware of an event taking place at a distance.

Mr. W. H. Wack is an attorney.<sup>1</sup>

"COURT HOUSE,  
"ST. PAUL, MINN., 10th February, 1892.

" I believe I had a remarkable experience. About midnight on the 29th day of December, headsore and fatigued, I left my study where I had been poring over uninspiring law text, and, climbing to my chamber door, fell into bed for the night.

" Nothing unusual had transpired in my affairs that day, and yet, when I gave myself to rest, my brain buzzed on with a myriad fancies. The weird intonation of an old kitchen clock fell upon my ears but faintly, as it donged the hour of two. The sound of the clock chime had hardly died when I became conscious of my position in a passenger coach on the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha railroad. I was journeying to Duluth, Minnesota, from St. Paul, in which latter place I had gone to sleep. I was aware

<sup>1</sup> Vol. xi., part xxix. *Proceedings S. P. R.*



that I had been on the train about four hours and that I was somewhere near the town of Shell Lake, Wis., distant from St. Paul about eighty miles. I had often been over the road, and as I peered through the coach window I recognised, in the moonlit scene, features of country and habitation I had seen before. We were plunging on, almost heedlessly as it seemed, when I fancied I heard, and was startled from my reverie by, a piercing shriek, which was protracted into a piteous moaning and gasping, as if some human creature were suffering some hideous torture.

“Then I felt the train grind heavily to an awkward stop. There was a sudden commotion fore and aft. Train men with lanterns hurried through my car and joined employés near the engine. I could see the lights flash here and there, beside and beneath the cars; brakemen moved along the wheels in groups, the pipe voice of the conductor and the awe-stricken cry of the black porter infused a livening sense to a scene which I did not readily understand. Instinctively I concluded that an accident had happened, or perhaps that a break to the train had occasioned this sudden uprising of train men. A minute later I was out upon the road itself. The brusque and busy search and the disturbed manner of the attendants did not invite elaborate inquiry from a curious passenger, so I was content to be told, in very ugly snappish English, that if I had eyes I might see for myself that ‘some one got killed, I reckon’. Everybody moved and acted in a spirit of stealth, and each, it appeared, expected a horrible ‘find’. The trucks were being

examined from the rear of the train forward. Blood splotches were discovered on nearly all the bearings under the entire train. When the gang reached one of the forward cars, all lights were cast upon a truck which was literally scrambled with what appeared to be brains—human brains evidently, for among the clots were small tufts of human hair. This truck, particularly, must have ground over the bulk of a human body. Every fixture between the wheels was smeared with the crimson ooze of some crushed victim. But where was the body, or at least its members? The trucks were covered only with a pulp of mangled remnants. The search for what appeared to be the killed was extended 500 yards back of the train and all about the right-of-way with no more satisfactory result than to occasionally find a blood-stained tie (sleeper).

“All hands boarded the train; many declaring that it was an unusual mishap, on a railroad, which left such uncertain trace of its victim. Again I felt the train thundering on through the burnt pine wastes of northern Minnesota. As I reclined there in my berth, I reflected upon the experience of the night, and often befuddled my sleepy head in an effort to understand how a train, pushing along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, could so grind and triturate a vital bulk, staining only trucks behind the engine, unless the killed at the fatal time were upon the truck or huddled closely by it. I concluded, therefore, that the being destroyed under the train had been concealed near the bespattered fixtures of the car. I had read of death to tramps stealing rides by hiding

themselves under or between cars, and finally I dismissed meditation—assured that another unfortunate itinerant had been carried out of existence. Horrible! I shuddered and awoke—relieved to comprehend it all a dream.

“Now the fact that the foregoing is an accurate statement of a dream experienced by me is not a matter for marvel. Taken alone, there is nothing remarkable in the time at which this vision blackened my sleep. The spell was upon me between two and three o’clock in the morning—of that I am certain. I am positive of the time, because, when I awoke, I heard the clock distinctly, as it struck three.

“On the morrow, I—who usually forget an ordinary dream long before breakfast—recounted to the family the details of the night’s distraction. From my hearers there followed only the ordinary comments of how ghastly and how shocking the story was as told, and how strange the nature of the accident—that no parts of the body had been found. The latter circumstance was, to me also, quite an unusual feature of railroad casualty.

“The evening following the night of the dream (30th December), at 5 o’clock, I returned to my home, stepped into my study, and, as I am in the habit of doing, I glanced at a page of the *St. Paul Dispatch*, a daily evening newspaper. It had been casually folded by a previous reader, so that in picking it up flatly, the article which first fixed my attention read:

“FATE OF A TRAMP. HORRIBLE DEATH EXPERIENCED  
BY AN UNKNOWN MAN ON THE OMAHA ROAD.

“Duluth, 30th December—Every truck on the incoming Omaha train from St. Paul this morning was splashed with blood. Trainmen did not know there had been an accident till they arrived here, but think some unfortunate man must have been stealing a ride between St. Paul and this city. Trainmen on a later train state that a man's leg was found by them at Spooner, and that for two miles this side the tracks were scattered with pieces of flesh and bone. There is no possible means of identification.’

“Here was an evident verification of all that transpired in my mind between two and three o'clock on the previous night. I reflected, and the more I pondered the faster I became convinced that I had been in some mysterious form, spirit or element, witness of the tragedy reported in the columns of the press—that my vision was perfect as to general details, and the impression complete and exact to time, and circumstance. The next morning I scanned the pages of the *Pioneer Press* of 31st December, and read the following paragraph:—

“‘Unknown man killed, Shell Lake, Wis. Special telegram, 30th December.—Fragments of the body of an unknown man were picked up on the railroad track to-day. Portions of the same body were also found on over 100 miles of the railroad. He is supposed to have been killed by the night train, but just where is not known.’

“‘With this case, the conviction came to me that, living and asleep, 100 miles from the place of the killing, I had been subjected to the phantom-sight of an actual

occurrence on the Omaha railroad, as vivid and in truth as I have stated it above.

"I have not written this account because Mark Twain and other authors have published in current magazines their experiences in what is termed mental telepathy or mental telegraphy. On the contrary, having read a number of those articles, I have hesitated to utter, as authentic, what I now believe to be a material and striking evidence of the extent, the caprice, and the possibilities of this occult phenomenon.

"HARRY W. WACK."

In reply to Dr. Hodgson's inquiries Mr. Wack wrote :—

"ST. PAUL,

"20th February, 1892.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Replying to your valued favour of the 15th inst, I will say that you are right in understanding that my account of the dream submitted to your society is a true narrative.

"I re-affirm every word of it, and give you my solemn assurance that, as I have stated, I informed my family and friends of the dream and its details, before I had the first suspicion that the public press ever had contained or ever would contain a report of such an actual occurrence.

"If desirable I will make affidavits as to the truth of the substance of the narrative in your hands.

"I enclose a few corroborative letters, the signatures

to which I procured yesterday, 19th February. If these serve you, well and good.

“HARRY W. WACK.”

The following were the corroborative letters enclosed :—

“ST. PAUL,

“20th February, 1892.

“GENTLEMEN,

“Referring to an account of a dream submitted to you by Mr. Harry Wack of this city which I have read, I beg leave to add the following facts corroborative of the narrative :—

“After careful consideration of the article, I find that the story of the dream on 29th-30th December is in substance identical with that which was related by Mr. Wack at breakfast on the morning of 30th December, 1891. On that occasion Mr. Wack stated that he had been agitated the previous night by a dream of unusual features, and then, at the request of those present, he recited what now appears in his article, which I have just perused for the first time. On the evening of 30th December, 1891, when Mr. Wack discovered the newspaper item, he again mentioned the dream and called my attention to the newspaper item, and several of the family discussed the matter. On the morning of 31st December, another newspaper clipping bearing on the same matter was debated by the family.

“Aside from the unusual features and hideousness of the dream, there was nothing to startle us, until the newspaper accounts developed the affair in a



mysterious sense. The first version of the dream was given in the morning of 30th December. The first newspaper dispatch appeared and was discovered in the evening of the same day. This I know of my own knowledge being present on each occasion.

“(MRS.) MARGARET B. MACDONALD.”

“ST. PAUL,

“MINN., *20th February*, 1892.

“GENTLEMEN,

“I have read the letter of Mrs. Macdonald, with whom I visited on 29th, 30th, 31st December, and days following, and with your permission I will say that I also was present at breakfast when Mr. Wack mentioned the dream, and at dinner (6 P.M.) when Mr. Wack called our attention to the newspaper item, which he then declared was a positive verification of the dream he experienced the night before. I have read the account of the dream, and I believe it to be precisely as I understood it from Mr. Wack’s account given on the morning of 30th December, 1891.

“ROSE B. HAMILTON.”

“ST. PAUL,

“*20th February*, 1892.

“GENTLEMEN,

“Having read the foregoing letters of Mrs. Macdonald and Miss Rose B. Hamilton, and being familiar with the facts and incidents therein set forth, I would add my endorsement to them as being in strict accord with the truth.

“Mr. Wack stated his dream as he has written

of it in the article which I understand he has submitted to you, on the morning of 30th December, 1891. He came upon and drew our attention to the newspaper articles on the evening of 30th December, and on the morning of 31st December, 1891. It was these newspaper dispatches which made the dream interesting, and thereafter it was freely discussed.

“C. E. MACDONALD.”

Mr. H. W. Smith, an Associate Member of the American Branch, writes to Dr. Hodgson in connection with the case.—

“OFFICE OF SMITH & AUSTRIAN, COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
“290 E. 6TH STREET, PRODUCE EXCHANGE,  
“ST. PAUL, MINN., 14th April, 1892.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“It has been impossible for me to accept Mr. Wack’s invitation to meet at his house the witnesses he cited in his communication to you. I have already written you of my preliminary interview with Mr. Wack, and it confirms in my own mind the high opinion which I previously held of him through our acquaintanceship, extending over a series of years. There is no reasonable doubt in my mind that the statement he makes is substantially correct, at least as respects any and all allegations of fact. Of course the application of these facts to an unknown force is a matter upon which I cannot speak.

“HERBERT W. SMITH.”

Mr. Wack had often passed over the route,

which may account somewhat for the reason why he should have seen the event.

The following are also interesting from the same point of view :—<sup>1</sup>

1884.

“Mr. Francis Alvey Darwin, of Creskeld Hall, Pool, Leeds, sends us the following narrative, taken down by him from the lips of William Myers, bailiff and ex-keeper on the Creskeld estate, and Elizabeth, his wife, both of whom sign the account.

“Some years ago, I was asleep in bed here about 12 to 1 A.M., and dreamt that I was out watching in a certain place where two gates face each other, near my house ; that four poachers came up to me through those gates and that I seized hold of two of them, one in each hand, and shook them and struggled with them, at the same time shouting for assistance. My cries and struggles awoke my wife, who woke me up ; at once I told her what my dream had been, and that I had had a hard fight. Just about that very time, and at the very place I saw in my dream, four poachers did make their appearance and stoned some of our men who were watching there.

“When they came to see me in the morning, before I had any conversation with any one, I told them at once I knew all about it, describing to them in presence of my wife both the number of men and the place where they had come across them.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. viii., part xxii. of *Proceedings S.P.R.*

"My wife will corroborate all I say as to my cries and struggles, of which I myself was quite unconscious till she woke me. We thought it a curious dream at the time.

"(Signed) WILLIAM MYERS.

"ELIZABETH MYERS."

"3 PUMP-COURT,

"TEMPLE, E.C., 14th March, 1884.

"DEAR SIR,

"In answer to your letter of the 10th inst., I have no doubt that the place near the gates referred to was a place which he knew perfectly well that poachers would be almost sure to pass in order to set a certain wood. I do not think that the place was ever regularly watched, as there is no cover to hide any men in, but the gates would certainly be frequently marked in order that it might be ascertained if any one had gone through them or not, yours truly,

"(Signed) FRANCIS ALVEY DARWIN."

Before dismissing this dream as a mere accidental coincidence, the reader should refer to Dr. A. K. Young's case (*Phantasms of the Living*, vol. i., p. 381), where the dreamer strikes out violently at imaginary foes—in a scene where an assault is being actually committed upon a tenant of his own.

In the next case there is no suggestion of matter on which the dream-self could have worked, except the fact that on the previous evening the dreamer had heard a cart rapidly driven.

“TURNOURS HALL,  
“NEAR CHIGWELL, ESSEX, *July*, 1888.

“Statement by William Bass, farm bailiff to Mrs. Palmer :—

“On the night of Good Friday, 1884, I went to bed at half-past ten, and very soon fell asleep. Just before the clock struck one I awoke in violent agitation and profuse perspiration. I told my wife I dreamt that something was wrong at the farm stables, and I was so convinced that it was the fact that I should get up at once and go there. She persuaded me to lie down again (I was sitting up in bed and the night was cold). Still I could not rest. At a quarter to two I dressed hastily, and taking a lamp and matches with me went as fast as I could to the stables (distant about a third of a mile). I at once perceived the place had been broken into and that a grey mare had been stolen. From appearance where the mare had lain I judged she had been taken away about two hours previously.

“(Signed) WILLIAM BASS.”

Mr. J. B. Surgey, enclosing this account, writes as follows :—

“22 HOLLAND STREET,  
“KENSINGTON, *9th July*, 1888.

“DEAR MR. MYERS,

“Probably a few lines will be acceptable to you beyond those to which William Bass has signed his name. Before being employed as bailiff he was coachman at Turnours Hall, and has been thirty-two years in his place, a thoroughly trustworthy, straight-

forward and the most unimaginative, matter-of-fact fellow conceivable. Before his dream of Good Friday, 1884, he was never known to speak of one. I had all particulars of it almost immediately, but only jotted them down last week. I asked if he could guess how long he had been dreaming when he awoke. No, not possible to guess; but he was in a horrible fright and his shirt was 'dripping' with perspiration, by which he supposed he might have been in a state of excitement a good while.—Very truly yours,

"J. B. SURGEY."

Mr. Bass has since been interviewed by Mr. Barkworth who writes:—

"18th April, 1890.

"William Bass confirmed his previous evidence to me this day.

"About the time when the incident occurred (and for a long while afterwards) systematic horse-stealing had gone on in the neighbourhood, but Bass has no recollection of being specially anxious about this. Pressed as to the details of the dream, he recollected that he saw the horses in the dream, and had a vivid impression of 'something wrong,' but what it was he did not know. Although thus vague, the impression was so strong as to be irresistible, so that although his wife begged him to go to sleep again he lay awake for about one and a quarter hours until he could bear it no longer, when he got up and went to the stable.

"His wife confirmed all this, particularly as to his having twice said there was something wrong in the



stable and he must go and see to it. He had always reproached her since with having prevented his going to the stable when he first awoke. Bass states he is not in the habit of dreaming. Pressed as to any previous experience of the kind, he said that about twenty years ago he dreamt he saw his father dead. The father, who was quite well at the time, died suddenly ten days afterwards."

The two following dreams proved distinctly *useful* in that they were the means of averting a very serious danger. Mr. Brighten (by whom they were experienced) is known to Mr. Podmore, who concurs in what appears to be the estimate generally formed of that gentleman, namely, that he is a shrewd, unimaginative, practical man.

"<sup>1</sup>I owned a thirty-five-ton schooner, and in August, 1876, in very calm weather I dropped anchor in the Thames at the north shore, opposite Gravesend, as it was impossible to get to the other side, there being no wind.

"The current being exceedingly swift at that part we let out plenty of chain cable before going to bed. I had captain and crew of three men on board, besides visitors. Towards morning I found myself lying awake in my (owner's) cabin with the words ringing in my ears, 'Wake, wake, you'll be run down'. I waited a few moments, then dropped off to sleep, but was again awakened by the same words ringing in my ears. Upon this I leisurely put on some clothes and went on deck and found the tide

<sup>1</sup> Vol. viii., part xxii. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*

rushing past very swiftly, and that we were enveloped in a dense fog, and all was calm and quiet in the early morning, and there was already some daylight. I paced the deck once or twice, then went below, undressed, got into my berth, and fell asleep, only to be again awakened by the same words. I then somewhat more hastily dressed, went on deck, and climbed some way up the rigging to get above the fog, and was soon in a bright, clear atmosphere with the fog like a sea at my feet, when looking round I saw a large vessel bearing down directly upon us. I fell, rather than scrambled, out of the rigging, rushed to the forecastle, shouted to the captain who rushed on deck, explained all in a word or two, he ran to the tiller, unlashed it, put it hard a-port ; the swift current acting upon the rudder caused the boat to slew across and upward in the current, when on came the large vessel passing our side, and it would have cleared us but her anchor which she was carrying (having lifted it in consequence of having heaved anchor at low tide with very little cable) caught in our chain when she swung round and came alongside, fortunately, however, doing us very little damage. I at once jumped on her deck and woke up some men who appeared on deck in various stages of intoxication, who stupidly wanted to remain as they were, but by dint of coaxing and threatening in turn, I induced them to take some turns at their capstan, which had the effect of freeing their anchor from my chain, and she soon left us and dropped her anchor a little lower down. I at once narrated the above facts to the captain, and next day informed

my visitors of the voice to which we all owed our preservation. I cannot think that it was really a human voice as in consequence of the fog no one could have seen the relative position of the vessels, and no other vessels were near us within half a mile or more. My visitors at once desired me to return to Greenwich, and discontinued their trip.

“WILLIAM E. BRIGHTEN.”

“ARGYLL HOUSE,

“SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, 6th December, 1884.

“I was one of the visitors on the occasion above referred to, and Mr. Brighten related the occurrence to us on the following day.

“ROBERT PARKER.

“*Solicitor.*

“31, LIVERPOOL STREET,

“LONDON.”

So much for the first of Mr. Brighten's premonitory dreams. The second is certainly of no less singular a character.

“I was serving my articles to a solicitor in the city of Norwich at the time of the following dream, and although it happened in March of the year 1861, it is as fresh and vivid in my memory as if it happened yesterday, and I have frequently narrated it. In that year Mr. C. (also an articulated clerk), having purchased a long paddle steamer for river use (of a class since supplanted by the launches of the present day), arranged with me that we should have a week's holiday in the steamboat, so putting our provisions on board, we (perhaps rashly) started without any

engineer or attendant of any kind. Our trip was a pleasant one from Norwich to Yarmouth, and we proceeded up the North River, *i.e.*, River Bure, as far as Acle, returning that night to the North Quay, Great Yarmouth, where we were conveniently moored stem and stern to a wherry (*i.e.*, the local name for barges conveying goods) and we turned in about 9.30 P.M. The cabin was comfortable and we were able to enjoy our beds as at home, and I must describe the doors as two small folding doors, secured by shutting from the inside against the threshold, and at the top by a hatch coming over and secured with bar, top and bottom. I must have slept some hours before my dream commenced. I thought my eyes opened, and that the top of the cabin had become transparent, and I could see two dark figures floating in the air about the funnel. They appeared to be in earnest converse, pointing towards the mouth of the river and then at the ropes by which the boat was moored; at last they turned to each other, and after some gestures they seemed to have resolved upon a plan of action, and each floated in the air, one to the stem and the other to the stern, holding out a forefinger, and at the same moment each forefinger touched a rope and instantly burned it like a red-hot iron. The boat thus freed at once drifted with the rapid ebb, first passed the quay under the suspension bridge, then under the iron bridge, then across the broad waters of Braydon towards Yarmouth bridge, then down between the long lines of shipping there. All this time two figures were floating in the air above the boat, and

both giving forth musical sounds. I thought I tried to break the spell upon me and wake my companion, for I knew that if we drifted out to sea we should certainly be swamped crossing the bar, but I lay there helpless. My eyes apparently saw every familiar object along the two and a half miles to the sea. At last we passed Southtown, then the village of Gorleston, and we came to the sharp last turn of the river where the swift waters were hurrying and tumbling over the bar to the broad sea beyond; and in those waters we were soon whirling, when the musical sounds, which had never ceased, were exchanged by the two dark figures for hideous screams of triumph as the boat rapidly began to sink. At last the waters appeared to reach my mouth, and I was drowning, choking. With a wild effort I bounded from the couch, burst the doors outwards, shivering them to pieces, and found myself (in my night-clothes) awake outside the ruined doors on a calm, bright moonlight night, and instinctively turned to the head rope; to my horror, it had just parted. Turning for the boathook I saw beside me my friend C., who had been aroused by the crash, and he shouted that he saw the stern rope go at the same time. We both held on despairingly to the boathook, bruising our unprotected shins, but our cries woke up the wherryman, who came to our assistance, supplying fresh ropes, and we were made snug for the rest of the night. My friend upbraided me for the wreck of his doors, and I at once told him the whole of the above dream, by which I was then very much excited.

Next day I could calmly reflect that had we remained asleep when the ropes parted the tragedy I dreamed of must inevitably have taken place in all its literal detail.

“WILLIAM E. BRIGHTEN.”

“ARGYLL HOUSE,  
“SOUTHEND, ESSEX, 1884.

“Witness, Mr. J. W. Clabburn, Guild House, Thorpe, Norwich states :—

“I was with Mr. Brighten on the occasion referred to, and my knowledge of the matter commenced with being awakened by the crash of the doors, upon which I went out and saw Mr. Brighten with the boathook, in an excited state, trying to hold the bows of the boat. I saw the stern rope part, the bow rope had already gone. The whole scene passed in a moment. Mr. Brighten at once related his dream to me as above.

“JAMES W. CLABBURN.”

“ARGYLL HOUSE,  
“SOUTHEND, 6th December, 1884.

“Each experience is unique, and I have never had any other dream or voice warning of impending danger.

“Neither am I a dreamer at all beyond the ordinary run of mankind. I can have no possible objection to have my name appended to the statements.

“WILLIAM E. BRIGHTEN.”

Few of our narratives are more difficult than these to range under any one of our definite classes. In



some way Mr. Brighten obtained a *connaissance supérieure*, as M. Richet terms it; in some way he became aware of impending dangers which no ordinary faculty could have revealed. Are we to call it clairvoyance or premonition or communication from any embodied or unembodied mind?

I will now quote one or two instances out of the many known and investigated, where the dream has been the means of discovering a lost article. The first is as follows:—

From Mr. A. Brockelbank, 20 Marsden Road, East Dulwich, S.E.<sup>1</sup>

14th July, 1884.

“Some years ago I lost a pocket-knife. I think it was some six months afterwards—when I had forgotten entirely the loss of the knife, and the subject never recurred to my memory in any way whatever—I dreamt one night that it was in the pocket of a certain pair of trousers I had cast off, I suppose about the same time as the loss of my knife. I awoke, and lay awake some time, till it occurred to me to prove the truth of my dream. I went upstairs in search of the said pair of trousers, and sure enough there it was as I had dreamt. The peculiarity of the above is this, that when I was awake and in my senses no train of thought or retracing of my memory would carry me back to the pair of trousers or to the knife, and it was quite as an experiment that I went in search of them.

“AUGUSTUS BROCKELBANK.”

<sup>1</sup> Vol. viii., part xxii. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*

There is much in such a flash of memory as might sometimes occur in waking hours, for it is probable that Mr. Brockelbank had at one time observed that the knife was in that pocket. He may have very rapidly forgotten the fact ; but nevertheless there was probably some supraliminal knowledge for the dream to revive.

We will now take three cases where the memory in the waking state was *incapable* of seeing the lost article :—<sup>1</sup>

4th February, 1889.

“On reaching Morley’s Hotel at 5 o’clock on Tuesday, 29th January, 1889, I missed a gold brooch, which I supposed I had left in a fitting room at Swan & Edgar’s. I sent there at once, but was very disappointed to hear that after a diligent search they could not find the brooch. I was very vexed, and worried about the brooch, and that night dreamed that I should find it shut up in a number of the *Queen* newspaper that had been on the table, and in my dream I saw the very page where it would be. I had noticed one of the plates on that page. Directly after breakfast I went to Swan & Edgar’s and asked to see the papers, at the same time telling the young ladies about the dream, and where I had seen the brooch. The papers had been moved from that room, but were found, and to the astonishment of the young ladies, I said : ‘This is the one that contains my

<sup>1</sup> Vol. viii., part xxii. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*

brooch'; and there at the very page I expected I found it.

"A. M. BICKFORD-SMITH."

We received a substantially similar account from Mrs. Bickford-Smith's brother-in-law, Mr. H. A. Smith, who was a witness of the trouble taken to find the brooch, both at the hotel, and by sending to Swan & Edgar's, on the previous evening.

Yet here, be it observed, Mrs. Bickford-Smith had not had an opportunity of herself inspecting the scene of the loss. Had she returned to Swan & Edgar's before the dream, it is possible that the sight of the books on the table might have revived some recollection of seeing the brooch between the leaves of the *Queen*.

In the next case we cannot absolutely prove that Mrs. Yates did not put the photographs in the drawer herself—or casually see that a parcel was in the drawer, if some one else put them there—but the fact of the long search, of the refusal to believe the dream, makes this explanation dubious. I may add that Mrs. Yates (known to Mr. Gurney and myself) has had other experiences—of a telepathic or clairvoyant kind.

From Mrs. Yates, 44 Montpelier Road, Brighton, 1884:—

"About five years since I had sent me, by a friend, some unmounted photographs of "The Stations of the Cross," taken in miniature from frescoes at Rome, with the request that after inspection I would immediately return them, as they were valued. I placed them in an envelope, and, as I thought, in the secretaire, but

on finishing a letter in which I intended to return them, to my dismay, they were nowhere to be found. We searched unceasingly, but fruitlessly. I submitted meekly to reproofs for my carelessness, and so the matter passed out of thought.

“More than a twelvemonth after I dreamt I took out a top short drawer in a wardrobe that stood in a then unused dressing-room, and found the little pictures. It will naturally be asked, ‘Did you not, the first thing in the morning, ascertain whether your dream had anything in it, by removing the drawer?’ I did not. I mentioned it to my family, but it had no special interest for them, and it was no more thought of; but several months after, on the removal of the wardrobe to another part of the house, the drawers being taken out to lighten it, there, snugly enough, lay the envelope and the little pictures! I have them mounted and framed.”

The wife of the Rev. W. F. Brand, Emorton, Harford Co., Maryland, writes as follows, under date Findowsay, 29th March, 1884:—

“Mr. Brand asked me one day to give him the 100 dollars that he had given me to put away for him. I felt startled, for I did not remember that he had given them to me. However, I went to the place where I usually put money and looked. It was not there. I looked in several other not improbable places, but could not find it. By degrees I searched in every drawer, and box, and corner, likely or even impossible, but without success. Night came and I had not found it. I was much disturbed, for the loss

was a large one for us ; but even more than for the loss we were concerned at the thought of any one about me having taken it. Before going to bed I prayed very earnestly that I might find it ; or, if not, that suspicion might not fall upon an innocent person. In the course of the night I dreamt that I found the money in the middle of a bundle of shawls that had been put away during the summer, and carefully wrapped up for protection against moths. In my daylight mind this place seemed to me an absurd one to look in, but my dream impressed me a good deal, and I unfastened the shawls (I think they were sewed up), and there was the lost treasure.

“ I should like to say whether my dream awakened me in the night, but I do not remember. I did not look until the morning. I never have been able to recall the fact of my putting the money away, nor, indeed, of Mr. Brand giving it into my care, although it was an unusual thing for him to do in those days.”

Then here are three cases where it seems quite impossible to suppose that the seeker's supraliminal consciousness was *ever* aware of the lost article's position.

From Mrs. Crellin, 62 Hilldrop Crescent, N.<sup>1</sup>

1884.

“ When a school girl I one day foolishly removed from my French teacher's hand a ring, which I, in fun, transferred to my own. On removing it from my finger just before going to bed, I found that a stone

<sup>1</sup> Vol. viii., part xxii. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*

had fallen out of the ring, and I was much troubled about it, especially as the ring had been given to my teacher. We had four class-rooms, and as I had been moving from one to another in the course of the evening, I could not hope to find the lost stone. I, however, in my dreams that night saw the stone lying on a certain plank in the floor of our 'drilling-room,' and on awaking I dressed hastily and went direct to the spot marked in my dream, and recovered the lost stone. This narrative has nothing thrilling in it, but its simplicity and exactness may commend it to your notice."

Mr. Gurney adds :—

"In conversation with me, Mrs. Crellin described the four class-rooms as good sized rooms, which it would have taken a long time to search over. She had been about in all of them in the course of the evening. She is positive that she went quite straight to the spot. She is an excellent witness."

Mrs. J. Windsor Stuart of Foley House, Rothesay, N.B.—well known to me—contributes a similar experience, but with the additional point of interest that the ring was seen, not as it must have looked when searched for, but glistening with dew, as it actually was at the time of the dream. The incident is remote ; but Mr. Stuart remembers being told of the incident in the same form much nearer the actual date.

*"30th January, 1892.*

"In the early autumn of 1864, my father (the late Captain Wm. Campbell) was living at Snettisham,



Norfolk. We had a croquet party. Among the guests was a young man, George Gambier (nephew of the late artist Mr. Gambier Parry), at the time an agricultural pupil of the late Mr. Charles Preedy, agent on the Hunstanton estate. As Mr. Gambier was about to mount his horse and ride home, he suddenly said, 'I have lost the opal out of my ring. I would not have done this for the world; it belonged to my father. I remember seeing it as I rang the bell on arriving, so that it must have dropped out since I came here.' We all set to work to hunt for the stone by walking up and down the lawn in line, but without success.

"There were two copper-beech trees, one just on the lawn near the house, the other a little further back, above the embankment made in laying off the lawn, but spreading a little over it. In the early morning I dreamed I saw the stone shining under a leaf that had fallen from the tree, close to the edge of the bank. I saw the whole scene vividly, the dew drops sparkling in the sun, and the stone, in my dream. I woke so much impressed by my dream that I at once got up and dressed and went out. It was about six o'clock on a lovely morning. I went out by the garden door directly on to the lawn, and walked up to the tree, seeing everything as in my dream, and found the stone without further looking, just under the leaf as I had seen it.

"FLORA STUART."

J. L. Squires.<sup>1</sup>

“PROF. JAMES,

“DEAR SIR,

“I am informed that you are at the head of the Boston branch of the English Society of Psychical Research, and beg to call your attention to a singular incident which took place near here some time ago, and which has never been chronicled. It is, in brief, as follows :—

“A young man of this place, J. L. Squires by name, was at work on the farm of T. L. Johnson, with another young man, Wesley Davis, who was one day far from the buildings mending fence around a large pasture. Squires was not with him, nor had he ever been far into the pasture. At some time during the day Davis lost his watch and chain from the vest pocket, and although he searched diligently, could not find it, as he had no idea as to the probable locality of the watch. Although only a silver watch, Davis worked for a living and could hardly afford its loss.

“In his sympathy for his friend, Squires could not keep his mind off the watch, and after two or three days thinking of it, went to bed one night still thinking of it. During the night he had a dream, or vision, as we may call it, and saw the watch lying on the ground with the chain coiled in a peculiar position; rocks, trees and all the surroundings were perfectly plain to him. Telling his story at the breakfast table, he was, of course, well laughed at, but being so convinced

<sup>1</sup> Vol. xi., part xxix. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*

that he could go straight to the watch, he saddled a horse and found it exactly as he expected to.

"All the parties concerned are wholly honest and reliable. I will have a detailed statement sworn to if you would like it.

"JOHN E. GALE.

"Guildford, Vermont."

"In the month of March, 1887, I, Jesse L. Squires, of Guildford, in the county of Windham, and State of Vermont, being then in the twenty-third year of my age, began working for T. L. Johnson, a farmer living in the town aforesaid.

"In the month of September following—the exact day of the month I do not remember—I was about one mile from the farm buildings with a young man named Wesley Davis, with whom I had for several years been acquainted, and who had been working with me at said Johnson's for several months, looking after some cattle that had strayed from a pasture. The cattle, eighteen or twenty head, were found in a large mow lot, and seeing us, started to run away in a direction opposite to that in which we wished to drive them. In order to head off the cattle and turn them back, Davis ran one way and I the other, and while running Davis lost his watch and chain from his vest pocket, but did not discover his loss until eight or nine o'clock that night, when it was, of course, too late to search for it. Believing that he must have lost the watch while engaged in getting the cattle back into the pasture, Davis and myself returned to the place the

next morning and looked for the watch all the forenoon. Not having any idea of the probable locality in which the watch was lost, and not being at all certain that it was lost while after the cattle, we did not succeed in finding it, although we searched for it until twelve o'clock. The watch was one that Davis had had for some time, and he was much attached to it, and felt very badly about his loss. He worked hard for his living, and could not afford to lose the watch, for which he had paid twenty-five dollars. I felt sorry for him, and thought about the watch continually all the afternoon after we returned from looking for it, and was still thinking of it when I went to sleep that night.

“During my sleep, at what hour I could not tell, I saw the watch as it lay upon the ground in the mow lot, over a mile away. It was in the tall grass, at least ten inches high. The face of the watch was turned up, and the small steel chain which was attached to it, lay like a half-circle. About three feet from the watch was a large spot where the grass had been crushed and matted by a creature lying down; about ten rods to the north was a brush fence; about ten or twelve feet to the eastward of the watch was a granite cobble stone one or two feet in diameter, which lay about half out of the ground. When I awoke the next morning, which was Sunday, I felt as certain that I could go straight to the watch as if I had really seen it, and told Davis so, and tried to have him go out and get it. He had no faith in my ‘vision,’ ‘dream,’ or whatever it may be called, and would not go. In spite of the jests

and laughter of the entire family, I saddled a horse and went directly to the watch, which I found with all its surroundings exactly as I had seen it. I was not nearer than forty rods to Davis when the watch was lost, as I ascertained after it was found.

"The watch had run down and stopped, the hands pointing to 9:40 o'clock, which I also noted in my dream.

"J. L. SQUIRES."

GUILDFORD,

"VERMONT, 4th March, 1892.

"I hereby certify that I have known the above J. L. Squires for over twenty years, and that I know him to be strictly temperate, honest and truthful. He has always been in the best of health. He tells me that he has recently had an experience similar to the above, which I will send you, if you wish.

"If the above is ever put in type, please tell me where I can get a copy.

"JOHN E. GALE.

"*Justice of the Peace.*"

Analogous to the above are three cases published in the *Proceedings of the American S. P. R.*, Vol. 1. No. 4., March, 1889:—

"A number of years ago I was invited to visit a friend who lived at a large and beautiful country-seat on the Hudson. Shortly after my arrival I started, with a number of other guests, to make a tour of the very extensive grounds. We walked for an hour or more and very thoroughly explored the place. Upon

my return to the house I discovered that I had lost a gold cuff-stud, that I valued for association's sake. I merely remembered that I wore it when we started out, and did not think of or notice it again until my return, when it was missing. As it was quite dark, it seemed useless to search for it, especially as it was the season of autumn and the ground was covered with dead leaves. That night I dreamed that I saw a withered grape-vine clinging to a wall, and with a pile of dead leaves at the base. Underneath the leaves, in my dreams, I distinctly saw my stud gleaming. The following morning I asked the friends with whom I had been walking the previous afternoon if they remembered seeing any such wall and vine, as I did not. They replied that they could not recall anything answering the description. I did not tell them why I asked, as I felt somewhat ashamed of the dream, but during the morning I made some excuse to go out in the grounds alone. I walked hither and thither, and after a long time I suddenly came upon the wall and vine exactly as they looked in my dream. I had not the slightest recollection of seeing them or passing them on the previous day. The dead leaves at the base were lying heaped up, as in my dreams. I approached cautiously, feeling rather uncomfortable and decidedly silly, and pushed them aside. I had scattered a large number of the leaves when a gleam of gold struck my eye, and there lay the stud, exactly as in my dream. My friends refused to believe when I told them, and vowed there was some trick about it, but as I had not told any one the particulars of the dream,



that was impossible, and the matter will always be somewhat 'uncanny' in my memory."

From C.H.H., C.E. and Surveyor :—

" CALIFORNIA,  
" 26th December, 1887.

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

ridge of sand, between two footprints under the swing. That dream was so vivid that on awaking I could see the road, buildings, fences, trees, swing and sand, with the footprints therein, the same as in the dream, and as soon as it was light enough to see I started for that swing, not attempting to look for it on the way. On arriving at the swing I walked deliberately into the sand until I reached the before-mentioned ridge, between said footprints, and with the toe of my boot removed a little sand from the top of the ridge, and out rolled the ring. The birds were singing overhead in the trees, the river was rushing on its way to the sea, a train of cars on the York and Erie R.R. across the river passed along. I banged my head several times with my fist to make sure I was not still in the land of dreams; no, I was there, standing in the sand. and there lay the ring. There was no hallucination about that, but a good, square, honest, useful dream. I picked up the ring and went home, and ate more for breakfast than I had in the last twenty-four hours, and I kept up an awful thinking, and am thinking yet. I would state I was about nineteen years of age at that time, enjoyed perfect health, and thought I knew more than all creation; but don't think so now. My sister was also living at that time.

“Several years after the above I had another dream, and the last one; but this has been so long that I will close for this time to see what you think of it, and whether the second will be of interest to you, and will merely remark that I have endeavoured to work this dream business up to a practical use in the years gone

by ; but it has been a total failure so far, can't concentrate the mind with that intenseness that seems to be necessary with me to bring forth dreams."

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

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

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

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

"About five years ago I lived with my four children, one boy and three girls, on a farm in Massachusetts. This only son, at the age of about fourteen years, lost his life in an accident about six months previous to this narration. The youngest of my girls was the pet sister of his since her birth. My wife had died some six years previous to this story ; being motherless made these children unusually affectionate toward each other. One day I had occasion to buy for my girls each a very small lady's knife, about two and a half inches long. A few days afterwards the girls received company from our neighbours' girls, some five or six of

them. My youngest one, some eight or nine years old, was so delighted with this her first knife that she carried it with her at all times. During the afternoon the children strolled to the large barn filled with hay, and at once set to climbing the mow to play and jumping on the hay. During the excitement of the play my little girl lost her knife. This terrible loss nearly broke her heart and all hands set to work to find the lost treasure, but without success. This finally broke up the party in gloominess. In spite of my greatest efforts to pacify the child with all sorts of promises, she went to bed weeping. During the night the child dreamed that her dead dear beloved brother came to her, taking her by the hand, saying, 'Come, my darling, I will show you where your little knife is,' and, leading her to the barn, climbing the mow, showed her the knife, marking the place. The dream was so life-like that she awoke, joyfully telling her sister that her brother had been here and showed her where she would find her knife. Both girls hastily dressed, and, running to the barn, the little girl, assisted by her sister, got on top of the hay and walked direct to the spot indicated by her brother and found the knife on top of the hay. The whole party said that they all looked there many times the day before, and insisted that the knife was not there then.

"This, I think is a very remarkable dream.

"Yours, etc."

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

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

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

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

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

knife. We had been looking this place all over, again and again, the previous evening.””

We quote one other :—<sup>1</sup>

“14th January, 1850.

“The following rather remarkable dream took place on the 29th November, 1886. On that day I gave to our gardener, G. Wilmot, his wages, 15s. in a half-sheet of paper, some letters to post, and two parcels and a note to leave at various houses on his way home. This was at six o'clock in the evening. . . . About an hour after the gardener returned to tell me he had lost his wages. I advised him to carefully retrace his steps and make every inquiry, but this he did without success; and as it was ‘fair’ night and the town full of people, he at last gave it up as hopeless and returned to his home quite a mile distant. During the night he dreamt that he went to one of the houses where he had left a note, and crossing the road after leaving it, he walked into a mud heap, and that there his foot struck the paper containing the money; the half-sovereign rolled away and the 5s. remained under his foot. He told his wife the dream, and falling asleep again he dreamt the same dream again. Early in the morning he went to the place and found his dream fulfilled to the letter, even to the rolling away of the gold, and the silver remaining in its place.

“He is a most intelligent, truthful man. . . .”

Surely here are enough of these instances of lost articles recovered through the revelations of dreams

<sup>1</sup> Vol. viii., part xxii. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*



to prove to any reasonable mind that there is a power "beyond our ken" which on occasion can and does help us to our material good.

Help in another way is also often sent. There are many cases in which persons worried about business matters have been shown a way out of their dilemmas in a dream, the following being some striking examples :—<sup>1</sup>

" MY DEAR—

" In accordance with your request, I herewith transmit you particulars as they occurred, of the peculiar dream, if such it may be called, which proved of so essential service to me.

" As I mentioned to you, I had been bothered since September with an error in my cash for that month, and despite many hours' examination, it defied all my efforts and I almost gave it up as a hopeless case. It had been the subject of my waking thoughts for many nights, and had occupied a large portion of my leisure hours. Matters remained thus unsettled until the 11th December. On this night I had not, to my knowledge once thought of the subject, but I had not long been in bed and asleep when my brain was as busy with the books as though I had been at my desk. The cash-book, banker's pass-books, etc. etc., appeared before me, and without any apparent trouble I almost immediately discovered the cause of the mistake, which had arisen out of a complicated cross-entry. I perfectly recollect having taken a slip of paper in my dream and

<sup>1</sup> Vol. viii., part xxii. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*

made such a memorandum as would enable me to correct the error at some leisure time, and, having done this, that the whole of the circumstances had passed from my mind. When I awoke in the morning I had not the slightest recollection of my dream, nor did it once occur to me throughout the day, although I had the very books before me on which I had apparently been engaged in my sleep. When I returned home in the afternoon, as I did early for the purpose of dressing, and proceeded to shave, I took up a piece of paper from my dressing table to wipe my razor, and you may imagine my surprise, at finding thereon the very memorandum I fancied had been made during the previous night. The effect on me was such that I returned to our office and turned to the cash-book when I found that I had really, when asleep, detected the error which I could not detect in my waking hours, and had actually jotted it down at the time.

“I have no recollection whatever, as to where I obtained the writing materials, or rather paper and pencil, with which I made the memorandum referred to. It certainly must have been written in the dark, and in my bedroom, as I found both paper and pencil there the following afternoon, and could not for a long time understand anything about it. The pencil was not one which I am in the habit of carrying, and my impression is that I must have either found it accidentally in the room, or gone downstairs for it.

“C. J. E.

“*P.S.*—I may add that, on a former occasion, nearly a similar occurrence took place; with, how-

ever, this difference, that I awoke at the conclusion of the dream and was perfectly aware when certainly awake of having made the memorandum at that time. This, however, was not the case in the occurrence I have above detailed. Should you be likely to print the above, please let it appear with initials only, as, although I would corroborate it to any one wishing for a personal satisfaction by inquiry, I have no desire to see my name in type: it might also be prejudicial to me."

The two cases of Mr. Peterson's which I shall next quote have some resemblance to Dr. Davey's, although the percipient, who is a strong believer in spiritual intercourse, would certainly not interpret them in the same way. The length of time, however, which elapsed between the incidents and the record must be credited with its usual effect of blurring the accuracy of details; and it is conceivable that some clue, now forgotten, may have supplied the dream-self with a basis on which to work.

From Mr. A. T. T. Peterson, Arnwood Towers, Lymington :—

*"11th February, 1884.*

"I am deeply interested in coal mines in Bengal. Early in 1876 I was out there investigating matters connected with a large deficiency in the cash account. There was no means of getting at the truth. One evening I was sitting in an easy chair, a little before sunset, under the shade of a tree, opposite the bungalow where I was staying, and I fell asleep, my

brain being full of perplexity as to which account was correct. In my sleep I fancied I heard some one say, 'Ask Baboo So-and-So'. This name remained on my memory when I awoke, and I put it down on paper. When my head confidential native came to me an hour or two afterwards, I asked who was Baboo So-and-So, and I was told that he had been in the service of several gentlemen named, during the previous ten years, and was then the head Baboo to a friend named. Some days after this I sent for the native, and managed to get information which led me to discover written evidence which satisfied my mind as to whose head the cap fitted."

In answer to inquiries, Mr. Peterson adds :—

"In answer to your remark as to the Baboo's name, I knew there was such a person, but I had neither seen nor heard of him for ten years, and I do not think I had ever spoken to him twice in my life. He was in no way connected with the object I had in view, although he gave collateral evidence that led to the object.

"A. T. T. P."

This opens out a very large field on which we might well dwell longer did our space permit. But indeed many volumes could be written on so interesting a subject. It is all a great mystery to us who know so little, so very little of the great unknowable. But surely, as was remarked before, we must put "co-incidence" aside. The more we strive to know, the more it is forced upon our minds how incapable we are of grasping one smallest quota of the infinite.

Who are we to say "thus far shalt thou go and no farther"? Who are we to say "this cannot be so because I know nothing of it"?

It was Pascal, who understood human nature as well as most of us, that wrote: "There is enough light for those who wish to see, and enough darkness for those who are of a contrary disposition".

## CHAPTER VII.

## PREMONITORY DREAMS.

The beginning of things evades us ; their end  
Evades us also. We see only the middle.

—INDIAN POET.

WE come now to a class of dream that has been ignored, evaded, sneered at, disbelieved in, and, finally, *investigated and proved*. It is a class of dream for which that convenient word "coincidence" is brought into use. If "coincidence" explains all cases of premonition, there is only this to say, that the explanation is far more wonderful than that which it explains. The man who argues thus must take one of three lines:<sup>1</sup> "He must either (1) maintain that the alleged coincidences are misrepresented as such to a much larger extent than we have allowed for, or (2) that they have been sought after by the collectors, and illegitimately introduced into the collection to a much larger extent in proportion to non-coincidental cases than we have allowed for, or (3) admitting that the coincidences really exist in a proportion sufficient to prove a causal connection between the apparition and the death of the person seen, he may maintain that this

<sup>1</sup> Vol. x., part xxvi. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*



connection is not telepathic, but consists in a condition favourable to hallucination being produced in the percipient in some normal way by the circumstances of the case.

“The first of these lines of argument can only be met by reference to the evidence on which each case rests. This in twenty-six—or in fact thirty-one—cases is before the reader, and he must form his own estimate. We need only point out here that the evidence must break down in a wholesale way in order to destroy our argument. For the margin on the side against chance is very large, even one death-coincidence being more than we should be justified in expecting chance to produce in a collection ten times the size of ours.

“As to the second line of argument, we have only to remind the reader that in twenty-six of the death-coincidences, of which sixteen are printed in the last chapter, our collectors report that they had no previous knowledge of the percipient’s experience. We may add that in eleven of these cases—of which eight, *viz.*, Nos. 425, 12, 442, 17, 381.4, 383.24, 379.24, 61.22, 452.10 (two cases), are among the twenty-seven printed in the last chapter—we have, besides the marking of the returns in accordance with our instructions, the positive statement of the collector, confirmed in most cases by circumstances mentioned by him when questioned, that he did not know of the experience when the question was put to the percipient. The number of these cases is alone sufficient to destroy the argument for chance coincidence, and as stated on p. 210, we have strong ground for believing that in some of

the cases in which it is known that the collector was aware of the experience, this knowledge had no influence on his selection of the informant."

Thus the Society for Psychical Research, which takes the very greatest pains to investigate and verify all instances brought to its notice, and discards all accounts that do not bear the closest scrutiny.

The question seems to rest on a very simple basis : Do we or do we not believe in an after life? If we do, who are we to fix the limitations to what God permits our spirit to do after it has slipped from our earthly body? "You cannot measure the miraculous by the amount of a fool's intellect, nor squeeze God into a test tube."

It is but a poor intellect that is bound down to its own limited horizon. We are all intensely amused at Mr. Kruger because he is absolutely convinced that the world is flat. How do we know that it is not so? Mr. Kruger believes it is flat because he does not believe other people who tell him that it is round. Are not those who disbelieve everything that they have not seen themselves in exactly the same position as Mr. Kruger relatively to the world's form?

Taking the phenomena of premonition in dreams, for example, it is an undoubted fact that many reliable persons have had these dreams, have told others about them, and written them down *before* the fulfilment of the prophecy. Are we to disbelieve their evidence because the event did not happen to us personally? Do we not believe in many things of which we have not any personal knowledge?

In Mr. Myers' lecture on "The Subliminal Self" the following beautiful passage occurred :—

"If then all these phenomena form part of one great effort by which man's soul is striving to know his spiritual environment, and his spiritual environment is striving to become known, how little can it matter what the special incident foretold or foreshadowed may be! What signifies it whether this or that earthly peril be averted, or earthly benefit secured, whether through this or that petty channel shall flow some streams of mortal things? The prime need of man is to know more fully, that he may obey more unhesitatingly the laws of the world unseen. And how can this great end be attained save by the unfoldment from within, in whatsoever fashion it may be possible, of man's transcendental faculty; by his recognition of himself as a cosmic being and not a planetary, as not a body but a soul? Surely even that special premonition which is sometimes spoken of as a thing of terror—the warning or the promise of earthly death—should to the wise man sound as a friendly summons, and as a welcome home. Let him remember the vision which came to Socrates in the prison-house; then, and then only, showing in an angel's similitude the Providence which till that hour had been but as an impersonal and invisible Voice. But now the 'fair and white-robed woman,' while friends offered escape from death, had already spoken of better hope than this, and has given to Achilles' words a more sacred meaning: 'On the third day hence thou comest to Phthia's fertile shore'."

It would indeed be well if man could realise that he is a soul as well as a body. I will proceed first to give some instances where an event or series of events of more or less importance have been prophesied in a dream. Some are of quite minor importance and are only given here as they are well authenticated, and serve a purpose, in that they show that the sleeping brain is capable on occasion of looking ahead.

“One night I dreamt that,<sup>1</sup> making a call on some matter of business, I was shown into a fine great drawing-room and asked to wait. Accordingly, I went over to the fireplace in the usual English way, proposing to wait there. And there, after the same fashion, I lounged with my arm upon the mantelpiece; but only for a few moments. For feeling that my fingers had rested on something strangely cold, I looked, and saw that they lay on a dead hand; a woman’s hand newly cut from the wrist.

“Though I woke in horror on the instant, this dream was quite forgotten—at any rate for the time—when I did next day make a call on some unimportant matter of business, was shown into a pretty little room adorned with various knick-knacks, and then was asked to wait. Glancing by chance towards the mantelpiece (the dream of the previous night still forgotten), what should I see upon it but the hand of a mummy, broken from the wrist. It was a very little hand, and on it was a ring that would have been a “gem ring” if the dull red stone in it had been

<sup>1</sup> *Imagination in Dreams* by Frederick Greenwood.

genuinely precious. Wherefore I concluded that it was a woman's hand.

"Coincidence. The dream certainly taught nothing, and had no discernible purpose. Yet visions of severed hands on mantelpieces are not common, and, with or without previous dreaming of it, few men have actually seen one, even when taken from a mummy case, in that precise situation."

This is seemingly a frivolous dream, but the fact remains, and as Mr. Greenwood says, hands severed at the wrist are not common things.

Many have dreamed of people whom they have never seen, only to see them after the dream, and recognise them. Also many have dreamed of events which have "come true" at some future time. The following are instances :—<sup>1</sup>

"Premonitory dream of the visit of a commercial traveller who asked for a subscription to a novel. Precipient, Maria Manzini.

"Signorina Maria Manzini, at my request, kept an account of the dreams which occurred in her ordinary sleep. Some were remembered spontaneously in the morning and some in her next somnambulistic state. In the latter case I suggested to her that she should remember and record them after waking.

"I think the following case was remembered in somnambulism, but this is of no consequence, because Signa. Maria, following my advice, recorded not only the date of dreams, but also the date and the hour

<sup>1</sup> Vol. xi., part xxix. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*

when she wrote them down. In any case the present dream was recorded before its fulfilment.

“This is what I find in the record of Signa. Maria’s dreams :—

‘Night of 26th-27th March, 1894.

‘I dreamt that the door bell rang on the S. Pietro side of the house. I went to open and found a tall man about forty years old, with greyish trousers and a darker overcoat. He was very polite, and asked if I would subscribe to the issue of a novel, saying that afterwards I should have a pair of earrings as a prize. I said no, because I thought it was an imposture.’

“27th March, 1894, 11 P.M. I did not read the account of this dream till after its realisation, but am perfectly certain that Signa. Maria told it to me directly, and I also distinctly recollect that when Signa. Maria related the realisation a few days later, she said I ought to remember her preceding dream; and I remember also that I not only recalled it, but that I looked at once at the record to see if it had been written down according to rule. I found that it was correct and that it agreed with the *vivâ voce* story. Besides, though Signa. Maria may not always be diligent in recording dreams she hardly remembers, she is very careful to put the exact date, and is therefore quite certain that the dream occurred either in the night of 26th-27th March, or at most (supposing the case to have been complicated by a paramnesia which displaced the dream in time) on 27th March, at 9 P.M.; about which time, as can be seen from my journal of



the somnambulistic experiments, Signa. Maria was in somnambulism in my presence.

“On the evening of 31st March, *i.e.*, four days after the dream, Signa. Maria told me that on that day about 3 P.M. the visit of which she had dreamed had taken place. Everything coincided; the entrance of the person by the door towards S. Pietro, his age, his insinuating manners, the colour of his trousers and overcoat, and the object of his visit.

“I called her mother, and asked her to describe the visit with all possible details; meanwhile I took the following notes: ‘The person came twice; the first time about 11 A.M. when Maria was out. Signora Annetta (her mother) was alone in the house. The visitor had very pleasant manners, and was about thirty-five years old (Signa. Maria thought forty). He had a box covered with black cloth with him, such as is used by commercial travellers. He said he came to show them a novelty. In order to get rid of him, Signora Annetta said that Signa. Maria was not at home; he replied that he would return, and Signora Annetta told him to come at 2 P.M. At 2 P.M. he returned and rang at the door on the S. Pietro side. Signora Annetta opened to him, and says that when he entered the room Maria seemed much astonished. (Maria said at once that she was astonished at recognising him.) He proposed that they should subscribe to the issue of a novel; there were to be prizes when the issue was finished; two pictures, or a small organ, or a pair of earrings. In his box were the organ and an alarum as samples, and he had with him but not in

the box, samples of the earrings, of the frames and two oleographs between pasteboards.'

"Luigia Monti and Linda Bigoni were also present. Maria refused the offers. When they and the man were gone, Maria remarked with surprise that she had already dreamt of the scene with all its details, *i.e.*, as far as the man was concerned. Signora Annetta added that from girlhood she also had frequently dreamed of coming events.

"31st March, 1894, 9.30 P.M. (written in the presence of Annetta and Maria). It was necessary to prove two things, before the case could be supposed to be evidential. First, that the visit was real and not an odd hallucination of the senses or memory, and secondly, that the man had not made the tour of Padua, offering his merchandise many days before the dream; in which case Signa. Maria might have become aware of it in some way or other, and thus have originated the dream herself.

"In order to clear up the first point, I went on the following day (1st April, about 6.30) to see Signa. Linda Bigoni and asked her to tell me all about the visit at which she had been present. She replied that she had gone to see Maria the day before, about 2.30 while the man was there, and she confirmed all the details about the object of his visit, his remarks, the things he had with him, his politeness, his age and the colour of his clothes. He had made the same proposition to her as to Maria. As she had arrived after him, she could not say by which door he had entered; but she said he had left before her and had gone out

by the kitchen door, towards the river. On being questioned, she replied that she had not seen Signa. Maria since the visit. Before leaving her, I requested her, if the man should come to her house, or if she should meet him in the street, to ask him on what day he had come to Padua ; which she promised to do.

“ The same evening I went back to Signa. Maria and before telling her of my talk with Signorina Linda, I questioned her and her mother again. Signa. Maria said she did not remember by which door the man had gone out, or rather she had paid no attention, but her mother said she was certain that he had gone out by the kitchen door, because he had seen some one enter that way and on leaving had said that as there was a door there also he would go out by it. The mother did not know, however, whether he or Signorina Linda Bigoni had left first, but Signa. Maria was sure he had gone away first, because afterwards she had continued her conversation with Signorina Linda about their own affairs, and this conversation, begun before he left, had prevented her noticing by which door he quitted the house.

“ Both then said they remembered Signorina Linda Bigoni’s coming at about 2:30 while the man was there, and that he had come before two and stayed nearly an hour.

“ Thus all the testimony is in accordance, and no doubt remains that the event with all its details really happened.

“ On the evening of 18th April, Signa. Maria told me that her friend, Signa. Linda Bigoni had something

to tell me, but in order to keep her promise she would tell it only to me. Signa. Maria said that Linda Bigoni was coming to see her on the morrow, when I could meet her.

“The following day (19th April) I went to see Signa. Maria at the time fixed, and found Linda Bigoni at the house. The latter told me she had met the man in the street; that he had recognised her and had renewed his offer. She took advantage of this to ask him when he had arrived in Padua, and he said he had come on 29th March, and that he had not visited Padua before for several years.

“This proves that the dream occurred two days before the arrival of the person implicated, and that consequently it could not have resulted from a mere sensorial impression of Signa. Maria’s.”

The following belongs to the same class of apparently meaningless premonitions.

Mrs. Atlay writes to me thus :—

“My dream was as follows :—

“I dreamt that the bishop being from home, we were unable to have family prayers as usual in the chapel, but that I read them in the large hall of the palace, out of which, on one side, a door opens into the dining-room. In my dream, prayers being ended, I left the hall, opened the dining-room door and there saw, to my horror, standing between the table and the sideboard, an enormous pig. The dream was very vivid and amused me much. The bishop being from home, when dressed I went down into the hall to read prayers. The servants had not come in, so I told my

governess and children who were already there, about my dream, which amused them as much as it had done me. The servants came in and I read prayers, after which the party dispersed. I opened the dining-room door, where to my amazement, stood the pig in the very spot in which I had seen him in my dream. With regard to your question as to whether I could have heard the pig in my sleep, he was then safely in his sty and my room is quite on the other side of the house, a large hall dividing our side from the servants' side of the house, behind which, in a yard, was the pig-sty. It got into the dining-room in consequence of the gardener being engaged in cleaning out the sty while the servants were at prayers; they having left every door open, the pig met with no obstacle on his voyage of discovery.

“FANNY P. ATLAY.”

The facts of the case have the following short but sufficient corroboration :—

“I heard Mrs. Atlay tell the dream when she came in to the hall before prayers. (Precise dates not remembered—a few years ago.)

“EMILY NIMMO,

“*Governess.*”

In reply to my inquiry whether the pig might not have escaped before the dream and have given some indication of proximity to Mrs. Atlay's bedroom window, that lady informed me that he only got loose while she was reading prayers; the gardeners who had been cleaning his sty having left it imperfectly secured.

The sty was at a considerable distance from the palace. The date of the incident was a few years before the record, but cannot be precisely ascertained.

The next case which I shall quote is, I think, almost unique in our collection in this respect—that the premonition seems to work its own fulfilment, by suggesting the one course of action which, as it happened, would bring about the dreaded experience. It is of course possible that the coincidence may have been accidental. Mrs. C. says she is rather a frequent dreamer, although few of her dreams make so strong an impression as the one which I quote, with the exception of another involving a similar coincidence which I omit for want of space.

Mrs. C. writes a letter, dated 29th February, 1888, from Holland Road, Kensington :—

“I have an intense horror of monkeys,—I seldom look at one if I can help it—they are objects of such antipathy to me ; and I dreamed that I was persistently followed by one such as I had never seen before, but which terrified me extremely and from which I could not escape.

“Thinking I should be better able to throw off the impression of my dream if I told it, I mentioned it to my family, and my husband recommended a short walk. In consequence, and *quite contrary to my custom*, I arranged to take my children for a short walk without their nurse accompanying me, and as their favourite walk was up Nightingale Lane (Holland Lane), past another lane enclosed by the high walls of Argyll Lodge, the residence of the Duke of Argyll, I



agreed to take them there, and when we arrived at Argyll Lodge, what was my horror to see on the roof of the coach-house the very monkey of my dreams! In my surprise and terror I clasped my hands and exclaimed, much to the amazement of a coachman waiting outside, 'My dream! my dream!'

"This I suppose attracted the attention of the monkey and he began to come after us, he on the top of the wall, we beneath, every minute I expecting he would jump upon me, and having precisely the same terror I experienced in my dream. One of my children being very young, we could not go fast, which added to my distress, but we succeeded in escaping it, and on my return home I sent a servant to inquire if a monkey had been seen there, for my state of nervousness was extreme. She was informed that that morning a rare and very valuable monkey belonging to the duchess had got loose, and so the incident was explained. But my dreaming of it previously remains unexplained."

(Signed by Mrs. C.)

In a subsequent letter dated 2nd March, 1888, Mrs. C. writes:—

"The 'monkey dream' was told to at least six persons before I went for my walk, and my children still remember my terror and the 'peculiar monkey' which followed us."

Mrs. C. also states that the dream occurred in 1867, and sends letters of corroboration from her husband and her nurse, which are given below.

" F. W. H. MYERS, ESQ.,

" DEAR SIR,

" I have seen my wife's correspondence with you, and I fully confirm the facts as she has stated them.—Yours very faithfully."

(Signed by Mr. C.)

Statement written by Mrs. C's nurse.

" HOLLAND ROAD,

" 3rd March, 1888.

" Caroline M., Mrs. C's nurse, remembers two dreams (*i.e.* this and another sent but not printed here) which her mistress told her when she went to her room in the morning. She remembers both dreams coming true."

The Marquis of Lorne informed me that a monkey was in fact kept in the stables of Argyll Lodge at and after the date here somewhat vaguely indicated.

The following is a case where the percipient is well known to me :—

Statement by Colonel K. Coghill :—

" April, 1894.

" A curious case occurred to me last month, though it may be but a coincidence not worth recounting. On 28th March I received a letter from a lady, with whom I had not been in correspondence for about a year, stating that on the 26th she had either a vision or a dream (I forget the expression) that she saw me in a very dangerous position under a horse, from which many people were trying to relieve me. By return of post I wrote that I

thought it a dream which was proved by contraries, as nothing of the sort had occurred. That afternoon I received notice of a last 'off day' with our pack of hounds, and the next morning on my way to covert I posted my letter. At the finish of a long run in the afternoon, my horse, pulling double down a steep hill, was unable to collect himself for a big bank at the bottom of the hill, breasted it, and fell head over heels into a deep and broad drop ditch on the far side, with me underneath him. His head and shoulders were at the bottom and legs remained up on the landing side of the ditch. Many of the field dismounted, and after some minutes pulled the horse away, and got me from under, more or less stunned, but little the worse, except a few face cuts, the loss of a tooth, and a crushed stirrup, and the horse with a few head cuts. The horse was about my best hunter, and never before guilty of such a thing, though, of course, it may have been but a hunting-field coincidence.

“KENDAL COGHILL.”

The letter in which the lady in question (the Hon. Mrs. Leir-Carleton) relates her dream, is unfortunately lost, but Sir Joseph Coghill writes:—

“GLEN BARRABANE,

“CASTLE TOWNSEND, 3rd *May*, 1894.

“On the 29th March last, my brother, Colonel Coghill, C.B., showed me a portion of a letter just received from a lady who wrote describing a dream or vision in which she had seen him meet with a

serious accident from a horse, and she noticed a crowd of persons assisting him away.

“J. L. COGHILL.”

Colonel Coghill writes by return of post, after the receipt of the letter relating the dream, but before the accident as follows :—

“COSHEEN, CASTLE TOWNSEND, CO. CORK,  
*“Wednesday, 28th March.*”

“MY DEAR MRS. CARLETON,

“Need I say how delighted I was to see your handwriting this morning, and how happy I am to say that your dream has so far proved the rule of going by ‘contraries’ for I never in my life was going stronger than I am at present.”

Writing again on the 31st March, the day after the accident, Colonel Coghill says :—

“MY DEAR MRS. CARLETON,

“You win, hands down. There are two grounds on which we, your friends, have to thank ourselves that you belong to the last half of this century—first that we can enjoy your existence and friendship, and secondly, that had you lived earlier you might have been burned as a witch, for by your dream you foretold a grief to me, though in prospective. Yesterday I enjoyed the imperial crowner which you saw in your dream, the hardest fall I have had for very many years. It was the last day of our hunt, and I wanted to give a finishing touch to the education of my young horse. I began the day badly by being on the wrong side

of the wood when they broke away, and while riding hard to overtake them I topped a bank and found a chasm too big, so we dropped a crumpler, but I got off with a broken spur and bent stirrup. After I had overtaken my field, I was pelting down a hill faster than I wanted, and met a stiff bank at the bottom with a broad ditch and a drop on the landing side. The young savage couldn't collect himself in time and struck the bank above his knees. Tableau—six legs in the air; 2nd view—a man in the ditch with horse on top of his (the man's) head. Here your dream fails, for instead of an unsympathetic crowd helping me, I was released by half-a-dozen friends, including the master, and about as many ladies; 3rd tableau—all their loose horses pursuing the hounds riderless.

“My first thought when down was your dream, and before my head was out of the mud, I said: ‘At any rate, as I am to be led away by some one the neck must be all right,’ and so it was, and I got off very cheaply. Considering that the horse was on my head I can't understand how the only thing that gave way was my extreme back tooth, which got smashed and its next neighbour chipped, a few scratches on nose and forehead sums up the total grief, and cheap at the price. Now will you oblige me, if I am worth a sleeping or waking dream in future, to make a pleasanter one of it, for this morning I feel as if a crowbar had replaced my jointy neck, and every joint is bound in iron cramps of shoulders, arms and legs. A few hot baths and a little massage will put all that right, and

as it was the last day of the season, I lose nothing by it. I should not have written all this, but I thought that in connection with your dream you might feel an interest in its fulfilment."

The Hon. Mrs. Leir-Carleton, who experienced this dream, writes from Greywell Hill, Winchfield, as follows :—

"From my childhood I have had premonitions of illnesses ; sometimes the illness proves trivial and sometimes fatal. I have no *distinct* impressions, but coming events seem to cast shadows before them, which, as a child I used to term 'forefeeling' and I have not yet found any better word. I have heard my Scotch mother, long deceased, relate premonitory dreams of her own, so there is probably some hereditary sensitiveness to impressions.

"After a few hours or days the gloomy forefeeling seems to lighten in some cases, as though a threatening 'disagreeable' had been somehow averted. But I can conscientiously affirm that no great sorrow, however sudden, has come upon me unpreceded by a premonition of *approaching trouble connected with the individual about to suffer or die*.

"I have also repeatedly forefelt the loss of pets neither sick nor old."

Here again is a case where a somewhat complex scene, involving the action of several persons, is dreamt and narrated beforehand.

Mr. Haggard of the British Consulate, Trieste, Austria, gives the following account of a premonitory dream and its fulfilment :—



“ 21st September, 1893.

“ A few months ago I had an extraordinary vivid dream, and waking up repeated it to my wife at once. All I dreamt actually occurred about six weeks afterwards, the details of my dream falling out exactly as dreamt.

“ There seems to have been no purpose whatsoever in the dream ; and one cannot help thinking what was the good of it.

“ I dreamt that I was asked to dinner by the German Consul-General, and accepting, was ushered into a large room with trophies of East African arms on shields against the walls. (*N.B.*—I have myself been a great deal in East Africa.)

“ After dinner I went to inspect the arms, and amongst them saw a beautifully gold mounted sword which I pointed out to the French Vice-Consul, who at that moment joined me, as having probably been a present from the Sultan of Zanzibar to my host the German Consul-General.

“ At that moment the Russian Consul came up too. He pointed out how small was the hilt of the sword and how impossible in consequence it would be for a European to use the weapon, and whilst talking he waved his arm in an excited manner over his head as if he was wielding the sword, and to illustrate what he was saying.

“ At that moment I woke up and marvelled so at the vividness of the dream that I woke my wife up too and told it to her.

“ About six weeks afterwards my wife and myself

were asked to dine with the German Consul-General ; but the dream had long been forgotten by us both.

“ We were shown into a large withdrawing room which I had never been in before, but which somehow seemed familiar to me. Against the walls were some beautiful trophies of East African arms, amongst which was a gold-hilted sword, a gift from the Sultan of Zanzibar.

“ To make a long story short, everything happened exactly as I had dreamt, but I never remembered the dream until the Russian Consul began to wave his arm over his head, when it came back to me like a flash.

“ Without saying a word to the Russian Consul and French Vice-Consul (whom I left standing before the trophy) I walked quickly across to my wife, who was standing at the entrance of a boudoir opening out of the withdrawing room, and said to her : ‘ Do you remember my dream about the Zanzibar arms ’ ? She remembered everything perfectly, and was a witness to its realisation. On the spot we informed all the persons concerned of the dream, which naturally much interested them.”

Mrs. Haggard’s corroboration of her husband’s dream and its fulfilment runs as follows :—

“ TRIESTE,  
“ 20th October, 1893.

“ I remember being awake one night by my husband to hear a curiously vivid dream he had just had. It is now some months ago, and possibly some of the more minute details of his relation may have escaped my

memory, but what I remember of his dream is the following: He dreamed that we were dining with the German Consul-General, whose drawing-room, a remarkably handsome apartment, was ornamented with trophies of arms from the East Coast of Africa. Having been in those regions himself, he felt some interest in them, and went nearer to examine them more closely. While he was doing so, the Russian Consul came up, and in his usual rather excitable fashion began flourishing his arm, as he dilated upon the extraordinary smallness of the native hand for which the hilt of a certain sword must have been designed. That is what I recollect of the dream. Its fulfilment took place a few weeks later, when the circumstances of the dream had almost passed from our thoughts.

“We dined one evening with the German Consul-General, the Russian Consul being also present among others. After dinner my husband went to examine one of the trophies of East African arms, with which the room—as in his dream—was hung. While he was doing so the Russian Consul went up to speak to him upon the subject, and the dramatic flourish of his arm with which he emphasised his conversation, at once recalled the dream in which it had taken place so vividly to my husband’s mind that he immediately crossed the room to me and asked me if I did not remember it also, which of course I did, though, as I was talking to some one else at the time, and only knew the room previously by my husband’s description of his dream, the coincidence might not have occurred to me had he not called my attention to it. Directly he did so, however,

by asking me if I did not remember his dream, I recollected quite well all the details I have previously mentioned.

“AGNES M. HAGGARD.”

Below are given a letter from Mr. Kolemene, Russian Consul, and a statement from Herr Michabelles, German Consul-General at Trieste, both of whom were witnesses of the fulfilment of Mr. Haggard's dream, and of the great impression which it made upon him at the time :—

“Monsieur Haggard, mon collègue d'Angleterre, a eu un rêve très remarquable au point de vue psychologique. Mlle. Z—— aussi et d'autres personnes encore. Veuillez accepter tout ce que Monsieur Haggard vous a écrit comme étant parfaitement la vérité et l'asserter de mon nom si vous le jugez nécessaire.

“Agréez, cher Monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération très distinguée.

“A. DE KOLEMINE.”

“BERLIN,

“10th November, 1893.

“Whilst I was German Consul-General at Trieste, I had, one evening in February or March of this year, the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Haggard's company at dinner; among others the Russian Consul was present. It was the first time that Mr. Haggard came into my private house; before we had always met in my office. After dinner I was busy in entertaining my party, when suddenly Mr. Haggard joined me and told me that a few weeks before he had seen, in a

very vivid dream, my drawing-room with the trophies of East African arms on shields against the walls, and Mr. Kolemene, the Russian Consul, standing before one trophy had explained something to him in his usual excited manner, waving his arms over his head in order to illustrate what he said. All this happened just at the moment with all particulars seen in the dream. I was extremely astonished at the strange occurrence and observed that the realisation of his dream had produced a strong effect on Mr. Haggard's mind.

“J. MICHABELLES,  
*“Counsellor of legation in the Foreign Office.”*”

In the next case the gradual accomplishment of the dream seems to have been watched with interest by more than one person.

The Rev. B. Dulley, of St. Peter's Clergy House, London Docks, E., sends the following statement, which was written in October, 1893, and is certified to be correct by the percipient, Annette Jones.

“Annette, wife of Walter Jones, tobacconist, of Old Gravel Lane, St. George's, East London, early in September of this year (1893) had her little boy, Peter, ill. One night she dreamt that she saw a cart drive up, stop near where she was, and the driver move a black cloth and discover three coffins, two white and one blue. One white coffin was bigger than the other, and the blue was the biggest of the three. The man took out the bigger white coffin and left it, driving off with the two others. In the morning Mrs. Jones told her dream to her husband,

and afterwards to another woman, specially telling her husband that one of the coffins was blue. On the 10th. of September, Mrs. Devonshire, who, and whose husband were particular friends of the Jones's, was confined with a fine boy whom they named Eric.

"At first he seemed quite healthy, but a weakness of the lungs developed itself and he died on Friday, the 29th September. Little Peter Jones died the following Monday, the 2nd of October, being then sixteen months old. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, knowing that Eric was to be buried on the Wednesday, for the sake of both friendship and economy, hurried their little boy's funeral for that day, so that both funerals should take place at the same time. On the morning of the Wednesday the parish priest informed Mr. and Mrs. Jones that another child's body would be brought into church along with theirs, the son of a Mrs. Jupp, whom they did not know.

"Mrs. Jones then remarked to her husband 'If the coffin is blue, then my dream will come true, for the two other coffins were white'. And so it happened. Mrs. Jones anxiously watched at the funeral for little Jupp's coffin, and when she saw it was blue she clutched to her sister, who walked by her side, and said 'that's my dream'. It will be noticed that the relative sizes of the coffins also corresponded, little Eric's being the smallest for a child of a few days, little Jupp's the largest for one about six years, and blue, and Peter's, of course, less than his but bigger than Eric's."

"I have read the above and find it a true and



correct account of my dream and the circumstances relating to it.

“ANNETTE JONES.”

“I remember distinctly my wife telling me of her dream, and especially as to the colour of the coffins, two white and one blue, and watched the circumstances which occurred afterwards with something like awe.

“WALTER H. JONES.”

The Rev. B. Dulley states in a letter dated 6th January, 1894 :—

“Mr. Jones is a particularly common-sense practical man with abilities in that respect above the average. So far from welcoming the preternatural event noted, he is rather vexed and worried by it. Both he and his wife are conscientious people, and certainly believe what they say.

“B. DULLEY,

*“Clerk in Holy Orders.”*

From Captain Parker, through the Rev. A. T. Fryer :—

“HYTHE VICARAGE,

“SOUTHAMPTON, 16th April, 1889.

“DEAR MR. FRYER,

“On referring to the only notes I have, I find that I cannot fix the exact date of the occurrence of which you want particulars. It was, however, during the latter half of June, 1886, as I find it was then that the man arrived whose coming I dreamt about.

“I was then in charge of a division of coastguard,

and it was a part of my duties to visit the various coastguard stations within the limits of that division of the coast. The dream, as nearly as I can remember it, was as follows: That I was visiting an outlying station where there were several coasting vessels moored, their heads out seaward, and sterns secured to the shore with hawsers. Two navy bluejackets landed from one of the crafts, quite to my surprise, and on asking where they were from, one of them said he had been sent from Wick for duty at Sandhaven (a village in my division).

“The details of the dream were so vividly impressed on my mind on waking, which is quite unusual with me, that I told my housekeeper about it at or about breakfast time—as far as I know the only time I ever told her any dream at all—and for the time thought no more of it, but soon after, I think the same day, when the post came I received an official letter appointing a man from Wick for duty at Sandhaven.

“I was so astonished at this coincidence that I at once said to my housekeeper: ‘You remember the dream I told you about a man coming from Wick for Sandhaven? Here is his official appointment.’

“A further curious coincidence with the above is that in the ordinary course of events this man would have proceeded from Wick to Aberdeen by steamer, and from thence north by rail, and in fact that was how he was ordered to go; but on this occasion, which sometimes happened, the steamer stopped off Fraserburgh and landed the man there without my knowledge at the time, until I found a strange blue-

jacket at my quarters, and on asking who it was and where he had come from, he told me he had landed from the steamer from Wick, and was sent for duty at Sandhaven. At that moment all the details of the dream again came to my mind, and the fact of the man landing on the coast instead of coming by rail was also in accordance with the details of the dream. It is hardly necessary for me to remark that nothing occurred beforehand that would lead me to expect a man being sent from Wick, or I should not have thought that the dream was curious or worth a moment's thought.

"I have no doubt my housekeeper remembers something of this occurrence, as she has a better memory than I have for most things. I have not written to her on the subject, as I thought you might prefer to have her evidence without any reminder from me to her about it.

"Y. H. F. PARKER."

The following is from Captain Parker's housekeeper. If her recollection is exact, there was more coincidence in the man's aspect than Captain Parker has described.

"FRASERBURGH,  
"18th April, 1889.

"In answer to your inquiry about Captain Parker's dream, I remember him telling me about it. He said in his dream he left the house, and soon after met the coastguardsman, and asked him if he was the man that was come to Sandhaven from Wick, and he said, 'I am'. Mr. Parker said, when telling me about it

next morning, 'How I wish to see that man'. He saw him soon, to his astonishment, the exact image and likeness as in his dream.

"ELIZABETH MACDONALD."

"UPPER MELBOURNE,

"QUEBEC, 14th December, 1891.

"DR. RICHARD HODGSON,

"SIR,

"Yours of 11th December received, and I beg to hand the premonition referred to in my former letter. I have made it as short and concise as possible.

"NEWLANDS COBURN."

*A Peculiar Dream or Premonition.*

"In the year 1875, I think, one night I dreamed that my wife had gone to a friend's, who lived just across the River St. Francis (which here is about 750 feet wide) at 11 o'clock A.M., and was going to stay for dinner. But on getting there, she having walked down the river and across the public bridge, and up again to her friends, she found the house open, but nobody at home. So she went down to the river bank, and called to me from the other side to swim across to her and bring some refreshment in a tin can, which I immediately undertook to do; but just as I was nearing a gravel bar in the middle of the river, and while just on the deepest place, the can, which was in *my left hand*, would continually keep drawing me under, and I would keep swallowing some water. So I was obliged to strike back for the home shore, which I

reached in safety, amid great anxiety of my wife, who was watching me from the shore. The dream was so vivid that it woke me, and my stomach was sore from the supposed swallowing and belching out again of the water.

“ I turned over and went to sleep, but in the morning I still felt the effect of the dream on the muscles of the stomach, and I *told my wife then and there* of it, and how my stomach felt. And after breakfast I went to business, and was just telling a customer whom I was serving of the peculiar dream, when a neighbour rushed into the store and said he was afraid that there was trouble down at the river, as a boy on the other side (just where my wife was in the dream), was running up and down, yelling and gesticulating, and another naked one on this side was crying and calling for help.

“ *It was just 11 A.M.* I started at once for the river, throwing off my coat and vest as I ran, secured a boat and a young man to help me run it out, and after the Loy pointed out where a companion had sunk for the last time a few minutes before, I dived down in 12 to 15 feet of water just off the gravel bar, and grasped the arm of the drowned young man with my left hand, and brought him to the surface, only to find that my companion had allowed the boat I had dived off to drift quite a distance from me. I then had the same struggle to get the body and myself to another boat that had just put out from the shore that I had in my dream, swallowing and then belching out a lot of water ; and nothing but the encouraging shouts from those on shore, who had hastily gathered (my wife among them)

nerved me to the struggle. I then *in reality* suffered the same pain which I felt in my dream, and the spot where the young man was drowned was just where the 'can' troubled me in my dream, and where I turned.

"N. COBURN."

"UPPER MELBOURNE,

"QUEBEC, 4th September, 1893.

"RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.,

"DEAR SIR,

"My wife, to whom I related my dream before the drowning took place, died a few months after I wrote you.

"You will pardon me, if I give you an explanation of the dream and drowning. I should have said that the young man had just come to visit friends on the opposite side of the river, and you will notice my rough diagram herewith, that the R. R. station of the G. T. R. is below where I live, and the young man arrived about 1.30 A.M. (say midnight), and was obliged to walk back up the river on the opposite side from where I lived, and I feel sure that the time of my dream was when he was passing up (say 2 A.M.) on the opposite side of the river. He went to bed at his friend's and did not get up until late, and immediately went to the river with some other young men for a bath and swim.

"NEWLANDS COBURN."

From Thomas Carbert, porter at Escrick station, through Lord Wenlock, Escrick Park, York :—

"At the end of February or beginning of March, 1883, I dreamt I saw Mr. Thompson, the station-



master, lying with his legs cut off, close to a heap of coals against a small cabin at the back of the station. I dreamt that the accident happened to him by what we call the 'pick-up' goods train, and that it occurred in the month of May.

"I told my dream to Mr. Thompson the next morning, and, though he laughed over it, it seemed to make him uneasy.

"On the 18th May, 1883, Mr. Thompson was run over by the 'pick-up' goods train, and both his legs were cut off.

"The accident happened at the back of the cabin, just where I dreamt I had seen him lying."

"I have taken this down from the lips of the above-named Thomas Carbert. Wenlock. 14th February, 1884."

Further inquiry had much improved the evidence in this case. Thomas Carbert, who has now been moved to Rillington, writes under date 7th October, 1895 :—

"I did dream it, and told Mr. Thompson of it, and he told Mr. Hartas Foxton of it the same morning. Mr. Thompson said it was three months to May yet. As to what made me say it would happen in May, something seemed to say it would be in May in my dream."

Mr. Foxton also writes as follows from The Grange, Escrick, 12th October, 1895 :—

"DEAR SIR,

"The incident you mention is vividly impressed upon my memory. One morning upon my

arrival at Escrick station to catch the 8 train, Thompson and Carbert were together in the booking-office, and after the customary greeting Thompson said to me, 'Master (he always called me 'Master'), what do you think Carbert here has been telling me? He had a dream last night, and that I have only so long to live (mentioning the time, either two months or three). I replied, 'Why, if you have only that time to live you must make the very best use of it; at the same time, if you know your days are numbered, you may still have longer to live than some of us'. This, of course, I said half in jest, and the train coming in the incident ended. But I noticed particularly that Carbert seemed quite downhearted and distressed when Thompson was relating the dream to me, and I must say it made some indefinable impression upon me, so much so that when I heard of the accident to Thompson, the dream and its ending flashed vividly back to me.

"You are at liberty to make use of this letter in any way you choose, either publicly or privately.

"HARTAS FOXTON."

Received through the Rev. C. H. Cope, from Miss I. Young. The account was written in the early part of 1892 :—

"BRITISH INSTITUTE,

"26 RUE DE VIENNE, BRUSSELS.

"In the morning of Friday, 29th March, 1889, after being awakened at my usual hour for rising, I went to sleep again, and dreamt the following: I was staying with a friend, Mrs. O—and it was by the seaside; the house overlooked the sea, the waves nearly wash-

ing against the garden wall. It was a bright clear day and I was standing close to the wall, watching in the distance two vessels on the sea, one having left the place I was at, and the other advancing from the opposite shore. To my surprise I saw that neither vessel, as they neared each other, seemed to make room for the other, and then to my horror one dashed into the other, cutting her in half. I saw the boiler burst of the injured vessel, throw up fragments and thick black smoke; I saw the passengers hurled into the water making frantic attempts to save themselves. I especially noticed hats and other things floating on the water, and then suddenly two bodies were washed up at my feet, and I awoke and found it was nearly 8.30 A.M. The dream made a vivid impression on me, and I could not shake off the feeling of horror I had experienced all through it. That same afternoon news came from Ostend of a terrible catastrophe in the Channel, the two vessels, *Princess Henriette* and *Josephine*, crossing *via* Ostend and Dover, had come into collision that same morning at 10 A.M., the one had cut the other in half just as I had seen it in my dream; indeed, the circumstances were the same. I knew no one on board, but the lady with whom, in my dream, I was staying, had three relatives on board; one was drowned and the other two saved.

“ISABELLA YOUNG.”

The friend with whom Miss Young was staying at the time, Mrs. C. E. Jenkins, writes:—

“I certify that the above mentioned dream was

related to me about an hour after she had dreamt it, by Miss Young.

“M. G. JENKINS.”

In answer to a further question, Mrs. Jenkins writes :—

“BRITISH INSTITUTE,  
“26, RUE DE VIENNE, BRUSSELS,  
“3rd May, 1892.

“DEAR SIR,

“In answer to your card to Mr. Cope, forwarded to me this morning, I beg to confirm that Miss I. G. Young related her dream to me about the collision *before we had heard anything of it*, and that the news came that afternoon.

“MELIORA G. JENKINS,  
“Hon. Lady Superintendent,  
“British Institute, Brussels.”

We give below some account of the events, as related in the *Times*.

From the *Times*, 30th March, 1889 (Saturday):—

“A CHANNEL PACKET MISSING.

“Up to twelve o'clock last night the mail and passenger steamer which left Ostend for Dover at ten o'clock yesterday morning, had not arrived. The vessel (the *Comtesse de Flandre*) was due at Dover at 2'30. There was a slight fog close in shore but the Calais boat, which arrived last evening, reported that it was tolerably clear out in the Channel. Great anxiety was felt at Dover last night as to the steamer's safety, and signal guns were fired at given intervals.”

In the second edition of the *Times*, same date as above, the following appears :—

“FOUNDERING OF AN OSTEND MAIL STEAMER (FROM LLOYD’S).

“Lloyd’s agent at Ostend telegraphs, under date to-day 7.30 A.M., that the mail boats the *Princess Henriette*, from Dover, and the *Comtesse de Flandre*, from Ostend, were in collision yesterday. The *Comtesse de Flandre* sank, and all of the crew, including captain and mate, and three passengers, were drowned. Mails lost.

“The *Comtesse de Flandre* was a steamer of 500 tons gross, and left Ostend yesterday morning with mails and passengers for England.”

In the *Times*, Monday, 1st April, 1889, a fuller account appears, with names of victims, narratives of survivors, etc. Mr. Algernon Osborn, one of the saved, gives the time of the collision as half-past one.

And so enough, perhaps, of these eventful dreams. We will pass to a slightly more serious class of premonitory dream, where an accident has been averted through the dreamer remembering his dream at the crucial moment and *not* doing what he would naturally have done if he had not remembered his dream. The first instance we quote of the snake is perhaps the least conclusive, as it seems to be only Mr. Kinsolving’s theory that he would have trodden on the snake if he had not been warned in his dream. However, it is a good instance of a premonitory dream, whether the warning was useful or not :—

Dr. Kinsolving<sup>1</sup> of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, writes as follows to Dr. Hodgson :—

“2,016 LOCUST STREET,  
“PHILADELPHIA, 14<sup>th</sup> October, 1891.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“The dream was this. I seemed to be in woods, back of the hotel at Capon Springs, W. Va., when I came across a rattlesnake which, when killed, had two black-looking rattles and a peculiar projection of bone from the tail, while the skin was unusually light in colour. The impression of the snake was very distinct and vivid before my mind's eye when I awoke in the morning, but I did not mention the dream to any one, though I was in the act of telling my wife while dressing, but refrained from so doing because I was in the habit of taking long walks in the mountains, and I did not wish to make her nervous by the suggestion of snakes.

“After breakfast I started with my brother along the back of the great north mountain, and when about twelve miles from the hotel we decided to go down out of the mountain into the road and return home. As we started down the side of the mountain I suddenly became vividly conscious of my dream, to such an extent as to startle me and to put me on the alert. I was walking rapidly and had gone thirty steps when I came on a snake coiled and ready to strike. My foot was in the air, and had I finished my step I would have trodden upon the snake. I threw myself to one side

<sup>1</sup> Vol. xi., part xxix., of *Proceedings S. P. R.*



and fell heavily on the ground. I recovered myself at once and killed the snake with the assistance of my brother, and found it to be the same snake in every particular with the one I had had in my mind's eye. The same size, colour, and peculiar malformation of the tail.

"It is my belief that my dream prevented me from treading on the snake, but I have no theory on the subject, and get considerably mixed and muddled when I try to think on the line of such abnormal experiences.

"G. H. KINSOLVING."

"CHRIST CHURCH, CLINTON AND HARRISON STREETS,

"323 CLINTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

"19th April, 1892.

"MR. RICHARD HODGSON.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"My brother, the Rev. George H. Kinsolving of Philadelphia has enclosed me your request for my recollection of his premonitory dream last summer at Capon Springs. Constant occupation during the season just ended is my apology for a somewhat tardy compliance with that request. The circumstances as I remember them were these:—

"We started, he and I together, off from the Springs Hotel just after breakfast to go over the mountain to Rock Enon Springs. Our first stop was on the crest of the North Mountain, and near it we had some conversation with two boys who were out huckleberrying. I asked them about their experience with rattlesnakes, and they replied they had killed several during the season. Later, my brother and I were clambering up

a steep rough bushy cliff, and as he was in front I said 'You had better look out for rattlesnakes. This is a very snaky sort of place.' At neither of these references to the subject of the snakes did my brother seem to be reminded of or to make any allusion to his dream of the night before of which he had not then told me.

"After walking some way beyond this we missed our trail and found ourselves descending the mountain. Suddenly my brother, who was at my side and a little in front, threw his body back and said, 'My! I like to have stepped on that fellow'! I think I caught him by the shoulder as, with one foot raised just over the reptile which was coiled under some bushes and a bit of brushwood, he reeled backward. Then as we closed in upon the snake and delivered our first stones, my brother, catching sight of the tail, said, 'That is strange! I will tell you something remarkable about that snake in a moment.' Then when we had killed the snake, before I noticed anything remarkable about it—when to me it was like Jim Smiley's frog, 'just like any other frog'—my brother pointed to the fact that it had but one rattle on its tail, and proceeded to tell me his dream. He said that the night before he dreamed that he came up in front of the Springs Hotel as a party of boys were in the act of killing a snake. Bending over the reptile he said 'Why boys, that snake has a diseased tail'. And on examination it appeared a very singular, defective tail. At the time of his narrow escape from being bitten (for the reptile had thrown back his head to strike when discovered), he said the dream had suddenly come into his mind. I

noticed a pause and losing the thread of the argument in which we were engaged, and this made me look towards him at the moment. He answered there on the spot to my question why he had not told me the strange dream when I mentioned snakes as we clambered up the peak or when we were speaking with the boys, that he had not thought of the dream during our walk until a moment before this snake was met and that at that moment the dream had come into his mind with such vividness as to make him look where he was walking with some care.

“The snake was large enough to have had half-a-dozen or more rattles. It had a single rattle—not a button—and looked as though disease or crushing or some unusual accident had deprived it of the rest.

“These are the facts, as I remember them, very hastily narrated. The experience was altogether unique for me at least. I will send you this direct without having spoken to my brother of the experience since leaving the Springs in the month of August last.

“ARTHUR B. KINSOLVING.”

In the following cases the *aversion* of the fulfilment owing to the recollection of the dream is an important feature.<sup>1</sup>

“We were living in about 188- in Hertford Street, Mayfair. One day I determined that on the morrow I would drive to Woolwich in our brougham, taking my little child and nurse, to spend the day with a relation. During the night I had a painfully clear

<sup>1</sup> Vol. xi., part xxix. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*

dream or vision of the brougham turning up one of the streets north of Piccadilly ; and then of myself standing on the pavement and holding my child, our old coachman falling on his head on the road, his hat smashed in. This so much discomposed me that when in the morning I sent for the coachman to give his orders, I almost hoped that some obstacle to the drive might arise, so that I might have an excuse for going by train. The coachman was an old and valued servant. I asked him if he would have the carriage ready to drive to Woolwich at ten. He was not given to making difficulties, but he hesitated, and when I suggested eleven instead, he said that he would prefer that hour. He gave no reason for his hesitation, and said that the horse was quite well. I told him almost eagerly that I could quite well go by train ; but he said that all was right.

“ We went to Woolwich and spent the day. All went well until we reached Piccadilly on the return journey. Then I saw that other coachmen were looking at us ; and looking through the glass front of the brougham I saw that the coachman was leaning back in his seat, as though the horse were pulling violently, of which, however, I felt no sign. We turned up Down Street. He retained his attitude. My dream flashed back upon me. I called to him to stop, jumped out, caught hold of my child, and called to a policeman to catch the coachman. Just as he did so the coachman swayed and fell off the box. If I had been in the least less prompt, he would have fallen just as I saw him in my dream. I found afterwards that the poor

man had been suffering from a serious attack of diarrhoea on the previous day, and had gradually fainted from exhaustion during the drive home. He was absolutely sober, and his only mistake had been in thinking that he was strong enough to undertake the long drive. In this case my premonitory dream differed from the reality on two points. In my dream we approached Down Street from the west ; in reality we came from the east. In my dream the coachman actually fell on his head ; the crushing of his hat on the road being the most vivid point of the dream. In reality this was just averted by the prompt action which my anxious memory of the dream inspired."

Signed by Lady Z.

" 1st April, 1884.<sup>1</sup>

" Last year I dreamt that a certain cotton mill, insured in our company, was burnt. The mill was one that I had never seen, nor was I acquainted with any member of the firm ; and nothing to my recollection had been before me connected with the insurance for some years. On reaching the office the following morning I turned up the surveyor's report, which I found to be rather meagre, and one that had been made some years before. I accordingly gave instructions to have the place re-inspected, and when this was done it was found that the mill was in an unsatisfactory condition. Not being able to relieve ourselves during the current year for any portion of the amount for which it was insured, we re-insured with another office

<sup>1</sup> Vol. viii., part xxii. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*

for part of the amount. A few months afterwards the mill was partially destroyed, our company saving, through the action I took in consequence of the dream, near upon a thousand pounds."

(The true name of the secretary is signed, but is not for publication.)

The next case is from Colonel Reynolds, now of Cheltenham, who is personally known to me, and is an excellent witness.

"CHELTENHAM, 13<sup>th</sup> December, 1891.

"About the year 1870 I was in charge of a length of roadway, together with the bridges, large and small, that carried it. Sometimes there were floods which endangered the bridges, and I was therefore always on the look out to prevent serious damage which would have impeded the traffic. At the same time this had been my daily life for so long that no anxiety remained in my mind about it. I regarded my duties as merely routine work. I was in a fairly good state of health. One night I dreamt in a most vivid manner that I saw an exact picture of a certain small bridge. All the surroundings were complete and left no doubt as to which bridge it was. A voice at the same moment said to me : 'Go and look at that bridge'. This was said distinctly three times. In the morning the dream still persisted in my mind and so impressed me that I rode off at once about six miles to the bridge. Nothing was to be seen out of the ordinary. The small stream was, however, coming down in flood. On walking into the water I found to my astonishment



that the foundations of the bridge had been entirely undermined and washed away. It was a marvel that it was still standing. Of course, the work necessary to preserve the bridge was done. There is no doubt that but for the dream the bridge would have fallen, as there was no reason whatever to attract my attention specially to the bridge. Though small, the bridge was an important one, as its situation was peculiar. The picture that was dreamt was so strong that it is even now fixed in my mind as plainly almost as it was then. I have no doubt whatever that a special warning was given me by a higher intelligence. I have never at any time had any other similar experience.

“H. C. REYNOLDS.”

From Mrs. Wheeler, 106 High Street, Oxford :—<sup>1</sup>

“I dreamed I went down the back-stairs at Heston into the kitchen, and as I stepped off the last step on to the floor something severed my big toe (without hurting me at all), and I saw it roll across the floor. The next morning I went down those stairs before the kitchen shutters were open, and with bare feet (I wanted some water), and just as I got to the last step I remembered my dream and looked carefully (I think I took the shutter bar down and partly opened the shutter, but I do not feel quite certain), and then saw a knife lying on its back on the floor with the edge up, just where I should have put down my foot had I stepped off the bottom stair. I am not given to having vivid dreams particularly.”

<sup>1</sup> Vol. viii., part xxii. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*

The following, the last example that I will cite of a dream being the means of actually averting a calamity, is perhaps the most useful, as Captain Scott was enabled to save several lives thereby.

From Bishop Hale :—<sup>1</sup>

“ 9th March, 1892.

“ The colony of Western Australia (called at the time the Swan River Settlement) was founded in 1829. Captain Scott must have gone there very shortly after that period.

“ In the year 1848, I being then Archdeacon of Adelaide, went to Western Australia in attendance upon the Bishop of Adelaide. Captain Scott showed great readiness to assist the bishop, and both he and I received from him many acts of kindness.

“ He, one day, told me about his dreams and the circumstances connected therewith. He told it all with such animation and such varying expressions of face that he gave one the idea that the things he spoke of were passing vividly before his mind’s eye as he described them.

“ I was, of course, greatly struck by the narrative and said I should like very much indeed to have it in writing. He said at once that I should have it ; he would have the copy of his log, which he had by him, transcribed for me. I received the MS. a few days afterwards.

“ His last illness was a long and wearisome one, and the old man was pleased when any friend would

<sup>1</sup> Vol. xi., part xxix. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*

look in and sit with him for a time. I was then bishop of the diocese, and I was aware that the clergyman of his parish (Freemantle), Mr. Bostock, was in the habit of sometimes taking his seat by the old man's bedside, in addition to the performance of the usual devotional services.

"I never had upon my own mind the slightest doubt about the truth of the narrative, but I was quite aware that some persons to whom I might chance to show it might feel doubtful about it, and it occurred to me that Mr. Bostock's friendly visits to the old man afforded an excellent opportunity for getting some declaration such as that which he did obtain.

" MATTHEW B. HALE,  
" *Bishop.*"

Captain Scott's account—

"On the night of the 7th June I dreamed that I saw a schooner, and apparently water-logged, with several men in her and a black man among them. On the 8th I dreamed the same and got up and started the mate up aloft. I stayed on deck until daylight. On the 9th the same dream occurred. Got up and altered the ship's course, having passed between Guadeloupe and Antigue, the day previous, and at 8 P.M. heavy squalls with heavy thunder and lightning; shortened sail. Daylight made all sail, fine pleasant weather. On the 10th at 1 o'clock, altered the ship's course from W.S.W. to S.W. two points for the purpose of ascertaining the true position of the

Bird Islands, or to see if these really existed (as on my chart it was marked doubtful). I was at this time very uneasy in my mind, supposing that something was going to happen to my ship. I had related my dream to my mate and passengers, Don Joseph Severra, John Poingestre and William Richenburg, Esquires, merchants at Carthagená, who wrote the circumstances to the Humane Society and to their house in London.

“On the morning of the 10th, at 9.30 A.M. we were all at breakfast, the officer on deck called down the skylight and said that a squall was coming. I immediately repaired on deck to take in the small sails. On looking astern the ship where the squall was coming from, we saw a boat with a large flag flying on an oar, and a man standing up in the bow holding it. I immediately hove the ship to and took in all studding and small sails. My men that were aloft furling royals said that they could see a number of men and that they thought it was a pirate. One of the men stated that was just the way that he was taken the year previous in the same seas. My passengers and officers then requested me to keep the ship away, which I did, they stating that if they should turn out to be pirates, I should not recover my insurance for my ship. I then kept her away under her reefed sails and went down to breakfast. After my entering my cabin, I felt uneasy and returned to the state room. Immediately my dream came forcibly in my mind, I then put two pistols and my cutlass by my side and went on deck, called all hands on deck, and again hove

the ship to and desired Mr. Poingestre to take the wheel and steer the ship. I then ordered the first officer to lower his boat down and go and see what the boat was. I then ordered the guns to be loaded, made sail, and made a tack towards the boats. On my coming up with them, found that my mate had taken the captain and his men out of the boat and taken them into his, Captain Jellard's boat having a great quantity of water in, very nearly up to the thwarts, also a large shark, and had her in tow.

“After getting Captain Jellard on board, and his men, who were in a very weak state, not able to speak with the exception of the black man; from him I got all the particulars, as follows: it appeared that they belonged to the schooner *James Hambleton*, of Grenada, from America, bound to Grenada, and being short of water, having a very long passage through light winds, were going on shore for water on the Island of Saints, it then being calm. After leaving their ship a light breeze sprang up and the schooner kept her ground, but the boat pulling in a different direction and the current running so strong that the boat's crew became quite exhausted. That at daylight they had the mortification of seeing the schooner in-shore of them as far as they could see from the boat, the boat still drifting farther from land and ship until they lost sight of her altogether. The following day they had a very dreadful time of it; it blew a heavy gale, with thunder and lightning; they had to make fast the oars, mast and sail to the painter of the boat, and let the boat drift to break off the sea that

was running. During all this time they had no water or anything to eat. The following day was nearly calm, very light winds and a hot scorching sun; being in the latitude of  $16^{\circ} 21'$ , longitude  $63^{\circ} 14'$ , their sufferings were very great all day. Both captain and men tore their clothes off their backs and poured water on themselves to keep them cool. On the morning that I discovered them the black man appealed to his God, saying, 'If God hear black man as well as white man, pray send me fish or shark for massa to eat, no let him die'. The all-merciful Father heard his prayers and sent him a large shark, which was lying in the boat on her being brought alongside, of which they had drunk the blood and eaten part of the flesh. I immediately knocked in the head of a water puncheon and made them a warm bath and put them severally into it for the purpose of cooling them and getting some parts of their shirts off their skin which were sticking to their backs, their skin being all blistered with the sun and salt water. I gave them a little tea to moisten their mouths every few minutes, until some of them prayed for food and asked for some biscuit, and gave them rice water and barley water occasionally. After a good sleep Captain Jellard sent for me below and wished to speak to me. On searching his pockets to see if the black man had told the truth about his ship, I found his register and manifest of his cargo. This satisfied me all was correct, and that they were not pirates. During our conversation I found that I had been in company with Captain Jellard in St. Johns, Newfoundland, in 1814, he then commanding a fine



schooner called the *Catch Me Who Can*, belonging to Spuryar & Co. of Cool.

“In a few days they all came round. I gave them up to the British Consul at Carthagená and requested him to lose no time to send them on, as we feared that something would be brought against the mate of the schooner, Captain Jellard having all his papers with him. On my arrival in England, I found that Captain Jellard only arrived there three days previous to the execution of his mate and remaining three men, they having been tried for murdering their captain and the other three men. Had not the Consuls sent them over in the packet to Jamaica, and requested the admiral to send them up to Grenada with all despatch, these four poor souls would have lost their lives innocently.

(Signed) “DANIEL SCOTT,  
“*Commanding the brig ‘Ocean’ from (illegible)*  
*bound to Carthagená.*”

“May 9th, 1865.

“I, George James Bostock, Chaplain of Free-mantle, W. Australia, do hereby certify that I attended Daniel Scott in his last illness, February, 1865, wherein he repeated the substance of the above as most solemnly true, and ascribed the whole event to the direct guidance of an over-ruling Providence.

(Signed) “GEORGE J. BOSTOCK.”

I will now cite some instances of a class of prophetic dream which seems to be more widely known than others, premonition of death, or death-warning

given in a dream. This book is concerned exclusively with dreams, and reference would be out of place to the many well-known stories of families who perceive a particular vision or noise before the death of one of their members. Apparently these instances are too well authenticated for the dogmatic disbelief of even the most sceptical; for the most part men say that "there must be something in it," but what the "something" is, neither they nor any other can explain.

This "something" also has existed in dreams. This "something" has come to warn men of another's death or their own. Is it a spirit from another world—another intelligence outside our own that has a wider knowledge of the future than we can even hope to attain—or what? Professor O. Y. Lodge says: "It is just possible that these other intelligences, if they in any sense exist, may be able to communicate with us by the same sort of process as that by which we are now learning to be able to communicate with each other". Be our theory what it may, the fact remains that death premonitions have undoubtedly occurred in dreams. We grope blindly in the dark for an explanation, to find none, only to come up against the solid fact. We know so little, and we feel so much, and the search for the little we know amongst the much that we feel is a veritable hunting for a diamond on the seashore.

I knew a clever man who argued violently against what he was pleased to call the supernatural; he said that there was no such thing; it was against all well-known laws; he denied it absolutely, and declared that

the persons who argued otherwise were "credulous fools"; then he had an "experience" of his own. I remember his remarking: "I never felt such an ignorant fool in my life, as when I thought how often I had argued against the supernatural. I shall never again say that anything is impossible, just because I know nothing of it!"

Surely it behoves us to keep an open mind, without prejudice one way or the other. Too great a credulity is as injurious as too great a scepticism.

A man's own death has occasionally been prophesied to him in a dream, but we may gather that this is not so frequent as the premonition of another's death.

I will cite two cases of the former, which are most interesting from whatever point of view we look at them :—<sup>1</sup>

"VALPARAISO, IND., 2nd February, 1894."

"DEAR SIR,

"Yours of the 29th received. As regards Mr. Thomas Pratt's dream of 11th January, Mr. Pratt was a merchant here. I went to the store on the morning of the 12th January. He related to me the circumstances of his dream. He said that he died last night. I said, 'Well, you are alive yet'. Then he told me about his dream. He said that he dreamt that he died and chose his pall-bearers, and was taken to the grave, and then lowered down. When they began to put the dirt on the coffin he woke up. When

<sup>1</sup> Vol. xi., part xxix. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*

I went down the next morning he was dead. He died at 2 A.M. on the 13th January. The same pall-bearers officiated him to the grave.

"I was the first one that he related his dream to. He laughed at it the same day that he died, and said that he was good for forty years longer. When he died he was seventy-one years old.

"GEORGE HERRINGTON."

From the Rev. E. D. Banister, Whitechapel Vicarage, Preston, Lancashire :—

"12th November, 1885.

"My father, whilst a schoolboy (probably from 1808-1815), had a dream relating to his future, which I and my sister have often heard him relate. In the dream he saw a tablet in the parish church of his native place, on which was inscribed his name in full, the date of his birth, and the day and month, but not the year of his death. But there seemed to him to be something uncertain about the *month* in the date of his death.

"The date as inscribed on the tablet was 9th Jun. But as June is seldom, if ever, abbreviated as Jun., he was somewhat inclined to think that it might be 9th January.

"Many years elapsed after the dream, and nothing occurred to recall the circumstance until on 9th June, 1835, my eldest brother died at the age of two years and ten months. My father at the time was very deeply affected by the loss of the child. The date of the child's death called to his mind the date on the tablet, and though in his dream he distinctly saw his

own name, he ever afterwards favoured the idea that the date he had seen was 9th June.

“On 9th January, 1883, my father died.

Mr. Banister's sister confirms as follows :—

“I have seen my brother's letter respecting the dream of which I have heard my father speak, and can only say that the facts are as my brother has stated.

“AGNES BANISTER.”

Let us pass to premonitions of another's death.

The following most interesting case happened to a lady well known to the writer. She has kindly written it out for publication :—

“On the night of—I had a very vivid dream. I saw some one lying dead in our dining-room. Something prevented me recognising who it was, but I saw that, to my great surprise, the flesh was quite pink, although I knew that it was a dead person. I told my sisters of this dream the next day. On—my sister M. L. died suddenly *in the dining-room*; shortly after her death her flesh turned quite pink; so much so that I thought my dream had been sent as a warning, and that she could not be really dead, and I had three doctors in to see her; they said the colour was very curious, but that she was dead. I have never had any other dream like this.

“(Signed) C. C.”

“My sister C. told me about her dream the morning after she dreamt it, the facts that followed are as she states.

“(Signed) F. C.”

I will now close with yet a few more instances taken from that inexhaustible receptacle of well authenticated cases of man's communication with another world, the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*. Space does not permit of giving more than a very limited number of each class of dream, which yet may suffice as illustrations of what seem like dream possibilities, probably waiting to be developed until we know more of the great land on the "other side".

The following are striking instances of dream premonitions of death :—<sup>1</sup>

From the Hon. Mrs. M., A. Adjutant-General's House, Royal Barracks, Dublin.

" 1884.

" My sister was in the habit of getting up at 5 A.M. and of going to my father's room (who was not well at the time) to give him tea, and then reading to him until about 7. I asked her one day if she would call me sometimes, that I should like to get up at 5. She refused, saying she thought 'I did quite enough in the day and had better be in bed'. The next morning, however, Thursday, to my surprise I awoke and saw her standing at the foot of my bed, looking very bright indeed, and I fancied in a white dressing-gown. The curtains were drawn over the windows and the light seemed somehow only to strike her figure. She said, 'Remember I have called you, it is 5 o'clock, and now I am going away ; I am going away, remember'. I fell asleep and did not wake until eight. At break-

<sup>1</sup> Vol. xi., part xxix. of *Proceedings S. P. R.*



fast I said to my sister, 'so you did come and call me after all'! She looked astonished and said, 'No, I did not'. I said, 'Do you mean that you did not come at 5 o'clock and say, "Remember I have called you, and now I am going away"?' 'No,' she said, 'I never came near your room'. She, however, questioned me in rather an agitated way, and to my surprise said, 'I don't like those sort of dreams'. I never heard her say anything of the sort before, and was rather surprised at her thinking twice about it.

"The next day, Friday, having been in perfect health and spirits up to that morning, she was taken ill whilst sitting by my father's side, at about 6 o'clock. and she died at 5 o'clock the next day week, Thursday, of my dream or vision; and a curious coincidence was that she had on a white muslin dressing-gown in which she had sat up during part of the night. I do not recollect that during the fluctuation of this short illness, from which at first no danger was apprehended, this strange incident occurred to my memory, but as the clock struck five on that sad morning I remembered.

"There is another dream connected with that sad short illness.

"My father, the second night before my sister was taken ill, dreamed that he asked her to go on with the *Life of Charles James Fox*, the second volume of which was not then in the house. He dreamed that she said 'Oh, there is no more for me to read, that is the end,' and she held up the volume she had read to him, open at the last page, across the half of which he saw printed

in very large black, thick letters, filling the page quite across, THE END.

“ He said it gave him a sort of shock which awoke him, and he still felt a painful shock, he could not say why, when he awoke and remembered it. And yet he was half-amused at feeling it a shock or remembering it at all.

“ He, however, did not mention it that day, because he, being ill, thought my mother might not like it. The day my sister died he told us. The strange thing was that it was the same night, or rather morning, and about the same time that I thought I saw her ; for soon after he awoke he saw her come in with his tea, but did not, I believe, tell her the dream.

“ It was strange that she finished that book, and that it was the last time she ever read to him, and that that night was the end of one phase of family life in many ways. My father never recovered her death, and everything changed soon after.

“ My father was the late Field-Marshal —, and, as any one will know, not a man likely to think of dreams in general, and up to the day of his death was in intellect and faculties like a man of thirty.” (Field-Marshal Lord S. died in 1863.)

The percipient of the following dream, Miss K. M. Cleary writes :—

“ ALBERT ROAD, CARRICKFERGUS,

“ CO. ANTRIM, 15th February, 1892.

“ I will first state that I am a very healthy woman, and have been so all my life. I am not in the least

nervous. My occupation is that of head teacher in one of the Board Model Schools."

(After giving an account of an occasion when she saw an apparition of one of her assistants, who was absent at the time, and another occasion when she saw the apparition of an unknown person) Miss Cleary says :—

"When I was about fifteen and at a convent boarding school, I dreamt, without any cause that could inspire it, that my father was ill, of details connected with it, of his death, of results which followed. When the bell rang for getting up, and the nun came round to wake us, I, who had been roused from my painful chain of visions, was sitting in my nightdress on the side of the bed, and so faint-looking that the lady insisted I should return to bed. But this I would not do. I was too terrified, and yet so glad it was 'only a dream'. This was Friday. On Sunday morning came the bad news: 'Kate — Father is very ill; pray for him'. And so commenced the chain of sad realities pictured so graphically to me."

In answer to our inquiries, Miss Cleary wrote further :—

*" 26th February, 1892.*

"In reference to the dream previous to my father's death, you ask me if I can give further details, dates and corroboration, and 'did it happen at the beginning of his illness, or before, or after it?'

"Well, I think the only important detail I did not mention, or, at least, lay stress on, is that, it was the sound of the bell for rising which broke the chain of

pictures that were presented to me, that I was sent for to go home (we lived in Roscrea, Co. Tipperary, where the convent is); that I did go home; that I turned to go to the bedroom that had always been occupied by him; that mother, close behind me, motioned me to an opposite room, *which had never been used as a bedroom*; that I went in, saw the bed in a certain position, head towards this wall, foot that; that Dr. R. was towards the foot of the bed, holding in his hand a white china tea-cup, with lilac flowers pattern, one of a set we had; that on the window was a very peculiar new style of lace curtain, the pattern of which I had never seen anywhere. I dreamt he died, and of the grief and terrible trouble; and about this part there was, as it were, a cloud, and one distinct figure loomed from it, that of an uncle, father's brother, Dr. James Cleary of Dublin (27 N. Earl Street), deceased since. I saw, or felt, that James took my only brother back with him to Dublin.

“Every detail of the dream was verified. Now, with me, this dream is unique in, if I may express myself so, *its span*.

“The loud, rapid tones of the hand-bell rung in the dormitory roused me, and mechanically I sprang from bed, scarcely awake; in a daze or stupor I was sitting on the side of it. The nun whose duty it was to go from bed to bed to make sure we had all risen, found me as I described, noted my appearance shook me a little, told me I seemed very ill, and should lie down again. This aroused me quite. I would not have gone back to that bed just then for worlds. I told her

I was not ill, that I had been dreaming, and dreamt that my father was dead ; but she 'would not listen to such nonsense, superstition, and folly etc.' (She is dead, and there is no one who can corroborate.) I may have mentioned it to a companion ; I did not attempt to do so again to any of the nuns.

"At the time I had this dream I had every reason to believe that my father was in perfect health ; *and he was in perfect health.* He was medical doctor to the house. I had seen him a few days before from a window, walking in the grounds with the Mother or Superioress. He looked then, as he always looked, the embodiment of health and good humour. In comparing dates and events afterwards with my mother, who, unhappily, is no more, I found that the dream occurred on the eve of his first day's indisposition. He was attending a fever patient some miles from the town, got a severe wetting, which predisposed him to the infection, which he caught. He was but five days ill. He died on the 19th July, 1853. I am now fifty-two, therefore I was not so much as fifteen when he died. His death changed the whole course of my life, or rather, shunted me quite on to other lines.

"On Wednesday morning I had the dream. On the same Wednesday he got the wetting. Wednesday night he felt nervous and unwell, and had a hot foot-bath before going to bed. Thursday, I *presume* he did not go out. I'm *sure* he lay for the first time on Friday. Friday evening I first had any intimation of his illness. Then my aunt, his sister, who was a nun there and one of my class mistresses, told me that mother had sent

word of it, with a request that the nuns would pray for him, but she added: 'There is no cause for alarm'. I recollect nothing particular about Saturday.

"On Sunday morning I was called away from the breakfast-table and told I was to dress for going home to see my father, who had become worse. I went and found as I had seen in my dream.

"Mother told me afterwards she was greatly shocked by my standing as I did at the threshold of the door, and that I seemed not to be able to keep my eyes from the windows. The room and everything in the room was as I had seen them in my dream.

"I know that father had been thinking of me particularly during the early part of the week in which he took ill, as I had had an earache. He sent me a drug for it, which cured it at once, but he was not aware of the success of his remedy. He asked me then, during the interval of consciousness while I made my short visit, how was the pain in the ear? I said, 'your little bottle cured it'. (I had the same little bottle for many years.) He then kissed me and put his hand on my head and blessed me. The doctor then almost pulled me away, and told mother to take me from the room.

"I remember well how unnaturally calm I was, and this calm, or apparent insensibility, remained throughout his short illness and when I heard of his death. Mother used often to remark how strange it all was, and how extraordinary that I, who was the only child absent when he became ill, should be the only one



who received his sad farewell, and as she said, 'it was fitting too, for I was his favourite child'.

“ K. M. CLEARY.”

It will be observed that the day of the week on which the dream occurred, is given differently in the two accounts. Whether Dr. Cleary's illness had actually begun or not at the time, it appears that the dream took place during a period when at least there was no reason for special anxiety about him, even on the part of his family at home, and when Miss Cleary herself had no reason for anxiety at all.

The following again is no less remarkable :—

“ *22nd December, 1892.*

“ I have been asked to give an account of an experience which was certainly the most remarkable in my life ; a dream which came to me three times at long intervals, and which was at last fulfilled.

“ My father died when I was a child ; my mother married again, and I went to live with an uncle, who became like a father to me. In the spring of 1882 I dreamt that my sister and I were sitting in my uncle's drawing-room. In my dream it was a brilliant spring day, and from the window we saw quantities of flowers in the garden, many more than were in fact to be seen from that window. But over the garden there lay a thin covering of snow. I knew in my dream that my uncle had been found dead by the side of a certain bridle-path about three miles from the house—a field road where I had often ridden with him, and along which he often rode when going to fish in a neigh-

bouring lake. I knew that his horse was standing by him, and that he was wearing a dark homespun suit of cloth made from the wool of a herd of black sheep which he kept. I knew that his body was being brought home in a waggon with two horses, with hay in the bottom, and that we were waiting for his body to arrive. Then in my dream the waggon came to the door; and two men well-known to me—one a gardener, the other the kennel huntsman—helped to carry the body up the stairs, which were rather narrow. My uncle was a very tall and heavy man, and in my dream I saw the men carrying him with difficulty, and his left hand hanging down and striking against the banisters as the men mounted the stairs. This detail gave me in my dream an unreasonable horror. I could not help painfully thinking, oh, why did they not prevent his hand from being bruised in this way?

“In the sadness and horror of this sight I awoke, and I slept no more that night. I had determined not to tell my uncle of the dream, but in the morning I looked so changed and ill that I could not escape his affectionate questioning; and at last I told him of my vision of him lying dead in that field road. I had no anxiety about his health. He was a robust man of sixty-six, accustomed to hunt his own pack of hounds and to take much exercise. He listened to me very kindly, and although he was not himself at all alarmed by my dream, he offered me to do anything I liked which might calm my mind. I begged him to promise me never to go alone by that particular road. He promised me that he would always make an excuse to

have a groom or some one with him ; I remember my compunction at the thought of giving him this trouble—and yet I could not help asking for his promise.

“The impression of the dream grew gradually fainter, but it did not leave me ; and I remember that when a little boy came to stay with us some time after, and boy-like drew his stick along the banisters as he went upstairs, the sound brought back the horror of my dream. Two years passed by, and the thought of the dream was becoming less frequent, when I dreamt it again with all its details the same as before, and again with the same profoundly disturbing effect. I told my uncle, and said to him that I felt sure he had been neglecting his promise, and riding by that field-road alone. He admitted that he had occasionally done so. ‘Although,’ he said, ‘I think I have been very good on the whole.’ He renewed his promise ; and again the impression grew weaker as four years passed by, during which I married and left his home. In the May of 1888 I was in London, expecting my baby. On the night before I was taken ill, I dreamt the same dream again, but with this variation. Instead of dreaming that I was at my uncle’s home with my sister, I knew in my dream that I was lying in bed in our London house. But from that bedroom, just as from the drawing-room in the former dreams, I seemed to see my uncle lying dead in the same well-known place. And I seemed also to perceive the same scene of the bringing home of the body. Then came a new point. As I lay in bed, a gentleman dressed in black, but whose face I could not see, seemed to stand by me

and tell me that my uncle was dead. I woke in great distress. But as I was ill from then for two days, as soon as the child was born I ceased to dwell on the dream—only I felt an overpowering desire to write at once to my uncle myself and to tell him that I was getting better. I was not allowed to do this; but afterwards I managed to write a few lines in pencil unknown to any one but the nurse. This note reached my uncle two days before his death.

“As I grew better, I began to wonder greatly at not hearing from my uncle who generally wrote to me every day. Then my dream came back to me and I was certain that he was ill or dead, but my husband, nurse and maid (all I saw) seemed cheerful as usual. Then one morning my husband said my stepfather wished to see me and I at once guessed his errand. He entered the room dressed in black and stood by my bedside. At once I recognised that this was the figure which I had seen in my dream. I said, ‘The colonel is dead, I know all about it, I have dreamt it often’. And as he was unable to speak from emotion I told him all about it, place, time of day (morning) and the clothes my uncle wore.

“Then I thought of that scene on the staircase which had always remained in my mind. I asked if there were any bruises on the hands. ‘No bruises,’ said my stepfather, ‘either on hands or face.’ He thought that I fancied that my uncle had fallen from his horse. Soon afterwards my sister—the sister who had been in my dream—came to see me and brought me a ring which my uncle had always worn on his left

hand. I was very thankful for this memento of him, and I told my sister how I had feared that the ring would have been forgotten. 'I only came just in time,' she said; 'they were just going to close the coffin.' 'Was there any bruise on the left hand?' I asked. At first she said that there was not; but then she said she thought there was a bluish discoloration across the back of the first joints of the fingers. She did not know how it had been caused. When I was well enough to travel I went to my old home; there I saw my old nurse who had been in the house when my uncle died. Her account, added to my stepfather's, enabled me to realise the events of that day. My uncle had received my pencil note on the Sunday morning and had been greatly pleased, feeling that the wished-for heir was born and that I, whom he loved as a daughter, was through my trouble. He had a few friends to lunch with him, including my stepfather, and said that he had seen all that he wished to see in life and could now die happy at any moment. His guests left him in the greatest of spirits and two days afterwards he died, and his body had been brought back as I describe, and he had been found half stunned in that very field road where I had three times seen him. He was dressed in the same homespun suit in which I had seen him in my dream. The cause of his death had been heart disease, of whose existence neither I, nor, I believe, any of those near or dear to him had been aware. He had evidently felt faint and slipped from his horse. The same two men whom I had seen in my dream as helping to carry the body had in fact

done so, and my nurse admitted that the left hand knocked against the banisters. She seemed afraid lest I should blame the men who carried the body and did not like to speak of the incident. I do not think she had seen the incident herself and I did not like to speak to the men about it. It was enough for me that it was on the back of the left hand, as I had seen it in my dream and as from the arrangement of the staircase it must have been, had it been caused in the way that I saw. I will add one fact which, although it was purely a matter of my own feeling, made perhaps as much impression upon me as anything in this history. I do not think that any daughter could love a father better than I loved my uncle, and, as will have been seen, the prospect of his death was always a deeply-lying fear. But as soon as I knew that all had happened as my dream foretold, I somehow felt that all was well, and the death left me with a sensation of complete acquiescence and peace. It may have been noticed that there were two unreal or fantastic points in my original dream, *viz.*, the multitude of flowers in the garden and the thin covering of snow. I think that I can throw some light on these points by narrating the only two other impressive dreams which I have ever had. The first one of these two dreams I mentioned to others and acted upon it. The second I neither mentioned nor acted upon, so it has no value as evidence and is really given as helping to explain the symbolism of snow.

“I had heard from several relations (although I cannot quote definite cases), that they had found that



dreams of flowers and of snow were followed by deaths in our family. This may have suggested that form of symbolism to my mind ; or the same cause, whatever it was, which acted with them may have acted with me. In any case, what happened was as follows : In 1887 I heard from my step-father that my mother, who had long been an invalid, was seriously worse ; and he asked me when I could go to see her. My mind was therefore occupied with her illness ; but the tone of his letter was not immediately alarming ; so that we saw no reason for my not attending some races in the neighbourhood, for which we had friends staying. But one night I dreamt a dream—which, though very impressive, was somewhat confused—about my mother seated in a carriage full of flowers. I remembered the symbolism ; and I felt assured that my mother was dead or dying. I mentioned the dream to my husband and prepared for an immediate summons, which came directly afterwards. Having all preparations ready made, I left immediately and arrived in time to see my mother die. This dream and that of my uncle are the only dreams on which I have ever acted in any way. The second dream to which I have alluded was as follows : In 18— I saw a gentleman whom I knew lying dead in a red coat on an open field with snow on the ground. Beside him knelt his mother, who was alive and well at the time of the dream. I tried to approach and speak to her ; but she said, ‘don’t touch me, I have come for him’. I understood that she had died be-

fore him. Two years later this lady did in fact die, and in two years more her son was killed, just as I saw him lying, in a scarlet coat. There was, of course, no snow on the ground, as it was in late spring; so I fancy that the snow may have been symbolical both here and in my dream about my uncle. I may add that I am not of an imaginative temperament; and that these are the only incidents in my life which seem to lie outside ordinary explanations. My husband and step-father add their confirmation of the incidents which concern them."

"The above account is true and accurate in every particular."

(Signatures of LORD and LADY Q.)

(Lord Q.'s signature attests (besides his general concurrence with the account) his presence at the interview with Lady Q.'s step-father, as described.)

*"16th January, 1893.*

"The account is correct as far as what happened when I went to London to inform Lady Q. of her uncle's death, which is all that is within my own personal knowledge."

(Signature of LADY Q.'s step-father.)

The writer of the following account is a lady recommended to me by Dr. Liebeault of Nancy and in all ways an excellent informant—a lady who has now for many years taken a leading part in an important French philanthropic enterprise, and whose

mind is not given to exaggeration or morbid sentiment. I am obliged thus to describe my correspondent because, for reasons which seem to me adequate, I cannot give her name, or go fully into the points in her letters to me which have led me to regard her as a scrupulously careful witness. From among many psychical experiences, mainly conforming to our usual types, which she has recorded in a pamphlet in my possession, I select the incident which follows :—

Translation from pamphlet printed 1894 :—

“In November, 1877, I was expecting my third child. On the night before its birth I had a terrible dream.

“I had the feeling that my room was filled by all kinds of mysterious and sorrowful influences, and a small thing, separating itself from these confused surroundings at the other end of the room, said to me, ‘I come to you that you may love me’.

“This being, the size of a child two or three years old, was human only in its face, from which shone two large dark eyes; I remarked also the expression of the mouth, which indicated suffering; as to the rest of the body, it was so painful to look upon, so different from the rounded forms and fresh rosiness of childhood, that I woke in anguish, my heart beating violently.

“In the morning I told my mother of this dream. She regarded it as a nightmare caused by my condition at the time; and we welcomed without apprehension the arrival of my third little daughter, a fine child of

dark complexion, well-formed, and showing every sign of strong health.

“When a few weeks had passed, I observed that this child’s physiognomy, especially when it was on the point of crying, bore a strong likeness to the child of my dream. It had also the same large dark eyes; but very gentle in expression, and filled, as it grew older, with a deep but indefinable sadness. I communicated my apprehension to my sister.” (A letter from this lady herself, concerned with philanthropic and literary work lies before me, dated 13th April, 1894. She says “I affirm the perfect exactitude of this narrative. My sister told me her dream, I was witness of her apprehensions during the brief existence of her third little daughter, and she said to me textually the words mentioned in her narrative, at the end of her child’s life.”) “We observed the child’s development with the anxious attention that every mother will understand.

“She was very easy to rear, without faults of temper, and incredibly precocious in all ways, in her senses, memory, intelligence and affectionate sensibility.

“I brought her up thus to the age of two and a half. Then she was taken from me by a terrible malady, granular kidney, (*la granulie*) following upon measles, and finally causing meningitis, after causing extreme irritation for weeks. The poor child was seriously ill for three months and a half. During the last week of her painful existence she was reduced to a state of extreme emaciation, and showing her sadly to my sister, I said to her with absolute truth, ‘Alas! there

is the child of my dream, exactly as she appeared to me the night before she was born ! ’

“ It will be observed here that the premonition represented neither a child with normal resemblance to its parents, nor a child suffering from any disease which heredity or maternal suggestion could have caused, but a child in a condition into which it actually fell some two years later, as the result of zymotic disease.”

We should like to give more examples of this most interesting class of dream, but doubtless we have given enough to enable the reader to form his own opinion, as to the credibility of the cases cited.

What theory he forms depends on his individuality. “ We know the existence of the infinite, and we are ignorant of its nature, because, like us, it has dimension, but, unlike us, it has no limits.”

Could we but try to make our theories fit our facts, instead of making our facts fit our theories, as is the usual way with man, we might find our thoughts in less hopeless tangle.

Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., who thoroughly investigated the phenomena of all branches of spiritualism in a scientific manner, says, “ I prefer to enter upon the inquiry with no preconceived notions whatever as to what can or cannot be, but with all my senses alert and ready to convey information to the brain ; believing, as I do, that we have by no means exhausted all human knowledge or fathomed the depths of all the physical forces ”. If men of less science were as open-minded as this brilliant scientist they would perhaps come nearer truth.

The simplest peasant who observes a truth  
And from a fact deduces principle,  
Adds solid treasures to the public wealth.  
The theorist, who dreams a rainbow dream,  
And calls hypothesis philosophy,  
At best is but a paper financier,  
Who palms his specious promises for gold.  
Facts are the basis of philosophy ;  
Philosophy the harmony of facts  
Seen in their right relation.