


GHOSTS AND THEIR PHOTOS.

It saves trouble to be credulous, and it saves time to be sceptical; but he who avoids both is alone wise in his generation, for he alone wins truth, which is worth the time and the trouble. The special thing which this age requires to know is whether there is any scientific proof of a life after death for any of us. Philosophy, which seeks only to make this life tolerable, can do without an answer to this question, but Religion, the essence of which is to bind men to an Above and a Beyond, must know or die. In past ages faith has been more than an equivalent to knowledge; in this age faith seems somewhat less than an equivalent. Into the reason of this, and there is a very good reason, I do not now propose to enter, but I do propose to ask whether we may hope, before the close of the nineteenth century, to see faith in a life after death replaced by a certain knowledge that there is such a life, and whether we shall be able to found our religion upon fact precisely in the same way as we profess to found our science on fact. Suppose we should strike suddenly, unexpectedly, but decisively, in this age of abnormal discovery, upon the long-sought-for reconciliation between science and religion, and suppose ghosts should turn out to be the missing link! It is a large order, as the Americans say; but when I say "ghosts" I merely use the word as a sort of  to point to that growing class of inconvenient phenomena which do not seem willing either to explain themselves or make themselves scarce in obedience to the orders of Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Lecky, and other such sincere and potent infallibilities of the period.

The first step towards clearing the way is to abolish the word *supernatural*. The distinction henceforth is not between *natural* and *supernatural*, but between *known* and *unknown*. Face to face with certain alleged phenomena (to say the least) of an unintelligible character, repeated experience has at last placed one conclusion beyond dispute, viz., that it is unsafe to denounce what it may be difficult to examine, but still more risky not to examine what we propose to denounce. But it is a busy world, and you may fairly ask, Why should I attend to ghosts or, for the matter of that, any of these bogey phenomena, which I am told on excellent authority can be accounted for by fraud, credulity, hallucination, or misunderstanding? I will answer that question first.

We must attend to occult phenomena (were there no other reason) because of their obstinate persistency. That is Herbert Spencer's test of reality. The broad backs of those much belaboured but

patient beasts of burden called Fraud, Credulity, Hallucination, and Misunderstanding, have at last refused to bear any more loading. Who's to carry what is left? for this obstinate residuum it seems cannot be destroyed. Comparative studies in these days are all the fashion. Will no one give us a comparative study of ghosts? will no one even provide us with an introductory and concise study of occult phenomena in and out of the Bible, in history—ancient and modern, sacred and profane? Lastly, in a word, will no one, after loading the four beasts as heavily as possible, produce the fifth beast whose name is Truth, and who will bear without hesitation or fatigue that puzzling residuum of indisputable but unintelligible phenomena?

Is it not strange that the occult, or what we commonly call the miraculous, weathers age after age of scepticism? True, that at this very moment we are living in an age of scientific ostriches, who mumble, with their heads in the sand, that no one now believes in miracles; that ghosts never appear; that second-sight, and premonitions, and dreams that come true, and prophecies that are verified, have all vanished before the light of knowledge and the scrutiny of science. True also it is that never were there a greater number of intelligent people convinced of the reality and importance of these occult phenomena. This persistency of the occult is at any rate a fact, and a stubborn one. From age to age the same unexplained phenomena occur. In spiritualism more than in anything else history repeats itself. From age to age a number of supposed supernaturalisms are exposed or explained; from age to age a residuum cannot be exposed or explained: no, not by Crookes, or Wallace, or Lodge, or Flammarion, or the Berlin conjuror, Bellachini, or the French conjuror, Houdin, or the English conjurors, Maskelyne and Cook; or Sidgwick and the Psychical Society, or any other society, or anybody else. "This gives to reflect," as the French say.

For the average reader who is a ghost student, of course, the Bible comes first. The imprudent, if not impudent, plan of professing to believe all the miracles, apparitions, dreams, prophecies, and ghosts in the Bible whilst denying all others began to yield some twenty years ago to the scarcely less unscrupulous plan of denying the reality of all such phenomena both in and out of the Bible. But still, as these phenomena recurred, and had to be reckoned with, this method has also been found impracticable. The strange similarity in all ages of the alleged phenomena has now begun to attract attention. Jacob and his angels are thought to be matched by scores of cases in "lives of the saints." The voices which spoke to the seers are correlated and compared with the voices of Joan of Arc; the levitations of Philip and Elijah with the well-attested levitations of St. Francis of Assisi; the trances of Paul with the trances of St. Theresa or Swedenborg; the tongues of

Corinth with the tongues of the Irvingites; the wraiths of Jerusalem with many a haunted churchyard; the automatic pen of the prophet with the automatic pencil writing of hundreds now living in our midst; the clairaudience of Samuel with the clairaudience of Luther; the clairvoyance of Elisha with the clairvoyance of Alexis, Didier, Home, and scores more in and out of Scotland; the trance-speaking of the early Christians, called prophecy, in 1 Cor. ix. with the trance medium utterances of the hour; the miracles of healing with the miracles of Lourdes; the faith cures, the Jacobs of Paris, the Harrups of Brighton, the medical rubbers, and the hypnotists *et id omne genus*. The very phenomena of the mystic lights, the cold wind, the shaking of the furniture, the bursting open or passing through doors, even of matter through matter, all these wondrous phenomena, down even to the exorcising of evil spirits and the re-appearance of the dead, it seems can be paralleled by the various phenomena of the contemporary spiritualistic seance. The raps, the lights, and the materialisations, well attested and repeated almost *ad nauseam* in the presence of mediums like Home, Slade, and fifty others of less notoriety, often under severe test conditions, are now discovered to be no isolated phenomena, but to belong to a continually recurring class. Things, in fact, are looking black for the sceptics who have denied the so-called miracles both in and out of the Bible, and a new opinion, likely to be more lasting than the verdict of wholesale scepticism or wholesale credulity, is now slowly but surely gaining ground. It is this—that there is a substratum of truth about the alleged phenomena called occult, both past and present; that they obey the same laws and exhibit the same characteristics, whether hinted at on Egyptian papyrus four thousand years ago, recorded in Scripture, embedded in the legends of Greece and Rome, or reproduced at a nineteenth-century *séance* in the presence of a “*fin du siècle*” medium. This hint once fearlessly given, every one began to make their mysterious occult egg stand up; it only needed one tap of common sense and *le voilà!* And that is whereabouts we are now.

Forty years ago the occult phenomena in the Bible were isolated, with a view to discredit all occult phenomena everywhere else. Now the occult phenomena everywhere else are being correlated, with the unlooked-for result of justifying and rendering easily credible many of the occult phenomena of the Bible. It is an odd reversal of an evidential process. But in each case the philosophy of these phenomena, both in and out of the Bible, is of the same kind, and the evidence for the facts is also of the same kind, with this noteworthy difference, that evidence contemporary and present and verifiable is, from the nature of the case, stronger than any conceivable evidence for things which are said to have happened nine-

teen hundred years ago, though of course the narrations of the first century and the nineteenth century may both be equally true. With those hyper-scrupulous enquirers who declare that, as regards all that class of phenomena commonly called miraculous or supernatural, no conceivable amount of evidence would weigh with them, I am not now concerned. In a free country people may hold opinions however absurd, and blurt out denials however preposterous, and still be tolerated, but they need not be reasoned with.

I deal only with people who understand the nature of evidence, and are prepared to yield assent to facts established by it, in spite of prejudice, interest, habit or predisposition. They alone are truth-seekers; they alone are truth-finders. The public attitude towards ghosts just now is distinctly favourable. Ghosts are held to be part and parcel of spiritualism and even Theosophy taken in the lump; and as millions of the human race, by no means all fools, dupes, or brigands, are interested in such matters, ghosts cannot be any longer left out in the cold. In fact, these things, as Newman used to say, are distinctly "in the air." How are they to be dealt with? and with whom and with what are we called upon to deal? The state of mind most common is perhaps that of the man (or was it Madame de Sévigné?) who said he did not believe in ghosts but was very much afraid of them. Others have never seen a ghost, but they know some one who has. You will never find a circle of a dozen persons anywhere met together in unconstrained converse, without discovering, if you take the trouble, that one or more of the company is able to tell some tolerably well-authenticated ghost story. It was found in a census taken the other day by the Psychological Society that out of seven thousand persons of sane mind and in good health—of women an average of one in twelve, and of men one in ten, had experiences of an occult character. You can visit no part of England, Scotland, or Ireland without finding on enquiry that within a radius of ten miles there is some house or place said to be haunted, some house that either cannot get or cannot keep tenants because of ghosts.

Mr. Stead's Christmas number of the *Review of Reviews*, entitled *Real Ghost Stories*, quickly reached a circulation of three hundred thousand, and was succeeded by an almost equally popular sequel. There are no less than twenty-two well-known serials and newspapers devoted to occult matters and dealing chiefly with ghostlore; of these, *Light*, recently edited by (now I regret to say the late) "M.A. (Oxon)," is the best known and the ablest. Science has at last got irremediably bitten with all sorts of occultism, and a long array of illustrious and well-known names, beginning with Robert Chambers and Lord Brougham and ending with Flammarion, Crookes, Wallace, Barrett, and Oliver Lodge, are every week published in the columns

of *Light* without comment. Lastly, literature is deeply dyed with ghostlore, and no sensational novel is complete without a *bona-fide* dash of the occult and phenomenal, whilst *planchette* and seeing in crystals are now the scarcely veiled companions of many a young lady's solitude; and the willing game, the fortune-teller or the hypnotic *séance* are considered appropriate pastimes in society, whilst the experiments are admitted generally to be "very odd" and even "uncanny." The time, then, for discussing ghosts seriously is "ripe, and rotten ripe," and if on the threshold I am met with the invariable *Cui bono?* the cry so dear to all lazy people, I may as well answer it at once.

The importance of ghosts if they exist, and if they are what they profess to be, is quite incalculable. They prove that the dead are alive, that they are interested, if only for a time, in the affairs of the living, that although their communications may be exceptional and fitful, they suffice to expose the imprudent and gratuitous assumption that death is "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." It seems possible that by ascertaining the conditions on which communications may be had and intelligently testing the means, an increase of human faculty may be acquired, and a new source of knowledge and power—perhaps a new world of spiritual attainment—opened up which may raise our descendants in the near future as much above us in the scale of life as we are above the cave men of the past or the bushmen of the present. The speculative benefits of ghost cultivation are therefore incalculable and dazzling to a degree. The practical or business applications are equally important, but I waive them for a moment.

Next to the *Cui bono* idlers come the *Non licet* timidities. Is it lawful? To this there is but one answer. Phenomena in themselves are neither good nor bad. Morals can alone be decided by tendencies; and the tendencies of ghosts and of occult things generally are clearly of all sorts—good, bad, and indifferent. Therefore there are but two counsels of perfection in this matter—one by Christ, "By their fruits ye shall know them;" the other by St. John, "Try the spirits." But to acquire knowledge is just what we are sent here for, nor could any have been acquired had men listened to the parrot cries of *Cui bono?* and *Non licet!* To ascend into the air, to control the lightning, to govern steam, to imprison sunlight, to conserve the very voice of the dead, even to deaden pain by anæsthetics—one and all have been denounced as invasions of the Divine prerogative and flying in the face of God, a parleying with the devil, or a diving into unlawful secrets; and had the "idler" and the "timidities" and, I will add, the persecutors been heeded in the past, we should never have had the balloon, the steam-engine, the photograph, the phonograph, the telephone, the telegraph, or even

chloroform. Thus history, that irresistible cynic, repeats herself. All great discoveries have at first been derided as ridiculous and then denounced as impious, and lastly adopted as a matter of course. Let us then, as we have to learn to labour and to wait, stand firm for the expansion of human faculty, increase of human growth, accession to human knowledge, and welcome as it comes to us all in the day's work, even the silent apparition or the gibbering ghost.

I will here say once for all that, barring mediumistic phenomena—which may be open to various interpretations—I have never seen a ghost. I am not clairvoyant, very doubtfully clairaudient, only slightly telepathic; I am not good at *planchette*, pencils will not write automatically for me, tables will not rap unless there is a medium present; I cannot see in crystals; I have no prophetic dreams, no distinct intuitions, and, though not a direct hindrance to phenomena, I am not particularly helpful at *séances*, and although I have attended a good many I am now very rarely present at them. It is therefore rather as an outsider that I am compelled to discuss ghosts, my chief aim being to ascertain whether there are such things as ghosts, and, if there are, what they are, and what they may tend to teach, or have to bestow upon us for all our pains of research and incessant curiosity about them. My chief care will be to prevent the remainder of my article from degenerating into a mere collection of ghost stories, of which there are always enough and to spare, and only to allude to them by way of evidence, illustration, or argument.

The first thing that strikes me is that if ghosts are what they profess to be, we have to readopt the supposed exploded distinction between soul and body. We have to assume that there is something personal about us able to manifest and arrange matter, and thus assert itself after death, even after the total decay of the body. What is that something? For the sake of argument, suppose we call that something our thought-body. Now, if we have such a thing as a thought-body—as St. Paul affirms, “There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body”—there seems no reason why that thought-body should not occasionally show its independence of the natural body as a sort of “double-ganger” before as well as after death. Evidence, according to the reports of the Psychical Society, goes to show that it does. The instant we grasp this fact, then, a ghost, or the manifestation of a living spirit after the death of the body, becomes quite thinkable, for we say the “double” is the thought-body temporarily set free during life from its living shell or earth envelope, the body; whilst the ghost is the same thought-body finally set free at death from its shell or earth envelope, the body.

The theory, then, goes on all fours, and we have only to support the hypothesis with such evidence as we can collect. If this theory accounts for the facts, and the facts are extant to support the theory, by every rule of logic we shall be bound to say our *credo* somewhat as follows : "I believe there is something personal in me capable of disengaging itself and manifesting apart from my living body, and that is my Double ; and I believe that this same personal thing in me survives the shock and disintegration of atoms, which we call death, and is capable of disengaging itself finally and manifesting apart from my dead body, and that is my Ghost." Consider then the evidence ; first, for the thought-body as Double, and second, for the thought-body as Ghost.

First, the thought-body as Double. The Psychological Society, under their respected president, Professor Sidgwick, have collected over one hundred well-authenticated cases of the double. The experience is not so uncommon as we might suppose. The late Lady Sandhurst assured me that whilst she was at an evening party, her thoughts being anxiously set on a sick person, that sick person beheld her thought-body enter the room. A similar case happened to a friend of mine at Rome, whose little boy saw the thought-body of a dear friend then in England standing behind his mother in Rome, at a time when the absent friend was afterwards found to have been intently thinking of the boy's mother in London. As Mr. Stead has reproduced in his *Real Ghost Stories* the most remarkable cases witnessed by Father Fleming, still living, of the thought-bodies of men who appeared to him and others, cases vouched for by the Psychical Society, and as Mr. Gurney's *Phantasms of the Living* is in every one's hands, it may be superfluous to dwell longer on evidences for the double, except to call attention to the fact that in certain persons, conspicuously in Swedenborg, the double seems to have been under control, so that at will the seer could go into a trance and visit distant places apparitionally. Whether these doubles when they appear can be seen by every one, whether they can touch and be touched like the materializations at *séances*, are points I cannot enter into now. One thing seems evident, that when they appear at all they are entirely indistinguishable from the real people and excite little surprise, because they are supposed to be them. For aught we know, railway stations, streets, churches, and all public assemblies may be frequented to an incalculable extent by doubles ; nor can it be safely said of any one at any moment, known or unknown, that he may not be the double instead of the normal man. Very odd cases of mistaken identity and supposed false swearing might be explained on this hypothesis, and an element of confusion introduced into life which it would be very difficult to cope with. Probably, however, the cases of doubles are as excep-

tional and fitful as the appearance of ghosts. If ever the art of projecting the double is generally understood, and comes to be commonly practised at will, things may be very different, and the consequences may prove very disastrous. There is some reason to suppose from recent experiments that we are on the verge of some such appalling development.

The evidence for the ghost proper, or the appearance of the thought-body at the moment of death or years afterwards, comes next. This phenomenal apparition may coincide with the final severance of the thought-body from the once living shell, which (without going into the Theosophical speculations) manifestly at death becomes incapable of recalling the vagrant double, which henceforth passes out, on a new and independent career, with conditions unknown. I have had many friends who have passed away after promising faithfully that they would appear to me if they possibly could after death. The last of these was my valued and lamented friend, the Reverend John Macnaught, who was by his own desire cremated at Woking. I have never yet had the least sign from him or any of the dead. Lord Brougham was more fortunate. It is recorded in his lordship's diary how a friend of his in the Indian Civil Service, who had made a similar promise, appeared to him years afterwards, whilst his lordship was in his bath; he saw his friend seated in the chair by the side of his bath. This was the more strange, as Lord Brougham had well-nigh forgotten all about his friend until the apparition reminded him of his strange promise. I do not multiply these stories, not only because recent books and pamphlets, as well as the columns of *Light*, and the reports of the Psychical Society are full of them, but because everything depends upon the details of the evidence, and in an article like this the reader must take that for granted, or look it up for himself. Of one thing, however, he may rest assured, that hundreds as shrewd as, or even shrewder than himself, have been in a position to sift such cases, and have done so with the result of being convinced. It is commonly asked, sceptically, "Did you ever see anyone who had seen a ghost?" "Why, certainly, I have," I answer. But who is likely to be convinced by that assertion unless they themselves have had the same good fortune? A lady, now living, told me that, when a girl of sixteen, she was walking with her father on the chain pier at Brighton, and her uncle met them and asked if she might go to a ball which he was giving. As she was not "out" her father demurred, but was at last overborne. And the girl's dress was duly made, and, for her delight, hung up at the foot of her bed. About one in the morning she awoke, and saw a figure which she distinctly recognised as that of her grandfather, standing at the foot of the bed. And he

said, "Fanny, you won't go to the ball and wear that dress; you will wear black for me." The next morning came the news of her grandfather's death, and she did not go to the ball or wear the dress, but wore black for him. I am at this moment staying in the house of a Government official, high up in her Majesty's service, who commenced his narrative, as people usually do their little bogey stories, with "Of course I don't believe in ghosts, but (*sic*) a strange thing happened to me some years ago. I woke up and found an elderly man standing by my bed, and as he leaned over me, I raised my head and struck at him; my hand seemed to pass through him, and he disappeared; but the odd thing was that my brother, who was sleeping in another room, complained in the morning that he, too, had been disturbed by the strangest noises in his room, but had seen nothing. Of course, I don't believe in ghosts generally, only I can't help believing in that one—because I saw it!"

But sometimes the apparition is seen by several at a time; such was the case recorded on page 59 of *Real Ghost Stories*, where several students of the Royal Academy, who, about 1856, were in the habit of meeting periodically, jestingly proposed that the first one of them who died should appear to the rest, if there was really any life after death. On a certain evening, soon after the death of one of their members, they were sitting together, and all of them saw the ghost of their dead companion; he stood on the other side of the room, and looked steadily at each one separately and then vanished. It is commonly said that ghosts appear to no purpose; but this is by no means always the case; at all events, the ghost of the Royal Academy student left a very definite impression upon his companions that there was some sort of a life after death. Mr. Stead also relates the astonishing appearance to Mr. David Dick, still living. He met his father (who had been dead for some time) in Renfield Street, Glasgow, and walked with him on the pavement some little distance. The old gentleman only vanished after warning Mr. Dick, an auctioneer, of a risky speculation in which he was about to embark, and the ghostly advice enabled him to withdraw in time. Another man appeared to friends out of anxiety for the welfare of his widow, who was being neglected by those who should have befriended her. Another, an old woman, appeared because she owed 3s. 9d., and could not rest till it was paid. The well-established tales of captains and sailors warned of shipwreck, of people warned against travelling by certain trains, are too numerous to need further comment. Scarcely less numerous are the stories of wills discovered, lost treasure found, buried bones, and the secret of murder unravelled, through the means of apparitions, and it is satisfactory to know that a mass of evidence, well sifted by the Psychical Society, is being slowly accumulated in connection with

such appearances and announcements, which promises soon to place at rest once and for ever the question of whether ghosts appear, or are of any use to anybody if they do appear. That animals, from Balaam's ass down to the Highland dog of the present day, are extremely sensitive to apparitions and greatly alarmed at haunted houses, is an alleged fact familiar to most people who have attended to the A B C of the question. There are some other interesting aspects of ghostlore which I have not space here to discuss—the varying density of ghosts, whether they can strike or injure, why they so seldom speak, and prefer dumb-show, why they do not oftener appear, and why when they appear they are seen sometimes by only one of the company present, and at others by all, or why at the same moment one person sees a dim formless shadow or a light, another a recognisable form, and a third a complete and apparently substantial figure, &c. But I must now pass on to what is, perhaps, the burning question of the day with regard to ghosts—can a ghost be photographed? Are all the spirit-photos frauds? or is it true that a real ghost has been photographed? This would settle at once and for ever the great and all-important question of the objectivity of ghosts. The camera has no fancies; the sensitive plate is without imagination. There is some reason to think that abnormal photographs are not uncommon. Many photographers are in the habit of casting aside plates after partial development, because they have what they call a fault—that is, a blur or marks obscuring or occupying portions of the plate. Photographers will in future, perhaps, be more wary. I heard the other day of a young lady who was photographed at Brighton, I believe, and twice the plate came out blurred. The second time she persuaded the photographer, who was about to lay it aside as useless, to develop it. The blurs on being examined with a magnifier, proved to be faces, all the same face. She at once recognised it as the face of a rejected lover, who had died. Again, some young men were photographing a river scene in the open air; the plate, when developed, showed a human body floating on the surface, which had certainly escaped the photographer's attention if it was visible; but the young men were persuaded that nothing of the sort was there.

These are samples of innumerable similar stories, which, like the apples in a Canadian orchard, may be picked up in large quantities by any interested wayfarer. To me they suggest this question, "May not a surface more chemically sensitive than the human retina be able to receive impressions of things really objective, but to us invisible?" The answer, of course, is, "Certainly." It has been done and is daily done by astronomers. De la Rue and Huggins by dry-plate long exposure have photographed thousands of stars whose light no telescope, however powerful, has been able to reveal to the human eye.

Yet these stars had registered themselves distinctly enough on the sensitive plate. Here is a curious fact. The other day an old ship was lying at Sheerness; it was under repair, and painted all over black. The name which had been in white on the bows had been completely painted out, and was quite invisible to the naked eye. A photographer happened to include the ship in a photo he was taking, and lo! the name came out on the plate! I am not chemist enough to speculate on the explanation. I am only concerned with the fact that the human eye could not see it, but the sensitive plate recorded it. So "there may be more things," &c., as Shakespeare hath it.

Blair-eyed mortals, how little you see of what is after all obvious and palpable enough! The whole world burns with deity, and to you mostly 'tis but "the light of common day." Nature lies before us with all her open and ineffable secrets, and still we view her "common forms with unanointed eyes," until the seer comes by with the painter's eye and the poet's heart, and we find that all the time we have been walking through Paradise without knowing it. We see without noticing; we hear without listening. And if the common faculties are thus habitually unemployed, we need not wonder if the uncommon faculties are neglected or denied. And as long as this is so, those who have faculties will either hold their tongues or cunningly exploit them, or feign that they have them or have them not, for a purpose. Now, supposing that here and there, say one in twenty happens to be so organized that he can see a shadow or a light which, to the other nineteen, is invisible—what would be the best way to prove to the other nineteen that such a shadow or light existed? Why, photography, of course. And that is just what Mr. Crookes (probably the greatest analytical chemist alive), in his own way, and to his own satisfaction, completely established, what after him the late Rev. Stainton Moses verified, and what Mr. Stead is now labouring to confirm. It is all very well to poohpooh the conclusions of these very differently constituted but equally able and unimpeachable experimentalists. But then we have to ask the poohpoohists—who are you? If you are scientific, but so prejudiced that you will only consider the facts which make for your "Poohpooh!" whilst imposing arbitrary conditions, devised with a view to making adequate investigation or verification impossible, what is the value of your "Poohpooh"? If you belong to that large and easy-going class who, without investigation of any kind, say, "All that sort of thing is stuff and nonsense," what is the value of your "Poohpooh"? If on strictly religious grounds you shut your eyes to all "ghosts" except the Bible ghosts, what is the value of your "Poohpooh"? But, say some people, photography has been about for half a century: why is it that only lately ghost-photography has been heard of? Even were this so, and it is not, I might still

reply that Mars and telescopes have been going on a long time, but only lately have we talked of the snow on the poles and the rectangular and parallel canals; and only very lately have we connected the so-called canals with the melting of the snow on the poles. Astronomers could not even see the canals till Schiaparelli pointed them out, and then everyone saw them. The application of electrical force (known from time immemorial to reside in amber) to telegraphy is a thing of yesterday, and if, within fifty years of Daguerre's discovery, its application to star and ghost-photography is so much as talked of, we have certainly no cause to complain. Let us now come to hard facts, which rest on evidence which all who are interested may verify for themselves, if they choose to take the trouble. Certain names are usually quoted, and certain photos usually shown in connection with ghost-photography. About 1873 Hudson was much talked of. The best photo I have seen of his is that of an old man appearing to his daughter. He wears an old black cap and his features are strongly marked. The lady went with her daughter, and in her own mind, as a mental test, desired that her father should appear with an odd velvet cap, which he wore during the last weeks of his sickness. The test was communicated to no one. The ghost came out on the plate. The face and cap were unmistakable.

Mumler Buguet, before Hudson, attained much notoriety. To me the most extraordinary photograph of Buguet is the form of Stainton Moses, late editor of *Light*, the only photograph of a double, the subject being alive, I ever heard of. It happened on this wise: Stainton Moses, who was to have accompanied his friend, feeling too tired, lay down in a room at Paris, and apparently went to sleep, and his friend went alone and sat at the photographer's. The plate came out with the clearly recognised form and face of Stainton Moses—the said Moses being at the time in another part of Paris and quite unconscious of his double's journey to the photographer.

My friend, General Taylor, supplied me with an interesting photograph taken of a brother officer of his, who visited *incog.* a photographer, when the form of his brother, eight years dead, came out on the plate. He had but one photo of his brother locked away in his trunk at home. I have had the opportunity of comparing the photo from the life with that of the dead, and the likeness is clearly recognisable, though the expression of the ghost's face is painful. Of course, Professor Crookes' photographs, which he now declines to show or talk about, owing to the rigid test conditions under which they were obtained, are the most interesting. Fortunately, before scientific bigotry had made it expedient for him to keep his researches to himself, he left a record. The following interesting description of the phenomena are from his own pen.

Miss Cook was the medium, that is to say, the person from whom when entranced the manifesting intelligence was supposed to collect the elements which incarnated for a season into the form of the materialised ghost. "Katie" was the name of the ghost. Mr. Crookes has seen Miss Cook entranced at the same time that "Katie" was walking about the room. His usual method was, after excluding all possibility of access to what we may call the "Katie" haunted chamber, to pass a continued current of electricity, with indicator, through the entranced Miss Cook, whilst observing the movement of the apparition in another part of the room. To the hypothesis that "Katie" was none other than Miss Cook herself, Professor Crookes replies thus:—"Katie's" skin is perfectly smooth to touch and sight, whilst on Miss Cook's neck is a large blister distinctly visible and rough to the touch. 'Katie's' ears are unpierced, whilst Miss Cook habitually wears ear-rings. 'Katie's' complexion is very fair, Miss Cook's is very dark. 'Katie's' fingers are much longer than Miss Cook's, and her face is longer. Several little marks on Miss Cook's face are absent in 'Katie's.' Miss Cook's hair is so dark as almost to appear black; 'Katie's' is a rich golden auburn. I traced the hair to the scalp, and satisfied myself that it actually grew there. 'Katie' is sometimes six inches taller than Miss Cook." The persecution which Professor Crookes underwent from his brother scientists, in consequence of chronicling and publishing such experiences, is now as much a matter of history as the Pope's attack on Giordano Bruno, or the Holy Inquisition's strictures on Galileo. It is, however, interesting to notice that the discovery of the radiometer, for which, in spite of the ghosts, the Royal Society were forced to award Crookes the gold medal, was indirectly due to the Professor's studies of those mysterious lights and subtle forces liberated at light and dark *séances*, phenomena which have always been the Royal Society's pet aversion and favourite object of derision.

My readers may now expect me to dwell on all the possibilities of fraud, of the ease with which every kind of ghost can be introduced on all kinds of plates, in all sorts of ways, to hoax all sorts of people, or the fact that the professional ghost-photographers, few in number, have almost without exception been suspected or convicted of imposture. The same charge can unfortunately be made against, and probably brought home to, many professional mediums. But it is an unsound conclusion to come to—that because genuine mediums, gifted with real powers, and sham mediums, without any, cheat alike, and notorious ghost-photographers deceive, and even recant under the pressure of the Catholic clergy, therefore all psychic phenomena and all ghost-photographs must be frauds.

My object in writing this article is not to sweep the field of dis-

cussion, but to show that there is something to be said on the other side in favour of ghosts, and even ghost-photographers. I want to plead, without dogmatism or bigotry, for sustained and careful inquiry, until we have secured the facts upon which we can alone be entitled to reason. I should like to ask seriously, whether even now we have or have not secured those facts? The time for this question has plainly come. The whole press is in a fever about it. Society is riddled through and through with occultism. Orthodox science itself is beginning to tremble and vacillate in the old arm-chairs of its old-fashioned dogmatism, and seems forced to admit reluctantly that those hundreds of men, distinguished in philosophy, chemistry, psychology, medicine, literature, and art—even comprising those who have given in their adhesion to quantities of abnormal phenomena—cannot be all fools and liars. But worse, for unbelievers, remains behind. It seems now that, without resorting to some hypothesis of unexplored forces, directed by unknown laws, and producing incalculable phenomena, scientific discovery itself is likely to be hampered; all which things are to me hopeful signs of the times, and, I should think, must greatly embolden those who believe, as I do, in the infinite, and as yet unexplored, resources of nature and human nature, to speak out that which they do know, and testify to the things which their eyes have seen.

The relation of ghostlore to Christian theology, or at least to the religion of Christ (which is not always quite the same thing), is too interesting but too vast a subject for me to touch upon at the close of this article. Let me, however, say that nothing contained in either the facts or the speculations here put forward is in conflict with the real teaching of Jesus Christ. This I should like to show on some future occasion. And let me further add, for the comfort of the weak-kneed and sincerely alarmed, that nothing which the Almighty has permitted to be true in the world of physical phenomena can possibly be unlawful to know, or be opposed to religion, or at variance with any other kind of truth, physical or spiritual, sacred or profane.

H. R. HAWES.