THE COMPLETE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT

The Book of the Damned
Lo! · Wild Talents · New Lands

VOLUME 2

BERSERKER
BOOKS

from abusive. Away back in the year 1848, conventionalists were outraged, because of the source of one of these stories. For the account, by Capt. M'Quhae, of H. M. S. *Daedalus,* of a huge, unknown creature, said by him to have been seen by him, in the ocean, Aug. 6, 1848, see the *Zoologist,* vol. 6. Someone else who bothered the conventionalists was the Captain of the Royal Yacht, the *Osborne,* who, in an official report to the Admiralty, told of having seen a monster—not serpent-like—off the coast of Sicily, May 2, 1877. See the London *Times,* June 14, 1877, and *Land and Water,* Sept. 8, 1877. The creature was turtle-like, visible part of the body about fifty feet long. There was an attempt to correlate this appearance with a submarine eruption, but I have found that this eruption—in the Gulf of Tunis—had occurred in February.

The suggestion was that in the depths of the ocean may live monsters, which are occasionally cast to the surface by submarine disturbances.

It is a convenience. Accept that unknown sea monsters exist, and how account for the relatively few observations upon things so conspicuous? That they live in ocean depths, and come only occasionally to the surface.

I have gone into the subject of deep-sea dredging, and, in museums, have looked at models of deep-sea creatures, but I have never heard of a living thing of considerable size that has been brought up from profound ocean depths. William Beebe has never brought up anything of the kind. On his *Arcturus Adventure,* anything that got away from him, and his hooks and his nets and his dredges, must have been small and slippery. It seems that anything with an exposure of wide surfaces could not withstand great pressure. However, this is only reasoning. Before the days of deep-sea dredging, scientists reasoned that nothing at all could live far down in the sea. Also, now most of them would argue that, because of the great difference between pressures, any living thing coming up from ocean depths would burst. Not necessarily so, according to Beebe. Some of the deep-sea creatures that he brought up were so unconventional as to live several hours, and to show no sign of disruption. So, like everybody else, I don't know what to think, but, rather uncommonly, I know that.

In October, 1883, there was a story in the newspapers—I take from the *Quebec Daily Mercury,* Oct. 7, 1883—of an unknown animal, which was seen by Capt. Seymour, of the bark *Hope On,* off the Pearl Islands, about 50 miles from Panama. In *Knowledge,* Nov. 30, 1883, Richard Proctor tells of this animal, and says that also it had been reported by officers of a

steamship. This one was handsome. Anyway, it had a head like that of a "handsome horse." It had either four legs or four "jointed fins." Covered with a brownish hide, upon which were large, black spots. Circus-horseish. About twenty feet long. There was another story told, about the same time. *New Zealand Times,* Dec. 12, 1883—report by a sea captain, who had seen something like a turtle, 60 feet long, and 40 feet wide.

Perhaps stories of turtle-backed objects of large size relate to submersible vessels. If there were no submersible vessels of this earth, in the year 1883, we think of submersibles from somewhere else. Why they should be so secretive, we can't much inquire into now, because we are so much concerned with other concealments and suppressions. I suspect that, in other worlds, or in other parts of one existence, there is esoteric knowledge of the human beings of this earth, kept back from common knowledge. This is easily thinkable, because even upon this earth there is little knowledge of human beings.

There have been suggestions of an occult control upon the minds of the inhabitants of this earth. Let anybody who does not like the idea that his mind may be most subtly controlled, without his knowledge of it, think back to what propagandists did with his beliefs in the years 1914-18. Also he need not think so far back as that.

The standardized explanations by which conventional scientists have checked inquiry into alleged appearances of strange living things, in the ocean, are mentioned in the following record:

Something was seen, off the west coast of Africa, Oct. 17, 1912. Passengers on a vessel said that they had seen the head and neck of a monster. They appointed a committee to see to it that record should be made of their observations. In the *Cape Times* (Cape Town) Oct. 29, 1912, Mr. Wilmot, former member of the Cape Legislative Council, records this experience, saying that there is no use trying to think that four independent witnesses had seen nothing but a string of dolphins or a gigantic strand of sea weed, or anything else, except an unknown monster.

It's the fishmonger of Worcester in his marine appearance.

In this field of reported observations, so successful has been a seeming control of minds upon this earth, and guidance into picturing nothing but a string of dolphins or a gigantic strand of sea weed, that, now that the ghost has been considerably rehabilitated— though in my own records of hundreds of unexplained occurrences, the ghost-like scarcely ever appears

—the Sea Serpent is foremost in representing what is supposed to be the mythical. I don't know how many books I have read, in each of which is pictured a long strand of sea weed, with the root-end bulbed and gnarled grotesquely like a head. I suppose that hosts of readers have been convinced by these pictures.

But, if a monster from somewhere else should arrive upon the land of this earth, and, perhaps being out of adaptation, should die upon land, probably it would not be seen. I have noted several letters to newspapers, by big-game hunters who had never heard of anybody coming upon a dead elephant. Sir Emerson Tennent has written that, though he had often inquired of Europeans and Cingalese, he had never heard of anybody who had seen the remains of an elephant in the forests of Ceylon. A jungle soon vegetates euphemisms around its obscenities, but the frank ocean has not the pruderies of a jungle.

Strange bones have often been found on land. They have soon been conventionalized. When bones of a monster are found, the pattern-makers of a museum arrange whatever they can into conventional structures, and then fill in with plaster, colored differently, so that there shall be no deception. After a few years, these differences become undetectable. There is considerable dissatisfaction with the paleontologists. I notice in museums that, even when plaster casts are conspicuously labeled as nothing but plaster casts, some honest fellow has dug off chips to expose that there isn't a bone in them.

What we're looking for is an account of something satisfactorily monstrous, and not more or less in the distance: something that is not of paleontologic memory that has been jogged so plasterfully. The sea is the best field for data.

In the *Mems. Wernerian Nat. Hist. Soc.,* 1-418, is published a paper by Dr. Barclay, who tells of the remains of an unknown monster that had been cast up by the sea, in September, 1808, at Stronsa, one of the Orkneys. We've got ahold of something now that was well observed. As fast as they could, observers got rid of this hunk, which for weeks, under a summer sun, had been making itself evidential. But the evidence came back. So again the observers got a rope and towed it out to sea. Sultry day soon—a flop on the beach— more observations. According to different descriptions, in affidavits by inhabitants of Stronsa, the remains of this creature had six "arms," or "paws," or "wings." There is a suggestion of stumps of fins here,

but it is said that the bulk was “without the least resemblance or affinity to fish.” Dr. Barclay told that in his possession was part of the “mane” of the monster.

A perhaps similar bulk was, upon the 1st of December, 1896, cast upon the coast of Florida, twelve miles south of St. Augustine. There were appendages, or ridges, upon it, and at first these formations were said to be stumps of tentacles. But, in the *American Naturalist,* 31-304, Prof. A. E. Verrill says that this suggestion that the mass of flesh was the remains of an octopus, is baseless. The mass was 21 feet long, 7 feet wide and 41/2 feet high: estimated weight 7 tons. Reproductions of several photographs are published in the *American Naturalist.* Prof. Verrill says that, despite the great size of this mass, it was only part of an animal. He argues that it was part of the head of a creature like a sperm whale, but he says that it was decidedly unlike the head of any ordinary sperm whale, having no features of a whale’s head. Also, according to a description in the *New York Herald,* Dec. 2, 1896, the bulk seems not to have been whale-like. “The hide is of a light pink color, nearly white, and in the sunshine has a distinct silvery appearance. It is very tough and cannot be penetrated even with a sharp knife.” A pink monster, or an appalling thing with the look of a cherub, is another of our improvements upon conventional biology.

For a yarn, or an important record, of a reptile of “prehistoric size and appearance,” said to have been found on the beach of the Gulf of Fonseca, Salvador, see the *New York Herald Tribune,* June 16, 1928. It was about ninety feet long, marked with black and white stripes, and was “exceedingly corpulent.” Good-natured, fat monsters, too, are new to me.

I have searched especially for sea stories of hairy, or fur-covered monsters. Such creatures would not be sea animals, in the exclusive sense that something covered with scales might be. If unknown, they would have to be considered inhabitants of lands. Then up comes the question—what lands?

English Mechanic, April 7, 1899—that, according to Australian newspapers, the captain of a trading vessel had arrived in Sydney, with parts of an unknown monster. “The hide, or skin, of the monster was covered with hair.”

The arrival of these remains is reported in the *Sydney Morning Herald,* in issues from Feb. 23 to March 2, 1899. It is said that, according to Capt.

Oliver, of the trading ship *Emu*, he had found, upon the beach of Suarro Island, the carcass of a two-headed monster.

That is just a little too interesting.

We find that the reporter who told this story dropped the most interesting part of it, in his subsequent accounts, which were upon two skulls, a vertebra, and a rib bone: but he was determined to discredit the find, and told that the bones were obviously fossils, implying that the Captain had invented a story of bodies of two animals that had recently been alive.

When we come upon assurances that a mystery has been solved, we go on investigating.

In the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, February 28, it is said that an attempt to identify the bones as fossils had been refuted. Professional and amateur scientists had accepted an invitation to examine the bones, and, according to the testimony of their noses, these things decidedly were not fossils. Each skull was more than two feet long, and was shaped somewhat like a horse's, but upon it was a beak. There are beaked whales, but these remains were not remains of beaked whales, if be accepted Captain Oliver's unsupported statements as to hairiness and great size. It is said that no specimens of the hairy hide had been taken, because all parts, except the scraped bones, of these bulks that had been lying under a tropical sun weren't just what one would want to take along in a small ship. According to Capt. Oliver, one of the bodies was sixty feet long. The largest beaked whales are not known to exceed thirty feet in length.

Mr. Waite, of the Australian Museum, examined the bones. He said that they were of beaked whales.

Mr. F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, in *Battles with Giant Fish*, tells of remains of a tremendous, unknown mammal, which was washed ashore, at Cape May, N. J., November, 1921. "This mammal whose weight was estimated at over 15 tons, which—to give a comparison of size—*is* almost as large as five fully grown elephants, was visited by many scientists, who were unable to place it, and positively stated that nothing yet known to science could in any way compare with it."

I investigated the story of the Cape May monster, wherever I got the idea that I could find out anything in particular.

Somebody in Cape May wrote to me that the thing was a highly undesirable carcass of a whale, which had been towed out to sea. Somebody else wrote to me that it was a monster with a tusk twelve feet long, which

he had seen. He said that, if I'd like to have it, he'd send me a photograph of the monster. After writing of having seen something with a tusk twelve feet long, he sent me a photograph of something with two tusks, each six feet long. But only one of the seeming tusks is clear in the picture, and it could be, not a tusk, but part of the jaw bone of a whale, propped up tusk-wise.

In the London *Daily Mail*, Dec. 27, 1924, appeared a story of an extraordinary carcass that was washed up, on the coast of Natal, Oct. 25, 1924. It was 47 feet long, and was covered with white hair, like a polar bear's—

I won't go into this, because I consider it a worthless yarn. In accordance with my methods, considering this a foolish and worthless yarn, I sent out letters to South African newspapers, calling upon readers, who could, to investigate this story. Nobody answered.

In the *New Zealand Times*, March 19, 1883, it is said that bones of an unknown monster, about 40 feet long, had been found upon the coast of Queensland, and had been taken to Rockhampton, Queensland. "There are the remains of what must have been an enormous snout, 8 feet long, in which the respiratory passage are yet traceable." These could not have been the remains of a beaked whale. Whatever hip bones a cetacean has are only vestigial structures. In a sperm whale, 55 feet long, the hip bones are detached and atrophied relics of former uses, each about one foot long. A hip bone of the Queensland monster is described as enormous.

In looking over the London *Daily News*, I came upon an item. Trawlers of the steamship *Balmedic* had brought to Grimsby the skull of an unknown monster, dredged up in the Atlantic, north of Scotland (*Daily News*, June 26, 1908). The size of the skull indicated an animal the size of an elephant, and it was in "a wonderful state of preservation." It was unlike the skull of any cetacean, having eye sockets a foot across. From the jaws hung a leathery tongue, three feet long. I found, in the *Grimsby Telegraph*, June 29th, a reproduction of a photograph of this skull, with the long tongue hanging from the beak-like jaws. I made a sketch of the skull, as pictured, and sent it with a description to the British Museum (Natural History). I received an answer from Mr. W. P. Pycraft, who wrote that he had never *seen* any animal with such a skull— "and I have seen a good many!" It is just possible that nobody else has ever seen anything much resembling a sketch that I'd make of anything, but that has nothing to do with

descriptions of the tongue. According to Mr. Pycraft no known cetacean has such a tongue.

I went on searching, trying to come upon something about a hairy monster: furred, anything except scaled, or with a hide like a whale's.

London newspapers, July 6, 1913—a lengthy telegram that had been sent by Mr. Hartwell Conder, Tasmanian State Mining Engineer, to Mr. Wallace, the Secretary of Mines, of Tasmania—that, upon April 20, 1913, two of Mr. Conder's companions, named Davies and Harris, had seen a huge, unknown animal, near Mac-quarie Harbor, Tasmania. "The animal was about fifteen feet long. It had a very small head, only the size of the head of a kangaroo dog. It had a thick, arched neck, passing gradually into the barrel of the body. It had no definite tail and no fins. It was furred, the coat in appearance resembling that of a horse of chestnut color, well-groomed and shining. It had four distinct legs. It traveled by bounding—i.e., by arching its back and gathering up its body, so that the footprints of the forefeet were level with those of the hind feet. It made definite footprints. These showed circular impressions, with a diameter (measured) of 9 inches, and the marks of claws, about 7 inches long, extending outward from the body. There was no evidence for or against webbing."

In reply to my inquiries, Mrs. Conder—North Terrace, Burnie, Tasmania—wrote to me, as asked to by Mr. Conder, saying that the published description is accurate, and that, unless there be a seal with jointed flippers, upon which the creature could raise itself and run, Mr. Conder "could not be altogether convinced that the animal was a seal."

I have not looked for record of any such known seal. I take for granted that the seal type has conventionalized so that there is no such seal.

It may be that there have been several finds of remains of a large, long-snouted animal that is unknown to the paleontologists, because, though it has occasionally appeared here, it has never been indigenous to this earth. *New York Sun*, Nov. 28, 1930—"Monster in ice has long snout." Skeleton and considerable flesh, of an unknown animal found in the ice, upon Glacier Island, Alaska. The animal was 24 feet long; head 59 inches long; snout 39 inches long. In some of the reports it was said that the animal was covered with hair, or fur. Conventionally one thinks of mammoths of Siberia, preserved for ages in ice. But, if nothing proves anything, simply that something is found in ice may not mean that for ages it was preserved in ice.

10

UNKNOWN, luminous things, or beings, have often been seen, sometimes close to this earth, and sometimes high in the sky. It may be that some of them were living things that occasionally come from somewhere else in our existence, but that others were lights on the vessels of explorers, or voyagers, from somewhere else.

From time to time, luminous objects, or beings, have been reported from Brown Mountain, North Carolina. They appear, and then for a long time are not seen, and then they appear again. See the *Literary Digest*, Nov. 7, 1925. I have other records. The luminosities travel, as if with motions of their own. They are brilliant, globular forms, and move in the sky, with a leisureliness and duration that exclude any explanation in meteoric terms. For many years, there had been talk upon this subject, and then, in the year 1922, people of North Carolina, asking for a scientific investigation, were referred to the United States Geological Survey. A geologist was sent from Washington to investigate these things in the sky.

One imagines, but most likely only faintly, the superiority of this geologist from Washington. He heard stories from the natives. He contrasted his own sound principles with the irresponsible gab of denizens, and went right to the investigation, scientifically. He went out on a road, and saw lights, and made his report. 47% of the lights that he saw were automobile headlights; 33% of them were locomotive headlights; 10% were lights in houses, and 10% were bush fires. Tot that up, and see that efficiency can't go further. The geologist from Washington, having investigated nothing that he had been sent to investigate, returned to Washington, which also, by the way, is a place where there's plenty to investigate, and I suppose that the people of North Carolina will be no wiser, as to these things in the sky, if some other time they appeal to a United States Fish Commission, or the Department of Labor.

I don't know to just what degree my accusation, in these matters, is of the laziness and feeble-mindedness of scientists. Or, instead of accusing, I am simply pointing out everybody's inability seriously to spend time upon

something, which, according to his preconceptions, is nonsense. Scientists, in matters of our data, have been like somebody in Europe, before the year 1492, hearing stories of lands to the west, going out on the ocean for an hour or so, in a row-boat, and then saying, whether exactly in these words, or not: “Oh, hell! there ain’t no America.”

In *Knowledge,* September, 1913, Count de Sibour enjoyed his laziness, or incompetence, which a merciful providence, bent upon keeping us human beings reconciled to being human beings, made him think was his own superiority. He told a story of foolish, credu-lous people, in North Norfolk, England, who, in the winter of 1907-8, believed that a pair of shining things, moving about the fields, could not be explained as he explained them. We are told of a commonplace ending of this alleged mystery: that finally a game-keeper shot one of these objects, and found that it was a common barn owl, phosphorescent with decayed wood from its nesting place, or with a fungous disease of its feathers. According to other accounts, these things were as brilliant as electric lights. But a phosphorescent owl could not shine with a light like an electric light. So De Sibour described the light as “a pale, yellow glow,” such as a phosphorescent owl could shine with.

Science concerns itself with adaptations, and science itself is adaptation. We are reminded of the Rev. Hugh Guy. He could not explain downpours: so he turned downpours into “a small quantity,” which he could explain.

De Sibour knew nothing about this subject, from his own experiences. We go to the same records to which he went. Like him, we find just about what we want to find. In the London *Times,* Dec. 10, 1907, and in following issues, are accounts of these luminous objects, which were flying about the fields of North Norfolk, having been reported by Mr. R. W. Purdy, a well-known writer upon biologic subjects.

Among other attempts to assimilate with the known, or among other expressions of a world-wide antipathy to the finding out of anything new, was the idea that owls are sometimes luminous. The idea came first, or the solution of the problem was published first, and then the problem was fitted to the solution. This is said to be a favorite method of ratiocination with inmates of a home for the mentally deficient, but I should think that one of these inmates should feel at home anywhere. De Sibour and others fitted in a story that a luminous owl had been shot. I think that at times there may be faintly luminous owls, because I accept that, under some circumstances,

almost anything may be luminous. *English Mechanic*, 10-15—case of a man with a luminous toe.

Shining things, flying like birds, in the fields of North Norfolk continued to be reported. The brilliant things looked electric. When they rested on trees, everything around them was illuminated. Purdy's descriptions are very different from "a pale, yellow glow." Upon the night of December 1st, he saw something that he thought was the lamp of a motor cycle, moving rapidly toward him, in a field, stopping, then rising several yards, moving higher, and then retreating. It moved in various directions. See the *Field*, Jan. 11, 1908.

De Sibour was uncareful, in his mystery-squelching story, his bobbed story, a story, that forced a mystery to a commonplace ending. No gamekeeper shot a luminous owl, at this time, in North Norfolk.

But somebody did say that he had conventionally solved the mystery. *Eastern Daily Press* (Norwich), Feb. 7, 1908—that, early in the morning of the 5th, Mr. E. S. Cannell, of Lower Hellesdon, saw something shining on a grass bank. According to him, it fluttered up to him, and he found that it was the explanation of a mystery. It was a luminous owl, he said; and, as told by him, he carried it to his home, where it died, "still luminous."

But see the *Press* of the 8th—that Mr. Cannell's dead owl had been taken to a taxidermist, who had been interviewed. Of course a phosphorescence of a bird, whether from decayed wood, or feather fungi, would be independent of life or death of the bird. Questioned as to whether the body of the owl was luminous or not, the taxidermist said: "I have seen nothing luminous about it."

In zoological journals, one frequently comes upon allusions to these things, or beings, of North Norfolk. No gamekeeper killed one of them, but the story of the gamekeeper who had killed a luminous owl is told in these records that are said to be scientific. It is not necessary that a gamekeeper should kill a luminous owl, and so put an end to a mystery. A story that he did will serve just as well.

The finding, or the procuring in some way or another, of the body of an owl, did not put an end to the mystery, except in most of the records, that are said to be scientific. There were at first two lights, and there continued to be two lights. The brilliant things continued to be seen in the fields, flitting about, appearing and disappearing. The last observation findable by me (May 3, 1908) is recorded in the *Trans. Norfolk and Norwich*

Naturalists' Society, 8-550. Purdy records an observation upon the two lights, seen together, more than a month after the date upon which Mr. Cannell said that his owl had fluttered right up to him.

Something else was reported, in this region. In the *Eastern Daily Press,* Jan. 28, 1908, it is said that, at night—moon bright—"a dark, globular object, with a structure of some kind upon the side of it, traveling at a great pace," had been seen in the sky, by employees of the Norwich Transportation Company, at Mousehead. "It seemed too large for a kite, and, besides, its movements seemed under control, for it was traveling against the wind."

I am here noting only a few of the many records of unknown, seemingly living, luminous things that used to be called *will-o'-the-wisps.* They come and they go, and their reappearances in a small region make me think of other localized repetitions that we have noted.

London *Daily Express,* February 15, and following issues, 1923—brilliant, luminous things moving across fields, sometimes high in the air, at Fenny Compton, Warwickshire. They were "intense lights," like automobile headlights. Sometimes these luminous things, or beings, hovered over a farmhouse. It was a deserted farmhouse, according to the London *Daily News,* February 13. About a year later, one of these objects, or whatever they were, returned, and was reported as "a swiftly moving light," by several persons, one of them Miss Olive Knight, a school teacher, of Fenny Compton (London *Sunday News,* Jan. 27, 1924).

The Earl of Erne tells, in the London *Daily Mail,* Dec. 24, 1912, of brilliant luminosities that, from time to time, in a period of seven or eight years, had been appearing near Lough Erne, Londonderry, Ireland, "in size and shape very much like a motor car lamp." In later issues of the *Daily Mail,* the Countess of Erne tells of these things, or creatures, "like motor car lamps, large and round."

11

SCIENCE is very much like the Civil War, in the U. S. A. No matter which side won, it would have been an American victory. By Science, I mean conventionalization of alleged knowledge. It, or maybe she, acts to maintain itself, or whatever, against further enlightenment, or alleged enlightenment but when giving in, there is not surrender, but partnership, and something that had been bitterly fought then becomes another factor in its, or her, prestige. So, seventy years ago, no matter whether evolutionists or anti-evolutionists had won, it would have been a big, scientific victory anyway. No wonder so many of us are humbled by a reputation that can't lose any way.

Science is a maw, or a headless and limbless stomach, an amoeba-like gut that maintains itself by incorporating the assimilable and rejecting the indigestible. There are whirlwinds and waterspouts, and it seems acceptable that there have been rare occurrences of faintly luminous owls. Then by a process of sorting over data, rejecting the objectionable, and taking in the desirable, Science saves itself great pains, because a bellyache is something that is only a gut in torment. So, with alimentary treatments, a shower of living things can always be made to assimilate with the whirlwind-explanation, and a brilliant, electric thing can be toned down digestibly. In extreme cases there is a secretion of fishmongers or gamekeepers.

In some cases of obstinate unassimilableness, it is supposed to be necessary to swat a little girl. But I doubt the necessity, because there is in human beings such a fondness, or sometimes such a passion, for confessing, that sooner or later somebody will come forward with almost any desired confession. Sometimes, from time to time, half a dozen persons confess to having committed the same murder. The police pay scarcely any attention any more to a new confession, in the matter of the Hall murder, in New Jersey. There was a case, in an English police court, of a man who had given himself up, as a deserter from the army. But a policeman testified that this was his fifth or sixth confession, and that he had never been in the army. The man admitted the charge. "But," said he, "I have something else

that I wish to confess." "I'll hear no more of your confessions. Six months!" said the magistrate. In some cases the incentive for false confessions is not obvious, but in others it is obviously to come out of one's pale, yellow glow, and be brilliant in limelight. There have been cases not quite of confessions, but of somebody attributing to himself unexplained occurrences, or taking advantage of them for various kinds of profit. I accept that, if explorers from somewhere else should visit this earth, and if their vessels, or the lights of their vessels, should be seen by millions of the inhabitants of this earth, the data would soon be conventionalized. If beings, like human beings, from somewhere else, should land upon this earth, near New York, and parade up Broadway, and then sail away, somebody, a year or so later, would "confess" that it had been a hoax by him and some companions, who had dressed up for their parts, and had jabbered, as they thought extra-mundanians should jabber. New Yorkers would say that from the first they had suspected something wrong. Who ever heard of distinguished foreigners coming to New York, and not trying to borrow something? Or not coinciding with propaganda in newspapers ?

Probably, in August, 1929, an aeroplane from somewhere in Europe passed over a jungle, and was reported, in a village, by a native. Savages are highly scientific. They reason upon generalizations that are so exclusive as to be nothing short of academic. They are as keen as any Newton, or Einstein, in understanding that, in order to arrive at what is said to be the known, they must start with something that they don't know about. We'd have a pretty good idea of what the wisemen said, when they heard the story of a vessel, probably occupied by passengers, that had been seen in the sky, if we could accept that they could be so undignified as to say anything—

New York Herald Tribune, Aug. 29, 1929—a traveling light in the sky—about 400 miles off the coast of Virginia. It was reported by Thomas Stuart, third mate of the steamship *Coldwater,* of the South Atlantic Steamship Line. "There was something that gave the impression that it was a large, passenger craft." It was traveling at an estimated speed of 100 miles an hour, in the direction of Bermuda. There was an investigation that "failed to reveal any trans-Atlantic or Bermuda flight."

We shall have an expression upon luminous appearances that may have been of a kind with the seeming creatures of the preceding chapter, or that may belong in another category.

Before I could find out the date, and look the matter up, I came upon several humorous allusions, in English newspapers, to a time when there was a scare in England, because of moving lights in the sky. And all the excitement was about the advertising scheme of an automobile manufacturer, who had sent up an imitation-airship, with lanterns tied to it. There was a lesson in this: presumably other alleged mysteries could be explained in similar, commonplace terms.

I was doing one of my relatively minor jobs, which was going through the London *Daily Mail,* for a period of about twenty-five years, when I came upon this—

March 25, 1909—that, upon the 23rd of March, at 5:10 o'clock in the morning, two constables, in different parts of the city of Peterborough, had reported having seen an object, carrying a light, moving over the city, with sounds like the sounds of a motor. In the *Peterborough Advertiser,* March 27th, is published an interview with one of these constables, who described "an object, somewhat oblong and narrow in shape, carrying a powerful light." To suit whatever anybody should prefer, I could give data to show that only lights, and no object were seen, and that no sound was heard; or that a vessel, carrying lights, was seen, and that sounds, like sounds of a motor, were heard.

It is said, in the *Daily Mail,* May 17th, that many other stories of unaccountable objects and lights in the sky had reached the office of the *Mail.* If so, these stories were not published. The newspapers are supposed to be avid for sensational news, but they have their conventions, and unaccountable lights and objects in the sky are not supposed to have sex, and it is likely that hosts of strange, but sexless, occurrences have been reported, but have not been told of in the newspapers. In the *Daily Mail,* it is said that no attention had been paid to the letters, because everything that was mentioned in them, as evidence, was unsatisfactory. It is said that the object reported at Peterborough was probably a kite with a lantern tied to it. On the 15th of May, a constable at Northampton had sent to headquarters a written report upon lights that he had seen in the sky at 9 P.M.; but Chief Constable Madlin had learned that a practical joker had sent up a fire balloon.

The practical joker of Northampton, amusing himself at 9 o'clock in the evening, is an understandable representative of his species; but some other representative of his species, flying a kite and lanterns, at Peterborough, at 5

o'clock in the morning, limiting his audience mostly to milkmen, though maybe a joker, could not have been a very practical joker. He must have been fond of travel. There were other reports from various places in England and in Wales. There were reports from places far apart.

Daily Mail, May 20—that a man, named Lithbridge, of 4 Roland Street, Cardiff, Wales, had, in the office of the *Cardiff Evening Express,* told a marvelous story. This story was that, upon the 18th of May, about 11 P.M., while walking along a road, near the Caerphilly Mountains, Wales, he had seen, on the grass, at a side of the road, a large tube-shaped construction. In it were two men, in heavy fur-overcoats. When they saw Mr. Lithbridge, they spoke excitedly to each other, in a foreign language, and sailed away. Newspaper men visited the place, and found the grass trampled, and found a scattering of torn newspapers and other debris.

If anybody else wants to think that these foreigners were explorers from Mars or the moon, here is a story that of course can be reasoned out quite, or almost, satisfactorily.

At any rate, still more satisfactorily it may be said that no foreigners of this earth were sailing in the sky of Great Britain. In the *Western Mail* (Cardiff), May 21st, is published an interview with Mr. C. S. Rolls, the motorist, and the founder of the Aero Club, who gave his opinion that some of the stories of a strange object in the sky were hoaxes, but that not all of them could be explained so. Chiefly for the reason that there was no known airship of this earth, with such powers of flight, the reported observations were discredited, at least sometimes, in all newspapers that I have looked at. In the London *Weekly Dispatch,* May 23rd, the stories are so discredited, and it is argued that to be seen so often, without having been seen to cross the Channel, an airship would have to have a base in England, to which, in view of the general excitement, it would certainly have been traced: a base where it would be seen, "especially during the tedious preliminaries of ascent." Then, in the *Weekly Dispatch,* are listed reports from 22 places, in the week preceding the 23rd of May, and 19 reports earlier in May and in March.

Mr. Lithbridge was a Punch and Judy man. Perhaps his story was of some profit to him. Not much attention was paid to it. But then came another explanation.

Upon May 26th, it was told in the newspapers that the mystery of the lights in the sky had been solved. A large imitation-airship had "come

down” at Dunstable, and the lights had been upon that. It was an advertising scheme. An automobile manufacturer had been dragging the thing around in England and Wales. There had been reports from Ireland, but Ireland was omitted in this explanation. We are told that this object, roped to an automobile, had been dragged along the roads, amusingly exciting persons who were not very far advanced mentally. With whatever degree of advancement mine may be, I suppose that such a thing could be dragged slowly, and for a short time, perhaps only a few minutes, because it was of hot-air-inflation, along a road, and conceivably through a city or two, with a policeman, who reported lights in the sky, not seeing a rope going up from an automobile: but, with whatever degree of advancement that of mine may be, I do not think of any such successful imposition in about forty large cities, some of them several hundred miles apart. No one at Dunstable saw or heard the imitation-airship come down from the sky. An object, to which was tied a card, upon which was a request to communicate with a London automobile manufacturer, “in case of accident,” was found in a field, morning of May 26th.

The explanation, as I want to see it, is that probably the automobile manufacturer took advantage of the interest in lights in the sky, and at night dumped a contrivance into a field, having tied his card to it. If so this was only one of many occurrences that have been exploited by persons who had a liking, or a use, for publicity. Probably Mr. Cannell and his dead owl can be so explained: and, though I should very much like to accept Mr. Lithbridge’s story, I fear me that we shall have to consider him one of these exploiters. Also, there was the case of the press agent, who, taking advantage of stories of a prowling animal, tied tin wings and green whiskers to a kangaroo.

The range of the reported observations was from Ipswich, on the east coast of England, to Belfast, Ireland, a distance of 350 miles: and, in Great Britain, from Hull to Swansea, a distance of 200 miles. Perhaps a gas bag could be dragged around a little, but the imitation-airship that was found at Dunstable, was a flimsy contrivance, consisting of two hot-air balloons, and a frame about 20 feet long, connecting them.

The lights in the sky were frequently reported, upon the same night, from places far apart. Upon the night of May 9th, reports came from Northampton, Wisbech, Stamford, and Southend. In the *Weekly Dispatch*, May 23rd; it is pointed out that to be seen at Southend about 11 P.M., and

then twenty minutes later, at Stamford, seventy miles away, the object in the sky must have traveled at a rate of 210 miles an hour.

The question that comes up is whether, after the finding of the object at Dunstable, or after a commonplace ending of a mystery, lights continued to be seen traveling in the sky.

The stoppage was abrupt. Or the stoppage of publication of reports was abrupt.

12

IT may be that upon new principles we can account for the mystery of the *Marie Celeste*. If there is a selective force, which transports stones exclusively, or larvae, and nothing but larvae, or transports living things of various sizes, but nothing but living things, such a selective force might affect a number of human beings, leaving no trace, because unaffective to everything else.

I take from the report by the Queen's Proctor, in the Admiralty Court, published in the London *Times*, Feb. 14, 1873. Upon the 5th of December, 1872, between the Azores and Lisbon, the crew of the British ship *Dei Gratia* saw a vessel, made out to be the American brigantine *Marie Celeste.* Her sails were set, and she was tacking, but so erratically that attention was attracted. Whether ships are really females, or not, this one looked so helpless, or woebegone, that all absence of male protection was suspected. The Britons shoved out and boarded the vessel. There was nobody aboard. There was findable nothing by which to account for the abandonment. "Every part of the vessel, inside and outside, was in good order and condition." In the log book, the latest entry, having in it no suggestion of impending trouble of any kind, was dated November 25th. There was no sign of any such trouble as mutiny. A phial of oil, used by the captain's wife, upon a sewing machine, stood upright, indicating that there had been no rough weather. Investigation of this mystery was world-wide. The State Department of the United States communicated with all representatives abroad, and every custom house in the world was more or less alert for information of any kind: but fourteen persons, in a time of calm weather, and under circumstances that gave no indication of any kind of violence, disappeared, and either nothing, or altogether too much, was found out. I have a collection of yarns, by highly individualized liars, or artists who scorned, in any particular, to imitate one another; who told, thirty, forty, or fifty years later, of having been members of this crew.

London *Times*, Nov. 6, 1840—the *Rosalie*, a large French ship, bound from Hamburg to Havana—abandoned ship—no clew to an explanation.

Most of the sails set—no leak—valuable cargo. There was a half-starved canary in a cage.

But I suggest that, with our hints of Teleportation, we are on the wrong track. Crews of vessels have disappeared, and vessels have disappeared. It may be that something of which the inhabitants of this earth know nothing, is concerned in these disappearances, or seizures.

In the *New York Sun*, April 24, 1930, the French astronomer and meteorologist, Gen. Frederic Chapel, is quoted, saying that aircraft, missing at sea, and seacraft, may have been struck by meteors. That there is something of the unexplained in these disappearances, many writers have felt. But there is no recorded instance of aircraft, flying over land, having been struck by a meteor, and I know of few instances of reported falls of meteoric matter upon vessels, and no instance of a vessel that has been much damaged by a meteor.

The disappearance of the *Cyclops*, a fuel ship of the U. S. N., even though in war time, is considered mysterious—some time after March 4, 1918, after leaving Barbados, B. W. I., for Hampton Roads, Va.

When the *Titanic* went down, April 15, 1912, flotsam was reported months afterward, and there were many survivors: but, after the disappearance of the White Star steamship, the *Naronic*, in February, 1893, two empty lifeboats, supposed to be hers, were reported by a sea captain, and nothing more was seen. In the report by the London Board of Trade, it was considered highly improbable that the *Naronic* had struck an iceberg. It was said that this vessel was "almost perfect," in construction and equipment. She was a freighter, with 75 men aboard. There were life belts for all.

New York Times, June 21, 1921—disappearance of three American ships—difficult to think of piracy—seemed to be no other explanation—five departments of the Washington Government investigating. In February, the *Carol Deering*, a five-masted schooner, of Portland, Me., had gone ashore, near Diamond Shoals, North Carolina. The mystery is similar to that of the *Marie Celeste*. Nobody aboard. Everything was in good condition. The circumstance that attracted most attention was that the crew had disappeared about the time a meal was to be served. A little later, a bottle was picked up on shore, and in it was a message purporting to have been written by the mate of the vessel. "An oil-burning tanker has boarded us, and placed our crew in irons. Get word to headquarters of the Company at

once." Just how somebody in irons could get a container for a message makes me wonder: still, if it's a bottle, they say that that could be got by anybody in double irons.

In the London *Daily Mail,* June 22, the finding of another bottle, with a message in it, is told of—from the Captain of the *Deering,* this time—that he had been taken prisoner by the crew, and had been put upon another vessel.

After the *Waratah* "mysteriously disappeared," off the coast of South Africa, July, 1909, five bottles, all said to be hoaxes, were found. There is as much complication and bafflement in this subject, as in anything that Science is said absolutely to have proved. If some of us tire of our existence, and would like to try some other existence, they had better think it over, because anything merrier than ours is hard to conceive of. Every shipwreck, or any other catastrophe, brings out merrymakers. The tragedy of the *Waratah* was enjoyed a long time. More than thirteen years later (Nov. 21, 1922) another bottle, said to be a hoax, was found near Cape Town. Still, I am affected just the other way, and am taking on a new pessimism. Heretofore I have thought cheerfully of bottles. But there's a depression from anything, once the humorists get ahold of it. I wonder how comes it that nobody has reported finding an old bottle, and in it a sea captain's account of an impending mutiny, signed "Christopher Columbus."

New York Times, June 22, 1921—"More ships added to the mystery-list —almost simultaneous disappearances, without a trace, regarded as significant." *Times,* June 24—about a dozen vessels in the list.

And yet such a swipe by an unknown force, of the vessels of a nation, along its own coast, was soon thought of no more. Anything could occur, and if not openly visible, or if observed by millions, would soon be gulfed in forgetfulness. Or soon it would be conventionalized. In the year 1921, it was customary to accuse the Russians. I think that the climax was reached, in the year 1927, when unruliness of natives in the jungles of Peru was attributed to Russian agents. Still, I suppose that, for years, whenever there is revolt against misrule and oppression, propagandists will tell us the same old yarn of otherwise contented natives, misled by those Russians. In June, 1921, the way of explaining the disappearance of a dozen vessels was by saying that it was thought that the Soviet Government was stealing them.

It may be that constructions from somewhere else have appeared upon this earth, and have seized crews of this earth's ships.

In their book, *The Cruise of the Bacchante,* the two young princes, sons of the Prince of Wales, one of them now the King of England, tell of "a strange light, as if of a phantom vessel all aglow" that was, at four o'clock, morning of the 11th of June, 1881, between Melbourne and Sydney, reported by the lookout of the *Bacchante.* The unknown appearance was seen by twelve other members of the crew. Whether there be relation, or not, five hours later, the lookout fell from a crosstree and was killed.

Brooklyn Eagle, Sept. 10, 1891—something that was seen, at Crawfordsville, Indiana, 2 A.M., Sept. 5th. Two icemen saw it. It was a seemingly headless monster, or it was a construction, about 20 feet long, and 8 feet wide, moving in the sky, seemingly propelled by fin-like attachments. It moved toward the icemen. The icemen moved. It sailed away, and made such a noise that the Rev. G. W. Switzer, pastor of the Methodist church, was awakened, and, looking from his window, saw the object circling in the sky.

I supposed that there was no such person as the Rev. G. W. Switzer. Being convinced that there had probably never been a Rev. G. W. Switzer, of Crawfordsville—and taking for a pseudo-standard that if I'm convinced of something that is something to suspect—I looked him up. I learned that the Rev. G. W. Switzer had lived in Crawfordsville, in September, 1891. Then I found out his present address in Michigan. I wrote to him, and received a reply that he was traveling in California, and would send me an account of what he had seen in the sky, immediately after returning home. But I have been unable to get him to send that account. If anybody sees a "headless monster" in the sky, it is just as well to think that over, before getting into print. Altogether, I think that I make here as creditable and scientific a demonstration as any by any orthodox scientist, so far encountered by us. The problem is: Did a "headless monster" appear in Crawfordsville, in September, 1891? And I publish the results of my researches: "Yes, a Rev. G. W. Switzer did live in Crawfordsville, at the time."

I'd like to know what Mr. W. H. Smith saw, Sept. 18, 1877, in the sky, moving over the city of Brooklyn. It looked like a winged human form (*New York Sun,* Sept. 21, 1877).

Zoologist, July, 1868—something that was seen in the sky, near Copiapo, Chile—a construction that carried lights, and was propelled by a noisy motor—or "a gigantic bird; eyes wide open and shining like burning coals;

covered with immense scales, which clashed together with a metallic sound."

I don't know what will be thought generally of our data, but in the *New York Times,* July 6, 1873, the writer of *General Notes* tells of something that he considered "the very worst case of dilirium tremens on record." This was before my time. He copied from the *Bonham* (Texas) *Enterprise*—that a few days before the time of writing, a man living 5 or 6 miles from Bonham, had told of having seen something like an enormous serpent, floating over his farm; and that other men working in the fields had seen the thing and had been frightened. I suppose that, equally deliriously, inhabitants of the backwoods of China, would similarly describe one of this earth's airships floating over their farms. I don't know that this one account, considered alone, amounts to anything, but, in the *Times,* of the 7th of July, I found something else noted. A similar object had been reported from Fort Scott, Kansas. "About half way above the horizon, the form of a huge serpent, apparently perfect in form, was plainly seen."

New York Times, May 30, 1888—reports from several places, in Darlington County, South Carolina—huge serpent in the sky, moving with a hissing sound, but without visible means of propulsion.

In the London *Daily Express,* Sept. 11, 1922, it is said that, upon September 9th, John Morris, coxswain of the Barmouth (Wales) Life Boat, and William James, looking out at sea, from the shore, at Barmouth, saw what they thought was an aeroplane falling into the ocean. They rushed out in a motor boat, but found nothing. In the *Barmouth Advertiser,* of the 14th, it is said that this object had fallen so slowly that features described as features of an aeroplane had been seen. In newspapers and aeronautical journals of the time, there is no findable record of an aeroplane of this earth reported missing.

There was a series of occurrences, in the summer of 1910. Early in July, the crew of the French fishing smack, *Jeune Frederic,* reported having seen, in the sky, off the coast of Normandy, a large, black, bird-like object. Suddenly it fell into the sea, bounded back, fell again, and disappeared, leaving no findable traces. Nothing was known of the flight of any terrestrial aircraft, by which to explain (London *Weekly Dispatch,* July 10). Upon August 17th (London *Times,* August 19) laborers at work in the forest east of Dessau, Germany, saw in the sky an object that they thought was a balloon. It suddenly flamed, and something that was thought to be its car,

fell into the forest. The Chief Forester was notified, and a hunt, on a large scale, was made, but nothing was found. Aeronautical societies reported that no known balloon had been sent up. It was thought that the object must have been somebody's large toy balloon. About this time, the fall from the sky of a white cylinder of marble was reported. One of us pioneers, or whatever we are, Mr. F. T. Mayer, looked up this matter, and learned that the reported occurrence was upon the farm of Mr. Daniel Lawyer, Rural Route 4, Westerville, Ohio. I wrote to Mr. Lawyer, asking whether the object could be considered artificial. I had an idea that it might, or might not, be a container of a message that had been fired to this earth from Mars or the moon or somewhere else. Mr. Lawyer did not like the suggestion of artificiality, which he interpreted as meaning that he had picked up something that had been made in Ohio. He said that it was not an artificial object, but a meteorite. For a reproduction of a photograph of this symmetric, seemingly carved cylinder, 12 inches long, weight about 3 pounds, see *Popular Mechanics*, 14-801. About 9 P.M., August 30th—lights as if upon an airship, moving over New York City (*New York World*, August 31). Aviators were interviewed, but all known aircraft were accounted for. *World*, September 2—that two men had sent up a large kite. Upon the 21st of September (*New York Tribune*, September 22) a great number of round objects were seen passing from west to east over the lower part of New York City. Crowds stood in the streets, watching them. They were thought to be little balloons. I have records of similar objects, in large numbers, that could not be considered little balloons. For several hours this procession continued. If somebody in Jersey City was advertising, he kept quiet in his bid for publicity. The next day, at Dunkirk, N. Y., an object, described as an unknown cigar-shaped balloon, was seen in the sky, over Lake Erie, seeming to be unmanageable, gradually disappearing, late in the evening. There was so much excitement in Dunkirk that tugboats went out and searched all night. *Toronto Daily Mail and Empire*, September 24—that someone on a tugboat had found a large box-kite, which had been sent up by a party of campers, and was undoubtedly the reported object.

Mr. A. H. Savage-Landor, in *Across Unknown South America*, vol. II, p. 425, tells a story that was told to him, by the people of Porto Principal, Peru, in January, 1912—that, some years before, a ship had been seen in the sky, passing over the town, not far above the tree tops. According to his interpretations, it was a "square globe," flying a flag of Stars and Stripes.

Mr. Savage-Landor thinks that the object might have been the airship, which, upon Oct. 17, 1910, Wellman abandoned about 400 miles east of Hatteras. In newspaper accounts of this unsuccessful attempt to cross the Atlantic, it is said that, when abandoned, this airship was leaking gas rapidly. If a vessel from somewhere else, flying the Stars and Stripes, is pretty hard to think of, except by thinking that there are Americans everywhere, also the "square globe" is not easy, at least for the more conventional of us. Probably these details are faults of interpretation. Whatever this thing in the sky may have been, if we will think that it may have been, it returned at night, and this time it showed lights.

In the New York newspapers, September, 1880, are allusions to an unknown object that had been seen traveling in the sky, in several places, especially in St. Louis and Louisville. I have not been able to get a St. Louis newspaper of this time, but I found accounts in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, July 29, Aug. 6, 1880. Unless an inventor of this earth was more self-effacing than biographies of inventors indicate, no inhabitant of this earth succeeded in making a dirigible aerial contrivance, in the year 1880, then keeping quiet about it. The story is that, between 6 and 7 o'clock, evening of July 28th, people in Louisville saw in the sky "an object like a man, surrounded by machinery, which he seemed to be working with his hands and feet." The object moved in various directions, ascending and descending, seemingly under control. When darkness came, it disappeared. Then came dispatches, telling of something that had been seen in the sky, at Madisonville, Ky. "It was something with a ball at each end." "It sometimes appeared in a circular form, and then changed to an oval. It passed out of sight, moving south."

These are stories of at least harmless things that were, or were not, seen over lands of this earth. It may be that if beings from somewhere else would seize inhabitants of this earth, wantonly, or out of curiosity, or as a matter of scientific research, the preference would be for an operation at sea, remote from observations by other humans of this earth. If such beings exist, they may in some respects be very wise, but—supposing secrecy to be desirable—they must have neglected psychology in their studies, or unconcernedly they'd drop right into Central Park, New York, and pick up all the specimens they wanted, and leave it to the wisemen of our tribes to explain that there had been a whirlwind, and that the Weather Bureau, with its usual efficiency, had published warnings of it.

Now and then admirers of my good works write to me, and try to convert me into believing things that I say. He would have to be an eloquent admirer, who could persuade me into thinking that our present expression is not at least a little fanciful; but just the same I have labored to support it. I labor, like workers in a beehive, to support a lot of vagabond notions. But how am I to know? How am I to know but that sometime a queen-idea may soar to the sky, and from a nuptial flight of data, come back fertile from one of these drones?

In the matter of the disappearance of the Danish training ship *Kobenhoven,* which, upon Dec. 14, 1928, sailed, with fifty cadets and sailors aboard, from Montevideo, I note that another training ship, the *Atalanta* (British) set sail, early in the year 1880, with 250 cadets and sailors aboard, from Bermuda, and was not heard of again.

Upon Oct. 3, 1902, the German bark, *Freya,* cleared from Manzanillo for Punta Arenas, on the west coast of Mexico. I take from *Nature,* April 25, 1907. Upon the 20th of October, the ship was found at sea, partly dismasted, lying on her side, nobody aboard. The anchor was still hanging free at her bow, indicating that calamity had occurred soon after the ship had left port. The date on a calendar, on a wall of the Captain's cabin, was October 4th. Weather reports showed that there had been only light winds in this region. But upon the 5th, there had been an earthquake in Mexico.

Several weeks after the disappearance of the crew of the *Freya,* another strange sea-occurrence was reported.

Zoologist, 4-7-38—that, according to the log of the steamship *Fort Salisbury,* the second officer, Mr. A. H. Raymer, had, Oct. 28, 1902, in Lat. 5°, 31′ S., and Long. 4°, 42′ W., been called, at 3:05 A.M., by the lookout, who reported that there was a huge, dark object, bearing lights in the sea ahead. Two lights were seen. The steamship passed a slowly sinking bulk, of an estimated length of five or six hundred feet. Mechanism of some kind —fins, the observers thought—was making a commotion in the water. "A scaled back" was slowly submerging.

One thinks that seeing for such details as "a scaled back" could not have been very good, at three o'clock in the morning. So doubly damned is this datum that the attempt to explain it was in terms of the accursed Sea Serpent.

Phosphorescence of the water is mentioned several times, but that seems to have nothing to do with two definite lights, like those of a vessel. The

Captain of the *Fort Salisbury* was interviewed. “I can only say that he (Mr. Raymer) is very earnest on the subject, and has, together with the lookout and helmsman, seen something in the water, of a huge nature, as specified.”

One thinks that this object may have been a large, terrestrial vessel that had been abandoned, and was sinking.

I have looked over *Lloyd’s List,* for the period, finding no record, by which to explain.

13

AS to data that we shall now take up, I say to myself: “You are a benign ghoul, digging up dead, old legends and and superstitions, trying to breathe life into them. Well, then, why have you neglected Santa Claus?”

But I am particular in the matter of data, or alleged data. And I have come upon no record, or alleged record, of mysterious footprints in snow, on roofs of houses, leading to chimneys, Christmas Eves.

There is a great deal, in the most acceptable of the science of today, that represents a rehabilitation of supposed legends, superstitions, and folk lore. Recall Voltaire’s incredulity as to fossils, which according to him only a peasant would believe in. And note that his antagonism to fossils was probably because they had been taken over by theologians, in their way of explaining. Here was one of the keenest of minds: but it could not accept data, because it rejected explanations of the data. And so one thinks of, say, the transmutation of metals, which is now rehabilitated. And so on. There are some backward ones, today, who do not believe in witches: but every married man knows better.

In the month of May, 1810, something appeared at Ennerdale, near the border of England and Scotland, and killed sheep, not devouring them, sometimes seven or eight of them in a night, but biting into the jugular vein and sucking the blood. That’s the story. The only mammal that I know of that does something like this is the vampire bat. It has to be accepted that stories of the vampire bat are not myths. Something was ravaging near Ennerdale, and the losses by sheep farmers were so serious that the whole region was aroused. It became a religious duty to hunt this marauder. Once, when hunters rode past a church, out rushed the whole congregation to join them, the vicar throwing off his surplice, on his way to a horse. Milking, cutting of hay, feeding of stock were neglected. For more details, see *Chambers’ Journal,* 81-470. Upon the 12th of September, someone saw a dog in a cornfield, and shot it. It is said that this dog was the marauder, and that with its death the killing of sheep stopped.

For about four months, in the year 1874, beginning upon January 8th, a killer was abroad, in Ireland. In *Land and Water,* March 7, 1874, a correspondent writes that he had heard of depredations by a wolf, in Ireland, where the last native wolf had been killed in the year 1712. According to him, a killer was running wild, in Cavan, slaying as many as 30 sheep in one night. There is another account, in *Land and Water,* March 28. Here, a correspondent writes that, in Cavan, sheep had been killed in a way that led to the belief that the marauder was not a dog. This correspondent knew of 42 instances, in three townlands, in which sheep had been similarly killed—throats cut and blood sucked, but no flesh eaten. The footprints were like a dog's, but were long and narrow, and showed traces of strong claws. Then, in the issue of April 11th, of *Land and Water,* came the news that we have been expecting. The killer had been shot. It had been shot by Archdeacon Magenniss, at Lismoreville, and was only a large dog.

This announcement ends the subject, in *Land and Water*. Almost anybody, anyway in the past, before suspiciousness against conventions had the development that it has today, reading these accounts down to the final one, would say—"Why, of course! It's the way these stories always end up. Nothing to them." But it is just the way these stories always end up that has kept me busy. Because of our experience with pseudo-endings of mysteries, or the mysterious shearing and bobbing and clipping of mysteries, I went more into this story that was said to be no longer mysterious. The large dog that was shot by the Archdeacon was sacrificed not in vain, if its story shut up the minds of readers of *Land and Water,* and if it be desirable somewhere to shut up minds upon this earth.

See the *Clare Journal,* issues up to April 27th-—the shooting of the large dog, and no effect upon the depredations—another dog shot, and the relief of the farmers, who believed that this one was the killer—still another dog shot, and supposed to be the killer—the killing of sheep continuing. The depredations were so great as to be described as "terrible losses for poor people." It is not definitely said that something was killing sheep vampirishly, but that "only a piece was bitten off, and no flesh sufficient for a dog ever eaten."

The scene of the killings shifted.

Cavan Weekly News, April I7—that, near Limerick, more than 100 miles from Cavan, "a wolf or something like it" was killing sheep. The writer says that several persons, alleged to have been bitten by this animal, had

been taken to the Ennis Insane Asylum, “laboring under strange symptoms of insanity.”

It seems that some of the killings were simultaneous near Cavan and near Limerick. At both places, it was not said that finally any animal, known to be the killer, was shot or identified. If these things that may not be dogs be, their disappearances are as mysterious as their appearances.

There was a marauding animal in England, toward the end of the year 1905. London *Daily Mail*, Nov. 1, 1905—“the sheep-slaying mystery of Badminton.” It is said that, in the neighborhood of Badminton, on the border between Gloucestershire and Wiltshire, sheep had been killed. Sergeant Carter, of the Gloucestershire Police, is quoted—”I have seen two of the carcasses, myself, and can say definitely that it is impossible for it to be the work of a dog. Dogs are not vampires, and do not suck the blood of a sheep, and leave the flesh almost untouched.”

And, going over the newspapers, just as we’re wondering what’s delaying it, here it is—

London *Daily Mail*, December 19—“Marauder shot near Hinton.” It was a large, black dog.

So then, if in London any interest had been aroused, this announcement stopped it.

We go to newspapers published nearer the scene of the sheep-slaughtering. *Bristol Mercury*, November 25—that the killer was a jackal, which had escaped from a menagerie in Gloucester. And that stopped mystification and inquiry, in the minds of readers of the *Bristol Mercury.*

Suspecting that there had been no such escape of a jackal, we go to Gloucester newspapers. In the *Gloucester Journal*, November 4, in a long account of the depredations, there is no mention of the escape of any animal in Gloucester, nor anywhere else. In following issues, nothing is said of the escape of a jackal, nor of any other animal. So many reports were sent to the editor of this newspaper that he doubted that only one slaughtering thing was abroad. “Some even go so far as to call up the traditions of the werewolf, and superstitious people are inclined to this theory.”

We learn that the large, black dog had been shot upon December 16th, but that in its region there had been no reported killing of sheep, from about November 25th. The look of data is of another scene-shifting. Near Gravesend, an unknown animal had, up to December 16th, killed about 30 sheep (London *Daily Mail*, December 19). “Small armies” of men went

hunting, but the killing stopped, and the unknown animal remained unknown.

I go on with my yarns. I no more believe them than I believe that twice two are four.

If there is continuity, only fictitiously can anything be picked out of the nexus of all phenomena; or, if there is only oneness, we cannot, except arbitrarily, find any two units with which even to start the sequence that twice two are four. And, if there is also discontinuity, all things are so individualized that, except arbitrarily and fictitiously, nothing can be classed with, or added to, anything else.

London *Daily Express,* Oct. 14, 1925—the district of Edale, Derbyshire, terrorized, quite as, centuries ago, were regions by stories of werewolves. Something, "black in color and of enormous size," was slaughtering sheep, at night, "leaving the carcasses strewn about, with legs, shoulders, and heads torn off; broken backs, and pieces of flesh ripped off." Many hunting parties had gone out, but had been unable to track the animal. "People in many places are so frightened that they refuse to leave their homes after dark, and keep their children in the house." If something had mysteriously appeared, it then quite as mysteriously disappeared.

There are stories of wanton killings, or of bodies that were not fed upon. London *Daily Express*, Aug. 12, 1919—something that, at Llanelly, Wales, was killing rabbits, for the sake of killing— entering hutches at night, never taking rabbits, killing them by breaking their backbones.

Early in the morning of March 3, 1906, the sentry at Windsor Castle saw something, and fired a shot at it (London *Daily Mail*, March 6). The man's account of what he thought he saw was not published. It was said that he had shot at one of the ornamental, stone elephants, which had looked ghostly in moonlight. He was sentenced to three days' confinement in barracks, for firing without proper cause. It would be interesting to know what he thought he saw, with such conviction that he fired and risked punishment— and whether it had anything to do with—

Daily Mail, March 22—that about a dozen of the King's sheep, in a field near Windsor Castle, had been bitten by something, presumably a dog, so severely that they had to be killed. In the *Daily Mail*, March 19, is an account of extraordinary killing of sheep, "by dogs," near Guildford, about 17 miles from Windsor. 51 sheep were killed in one night.

A woman in a field—something grabbed her. At first the story was of a marauding panther that must have escaped from a menagerie. See the *Field,* Aug. 12, 19, 1893—an animal, supposed to be an escaped panther, that was preying upon human beings, in Russia. Look up records of werewolves, or supposed werewolves,. and note instances of attacks almost exclusively upon women. For a more particularized account, by General R. G. Burton, who was in Russia, at the time, see the *Field,* Dec. 9, 1893. General Burton had no opportunity to visit the place "haunted by this mysterious animal," but he tells the story, as he got it from Prince Sherincki, who was active in the hunt. An unknown beast was terrorizing a small district in the Orel Government, south of Moscow. The first attack was upon the evening of July 6th. Three days later, another woman was grabbed by an undescribed animal, which she beat off, until help arrived. That day, a boy, aged 10, was killed and devoured. July 11th—a woman killed, near Trosna. "At four o'clock, on the 14th, the beast severely wounded another woman, and, at five o'clock, made another attack upon a peasant girl, but was beaten off by a companion, who pulled the animal off by the tail. These details are taken from the official accounts of the events."

There was a panic, and the military authorities were appealed to. 3 officers and 40 men were sent from Moscow. They organized beats that were composed of from 500 to 1,000 peasants, but all hunts were unsuccessful. On the 24th of July, four women were attacked, and one of them was killed.

Something was outwitting 3 officers and 40 men, and armies of 1,000 peasants. War was declared. Prince Sherincki, with I0 officers and 130 men, arrived from St. Petersburg. We notice that in uncanny occurrences, when there is wide publicity, or intense excitement, phenomena stop—or are stopped. War was declared upon something, but it disappeared. "According to general descriptions, the animal was long, with a blunt muzzle, and round, standing-up ears, with a long, smooth, hanging tail."

We know what to expect.

In the *Field,* Dec. 23, 1893, it is said that, after a study of sketches of the spoor of the animal, the naturalist Alferachi gave his opinion that the animal was a large dog. He so concluded because of the marks of protruding nails in the sketches.

But also it is said that plaster casts of the footprints showed no such marks. It is said that the nail marks had been added to the sketches, because

of assertions by hunters that nail marks had been seen. Writing 30 years later (*Chambers' Journal*, ser. 7, vol. 14, p. 308) General Burton tells of the animal as something that had never been identified.

This is fringing upon an enormous subject that leads away from the slaughtering of sheep to attacks, some of them mischievous, some ordinarily deadly, and some of the *Jack the Ripper* kind, upon human beings. Though I have hundreds of notes upon mysterious attacks upon human beings, I cannot develop an occult criminology now.

14

IN October, 1904, a wolf, belonging to Captain Bains of Shotley Bridge, twelve miles from Newcastle, England, escaped, and soon afterward, killing of sheep were reported from the region of Hexham, about twenty miles from Newcastle.

There seems to be an obvious conclusion.

We have had some experience with conclusions that were said to be obvious.

A story of a wolf in England is worth space, and the London newspapers rejoiced in this wolf story. Most of them did, but there are several that would not pay much attention to a dinosaurhunt in Hyde Park. Special correspondents were sent to Hexham, Northumberland. Some of them, because of circumstances that we shall note, wrote that there was no wolf, but probably a large dog that had turned evil. Most of them wrote that undoubtedly a wolf was ravaging, and was known to have escaped from Shotley Bridge. Something was slaughtering sheep, killing for food, and killing wantonly, sometimes mutilating four or five sheep, and devouring one. An appetite was ravaging, in Northumberland. We have impressions of the capacity of a large and hungry dog, but, upon reading these accounts, one has to think that they were exaggerations, or that the killer must have been more than a wolf. But, according to developments, I'd not say that there was much exaggeration. The killings were so serious that the farmers organized into the Hexham Wolf Committee, offering a reward, and hunting systematically. Every hunt was fruitless, except as material for the special correspondents, who told of continuing depredations, and reveled in special announcements. It was especially announced that, upon December 15th, the Haydon foxhounds, one of the most especial packs in England, would be sent out. These English dogs, of degree so high as to be incredible in all other parts of the world, went forth. It is better for something of high degree not to go forth. Mostly in times of peace arise great military reputations. So long as something is not tested it may be of high renown. But the Haydon foxhounds went forth. They returned with their renown damaged.

This takes us to another of our problems:

Who can blame a celebrity for not smelling an absence?

There are not only wisemen: there are wisedogs, we learn. The Wolf Committee heard of *Monarch*, "the celebrated bloodhound." This celebrity was sent for, and when he arrived, it was with such a look of sagacity that the sheepfarmers' troubles were supposed to be over. The wisedog was put on what was supposed to be the trail of the wolf. But, if there weren't any wolf, who can blame a celebrated bloodhound for not smelling something that wasn't? The wisedog sniffed. Then he sat down. It was impossible to set this dog on the trail of a wolf, though each morning he was taken to a place of fresh slaughter.

Well, then, what else is there in all this? If, locally, one of the most celebrated intellects in England could not solve the problem, it may be that the fault was in taking it up locally.

Throughout my time of gathering material for this book, it was my way to note something, and not to regard it as isolated; and to search widely for other occurrences that might associate with it. So, then, I noted this wolf story, and I settled upon this period, of the winter of 1904-5, with the idea of collecting records of seemingly most incongruous occurrences, which, however, might be germs of correlations.

Such as this, for instance—but what could one of these occurrences have to do with the other?—

That in this winter of 1904-5, there were two excitements in Northumberland. One was the wolf-hunt, and the other was a revival-craze, which had spread from Wales to England. At the time of the wolf-hunt, there was religious mania in Northumberland. Men and women staggered, as they wept and shouted, bearing reeling lights, in delirious torchlight processions.

If *Monarch*, the celebrated bloodhound sniffed and then sat down, I feel, myself, that the trail cannot be picked up in Hexham.

It was a time of widespread, uncanny occurrences in Great Britain. But in no account of any one uncanny occurrence have I read of any writer's awareness that there were other uncanny occurrences, or more than one or two other uncanny occurrences. There were many, special scares, at this time, in Great Britain. There was no general scare. The contagions of popular delusions cannot be lugged in, as a general explanation.

Strange, luminous things, or beings, were appearing in Wales.

In Wales had started one of the most widely hysterical religious revivals of modern times.

A light in the sky—and a pious screech—I sniff, but I don't sit down.

A wolf and a light and a screech.

There are elaborate accounts of the luminous things, or beings, in the *Proc. S. P. R.,* vol. 19, and in the first volume of the *Occult Review.* We are told that, over the piously palpitating principality of Wales, shining things traveled, stopping and descending when they came to a revival meeting, associating in some unknown way with these centers of excitation, especially where Mrs. Mary Jones was the leader. There is a story of one shining thing that persistently followed Mrs. Jones' car, and was not shaken off, when the car turned abruptly from one road to another.

So far as acceptability is concerned, I prefer the accounts by newspaper men. It took considerable to convince them. Writers, sent to Wales by London newspapers, set out with blithe incredulity. Almost everybody has a hankering for mysteries, but it is likely to be an abstract hankering, and when a mystery comes up in one's own experience, one is likely to treat it in a way that warns everybody else that one is not easily imposed upon. The first reports that were sent back by the Londoners were flippant: but, in the London *Daily Mail,* Feb. 13, 1905, one of these correspondents describes something like a ball of fire, which he saw in the sky, a brilliant object that was motionless for a while, then disappearing. Later he came upon such an appearance, near the ground, not 500 feet away. He ran toward it, but the thing disappeared. Then Bernard Redwood was sent, by the *Daily Mail,* to investigate. In the *Mail,* February 13, he writes that there were probably will-o'-the-wisps, helped out by practical jokers. As we very well know, there are no more helpful creatures than practical jokers, but, as inquiry-stoppers, will-o'-the-wisps have played out. A conventionalist, telling the story, today, would say that they were luminous bats from a chapel belfry, and that a sexton had shot one. Almost every writer who accepted that these things were, thought that in some unknown, or unknowable, way, they were associated with the revival. It is said that they were seen hovering over chapels.

According to my methods, I have often settled upon special periods, gathering data, with the idea of correlating, but I have never come upon any other time in which were reported so many uncanny occurrences.

There were teleportations in a butcher shop, or things were mysteriously flying about, in a butcher shop, in Portmadoc, Wales. The police were called in, and they accused a girl who was employed in the butcher shop. "She made a full confession" (*News of the World,* February 26). A ghost in Barmouth: no details (*Barmouth Advertiser,* January 12). Most of the records are mere paragraphs, but the newspapers gave considerable space to reported phenomena in the home of Mr. Howell, at Lampeter, Wales. As told in the London *Daily News,* February 11 and 13, "mysterious knockings" were heard in this house, and crowds gathered outside. The Bishop of Swansea and Prof. Harris investigated, but could not explain. Crowds in the street became so great that extra police had to be called out to regulate traffic, but nothing was learned. There were youngsters in this house, but they did not confess. Mr. Howell had what is known as "standing," in his community. It's the housemaid, or the girl in a butcher shop, with parents who presumably haven't much "standing," who is knocked about, or more gently slugged, or perhaps only slapped on the face, who confesses, or is said to have confessed. Also, as told in the *Liverpool Echo,* February 15, there was excitement at Rhymney, Wales, and investigations that came to nothing. Tapping sounds had been heard, and strange lights had been seen, in one of the revival-centers, the Salvation Army Barracks. Whether these lights were like the other lights that were appearing in Wales, I cannot say. It was the assertion of the Rev. J. Evans and other investigators, who had spent a night in the Barracks, that they had seen "very bright lights."

In the *Southern Daily Echo,* February 23, is an account of "mysterious rappings" on a door of a house in Crewe, and of a young woman, in the house who was said to have dropped dead. A physician "pronounced" her dead. But there was an inquest, and the coroner said: "There is not a single sign of death." Nevertheless she was officially dead, and she was buried, anyway. I am too dim in my notions of possible correlations, to go into details, but, along with my supposition that ordinarily catalepsy is of rare occurrence, I note that I have records of three persons, who, in this period, were aroused from trances, in time to save them from being buried alive. There are data of "strange suicides," that I shall pass over. I have several dozen records of "mysterious fires," in this period.

Slaughter in Northumberland—farmers, who could, housing their sheep, at night—others setting up lanterns in their fields. *Monarch,* the celebrated

bloodhound, who could not smell something that perhaps was not, got no more space in the newspapers, and, to a woman, the inhabitants of Hexham stopped sending him chrysanthemums. But faith in celebrities kept up, as it always will keep up, and when the Hungarian Wolf Hunter appeared, the only reason that a brass band did not escort him, in showers of torn-up telephone books, is that, away back in this winter, Hexham, like most of the other parts of England, was not yet Americanized. It was before the English were educated. The moving pictures were not of much influence then. The Hungarian Wolf Hunter, mounted on a shaggy Hungarian pony, galloped over hills and dales, and, with strange, Hungarian hunting cries, made what I think is called the *welkin* ring. He might as well have sat down and sniffed. He might as well have been a distinguished General, or Admiral, at the outbreak of a war.

Four sheep were killed at Low Eschelles, and one at Sedham, in one night. Then came the big hunt, of December 20th, which, according to expectations, would be final. The big hunt set out from Hexham: gamekeepers, woodmen, farmers, local sportsmen and sportsmen from far away. There were men on horseback, and two men in "traps," a man on a bicycle, and a mounted policeman: two women with guns, one of them in a blue walking dress, if that detail's any good to us.

They came wandering back, at the end of the day, not having seen anything to shoot at. Some said that it was because there wasn't anything. Everybody else had something to say about Capt. Bains. The most unpopular person, in the north of England, at this time, was Capt. Bains, of Shotley Bridge. Almost every night, something, presumably Capt. Bains' wolf, even though there was no findable statement that a wolf had been seen, was killing and devouring sheep.

In Brighton, an unknown force, or thing, struck notes on a musical instrument (*Daily Mail,* December 24). Later, there were stories of "a phantom bicyclist" near Brighton (London *Daily Mirror,* February 6). In the *Jour. S.* P. *R.,* 13-259, is published somebody's statement that, near the village of Hoe Benham, he had seen something that looked like a large dog turn into a seeming donkey. Strange sounds heard near Bolton, Lancashire —"nothing but the beating of a rope against a flagstaff." Then it was said that a figure had been seen (*Lloyd's Weekly News,* January 15). A doorbell was mysteriously ringing, at Blackheath, London: police watching the house, but unable to find out anything (*Daily Mirror,* February 13). But in

not one of these accounts is shown knowledge that, about the same time, other accounts were being published. Look in the publications of the S. P. R., and wonder what that Society was doing. It did investigate two of the cases told of in this chapter, but no awareness is shown of a period of widespread occurrences. Other phenomena, or alleged phenomena—a ghost, at Exeter Deanery: no details (*Daily Mail*, December 24). Strange sounds and lights, in a house in Epworth (*Liverpool Echo*, January 25). People in Bradford thought that they saw a figure enter a club house—police notified—fruitless search (*Weekly Dispatch*, January 15). At Edinburgh, Mr. J. E. Newlands, who held the Fulton chair, at the United Free College, saw a "figure" moving beside him (*Weekly Dispatch*, April 16).

But the outstanding phenomenon of this period was the revival—

Liverpool Echo, January 18—"Wales in the Grip of Supernatural Forces!"

This was in allusion to the developing frenzies of the revival, and the accompanying luminous things, or beings, that had been reported. "Supernatural" is a word that has no place in my vocabulary. In my view, it has no meaning, or distinguishment. If there never has been, finally, a natural explanation of anything, everything is, naturally enough, the supernatural.

The grip was a grab by a craze. The excitement was combustion, or psycho-electricity, or almost anything except what it was supposed to be, and perhaps when flowing from human batteries there was a force that was of use to the luminous things that hung around. Maybe they fed upon it, and grew, and glowed, brilliant with nourishing ecstasies. See data upon astonishing growths of plants, when receiving other kinds of radio-active nourishment, or stimulation. If a man can go drunk on God, he may usefully pass along his exhilarations to other manifestations of godness.

There were flares where they'd least be expected. In the big stores, in the midst of waiting on customers, shop girls would suddenly, or electrically, start clapping hands and singing. Very likely some of them cut up such capers for the sport of it, and enjoyed keeping hard customers waiting. I notice that, though playing upon widely different motives, popular excitements are recruited and kept going, as if they were homogeneous. There's no understanding huge emotional revolts against sin, without considering all the fun there is in them. They are monotony-breakers. Drab,

little personalities have a chance to scream themselves vivid. There were confession-addicts who, past possibility of being believed, proclaimed their own wickedness, and then turned to public confessions for their neighbors, until sinful neighbors appealed to the law for protection. In one town, a man went from store to store, “returning” things that he had not stolen. Bands of girls roved the streets, rushing earnestly and mischievously into the more sedate churches, where the excitation was not encouraged, singing and clapping their hands, all of them shouting, and some of them blubbering, and then some of the most sportive ones blubbering, compelled into a temporary uniformity. This clapping of hands, in time with the singing, was almost irresistible: some vibrational reason: power of the rhythm to harmonize diverse units; primitive power of the drum-beat. Special trains set out from Liverpool to Welsh meeting-places, with sightseers, who hadn’t a concern for the good of their souls; vendors of things that might have a sale; some earnest ones. Handclapping started up, and emotional furies shot through Wales.

There were ghost-scares in the towns of Blyth and Dover. *Blyth News,* March 14—crowds gathered around a school house—something of a ghostly nature inside—nothing but the creaking of a partition.

I pick up something else. We wonder how far our neo-mediaevalism is going to take us. Perhaps—though our interpretations will not be the same—only mediaevalism will be the limit. *Blyth News,* February $_2$8—smoke that was seen coming from the windows of a house, in Blyth. Neighbors broke in, and found the body of the occupant, Barbara Bell, aged 77, on a sofa. Her body was burned, as if for a long time it had been in the midst of intense flames. It was thought that the victim had fallen into the fireplace. “The body was fearfully charred.”

Something was slaughtering sheep—and things in the sky of Wales—and it may be that there were things, or beings, that acted like fire, consuming the bodies of women. London *Daily News,* Dec. 17, 1904—“Yesterday morning, Mrs. Thomas Cochrane, of Rosehall, Falkirk, widow of a well-known, local gentleman, was found burned to death in her bedroom. No fire in the grate— “burned almost beyond recognition”—no outcry—little, if anything else burned—body found, “sitting in a chair, surrounded by pillows and cushions.” London *Daily Mail,* December 24—inquest on the body of a woman, who had died of the effects of “mysterious burns.” “She could give no account of her injuries.” An almshouse, late at night—and

something burned a woman. Trinity Almshouse, Hull—story told, in the *Hull Daily Mail,* January 6. Body covered with burns—woman still living, when found in the morning—strange that there had been no outcry—bed unscorched. The woman, Elizabeth Clark, could tell nothing of her injuries, and she died without giving a clew to the mystery. “There was no fire nor light in the room.”

On both sides of the River Tyne, something kept on slaughtering. It crossed the Tyne, having killed on one side, then killing on the other side. At East Dipton, two sheep were devoured, all but the fleece and the bones, and the same night two sheep were killed on the other side of the river.

“The Big Game Hunter from India!”

Another celebrity came forth. The Wolf Committee met him at the station. There was a plaid shawl strapped to his back, and the flaps of his hunting cap were considered unprecedented. Almost everybody had confidence in the shawl, or felt that the flaps were authoritative. The devices by which he covered his ears made beholders feel that they were in the presence of Science.

Hexham Herald—”The right man, at last!”

So finally the wolf hunt was taken up scientifically. The ordinary hunts were going on, but the wiseman from India would have nothing to do with them. In his cap, with flaps such as had never before been seen in Northumberland, and with his plaid shawl strapped to his back, he was going from farm to farm, sifting and dating and classifying observations: drawing maps, card-indexing his data. For some situations, this is the best of methods: but something that the methodist-wiseman cannot learn is that a still better method is that of not being so tied to any particular method. It was a serious matter in Hexham. The ravaging thing was an alarming pest. There were some common hunters who were unmannerly over all this delay, but the *Hexham Herald* came out strong for Science—”The right man in the right place, at last!”

There was, in this period, another series of killings. Upon a farm, near Newcastle, late in this year 1904, something was killing poultry. The depredations were so persistent, and the marauder was so evasive that persons who are said to be superstitious began to talk in a way that is said to be unenlightened.

Then the body of an otter was found.

The killing of poultry stopped.

For a discussion of the conclusion that to any normal logician looks obvious, see the *Field*. Dec. 3, 1904. Here we learn that otters, though ordinarily living upon fish, do sometimes vary their diet. But no data upon persistent killing of poultry, by otters, came out.

This body of an otter was found, lying on a railroad line.

France in the grip of military forces. August, 1914—France was invaded, and the people of France knew that France was invaded. It is my expression that so they knew, only because it was a conventional recognition. There were no wisemen to say that reported bodies of men moving along roads had nothing to do with mutilated persons appearing in hospitals, and that only by coincidence was there devastation. The wiseman of France did not give only a local explanation to every local occurrence, but of course correlated all, as the manifestations of one invasion. Human eyes have been made to see human invaders.

Wales in the grip of "supernatural forces." People in England paid little attention, at first, but then hysterias mobbed across the border. To those of us who have some failings, and now and then give a thought to correcting them, if possible, but are mostly too busy to bother much, cyclones of emotions relating to states that are vaguely known as *good* and *evil*, are most mysterious. In the *Barmouth Advertiser* (April 20) it is said that, in the first three months of this year 1905, there had been admitted to the Denbigh Insane Asylum, 16 patients, whose dementias were attributed to the revival. It is probable that many cases were not reported. In the *Liverpool Echo*, November 25, are accounts of four insane revivalists, who were under restraint in their own homes. Three cases in one town are told of in this newspaper, of January 10th. The craze spread in England, and in some parts of England it was as intense as anywhere in Wales. At Bromley, a woman wrote a confession of sins, some of which, it was said, she could not have committed, and threw herself under a railroad train. In town after town, police stations were invaded by exhorters. In both England and Wales, bands stood outside theaters, calling upon people not to enter. In the same way they tried to prevent attendance at football games.

December 29—"Wolf killed on a railroad line!"

It was at Cumwinton, which is near Carlisle, about thirty miles from Hexham. The body was found on a railroad line—"Magnificent specimen of male gray wolf—total length five feet—measurement from foot to top of shoulder, thirty inches."

Captain Bains, of Shotley Bridge, went immediately to Cumwinton. He looked at the body of the wolf. He said that it was not his wolf.

There was doubt in the newspapers. Everybody is supposed to know his own wolf, but when one's wolf has made material for a host of damage suits, one's recognitions may be dimmed.

This body of a wolf was found, and killings of sheep stopped.

But Capt. Bains' denial that the wolf was his wolf was accepted by the Hexham Wolf Committee. Data were with him. He had reported the escape of his wolf, and the description was on record in the Shotley Bridge police station. Capt. Bains' wolf was, in October, no "magnificent" full-grown specimen, but a cub, four and a half months old. Though nobody had paid any attention to this circumstance, it had been pointed out, in the *Hexham Herald*, October 15.

The wolf of Cumwinton was not identified, according to my reading of the data. Nobody told of an escape of a grown wolf, though the news of this wolf's death was published throughout England. The animal may have come from somewhere far from England. Photographs of the wolf were sold, as picture postal cards. People flocked to Cumwinton. Men in the show business offered to buy the body, but the decision of the railroad company was that the body had not been identified, and belonged to the company. The head was preserved, and was sent to the central office, in Derby.

But what became of the Shotley Bridge wolf?

All that can be said is that it disappeared.

The mystery begins with this statement:

That, in October, 1904, a wolf, belonging to Capt. Bains, of Shotley Bridge, escaped, and that about the same time began a slaughtering of sheep, but that Capt. Bains' wolf had nothing to do with the slaughter.

Or the statement is that there was killing of sheep, in Northumberland, and that then came news of the escape of a wolf, by which the killing of a few sheep might be explained—

But that then there were devourings, which could not be attributed to a wolf-cub.

The wolf-cub disappeared, and there appeared another wolf, this one of a size and strength to which the devourings could be attributed.

Somewhere there was science.

If it had not been for Capt. Bains' prompt investigation, the reported differences between these two animals would have been overlooked, or disbelieved, and the story would be simply that a wolf had escaped from Shotley Bridge, had ravaged, and had been killed at Cumwinton. But Capt. Bains did investigate, and his statement that the wolf of Cumwinton was not his wolf was accepted. So then, instead of a satisfactory explanation, there was a new mystery. Where did the wolf of Cumwinton come from?

There is something that is acting to kill off mysteries. Perhaps always, and perhaps not always, it can be understood in common place terms. If luminous things that move like flying birds are attracting attention, a Mr. Cannell appears, and says that he has found a luminous owl. In the newspapers, about the middle of February, appeared a story that Capt. Alexander Thompson, of Tacoma, Washington—and I have looked this up, learning that a Capt. Alexander Thompson did live in Tacoma, about the year 1905—was walking along a street in Derby, when he glanced in a taxidermist's window, and there saw the supposed wolf's head. He recognized it, not as the head of a wolf, but the head of a *malmoot,* an Alaskan sleigh dog, half wolf and half dog. This animal, with other *malmoots,* had been taken to Liverpool, for exhibition, and had escaped in a street in Liverpool. Though I have not been able to find out the date, I have learned that there was such an exhibition, in Liverpool. No date was mentioned by Capt. Thompson. The owners of the m*almoot* had said nothing, and rather than to advertise, had put up with the loss, because of their fear that there would be damages for sheep-killing. Not in the streets of Liverpool, presumably. No support for this commonplace-ending followed. Nothing more upon the subject is findable in Liverpool newspapers.

Liverpool is 120 miles from Hexham.

It is a story of an animal that escaped in Liverpool, and, leaving no trail of slaughtering behind it, went to a distant part of England, exactly to a place where a young wolf was at large, and there slaughtered like a wolf.

I prefer to think that the animal of Cumwinton was not a *mal-moot.*

Derby Mercury, February 22—that the animal had been identified as a wolf, by Mr. A. S. Hutchinson, taxidermist to the Manchester Museum of Natural History. *Liverpool Echo,* December 31—that the animal had been identified as a wolf, by a representative of Bostock and Wombell's Circus, who had traveled from Edinburgh to see the body.

Killing of poultry, and the body of an otter on the railroad line— and the killing of poultry stopped.

Or that there may be occult things, beings and events, and that also there may be something of the nature of an occult police force, which operates to divert human suspicions, and to supply explanations that are good enough for whatever, somewhat of the nature of minds, human beings have—or that, if there be occult mischief-makers and occult ravagers, they may be of a world also of other beings that are acting to check them, and to explain them, not benevolently, but to divert suspicion from themselves, because they, too, may be exploiting life upon this earth, but in ways more subtle, and in orderly, or organized fashion.

We have noticed, in investigating obscure, or occult, phenomena, or alleged phenomena, that sometimes in matters that are now widely supposed to be rank superstitions, orthodox scientists are not so uncompromising in their oppositions, as are those who have not investigated. In the *New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal*, April, 1894, is an account of a case of "spontaneous combustion of human bodies." The account is by Dr. Adrian Hava, not as observed by him, but as reported by his father. In *Science*, 10-100, is quoted a paper that was read by Dr. B. H. Hartwell, of Ayer, Mass., before the Massachusetts Medico-Legal Society. It was Dr. Hartwell's statement that, upon May 12, 1890, while driving through a forest, near Ayer, he had been called, and, going into the wood, saw, in a clearing, the crouched form of a woman. Fire which was not from clothing, was consuming the shoulders, both sides of the abdomen, and both legs. See Dr. Dixon Mann's *Forensic Medicine* (edition of 1922), p. 216. Here, cases are told of and are accepted as veritable— such as the case of a woman, consumed so by fire that on the floor of her room there was only a pile of calcined bones left of her. The fire, if in an ordinary sense it was fire, must have been of the intensity of a furnace: but a table cloth, only three feet from the pile of cinders, was unscorched. There are other such records.

I think that our data relate, not to "spontaneous combustion of human bodies," but to things, or beings, that, with a flaming process, consume men and women, but, like werewolves, or alleged werewolves, mostly pick out women. Occurrences of this winter of 1904-5 again. Early in February, in London, a woman, who was sitting asleep, before a fire in a grate, awoke, finding herself flaming. A commonplace explanation would seem to be

sufficient: nevertheless it is a story of “mysterious burns,” as worded in *Lloyd’s Weekly News*, February 5. A coroner had expressed an inability to understand. In commenting upon the case, the corner had said that a cinder might have shot from the grate, igniting this woman’s clothes, but that she had been sitting, facing the fire, and that the burns were on her back.

Upon the morning of February 26th (*Hampshire Advertiser*, March 4) at Butlock Heath, near Southampton, neighbors of an old couple, named Kiley, heard a scratching sound. They entered the house, and found it in flames, inside. Kiley was found, burned to death, on the floor. Mrs. Kiley, burned to death, was sitting in a chair, in the same room, “badly charred, but recognizable.”

A table was overturned, and a broken lamp was on the floor.

So there seems to be an obvious explanation. But, at the inquest, it was said that an examination of this lamp showed that it could not have caused the fire. The verdict was: “Accidental death, but by what means, they (the jury) were unable to determine.”

Both bodies had been fully dressed, “judging by fragments of clothes.” This indicates that the Kileys had been burned before their time for going to bed. Hours later, the house was in flames. At the inquest, the mystery was that two persons, neither of whom had cried for help, presumably not asleep in an ordinary sense, should have been burned to death in a fire that did not manifest as a general fire, until hours later.

Something had overturned a table. A lamp was broken.

Again the phenomenon of scene-shifting—

Soon after the killing of poultry ceased, near Newcastle, there were uncanny occurrences upon Binbrook Farm, near Great Grimsby. There is an account, in the *Jour. S. P. R.*, 12-138, by the Rev. A. C. Custance, of Binbrook Rectory. There was no confession, this time, but this time the girl in the case—the young housemaid again—was in no condition to be dragged to a police station. It will not be easy to think that it was trickery by the girl in this case. The story is that objects were thrown about rooms: that three times, near “a not very good, or big, fire,” things burst into flames, and that finally a servant girl was burned, or was attacked by something that burned her. In the *Liverpool Echo*, January 25, is published a letter from a school teacher of Bin-brook, in which it is said that a blanket had been found burning in a room in which there was no fireplace. According to the

report by Col. Taylor, to the S. P. R., the first manifestations occurred upon the 31st of December.

Something was killing chickens, in the farm yard, and in the henhouse. All were killed in the same way. A vampirish way? Their throats were torn.

I go to a newspaper for an account of phenomena, at Binbrook. The writer was so far from prejudice in favor of occult phenomena, that he began by saying: "Superstition dies hard." In the *Louth and North Lincolnshire News,* January 28, he tells of objects that unaccountably fell from shelves in the farmhouse, and of mysterious transportations of objects, "according to allegations." "A story that greatly dismays the unsophisticated is that of the servant girl, who, while sweeping the floor, was badly burned on the back. This is how the farmer relates it: 'Our servant girl, whom we had taken from the workhouse, and who had neither kin nor friend in the world that she knows of, was sweeping the kitchen. There was a very small fire in the grate: there was a guard there, so that no one can come within two feet or more of the fire, and she was at the other end of the room, and had not been near. I suddenly came into the kitchen, and there she was, sweeping away, while the back of her dress was afire. She looked around, as I shouted, and, seeing the flames, rushed through the door. She tripped, and I smothered the fire out with wet sacks. But she was terribly burned, and she is at the Louth Hospital, now, in terrible pain.'

"This last sentence is very true. Yesterday our representative called at the hospital, and was informed that the girl was burnt extensively on the back, and lies in a critical condition. She adheres to the belief that she was in the middle of the room, when her clothes ignited."

A great deal, in trying to understand this occurrence, depends upon what will be thought of the unseen killing of chickens—

"Out of 250 fowls, Mr. White says that he has only 24 left. They have all been killed in the same weird way. The skin around the neck, from the head to the breast, has been pulled off, and the windpipe drawn from its place and snapped. The fowl house has been watched night and day, and, whenever examined, four or five birds would be found dead."

In London, a woman sat asleep, near a grate, and something, as if taking advantage of this means of commonplace explanation, burned her, behind her. Perhaps a being, of incendiary appetite, had crept up behind her, but I had no data upon which so to speculate. But, if we accept that, at Binbrook Farm, something was savagely killing chickens, we accept that whatever we

mean by a *being* was there. It seems that, in the little time taken by the farmer to put out the fire of the burning girl, she could not have been badly scorched. Then the suggestion is that, unknown to her, something behind her was burning her, and that she was unconscious of her own scorching flesh. All the stories are notable for absence of outcry, or seeming unconsciousness of victims that something was consuming them.

The town of Market Rasen is near Binbrook Farm. The address of the clergyman who reported, to the S. P. R., the fires and the slaughterings of chickens, upon the farm, is "Binbrook Rectory, Market Rasen." Upon January 16th, as told in the *Louth and North Lincolnshire News*, January 21, there was, in a chicken house, at Market Rasen, a fire in which 57 chickens were consumed. Perhaps a fire in a chicken house is not much of a circumstance to record, but I note that it is said that how this fire started could not be found out.

The girl of Binbrook Farm was taken to the Louth Hospital. In *Lloyd's Weekly News*, February 5, there is an account of "mysterious burns." It is the case of Ashton Clodd, a man aged 75, who, the week before, had died in the Louth Hospital. It is said that he had fallen into a grate, while putting coals in it, and that, for some reason, probably because of his rheumatism, had been unable to rise, and had been fatally burned. But a witness at the inquest is quoted: "If there was a fire in the fireplace, it was very little."

All around every place that we have noted, the revival was simmering, seething, or raging. In Leeds, women, who said that they were directed by visions, stood in the streets, stopping cars, trying to compel passengers to join them. A man in Tunbridge Wells, taking an exhortation literally, chopped his right hand off. "Holy dancers" appeared in London. At Driffield, someone led a procession every night, trundling his coffin ahead of him. And all this in England. And, in England, it is very much the custom to call attention to freaks and extravagances in other parts of the world, or more particularly in one other part of the world, as if only there occurred all the freaks and extravagances. Riots broke out in Liverpool, where the revivalists, with a mediaeval enthusiasm, attacked Catholics. The Liverpool City Council censured "certain so-called religious meetings, which create danger to life and property." Also at South-end, there were processions of shouters, from which rushed missionaries to slug Catholics, and to sling bricks at houses in which lived Catholics. In the *Liverpool Echo*, February 6, is quoted a magistrate, who said to a complainant, who, because of

differences in a general doctrine of loving one's neighbors, had been assaulted: "When you see one of these processions, you should run away, as you would from a mad bull."

Upon all the occurrences that we have noted was the one enveloping phenomenon of the revival. There is scarcely a place that I have mentioned, in any of the accounts, that was unagitated.

Why is it that youngsters have so much to do with psychic phenomena? I have gone into that subject, according to my notions. Well, then, when a whole nation, or hosts of its people, goes primitive, or gives in to atavism, or reverts religiously, it may be that conditions arise that are susceptible to phenomena that are repelled by matured mentality. A hard-headed materialist says, dogmatically: "There are no occult phenomena." Perhaps he is right about this, relatively to himself. But what he says may not apply to children. When, at least to considerable degree, a nation goes childish with mediaevalism, it may bring upon itself an invasion of phenomena that in the middle ages were common, but that were discouraged, or alarmed, and were driven more to concealment, when minds grew up somewhat.

If we accept that there is Teleportation, and that there are occult beings, that is going so far that we may as well consider the notion that, to stop inquiry, a marauding thing, to divert suspicion, teleported from somewhere in Central Europe, a wolf to England: or that there may be something of the nature of an occult police force, which checks mischief and slaughter by the criminals of its kind, and takes teleportative means to remove suspicion—often solving one problem, only by making another, but relying upon conventionalizations of human thought to supply cloakery.

The killing of poultry—the body on the railroad line—stoppage— scene-shifting.

The killing of sheep—the body on the railroad line—stoppage—

Farm and Home, March 16—that hardly had the wolf been killed, at Cumwinton, in the north of England, when farmers, in the south of England, especially in the districts between Tunbridge and Seven Oaks, Kent, began to tell of mysterious attacks upon their flocks. "Sometimes three or four sheep would be found dying in one flock, having in nearly every case been bitten in the shoulder and disemboweled. Many persons had caught sight of the animal, and one man had shot at it. The inhabitants were living in a state of terror, and so, on the first of March, a search party

of 60 guns beat the woods, in an endeavor to put an end to the depredations."

A big dog? Another *malmoot?* Nothing?

"This resulted in its being found and dispatched by one of Mr. R. K. Hodgson's gamekeepers, the animal being pronounced, on examination, to be a jackal."

The story of the shooting of a jackal, in Kent, is told in the London newspapers. See the *Times,* March 2. There is no findable explanation, nor attempted explanation, of how the animal got there. Beyond the mere statement of the shooting, there is not another line upon this extraordinary appearance of an exotic animal in England, findable in any London newspaper. It was in provincial newspapers that I came upon more of this story.

Blyth News, March 14—"The Indian jackal, which was killed recently, near Seven Oaks, Kent, after destroying sheep and game to the value of £100, is attracting attention in the shop windows of a Derby taxidermist."

Derby Mercury, March 15—that the body of this jackal was upon exhibition in the studio of Mr. A. S. Hutchinson, London Road, Derby.

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IN every organism, there are, in its governance as a whole, mysterious transportations of substances and forces, sometimes in definite, circulatory paths, and sometimes specially, for special needs. In the organic view, Teleportation is a distributive force that is acting to maintain the balances of a whole; with the seeming wastefulness sometimes, and niggardliness sometimes, of other forces: providing, or sometimes providing, new islands with vegetation, and new ponds with fishes: Edens with Adams, and Adams with Eves; always dwindling when other mechanisms become established, but surviving sporadically.

Our expression is that once upon a time, showers of little frogs were manifestations of organic intelligence, in the choice of creatures that could survive, in the greatest variety of circumstances, if indefinitely translated from place to place. They'd survive in water, or on land; in warmth, or in coldness. But, if organic intelligence is like other intelligence, there is no understanding it, except as largely stupid; and, if it keeps on sending little frogs to places where they're not wanted, we human phenomena cheer up, thinking of the follies of Existence, itself. I have never done foolisher, myself, than did Nature when it, or she—probably she—fatally loaded the tusks of mammoths, and planted a tree on the head of the Irish elk, losing species for the sake of displays. By intelligence I mean nothing that can be thought of as exclusively residing in, or operating in, brain substance: I mean equilibration, or adaptation, which pervades all phenomena. The scientific intelligence in human brains, and the physiologic intelligence that pervades the bodies of living things, wisely-foolishly acts to solve problems, and somewhere in the beauty of a theorem, or of a peacock, lurks the grotesque. When Nature satisfies us critics with such a graceful stroke as a swimming seal, she fumbles her seal on land.

But there is another view. We apologizing theologians always have another view. Cleverness and stupidity are relative, and what is said to be stupidity has functional value. To keep on sending little frogs, where, so far as can be seen, there is no need for little frogs, is like persistently, if not

brutally, keeping right on teaching Latin and Greek, for instance. What's that for? Most of the somewhat good writers know little of either. According to my experience, both of these studies, if at all extended, are of no active value, except to somebody who wants to write up to the highest and noblest standards of the past, and considers himself literary. But this is an expression upon the functions of stupidity. It is likely that showers of little frogs, and the vermiform appendix, and classical studies are necessary for the preservation of continuity between the past and the present. Some persons, who know nothing about it, must for ages go on piously believing in Sir Isaac Newton's doctrine. People who go to fortune tellers and people who go to church are functioning conservatives. If the last platypus or the last churchgoer should die off, there would be broken continuity. It would be a crack in existence. Perhaps to this day, a chink is stuffed with iguanas, which are keeping alive the dinosaur-strain. Why is it that, when one's mind is not specializing upon anything, it is given to recalling past experiences? It is preserving continuity with the past, or is preserving whatever one can be thought of, as having, of identity. We shall have instances of the interruption of this process, in human minds. Perhaps if Existence should stop sending little frogs, and stop teaching Latin and Greek, a whole would be in a state of amnesia. Our expression is that Teleportation is enormously useful to life upon this earth, but our data have been, and for a while will continue to be, mostly of its vagaries, or its conservations.

If our existence is an organism, it would seem that it must be one of the most notorious old rascals in the cosmos. It is a fabric of lies. Everywhere it conjures up appearances of realness and finality and trueness—words that I use as synonyms for one state—and then, when examined, everything is found not to be real, or final, or true, but to be depending upon something else, or some other chimera, merging away, and losing its appearance of individuality, into everything else, or every other fraud. That this pseudo-individualizing may in some cases realize itself is a view that I am not taking up in this book. Here it is our concern to find out, if we think we can, whether we be the phenomena of an organism, or not. Whether that organism be producing something, or be graduating realness out of the phenomenal, is a question that I shall take up some other time.

Imposture pervades all things phenomenal. Everything is a mirage. Nevertheless, accepting that there is continuity, I cannot accept that anybody ever has been an absolute impostor. If he's a Tichborne Claimant,

after a while he thinks that there may be some grounds for his claims. If good and evil are continuous, any crime can be linked with any virtue. Imposture merges away into self-deception so that only relatively has there ever been an impostor.

Every scientist who has played a part in any developing science has, as can be shown, if he's been dead long enough, by comparing his views with more modern views, deceived himself. But there have been cases that look more flagrant. To what degree did Haeckel doctor illustrations in his book, to make a theory work out right? What must one think of Prof. Kammerer? In August, 1926, he was accused of faking what he called acquired characters on the feet of toads. In September, he shot himself. The only polite way of explaining Prof. Smyth, Astronomer Royal of Scotland, who founded a cult upon his measurements of the Great Pyramid, is to say that his measuring rod must have slipped. If in his calculations, Prof. Einstein made the error that two distinguished mathematicians say he made, but, if eclipses came out, as they should come out, as reported by astronomers who did not know of the error, there is very good encouragement for anybody to keep on deceiving himself.

I can draw no line between imposture and self-deception. I can draw no line between anything phenomenal and anything else phenomenal, even though I accept that also there are lines. But there are scientists who have deceived others so rankly that it seems an excess of good manners to say that also they deceived themselves. If among scientists there have been instances of rank imposture, we shall expect to come upon much imposture in our data of irresponsible persons. The story told by Prof. Martino-Fusco, of Naples, when, in August, 1924, he announced that he had discovered the 109 missing volumes of Livy's *History of Rome,* is not commonly regarded as imposture, because when the Professor could not produce the missing volumes, his explanation that he had been indiscreet was published and accepted. This scientist's indiscretion was glossed over, as in the time of full power of the preceding orthodoxy, the indiscretion of any priest was hushed up. The impression went abroad that all that was wrong was that the Professor had been too ardent, or so hopeful of finding the books that prematurely he had announced having found them. But there are other impressions. They are of credulous American millionaires, and of the unexpected interest that the Italian Government showed in the matter.

What about the other Professors, who told that they had seen the volumes? See *Current Literature,* 77-594. Here is published a *facsimile* of four lines, which Dr. Max Funcke said that he had copied from one of the manuscripts, which according to Prof. Fusco's explanation, he had only hoped to find. I can find no explanation by Dr. Funcke.

One explanation is that perhaps there was not forgery, and that perhaps the volumes were found, and by evasion of representatives of the Italian Government, are in the collection of a silent, American millionaire, today. But I do not think that collectors care much for treasures that they can't tell about.

The tale of an itch—Dr. Grimme and the inscribed stone—and the irritation it was to a pious Professor, until he was able to translate it, as it should be translated. In the year 1923, Dr. Grimme, Professor of Semitic Languages, at the University of Munich, sent out good cheer to the faithful. God, who had been doing poorly, got a boost. Dr. Grimme announced that, from an inscribed stone, which had been discovered in a temple, at Sinai, he had deciphered the story of the rescue of the infant Moses, from the Nile, by an Egyptian Princess.

London *Observer,* Oct. 25, 1925—a letter from Sir Flinders Petrie —that Dr. Grimme had made his translation by adding cracks in the stone, and some of its weather marks, to the hieroglyphics— that, in one division of the inscription he had "translated" as many scratches as he had veritable characters, to make the thing come out right.

If Dr. Grimme alleviated an itch with scratches, that is the temporary way by which problems always have been said to be solved.

Only to be phenomenal is to be at least questionable. Any scientist who claims more is trying to register divinity. If Life cannot be positively differentiated from anything else, the appearance of Life itself is deception. If, in mentality, there is no absolute dividing-line between intellectuality and imbecility, all wisdom is partly idiocy. The seeker of wisdom departs more and more from the state of the idiot, only to find that he is returning. Belief after belief fades from his mind: so his goal is the juncture of two obliterations. One is of knowing nothing, and the other is of knowing that there is nothing to know.

But here are we, at present not so wise as no longer to have ideas. Suppose we accept that anything phenomenal ever has developed, though only relatively, into considerable genuineness, or a good deal of a look of

genuineness, so long as it is not examined. But it began in what we call fraudulency. Everybody who can exceptionally do anything, began with a pose, with false claims, and with extreme self-deception. Our expression is that, in human affairs, rank imposture is often a sign of incipiency, or that astrologers, alchemists, and spiritualistic mediums are forerunners of what we shall have to call *values,* if we can no longer believe in *truths.* It could be that, with our data, we tell of nothing but lies, and at the same time be upon the track of future values.

Snails, little frogs, seals, reindeer have mysteriously appeared.

The standardized explanation of mysterious human strangers, who have appeared at points upon this earth, acting as one supposes inhabitants of some other world would act, if arriving here, or acting as inhabitants of other parts of this earth, transported in a state of profound hypnosis, would probably act, is that of imposture. Having begun with a pretty liberal view of the prevalence of impostors, I am not going much to say that the characters of our data were not impostors, but am going to examine the reasons for saying that they were. If, except fraudulently, some of them never have been explained conventionally, we are just where we are in everything else that we take up, and that is in the position of having to pretend to think for ourselves.

The earliest of the alleged impostors in my records—for which, though not absolutely, I draw a dead line at the year 1800—is the *Princess Caraboo,* if not Mary Willcocks, though possibly Mrs. Mary Baker, but perhaps Mrs. Mary Burgess, who, the evening of April 3, 1817, appeared at the door of a cottage, near Bristol, England, and in an unknown language asked for food.

But I am not so much interested in whether the *Princess,* or Mary, was a rascal, as I am in the reasons for saying that she was. It does not matter whether we take up a theorem in celestial mechanics, or the case of a girl who jabbered, we come upon the bamboozlements by which conventional thought upon this earth is made and preserved.

The case of the angles in a triangle that equal two right angles has never been made out: no matter what refinements of measurement would indicate, ultra-refinement would show that there had been errors. Because of continuity, and because of discontinuity, nothing has ever been proved. If only by making a very bad error to start with, Prof. Einstein’s prediction of the curvature of lights worked out as it should work out, we suspect, before

taking up the case of the *Princess Caraboo* that the conventional conclusion in her case was a product of mistakes.

That the *Princess Caraboo* was an impostor—first we shall take up the case, as it has been made out:

London *Observer,* June 10, 1923—that the girl, who spoke unintelligibly, was taken before a magistrate, Samuel Worrall, of Knowle Park, Bristol, who, instead of committing her as a vagrant, took her to his home. It is not recorded just what Mrs. Worrall thought of that. It is recorded that the girl was at least what is said to be "not unprepossessing." When questioned the "mysterious stranger" wrote in unknown characters, many of which looked like representations of combs. Newspaper correspondents interviewed her. She responded with a fluency of "combs," and a smattering of "bird cages" and "frying pans." The news spread, and linguists traveled far to try their knowledge, and finally one of them was successful. He was "a gentleman from the East Indies," and, speaking in the Malay language to the girl, he was answered. To him she told her story. Her name was *Caraboo,* and one day while walking in her garden in Java, she was seized by pirates, who carried her aboard a vessel, from which, after a long imprisonment, she escaped to the coast of England. The story was colorful with details of Javanese life. But then Mrs. Willcocks, not of Java, but of a small town in Devonshire, appeared and identified her daughter Mary. Mary broke down and confessed. She was not prosecuted for her imposture: instead, Mrs. Worrall was so kind as to pay her passage to America.

Mostly our concern is in making out that this case was not made out—or, more widely, that neither this nor any other case ever has been made out—but I notice a little touch of human interest entering here. I notice that we feel a disappointment, because Mary broke down and confessed. We much prefer to hear of impostors who stick to their impostures. If no absolute line can be drawn between morality and immorality, I can show, if I want to, that this touch of rascality in all of us—or at any rate in me—is a virtuous view, instead. So when an impostor sticks to his imposture, and we are pleased, it is that we approve a resolutely attempted consistency, even when applied to a fabric of lies.

Provided I can find material enough, I can have no trouble in making it appear "reasonable," as we call it, to accept that Mary, or the *Princess,* confessed, or did not confess, or questionably confessed.

Chambers' Journal, 66-753—that *Caraboo,* the impostor, had told her story of alleged adventures, in the Malay language.

Farther along, in this account—that the girl had spoken in an unknown language.

This is an inconsistency worth noting. We're on the trail of bamboozlement, though we don't have to go away back to the year 1817 to get there. We hunt around. We come upon a pamphlet, entitled *Caraboo,* published by J. M. Cutch, of Bristol, in the year 1817. We learn in this account, which is an attempt to show that *Caraboo* was unquestionably an impostor, that it was not the girl, but the "gentleman from the East Indies," whose name was Manuel Eyenesso, who was the impostor, so far as went the whole Javanese story. To pose as a solver of mysteries, he had pretended that to his questions, the girl was answering him in the Malay language, and pretending to translate her gibberish, he had made up a fanciful story of his own.

Caraboo had not told any story, in any known language, about herself. Her writings were not in Malay characters. They were examined by scientists, who could not identify them. Specimens were sent to Oxford, where they were not recognized. Consequently, the "gentleman from the East Indies" disappeared. We are told in the pamphlet that every Oxford scholar who examined the writings, "very properly and without a moment's hesitation, pronounced them to be humbug." That is swift propriety.

If the elaborate story of the Javanese Princess had been attributed to a girl who had told no understandable story of any kind, it seems to us to be worth while to look over the equally elaborate confession, which has been attributed to her. It may be that regretfully we shall have to give up a notion that a girl had been occultly transported from the planet Mars, or from somewhere up in Orion or Leo, but we are seeing more of the wavs of suppressing mysteries, The mad fishmonger of Worcester shovels his periwinkles everywhere.

According to what is said to be the confession, the girl was Mary Willcocks, born in the village of Witheridge, Devonshire, in the year 1791, from which at the age of 16 she had gone to London, where she had married twice. It is a long, detailed story. Apparently the whole story of Mary's adventures, from the time of her departure from Witheridge, to the time of her arrival in Bristol, is told in what is said to be the confession. Everything is explained—and then too much is explained. We come to a question that

would be an astonisher, if we weren't just a little sophisticated, by this time —

By what freak of accomplishment did a Devonshire girl learn to speak Javanese?

The author of the confession explains that she had picked up with an East Indian, who had taught her the language.

If we cannot think that a girl, who had not even pretended to speak Javanese, would explain how she had picked up Javanese, it is clear enough that this part of the alleged confession is forgery. I explain it by thinking that somebody had been hired to write a confession, and with too much of a yarn for whatever skill he had, had overlooked the exposed imposture of the "gentleman from the East Indies."

All that I can make of the story is that a girl mysteriously appeared. It cannot be said that her story was imposture, because she told no intelligible story. It may be doubted that she confessed, if it be accepted that at least part of the alleged confession was forgery. Her mother did not go to Bristol and identify her, as, for the sake of a neat and convincing finish, the conventionalized story goes. Mrs. Worrall told that she had gone to Witheridge, where she had found the girl's mother, who had verified whatever she was required to verify. *Caraboo* was shipped away on the first vessel that sailed to America; or, as told in the pamphlet, Mrs. Worrall, with forbearance and charity, paid her passage far away. In Philadelphia, somebody took charge of her affairs, and, as if having never heard that she was supposed to have confessed, she gave exhibitions, writing in an unknown language. And I wouldn't give half this space to the story of the *Princess Caraboo,* were it not for the epitomization, in her story, of all history. If there be God, and if It be ubiquitous, there must be a jostle of ubiquities because the Fishmonger of Worcester, too, is everywhere.

I should like to think that inhabitants of other worlds, or other parts of one existence, have been teleported to this earth. How I'd like it, if I were teleported the other way, has nothing to do with what I'd like to think has befallen somebody else. But I can't say that our own stories, anyway so far, have the neat and convincing finish of the conventional stories. Toward the end of the year 1850, a stranger, or I should say a "mysterious stranger," was found wandering in a village near Frankfort-on-the-Oder. How he got there, nobody knew. See the *Athenaeum,* April 15, 1851. We are told that his knowledge of German was imperfect. If the imperfections were filled

out by another Manuel Eyenesso, I fear me that suggestions of some new geographical, or cosmographical, knowledge can't develop. The man was taken to Frankfort where he told his story, or where, to pose as a linguist, somebody told one for him. It was told that his name was Joseph Vorin, and that he had come from *Laxaria. Laxaria* is in *Sakria,* and *Sakria* is far from Europe—"beyond vast oceans."

In the London *Daily Mail,* Sept. 18, 1905, and following issues, are accounts of a young man who had been arrested in Paris, charged with vagrancy. It was impossible to understand him. In vain had he been tried with European and Asiatic languages, but, by means of signs, he had made known that he had come from *Lisbian. Eisar* was the young man's word for a chair: a table was a *lotoba,* and his *sonar* was his nose. Mr. George R. Sims, well-known criminologist, as well as a story writer, took the matter up scientifically. As announced by him, the mystery had been solved by him. The young man, an impostor, had transposed letters, in fashioning his words. So the word *raise,* transposed, becomes *eisar.* But what has a raise to do with a chair? It is said that true science is always simple. A chair raises one, said Mr. Sims, simply. Now take the word *sonar.* As we see, when Mr. Sims points it out to us, that word is a transposition of the word *snore,* or is almost. That's noses, or relation to noses.

The criminologists are not banded like some scientists. In Paris, the unbanded wisemen said that Mr. Sims' transpositions were far-fetched. With a freedom that would seem reckless to more canny scientists, or without waiting three or four months to find out what each was going to say, they expressed opinions. The savants at Glozel, in the year 1927, were cannier, but one can't say that their delays boosted the glories of science. One of the wisemen of Paris, who accused Mr. Sims of fetching too far, was the eminent scientist, M. Haag. "Take the young man's word *Odir,* for *God,"* said M. Haag: "transpose that, and we have *Dio,* or very nearly. *Dio* is Spanish for *God.* The young man is Spanish." Another distinguished wiseman was M. Roty. He rushed into print, while M. Haag was still explaining. "Consider the word *sacar,* for *house,"* said M. Roty. "Unquestionably we have a transposition of the word *casa,* with a difference of only one letter, and *casa* is Italian for *house.* The young man is Italian." *Le Temps,* September 18— another wiseman, a distinguished geographer, this time, identified the young man as one of the Russian Doukhobors.

Where would we be, and who would send the young ones to school, if all the other wisemen of our tribes had such independence? If it were not for a conspiracy that can be regarded as nothing short of providential, so that about what is taught in one school is taught in the other schools, one would spend one's lifetime, learning and unlearning, in school after school. As it is, the unlearning can be done, after leaving one school.

The young man was identified by the police, as Rinaldo Agostini, an Austrian, whose fingerprints had been taken several times before, somewhere else, when he had been arrested for vagrancy.

Whether the police forced this mystery to a pseudo-conclusion, or not, a suggestive instance is told of, in the London *Daily Express*, Oct. 16, 1906. A young woman had been arrested in Paris, charged with picking pockets, and to all inquiries she answered in an unknown language. Interpreters tried her with European and Asiatic languages, without success, and the magistrate ordered her to be kept under surveillance, in a prison infirmary. Almost immediately, watchers reported that she had done exactly what they wanted to report that she had done—that she had talked in her sleep, not mumbling in any way that might be questionable, but speaking up "in fluent French, with the true Parisian accent." If anybody thinks that this book is an attack upon scientists, as a distinct order of beings, he has a more special idea of it than I have. As I'm seeing things, everybody's a scientist.

If there ever have been instances of teleportations of human beings from somewhere else to this earth, an examination of inmates of infirmaries and workhouses and asylums might lead to some marvelous astronomical disclosures. I suppose I shall be blamed for a new nuisance, if after the publication of these notions, mysterious strangers start cropping up, and when asked about themselves, point up to Orion or Andromeda. Suppose any human being ever should be translated from somewhere else to this earth, and should tell about it. Just about what chance would he have for some publicity? I neglected to note the date, but early in the year 1928, a man did appear in a town in New Jersey, and did tell that he had come from the planet Mars. Wherever he came from, everybody knows where he went, after telling that.

But, if human beings ever have been teleported to this earth from somewhere else, I should think that their clothes, different in cut and texture, would attract attention. Clothes were thought of by Manuel Eyenesso. He pretended that *Caraboo* had told him that, before arriving in

Bristol, she had exchanged her gold-embroidered, Javanese dress for English clothes. Whatever the significance may be, I have noted a number of “mysterious strangers,” or “wild men,” who were naked.

A case that is mysterious, and that may associate with other mysteries, was reported in the London newspapers (*Daily Mail*, April 2; *Daily News*, April 3, 1923). It was at the time that Lord Carnarvon was dying, in Cairo, Egypt, of a disease that physicians said was septic pneumonia, but that, in some minds, was associated with the opening of Tut-Ankh-Amen’s tomb. Upon Lord Carnarvon’s estate, near Newbury, Hampshire, a naked man was running wild, often seen, but never caught. He was first seen, upon March 17th. Upon March 17th, Lord Carnarvon fell ill, and he died upon April 5th. About April 5th, the wild man of Newbury ceased to be reported.

If human beings from somewhere else ever have been translated to this earth—

There are mysteries at each end, and in between, in the story of Gagliostro.

He appeared in London, and then in Paris, and spoke with an accent that never has been identified with any known language of this earth. If, according to most accounts of him, he was Joseph Balsamo, a Sicilian criminal, who, after a period of extraordinarily successful imposture, was imprisoned in Rome, until he died, that is his full life-story.

The vagueness of everything—and the merging of all things into everything else, so that stories that we, or some of us, have been taking, as “absolutely proved,” turned out to be only history, or merely science. Hosts of persons suppose that the exposure of Cagliostro, as an impostor, is as firmly, or rationally, established, as are the principles of geology, or astronomy. And it is my expression that they are right about this.

Wanted—well, of course, if we could find data to support our own notions—but, anyway, wanted—data for at least not accepting the conventionalized story of Cagliostro:

See Trowbridge’s story of Cagliostro. According to Trowbridge, the identification of Cagliostro was fraudulent. At the time of the *Necklace Affair*, the police of Paris, needing a scapegoat, so “identified” him, in order to discredit him, according to Trowbridge. No witness appeared, to identify him. There was no evidence, except that handwritings were similar. There was suggestion, in the circumstance that Balsamo had an uncle, whose name was Giuseppe Cagliostro. One supposes that a police official, whose

labors were made worth while by contributions from the doctors of Paris, searched records until he came upon an occurrence of the name of Cagliostro in the family of a criminal, and then went on from that finding. Then it was testified that the handwritings of Balsamo and Cagliostro were similar. For almost everybody's belief that of course Cagliostro was identified as Joseph Balsamo, there is no more than this for a base. In February, 1928, the New York newspapers told of a graphologist, who had refused to identify handwriting, according to the wishes of the side that employed him. According to all other cases that I have ever read of, anybody can get, for any handwriting, any identification that he pays for. If in any court, in any land, any scientific pronouncement should be embarrassing to anybody, that is because he has been too stingy to buy two expert opinions.

Cagliostro appeared, and nothing more definite can be said of his origin. He rose and dominated, as somebody from Europe, if transported to a South Sea Island, might be expected to capitalize his superiority. He was hounded by the medical wisemen, as Mes-mer was hounded by them, and as anybody who, today, would interfere with flows of fees, would be hounded by them. Whether in their behalf, or because commonplace endings of all mysteries must be published, we are told, in all conventional accounts, that Cagliostro was an impostor, whose full life-story is known, and is without mystery.

It is said that, except where women were concerned, where not much can be expected, anyway, Cagliostro had pretty good brains. Yet we are told that, having been identified as an Italian criminal, he went to Italy.

There are two accounts of the disappearance of Cagliostro. One is a matter of mere rumors: that he had been seen in Aix-les-Bains; that he had been seen in Turin. The other is a definite story that he went to Rome, where, as Joseph Balsamo, he was sent to prison. A few years later, when Napoleon's forces were in Rome, somebody went to the prison and investigated. Cagliostro was not there. Perhaps he had died.

16

HERE is the shortest story that I know of:

St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Nov. 2, 1886—a girl stepped from her home, to go to a spring.

Still, though we shall have details and comments, I know of many occurrences of which, so far as definitely finding out anything is concerned, no more than that can be told.

After all, I can tell a shorter story:

He walked around the horses.

Upon Nov. 25, 1809, Benjamin Bathurst, returning from Vienna, where, at the Court of the Emperor Francis, he had been representing the British Government, was in the small town of Perleberg, Germany. In the presence of his valet and his secretary, he was examining horses, which were to carry his coach over more of his journey back to England. Under observation, he walked around to the other side of the horses. He vanished. For details, see the *Cornhill Magazine*, 55-279.

I have not told much of the disappearance of Benjamin Bathurst, because so many accounts are easily available: but the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, in *Historic Oddities*, tells of a circumstance that is not findable in all other accounts that I have read. It is that, upon Jan. 23, 1810, in a Hamburg newspaper, appeared a paragraph, telling that Bathurst was safe and well, his friends having received a letter from him. But his friends had received no such letter. Wondering as to the origin of this paragraph, and the reason for it, Baring-Gould asks: “Was it inserted to make the authorities abandon the search?” Was it an inquiry-stopper? is the way I word this. Some writers have thought that, for political reasons, at the instigation of Napoleon Bonaparte, Bathurst was abducted. Bonaparte went to the trouble to deny that this was so.

In the *Literary Digest*, 46-922, it is said that the police records of London show that 170,472 persons mysteriously disappeared, in the years 1907-13, and that nothing had been found out, in 3,260 of the cases. Anybody who has an impression of 167,212 cases, all explained ordinarily, may not think

much of 3,260 cases left over. But some of us, now educated somewhat, or at least temporarily, by experience with pseudo-endings of mysteries, will question that the 167,212 cases were so satisfactorily explained, except relatively to not very exacting satisfactions. If it's a matter of re-marriage and collection of insurance, half a dozen bereft ones may "identify" a body found in a river, or cast up by the sea. They settle among themselves which shall marry again and collect. Naturally enough, wherever Cupid is, cupidity is not far away, and both haunt morgues. Whether our astronomical and geological and biological knowledge is almost final, or not, we know very little about ourselves. Some of us can't, or apparently can't, tell a husband or a wife from someone else's husband or wife. About the year 1920, in New York City, a woman, whose husband was in an insane asylum, was visited by a man, who greeted her fondly, telling her that he was her husband. She made everything cheerful and home-like for him. Some time later, she learned that her husband was still in the asylum. She seemed resentful about this, and got the other man arrested. Cynical persons will think of various explanations. I have notes upon another case. A man appeared and argued with a woman, whose husband was a sailor, that he was her husband. "Go away!" said she: "you are darker than my husband." "Ah!" said he: "I have had yellow fever." So she listened to reason, but something went wrong, and the case got into a police court.

Because of the flux and the variation of all supposed things, I typify all judgments in all matters—in trifles and in scientific questions that are thought to be of utmost importance—with this story of the woman and her uncertainties. If a husband, or a datum, would stay put, a mind, if that could be kept from varying, might be said to know him, or it, after a fashion.

There have been many mysterious disappearances of human beings. Here the situation is what it is in every other subject, or so-called subject, if there is no subject that has independent existence. Only those who know little of a matter can have a clear and definite opinion upon it. Whole civilizations have vanished. There are statistical reasons for doubting that five sixths of the Tribes of Israel once upon a time disappeared, but that is tradition, anyway. Historians tell us what became of the Jamestown Colonists, but what becomes of historians? Persons as well-known as Bathurst have disappeared. As to the disappearance of Conant, one of the editors of *Harper's Weekly,* see the New York newspapers beginning with Jan. 29, 1885. Nothing was found out. For other instances of well-known persons

who have disappeared, see the *New York Tribune,* March 29, 1903, and *Harper's Magazine,* 38-504.

Chicago Tribune, Jan. 5, 1900—"Sherman Church, a young man employed in the Augusta Mills (Battle Creek, Mich.) has disappeared. He was seated in the Company's office, when he arose and ran into the mill. He has not been seen since. The mill has been almost taken to pieces by the searchers, and the river, woods, and country have been scoured, but to no avail. Nobody saw Church leave town, nor is there any known reason for his doing so."

Because of the merging of everything—without entity, identity, or soul of its own—into everything else, anything, or what is called anything, can somewhat reasonably be argued any way. Anybody who feels so inclined will be as well justified, as anybody can be, in arguing about all mysterious disappearances, in terms of Mrs. Christie's mystery. In December, 1926, Mrs. Agatha Christie, a writer of detective stories, disappeared from her home in England. The newspapers, noting her occupation, commented good-naturedly, until it was reported that, in searching moors and forests and villages and towns, the police had spent £10,000. Then the frugal Englishmen became aware of the moral aspect of the affair, and they were severe. Mrs. Christie was found. But, according to a final estimate, the police had spent only £25. Then everybody forgot the moral aspect and was good-natured again. It was told that Mrs. Christie, in a hotel, somewhere else in England, having been keen about getting newspapers every morning, had appeared at the hotel, telling fictions about her identity. She was taken home by her husband. She remembered nobody, her friends said, but, thinking this over, they then said that she remembered nobody but her husband. Several weeks later, a new book by Mrs. Christie was published. It seems to have been a somewhat readable book, and was pleasantly reviewed by frugal Englishmen, who are very good-humored and tolerant, unless put to such expense as to make them severe and moral.

Late in the year 1913, Ambrose Bierce disappeared. It was explained. He had gone to Mexico, to join Villa, and had been killed at the Battle of Torreon. *New York Times*, April 3, 1915—mystery of Bierce's disappearance solved—he was upon Lord Kitchener's staff, in the recruiting service, in London. *New York Times,* April 7, 1915—no knowledge of Bierce, at the War Office, London. In March, 1920, newspapers published a dispatch from San Francisco, telling that Bierce had gone to Mexico, to

fight against Villa, and had been shot. It would be a fitting climax to the life of this broad-minded writer to be widely at work in London, while in Mexico, and to be killed while fighting for and against Villa. But that is pretty active for one, who, as Joseph Lewis French points out, in *Pearson's Magazine,* 39-245, was incurably an invalid and was more than seventy years old. For the latest, at this writing, see the *New York Times,* Jan. 1, 1928. Here there is an understandable explanation of the disappearance. It is that Bierce had criticized Villa.

London *Daily Chronicle*, Sept. 29, 1920—a young man, evening of September 27th, walking in a street, in South London—

Magic—houses melting—meadows appearing—

Or there was a gap between perceptions.

However he got there, he was upon a road, with fields around. The young man was frightened. He might be far away, and unable to return. It was upon a road, near Dunstable, 30 miles from London, and a policeman finding him exclaiming, pacing back and forth, took him to the station house. Here he recovered sufficiently to tell that he was Leonard Wadham, of Walworth, South London, where he was employed by the Ministry of Health. As to how he got to this point near Dunstable, he could tell nothing. Of a swish, nobody could tell much.

Early in the year 1905, there were many mysterious disappearances in England. See back to the chapter upon the extraordinary phenomena of this period. Here we have an account of one of them, which was equally a mysterious appearance. I take it from the *Liverpool Echo,* February 8. Upon the 4th of February, a woman was found, lying unconscious, upon the shore, near Douglas, Isle of Man. No one had seen her before, but it was supposed that she had arrived by the boat from England, upon the 3rd of February. She died, without regaining consciousness. There were many residents of the island, who had, in their various callings, awaited the arrival of this boat, and had, in their various interests, looked more than casually at the passengers: but 200 Manxmen visited the mortuary, and not one of them could say that he had seen this woman arrive. The news was published, and then came an inquiry from Wigan, Lancashire. A woman had "mysteriously disappeared" in Wigan, and by her description the body found near Douglas was identified as that of Mrs. Alice Hilton, aged 66, of Wigan. As told, in the *Wigan Observer,* somebody said that Mrs. Hilton had been last seen, upon February 2nd, on her way to Ince, near Wigan, to visit a cousin. But

nobody saw her leave Wigan, and she had no known troubles. According to the verdict, at the inquest, Mrs. Hilton had not been drowned, but had died of the effects of cold and exposure upon her heart.

I wonder whether Ambrose Bierce ever experimented with self-teleportation. Three of his short stories are of “mysterious disappearances.” He must have been uncommonly interested to repeat so.

Upon Sept. 4, 1905, London newspapers reported the disappearance, at Ballycastle, Co. Antrim, Ireland, of Prof. George A. Simcox, Senior Fellow of Queen’s College, Oxford. Upon August 28th, Prof. Simcox had gone for a walk, and had not returned. There was a search, but nothing was learned.

Several times before, Prof. Simcox had attracted attention by disappearing. The disappearance at Ballycastle was final.

17

AS interpreters of dreams, I can't say that we have ambitions, but I think of one dream that many persons have had, repeatedly, and it may have relation to our present subject. One is snoring along, amidst the ordinary marvels of dreamland —and there one is, naked, in a public place, with no impression of how one got there. I'd like to know what underlies the prevalence of this dream, and its disagreeableness, which varies, I suppose, according to one's opinion of oneself. I think that it is sub-conscious awareness of something that has often befallen human beings, and that in former times was commoner. It may be that occult transportations of human beings do occur, and that, because of their selectiveness, clothes are sometimes not included.

"Naked in the street—strange conduct by a strange man." See the *Chatham* (Kent, England) *News*, Jan. 10, 1914. Early in the evening of January 6th—"weather bitterly cold"—a naked man appeared, from nowhere that could be found out, in High Street, Chatham.

The man ran up and down the street, until a policeman caught him. He could tell nothing about himself. "Insanity," said the doctors, with their customary appearance of really saying something.

I accept that, relatively, there is insanity, though no definite lines can be drawn as to persons in asylums, persons not in asylums, and persons not yet in asylums. If by insanity is meant processes of thought that may be logical enough, but that are built upon false premises, what am I showing but the insanity of all of us? I accept that as extremes of the state that is common to all, some persons may be considered insane: but, according to my experience with false classifications, or the impossibility of making anything but false classifications, I suspect that many persons have been put away, as insane, simply because they were gifted with uncommon insights, or had been through uncommon experiences. It may be that, hidden under this cloakery, are the subject-matters of astonishing, new inquiries. There may be stories that have been told by alleged lunatics that some day will be listened to, and investigated, leading to extraordinary disclosures. In this

matter of insanity, the helplessness of science is notorious, though it is only of the helplessness of all science. Very likely the high-priced opinions of alienists are sometimes somewhat nearly honest: but, as in every other field of so-called human knowledge, there is no real standard to judge by: there is no such phenomenon as insanity, with the noumenal quality of being distinct and real in itself. If it should ever be somewhat difficult to arrange with professional wisemen to testify either for or against any person's sanity, I should have to think that inorganic science, in this field, may not be so indefinite.

This naked man of Chatham appeared suddenly. Nobody had seen him on his way to his appearing-point. His clothes were searched for, but could not be found. Nowhere near Chatham was anybody reported missing.

Little frogs, showers of stones, and falls of water—and they have repeated, indicating durations of transportory currents to persisting appearing-points, suggesting the existence of persisting disappearing-points somewhere else. There is an account, in the London *Times,* Jan. 30, 1874, of repeating disappearances of young men, in Paris. Very likely, as a development of feminism, there will be female Bluebeards, but I don't think of them away back in the year 1874. "In every case, their relatives and friends declare that they were unaware of any reason for evasion, and the missing persons seem to have left their homes for their usual avocations."

A field, somewhere near Salem, Va., in the year 1885—and that in this field there was a suction. In the *New York Sun,* April 25, 1885, it is said that Isaac Martin, a young farmer, living near Salem, Va., had gone into a field, to work, and that he had disappeared. It is said that in this region there had been other mysterious disappearances. In Montreal, in July and August, 1892, there were so many unaccountable disappearances that, in the newspapers, the headline "Another Missing Man" became common. In July, 1883, there was a similar series, in Montreal. London *Evening Star.* Nov. 2, 1926—"mysterious series of disappearances—eight persons missing, in a few days." It was in and near Southend. First went Mrs. Kathleen Munn, and her two small children. Then a girl aged 15—girl aged 16, girl aged 17, another girl aged 16. Another girl, Alice Stevens, disappeared. "She was found in a state of collapse, and was taken to hospital."

New York Sun, Aug. 14, 1902—disappearances, in about a week, of five men, in Buffalo, N. Y.

Early in August, 1895, in the city of Belfast, Ireland, a little girl named Rooney disappeared. Detectives investigated. While they were investigating, a little boy, named Webb, disappeared. Another child disappeared. September 10—disappearance of a boy, aged seven, named Watson. Two days later, a boy, named Brown, disappeared. See the *Irish News* (Belfast), September 20. In following issues of this newspaper, no more information is findable.

London *Daily Mirror,* Aug. 5, 1920—"Belfast police are in possession of the sensational news that eight girls, all under twelve years of age, are missing since last Monday, week, from the Newtownards-road, East Belfast."

In August, 1869, English newspapers reported disappearances of 13 children, in Cork, Ireland. I take from the *Tiverton Times,* August 31. It may be that the phenomenon cannot be explained in terms of local kidnapers, because somewhere else, at the same time, children were disappearing. London *Daily News,* August 31—excitement in Brussels, where children were disappearing.

Five "wild men" and a "wild girl" appeared in Connecticut, about the first of January, 1888. See the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat,* January 5, and the *New York Times,* Jan. 9, 1888.

I have records of six persons, who, between Jan. 14, 1920, and Dec. 9, 1923, were found wandering in or near the small town of Romford, Essex, England, unable to tell how they got there, or anything else about themselves. I have satisfactorily come upon no case in which somebody has stated that he was walking, say, in a street in New York, and was suddenly seized upon and set down somewhere, say in Siberia, or Romford. I have come upon many cases like that of a man who told that he was walking along Euston Road, London, and—but nine months later—when next he was aware of where he was, found himself working on a farm, in Australia. If human beings ever have been teleported, and, if some mysterious appearances of human beings be considered otherwise unaccountable, an effect of the experience is effacement of memory.

There have been mysterious appearances of children in every land. In India, the explanation of appearances of children of an unknown past is that they had been brought up by she-wolves.

There have been strange fosterings: young rabbits adopted by cats, and young pigs welcomed to strangely foreign founts. But these cases are of

maternal necessity, and of unlikely benevolence, and we're asked to believe in benevolent she-wolves. I don't deny that there is, to some degree, benevolence in wolves, cats, human beings, ants: but benevolence is erratic, and not long to be depended upon. Sometimes I am benevolent, myself, but pretty soon get over it. The helplessness of a human infant outlasts the suckling period of a wolf. How long do she-wolves, or any of the rest of us, keep on being unselfish, after nothing's made by unselfishness?

For an account of one of the later of the "wolf children" of India (year 1914) see *Nature,* 93-566. In the *Zoologist,* 3-12-87, is an account of a number of them, up to the year 1852. In the *Field,* Nov. 9, 1895, the story of the "wolf child" of Oude is told by an Assistant Commissioner, who had seen it. It was a speechless, little animal, about four years old. Policemen said that, in a wolf's den, they had found this child, almost devoid of human intelligence. The child grew up and became a policeman. In *Human Nature,* 7-302, is a story of two "wolf children" that were found at different times, near Agra, Northern India. Each was seven or eight years old. For a recent case, see the London *Observer,* Dec. 5, 1926. Hindus had brought two "wolf children," one aged two, and the other about eight years old, to the Midnapore Orphanage. The idea of abandonment of young idiots does not look so plausible, in cases of more than one child. Also, in a case of several children, a she-wolf would seem very graspingly unselfish. The children crawled about on all fours, ate only raw meat, growled, and avoided other inmates of the Orphanage. I suppose that they ate only raw meat, because to confirm a theory that was all they got.

London *Daily Mail,* April 6, 1927—another "wolf child"—boy aged seven—found in a cave, near Allahabad. For an instance that is the latest, at this writing, see the *New York Times,* July 16, 1927. Elephant youngsters and rhinoceros brats have still to be heard of, but, in the London *Morning Post,* Dec. 31, 1926, is a story of a "tiger child." A "leopard boy" and a "monkey girl" are told of, in the London *Observer,* April 10, 1927.

Our data are upon events that have astonished horses and tickled springboks. They have shocked policemen. I have notes upon an outbreak of ten "wild men," who appeared in different parts of England, in that period of extraordinary phenomena, the winter of 1904-5. One of them, of origin that could not be found out, appeared in a street in Cheadle. He was naked. An indignant policeman, trying to hang his overcoat about the man, tried to reason with him, but had the same old trouble that Euclid and

Newton and Darwin had, and that everybody else has, when trying to be rational, or when trying, in the inorganic, or scientific, way, to find a base to argue upon. I suppose the argument was something like this—

Wasn't he ashamed of himself?

Not at all. Some persons might have reasons for being ashamed of themselves, but he had no reason for being ashamed of himself. What's wrong with nakedness? Don't cats and horses and dogs go around without clothes on?

But they are clothed with natural, furry protections.

Well, Mexican dogs, then.

Let somebody else try—somebody who thinks that, as products of logic, the teachings of astronomy, biology, geology, or anything else are pretty nearly final, though with debatable minor points, to be sure. Try this simple, little problem to start with. Why shouldn't the man walk around naked? One is driven to argue upon the basis of conventionality. But we are living in an existence, which itself may be base, but in which there are not bases. Argue upon the basis of conventionality, and one is open to well-known counterarguments. What is all progress but defiance of conventionality?

The policeman, in Euclid's state of desperation, took it as self-evident disgracefulness. Euclid put theorems in bags. He solved problems by encasing some circumstances in an exclusion of whatever interfered with a solution. The policeman of Cheadle adopted the classical method. He dumped the "wild man" into a sack, which he dragged to the station house.

Another of these ten "wild men" spoke in a language that nobody had ever heard of before, and carried a book, in which were writings that could not be identified, at Scotland Yard. Like a traveler from far away, he had made sketches of things that he had seen along the roads. At Scotland Yard, it was said of the writings: "They are not French, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, Hungarian, Turkish. Neither are they Bohemian, Greek, Portuguese Arabic, Persian, Hebrew, nor Russian." See London newspapers, and the *East Anglian Daily Times*, Jan. 12, 1905.

I have come upon fragments of a case, which I reconstruct:

Perhaps in the year 1910, and perhaps not in this year, a Hindu magician teleported a boy from somewhere in England, perhaps from Wimbledon, London, perhaps not. The effect of this treatment was of mental obliteration; of profound hypnosis, or amnesia. The boy could learn, as if starting life anew, but mostly his memory was a void. Later the magician

was dying. He repented, and his problem was to restore the boy, perhaps not to his home, but to his native land. He could not tell of the occult transportation, but at first it seemed to him that nobody would believe a story of ordinary kidnaping. It would be a most improbable story: that, in London, a Hindu had kidnaped a boy, and on the way to India had spent weeks aboard a vessel with this boy, without exciting inquiry, and with ability to keep the boy from appealing to other passengers. Still, a story of kidnaping is a story in commonplace terms. No story of ordinary kidnaping could account for the boy's lapsed memory, but at the most some persons would think that some of the circumstances were queer, and would then forget the matter.

For fragments of this story, see *Lloyd's Sunday News* (London), Oct. 17, 1920. Sometime in the year 1917, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in Nepal, India, received a message from a native priest, who was dying, and wanted to tell something. With the priest was a well-grown boy. The priest told that, about the year 1910, in a street in Wimbledon (South London) he had kidnaped this boy. Details of a voyage to India not given. The boy was taken to Gorakapur, and was given employment in a railway workshop. He could speak a little English, but had no recollection of ever having been in England.

This is the account that the Society sent to its London representative, Mrs. Sanderson, Earl's Court, London. A confirmation of the story, by Judge Muir, of Gorakapur, was sent. Mrs. Sanderson communicated with Scotland Yard.

Lloyd's Sunday News, October 24—"boy not yet identified by Scotland Yard. An even more extraordinary development of the story is that quite a number of boys disappeared in Wimbledon, ten years ago." It is said that the police had no way of tracing the boy, because, in Scotland Yard, all records of missing children were destroyed, after a few years. I have gone through the *Wimbledon News*, for the year 1910, without finding mention of any missing child. Someone else may take a fancy to the job, for 1909, or 1911. In *Thomson's Weekly News*, Oct. 23, 1920, there are additional details. It is said that without doubt the boy was an English boy: as told by the priest, his Christian name was Albert.

Hants and Sussex News, Feb. 25, 1920—"one of the most sensational discoveries and most mysterious cases of tragedy that we have ever been

called upon to record"—a naked body of a man, found in a plowed field, near Petersfield, Hampshire, England.

The mystery is in that there had not been a murder. A body had not been thrown from a car into this field. Here had appeared a naked man, not in possession of his senses. He had wandered, and he had died. It was not far from a road, and was about a mile from the nearest house. Prints of the man's bare feet were traced to the road, and across the road into another field. Police and many other persons searched for clothes, but nothing was found. A photograph of the man was published throughout England, but nobody had seen him, clothed or unclothed, before the finding of the body. At the inquest, the examining physician testified that the body was that of a man, between 35 and 40; well-nourished, and not a manual worker; well-cared-for, judging from such particulars as carefully trimmed finger nails. There were scratches upon the body, such as would be made by bushes and hedges, but there was no wound attributable to a weapon, and in the stomach there was no poison, nor drug. Death had been from syncope, due to exposure. "The case remains one of the most amazing tragedies that could be conceived of."

This mystery did not immediately subside. From time to time there were comments in the newspapers. London *Daily News,* April 16—"Although his photograph has been circulated north, east, south, and west, throughout the United Kingdom, the police are still without a clew, and there is no record of any missing person, bearing the slightest resemblance to this man, presumably of education and good standing."

18

THERE was the case of Mrs. Guppy, June 3, 1871, for instance. As the spiritualists tell it, she shot from her home, in London. Several miles away, she flopped down through a ceiling. Mrs. Guppy weighed 200 pounds. But Mrs. Guppy was a medium. She was a prominent medium, and was well-investigated, and was, or therefore was, caught playing tricks, several times. I prefer to look elsewhere for yarns, or veritable accounts.

In the *New York World*, March 25, 1883, is told a story of a girl, the daughter of Jesse Miller, of Greenville Township, Somerset Co., Pa., who was transported several times, out of the house, into the front yard. But it was her belief that apparitions were around, and most of our data are not concerned with ghostly appearances.

As told in the *Cambrian Daily Leader* (Swansea, Wales), July 7, 1887, poltergeist phenomena were occurring in the home of the Rev. David Phillips, of Swansea. Sometime I am going to try to find out why so many of these disturbances have occurred in the homes of clergymen. Why have so many supposed spirits of the departed tormented clergymen? Perhaps going to heaven makes people atheists. However, I do not know that poltergeists can be considered spirits. It may be that many of our records—see phenomena of the winter of 1904-5—relate not to occult beings, as independent creatures, but to projected mentalities of living human beings. A woman of Mr. Phillips' household had been transported over a wall, and toward a brook, where she arrived in a "semiconscious condition." I note that, not in agreement with our notions upon teleportation, it was this woman's belief that an apparition had carried her. Mr. Phillips and his son, a Cambridge graduate, who had probably been brought up to believe in nothing of the kind, asserted that this transportation had occurred.

A great deal has been written upon the phenomena, or the alleged phenomena, of the Pansini boys. Their story is told in the *Occult Review,* 4-17. These boys, one aged seven, and the other aged eight, were sons of Mauro Pansini, an architect, of Bari, Italy. Their experiences, or their alleged experiences, began in the year 1901. "One day Alfredo and his

brother were at Ruvo, at 9 A.M., and at 9:30 A.M., they were found in the Capuchin Convent, at Malfatti, thirty miles away." In the *Annals of Psychic Science*, it is said that, about the last of January, 1901, the Pansini boys were transported from Ruvo to a relative's house, in Trani, arriving in a state of profound hypnosis. In volumes 2 and 3, of the *Annals*, a discussion of these boys continues.

But I haven't told the damnedest. Oh, well, we'll have the damnedest. A Mediterranean harbor—a man in a boat—and, like Mrs. Guppy, down the Pansini boys flop into his boat.

Into many minds flops this idea—"It isn't so much the preposterousness of this story alone: but, if we'd accept this, what else that would threaten all conventional teachings, would we be led into?"

I can't help arguing. I have cut down smoking some, and our home brew goes flat so often that at times I have gone without much of that, but I can't stop arguing. It has no meaning, but I argue that much that is commonplace today was once upon a time denounced from pulpits as the way to hell. For all I know, a couple of kids flopped into a boat. I don't feel hellish about it. The one thought that I do so little to develop is that if there be something that did switch the Pansini boys from place to place, it may be put to work, and instead of wharves and railroad stations, there may be built departing and receiving points for commodities, which may be "wished," as it were, from California to London. Let stockholders of transportation companies get ahold of this idea, and, if I'm not satisfied with having merely science and religion against me, I'll have opposition enough to suit anybody who can get along without popularity. Just at present, however, I am not selling short on New York Central.

Has anybody, walking along a street, casually looking at someone ahead of him, ever seen a human being vanish? It is a common experience to think that one has seen something like this occur. Another common experience, which has been theorized upon by James and other psychologists, is to be somewhere and have an uncanny feeling that, though so far as one knows, one was never there before, one, nevertheless, was at some time there. It may be that many persons have been teleported back and forth, without knowing it, or without having more than the dimmest impression of the experience.

But about walking along a street, and having a feeling that somebody has vanished—there have been definitely reported observations upon

disappearances. In these instances, the explanation has been that someone had seen a ghost, and that the ghost had vanished. We shall have accounts that look as if observers have seen, not ghosts, but beings like themselves, vanish.

In the *Jour: Soc. Psychical Research*, 11-189, is published a story by a painter, named John Osborne, living at 5 Hurst Street, Oxford, England. He said that, about the last of March, 1895, he was walking along a road to Wolverton, when he heard sounds of a horse's hoofs behind him, and, turning, saw a man on horseback, having difficulty in controlling his horse. He scurried out of the way, and, when safe, looked again. Horse and man had vanished. Then came the conventionalization, even though it would be widely regarded as an unorthodox conventionalization. It was said that, the week before, a man on horseback had been killed in this part of the road, and that the horse, badly injured, had been shot. Usually there is no use searching for anything further in a publication in which a conventionalization has appeared, but this instance is an exception. In the June number of the *Journal*, there is a correction: it is said that the accident with which this disappearance had been associated, had not occurred a week before, but years before, and was altogether different, having been an accident to a farmer in a hayfield. Several persons investigated, among them a magistrate, who wrote that he was convinced at least that Osborne thought that he had seen the "figures" disappear.

Well, then, why didn't I get a Wolverton newspaper, and even though it would be called "a mere coincidence" find noted the disappearance of somebody who had been last seen on horseback? I forget now why I did not, but I think it was because no Wolverton newspaper was obtainable. I haven't the item, but with all our experience with explanations, I should have the knack, myself, by this time. I think of a man on horseback, who was suddenly transported, but only a few miles. If, when he got back, he was a wise man on horseback, he got off the back of his horse and said nothing about this. Our general notion is that he would have been unconscious of the experience. Perhaps, if Osborne had lingered, he would have seen this man and his horse re-appear.

In the *Jour. S. P. R.*, 4-50, is a story of a young woman, who was more than casually looked at, near the foot of Milton Hill, Massachusetts. She vanished. She was seen several times. So this is a story of a place that was "haunted," and the "figure" was supposed to be a ghost. For a wonder there

was no story of a murder that was committed, years before, near this hill. For all I know, some young woman, living in Boston, New York, some distant place, may have had teleportative affinity with an appearing-point, or terminal of an occult current, at this hill, having been translated back and forth several times, without knowing it, or without being able to remember, or remembering dimly, thinking that it was a dream. Perhaps, sometime happening to pass this hill, by more commonplace means of transportation, she would have a sense of uncanny familiarity, but would be unable to explain, having no active consciousness of having ever been there before. Psychologists have noted the phenomenon of a repeating scene in different dreams, or supposed dreams. The phenomenon may not be of fancifulness, but of dim impressions of teleportations to one persisting appearing-point. A naïve, little idea of mine is that so many ghosts in white garments have been reported, because persons, while asleep, have been teleported in their nightclothes.

In *Real Ghost Stories*, published by the *Review of Reviews* (English), a correspondent tells of having seen a woman in a field, vanish. Like others who have had this experience, he does not say that he saw a woman vanish, but that he saw "a figure of a woman" vanish. He inquired for some occurrence by which to explain, and learned that somewhere in the neighborhood a woman had been murdered, and that her "figure" had haunted the place. In the *Proc. S. P. R.*, 10-98, someone tells of having walked, with her father, upon a sandy place, near Aldershot, hearing footsteps, turning, seeing a soldier. The footsteps suddenly ceased to be heard. She turned again to look. The soldier had vanished. This correspondent writes that her father never would believe anything except that it was "a real soldier, who somehow got away." In the *Occult Review*, 23-168, a correspondent writes that, while walking in a street in Twickenham, he saw, walking toward him, "a figure of a man." The "figure" turned and vanished, or "disappeared through a garden wall." This correspondent failed to learn of a murder that had been committed in the neighborhood, but, influenced by the familiar convention, mentions that there was an old dueling ground nearby.

The most circumstantial of the stories appears in the *Jour. S. P. R.*, November, 1893. Miss M. Scott writes that, upon the afternoon of the 7th of May, 1893, between five and six o'clock, she was walking upon a road, near St. Boswells (Roxburghshire) when she saw ahead of her a tall man,

who, dressed in black, looked like a clergyman. There is no assertion that this “figure” looked ghostly, and there is a little circumstance that indicates that the “figure,” or the living being, was looked at more than casually. Having considerable distance to go, Miss Scott started to run: but it occurred to her that it would not be dignified to run past this stranger: so she stood still, to let the distance increase. She saw the clerical-looking man turn a corner of the road, the upper part of his body visible above a low hedge—”he was gone in an instant.” Not far beyond this vanishing point, Miss Scott met her sister, who was standing in the road, looking about her in bewilderment, exclaiming that she had seen a man disappear, while she was looking at him.

One of our present thoughts is that teleportations, back and forth, often occur. There are many records, some of which may not be yarns, or may not be altogether yarns, of persons who have been seen far from where, so far as those persons, themselves, knew, they were, at the time. See instances in Gurney’s *Phantasms of the Living*. The idea is that human beings have been switched away somewhere, and soon switched back, and have been seen, away somewhere, and have been explained to the perceivers, as their own hallucinations.

It may be that I can record a case of a man who was about to disappear, but was dragged back, in time, from a disappearing point. I think of the children of Clavaux, who were about to be taken into a vortex, but were dragged back by their parents, who were not susceptible. Data look as if there may have been a transporting current through so-called solid substance, which “opened” and then “closed,” with no sign of a yawning. It may be that what we call substance is as much open as closed. I accept, myself, that there is only relative substance, so far as the phenomenal is concerned: so I can’t take much interest in what the physicists are doing, trying to find out what mere phenomenal substance really, or finally, is. It isn’t, or it is intermediate to existence and nonexistence. If there is an organic existence that is more than relative, though not absolute, it may be The Substantial, but its iron and lead, and gold are only phenomenal. The greatest seeming security is only a temporary disguise of the abysmal. All of us are skating over thin existence.

Early in the morning of Dec. 9, 1873, Thomas B. Cumpston and his wife, “who occupied good positions in Leeds,” were arrested in a railroad station, in Bristol, England, charged with disorderly conduct, both of them in their

nightclothes, Cumpston having fired a pistol. See the London *Times*, Dec. 11, 1873. Cumpston excitedly told that he and his wife had arrived the day before, from Leeds, and had taken a room in a Bristol hotel, and that, early in the morning, the floor had "opened," and that, as he was about to be dragged into the "opening," his wife had saved him, both of them so terrified that they had jumped out the window, running to the railroad station, looking for a policeman. In the *Bristol Daily Post*, December 10, is an account of proceedings in the police court. Cumpston's excitement was still so intense that he could not clearly express himself. Mrs. Cumpston testified that, early in the evening, both of them had been alarmed by loud sounds, but that they had been reassured by the landlady. At three or four in the morning the sounds were heard again. They jumped out on the floor, which was felt giving away under them. Voices repeating their exclamations were heard, or their own voices echoed strangely. Then, according to what she saw, or thought she saw, the floor opened wide. Her husband was falling into this "opening" when she dragged him back.

The landlady was called, and she testified that sounds had been heard, but she was unable clearly to describe them. Policemen said that they had gone to the place, the Victoria Hotel, and had examined the room, finding nothing to justify the extraordinary conduct of the Cumpstons. They suggested that the matter was a case of collective hallucination. I note that there was no suggestion of intoxication. The Cumpstons, an elderly couple, were discharged in the custody of somebody who had come from Leeds.

Collective hallucination is another of the dismissal-labels by which conventionalists shirk thinking. Here is another illustration of the lack of standards, in phenomenal existence, by which to judge anything. One man's story, if not to the liking of conventionalists, is not accepted, because it is not supported: and then testimony by more than one is not accepted, if undesirable, because that is collective hallucination. In this kind of jurisprudence, there is no hope for any kind of testimony against the beliefs in which conventional scientists agree. Among their amusing disregards is that of overlooking that, quite as truly may their own agreements be collective delusions.

The loud sounds in the Cumpston case suggest something of correlation with poltergeist phenomena. Spiritualists have persistently called poltergeist-sounds "raps." Sometimes they are raps, but often they are detonations that shake buildings. People up and down a street have been

kept awake by them. Maybe existences open and shut noisily. From my own experience I don't know that there ever has been a poltergeist. At least, I have had only one experience, and that is explainable several ways. But what would be the use of writing a book about things that we think we're sure of?—unless, like a good deal in this book, to show the dooce we are.

In the *Sunday Express* (London), Dec. 5, 1926, Lieut.-Colonel Foley tells of an occurrence that resembles the Cumpstons' experience. A room in Corpus Christi College (Cambridge University) was, in October, 1904, said to be haunted. Four students, of whom Shane Leslie, the writer, was one, investigated. Largely the story is of an invisible, but tangible, thing, or being, which sometimes became dimly visible, inhabiting, or visiting, this room. The four students went into the room, and one of them was dragged away from the others. His companions grabbed him. "Like some powerful magnet" something was drawing him out of their grasp. They pulled against it, and fought in a frenzy, and they won the tug. Other students, outside the room, were shouting. Undergraduates came running down the stairs, and, crowding into the room, wrecked it, even tearing out the oak paneling. Appended to the story, in the *Sunday Express*, is a statement by Mr. Leslie —"Colonel Foley has given an accurate account of the occurrence."

19

IN the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* the story of Kaspar Hauser is said to be one of the most baffling mysteries in history. This is an unusual statement. Mostly we meet denials that there are mysteries. In everything that I have read upon this case, it is treated as if it were unique. A writer like Andrew Lang, who has a liking for mysteries, takes up such a case, with not an indication of a thought in his mind that it should not be studied as a thing in itself, but should be correlated with similars. That, inductively, anything of an ultimate nature could be found out, is no delusion of mine: I think not of a widening of truth, but of a lessening of error I am naive enough in my own ways, but I have not the youthful hopes of John Stuart Mill and Francis Bacon.

As to one of the most mysterious of the circumstances in the story of Kaspar Hauser, I have many records of attacks upon human beings, by means of an unknown, missile-less weapons. See the newspapers for several dozen accounts of somebody, or something, that was terrorizing people in New Jersey, in and around Camden, in the winter of 1927-28. People were fired upon, and in automobiles there were bullet holes, but bullets were unfindable. I know of two other instances, in the State of New Jersey. In France, about the year 1910, there was a long series of such attacks, attributed to “phantom bandits.”

It may be that, telepathically, human beings have been induced to commit suicide. Look up the drowning of Frank Podmore. It may be that the mystery of Kaspar Hauser was attracting too much attention. There is a strange similarity in the taking off of Frank Podmore, Houdini, Washington Irving Bishop, and perhaps Dr. Crawford. The list is long, of the deaths that followed the opening of the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen.

Psychologically and physiologically the case of the Rev. Thomas Hanna is so much like the case of Kaspar Hauser that the suggestion is that if Hanna were not an impostor, Hauser was not. For particulars of the Hanna case, see Sidis, *Multiple Personality.* In both cases there was said to be obliteration of memory, or reduction to the mental state of the newborn,

with, however, uncommon, or marvelous, ability to learn. Phenomena common to both cases were no idea of time; no idea of sex; appearance of all things, as if at the same distance, or no idea of distance; and inability, or difficulty, in walking. Kaspar Hauser was no impostor, who played a stunt of his own invention, as tellers of his story have thought. If he were an impostor, somewhere, back in times when little was known of amnesia, he had gotten ahold of detailed knowledge of profoundest amnesia. And he was about seventeen years old. Perhaps he was in a state of profound hypnosis. If the boy of Nepal, India, had wandered from the priest—who may have kidnaped him ordinarily, and may not have kidnaped him ordinarily—and had appeared in an English community, he would have been unable to account for himself, and there would have been a mystery similar to Hauser's.

If a "wolf child," when found, was "almost devoid of human intelligence," and when grown up became a policeman, ours is not quite the cynicism of a scenario-writer, or a writer of detective stories. If we do not think that this child had been the associate of wolves from an age of a few months, we think of an obliterative process that rendered it "a speechless, little animal," but that did not so impair its mentality that the child could not start anew. Our expression upon Kaspar Hauser will be that he was a "wolf child," and that, if he had appeared somewhere in India, he would, according to local conventions, probably be called a "wolf child," and that if he had found any place of refuge, it would be called a "wolf's den": but, in our expression, the lupine explanation is not accepted in his case and the cases of all so-called "wolf children." "Wolf children" have appeared, and the conventional story of their origin is not satisfactory. If "wolf children" have had something the matter with their legs, or have crawled on all fours, it is not satisfactory to say that this was because they had been brought up with wolves, any more than it would be to say that a young bird, even if not taught by its parents, would not be able to fly, if brought up with mammals.

If we accept that the Pansini boys ever were teleported, we note the mental effects of the experience, in that they were in a state of profound hypnosis.

Little frogs bombard horses—and, though there have been many attempts to explain Kaspar Hauser, it has never before occurred to anybody to bring little frogs into an explanation—

Or seals in a pond in a park—and the branded reindeer of Spitzbergen—see back to everything else in this book. Later, especially see back to lights in the sky, and the disappearance of them, when a story was told, and, so long as the story was not examined, seemed to account for them. The luminous owl—the *malmoot*— and if anybody can't be explained conventionally, he's an impostor— or, if we're all, to some degree, impostors, he's an exceptional impostor.

Upon Whit Monday afternoon, May, 1828, a youth, aged sixteen or seventeen, staggered, with a jaunty stride, into the town of Nuremberg, Germany. Or, while painfully dragging himself along the ground, he capered into the town. The story has been told by theorists. The tellers have fitted descriptions around their theories. The young man was unable fully to govern the motions of his legs, according to Andrew Lang, for instance. He walked with firm, quick steps, according to the Duchess of Cleveland. The Duchess' theory required that nothing should be the matter with his legs. By way of the New Gate, he entered the town, and there was something the matter with his legs, according to all writers, except the one who preferred that there should be nothing the matter with his legs.

To Nurembergers who gathered around, the boy held out two letters, one of which was addressed to a cavalry captain. He was taken to the captain's house, but, because the captain was not at home, and because he could give no account of himself, he was then taken to a police station. Here it was recorded that he could speak only two sentences in the German language, and that when given paper and pencil he wrote the name Kaspar Hauser. But he was not put away and forgotten. He had astonished and mystified Nurembergers, in the captain's house, and these townsmen had told others, so that a crowd had gone with him to the station house, remaining outside, discussing the strange arrival. It was told in the crowd, as recorded by von Feuerbach, that near the New Gate of the town had appeared a boy who seemed unacquainted with the commonest objects and experiences of everyday affairs of human beings. The astonishment with which he had looked at the captain's saber had attracted attention. He had been given a pot of beer. The luster of the pot and the color of the beer affected him, as if he had never seen anything of the kind before. Later, seeing a burning candle, he cried out in delight with it, and before anybody could stop him, tried to pick up the flame. Here his education began.

This is the story that has been considered imposture by everybody who wanted to consider it imposture. I cannot say whether all alleged cases of amnesia are fakes, or not. I say that, if there be amnesia, the phenomena of Kaspar Hauser are aligned with phenomena of many cases that are said to be well-known. The safest and easiest and laziest of explanations is that of imposture.

Of the two letters, one purported to be from the boy's mother, dated sixteen years before, telling that she was abandoning her infant, asking the finder to send him to Nuremberg, when he became seventeen years old, to enlist in the Sixth Cavalry Regiment, of which his father had been a member. The other letter purported to be from the finder of the infant, telling that he had ten children of his own, and could no longer support the boy.

Someone soon found that these letters had not been written by different persons, sixteen years apart. One of them was in Latin characters, but both were written with the same ink, upon the same kind of paper. In the "later" letter, it was said: "I have taught him to read and write, and he writes my handwriting exactly as I do." Whereupon the name that Kaspar had written, in the police station, was examined, and it was said that the writings were similar. Largely with this circumstance for a basis, it has been said that Kaspar Hauser was an impostor—or that he had written the letters himself. With what expectation of profit to himself is not made clear. If I must argue, I argue that an impostor, aware that handwritings might be compared, would, if he were a good impostor, pretend to be unable to write, as well as unable to speak. And those who consider Kaspar Hauser an impostor, say that he was a very good impostor. The explanation in the letter, of the similarity of handwritings, seems to be acceptable enough.

People living along the road leading to the New Gate were questioned. Not an observation upon the boy, before he appeared near the Gate, could be heard of. But we see, if we accept that someone else wrote his letters, that this Gate could not have been his "appearing-point," in the sense we're thinking of. He must have been with, or in the custody of, someone else, at least for a while. Streets near the jail, where for a time he was lodged, were filled with crowds, clamoring for more information. Excitement and investigation spread far around Nuremberg. A reward was offered, and, throughout Germany, the likeness of Kaspar Hauser was posted in public places. People in Hungary took up the investigation. Writers in France made

much of the mystery, and the story was published in England. People from all parts of Europe went to see the boy. The mystery was so stimulated by pamphleteers that, though "feverish" seems an extreme word, writers described the excitement over this boy, "who had appeared as if from the clouds," as a "fever." Because of this international interest, Kaspar Hauser was known as "The Child of Europe."

The city of Nuremberg adopted Kaspar. He was sent to live with Prof. Daumer, a well-known scientist, and the Mayor of Nuremberg notified the public to "keep away from his present residence, and thereby avoid collision with the police." The seeming paralysis of his legs wore off. He quickly learned the German language, but spoke always with a foreign accent. I have been unable to learn anything of the peculiarities of this accent. Except to students of revivals of obliterated memories, his quickness in learning would seem incredible. Writers have said that so marvelous was his supposed ability to learn that he must have been an impostor, having a fair education, to start with. Though the impostor-theory is safest and easiest, some writers have held that the boy was an idiot, who had been turned adrift. This explanation can be held simply and honestly by anybody who refuses to believe all records after the first week or so of observations. Whether impostor or idiot, the outstanding mystery is the origin of this continentally advertised boy.

The look of all the circumstances to me is that somebody got rid of Kaspar, considering him an imbecile, having been able to teach him only two German sentences. Then the look is that he had not for years known Kaspar, but had known him only a few weeks, while his disabilities were new to him. Where this custodian found the boy is the mystery.

Kaspar Hauser, in the year 1829, wrote his own story, telling that, until the age of sixteen or seventeen, he had lived upon bread and water, in a small, dark cell. He had known only one person, alluded to by him, as "the man," who, toward the end of his confinement had taught him two sentences, one of them signifying that he wished to join a cavalry regiment, and the other, "I don't know." He had been treated kindly, except once, when he had been struck for being noisy.

Almost anybody, reading this account, will, perhaps regretfully, perhaps not, say farewell to our idea of a teleported boy. "That settles it." But nothing ever has settled anything, except relatively to a desire for settlement, and if ours is a desire for unsettlement, we have assurance that

we, or any other theorist, can find in the uncertainties of any human document, whether supposed to have been dictated from on high, or written by a boy, material for thinking as our theories require.

We note in Kaspar's story a statement that he had no idea of time. That is refreshing to our wilting theory. We may think that he had lived in a small, dark room all his life of which he had remembrance, and that that may have been a period of only a few weeks. We pick upon his statement that once he had been struck for being noisy. To us that means that he had been confined, not in a cell, or a dungeon, but in a room in a house, with neighbors around, and that there was somebody's fear that sounds from him would attract attention—or that there were neighbors so close to this place that the imprisonment of a boy could not have been kept a secret more than a few weeks.

We're not satisfied. We hunt for direct data for thinking that, if Kaspar Hauser had been confined in a dark room, it had not been for more than a few weeks.

"He had a healthy color" (Hiltel). "He had a very healthy color: he did not appear pale or delicate, like one who had been some time in confinement" (Policeman Wüst).

According to all that can be learned of another case, a man, naked, almost helpless, perhaps in a state of hypnosis so profound that also it was physical, so that he could scarcely walk, and in whom memory was obliterated so that he did not know enough to make his way along a road, which he crossed, appeared near Petersfield, Hampshire, Feb. 21, 1920. If we can think that a peasant, near Nuremberg, found on his farm a boy in a similar condition, and took him in, then considering him an imbecile, and wanting to get rid of him, keeping him in confinement, fearing he might be held responsible for him, then writing two letters that would explain an abandonment in commonplace terms that would not excite inquiry, but not being skillful in such matters, that looks as if we're explaining somewhat.

Because of the continuation of Kaspar's story, we think that this place was near Nuremberg. Whit Monday was a holiday, and the farmers, or the neighbors, were probably not laboring in the fields: so this was the day for the shifting of the supposed imbecile. Upon this day, as told by Kaspar, "the man" carried the boy from the dark room, and carried, or led, him, compelling him to keep his eyes downward, toward Nuremberg. Kaspar's clothes were changed for the abandonment.

Perhaps he had been found naked, and had been given makeshift garments. Perhaps he had been found in clothes, of cut and texture that were remarkable and that would have caused inquiry. The clothes that were given to him were a peasant's. It was noted in Nuremberg that they seemed not to belong to him, because Kaspar was not a peasant boy, judging by the softness of his hands (von Feuerbach).

The story has resemblances to the story of the English boy of Nepal. In each case somebody got rid of a boy, and in each case it is probable that a false story was told. If "the man" in Kaspar's case had the ten children that, to excuse an abandonment, he told of, there'd have been small chance for him to keep his secret. There are differences in these two stories. It will be my expression that they came about because of the wide difference in attention that was attracted.

Oct. 17, 1829—Kaspar was found in the cellar of Prof. Daumer's house, bleeding from a cut in the forehead. He said that a man in a black mask had appeared suddenly, and had stabbed him.

It has been explained that this was attempted suicide. But stabbing oneself in the forehead is a queer way to attempt suicide, and in Nuremberg arose a belief that Kaspar's life was in danger from unknown enemies, and two policemen were assigned to guard him.

Upon an afternoon in May, 1831, one of these policemen, while in one room, heard a pistol shot, in another room. He ran there, and found Kaspar again wounded in the forehead. Kaspar said that it was an accident: that he had climbed upon the back of a chair, and, reaching for a book, had slipped, and, catching out wildly, had grasped a pistol that was hanging on the wall, discharging it.

Dec. 14, 1833—Kaspar Hauser ran from a park, crying that he had been stabbed. Deeply wounded in his side, he was taken to his home. The park, which was covered with new-fallen snow, was searched, but no weapon was found, and only Kaspar's footprints were seen in the snow. Two of the attending physicians gave their opinion that Kaspar could not so have injured himself. The opinion of the third physician was an indirect accusation of suicide: that the blow had been struck by a left-handed person. Kaspar was not left-handed, but was ambidextrous.

Kaspar lay on his bed, with his usual publicity. He was surrounded by tormentors, who urged him to gasp plugs in his story. He was the only human being who had been in the park, according to the testimony of the

snow tracks. It was not only Kaspar who was wounded. There was a wound in circumstances. Tormentors urged him to confess, so that in terms of the known they could fill out his story. Faith in confessions and the desire to end a mystery with a confession are so intense that some writers have said that Kaspar did confess. As a confession, they have interpreted his protest against his accusers—"My God! that I should so die in shame and disgrace!"

Kaspar Hauser died. The point of his heart had been pierced by something that had cut through the diaphragm, penetrating stomach and liver. In the opinion of two of the doctors and of many of the people of Nuremberg, this wound could not have been self-inflicted. Rewards for the capture of an assassin were offered. Again, throughout Germany, posters appeared in public places, and in Germany and other countries there were renewed outbursts of pamphlets. The boy appeared "as if from the clouds," and nothing more was learned.

It was Kaspar's story that a man in the park had stabbed him. If anybody prefers to think that it cannot be maintained that there was only one track of footprints in the snow, let him look up various accounts, and he will find assurances any way he wants to find them. For almost every statement that I have made, just as good authority for denying it, as for stating it, can be found, provided any two conflicting theories depend upon it. One can read that Kaspar Hauser was highly intelligent or brilliant. One can read that the autopsy showed that his brain was atrophied to the size of a small animal's, accounting for his idiocy. One comes upon just about what one comes upon in looking up any other matter of history. It is said that history is a science. I think that it must be.

A great deal, such as Kaspar's alleged ability to see in the dark, and his aversion to eating meat, and his inability to walk would be understandable, if could be accepted the popular theory that Kaspar Hauser was the rightful Crown Prince of Bavaria, who for political reasons had been kept for sixteen or seventeen years in a dungeon. There would be an explanation for two alleged attacks upon him. But see back to his own story of confinement in a house, or a peasant's hut, near Nuremberg, where probably his imprisonment could not have been kept secret more than a few weeks. See testimony by Hiltel and Wüst.

See back to a great deal more in this book—

The wolf of Shotley Bridge, and the wolf of Cumwinton—or that something removed one wolf and procured another wolf to end a mystery that was attracting too much attention.

It was said that Kaspar Hauser was murdered to suppress political disclosures. If it be thinkable that Kaspar was murdered to suppress a mystery, whether political, or not so easily defined, there are statements that support the idea that also some of the inhabitants of Nuremberg, who were prominent in Kaspar's affairs, were murdered. One can read that *von* Feuerbach was murdered, or one can read that von Feuerbach died of a paralytic stroke. See Evans (*Kaspar Hauser,* p. 150)—that, soon after the death of Kaspar Hauser, several persons, who had shown much interest in his case, died, and that it was told in Nuremberg that they had been poisoned. They were Mayor Binder, Dr. Osterhauser, Dr. Preu, and Dr. Albert.

"Kaspar Hauser showed such an utter deficiency of words and ideas, such perfect ignorance of the commonest things and appearances of Nature, and such horror of all customs, conveniences, and necessities of civilized life, and, withal, such extraordinary peculiarities in his social, mental, and physical disposition, that one might feel oneself driven to the alternative of believing him to be a citizen of another planet, transferred by some miracle to our own" (von Feuerbach).

PART II

20

ACCORDING to appearances, this earth is a central body, within a revolving, starry globe.

But am I going to judge by appearances?

But everything of the opposing doctrine is judgment by other appearances. Everybody who argues against judging by appearances bases his argument upon other appearances. Monistically, it can be shown that everybody who argues against anything bases his argument upon some degree or aspect of whatever he opposes. Everybody who is attacking something is sailing on a windmill, while denouncing merry-go-rounds.

"You can't judge by appearances," say the astronomers. "Sun and stars seem to go around this earth, but they are like a field that seems to go past a train, whereas it is the train that is passing the field." Judging by this appearance, they say that we cannot judge by appearances.

Our judgments must depend upon evidence, the scientists tell us.

Let somebody smell, hear, taste, see, and feel something that is unknown to me, and then tell me about it. Like everybody else, I listen politely, if he's not too long about it, and then instinctively consult my preconceptions, before deciding whether all this is evidence. An opinion is a matter of evidence, but evidence is a matter of opinion.

We can depend upon intuition, says Bergson.

I could give some woebegone accounts of what has befallen me, by depending upon intuitions, whether called "hunches," or "transcendental consciousness"; but similar experiences have befallen everybody else. There would have been what I call good sport, if Bergson had appeared upon the floor of the Stock Exchange, and preached his doctrine, in October, 1929.

We have only faith to guide us, say the theologians.

Which faith?

It is my acceptance that what we call evidence, and whatever we think we mean by intuition and faith are the phenomena of eras, and that the best of minds, or minds best in rapport with the dominant motif of an era, have intuition and faith and belief that depend upon what is called evidence, relatively to pagan gods, then to the god of the Christians, and then to godlessness—and then to whatever is coming next.

We shall have data for thinking that our existence, as a whole, is an organism. First we shall argue that it is a thinkable-sized formation, whether organic, or not. If now, affairs upon this earth be fluttering upon the edge of a new era, and I give expression to coming thoughts of that era, thousands of other minds are changing, and all of us will take on new thoughts concordantly, and see, as important evidence, piffle of the past.

Even in orthodox speculations there are more or less satisfactory grounds for thinking that ours is an existence, perhaps one of countless other existences, that is an egg-like formation, shelled away from the rest of the cosmos. Many astronomers have noted that the Milky Way is a broad band in the sky, with the look of a streak around a globular object. For conventional reasons for thinking that the "solar system" is central in "a mighty cluster of stars," see Dolmage, *Astronomy,* p. 327. Dolmage even speculates upon a limiting demarcation which is akin to the notion of a shell, shutting off this existence from everything else.

Back in the pessimistic times of Sir Isaac Newton was formulated the explanation of existence in general that is our opposition. It was the melancholy doctrine of universal fall. It was in agreement with the theology of the time: fallen angels, the fall of mankind: so falling planets, falling moons, everything falling. The germ of this despair was the supposed fall of the moon, not to, but around, this earth. But if the moon is falling away from observers upon one part of this earth's surface, it is rising in the sky, relatively to other observers. If something is quite as truly rising as it is falling, only minds that belong away back in times when everything was supposed to be falling, can be satisfied with this yarn of the rising moon that is falling. Sir Isaac Newton looked at the falling moon, and explained all things in terms of attraction. It would be just as logical to look at the rising moon, and explain all things in terms of repulsion. It would be more widely logical to cancel falls with rises, and explain that there is nothing.

I think of this earth as central, and as almost stationary, and with the stars in a shell, revolving around. By so thinking, I have the concept of an object,

and the visualization of an existence as a whole. But the trouble with this idea is that it is reasonable. Not absolutely can it be said that human minds reason according to reasonableness. There is the love of the paradox to consider. We are in agreement with observations, but peasants, or clodhoppers, think as we think. We offer no paradox to make one feel superior to somebody who hops from clod to clod.

What is the test? Of course, if there are no standards, all tests must be fakes. But if we have an appearance of reasonableness, and if the other side says that it is reasonable, how choose?

We read over and over that prediction is the test of science.

The astronomers can predict the movements of some of the parts of what they call the solar system.

But so far are they from a comprehensive grasp upon the system as a whole that, if, for a basis of their calculations, be taken that this earth is stationary, and that the sun and the planets, and the stars in a shell, move around this earth, the same motions of heavenly bodies can be foretold. Take for a base that the earth moves around the sun, or take that the sun moves around the earth: upon either base the astronomers can predict an eclipse, and enjoy renown and prestige, as if they knew what they were telling about. Either way there are inaccuracies.

Our opposition is ancient and at least uppish.

Prof. Todd, in his book, *Stars and Telescopes,* says: “Astronomy may be styled a very aristocrat among the sciences.”

For similar descriptions, by implication, of themselves, by themselves, see all other books by astronomers.

There are aristocratic human beings. I’ll not contend otherwise. There are aristocratic dogs, and all cats, except for relapses, are aristocrats. There are aristocratic goldfish. In whatever is bred, is the tendency to aristocraticize. Porcupines, as the untouchable and the stupid, are *verier* aristocrats than the merely *very.* The aristocratic state is supposed to be the serene, the safe, and the established. It is unintelligent, because intelligence is only a means of making adaptations, and the aristocratic is the made. If this state of the relatively established and stupid were the really, or finally, established and stupid, we’d see good reason for the strivings and admirations and imitations of strugglers, climbers, or newcomers to stabilize themselves into stupors. But, in phenomenal being, the aristocratic, or the academic, is, though thought of as the arrived, only a poise between the arriving and the

departing. When far-advanced it is the dying. Wherein it is a goal, our existence is, though only locally, suicidal. The literature of the academic ends with the obituary. Prof. Todd's self-congratulation is my accusation.

But there is only relative aristocracy. If I can show that, relatively to a viewpoint, other than the astronomers' own way of adoring themselves, the supposed science of astronomy is only a composition of yarns, evasions, myths, errors, disagreements, boasts, superstitions, guesses, and bamboozlements, I am spreading the good cheer that it is still very faulty and intellectual and still alive, and may be able to adjust, and keep on exciting its exponents with admiration for themselves.

We shall see what mathematical astronomy is said to start with. If we can't accept that it ever fairly started, we'll not delay much with any notion that it could get anywhere.

The early mathematical astronomers, in their calculations upon moving bodies, could not treat of weights, because these inconstancies are relative; nor of sizes, because sizes are relative and variable. But they were able to say that they had solved their problem of how to begin, because nobody else interfered and asked whether they had or not. They gave up weight and size and said that their treatment was of *mass.*

If there were ultimate particles of matter, one could think of *mass* as meaning a certain number of those things. When atoms were believed in, as finals, an astronomer could pretend that he knew what he meant by a quantity of matter, or *mass.* Then, with electrons, he could more or less seriously keep on pretending. But now the sub-electron is talked of. And, in turn, what is that composed of? Perhaps the pretensions can stretch, but there is too much strain to the seriousness. If nobody knows what constitutes a quantity of matter, the astronomer has no idea of what he means by *mass.* His is a science of *masses.*

But it may be said that, even though he has not the remotest idea of what he is calculating about, the astronomers' calculations work out, just the same.

There was the *mass* of Mars, once upon a time, for instance: or the "known" unknowables constituting the planet. Once upon a time, the *mass* of Mars was said to be known. Why shouldn't it be said to be known? The equations were said to work out, as they should work out.

In the year 1877, two satellites of the planet Mars were discovered. But their distances and their periods were not what they should be, theoretically.

So then everything that had worked out so satisfactorily as it should work out, turned out to have worked out as it shouldn't have worked out. A new *mass* had to be assigned to the planet Mars.

Now that works out as it should work out.

But I think that it is cannier not to have things so marvelously work out, as they should work out, and to have an eye for something that may come along and show that they had worked out as they shouldn't have worked out. For data upon these work-outs, see Todd, *Astronomy*, p. 78.

It would seem that the mistake by the astronomers is in thinking that, in a relative existence, there could be more than relative *mass*, if the idea of *mass* could be considered as meaning anything. But it is more of a dodge than a mistake. It is just relativity that the astronomers have tried to dodge, with a pseudo-concept of a constant, or a final. Instead of science, this is metaphysics. It is the childish attempt to find the absolutely dependable in a flux, or an intellectually not very far-advanced attempt to find the absolute in the relative. The concept of *mass* is a borrowing from the theologians, who are in no position to lend anything. The theologians could not confidently treat of human characters, personalities, dispositions, temperaments, nor intellects, all of which are shifts: so they said that they conceived of finals, or unchangeables, which they called "souls." If economists and psychologists and sociologists should disregard all that is of hopes and fears and wants and other changes of human nature, and take "souls" for their units, they would have sciences as aristocratic and sterile as the science of astronomy, which is concerned with *souls*, under the name of *masses*. A final, or unchangeable, must be thought of as a state of unrelatedness. Anything that is reacting with something else must be thought of as being in a state of change. So when an astronomer formulates, or says he formulates, the effects of one *mass*, or one planet, as a *mass*, upon another, his meaningless statement might as well be that the subject of his equations is the relations of unrelatedness.

Starting with nothing thinkable to think about, if constants, or finals, are unknown in human experience, and are unrepresentable in human thought, the first and the simplest of the astronomers' triumphs, as they tell it, is the Problem of the Two Masses.

This simplest of the problems of celestial mechanics is simply a fiction. When Biela's comet split, the two *masses* did not revolve around a common center of gravity. Other comets have broken into parts that did not so

revolve. They have been no more subject to other attractions than have been this earth and its moon. The theorem is Sunday School Science. It is a mathematician's story of what bodies in space ought to do. In the textbooks, it is said that the star Sirius and a companion star exemplify the theorem, but this is another yarn. If this star has moved, it has not moved as it was calculated to move. It exemplifies nothing but the inaccuracies of the textbooks. It is by means of their inaccuracies that they have worked up a reputation for exactness.

Often in his book, an astronomer will sketchily take up a subject, and then drop it, saying that it is too complex, but that it can be mathematically demonstrated. The reader, who is a good deal of a dodger, himself, relieved at not having to go into complexities, takes this lazily and faithfully. It is bamboozlement. There are many of us, nowadays, who have impressions of what mathematicians can do to, or with, statistics. To say that something can be mathematically demonstrated has no more meaning than to say of something else that it can be politically demonstrated. During any campaign, read newspapers on both sides, and see that anything can be politically demonstrated. Just so it can be mathematically shown that twice two are four, and it can be mathematically shown that two can never become four. Let somebody have two of arithmetic's favorite fruit, or two apples, and undertake to add two more to them. Although he will have no trouble in doing this, it can be mathematically shown to be impossible. Or that, according to Zeno's paradoxes, nothing can be carried over intervening space and added to something else. Instead of ending up skeptically about mathematics, here am I upholding that it can prove anything.

We are told in the textbooks, or the tracts, as I regard these propagandist writings of Sunday School Science, that by parallax, or annual displacement of stars, relatively to other stars, the motion of this earth around the sun has been instrumentally determined. Mostly, these displacements are about the apparent size of a fifty cent piece, held up by someone in New York City, as seen by somebody in Saratoga. This is much refinement. We ask these ethereal ones—where is their excuse, if they get an eclipse wrong by a millionth of an inch, or a millionth of a second?

We look up this boast.

We find that the disagreements are so great that some astronomers have reported what is called *negative parallax*, or supposed displacement of stars, the wrong way, according to theory. See Newcomb, *The Stars*, p. 152.

See the *English Mechanic*, 114-100, 112. We are out to show that astronomers themselves do not believe parallactic determinations, but believe those that they want to believe. Newcomb says that he does not believe these determinations that are against what he wants to believe.

Spectroscopic determinations are determined by whatever the spectroscopists want to determine. If one thinks not, let one look up the "determinations" by astronomers who were for and against Einstein. Grebe and Bachem, at Bonn, found shifts of spectral lines in Einstein's favor. They were for Einstein. St. John, at the Mt. Wilson Observatory, found the testimony of the spectroscope not in Einstein's favor. He was against Einstein. The spectroscope is said to be against us. But, if we had a spectroscope of our own, it would be for us.

In *The Earth and the Stars*, Abbot says that the spectroscope "seems to indicate" that variable stars, known as the *Cepheid Variables*, are double stars. But he says: "The distance between the supposed pairs turns out to be impossibly small." When a spectroscopic determination is not what it should be, it only "seems to indicate."

The camera is another of the images in astronomical idolatry. I note that bamboozlements that have played out everywhere else, still hold good in astronomy. Spirit photographs fall flat. At the movies, if we see somebody capering seemingly near an edge of a roof, we do not think that he had been photographed anywhere near an edge of a roof. Nevertheless, even in such a religious matter as photography in astronomy, a camera tells what it should tell, or the astronomers will not believe it.

If the astronomers would fight more among themselves, more would come out. How can I be a pacifist, just so long as I am trying to educate myself? Much comes out, war times. Considerable came out, in astronomical matters, during the Mars controversy. Everything that was determined by Lowell, with his spectroscope, and his camera, and his telescope, as an indication of the existence of life upon the planet Mars, was determined by Campbell, with his spectroscope, and his camera, and his telescope, to be not so. The question is not what an instrument determines. The question is—whose instrument? All the astronomers in the world may be against our notions, but most of their superiority is in their more expensive ways of deceiving themselves.

Foucault's experiment, or the supposed demonstration with the pendulum, is supposed to show that this earth rotates daily. If a pendulum

does—at least for a while—swing somewhat nearly in a constant line, though changing relatively to environment, and if we think that neither religiously, nor accidentally, has it received some helpful little pushes, we accept that here there may be indication of an annual, and not daily, rotation of this earth. That would account for the annual shift, and not the daily shift, of the stars. I don't know that I accept this, but I have no opposing prejudice. When I write of this earth as "almost stationary," as I have to regard it, if I think of it as surrounded by a starry shell that is not vastly far away, I mean that relatively to the tremendous velocities of conventionality. But this alleged experiment has never been more than part of an experiment. I quote from one of the latest textbooks, *Astronomy,* by Prof. John C. Duncan, published in 1926. We are told that a pendulum, if undisturbed, swings for "several hours," in "very nearly" the same plane. Farther along we read that, in the latitude of Paris, where Foucault made his experiment, the time for a complete demonstration is 32 hours. Prof. Duncan makes no comment, but it is the reader's own fault if he reads in these statements that the swing of a pendulum, through more than part of an experiment, and in more than "very nearly" the same plane, ever has demonstrated the daily rotation of this earth.

In the textbooks, which are pretty good reading for contrary persons like ourselves, it is said that the circumstance that this earth is approximately an oblate spheroid indicates the rapid rotation of this earth. But our negative principle is that nothing exclusively indicates anything. It does not matter what an astronomer, or anybody else says to support any statement, the support must be a myth. Even if I could accept that the astronomers are right, I could not accept that they can demonstrate that they're right. So we hunt around for opposing data, knowing that they must be findable somewhere. We come upon the shape of the sun. The sun rotates rapidly, but the sun is not an oblate spheroid: if there be any departure from sphericity, the sun is a prolate spheroid. Or we argue that oblateness may be an indication that in early, formative times this earth rotated rapidly, but that now this earth could be oblate and almost stationary. It may be another instance of my many credulities, but here I am accepting that this roundish, or perhaps pear-shaped, earth is flattened at the poles, as it is said to be.

Astronomers cite relative numerousness of meteors, as indication of this earth's motion in an orbit. Prof. Duncan (*Astronomy,* p. 262) says that meteors seen after midnight are about twice as numerous as are those that

are seen before midnight. “This is because, in the latter half of the night, we are riding on the front side of the Earth, as it moves along its orbit, and receives meteors from all directions, whereas in the earlier half we see none of those which the Earth meets ‘head on.’”

There is no use comparing little sparks of meteors, seen at different times of night, because of course soon after midnight more of these little things are likely to be seen than earlier in the evening, in lingering twilight. Here, Prof. Duncan’s statement is that when meteors can be seen morely, more meteors can be seen. That is wisdom that we shall not defile.

In the records of great meteors that were seen in England, in the year 1926—see *Nature, Observatory, English Mechanic*—eighteen were seen before midnight, and not one was seen after midnight. All other records that I know of are against this alleged indication that this earth moves in an orbit. For instance, see the catalogue of meteors and meteorites published in the *Rept. Brit, Assoc. Ad. Sci.,* 1860. See page 18. 51 after midnight (from midnight to noon); 146 before midnight (noon to midnight). I have records of my own, for 125 years, in which the preponderance of early meteors is so great that, if there were any sense to this alleged indication, it would mean that this earth is running backward, or going around the way it shouldn’t. Of course I note that great meteors are more likely to be reported before midnight, because, though many persons are out after midnight, mostly they’re not out reporting meteors. But Prof. Duncan has made a statement, which depends upon records, and I am checking it up, according to records. Year 1925, for instance—meteors of France and England—14 before midnight: 3 after midnight. This record, as I have it, is not complete, but I will hold out for the proportionality. Most of the great meteors of 1930 were seen before midnight.

Whatever becomes of Prof. Duncan’s statement, I’ll make one, myself, and that is that, if nobody looks up, or checks up, what the astronomers tell us, they are free to tell us anything that they want to tell us. Their system is a slippery imposition of evasions that cannot be checked up, or that, for various reasons, mostly are not checked up. But at least once there was a big check up.

The 24th of January, 1925—excitement in New York City.

It was such as, in all foreign countries, is supposed to arise in America only when somebody finds out a new way of making dollars.

It was the morning of the eclipse of the sun, total over a part of New York City.

Open spaces in Central Park were crowded down to a line, as exactly as possible at 83rd Street. Up in the air were planes full of observers. Coogan's Bluff was lively with scientific gab. Hospitals were arranging that patients should see the eclipse. There was scarcely a dollar in it, and this account will be believed, in England and France, no more than will most of our other accounts. At the Fifth Avenue Police Court, Magistrate Dale adjourned court, and went, with lawyers and cops and persons out on bail to the roof. In Brooklyn, the Chamber of Commerce dropped all matters of exports and imports and went to the roof. I don't suppose everybody was looking. I can't accept homogeneity. There were probably some contrary ones who went down into cellars, simply because most of their neighbors were up on roofs. But the New York Telephone Company reported that when the eclipse came, not one call came into one of its offices, for ten minutes. When there are uproars in New York, they are such uproars as have never been heard anywhere else: but I think that most striking in the records of silences is this hush that came for ten minutes upon New York City.

Along the line of 83rd Street, which had been exactly predicted by the astronomers, as the southern limit of the path of totality, and in places north and south, were stationed 149 observers, sent by the New York lighting companies, to report upon light effects. With them were photographers.

At Petropaulovsk, Kamchatka, and at Cachapoyas, Peru, an eclipse is all that it should be, and books by astronomers tell of the minute exactness of the astronomers. But this was in New York City. Coogan's Bluff got into this. There were cops and judges and gunmen on roofs, and the telephones were silent. There were 149 expert observers, who were not astronomers. They had photographers with them.

In time, the astronomers did pretty well. But, hereafter when they tell of their refinements, as with discs several hundred miles away, I shall think, not of fifty cent pieces, but of Ferris Wheels. Their prediction was wrong by four seconds.

The 149 observers for the lighting companies reported that the astronomers were wrong, in space, by three quarters of a mile.

It was the day of the big check up.

If the sun and the planets compose a system that is enormously remote from everything else in existence, what is it that regularizes the motions, and why does not the mechanism run down? The astronomers say that the planets keep moving, and that a whole system does not run down, because space is empty, and there is "absolutely" nothing to tend to stop the moving bodies. See Abbot, *The Earth and the Stars,* p. 71. Astronomers say this early in their books. Later, they forget. Later, when something else requires explanation, they tell a different story. They explain the zodiacal light in terms of enormous quantities of matter in space. In their chapters upon meteors, they tell of millions of tons of meteoric dusts that fall from space to this earth, every year. Abbot says that space is "absolutely" empty. Ball, for instance, explains the shortening of the orbit of Encke's comet as a result of friction with enormous quantities of matter in space. I don't know how satisfactory, except to ourselves, our own expression will be, but compare it with a story of an absolute vacancy that is enormously occupied.

There is a tendency to regularize. Crystals, flowers, and butterflies' wings. Proportionately as they become civilized, people regularize, or move in orbits. People regularize in eating and sleeping. There are clockwork Romeos and Juliets. Everywhere, where the tendency is not toward irregularization, the tendency is toward regularization. Here's a good specimen of my own wisdom. Something is so, except when it isn't so.

Not in terms of gravitation, but in terms of this tendency to regularize, celestial periodicities may be explained.

Why does not the mechanism of what the astronomers think is a solar system run down?

The astronomers say that this is because it is unresisted by a resisting medium.

Why does not a heart run down? Anyway for a long time?

It is only a part, and, as a part, is sustained by what may be considered a whole. If we think of the so-called solar system, not as a virtually isolated, independent thing, with stars trillions of miles away, but as part of what may be considered an organic whole, within a starry shell, our expression is that it is kept going organically, as the heart of a lesser organism is kept going.

Why does not the astronomers' own system, or systematized doctrine, run down, or why so slow about it? It is only a part of wider organization, from

which it is receiving maintenance in the form of bequests, donations, and funds of various kinds.

Our opposition is a system of antiquated thought, concerned primarily with the unthinkable. It is supported by instruments that are believed when they tell what they should tell. The germ of the system is the fall of the rising moon. Its simplest problem is a fairy-theorem, fit for top-heavy infants, but too fanciful for grownup realists. Its prestige is built upon its predictions. We have noted one of them that was three-quarters of a mile wrong.

Newtonism is no longer satisfactory. There is too much that it cannot explain.

Einsteinism has arisen.

If Einsteinism is not satisfactory, there is room for other notions.

For records of eclipses during which the stars were not displaced, as, according to Einstein, they should be, see indexes of *Nature*. See vols. 104 and 105. Displacement of spectral lines—see records of astronomers who have disagreed. Perihelion-motion of Mercury's orbit—Einstein calculated without knowing what he was calculating about. Nobody knows what this eccentricity is. See records of the transits of Mercury. Neither Newtonians nor Einsteinites have predicted them right. See the London *Times*, April 17 and 24, 1923. Here Sir J. Larmor shows that, if Einstein's predictions of light-effects during eclipses were verified, they disproved his theory— that, though Prof. Einstein would be a great mathematician, if in our existence anything could really be anything, relativity is so against him that he is only a relatively great mathematician, and made a bad error in his calculations, having mistakenly doubled certain effects.

Defeat has been unconsciously the quest of all religions, all philosophies, and all sciences. If they were consciously trying to lose, they would be successes. Their search has been for the Absolute, in terms of which to explain the phenomenal, or for the Absolute to relate to. Supposed to have been found, it has been named Jehovah, or Gravitation, or the Persistence of Force. Prof. Einstein has taken the Velocity of Light, as the Absolute to relate to.

We cannot divorce the idea of reciprocity from the idea of relations, and relating something to the Absolute would be relating the Absolute to something. This is defeating an alleged concept of the Absolute, with the

pseudo-idea of the Relative Absolute. The doctrine of Prof. Einstein's is based not upon an absolute finding, but upon a question:

Which is the more graspable interpretation of the Michelson-Morley experiments:

That no motion of this earth in an orbit is indicated, because the velocity of light is absolute;

Or that no motion of this earth in an orbit is indicated, because this earth is stationary?

Unfortunately for my own expressions, I have to ask a third question:

Who, except someone who was out to boost a theory ever has demonstrated that light has any velocity?

Prof. Einstein is a Girondist of the Scientific Revolution. His revolt is against classical mechanics, but his methods and his delusions are as antiquated as what he attacks. But it is my expression that he has functioned. Though his strokes were wobbles, he has shown with his palsies the insecurities of that in Science which has been worshipfully regarded as the Most High.

It is my expression that the dissolution of phenomenal things is as much a matter of internal disorders as the effect of any external force, and that the slump of so many astronomers in favor of Einstein, who has made good in nothing, indicates a state of dissatisfaction that may precede a revolution—or that, if a revolt starts in the Observatories, hosts of irreconcilable observations will be published by the astronomers themselves, cutting down distances of planets and stars enormously. I shall note an observation by an astronomer, such as probably no astronomer, in the past, would have published. It seems to have been recorded reluctantly, and a conventional explanation was attempted—but it was published.

I take from a clipping, from the *Los Angeles Evening Herald,* April 28, 1930, which was sent to me by Mr. L. E. Stein, of Los Angeles. In an account of the eclipse of the sun, April 28, 1930, Dr. H. M. Jeffers, staff astronomer of Lick Observatory, says: "We expected the shadow to be but half a mile in width. Instead of that, I think that it was nearer five miles broad." He says: "It may be suggested by others that the broad shadow was cast by astronomical errors due to the moon being closer to the earth than we have placed it in theory. But I don't believe that this broad belt was caused by anything but refraction."

The difference between half a mile and five miles is great. If the prophets of Lick Observatory did not take refraction into consideration, all the rest of their supposed knowledge may be attributable to incompetence. This difference may mean that the moon is not more than a day's journey away from this earth.

In *The Earth and the Stars*, p. 211, Abbot tells of the spectroscopic determinations, by which the new star in Perseus (Feb. 22, 1901) was "found" to be at a distance of 300 light years from this earth. The news was published in the newspapers. A new star had appeared, about the year 1600, and its light was not seen upon this earth, until Feb. 22, 1901. And the astronomers were able to tell this—that away back, at a moment when Queen Elizabeth—well, whatever she was doing—maybe it wouldn't be any too discreet to inquire into just what she was doing—but the astronomers told that just when Queen Elizabeth was doing whatever she was doing, the heavens were doing a new star. And where am I, comparatively ? Where are my poor, little yarns of flows of methylated spirits from ceilings, and "mysterious strangers," and bodies on railroad lines, compared with a yarn of the new star and Queen Elizabeth?

But the good, little star restores my conceit. In the face of all spectroscopes in all Observatories, it shot out nebulous rings that moved at a rate of 2 or 3 seconds of arc a day. If they were 300 light years away, this was a velocity far greater than that of light is said to be. If they were 300 light years away, it was motion at the rate of 220,000 miles a second. There were dogmas that could not stand this, and the spectroscopic determinations, which were in agreement, were another case of agreements working out, as they shouldn't have worked out. The astronomers had to cut down one of their beloved immensities. Whether as a matter of gallantry, or not, they spread a denial for Queen Elizabeth's reputation to tread upon, saving that from the mud of an inquiry into just what Her Majesty was doing, and substituting unromantic speculations upon what, say, Andrew Jackson was up to.

Abbot's way of explaining the mistake is by attributing the first "pronouncements" to "the roughness of the observations."

All over this earth, astronomers were agreeing in these "determinations." They were refinements until something else appeared and roughened them.

It would seem that, after this fiasco of the readjusted interest in what historical personages were doing, astronomers should have learned

something. But, if Prof. Todd is right, in his characterization of them, that is impossible. About twenty years later, this situation, essentially the same in all particulars, repeated. Upon May 27, 1925, a new star was discovered in the southern constellation Pictor. By spectroscopic determination, its distance was "determined" to be 540 light years. See this stated in a bulletin of the Harvard Observatory, November, 1927.

March 27, 1928—the new star split.

When the split was seen, astronomers of the South African Observatory repudiated the gospel of their spectroscopes of three years before. There must have been much roughness, even though there had been three years in which to plane down the splinters. They cut the distance from 540 to 40 light years. If there should be any more reductions like this, there may start a slump of immensities down toward a conception of a thinkable-sized formation of stars. A distance cut down 60 x 60 x 24 x 365 x 500 x 186,000 miles is a pretty good start.

Prof. Einstein, having no means of doing anything of the kind, predicts a displacement of the stars.

Astronomers go out upon an expedition to observe an eclipse, and, not knowing that Einstein has no special means of predicting anything, they report, presumably because they want so to report, that he is right.

Then eclipse after eclipse—and Einstein is wrong.

But he has cast an ancient system into internal dissensions, and has cast doubts upon antiquities of thought almost as if his pedantic guesses had had better luck.

Whether the time has come, or not, here is something that looks as if it is coming:

An editorial in the *New York Sun,* Sept. 3, 1930: views of somebody else quoted:

"The public is being played upon and utterly misled by the dreamery of the rival mathematical astronomers and physicists— not to mention the clerics—who are raising the game of notoriety to a fine art; in rivalry to religious mysticism, a scientific pornography is being developed, and attracts the more because it is mysterious."

These are the views of Professor Henry E. Armstrong, emeritus head of the department of chemistry, at City and Guilds College, South Kensington, London.

This is revolt inside. That is what develops into revolution.

Prof. Armstrong's accusation of pornography may seem unduly stimulating: but, judging by their lecheries in other respects, one *sees* that all that the astronomers have to do is to discover that stars have sex, and they'll have us sneaking to bookstores, for salacious "pronouncements" and "determinations" upon the latest celestial scandals. This would popularize them. And after anything becomes popular—then what?

That the time has come—or is coming—or more of the revolt within—

Or that, if they cannot continue upon their present pretenses of progress, the astronomers must return from their motionless excursions. A generation ago, they told of inconceivable distances of stars. Then they said that they had, a thousand times, multiplied some of these distances: but, if the inconceivable be multiplied any number of times, it is still the same old inconceivability. If, at the unthinkable, thought stops, but if thought must move somewhere, the astronomers, who cannot go on expansively, will, if they do think, have to think in reductions. If the time has come, there will be a crash in the Observatories, with astronomers in a panic selling short on inconceivabilities.

Upon Sept. 2, 1930, began a meeting of the American Astronomical Society, in Chicago. A paper that was read by Dr. P. Van de Kamp may be a signal for a panic. Said he: "Some of the stars may actually be thousands of light years nearer than astronomy believes them to be."

That—with some extensions—is about what I am saying.

Says the astronomer Leverrier—back in times when an astronomical system is growing up, and is of use in combating an older and decaying orthodoxy, and needs support and prestige—says he— "Look in the sky, and at the point of my calculations, you will find the planet that is perturbing Uranus."

"Lo!" as some of the astronomers say in their books. At a point in the sky that can be said—to anybody who does not inquire into the statements—to be almost exactly the point of Leverrier's calculations, is found the planet Uranus, to which—for all the public knows—can be attributed the perturbations of Uranus.

Up goes the useful renown of the astronomers. Supported by this triumph, they function.

But, if they're only the figments of one of the dream-like developments of our pseudo-existence, they, too, must pass away, and they must go by

way of slaughter, or by way of laughter. Considering all their doings, I think that through hilarity would be the fitter exit.

Later:

"Look at the sky," we are told that the astronomer Lowell said, "and at the point of my calculations, you will find the planet that is perturbing Neptune."

But this is in the year 1930.

Nevertheless we are told that a planet is found almost exactly at the point of the calculations. The exultations of the astronomers are spreadheaded.

But this is later. The damned thing takes a tack that shows that it could no more have been perturbing Neptune than I, anyway just at present, could cast a meeting of the National Academy of Sciences into disorder by walking past it.

They must be murdered, or we shall laugh them away. There is always something that can be said in favor of murder, but in the case of the astronomers that would be willful waste of the stuff for laughter. Orthodox astronomers have said that Leverrier used no mathematical method by which he could have determined the position of Neptune. See Lowell's *The Evolution of Worlds*, p. 124. By way of stuff for the laugh, I mention that one of these disbelieving astronomers was Lowell.

One time, in a mood of depression, I went to the New York Public Library, and feeling a want for a little, light reading, I put in a slip for Lowell's *Memoir on a Trans-Neptunian Planet*. I got even more amusement than I had expected.

Just where was this point, determined by Lowell, almost exactly in which his planet was found? The spreadheads—the special articles—over and over in the newspapers of the world—"almost exactly."

Says Lowell, page 105: "Precise determination of its place does not seem possible. A general direction alone is predicable."

The stuff for a laugh that is as satisfactory as murder is in the solemn announcements, by the astronomers, about April Fool's Day, 1930, that they had found Lowell's planet almost exactly in the place, precise determination of which does not seem possible—

Their chatter over Lowell's magnificent accuracy in pointing in a general direction—

Then the tack of a thing that showed that it could not have been all this indefiniteness, anyway—

265 years, instead of 3,000 years—

And instead of going the thing was coming.

If they can't tell whether something is coming or going, their solemn announcements upon nearness or farness may be equally laughable.

If by mathematical means Adams and Leverrier did not determine the position of the planet Neptune, or if it was, in an opinion that Lowell quotes, "a happy accident," how account for such happiness, or for this timely and sensational boost to a prestige, if we suspect that it was not altogether an accident?

My expression is that herein I'd typify my idea of organic control which, concealed under human vanity, makes us think that we are doing all things ourselves, gives support to human institutions, when they are timely and are functioning, and then casts its favorites into rout and fiasco, when they have outlived their functioning-period.

If Leverrier really had had powers by which he could have pointed to an unseen planet, that would have been a finality of knowledge that would be support to a prestige that could never be overthrown. Suppose a church had ever been established upon foundations not composed of the stuff of lies and frauds and latent laughter. Let the churchman stand upon other than gibberish and mummery, and there'd be nothing by which to laugh away his despotisms.

Say that, whether it be a notion of organic control, or not, we accept any theory of Growth, or Development, or Evolution—

Then we accept that the solemnest of our existence's phenomena are of a wobbling tissue—rocks of ages that are only hardened muds —or that a lie is the heart of everything sacred—

Because otherwise there could not be Growth, or Development, or Evolution.

21

A TREK of circumstances that kicks up a dust of details—a vast and dirty movement that is powdered with particulars—

The gossip of men and women, and the yells of brats—whether dinner is ever going to be ready, or not—young couples in their nightly sneaks—and what the hell has become of the grease for the wheels?—who's got a match?

It's a wagon train that feels out across a prairie.

A drink of water—a chaw of tobacco—just where to borrow a cupful of flour—and yet, even though at its time any of these wants comes first, there is something behind all—

The hope for Californian gold.

The wagon train feels out across the prairie. It traces a path that other wagon trains make more distinct—and then so rolls a movement that to this day can be seen the ruts of its wheels.

But behind the visions of gold, and the imagined feel of nuggets, there is something else—

The gold plays out. A dominant motive turns to something else. Now a social growth feels out. Its material of people, who otherwise would have been stationary, has been moved to the west.

The first, faint structures in an embryonic organism are of cartilage. They are replaced by bone.

The paths across prairies turn to lines of steel.

Or that once upon a time, purposefully, to stimulate future developments, gold was strewn in California—and that there had been control upon the depositions, so that only enough to stimulate a development, and not enough to destroy a financial system had been strewn—

That in other parts of this earth, in far back times, there had been purposeful plantings of the little, yellow slugs that would— when their time should come—bring about other extensions of social growths.

But the word *purposeful,* and the word *providential,* are usurped words. They are of the language of theologians, and are meant to express an idea of

a presiding being, ruling existence, superior to it, and not of it, or not implicit to it. I'd rather go on using these words, denying their ownership by any special cult, than to coin new words. With no necessity for thinking of an external designer and controller, I can think of design and control and providence and purpose and preparation for future uses, if I can think not loosely of Nature, but of *a* Nature, as an organic whole. Every being, except for its dependence upon environment, is God to its parts.

It is upon the northern parts of this earth that the civilizations that have persisted have grown up, then extending themselves colonially southward. History, like South America and Africa, tapers southward. There are no ruins of temples, pyramids, obelisks, in Australia, Argentina, South Africa. Preponderantly peninsulas, are southward droops. As if by design, or as if concordantly with an accentuation of lands and peoples in the north, the sun shines about a week longer in the north, each year, than in the south. The coldness in the less important Antarctic regions is more intense than in the Arctic, and here there is no vegetation like the grasses and flowers of the Arctic, in the summertime. Life withers southward. Musk oxen, bears, wolves, foxes, lemmings in the Far North— but there are only amphibious mammals in the Antarctic. Fields of Arctic poppies in the Arctic summertime—but summer in the Antarctic is gray with straggling lichens. If this earth be top-shaped as some of the geodesists think, it is a bloom that is stemmed with desolation.

There are no deposits of coal in the southern parts that compare with deposits in the northern parts. The greatest abundance of oil supplies is north of the equator. It looks like organic preparation, in formative times, before human life appeared upon this earth, for civilizations that would grow up in the north. For ages, peoples of this earth were ignorant of the uses of coal and oil, upon which their later developments would depend.

But so conventionalized are the thoughts of most persons, upon this subject, that if, for instance, my expression is that gold was strewn in California in preparation for future uses, there must be either a visualization of an aggrandized man, who walked about, slinging nuggets, or a denial that, except in the mind of a man, there can be purpose, or control, or design, or providence—

But the making of a lung in an embryonic being that cannot breathe—but it will breathe. This making of a lung is a preparation for future uses. Or the depositions of tissues that are muscles that are not, but that will be, used.

Mechanical foresight, or preparation for future uses, pervades every embryonic being. There is a fortune teller in every womb.

Still, not altogether only theological have been speculations upon the existence of purpose, or design, control, or guidance in "Nature." There are philosophical doctrines known as *orthogenesis* and *entelechy.* Again we are in a situation that we have noted. If there be orthogenesis, or guidance from within—within what? Heretofore, this doctrine has provided no outlines within which to think. All that is required for thinkableness, instead of bafflement, is to give up attempted notions upon Nature, as Universality, and conceive of one thinkable-sized existence, of shape that is representable in thought, and conceive of an organic orthogenesis within that.

In the organic sense, there is, in the Arctic regions, no great need for water. Though the coldness is not so intense here as it is commonly supposed to be, the climate nevertheless prevents much colonization. I have never read of a deluge in the Arctic. Thunderstorms are very uncommon. Some explorers have never seen a thunderstorm in the Arctic regions. And at the same time there are oppressively warm, or almost tropical, summer days in the Arctic. Instead of the enormous falls of snow, of common suppositions, the fall of snow, in the Far North, is "very light" (Stefansson). It looks like organically economic neglect of a part that cannot be used. Where, as reliefs, thunderstorms are not needed, there are, except as vagaries, no thunderstorms, though the summertime conditions in places of need and no need are much alike. See Heilprin's account of his experiences in Greenland—summer days so nearly tropical that pitch melted from the seams of his ship.

The alternations that are known as the seasons are beneficial. They have come about accidentally, or they have been worked out by Automatic Design, or by all-pervasive intelligence, or by equilibration, if that word be preferred to the word "intelligence." It looks as if more complexly a problem was solved. It is commonly thought that only brains solve problems, or, rather, approximate to solutions: but every living thing that carries a weapon, or a tool, has, presumably not with its brains, but with the intelligence that pervades all substances—so then with the intelligence of its body —solved a problem. It looks as if more complexly a problem was solved, as I say, though in anything like a real, or final, sense, no problem ever has been solved. By the varying incidence of the sun, alternations of fruitfulness and rest could be brought about in the north and the south, but

that left rhythms small in the tropics. It looks as if here, intelligently, were brought about the changes that are known as the dry season and the rainy season. I have never read a satisfactory explanation of this alternation, in conventional, meteorological terms.

In the April rains there is evidence, or might be, if we could have a rational idea as to what we mean by evidence, of design, and an automatically intelligent provision and control. Something is controlling the motions of the planets, according to all appearances that we take as appearances of control. Accepting this, I am only amplifying. Rains, of a gentle and frequent kind that is most beneficial to young plants, or best adapted to them, fall in April. Conventional biology is too one-sided. It treats of adaptation of plants to rain. We see also the adaptation of rains to plants. But there must be either the conventionally theological, or the organic, view, to see this reciprocity. If one prefers to think of a kind and loving deity, who is sending the April rains, he will have to consider— or, rather, will be faced by—records of other rains, which are of the loving kindness of slaughter and desolation and woe.

There is some, unknown condition that ameliorates the climate of Great Britain, as if this center of colony-sporing were prepared for by an automatic purposefulness, and protected from the rigors of the same latitudes in the west. Once upon a time, one of the wisemen's most definite concepts was the Gulf Stream. They wrote about its "absolute demarcation" from surrounding waters. They were as sure of the Gulf Stream as they are today that the stars are trillions of miles away. Lately so much has been written upon the inconceivability of the Gulf Stream having effect upon climate farther from its source than somewhere around Cape Hatteras, that I shall not go into that subject. Something is especially warming Great Britain, and it cannot be thought to be the Gulf Stream. It may be an organically providential amelioration. It may play out, when the functioning period of Great Britain passes away. I am not much given to prophecy, but I'll take this chance—that if England loses India, we may expect hard winters in England.

Our acceptance is that nations work together, or operate against one another functionally, or as guided by the murderous supervisions of a whole Organism. Or, apologizing again, I call such organized slaughter, *super-metabolism.* So enormous is the subject of human history, as affected by its partness in a whole, that I shall reserve it for treatment some other time.

Monistically—though some other time I shall pluralistically take another view, as well—the acceptance is that human beings have not existed as individuals any more than have cells in an animal organism existences of their own. Still, one must consider that there is something of individuality, or contrariness in every cell. This view of submergence is now so widespread that it is expressed by writers in many fields of thought. But they lack the concept of a whole, trying to think of a social organism as a whole, though clearly every social quasi-organism has relations with other social quasi-organisms, and is dependent enormously, or vitally, upon environment. Other thinkers, or more than doubtful thinkers, say that they think of the unthinkable Absolute as the whole.

I have a notion that, for ages, as a factor in an automatic plan, the Australian part of our existence's nucleus, this earth, was reserved. If this be not easy to think, it is equally hard to think why Australia, in its fertile parts, was not colonized by Asiatics. There was relative isolation. But it was not geographical isolation: the distance between Cape York, Australia, and New Guinea is only 100 miles. There was an approximation to isolation so extreme that one type of animal life grew up and prevailed. This gap was jumped by the marsupials of Australia. Then the question is—why, if not obediently to an inhibition, was it not jumped the other way? Of course we can have no absolute expressions, but just when the dingoes and the wild cattle of Queensland first arrived in Australia is still considered debatable.

There were civilizations in the Americas, but they were civilizations that could not resist the relatively late-appearing Europeans. Long before, there had been other civilizations in Central America, but they had disappeared, or they had been removed. The extinction of them is, by archaeologists, considered as mysterious, as is the extinction of the dinosaurs, by the paleontologists—or as, by cells of a later period, might be considered the designed and scheduled, or purposeful, extinction of cartilage cells in an embryo.

The expression is that Australia and the Americas were reserved, as relative blanks, in which human life upon this earth could shake off, after a fashion, many conventions and traditional hamperings, and start somewhat anew.

Drones appear in a beehive. They are reserved. At first they contribute nothing to the welfare of the hive, but there is a providence that looks after them just so long as they will be of future use. This is automatic foresight

and purpose, according to automatic plan, in a beehive, regarded as a whole. The God of the bees is the Hive. There is no necessity to think of an external control, nor of any being, presiding over the bees and directing their affairs.

Reservations besides those in the affairs of bees and men are common. Some trees have buds that are not permitted to develop. These are known as *dormants*, and are held in reserve, against the possibility of a destruction of the tree's developed leaves. In one way or another, there are reservations in every organism.

We think of inter-mundane isolations that have been maintained, as once the Americas were kept separated from Europe, not by vast and untraversable distances, but by belief in vast and untraversable distances. I have no sense of loneliness in thinking that the inorganic sciences that are, by inertia, holding out for the isolation of this earth, have lost much power over minds. There are dissatisfactions and contempts everywhere.

There may be civilizations in the lands of the stars, or it may be that, in the concavity of a starry shell, vast, habitable regions have been held in reserve for colonization from this earth. Though there is considerable opposition to wars, they are, as at any moving picture place, one can see, still popular: but other eliminations of human beings have waned, and it is likely that for a long time birth control will have no more than its present control upon births. The pestilences that used to remove millions are no longer so much heard of. It may be that an organic existence is, by lessening eliminations, preparing a pressure of populations upon this earth that can have relief only in enormous colonizing outlets somewhere else. It is as if concordantly, the United States has shut down, as a relief, to superabundances of people in Europe, and as if representing the same purpose or plan, Australia and Canada, as well as the United States, are shutting out Asiatics. It is as if co-operatively with the simultaneous variations of need, aviation is developing, as the means of migratory reliefs —

If there be a nearby land that is a revolving shell of stars—

And if, according to data that I have collected, there be not increasing coldness and attenuation of air, past a zone not far from this earth.

Nineteen hundred and thirty something or another—may be nineteen hundred and forty or fifty—

There’s a flash in the sky. It is said to be a meteor. There’s a glow. That is said to be an aurora borealis—

The time has come.

The slogan comes—

Skyward ho!

The treks to the stars. Flows of adventurers—and the movietone news—press agents and interviews—and somebody about to sail to Lyra reduces expenses by letting it be known what brand of cigarettes he’ll take along—

Caravels with wings—and the covered planes of the sky—and writers of complaints to the newspapers: this dumping of milk bottles and worse from the expeditions is an outrage. New comets are watched from this earth—long trains of voyagers to the stars, when at night they turn on their lights. New constellations appear —the cities of the lands of the stars.

And then the commonplaceness of it all.

Personally conducted tours to Taurus and Orion. Summer vacations on the brink of Vega. “My father tells of times, when people, before going to the moon, made their wills.” “Just the same there was something peaceful about those old skies. It’s getting on my nerves, looking up at all those lip stick and soap and bathing suit signs.”

Or my own acceptance that there can be no understanding of our existence, if be overlooked the irony of it all—

The aristocratic astronomers—their alleged rapport with infinitude —their reputed familiarity with the ultra-remote—the academic—the classical —

One looks up and sees, instead, an illuminated representation of a can of spaghetti in tomato sauce, in the sky.

The commonplaceness of it all. Of course the stars are near. Who, but a few old fossils, ever thought otherwise? Does the writer of this book think that he found out anything new? All these notions of his were matters of common knowledge, away back in the times of ancient Greece.

22

THAT, in the summer of 1880, some other world, or whatever we'll call it, after a period of hard luck, cheered up —and cast off its despairs—which came to this earth, where there is always room for still more melancholy—in long, black, funereal processions.

Aug. 18, 1880—people, near the waterfront of Havre, France, saw the arrival of a gloom. Sails, in the harbor of Havre, suddenly turned black. But, like every other gloom, this one alternated with alleviations. The sails flapped white. There was a flutter of black and white. Then enormous numbers of the units of these emotions were falling into the streets of Havre. They were long, black flies.

In an editorial, in the London *Daily Telegraph*, August 21st, it is said that this appearance of flies, at Havre, was a "puzzle of the most mysterious kind." These flies had come down from a point over the English Channel. They had not come from England. I have searched widely in Continental publications, and there is no findable record of any observation upon this vast swarm of flies, until it came down from the sky, over the English Channel. Pilot boats, returning to Havre, came in black with them. See the *Journal des Debats* (Paris) August 20—that they were exhausted flies, which fell, when touched, and could not move, when picked up. Or they may have been chilled into torpidity. Presumably there were survivors, but most of these helpless flies fell into the water, and the swarm, as a swarm, perished. If this is a puzzle of the "most mysterious kind," I am going to be baffled for a description, as we go along. I don't know what comes after the superlative.

Three days later, another vast swarm of long, black flies appeared somewhere else. Just how much we're going to be puzzled by more than the most mysterious depends upon how far this other place was from Havre. See the *New York Times*, September 8 —that, upon August 21st, a cloud of long, black flies, occupying twenty minutes in passing, had appeared at East Pictou, Nova Scotia. *Halifax Citizen*, August 21—that they had passed Lismore, flying low, some of them appearing to fall into the water.

Upon the 2nd of September, another swarm came down from the sky. It appeared suddenly, at one place, and there is no findable record that it was seen anywhere else, over land or water of this earth. It is told of, in the *Entomologists' Monthly Magazine,* November, 1880—off the coast of Norfolk, England—an avalanche that overwhelmed a schooner—"millions and millions of flies." The sailors were forced to take shelter, and it was five hours before they could return to the decks. "The air became clear, about 4 P.M., when the flies were thrown overboard by shovelfuls, and the remainder were washed off the decks by buckets of water and brooms." It was another appearance of exhausted, or torpid, flies.

Scientific American, 43-193—"On the afternoon of Saturday, September 4th, the steamboat *Martin* encountered, on the Hudson River, between New Hamburg and Newburgh, a vast cloud of flies. It reached southward, from shore to shore, as far as the eye could reach, and resembled a drift of black snow. The insects were flying northward, as thick as snowflakes driven by a strong wind." They were long, black flies. *Halifax Citizen,* September 7—that, upon the 5th of September, a compact cloud of flies, occupying half an hour in passing, had appeared at Guysboro, Nova Scotia, hosts of them falling into the water.

I think that this crowd of flies was not the same as the Hudson River crowd, even though that was flying northward. So I think, because the flies of Guysboro, like the flies of Havre, came as if from a point over the ocean. "They came from the east" (*Brooklyn Eagle,* September 7).

The look of the data is that, with an ocean between appearing-points, a bulk of flies, of the size of a minor planet, dividing into swarms, somewhere in outer space, came to this earth from somewhere else. It is simply a matter of thinking of one origin, and then thinking that that origin could not have been in either North America or Europe.

If we can think that these flies came to this earth from the moon, or Mars, or from a fertile region in the concave land of the stars, that is interesting; but by this time we have passed out of the kindergarten of our notions, and are ready to take up not merely mysterious appearances, but mysterious appearances that will be data for our organic expressions. In data upon insect-swarms of the summer of 1921, there is suggestion not only of conventionally unaccountable appearances of insect-swarms, but of appearances in response to need. If one has no very active awareness for

any need for insects, that is because one is not thinking far enough back into interrelations of bugs and all other things.

In the summer of 1921, England was bereft of insects. The destruction of insects, in England, by the drought of 1921, was, very likely, unequaled at any other time, anyway for a century or more. The story of dwindling and disappearing is told, in *Garden Life,* for instance—aphides becoming fewer and fewer—absence of mosquitoes, because of the drying of the ponds—not one dragon fly all summer—scarcity of ants—midges almost entirely absent— stricken fields in which not a butterfly was seen—ordinary flies uncommon, and bluebottles exterminated. See the *Field* and the *Entomologists' Record* for similar accounts.

Then came clouds of insects and plagues of insects: foreign insects, and unknown insects. Anybody can find the data in various English publications. I note here that one of the swarms of exotic insects was of large fireflies that appeared in Wales (*Cardiff Western Mail,* July 12). Locusts appeared (London *Weekly Dispatch,* July 6). I suppose that almost any conventional entomologist will question my statement that vast swarms of unknown insects appeared at this time, in England: nevertheless, in the London *Daily Express,* September 24, Prof. Le Froy is quoted as saying, of a species of stinging insects, that it was unknown to him.

Destructions that were approaching extermination—and then multitudinous replenishments. I have searched without finding one datum for thinking that one of these replenishments was seen crossing the Channel. Three of them were of foreign insects.

Once upon a time, according to ancient history, Somebody so loved this world that he gave to it his only begotten son. In this year 1921, according to more recent records, Something gave to the streets of London its many forgotten women. To starving humans it gave a dole. But, when its insects dwindled away, it bestowed profusions of bugs.

All our expressions are in terms of relative importance.

In the summer of 1869, in many parts of England, there was a scarcity of insects that was in some ways more remarkable than that of 1921. This scarcity was discussed in all entomological magazines of the time, and was mentioned in newspapers and other publications. For one of the discussions, see the *Field,* July 31 and Aug. 14, 1869. Most widely noticed was the absence of one of the commonest of insects, the small, white butterfly,

Pieris rapae. Some of the other ordinarily plentiful species were scarcely findable.

In the London *Times*, July 17, a correspondent, in Ashford, Kent, writes that a tropical, or sub-tropical insect, a firefly (*Lampyris Italia)* had been caught in his garden. In the *Times*, of the 20th, the presence of this insect in England is seemingly explained. Someone else writes that, upon June 29th, at Dover, only fifteen miles from Ashford, he had released twelve fireflies, which he had brought in a bottle from Coblenz. But in the same issue of this newspaper, a third correspondent writes that, at Catherham, Surrey, had appeared many fireflies. *Weekly Dispatch* (London)—"They were so numerous that people called them a nuisance." Even a firefly can't fly its fire, without a man with a bottle appearing and saying that he had let it go. There will be accounts of other swarms. Only Titans, who had uncorked Mammoth Caves, *in* mountains of glass, could put in claims for letting them go from bottles.

The coast of Lincolnshire—and a riddance long and wide. The coast of Norfolk—several miles of tragedy. In the *Zoologist*, 1869-1839, someone reports belts of water, some a few yards wide, and some hundreds of yards wide, "of a thick, pea-soup appearance," so colored by drowned aphides, off the coast of Lincolnshire; and, off the coast of Norfolk, a band of drowned ladybirds, about ten feet wide, and two or three miles long. Wherever this little dead comet came from, there is no findable record that it had been seen alive anywhere in Europe.

Upon the 26th of July, columns of aphides came down from the sky, at Bury St. Edmunds, about 60 miles south of the coast of Lincolnshire massed so that they gave off a rank odor, and so dense that, for anybody surrounded by them, it was difficult to breathe. Upon the same day, at Chelmsford, about 40 miles south of Bury St. Edmunds, appeared masses of these insects equally vast. See *Gardener's Chronicle*, July 31, August 7.

Aphides had streaked the ocean. Columns of others had come down, like vast, green stems, from their fern-like clouds. Less decoratively, others darkened the sky. A new enormity appeared upon the coast of Essex, about the first of August. According to correspondence, in the *Maidstone Journal*, August 23, fogs of aphides had shut off sunlight. They appeared in other parts of southeastern England. "They swarmed to such an extent as to darken the air for days together, and to render it almost dangerous to the sight of men and animals to be out of doors."

The 9th of August—the first of the ladybirds that reached England alive were reported at Ramsgate. Three days later, between Margate and Nore Light, near the mouth of the Thames, thousands of ladybirds speckled a vessel. This diseased appearance took on a more serious look, with blotches of small, yellow, black-marked flies. Then spread a cosmetic of butterflies.

These were van-swarms. Upon the 13th, an invasion was on. I quote chiefly from the London *Times.*

A cloud was seen over the Channel, not far from land, moving as if from Calais, reaching Ramsgate, discharging ladybirds upon the town. They drifted into piles in the streets. The town turned yellow. These were not red ladybirds. There would be less mystery, if they were. People in the town were alarmed by the drifting piles in the streets, and a new job, worth the attention of anybody who collects notes upon odd employments, appeared. Ladybird shovelers were hired to throw the drifts into sewers.

Clouds streaked counties. They moved northward, reaching London, upon the 14th, pelting into the streets, and filling gutters. Children scooped them up, filling bags and pails with them, and "played store" with them. Multitudes went on as far as Worcester.

Upon the 14th, "a countless multitude" of other ladybirds arrived upon the coasts of Kent and Surrey, and these clouds, too, seemed to have come from France. They rattled, like colored hail, against windows. They were "yellow perils," and the inhabitants were alarmed, fearing a pestilence from accumulations of bodies. Fires were built, to burn millions of them, and people who had never shoveled ladybirds before took up the new employment.

The next day, "an enormous multitude" of new arrivals appeared at Dover, coming as if from France. The people who were out in this storm carried umbrellas, which soon looked like huge sunflowers. People, stopping to discuss the phenomenon, gathered into bouquets. The storm abated, and umbrellas were closed. All blossomed again. Another cloud rolled in from no place or origin that has ever been found out. These living gushes from the unknown moved on toward London, and in accounts of them, in *Land and Water,* are amusing descriptions of the astonishment they caused. There is a story of five hypnotized cats. A multitude alighted upon a lawn. Five cats sat around, motionless, gazing at the insects. A woman tells of her bewilderment, when, looking out at her lines of wash, which had been spotless, she saw garments hanging blotched and heavy. At

Shoeburyness, the ladybirds pelted so that men in brickyards were driven from their work. Unless from celestial nozzles living fountains were playing down upon this earth, I cannot conceive of the origin of these deluges.

Some entomologists tried to explain that the insects must have gathered in other parts of England, having flown toward France, having been borne back by winds to the southeastern coast of England.

If anybody accepts, with me, that these insects were not English ladybirds, and that they did not come from France, and did not keep on coming, day after day, to one point, from Holland, Sweden, Spain, Africa—and here consider the feeble flight of ladybirds—but if anybody accepts with me that these ladybirds did not fly from – my part of this earth to their appearing-point, I suppose that he will go on thinking that they must so have flown, just the same.

That there are data for thinking that these insects were not English ladybirds:

In the London *Standard,* August 20, there is a description of them. “They all seemed to be much larger than the common ladybirds, of a paler color, with more spots.” In the *Field,* August 28, someone writes that all the insects, except a few, were yellow. So far as he knew, he had never before seen specimens of this species. The Editor of the *Field* writes: “The red is paler, and there are divers slight differences that rather indicate a foreign origin.” He says that, in the opinion of Mr. Jenner Weir, the naturalist, these ladybirds were different from ordinary English specimens.

But these millions must have been very ordinary somewhere.

That there are data for thinking that these insects came from neither France nor Belgium:

Such as hosts of observations upon the swarms, within a mile or two of the English coast, and no findable record of an observation farther away, or nearer France. There is, in newspapers of Paris, no mention of appearances of ladybirds anywhere upon the continent of Europe. There is no mention in publications of entomological societies of France and Belgium. But any of these enormous clouds leaving a coast of France or Belgium would have attracted as much attention as did an arrival in England. Other scientific publications in which I have searched, without finding mention of observations upon ladybirds in France, or any, other part of the Continent, are *Comptes Rendus, Cosmos, Petites Nouvelles Entomologiques, Rev. et Mag. de Zoologie, La Science Pour Tous, L’Abeille, Bib. Universelle,* and

Rev. Cours. Sci. In *Galignani's Messenger* (Paris) considerable space is given to accounts of the invasions of England by ladybirds, but there is no mention of observations anywhere, except in England, or within a mile or so of the English coast.

This is the way an invasion began. A great deal was written about conditions in the invaded land. Probably the scarcity of insects in England was unprecedented. There was no drought. It is simply that the insects had died out. And billions were coming from somewhere else.

"Margate Overwhelmed!"

In the *Field*, August 28, a correspondent writes: "On Wednesday (25th) I went to Ramsgate by steamboat, and, as we approached within five or six miles of Margate, complaints of wasps began to be heard. I soon ascertained that they were not wasps, but a bee-like fly. As we neared Margate, they increased to millions, and at Margate they were almost unendurable." Some specimens were sent to the Editor of the *Field,* and he identified them as *Syrphi.* There had been a similar multitude at Walton, on the coast, about 30 miles north of Margate, the day before.

The little band of scouts, at Ashford—they carried lanterns. Then green processions—yellow multitudes—the military-looking *Syrphi,* costumed like hussars—

A pilgrimage was on.

"Thunder bugs" appeared between Wingham and Adisham. The tormented people of the region said that they had never seen anything of the kind before (*Field*, August 21). Wasps and flies "in overwhelming numbers" besieging Southampton (*Gardeners' Chronicle*, September 18). London an arriving point—the descent of crane flies upon London—doorsteps and pavements looking muddy with them—people turning out with buckets of boiling water, destroying multitudes of them (*Illustrated London News*, September 18). This is one of the ways of treating tourists.

I think that there is a crowd-psychology of insects, as well as of men, or an enjoyment of communicated importance from a crowd of millions to one of the bugs. They were humming to England, not merely with bands playing, but each of them blowing some kind of a horn of his own. There are persons who would be good, if they thought that they could go to heaven, or so swarm in the sky, with millions of others, all tooting saxophones.

Pilgrims, or expeditionaries, or crusaders—it was more like a crusade, with nation after nation, or species after species, pouring into England, to restore something that had been lost.

In *Sci. Op.*, 3-261, is an account of a new insect that appeared in England, in July of this year, 1869. For accounts of other unknown insects that appeared in England, in this summer, see the *Naturalists' Note Book*, 1869-318; *Sci. Gos.*, 1870-141; *Ent. Mo. Mag.*, 1869-86, and February, 1870; *Sci. Op.*, 2-359. It was a time of "mysterious strangers."

In the *Times*, August 21, someone noted the absence of small, white butterflies, and wondered how to account for it. In the *Entomologist*, Newman wrote that, up to July 12th, he had seen, of this ordinarily abundant insect, only three specimens. Upon pages 313-315, half a dozen correspondents discussed this remarkable scarcity. In the *Field*, September 4, someone told of the astonishing scarcity of house flies: in more than six weeks, at Axminster, he had seen only four flies. London *Standard*, August 20—that, at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, all insects, except ladybirds and black ants, were "few and far between." In *Symons' Met. Mag.*, August, 1869, it is said that, at Shiffnal, scarcely a white butterfly had been seen, and that, up to July 21st, only one wasps' nest had been found. Correspondents, in the *Entomologist*, September and October, mentioned the scarcity of three species of white butterflies, and noted the unprecedented fewness of beetles, bees, wasps, and moths. Absence of hornets is commented upon, in the *Field*, July 24.

They were pouring into England.

An army of beetles appeared in the sky. At Ullswater, this appearance was a military display. Regiment after regiment, for half an hour, passed over the town (*Land and Water*, September 4).

The spiders were coming.

Countless spiders came down from the sky into the city of Carlisle, and, at Kendal, thirty-five miles away, webs fell enormously (*Carlisle Journal*, October 5). About the 12th of October, "a vast number" of streamers of spiders' web and spiders came down from the sky, at Tiverton, Devonshire, 280 miles south of Carlisle. See the *English Mechanic*, November 19, and the *Tiverton Times*, October 12. As if in one persisting current, there was a repetition. Upon the morning of the 15th, webs, "like pieces of cotton," fell from the sky, at South Molton, near Tiverton. Then fell "wondrous quantities," and all afternoon the fall continued, "covering fields, houses,

and persons." It was no place for flies, but to this webby place flies did come.

Species after species—it was like the internationalism of the better-known crusades—

The locusts were coming.

Upon the 4th of September, a locust was caught in Yorkshire (*Entomologist*, 1870-58). There are no locusts indigenous to England. At least up to May, 1895, no finding of a locust in its immature state had ever been recorded in Great Britain (*Sci. Gos.*, 1895-83). Upon the 8th and 9th of October, locusts appeared in large numbers, in some places, in Pembrokeshire, Derbyshire, Gloucestershire, and Cornwall. They had the mystery of the ladybirds. They were of a species that, according to records, had never before appeared in England. An entomologist, writing in the *Journal of the Plymouth Institute*, 4-15, says that he had never heard of a previous visit to England by this insect (*Acridium peregrinum)*. It seems that in all Europe this species had not been seen before. In the *Ent. Mo. Mag.*, 7-1, it is said that these locusts were new to European fauna, and were mentioned in no work upon European *Orthoptera*.

At the meeting of the Entomological Society of London, Nov. 15, 1869, it was decided, after a discussion, that the ladybirds had not come from France, but had flown from places in England, and had been carried back, by winds to other parts of England. There was no recorded observation to this effect. It was the commonplace ending of a mystery.

I add several descriptions that indicate that, in spite of London's most eminent bugmen, the ladybirds were not English ladybirds. *Inverness Courier,* September 2—"That they are foreigners, nobody doubts. They are nearly twice the size of the common English lady birds, and are of a paler color." See the *Student*, 4-160—"the majority were of a large size, and of a dull, yellow hue." In the London *Standard*, August 23, it is said that some of the insects were almost half an inch long.

That the locusts were foreigners was, by the Entomological Society of London, not discussed. Nothing else was discussed. Crane flies and *Syrphi* and spiders and all the rest of them—not a mention. I know of no scientist who tried to explain the ladybirds, and mentioned locusts. I know of no scientist who tried to explain the locusts and mentioned ladybirds—no scientist who wrote upon a scarcity of insects, and mentioned the swarms—no scientist who told of swarms, and mentioned scarcity.

The spiders, in a localized fall that lasted for hours, arrived as if from a persisting appearing-point over a town, and the ladybirds repeatedly arrived, as if from an appearing-point a few miles from a coast. The locusts came, not in one migration, but as if successively along a persisting path, or current, because several had been caught more than a month before large numbers appeared (*Field*, October 23).

A mob from the sky, at Burntisland, Scotland—"spinning jennys" that were making streets fuzzy with their gatherings on cornices and window sills (*Inverness Courier,* September 9). An invasion at Beccles was "an experience without precedent." A war correspondent tells of it, in the *Gardeners' Chronicle,* September 18. The invaders were gnats—correspondent trying to write about them, from an ink pot filled with drowned gnats—people breathing and eating gnats. Near Reading, "clouded yellow butterflies," insects that had never before been recorded in Berkshire, appeared (*Sci. Gos.*, 1869-210). At Hardwicke, many bees of a species that was unknown to the observer, were seen (*Nature,* 2-98). *Field,* August 21 and November 20—swarms of hummingbird hawkmoths. As described in *Science Gossip,* 1869-273, there was, at Conway, "a wonderful sight"—a flock of hummingbird hawkmoths and several species of butterflies. Clouds of insects appeared in Battersea Park, London, hovering over trees, in volumes so thick that people thought the trees had been set afire (*Field,* June 4, 1870). An invasion at Tiverton, seemingly coming with the spiders, "a marvelous swarm of black flies" made its headquarters upon the Town Hall, covering the building, turning it dark inside, by settling upon the window glass (*Tiverton Times,* October 12). At Maidstone, as if having arrived with the lady birds, a large flight of winged ants was seen (*Maidstone Journal,* August 23). Midges were arriving at Inverness, August 18th. "At some points the cloud was so dense that people had to hold their breath and run through (*Inverness Courier,* August 19). *Thrips* suddenly appeared at Scarborough, August 25th (*Sci. Op.*, 2-292). At Long Benton, clouds of *Thrips* descended upon the town, wafting into houses, where they were dusted from walls, and swept from floors (*Ent. Mo. Mag.*, 1869-171). Also, at Long Benton appeared an immense flight of the white butterflies that were so scarce everywhere else, gardeners killing thousands of them (*Ent. Mo. Mag.*, December, 1869). At Stonefield, Lincolnshire, appeared beetles of a species that had never been seen there before (*Field,* October 16).

It was more than a deluge of bugs. It was a pour of species. It was more than that. It was a pour on a want.

Entomologists' Record, 1870—that, in this summer of 1869, in England, there had been such an "insect famine" that swallows had starved to death.

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MELBOURNE AGE, Jan. 21, 1869—there was a carter. He was driving a five-horse truck along the bed of a dry creek. Down the gulley shot a watery fist that was knuckled with boulders. A dead man, a truck, and five horses were punched into trees.

New Orleans Daily Picayune, Aug. 6, 1893—[a] woman in a carriage, crossing a dried-up stream, in Rawlings County, Kansas. It was a quiet, summery scene.

There was a rush of water. The carriage crumbled. There was a spill of crumbs that were a woman's hat and the heads of horses.

Philadelphia Public Ledger, Sept. 16, 1893—people asleep, in the town of Villa-canas, Toledo, Spain. The town was raided by trees. Trees smashed through the walls of houses. People in bed were grabbed by roots. A deluge had fallen into a forest.

Bright, clear day, near Pittsburgh, Pa. From the sky swooped a wrath that incited a river. It was one bulk of water: two miles away, no rain fell (*New Orleans Daily Picayune*, July 11, 1893). A raging river jeered against former confinements. Some of its gibes were freight cars. It scoffed with bridges. Having made a highwater mark of rebellion, it subsided into a petulance of jostling row-boats. Monistically, I have to accept that no line of demarcation can be drawn between emotions of minds and motions of rivers.

These sudden, astonishing leaks from the heavens are not understood. Meteorologists study them meteorologically. This seems logical, and is therefore under suspicion. This is the fallacy of all the sciences: scientists are scientific. They are inorganically scientific. Some day there may be organic science, or the interpretation of all phenomenal things in terms of an organism that comprises all.

If our existence is an organism, in which all phenomena are continuous, dreams cannot be utterly different, in the view of continuity, from occurrences that are said to be real. Sometimes, in a nightmare, a kitten turns into a dragon. Louth, Lincolnshire, England, May 29, 1920—the

River Lud, which is only a brook, and is known as “Tennyson’s Brook,” was babbling, or maybe it was purling—

Out of its play, this little thing humped itself twenty feet high. A ferocious transformation of a brook sprang upon the houses of Louth, and mangled fifty of them. Later in the day, between banks upon which were piled the remains of houses, in which were lying twenty-two bodies, and from which hundreds of the inhabitants had been driven homeless, the little brook was babbling, or purling.

In scientific publications, early in the year 1880, an event was told of, in the usual, scientific way: that is, as if it were a thing in itself. It was said that a “water-spout” had burst upon the island of St. Kitts, B. W. I. A bulk of water had struck this island, splitting it into cracks, carrying away houses and people, drowning 250 of the inhabitants. A paw of water, clawed with chasms, had grabbed these people.

In accordance with our general treatments, we think that there are waterspouts and cloudbursts, but that the waterspout and cloudburst conveniences arise, when nothing else can, or, rather, should, be thought of, and as labels are stuck on events that cannot be so classified except as a matter of scientific decorum and laziness. Some of the sleek, plump sciences are models of good behavior and inactivity, because, with little else to do, they sit all day on the backs of patient fishmongers.

As a monist, I think that there is something meteorological about us. Out of the Libraries will come wraths of data, and we, too, shall jeer against former confinements. Our gibes will be events, and we shall scoff with catastrophes.

The “waterspout” at St. Kitts—as if it were a single thing, unrelated to anything else. *The West Indian,* Feb. 3, 1880—that, while the bulk that was called a waterspout was overwhelming St. Kitts, water was falling upon the island of Grenada, “as it had never rained before, in the history of the island.” Grenada is 300 miles from St. Kitts.

I take data of another occurrence, from the *Dominican,* and *The People,* published at Roseau, Dominica, B. W. I. About 11 o’clock, morning of January 4th, the town of Roseau was bumped by midnight. People in the streets were attacked by darkness. People in houses heard the smash of their window panes. Night fell so heavily that it broke roofs. It was a daytime night of falling mud. With the mud came a deluge.

The River Roseau rose, and there was a conflict. The river, armed with the detachables of an island, held up shields of mules, and pierced the savage darkness with spears of goats. Long lines of these things it flung through the black streets of Roseau.

In the Boiling Lakes District of Dominica, there had been an eruption of mud, at the time of the deluge, which was like the fall of water upon St. Kitts, eight days later. There had, in recorded time, never been an eruption here before.

Three months before, there had been, in another part of the West Indies, a catastrophe like that of St. Kitts. Upon Oct. 10, 1879, a deluge fell upon the island of Jamaica, and drowned one hundred of the inhabitants (London *Times*, Nov. 8, 1879). A flood that slid out from this island was surfaced with jungles—tangles of mahogany logs, trees, and bushes; brambled with the horns of goats and cattle; hung with a moss of the fleece of sheep. Incoming vessels plowed furrows, as if in a passing cultivation of one of the rankest luxuriances that ever vegetated upon an ocean. Passengers looked at tangles of trees and bodies, as if at picture puzzles. In foliage, they saw faces.

For months, there had been, in the Provinces of Murcia and Alicante, Spain, a drought so severe that inhabitants had been driven into emigration to Algeria. Whether we think of this drought and the prayers of the people as having relation or not, there came a downpour that was as intense as the necessities. See London *Times*, Oct. 20, 1879. Upon October 14th, floods poured upon these parched provinces. Perhaps it was response to the prayers of the people. Five villages were destroyed. Fifteen hundred persons perished.

Virtually in the same zone with Spain and the West Indies (U. S. Colombia) a deluge fell, in December. The River Cauca rose beyond all former high water marks, so suddenly that people were trapped in their houses. This was upon December 19th.

The next day, the earth started quaking in Salvador, near Lake Ilopanga. This lake was the crater of what was supposed to be an extinct volcano. I take data from the *Panama Daily Star and Herald*, Feb. 10, 1880.

Upon the 31st of December—four days before occurrences in the island of Dominica—the earth quaked in Salvador, and from the middle of Lake Ilopanga emerged a rocky formation. Water fell from the sky, in bulks that gouged gullies. Gullies writhed in the quaking ground. The inhabitants who

cried to the heavens prayed to Epilepsy. Mud was falling upon the convulsions. A volcanic island was rising in Lake Ilopanga, displacing the water, in streams that writhed from it violently. Rise of a form that filled the lake— it shook out black torrents—head of a Gorgon, shaggy with snakes.

Beginning upon October 10th, and continuing until the occurrence at St. Kitts, deluge after deluge came down to one zone around this earth—or a flight of lakes was cast from a constellational reservoir, which was revolving and discharging around a zone of this earth. In the minds of most of us, this could not be. We have been taught to look up at the revolving stars, and to see and to think that they do not revolve.

Our data are of the slaughters of people, who, by fishmongerish explanations, have been held back from an understanding of an irrigational system: of their emotions, and of the elementary emotions of lands. There's a hope in a mind, and it turns to despair— or there's a fertile region in the materials of a South American country—and an unsuspected volcano chars it to a woe of leafless trees. Plains and the promise of crops that are shining in sunlight— plains crack into disappointments, into which fall expectations. An island appears in the ocean, and after a while young palms feel upward. There's a convulsive relapse, and subliminal filth, from the bottom of the ocean, plasters the little aspirations. Quaking lands have clasped their fields, and have wrung their forests.

Each catastrophe has been explained by the metaphysical scientists, as a thing in itself. Scientists are contractions of metaphysicians, in their local searches for completeness, and in their statements that, except for infinitesimal errors, plus or minus, completenesses have been found. I can accept that there may be Super-phenomenal Completeness, but not that there can be phenomenal completenesses. It may be that the widespread thought that there is God, or Allness, is only an extension of the deceiving process by which to an explanation of a swarm of lady birds, or to a fall of water at St. Kitts, is given a guise of completeness—or it may be the other way around—or that there is a Wholeness—perhaps one of countless Wholenesses, in the cosmos—and that attempting completenesses and attempting concepts of completenesses are localizing consciousness of an all-inclusive state, or being—so far as its own phenomena are concerned—that is Complete.

There have been showers of ponds. From blue skies there have been shafts of water, golden in sunshine. Reflections from stars have fluted

sudden, dark, watery columns. There have been violent temples of water—colonnades of shafts, revealed against darkness by lightning—foaming facades as white as marble. Nights have been caves, roofed with vast, fluent stalactites.

These are sprinkles.

March, 1913.

The meteorologists study meteorologically. The meteorologists were surprised.

March 23, 1913—250,000 persons driven from their homes—torrents falling, rivers rising, in Ohio. The floods at Dayton, Ohio, were especially disastrous.

Traffics of bodies, in the watery streets of Dayton. The wind whistles, and holds up a cab. They stop. Night—and the running streets are hustling bodies—but, coming, is worse than the sights of former beings, who never got anywhere in life, and are still hurrying. The wreck of a trolley car speeds down an avenue—down a side street rushes a dead man. Let him catch the car, and he'll get about where all his lifetime he got catching other cars. A final dispatch from Dayton—"Dayton in total darkness."

March 23, 24, 25—a watery sky sat on the Adirondack Mountains. It began to slide. It ripped its slants on a peak, and the tops of lamp posts disappeared in the streets of Troy and Albany. Literary event, at Paterson, N. J.—something that was called "a great cloudburst" grabbed a factory chimney, and on a ruled page of streets scrawled a messy message. With the guts of horses and other obscenities, it put in popularizing touches. The list of dead, in Columbus, Ohio, would probably reach a thousand. Connecticut River rising rapidly. Delaware River, at Trenton, N. J., 14 feet above normal.

March 26th—in Parkersburg, West Virginia, people who called on their neighbors, rowed boats to second story windows. If they had in their cellars what they have nowadays, there was much demand for divers. New lakes in Vermont, and the State of Indiana was an inland sea. "Farmers caught napping." Surprises everywhere: napping everywhere. Wherever Science was, there was a swipe at a sleep. Floods in Wisconsin, floods and destruction in Illinois and Missouri.

March 27th—see the *New York Tribune*, of the 28th—that the Weather Bureau was issuing storm warnings.

The professional wisemen were not heard from, before this deluge. Some of us would like to know what they had to say, afterward. They said it, in the *Monthly Weather Review*, April, 1913.

The story is told "completely." The story is told, as if there had been exceptional rains, only in Ohio and four neighboring States. Reading this account, one thinks—as one should think—of considerable, or of extraordinary, rain, in one smallish region, and of its derivation from other parts of this earth, where unusual sunshine had brought about unusual evaporations.

Canada—and it was not here that the sun was shining. Waters falling and freezing, in Canada, loading trees and telegraph wires with ice—power houses flooded, and towns in darkness—crashes of trees, heavy with ice. California was drenched. Torrents falling, in Washington and Oregon. Unprecedented snow in Texas, New Mexico, and Oklahoma—Alabama deluged—floods in Florida.

"Ohio and four neighboring States."

Downpours in France and in other parts of Europe.

Spain—seems that, near Valencia, one of these nights, there was a rotten theatrical performance. Such a fall of big hailstones that a train was stalled—vast tragedian, in a black cloak, posing on the funnel of an engine—car windows that were footlights—and disapproval was expressing with the looks of millions of pigeons' eggs. Anyway, near Valencia, a fall of hail, three feet deep, stopped trains. Just where was all that sunshine?

South Africa—moving pictures of the low degree of the now old-fashioned "serials." Something staged Clutching Hands. There were watery grabs from the sky, at Colesburg, Murraysburg, and Prieska. The volume of one of these bulks equaled one-tenth of the total rainfall in South Africa, in one year.

Snow, two months before its season, was falling in the Andes— floods in Paraguay, and people spreading in panics—Government vessels carrying supplies to homeless, starving people—River Uruguay rising rapidly.

Heavy rains in the Fiji Islands.

The rains in Tasmania, during the month of March, were 26 points above the average.

Upon the first day of the floods in "Ohio and four neighboring States" (March 22nd) began a series of terrific thunderstorms in Australia. There

was a “rain blizzard” in New South Wales. In Queensland, all mails were delayed by floods.

New Zealand.

Wellington Evening Post, March 31—“The greatest disaster in the history of the Colony!”

Where there had been sluggish rivers, bodies of countless sheep tossed in woolly furies. Maybe there is a vast, old being named God, and reported strands of tossing sheep were glimpses of his whiskers, in one of those wraths of his. In the towns, there were fantastic savageries. Wherever the floods had been before, it looks as if they had been to college. One of them rioted through the streets of Gore, having broken down store windows. It roystered with the bodies of animals, wrapped in lace curtains, silks, and ribbons. Down the Matura River sounded a torrent of “terrible cries.” It was a rush of drowning cattle. It was a delirium of brandishing horns, upon which invisible collegians were blowing a fanfare.

“Ohio and four neighboring States.”

The clip of Paraguay, and the bob of New Zealand: the snip of South Africa, and the shearing of everything else that did not fit in with a theory. Whoever said that the pen is mightier than something else, overlooked the mightiest of all, and that’s the scissors.

Wherever all this water was coming from, the full account is of North America and four neighboring Continents.

Peaches flying from orchards, in the winds of New Zealand— icicles clattering in the streets of Montreal. The dripping palms of Paraguay—and the pine trees of Oregon were mounds of snow. At night this earth was a black constellation, sounding with panics. I can think of the origin of the ocean that fell upon it in not less than constellational terms. Perhaps Orion or Taurus went dry.

If a place, say in China, greatly needs water, and if there be stores of water, somewhere else, in one organism, I can think of relations of requital, as I think of need and response in any lesser organism, or suborganism.

Need of a camel—and storages—and reliefs.

Hibernating bear—and supplies from his storages.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Dec. 11, 1922, Sir Francis Younghusband told of a drought, in August, 1906, in Western China. The chief magistrate of Chungking prayed for rain. He put more fervor into it. Then he prayed prodigiously for rain. It began to rain. Then

something that was called “a waterspout” fell from the sky. Many of the inhabitants were drowned.

In the organic sense, I conceive of people and forests and dwindling lakes all expressing a need, and finally compelling an answer. By “prayers” I mean utterances by parched mouths, and also the rustlings of dried leaves and grasses. It seems that there have been responses. There are two explanations. One is that it is the mercy of God. For an opinion here, see the data. The other is that it is an Organism that is maintaining itself.

The British Government has engineered magnificently for water supply in Egypt. It might have been better to plant persuasive trees and clergymen in Egypt. But clergymen are notoriously eloquent, and I think that preferable would be less excitable tipsters to God, who could convey the idea of moderation.

In one year the fall of rain, at Norfolk, England, is about 29 inches. In *Symons’ Meteorological Magazine,* 1889, p. 101, Mr. Symons told of this fall of water of 29 inches in a year, and then told of volumes of water to depths of from 20 to 24 inches that had fallen, from May 25th to the 28th, 1889, in New South Wales, and of a greater deluge—34 inches—that, from the 29th to the 30th, had devastated Hongkong. Mr. Symons called attention to these two bursts from the heavens, thousands of miles apart, saying that they might, or might not, be a coincidence, but that he left it to others to theorize. I point out that a professional meteorologist thought the occurrence of only two deluges, about the same time, but far apart, remarkable, or difficult to explain in terms of terrestrial meteorology.

It was left a long time to others.

However, when I was due to appear, I appeared, perhaps right on scheduled time; and I got Australian newspapers. The Sydney newspapers told of the soak in New South Wales. I learned that all the rest of Australia was left to others—or was left, waiting for me to appear, right on scheduled time, most likely. Not rain, but columns of water fell near the town of Avoca, Victoria, and, in the *Melbourne Argus*, the way of accounting for them was to say that “a waterspout” had burst here. There were wide floods in Tasmania. Fields turned to blanks that were then lumpy with rabbits.

There had been drought in Australia, and floods were a relief to a necessity, but the greater downpour in China interests us more in conditions in China.

It was a time of direst drought and extremest famine in China. *Homeward Mail*, June 4—that, in some of the more cannibalistic regions, sales of women and children were common. It is said to be almost impossible for anybody to devour his own child. Parents exchanged children.

Down upon monstrous need came relief that was enormous. At Hongkong, houses collapsed under a smash of alleviation. A fury of mercy tore up almost every street in the Colony. The people had prayed for rain. They got it. Godness so loved Hongkong that in the town's morgue it stretched out sixteen of the inhabitants. At Canton, every pietist proclaimed the efficacy of prayer, and I think he was right about that: but the problem is to tone down all this efficacy. If we will personify what I consider an organism, what he, or more likely she, has not, is any conception of moderation. The rise of the river, at Canton, indicated that up country there had been catastrophic efficacy. At Canton efficacy was so extreme that for months the people were rebuilding.

Show me a starving man—I pay no attention. Show me the starving man—I can't be bothered. Show me the starving man, on the point of dying—I grab up groceries and I jump on him. I cram bread down his mouth, and stuff his eyes and his ears with potatoes. I rip open his lips to hammer down more food, and bung in his teeth, the better to stuff him. The explanation—it is the god-like in me.

Now, in a Library, we put in calls for the world's newspapers. Not a hint have we had that there is anything else—nothing in scientific publications of the period—not another word from Mr. Symons—but there is an implement that is mightier than the pen— and we are led on to one of our attempted correlations, by our experiences with it.

Germany—there was a drought so severe that there were public prayers for rain. Something that was called "a waterspout" fell from the sky, and people who did not get all the details went to church about it. *Liverpool Echo*, May 20—one hundred persons perished.

At the same time, there were public rejoicings in Smyrna, where was staged another assuasive tragedy.

Drought in Russia. *Straits Times*, June 6—droughts ended by downpours in Bengal and Java. In Kashmir and in the Punjab, violent thunderstorms and earthquakes occurred together (*Calcutta Statesman*, June 1 and 3). In Turkey, there would have been extremist distress, but about the first of June, amidst woe and thanksgiving, destructive salvations demonstrated efficacy,

and for a week kept on spreading joy and misery. *Levant Herald,* June 4—earthquakes preceded deluges, and then continued with them.

In conventional meteorology, no relation between droughts and exceptional rains is admitted. Our data are of widespread droughts and enormous flows of water. There are two little, narrow strips of views on the margins of our moving pictures. On one side—that there is a beneficent God. On the other side—that there isn't anything. And every one of us who has paid any attention to the annals of controversies knows that such oppositions usually give in to an intermediacy. May, 1889—widely this earth was in need—widely waters were coming from somewhere. Now—in Organic terms—I am telling of what seems to me to be Functional Teleportation, or enormous manifestations of that which is sometimes, say in Oklahoma, a little drip over a tree.

Volcanic eruptions upon this earth, at times of deluges—and maybe, in a land of the stars, there was an eruption, in May, 1889. In France, May 31st, there was one of the singularly lurid sunsets that are known as "afterglows," and that appear after volcanic eruptions. There was no known volcanic eruption upon this earth, from which a discharge could have gone to the sky of France. It may have come from a volcanic eruption somewhere else. All suggestiveness is that it came to this earth over no such distance as millions of miles.

Other discharges, maybe—red rain coming down from the sky, at Cardiff, Wales (*Cardiff Western Mail,* May 26). Red dust falling upon the island of Hyeres, off the coast of France, in the Mediterranean—see the *Levant Herald,* May 29. *St. Louis Globe-Democrat,* May 30—an unknown substance that for several hours had fallen from the sky—crystalline particles, some pink, and some white. *Quebec Daily Mercury,* May 25—a fine dust that had the appearance of a snowstorm, falling in Dakota.

Monstrous festivities in Greece—a land that was bedecked with assassinations. Its rivers were garlands—vast twists of vines, budded with the bodies of cattle.

The Malay States gulped. The mines of Kamunting were suctions, into which flowed floods (*Penang Gazette,* May 24). The Bahama Islands were thirsts—drought and loss of crops—then huge swigs from the sky. Other West Indian islands went on Gargantuan sprees—and I'll end up a Prohibitionist. Orgies in Greece, and more or less everywhere else—this earth went drunk on water. I've experimented—try autosuggestion—you

can get a pretty fair little souse from any faucet. Tangier—"great suffering from the drought" —abundant rains, about June 1st. Drought in British Honduras, and heavy rains upon the 1st and 2nd of June. Tremendous downpours described in the newspaper published upon the island of St. Helena. Earthquake at Jackson, California—the next day a gush from the sky broke down a dam. I'm on a spree, myself—Library attendants wheeling me stacks of this earth's newspapers. Island of Cyprus— a flop from the sky, and the river Pedias went up with a rush from which people at Nicosia narrowly escaped. Torrents in Ceylon. June 4th—a drought of many weeks broken by rains in Cuba. Drought in Mexico—and out of the heavens came a Jack the Ripper. Torn plantations and mutilated cities—rise of the river, at Huezutla— when it subsided the streets were strewn with corpses.

In England, Mr. Symons expressed astonishment, because there had been two deluges.

Deluge and falls of lumps of ice, throughout England. France deluged. Water dropped from the sky, at Lausanne, Switzerland, flooding some of the streets five feet deep. It was not rain. There were falling columns of water from what was thought to be a waterspout. The most striking of the statements is that bulks dropped. One of them was watched. Or some kind of a vast, vaporous cow sailed over a town, and people looked up at her bag of water. Something that was described as "a large body of water" was seen at Coburg, Ontario. It crossed the town, holding its bag-like formation. Two miles away, it dropped. It splashed rivers that broke down all dams between Coburg and Lake Ontario. In the *Toronto Globe,* June 3, this falling bulk is called "a waterspout." Fall of a similar bulk, in Switzerland—crops and houses and bridges mixing down a valley, at Sargans. Fall of a bulk, at Reichenbach, Saxony. "It was a waterspout" (London *Times,* June 6).

This time the fishmonger is a waterspout.

Spain pounded by falling waters: Madrid flooded: many buildings damaged by a violent hailstorm. Deluges in China continuing. Deluges in Australia continuing. Floods in Argentina: people of Ayacuchio driven from their homes: sudden rise of the river, at Buenos Aires. In the *South American Journal* of this period are accounts of tremendous downpours and devastations in Brazil and Uruguay.

One of these bodies of water that were not rain fell at Chetnole, Dorsetshire, England. The people, hearing crashes, looked up at a hill, and saw it frilled with billows. Watery ruffs, from eight to ten feet high, heaved

on the hill. The village was tossed in a surf. “The cause of this remarkable occurrence was for some time unknown but it has now been ascertained that a waterspout burst on Batcombe Hill.” So wrote Mr. Symons, in whose brains there was no more consciousness of all that was going on in the world about him than there was in any other pair of scissors.

It was not ascertained that a waterspout had burst on Batcombe Hill. No waterspout was seen. What was ascertained was that columns of water of unknown origin had fallen high on the Hill, gouging holes, some of them eight or nine feet deep. Though Mr. Symons gave the waterspout-explanation, it did occur to him to note that there was no statement that the water was salty—

These bulks of water, and their pendent columns—that they were waterspouts—

Or that Slaughter had lain with Life, and that murderous mothers had slung off their udders, from which this earth drank through teats that were cataracts.

Wherever the deluges were coming from, I note that, as with phenomena of March, 1913, unseasonable snow fell. Here it was about the first of June, and snow was falling in Michigan. The suggestion is that this was not a crystallization in the summer sky of Michigan, but an effect of the intenser coldness of outer regions, upon water that had come to this earth from storages on a planet, or from a reservoir in Starland. Note back to mention of falls of lumps of ice in England.

Wherever the deluges were coming from, meteors, too, were coming. If we can think that falls of water and falls of meteors were related, we have reinforcement to our expression that water was coming to this needful earth from somewhere else. Five remarkable meteors are told of, in the *Monthly Weather Review.* In the *New York Sun*, May 30, is an account of a meteor that exploded in the sky of Putnam County, Florida, and was heard 15 miles around. In Madras, India, where the drought was “very grave,” an extraordinary meteor was seen, night of June 4th (*Madras Mail*, June 26). In South Africa, where the drought was so extreme that a herd of buffaloes had been driven to a pool within five miles of the town of Uitenhage, a meteor exploded, with detonations that were heard in a line 40 miles long (*Cape Argus*, May 28). May 22nd—great, detonating meteor, at Otranto, Italy. The meteor that was seen in England and Ireland, May 29th, is told of in *Nature*, 40-174. For records of three other great meteors, see *Nature* and

Cosmos. There was a spectacular occurrence at Dunedin, New Zealand, early in the morning of May 27th (*Otago Witness,* June 6). Rumbling sounds— a shock—illumination of the sky—exploding meteor.

In some parts of the United States, there had been extreme need for water. In the *New Orleans Daily Picayune* are accounts of the "gloomy outlook for crops" in six of the Southern States. About twenty reports upon this drought were published in the *Monthly Weather Review.*

Rushes of violent mercies—they flooded the south and smashed the north —crash of a dam, at Littleton, New Hampshire—busted dam near Laurel, Pa.—

May, 1889—and Science and Religion—

It is my expression that the two outstanding blessings, benefits, or "gifts of God" to humanity, are Science and Religion. I deduce this—or that the annals of both are such trails of slaughter, deception, exploitation, and hypocrisy that they must be of enormous good to balance with their appalling evils—

Or the craze of medical science for the vermiform appendix. That played out. Now everybody who can pay for it is losing his tonsils. Newspaper headings—"Family of eight relieved of their tonsils"—"Save your pets—dogs and cats endangered by their tonsils."

Concentrate in one place this bloody fad, or scientific "racket," and there would be a fury like that at Andover, N. Y., in May, 1889—

A bulk of water, foaming as white as a surgeon—it jabbed a bolt of lightning into Andover. It operated upon farms, and cut off their inhabitants. Trained clouds stood around, and handed out more bolts of lightning. A dam broke, and a township writhed upon its field of operations. Another dam broke—but the operations were successes, and, if there was much destruction, that was because of a complication of other causes.

May 31st—Johnstown, Pa.—

If I can't think of massacre apart from devotions, I think that a lake ran mad with religious mania. It rushed down a valley, and, if I'm right about this, it bore on its crest, the most appalling of all symbols—the mast of a ship that was crossed by a telegraph pole. In a pogrom against houses, it clubbed out their occupants, with bridges. It impaled homes upon the steeples of churches. Its watery Cossacks, mounted on billows, flogged factories. And then, along the slopes of the Conemaugh Valley, it told its beads with strings of corpses.

Earthwide droughts—prayers to many gods—something vouchsafed catastrophes—

That from somewhere else in existence, vast volumes of water were sent to this arid earth, or were organically teleported—

Or that, by coincidence, and unseen, waterspout after waterspout rose from the Atlantic, and rose from the Pacific: from the Indian Ocean, the Southern Ocean, and from the Mediterranean; from the Gulf of Mexico, the English Channel, Lake Ontario—or that such an extension of such fishmongering is a brutalization of conveniences—

Or that from somewhere in a starry shell that is not enormously far away from this earth, more than a Mississippi streamed to this needful earth, and forked the disasters of its beneficence from Australia to Canada.

15,000 persons were drowned at Johnstown. *Chicago Tribune*, June 10, 1889—"The people of Johnstown have lost all faith in Providence. Many have thrown away their Bibles, and since the disaster have openly burned them."

By the providential, I mean the organically provided for.

By God, I mean an automatic Jehovah.

PART III

24

EMISSIONS of arms—the bubbling of faces, at crevices—fire and smoke and a lava of naked beings. Out from a crater, discharges of bare bodies boiled into fantastic formations—

Or—five o'clock, morning of Dec. 28, 1908—violent shocks in Sicily. The city of Messina fell in a heap, which caught fire. It is the custom of Sicilians to sleep without nightclothes, and from this crater of blazing wreckage came an eruption of naked beings. Thick clouds of them scudded into thin vapors.

The earth quaked, at Messina, and torrential rains fell. According to *Nature*, Dec. 31, 1908, a fall of meteorites had been reported in Spain, a few days before the quake. According to the wisemen of our more or less savage tribes, the deluge at Messina, at the time of this quake, fell only by coincidence. No wiseman would mention the fall of meteorites, as having any relation.

There were, at the time, world-wide disturbances, or rather, disturbances, along a zone of this earth—Asia Minor, Greece, Sicily, Spain, Canary Islands, Mexico. But all wisemen who wrote upon this subject clipped off everything else, and wrote that there had been a subsidence of land in Sicily. It is the same old local explanation. Scientists and priests are unlike in some respects, but they are about equally parochial.

Dec. 3, 1887—from a plinth of ruins, an obelisk of woe sounded to the sky.

It was at Roggiano, Italy. 900 houses were thrown down by an earthquake. The wail that went up from the ruins continued long before individual cries could be distinguished. Then the column of woe shattered into screams and prayers.

The survivors said that they had seen fires in the heavens. In *Cosmos*, n. s., 69-422, we are told that Prof. Agamennone had investigated these reported celestial blazes. But they were new lights upon old explanations. A

blazing sky could have nothing to do with a local, geological disturbance. The orthodox explanation was that a stratum of rocks had slipped. What could the slip of rocks have to do with sky-fires? We are told that the Professor had reduced all alleged witnesses of the blaze in the heavens to one, who had told about it, "with little seriousness." What had suggested levity to him, as to scenes of ruination and slaughter, was not enquired into: but the story is recorded as a jest, and it may be all the more subtle, because the fun of it is not obvious.

About 6 A.M., Feb. 23, 1887, at Genoa, Italy, burst a dam of conventional securities. There was a flood of human beings. An earthquake cast thousands of people into the streets. The sky was afire. There was a pour to get out of town. It was a rush in a glare. If, at the time of a forest fire, a dam should burst, thousands of logs, leaping red in the glare, would be like this torrent of human forms under a fiery sky. In other places along the Riviera, the quake was severe. At other places was made this statement that orthodox science will not admit—that the sky was afire. See *Pop. Sci. News,* 21-58. It will not be admitted, or it is said to be merely a coincidence. See *L'Astronomie,* 1887, p. 137—that at Apt (Vaucluse) a fiery appearance had been seen, and that then had come a great light, like a Bengal fire —"without doubt coincidences."

The 16th of August, 1906—and suddenly people, living along the road to Valparaiso, Chile, lost sight of the city. There had come "a terrible darkness." With it came an earthquake. The splitting of ground, and the roar of falling houses—intensest darkness—and then a voice in this chaos. It was a scream. People along the road heard it approaching.

Chile lit up. Under a flaming sky, the people of Valparaiso were running from the smashing city—people as red as flames, under the glare in the heavens: screaming and falling, and leaping over the bodies of the fallen—an eruption of spurting forms that leaped and were extinguished. This reddened gush from Valparaiso—rising, falling shapes—brief faces and momentary arms—it was like looking at vast flames and imagining that spurts of them were really living beings.

In *Nature,* 90-550, it is said that 136 reports upon illuminations in the sky, at Valparaiso, had been examined by Count de Ballore, the the seismologist. At one stroke, he bobbed off 98 of them, saying that they were indefinite. He said that the remaining 38 reports were more or less explicit, but came from a region where at the time, a deluge was falling. He clipped

these, too. For a wonder there was an objection: a writer in the *Scientific American,* 107-67, pointed out that De Ballore so dismissed the subject, without enquiring into the possibility that the quake and the deluge were related.

Had he admitted the possibility of relationship, dogma would have slipped upon dogma, and upon the face of this earth there would have been a subsidence of some ignorance.

"The lights that were seen in the sky," said De Ballore, "were very likely only searchlights from warships."

"The whole sky seemed afire" (*Scientific American,* 106-464). In *Symons' Met. Mag.,* 41-226, William Gaw, of Santiago, describing the blazing heavens, writes that it seemed as if the sober laws of physics had revolted.

"Or," said De Ballore, "the people may have seen lights from tram cars."

It does not matter how preposterous some of my own notions are going to seem. They cannot be more out of accordance with events upon this earth than is such an attribution of the blazing sky of a nation to searchlights or to lamps in tram cars. If I should write that the stars are probably between forty and fifty miles away, I'd be not much more of a trimmer of circumstances than is such a barber, whose clips are said to be scientific. Maybe they are scientific. Though, mostly, barbers are artists, some of them do consider themselves scientific.

Upon July 11th, 1856, the sun rose red in the Caucasus. See *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* (London), Sept. 21, 1856. At five o'clock in the afternoon, at places where the sun was still shining red, there was an earthquake that destroyed 300 houses. There was another quake, upon the 23rd of July. Two days later, black water fell from the sky, in Ireland (*News of the World,* Aug. 10, 1856).

And what has any part of that to do with any other part of that? If a red-haired girl, or a red shirt on a clothesline, had been noted here, there would be, according to orthodox science, no more relation with earthquakes than there could be between a red sun and an earthquake. Black water falling in Ireland—somebody spilling ink in Kansas.

The moon turned green.

For two observations upon a green moon that was seen at a place where an earthquake was going to occur, see the *Englishman* (Calcutta), July 14 and 21, 1897. One of the observations was six days before, and the other

one day before, the quake in Assam, June 12, 1897. It was a time of drought and famine, in India.

The seismologist knows of no relation between a green moon, or a red sun, and an earthquake, but the vulcanologist knows of many instances in which the moon and the sun have been so colored by the volcanic dusts and smokes that are known as “dry fogs.” The look is that “dry fogs,” from a volcanic eruption, came to the sky of India, one of them six days before, and the other one day before, a catastrophe.

The mystery is this:

If there had been a volcanic eruption somewhere else, why not volcanic appearances in Italy, or Patagonia, or California—why at this place where an earthquake was going to occur?

Coincidence.

Upon the 11th of June, in Upper Assam, where, upon the 12th, the center of the earthquake was going to be, torrents fell suddenly from the sky. A correspondent to the *Englishman*, July 14, writes that this deluge was of a monstrousness that exceeded that of any other downpour that he had ever seen in Assam, or anywhere else.

At 5:15 P.M., 12th of June, there was a sight at Shillong that would be a marvel to the more innocent of the text-book writers. I tell so much of clipping and bobbing and shearing, but also there may be considerable innocence. Not a cloud in the sky—out of clear, blue vacancy, dumped a lake. This drop of a bulk of water, or transportation, or teleportation, of it, was at the time of one of the most catastrophic of earthquakes, centering farther north in Assam.

This earthquake was an earthstorm. Hills were waves, and houses cast adrift were wrecked on them. Out into fields stormed people from villages, and long strings of them, in white summer garments, were lines of surf on the earthwaves. Breakers of them spumed with infants. In a human storm, billows of people crashed against islands of cattle. It is not only in meteorology that there are meteorological occurrences. The convulsions were so violent that there was scene-shifting. When the people recovered and looked around, it was at landscapes, changed as if a curtain had gone down and then up, between acts of this drama. They saw fields, lakes, and roads that, in the lay of the land, before the quake, had been hidden. It is not only in playhouses that there are theatrical performances. It is not

exclusively anywhere where anything is, if ours is one organic existence, in which all things are continuous.

There were more deluges that will not fit into conventional explanations. Allahabad *Pioneer,* June 23, 1897—extremest droughts —the quake—enormous falls of water.

There are data for thinking that somewhere there was a volcanic eruption. Another datum is that, at Calcutta, after the earthquake, there was an "afterglow." "Afterglows" are exceptional sunsets, sometimes of an auroral appearance, which are reflections of sunlight from volcanic dust high in the sky, continuing to be seen an hour or so later than ordinary sunsets. *Friend of India,* June 15— "The entire west was a glory of deepest purple, and the colors did not fade out, until an hour after darkness is usually complete."

Something else that I note is that in many places in Assam, the ground was incipiently volcanic, during the earthquake. Countless small craters appeared and threw out ashes.

Considering the volcanic and the incipiently volcanic, I think of a relation between the catastrophe in Assam and a volcanic eruption somewhere else.

But there is findable no record of a volcanic eruption upon this earth to which could be attributed effects that we have noted.

I point out again that, if there were a volcanic eruption in some part of our existence, external to this earth, or upon this earth, it would, unless a special relation be thought of, be as likely to cause an "afterglow" in England or South Africa, as in India. The suggestion is that somewhere, external to this earth, if in terrestrial terms there is no explanation, there was a volcanic eruption, and that the earthquake in India was a response to it, and that bulks of water and other discharges came from somewhere else exclusively to a part of this earth that was responsively, or functionally, quaking, because a teleportative current of some kind, very likely electric, existed between the two centers of disturbances.

Upon the 25th of June, dust fell from the sky, near Calcutta (*The Englishman,* July 3). In the issue of this newspaper, of July 14th, a meteorologist, employed in the Calcutta Observatory, described "a most peculiar mist," like volcanic smoke, which had been seen in the earthquake-regions. In his opinion it was "cosmic dust," or dust that had fallen to this earth from outer space. He said nothing of possible relationship with the earthquakes. He would probably have called it "mere coincidence." Then he

told of a fall of mud, upon the 27th of June, at Thurgrain (Midnapur). There was a fall of mud, in the Jessore District of Bengal, night of June 29th. “It fell from a cloudless sky, while the stars were shining” (*Madras Mail,* July 8).

Suppose it were “cosmic dust.” Suppose with the conventionalists that this earth is a swiftly moving planet that had overtaken a cloud of “cosmic dust,” in outer space. In one minute, this earth would be more than one thousand miles away from this point of contact, by orbital motion, and would turn away axially.

But other falls of dust came upon India, while the shocks were continuing, as if settling down from an eruption somewhere else, to a world that was not speeding away orbitally, and to a point that was not turning away by daily rotation.

Five days after the first fall of dust, “a substance resembling mud” fell at Ghattal (*Friend of India,* July 14). For descriptions of just such a “dry fog,” as has often been seen in Italy, after an eruption of Vesuvius, see the *Madras Mail,* July 5, and the *Friend of India,* July 14—“a perpetual haze on the horizon, all around,” “sky covered with thick layers of dust, resembling a foggy atmosphere.” About the first of July, mud fell at Hetamphore (Beerbhoom) according to the *Friend of India,* July 14.

I list these falls of dust and mud, but to them I do not give the importance that I give to the phenomena that preceded this earthquake. I have come upon nobody’s statement that they were of volcanic material. But it may be that there were other precipitations, and that they were of a substance that is unknown upon this earth. In the *Englishman* (Calcutta), July 7, a correspondent wrote that, several days before, at Khurdah, there had been a shower at night, and that the air became filled with the perfume of sandalwood. The next morning everything was found covered with “a colored matter, which emitted the scent of sandalwood.” About the same time, somebody else wrote to the *Madras Mail* (July 8) that, at Nadia, there had been a fall from the sky, of a substance “more or less resembling the sandal used by natives in worshiping their gods.”

The moon turns green before an earthquake.

Torrential rains precede an earthquake.

We have only begun listing phenomena that appear before catastrophes. They are interpretable as warnings. Clipped from events, by barber-shop science.

There was an investigation of phenomena in Assam. It was scientific, in the sense that the tonsorial may be the scientific. Dr. Oldham enormously reduced a catastrophe to manageable dimensions. He lathered it with the soap of his explanations, and shaved it clean of all unconventional details. This treatment of "Next!" to catastrophes is as satisfactorily beautifying, to neat, little minds, as are some of the marcel waves that astronomers have ironed into tousled circumstances. For a review of Dr. Oldham's report, see *Nature*, 62-305. There is no mention of anything that was seen in the sky, nor of anything that fell from the sky, nor of occurrences anywhere else. Dr. Charles Davison, in *A Study of Recent Earthquakes*, gives 57 pages to his account of this catastrophe, and he, too, mentions nothing that was seen in the sky, or that fell from the sky. He mentions no simultaneous phenomena anywhere else. It is a neat and well-trimmed account, but there's a smell that I identify as too much bay rum.

Simultaneous phenomena that always are left out of a conventionalist's account of an earthquake—one of the most violent convulsions ever known in Mexico, while the ground in India was quaking. There was a glare in the sky, and the Mexicans thought that the glare was volcanic. If so, no active volcano in Mexico could be found (*New Orleans Daily Picayune*, June 22). Deluges fell upon this quaking land. One of the falls of water, upon a Mexican town, drowning some of the inhabitants, is told of, in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, June 17.

In all this part of our job, our opposition is not so much denial of data, as assertions that the occurrences in which we see relationship were only coincidences. If I ever accept any such explanation, I shall be driven into extending it to everything. We'll have a theory that in our existence there is nothing but coincidence: and, according to my experience with theorists, we'll develop this theory somewhat reasonably. Chemical reactions, supposed to be well-known and accounted for, do not invariably work out, as, according to formula, they should work out. Failures are attributed to impurities in chemicals, but perhaps it is only by persistent coincidence, like that of glares so often occurring at times of earthquakes, that water appears when oxygen and hydrogen unite. Meteors frequently fall to this earth during earthquakes, but that may be only by coincidence, just as offsprings so often appear after marriage—indicating nothing exclusively of relationships, inasmuch as we have heard of cases of alleged independent reproduction. Let the feminists become only a little more fanatical, and they

will probably publish lists of instances of female independence. It is either that our data are not of coincidences, or that everything's a coincidence.

As to some deluges, at times of earthquakes, there is no assertion of coincidence, and there is no mystery. There's an earthquake, and water falls from the sky. Then it is learned that a volcano—one of this earth's volcanoes—had been in eruption, and that, responsively to it, the earth had quaked, and that volumes of water, some of them black, and some of them not discolored, had been discharged by this volcano, falling in bulks, or falling in torrential rains upon the quaking ground. Sometimes the sky darkens during earthquakes, and there is no assertion of coincidence, and there is no mystery. Upon March 11, 1875, for instance, a vast, black cloud appeared at Guadalajara, Mexico. There was an earthquake. See L'*Annee Scientifique*, 1876-322. In this instance, the darkened sky at the time of an earthquake was explained, because it was learned that both phenomena were effects of an eruption of the volcano Caborucuco. There have been unmysterious showers of meteors, or of fireballs that looked like meteors, at times of earthquakes. There were eruptions upon this earth, and the fireballs, or meteors, came from them. There were especially spectacular showers of volcanic bombs that looked like meteors, or that were meteors, during the eruptions in Java, August, 1883; New Zealand, June, 1886; West Indies, May, 1902.

But our data are of such phenomena in the sky, during earthquakes, at times when no terrestrial volcano that could have had such effects was active.

So far we have not correlated with anything that could be considered a volcanic eruption anywhere in regions external to this earth. Now we are called upon, not only for data seemingly of volcanic eruptions in a nearby starry shell around this earth, but for data that may be regarded as observations upon celestial volcanoes in action.

25

WITH a surf and a glare, this earth quaked a picture—

Or, in the monistic sense, there was, in Peru, a catastrophe that was a hideous and magnificent emotion. It is likely that there's a wound in a brain, at a time of intensest excitement—

Red of the writhing earth, and red of the heaving ocean—and, in between, a crimson gash of surf, slashed from Ecuador to Chile—

Or so was visualized a rage, by super-introspection.

According to the midgets of orthodoxy, such a picture cannot be accepted. See the little De Ballore school of criticism. But quakes that were pictures by a very independent artistry—

Snow that was white on the peaks of mountains—cataclysm— peaks struck off—avalanches of snow, glaring red, gushing in jugular spouts from the decapitations. Glints from the fiery sky— upon land and sea, tossing houses and ships were spangles. Forests lashed with whips of fire, from which shot out sparks that were birds and running animals.

Aug. 13, 1868—people in Peru, rushing from their falling houses, stumbling in violations of streets, seeing the heavens afire, crying: "El Vulcan!"

Away back in the year 1868, scientific inpudence had not let loose, and there was no scientific clown to laugh off a blazing sky, with a story of lights in horse cars. The mystery of this occurrence is in the belief in Peru that there was, somewhere, at this time, a volcanic eruption.

Cities were flung in the sea. The sea rushed back upon ruins. It doubled all ordinary catastrophes by piling the wrecks of ships upon the ruins of houses. Fields poured over cliffs into the Bay of Arica. It was a cataract of meadows. We have gone far in our demonstration of continuity, which has led from showers of frogs to storms of meadows.

Vast volumes of water fell from the sky. It was appalling providence: this water was needed. The waters soaked into the needful earth, and surplus beneficences made new rivers. In the streams, there was a ghastly *frou-frou* of torrents of corpses, and the coast of Peru was frilled with fluttering

bodies. Almost Ultimate Evil could be stimulated by such a *lingerie*. These furbelows of dead men, flounced in the waves, were the drapery of Providence.

Upon August 19th, there was another violent quake, and again there was a glare in the sky. Both times there was no accounting for such a spectacle except by thinking that there had been an eruption in Peru. According to the *New York Herald,* September 29, the volcano Moquequa was suspected. London *Times,* October 21—letter from someone who had seen the flaming sky, and had heard that Canderave was the volcano. It was said that the eruption had been at Aqualonga, and then that it had not been Aqualonga, but Cayambe. An illumination in the sky, lasting several hours, is described in *Comptes Rendus,* 67-1066, and here a writer gives his opinion that the volcano was Saajama. Other observers of the glare said that it came from Cotopaxi. *Cosmos,* n. s., 3-3-367—it was supposed that Cotocachi was the volcano. But it is not possible to find anything of this disagreement in any textbook: all agree upon attributing to one volcano—it was Mt. Misti.

New York Herald, Oct. 30, 1868—that Mt. Misti had not been active.

See *Comptes Rendus,* 69-262—the results of M. Gay's investigations—that, in this period, not one of the suspected volcanoes had been active. See the *Student,* 4-147.

Sometimes volcanic eruptions upon this earth shine, at a distance, like stars. It will be my acceptance that new stars are new volcanic eruption in Starland. For a description of a terrestrial eruption that shone like a star, see the *Amer. Jour. Sci.,* 2-21-144. See a description, in the *New York Times,* Sept. 23, 1872, of an eruption of Mauna Loa, which far away looked star-like.

At 12:30 P.M., September 4th, appeared something that has often been seen at Naples, when Vesuvius has discharged. It was like the volcanic discharge that we have noted, at Guadalajara, Mexico. A dense, mountain-like cloud appeared, in the western sky, at Callao, Peru. The earth heaved with violence equal to that of August 13th.

New York Tribune, October 7—that in the southwestern sky was seen a star.

It is my expression that this was the star that broke Peru.

Night of Feb. 4, 1872—another glare in the sky—that the constellation Orion was afire—that a tragedy upon this earth began in the sky, with a spectacle that excited peoples of this earth, from Norway to South Africa—

but that, underlying tragedies written by human beings, or wrought in sky and lands, are the same conventions, and that Organic Drama is no more likely to let catastrophe come, without preceding phenomena that may be interpreted as warnings, than would stagecraft of this earth permit final calamity, without indications of its approach—

That a surprise was preceded by a warning that was perhaps of the magnitude of a burning of all the forests of North America —testimony of the sun and the moon to coming destruction—announcements that were issued in blazes—showers of gleaming proclamations—brilliant and long-enduring advertisement—

But that mind upon this earth was brutalized with dogmas— and that scientific wisemen, stupefied by a creed, presided over a slaughter, or were surprised when came the long and brilliantly advertised.

This night of Feb. 4, 1872—a blaze in the constellation Orion. From centers of alarm upon this earth there was telegraphing. City called upon city. People thought that a neighboring community was burning. In the West Indies, island called upon island. In each island, the glare in the sky was thought to come from a volcanic eruption in some other island. At Moncalieri, Italy, an earthquake, or a response in this earth to cataclysm somewhere else, was recorded by seismographs. There may have been special relation with the ground, in Italy.

With this glare, which was considered auroral, because there was no other way of conventionally explaining it, though auroras never have been satisfactorily explained, came meteors. Denza recorded them, as seen in Italy, and noting the seeming relation to the glare, explained that the seeming relation was only a coincidence. That's got to be thought by everybody who opposes all that this book stands for. If it was not a coincidence, the meteors came to this earth from wherever the glare was. If the glare was in the constellation Orion, Orion may be no farther from Italy than is San Francisco.

Upon the night of February 22nd, another glare was seen in the sky, and "by coincidence," it was identical in all respects, except magnitude, with the glare of the 4th. "By coincidence" again meteors appeared. See *Comptes Rendus*, 74-641.

Five days after this second seeming eruption in Orion, dust fell from the sky, at Cosenza, Italy (C. *R.*, 74-826).

The meteors that were seen at the time of the first glare were extraordinary. They appeared only in the zone of Italy. As seen with the glare, in India, they are told of in the *Allahabad Pioneer Mail*, February 12, and the *Bombay Gazette*, February 19. See other records of ours of zone-phenomena.

Sixteen days after the second glare in Orion, reddish yellow dust fell in Sicily, and continued to fall the second day, and fell in Italy.

Trembling trillions—or a panic of immensities—and the twinkles of the stars are the winks of proximities—and our data are squeezing supposed remoteness into familiarities—because, if from a constellational eruption, dust drifted to this earth in a few weeks, it did not drift trillions of miles—

But was this dust a discharge from a volcano?

It was volcanic dust, according to Prof. Silvestri. See the *Jour. Chem. Soc. London*, 25-1083. Prof. Silvestri thought that it must have come from an eruption somewhere in South America. But my notes upon phenomena of this year 1872 are especially numerous, and I have no record of any eruption in South America, or anywhere else—upon this earth—to which could be attributed this discharge.

For records of a stream of events that then started flowing, see *Comptes Rendus*, vols. 74, 75, and *Les Mondes*, vol. 28. In Italy, upon the first of April, began successions of "auroral" lights and volleys of meteors. Night of April 7-8—many meteors, at Mondovi, Italy. Solar and lunar haloes, which may, or may not, be attributed to the presence of volcanic dusts, were seen in Italy, April 6th, 7th, and 8th. Two days later, Vesuvius became active, but there were only minor eruptions.

There was uneasiness in Italy. But it was told, in Naples, that the wisemen were watching Vesuvius. Because of the slight eruptions, some of the peasants on the slopes began to move. These were a few of the untrustful ones: the others believed, when the wisemen said that there was no reason for alarm. Night after night, while this volcano in Italy was rumbling, meteors came to the skies of Italy. There is no findable record that they so came anywhere else. They came down to this one part of this earth, as if this earth were stationary.

April 19th—the third arrival of dust—volumes of dust, of unknown origin, fell from the sky, in Italy.

There was alarm. The sounds of Vesuvius were louder, but a quiet fall of dust, if from the unknown, spreads an alarm of its own.

The wisemen continued to study Vesuvius. They paid no more attention to arrivals of dusts and meteors in the sky of a land where a volcano was rumbling, than to arrivals of song birds or of tourists, in Italy. Their assurances that there was no reason for alarm, founded only upon their local observations, held back upon the slopes of the volcano all but a few disbelievers—

The 20th of April—

Eruption of Vesuvius.

Convolutions of clouds—scrimmages of brains that had broken out of an underground academy of giants—trying to think for themselves—struggling to free themselves from subterranean repressions. But clouds and brains are of an underlying oneness: struggles soon relapsed into a general fogginess. Volcanic or cerebral—the products are obscurities. Naples was in darkness.

The people of Naples groped in the streets, each in a hellish geometry of his own, each seeing in a circle, a few yards in diameter, and hearing, in one dominant roar, no minor sounds more than a few yards away. Streams of refugees were stumbling into the streets of Naples. People groped in circles, into which were thrust hands, holding up images, or clutching loot. Fragments of sounds in the one dominant roar—geometricity in bewilderment—or circles in a fog, and something dominant, and everything else crippled. The flitting of feet, shoulders, bandaged heads—cries to the saints— profanity of somebody who didn't give a damn for Vesuvius— legs of a corpse, carried by invisibles—prayers to God, and jokers screeching false alarms that the lava was coming.

A blast from the volcano cleared away smoke and fog. High on Vesuvius —a zigzag streak of fire. It was a stream of lava that looked fixed in the sky. With ceaseless thunder, it shone like lightning—a bolt that was pinned to a mountain.

Glares that were followed by darkness—in an avalanche of bounding rocks and stumbling people, no fugitive knew one passing bulk from another, crashing rocks and screaming women going by in silence, in the one dominant roar of the volcano. When it was dark, there were showers of fire, and then in the glares, came down dark falls of burning cinders. In brilliant illuminations, black rains burned the running peasants. Give me the sting of such an ink, and there'd be running.

Somewhere, in the smoke and flames, on the mountain side, fell a sparrow. According to conventional theologians, this was noted.

The next day there was another flow down the slopes of Vesuvius. It was of carts that were laden with bodies.

Possibly this was overlooked, if attention was upon the sparrow. See data to come, for a more matured opinion.

In at least one mind, or quasi-mind, or whatever we think are minds, upon this earth, there was awareness of more than coincidence between flows of meteors in Italy and a volcanic eruption in Italy. In *Comptes Rendus,* 74-1183, M. Silberman tells of the meteors in Italy, and the eruption of Vesuvius, and gives his opinion that there was relation. It was a past generation's momentary suspicion. The record is brief. There was no discussion. To this day, no conventional scientist will admit that there is relation. But, if there is, there is also another relation. That is between his dogmas and the slaughters of people.

In orthodox terms of a moving earth crossing orbits of meteor streams, to which any one part of this earth, such as the Italian part, could have no especial exposure to meteors so moving, there is no explanation of the repeated arrivals of meteors, especially, or exclusively, in Italy, except this —

Night after night after night—

Coincidence after coincidence after coincidence.

Our unorthodox expression is that it was because this earth is stationary.

According to data that have been disregarded about sixty years, it may be that there was a teleportative, or electrolytic, current between a volcano of this earth and a stellar volcano. If we think that a volcano in a land that we call the Constellation Orion interacted with a volcano in Italy—as Vesuvius and Etna often interact —there must be new thoughts upon the distance of Orion.

The one point that every orthodox astronomer would contest, or deride—because its acceptance would be followed by acceptance of this book as a whole—is that the glare that seemed to be in Orion, was in Orion.

These are the data for thinking that the glare that seemed to be in Orion, was in Orion, which cannot be vastly far away:

The glare in the sky, early in the evening of Feb. 4, 1872, was west of Orion, as if cast by reflection from an eruption below the horizon. But, when Orion appeared in the east, the glare was in Orion, and it remained in Orion. At Paris, all beams of light came from Orion, after 8 P.M. (*Comptes Rendus,* 74-385). In England—in Orion (*Symons' Met. Mag.,* 7-1). In South

Africa, the point from which all beams diverged was in Orion (*Cape Argus*, February 10). An account by Prof. A. C. Twining, of observations in the United States, is published in the *Amer. Jour. Sci.*, 3-3-273. This "remarkable fact," as Prof. Twining calls it, but without attempting to explain, is noted—that, from quarter past seven o'clock, in the evening, until quarter past ten, though Orion had moved one eighth of its whole revolution, the light remained in Orion.

There is no conventional explanation to oppose us. My expression is that the glare so remained in Orion, because it was in Orion. Anybody who thinks that the glare was somewhere between this earth and the constellation will have to account not only for the fixedness of it in a moving constellation, but for its absence of parallax, as seen in places as far apart as South Africa and the United States.

26

HORSES erect in a blizzard of frogs—and the patter of worms on umbrellas. The hum of lady birds in England—the twang of a swarm of Americans, at Templemore, Ireland. The appearance of Cagliostro—the appearance of Prof. Einstein's theories. A policeman dumps a wild man into a sack—and there is alarm upon all continents of this earth, because of a blaze in a constellation—

That all are related, because all are phenomena of one, organic existence—just as, upon Aug. 26, 1883, diverse occurrences were related, because all were reactions to something in common.

Aug. 26, 1883—people in Texas excitedly discussing a supposed war in Mexico—young men in Victoria, Australia, watching a snowstorm, the first time in their lives—crowds of Chinamen hammering on gongs—staggering sailors in a vessel, off the Cape of Good Hope.

I have data for thinking that, somewhere beyond this earth, and not enormously far away, there was, before these occurrences, an eruption. About August 10th, of this year 1883, at various places, appeared "afterglows" that cannot be traced to terrestrial eruptions. Upon the 13th of August, an "afterglow" was reported from Indiana, and, ten days later, from California (*Monthly Weather Review,* 1883-289). Upon the 21st and 22nd, "afterglows" appeared in South Africa (*Knowledge,* 5-418).

There was no known eruption upon this earth, by which to explain these atmospheric effects, but there was a disturbance upon this earth, and the circumstances were similar to those in Italy, in April, 1872. The volcano Krakatoa, in Java, was in a state of minor activity. It was not considered alarming.

Upon the 25th of August, a correspondent to the *Perth* (Western Australia) *Inquirer*—see *Nature,* 29-388—was traveling far inland, in Western Australia. He was astonished to see ashes falling from the sky, continuing to fall, all afternoon. If this material came from regions external to this earth, it came down, hour after hour, as if to a point upon a stationary earth. An attempt to explain was that there may have been an eruption in

some little-known part of Australia. In Australian newspapers, there is no mention of an eruption in Australia, at this time; and in my own records, there is only one instance, and that one doubtful, of an eruption in Australia, at any time. I am not here including New Zealand. There was, at this time, no eruption in New Zealand.

Krakatoa was in a state of minor activity. Wisemen from Batavia, localizing, like the wisemen at Vesuvius, in April, 1872, were studying only Krakatoa. Considered as a thing in itself, out of relation with anything else, conditions here were not alarming. The natives were told that there was no danger—and natives—Columbia University, or east side, west side, New York City—or Java—believe what the wisemen tell them.

April 19, 1872—the dust of unknown origin that fell from the sky—it preceded, by one day, the eruption of Vesuvius.

Aug. 25, 1883—the ashes of unknown origin that fell from the sky—

August 26—Krakatoa exploded. It was one of this world's biggest noises, and surrounding mountains doffed their summits. Or, like a graduating class at Annapolis, they fired off their peaks, which came down, as new reefs in the ocean. The bombs that shot out were like meteors. The mountain was a stationary meteor-radiant, and shot out *Krakatoatids.* Had the winds gone upward, the new meteor stream would have been also of houses and cattle and people. The explosion shattered shores so that all charts were useless.

Krakatoa paused.

Early in the morning of the 27th, the Straits of Sunda went up. The units of its slaughters were villages. 95 villages went up, in waves that were 90 feet high, 100 feet high, 120 feet high. From the 95 villages, tens of thousands of humans were recruited, and they went dead into warring confusions. In the gigantic waves, armies of the dead were flung upon each other. There was no more knowledge of what it was all about than in many other battles. Charges of dead men rushed down the waves, and were knocked into rabbles by regiments spouting up from the bottom. Onslaughts of corpses—and in the midst of them appeared green fields that were the tops of palm trees. Raiders in thousands dashed over momentary meadows, and there were stampedes that were as senseless as the charges.

Stone clouds were rolling over the conflict. Furies of dead men were calming under bulks of pumice, and slimy palm trees were protruding. The waves were going down under pressures of pumice, twenty feet deep, in places. Battlefields on land have, after a while, turned quiet with

graveyards: but change in the Straits of Sunda was of the quickest of mortuary transitions. The waves were pressed flat by pumice. There was a gray slab of stone over the remains of the people of 95 villages. Black palms, heavy with slime, drooped on each side of this long, gray slab.

By volcanic dust, the sun was dimmed so that unseasonable coldness followed. In places in Victoria, Australia, where for twenty-five years snow had not been seen, snow fell. I'd like to have this especially noted—that at places far away, the volcanic bombs were mistaken for meteors—or they were meteors. An account of volcanic bombs from Krakatoa, which looked like "shooting stars," as seen from a vessel, about 90 miles from the volcano, is published in the *Cape Times* (Weekly Edition), Oct. 3, 1883. At Foochow, China, the glare in the sky was like an aurora borealis. For this record, which is important to us, see the *Rept. Krakatoa Committee,* Roy. Soc., p. 269. People in Texas heard sounds, as if of a battle. Off the Cape of Good Hope, vessels lurched in waves from the catastrophe.

It is my expression that the explosion of Krakatoa was stimulated by, or was a reaction to, an eruption in a land of stars that is not enormously far away. Afterglows that were seen after August 26th were attributed to Krakatoa—

That the preceding afterglows and the fall of ashes were of materials that drifted to this earth, from an eruption somewhere else, passing over a distance that cannot be considered vast, in a few weeks, or a few days—

And that the light of a volcanic eruption somewhere in the sky was seen by people of this earth.

See the *Perth Inquirer,* October 3—a correspondent tells of several observations, early in September, upon a brilliant light that had been seen in the sky, near the sun. There was a beam of light from it, and the observers thought that it was a comet. This appearance is described as conspicuous. If so, it was seen at no Observatory in Australia.

The circumstance that no professional astronomer in Australia saw this brilliant light brings up, in any normally respectful mind, doubt that there was such a light. But this appearance in the sky is the central datum of our expression, and I am going to make acceptable that, even though it was reported only by amateurs, there was at this time a conspicuous new appearance in the heavens. New Zealand—silence in the Observatories—but reports from amateurs, upon a "very large" light in the sky. See the *New Zealand Times,* Sept. 20, 1883. That a yarn in Australia could quickly

spread to New Zealand? Ceylon—an unknown light that was seen in the sky of Ceylon, about a week after the eruption of Krakatoa (*Madras Athenaeum*, September 22). *Straits Times*, October 13—an appearance like a comet, in the sky, at Samarung, where the natives and the Chinese were terrified, and burned incense for protection from it. England—observation, upon the night of August 28th, by Captain Noble, a well-known amateur astronomer. Whatever the professionals of Australia and New Zealand were doing, the professionals of England were doing likewise, if doing nothing is about the same wherever it's done. In *Knowledge*, 4-173, Capt. Noble tells of a sight in the heavens that he describes as "like a new and most glorious comet." An amateur in Liverpool saw it. *Knowledge*, 4-207— an object that looked like the planet Jupiter, with a beam from it. However, one professional astronomer did report something. Prof. Swift, at Rochester, N. Y., saw, nights of September 11 and 13, an object that was supposed by him to be a comet, but if so, it was not seen again (*Observatory*, 6-343).

There was a beam of light from this object: so it was thought to be a comet. See coming data upon beams of light that have associated with new stars.

The first observation upon a new light in the sky was two nights after the explosion of Krakatoa. It may have been shining, conspicuous but unseen, at the time of the eruption.

The matter of the supposed velocity of light, or the hustle of visibility, comes up in the mind of a conventionalist. But, if in the past, scientists have determined the velocity of light to be whatever suited their theories, I feel free for any view that I consider suitable. Look it up, and find that once upon a time the alleged velocity of light agreed with supposed distances in this supposed solar system, and that when changed theories required changes in these distances, the velocity of light was cut down to agree with the new supposed distances. In the kindergarten of science, the more or less intellectual infants who have made these experiments have prattled anything that the child-like astronomers have wanted them to prattle. A conventionalist would say that, even if there were a new star, at a time of terrestrial catastrophe, light of it would not be seen upon this earth, until years later. My expression is that so close to this earth are the stars that when a new star appears, or erupts, effects of it are observable upon this earth, and that, whether because of closeness, or because there is no

velocity of light, it is seen immediately—or is seeable immediately—if amateurs happen to be looking.

Upon the night of Aug. 6, 1885, while all the professional astronomers of this earth were attending to whatever may be professional astronomical duties, a clergyman made an astronomical discovery. The Rev. S. H. Saxby looked up at a new star, in the nebula of Andromeda, and he saw it.

There is much of uppishness to anybody who says, or announces, that of all cults his cult is *the* aristocrat. But most of his upward looking is likely to be at the supposed altitude of himself. All over this earth, professional astronomers were looking up at themselves. In England and Ireland, three amateurs, besides the Rev. S. H. Saxby, being probably of only ordinary conceit, looked up beyond themselves, and saw the new star. For the records, see the *English Mechanic,* of this period. Whatever the professional astronomers of the United States were looking up at, they saw nothing new. But somebody, in the U. S. A., did see the new star. *Sidereal Messenger,* 4-246—an amateur in Red Wing, Minnesota. It was not until August 31st that upness in an Observatory related to the stars. Finally a professional astronomer either looked up, or woke up; or waking up, looked up; or looking up, woke up.

The whole nebula of Andromeda shone with the light of the new star. Several observers thought that the newly illuminated nebula was a comet (*Observatory,* 8-330). From the light of the new star the whole formation lighted up, like a little West Indian island, at a time of an eruption in it. According to conventionalists, this nebula is 60 x 60 x 24 x 365 x 8 x 186,000 miles in diameter, and light from a new star, central in it, would occupy four years in traversing the whole. But as if because this nebula may not be so much as 60 x 186,000 inches in diameter, no appreciable time was occupied, and the whole formation lighted up at once.

Other indications—whatever we think we mean by “indications” —that the nebula of Andromeda is close to this earth:

Sweden—and it was reported that wild fowl began to migrate, at the earliest date (August 16th) ever recorded in Sweden—

Flap of a wild duck’s wings—and the twinkles of a star—the star and the bird stammered a little story that may some day be vibrated by motors, oscillating back and forth from Vega to Canopus.

So the birds began to fly.

It was because of unseasonable coldness in Sweden. Unseasonable coldness is a phenomenon of this earth's volcanic eruptions. It is attributed to the shutting off of sunlight by volcanic dusts. The temperature was lower, in Sweden, than ever before recorded, in the middle of August (*Nature,* 32-427). Upon August 31st, the new star reached maximum brilliance, and upon this date the temperature was the lowest that it had ever been known to be, in the last of August, in Scotland (*Nature,* 32-495).

All very well—except that unusual coldness may be explained in various ways, having nothing to do with volcanoes—

See *Nature,* 32-466, 625—that nine days after the first observation upon the new star in Andromeda, an afterglow was seen in Sweden. There is no findable record of a volcanic eruption, upon this earth, to which this phenomenon could be attributed. September 3rd, 5th, 6th—afterglows appeared in England. These effects continued to be seen in Sweden, until the middle of September.

I don't know whether these data are enough to jolt our whole existence into a new epoch, or not. From what I know of the velocity of thought, I should say not.

If a volcanic discharge did drift from Andromeda to Sweden, it came from a northern constellation to a northern part of this earth, as if to a part of this earth that is nearest to a northern constellation. But, if Andromeda were trillions of miles away, no part of this earth could be appreciably nearer than any other part, to the constellation. If repeating afterglows, in Sweden, were phenomena of repeating arrivals of dust, from outer space, they so repeated in the sky of one part of this earth, because this earth is stationary.

I note that I have overlooked the new star in Cygnus, late in the year 1876. Perhaps it is because this star was discovered by a professional astronomer that I neglected it. However, I shall have material for some malicious comments. Upon the night of Nov. 24, 1876, Dr. Schmidt, of the Athens Observatory, saw, in the constellation Cygnus, a new star. It was about third magnitude, and increased to about second. Over all the Observatories of this earth, this new star was shining magnificently, but it was not until December 9th that any other astronomer saw it. It was seen, in England, upon the 9th, because, upon the 9th, news reached England of Dr. Schmidt's discovery. I note the matter of possible overclouding of the sky in all other parts of this earth, at this time. I note that, between the dates of

November 24th and December 9th, there were eight favorable nights, in England.

It so happens that I have record of what one English astronomer was doing, in this period. Upon the night of November 25, he was looking up at the sky.

Meteoric observations are conventionalities.

New stars are unconventionalities.

See *Nature*, Dec. 21, 1876—this night, this astronomer observed meteors.

There was a volcanic eruption in the Philippines, upon the 26th of November. About two weeks later, a red rain fell in Italy.

There is considerable in this book that is in line with the teachings of the most primitive theology. We have noted how agreeable I am sometimes to the most southern Methodists. It is that scientific orthodoxy of today has brutally, or mechanically, or unintelligently, reacted sheerly against all beliefs of the preceding, or theological, orthodoxy, and has reacted too far. All reactions react too far. Then a reaction against this reaction must of course favor, or restore, some of the beliefs of the earlier orthodoxy.

Often before disasters upon this earth there have been appearances that were interpretable as warnings.

But if a godness places kindly lights in the sky, also is it spreading upon the minds of this earth a darkness of scientists. This is about the beneficence of issuing warnings, and also seeing to it that the warnings shall not be heeded. This may not be idiocy. It may be “divine plan” that surplus populations shall be murdered. In less pious terms we may call this maintenance of equilibrium.

If surplusages of people upon this earth should reduce, and if then it should, in the organic sense, becomes desirable that people in disaster-zones should live longer, or die more lingeringly, provided for them are phenomena of a study of warnings, a study that is now, or that has been, subject to inhibitions.

Aug. 31, 1886—“Just before the sun dropped behind the horizon, it was eclipsed by a mass of inky, black clouds.” People noted this appearance. It was like the “dense, mountain-like cloud” that appeared, at Callao, Peru, before the earthquake of Sept. 4, 1868. But these people were in a North American city. Meteors were seen. They were like the fire balls that have shot from this earth’s volcanoes. Luminous clouds, such as have been seen at times of this earth’s eruptions, appeared, and people watched them. There

was no thought of danger. There was a glare. More meteors. The city of Charleston, South Carolina, was smashed.

People running from their houses—telegraph poles falling around them—they were meshed in coils of wires. Street lamps and lights in houses waved above, like lights of a fishing fleet that had cast out nets. It was a catch of bodies, but that was because minds had been meshed in the net of a cult, woven out of the impudence of the De Ballores and the silences of the Davisons, spread to this day upon every school of this earth.

The ground went on quaking. Down from the unknown came, perhaps, a volcanic discharge upon this quaking ground. Whether it were volcanic dust, or not, it is said, in the *New York World*, September 4, that "volcanic dust" was falling, at Wilmington, North Carolina.

September 5th—a severe shock, at Charleston, and a few minutes later came a brilliant meteor, which left a long train of fire. At the same time, two brilliant meteors were seen, at Columbia, S. C. See almost any newspaper, of the time. I happen to take from the London *Times*, September 7.

There was another discharge from the unknown—or a "strange cloud" appeared, upon the 8th of September, off the coast of South Carolina. The cloud hung, heavy, in the sky, and was thought to be from burning grass on one of the islands. *Charleston News and Courier,* September 10—that such was the explanation, but that no grass was known to be burning.

If a procession starts at Washington Square, New York City, and, if soldiers arrive in Harlem, and then keep on arriving in Harlem, I explain that, in spite of all the eccentricities of Harlem, Harlem is neither flying away from the procession, nor turning on 125th Street, for an axis. Meteors kept on coming to Charleston. They kept on arriving at this quaking part of this earth's surface, as if at a point on a stationary body. The most extraordinary display was upon the night of October 22nd. There was a severe quake, at Charleston, while these meteors were falling. About fifty appeared (*New York Sun*, November 1). About midnight, October 23-24, a meteor exploded over Atlanta, Georgia, casting a light so intense that small objects on the ground were visible (*New York Herald*, October 25). A large meteor, at Charleston, night of October 24th (*Monthly Weather Review*, 1886-296). An extraordinary meteor, at Charleston, night of the 28th, is described, in the *News and Courier,* of the 29th, as "a strange, celestial visitor."

"It was only coincidence."

There is no conventional seismologist, and there is no orthodox astronomer, who says otherwise.

In the *Friend of India,* June 22, 1897, is another record of some of the meteors that were seen in Charleston: that, at the time of the great quake, Prof. Oswald saw meteor after meteor shoot from an apparent radiant near Leo. Carl McKinley, in his *Descriptive Narrative of the Earthquake of August 31, 1886,* records a report from Cape Romain Light Station, upon "an unusual fall of meteors during the night."

Again a volcanic discharge came to this point—or a fall of ashes was reported. In the *News and Courier,* November 20, it is said that, about ten days before, ashes had fallen from the sky, at Summerville, S. C. It is said that the material was undoubtedly ashes. Then it is said that it had been discovered that, upon the day of this occurrence, there had been "an extensive forest fire near Summerville."

Monthly Weather Review, October and November, 1886—under "Forest and Prairie Fires," there is no mention of a forest fire, either small or extensive, in either North or South Carolina.

Summerville, and not Charleston, was the center of the disturbances. Ashes came from somewhere exactly to this central point.

In *A Study of Recent Earthquakes,* Dr. Charles Davison gives 36 pages to an account of phenomena at Charleston. He studies neither meteors nor anything else that was seen in the sky. He studiously avoids all other occurrences upon this earth, at this time. Refine such a study to a finality of omissions, and the vacancy of the imbecile is the ideal of the student. I approve this, as harmless.

The other occurrences were enormous. Destruction in South Carolina was small compared with a catastrophe in Greece. Upon the day of the first slight shock, at Charleston (August 27th), there was a violent quake in Greece, and at the same time, torrents poured from the sky, in Turkey, carrying away houses and cattle and bridges (*Levant Herald,* September 8). Thousands of houses collapsed, and hundreds of persons perished. This day, there was a shock, at Srinagar, Kashmir: shocks in Italy and Malta; and increased activity of Vesuvius. Just such an inky cloud as was seen at Charleston, was seen in the eastern Mediterranean, at the time of the catastrophe in Greece—reported by the captain of the steamship *La Valette* —see *Malta Standard,* September 2—"a mass of thick, black smoke, changing into a reddish color." "The sea was perfectly calm, at the time." In

the sky of Greece, there was a glare, like the light of a volcanic eruption (*Comptes Rendus,* 103-
565).

I confess to a childish liking for making little designs, or arrangements of data, myself. And every formal design depends upon blanks, as much as upon occupied spaces. But my objection to such a patternmaker as Dr. Davison is to the preponderance of what he leaves out. In Dr. Davison's 36 pages upon the lesser catastrophe, at Charleston, he spins thin lines of argument, in a pretty pattern of agreements, around omissions. It is his convention that all earthquakes are of local, subterranean origin—so he leaves out all appearances in the sky, and mentions none of the other violences that disturbed a zone around this earth. It is a monstrous disproportion, when a mind that should be designing embroidery takes catastrophes for the lines and blanks of its compositions.

It is my expression that if a clipper of data should mislay his scissors, or should accidentally let in an account of one of the many localized repetitions of meteors, he would tell of an indication that this earth is, or is almost, stationary. Night of October 20th—meteors falling at Srinagar, Kashmir. There was an earthquake. Shocks and falls of meteors continued together. According to my searches in Indian newspapers, these repeating meteors were seen nowhere else. As to zone-phenomena, I point out that there is a difference of only one degree of latitude between Charleston and Srinagar. For the data, see the *Times of India,* November 5.

If a string of meteors should be flying toward this earth, and if the first of them should fall to this earth, at Srinagar, how is anybody going to think of the rest of them falling exactly here, if this earth is speeding away from them? Sometimes I am almost inclined to have a little faith, of course not in general reasoning, but anyway in my own reasoning, and I go on to observe that a long string of meteors can be thought of, as coming down to the one point where the first fell, if that point is not moving away from them. But I begin to suspect that the trouble with me is that I am simple-minded, and that mine enemies, whom I call "conventionalists," are more subtle than I am, and prefer their views, because mine are so obvious. Of course this earth is stationary, in a surrounding of revolving stars so far from far away that an expedition could sail to them. But no dialectician, of any fastidiousness, would be attracted by a subject so easy to maintain.

Back to data—geysers spouted from the ground, at Charleston, and there were sulphurous emissions. The ground was incipiently volcanic and charged electrically.

Meteors and smoky discharges and glares and falls of ashes and enormous pours of water, as if from a volcano that was moving around a zone of this earth—

And there is no knowing when, in the year 1886, disturbances began in the constellation Andromeda.

In the *Observatory,* 9-402, it is said that, upon September 26th, a new star in the Andromeda nebula had been reported by one astronomer, but that, according to another astronomer, there was no such new star. *Astronomical Register,* 1886-269—that, upon October 3rd, a new star in this nebula had been photographed.

I think of our existence as a battery—an enormous battery, or, in the cosmic sense, a little battery. So I think of volcanic regions, or incipiently volcanic regions, in a land of the stars and in a land of this earth, as electrodes, which are mutually perturbative, and between which flow quantities of water and other volcanic discharges, in electrolytic, or electrically teleportative, currents. According to data, I think that some teleportations are instantaneous, and that some are slow drifts. To illustrate what I mean by stimulation, most likely electric, by interacting volcanoes, and transportation, or electric teleportation, of matter, between mutually affective volcanoes, I shall report a conversation, which, unlike mere human dialogue, was seen, as well as heard.

Upon the evening of Sept. 3, 1902, at Martinique, where the volcano Mont Pelee humps high, Prof. Angelo Heilprin, as he tells in his book, *Mont Pelee,* saw southward, at sea, electric flashes. They were in the direction of La Soufriere, the volcano upon the island of St. Vincent, 90 miles away. La Soufriere was flashing. Then Pelée answered. Pelee hugely answered, in tones befitting greater magnitude. A dozen flickers in the southern sky—and then Pelee speaking up, with a blinding, electric opinion. The little female volcano, or anyway the volcano with a feminine name, nagged and nagged, and was then answered with a roar. This bickering kept up a long time.

About 5 o'clock, morning of the 4th, there was another appearance, upon the southern horizon. It was a dense bulk of smoke from La Soufriere. It drifted slowly. It went directly to Pelee, and massed about Pelee.

There’s no use arguing with a little, female volcano: she casts out obscurations. But there may be enormous use for this occurrence regarded as data.

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ONCE upon a time, one of this earth's earlier scientists pronounced, or enunciated, or he told a story, which was somewhat reasonable, of a flood, and of all the animals of this earth saved, as species, in a big boat. Perhaps the story was not meant seriously by its author, but was a satire upon the ambitious boat-builders of his day. It is probable that all religions are founded upon ancient jokes and hoaxes. But, considering the relative fewness of the animals that were known to the scientists, or the satirists, of that early time, this story was as plausible as the science, or as the best satire, of any time. However data of such a host of animals piled up that the story of the big boat lost its plausibility.

Note that our data are upon events of which the founders of the present so-called science of astronomy knew little, or knew nothing. Orthodox astronomy has been systematized, without considering new stars, their phenomena and indications. It is a big-boat story. Once upon a time it was plausible. It is in the position of the orthodox geology of former times, when a doctrine was formulated without consideration for fossils and sedimentary rocks. But, when fossils and sedimentary rocks were incorporated, they forced a radical readjustment. New stars were not taken into the so-called science of astronomy, by the builders of that system, because no astronomer ever saw, or reported, a new star, between the years 1670 and 1848. Presumably new stars have not started appearing all at once in modern times. Presumably, in this period of 178 years, many new stars appeared, and were not seen, though we shall have data for thinking that some of them shone night after night with the brilliance of first magnitude. One would like to know what, when time after time, the sky was probably spectacular with a new light, the astronomers were doing, in these 178 years. We may be able to answer that question, if we can find out what the astronomers are doing now.

There is not agreement among the wisemen. Virtually there is, by the wisemen of our tribes, no explanation of new stars. The collision-theory is heard of most.

Always—provided there have been little boys and other amateurs to inform them—the wise ones tell of stars that have collided. They have never told of stars that are going to collide.

Why is a story always of stars that have collided? Assuming now that, instead of being points in a revolving shell, stars are swiftly moving bodies, there must be instances of stars that are going to collide, some days, weeks, or years from any given time. It is too much to assume that only dark stars collide, or the preponderance of dark stars would be so great that the sky would be black with Inky Ways. So far, we have not a fair impression of how frequently new stars appear. It will be said that stars that are so close to each other that, in a year or so, they will collide, have, because of their enormous distance from this earth, the appearance of one point of light.

This takes us to one of the solemnest and laughablest of the wisemen's extravagances. It is their statement that, after two stars have collided, they can, by means of the spectroscope, pick out in what is to the telescope only one point of light, the fragments of an alleged collision, the velocities and the directions of these parts.

If any spectroscopist can do this thing that the reading public is told that he can do, never mind about parts where he says there has been a collision, but let him pick out a point in the sky, which is of parts that are going to collide. Let him tell where a new star is going to be: otherwise let him go on being told, by amateurs, where a new star is.

New stars appear. There are disturbances upon this earth—there are volcanic appearances in the sky—volumes of smoke and dust roll down upon this earth.

And the meaning of it all may some day be—"Skyward ho!" Storms, upon a constellation's vacant areas, of Poles and Russians. A black cloud appears in the sky of Lyra, and down pours a deluge of Italians. Drifting sands of Scandinavians sift down to a star.

Jan. 5, 1892—just such a fiery blast as has often torn down the slopes of Vesuvius, shot across the State of Georgia. It was "a black tornado, filled with fire" (*Chicago Tribune*, January 7). About this time, there were shocks in Italy, and, in the evening, people in many parts of New York State were looking up and wondering at a glare in the sky. The next day they had something else to wonder about. There were shocks in New York State. Upon the 8th, dust that was perhaps volcanic, but that had probably been discharged from no volcano of this earth, fell from the sky, in Northern

Indiana. 14th—"tidal wave" in the Atlantic, and a shock, at Memphis, Tennessee. Snow fell in Mobile, Alabama, where there had been only four falls of snow in seventy years. Floods in New England. Quakes in Japan, 15th, 16th, 17th. At this time began an eruption of Tongariro, New Zealand. "Tidal wave," or seismic wave, in Lake Michigan, upon the 18th. For references, see the New York newspapers. The *Philadelphia Public Ledger,* January 27, reported a fall, from the sky, of a mass of fire into a town in Massachusetts, upon the 20th. At this time, Rome, Italy, was quaking. Shocks in France, two days later. Shocks in Italy and Sicily. January 24th—a great meteor, with thunderous detonations, shot over Cape Colony, South Africa (*Cape Argus,* February 2 and 4). A drought, at Durango, Mexico, was broken by rain, the first to fall in four years. Upon the night of the 26th, there was a glare in the sky that alarmed people throughout Germany. Severest shock ever known in Tasmania, upon the 27th, and shocks in many places in Victoria, Austrialia. In the night sky of England, people watched a luminous cloud (*Nature,* 45-365; 46-127).

There was a new star.

In all the Observatories of this earth, not a professional astronomer had observed anything out of the ordinary: but, in Edinburgh, a man who knew nothing of astronomical technicalities (*Nature,* 45-365) looked up at the sky, and saw the new star, night of February 1st. Throughout this period of the glares and the shocks and the seeming volcanic discharges, a new star, or a new celestial volcano, had been shining in the constellation Auriga. The amateur, Dr. Anderson, told the professionals. They examined photographs, and learned that they had been photographing the new star since December 1st.

The look of data is that volcanic dust drifted from a new star to the sky of this earth, in Indiana, in not more than 39 days.

For four hours, upon the 8th of January, dust came down from the sky, in Northern Indiana, and if it did come from regions external to this earth, it came settling down, hour after hour, as if to a point upon a stationary earth. I have searched in many scientific periodicals, and in newspapers of all continents, finding record of no volcanic eruption upon this earth, by which to explain.

La Nature, 41-206—that this dust had been analyzed, and had been identified as of volcanic origin. *Science,* 21-303—that this dust had been analyzed, and had been identified as not of volcanic origin. *Monthly*

Weather Review, January, 1892—"It was in all probability of volcanic origin."

I have records of five other new stars, which, from Dec. 21, 1896, to Aug. 10, 1899, appeared at times of disturbances upon this earth; times of deluges and of volcanic discharges that cannot be attributed to terrestrial volcanoes. Two of the discoveries were made by amateurs. The other discoveries were made by professionals, who, with nothing at all resembling celerity, learned, by examining photographic plates, that new stars that had been looked at by astronomers had been recorded by cameras. The period of one of these incelerities was eleven years. See *Nature,* 85-248.

Star after star has appeared, as a minute point, or as a magnificent sight in the heavens, and the professional astronomers have been unobservatory. They have been notified by amateurs. We shall have records of youngsters who have seen what they were not observing. The first of the bright infants, of whom I have record, is Seth Chandler, of Boston. I have it that anybody who is only 19 years old, or, for that matter, 29, is a youngster. Seth was 19 years old. Upon May 12, 1866, an amateur astronomer, named Birmingham, at Tuam, Ireland, notified the professional astronomers, who were looking somewhere else, that there was a new star in the constellation Corona Borealis. In the United States, the professional astronomers were busily engaged looking in other directions. Upon the night of the 14th, Seth Chandler interrupted their observations, telling them that there was something to look at. For any pessimist, who is interested in what becomes of exceptionally bright boys, and the disappointing records of many of them, I note that when this bright youngster grew up, he became a professional astronomer.

What on earth—or pretty nearly assuredly unrelated to the skies —were the professionals doing, February, 1901? Night of February 22nd—and Dr. Anderson, the amateur who had discovered *Nova Aurigae,* nine years before, looked up at the constellation Perseus, and, even though he had probably been befoozling himself with astronomical technicalities ever since, saw something new, and knew the new, when he saw it. It was a magnificent new star. It was a splendor that scintillated over stupidity—not a professional, at any of this earth's Observatories, knew of this spectacle, until informed by Dr. Anderson. Usually it is said that Dr. Anderson discovered this star, but his claim has been contested. In Russia, it was

recorded that, nine hours earlier, at a time when the sleepiest of the Observatories had not yet closed down, or had not yet quit not observing, the new star had been discovered by Andreas Borisiak, of Kieff. Andreas was a schoolboy.

Before the discovery of this new star in Perseus, or *Nova Persei*, there had been appearances like volcanic phenomena, unattributable, however, to any volcano of this earth. Upon the morning of February 13th, deep-greenish-yellow clouds, spreading intensest darkness, appeared in France (*Bull. Soc. Astro. de France,* March, 1901). Upon the 16th, a black substance fell from the sky, in Michigan (*Monthly Weather Review,* 29-465). There was the extreme coldness that often results from interferences with sunlight, by volcanic dust. At Naples, three persons were found to have frozen to death, night of the 13th (London *Daily Mail,* February 15). A red substance fell with snow, near Mildenhall (London *Daily Mail,* February 22). It may have been functionally transmitted organic matter. "Pigeons seemed to feed upon it."

I have data for thinking that at least four nights before Dr. Anderson's observation, this new star, or a beam from it, though unseen at all Observatories, was magnificently visible. I think so, because, upon the night of the 18th, somebody in Finchley (London) and somebody in Tooting (London) saw something that they thought was a comet. Upon the night of the 20th, somebody in Tottenham saw it. A story of three somebodies who had seen something that was missed by all this earth's professional astronomers, would not be worth much, if told after an announcement of a discovery, but these observations were told of in the London *Daily Mail,* published upon the morning of February 22nd, before Dr. Anderson was heard from.

Sixteen days after the Anderson observation, dust arrived upon this earth —or it fell from the sky—in volumes that were proportional to this outburst of first magnitude in the heavens. The new star at its brightest was of the magnitude of Vega. Dust, of the redness of many volcanic dusts, and of no African deserts that one hears anything of—and if African deserts ever are red, moving picture directors, who are strong for realism, or, rather, sometimes are, should hear about this—fell from the sky. It came down, upon the 9th and 10th of March, in Sicily, Tunis, Italy, Germany, and Russia. A thick orange-red stain was reported from Ongar, Essex, England, upon the 12th (London *Daily Mail,* March 19).

The standardized explanation was published. I shall oppose it with heresy. Throughout this book, I say that all expressions of mine are only mental phenomena, and sometimes may be rather awful specimens, even at that. But, if we examine our opposition, and find it wanting, and if my own expression includes much that it left out, my own expression is not wanting, whether it's wanted, or not. Two wisemen wrote the standardized explanation. The red dust had come from an African desert. See *Nature*, 66-41.

They wrote that they had traced this dust to a hurricane in an African desert, pointing out that, upon the first day, it had fallen in Tunis. That looked like a first fall near an African desert.

But the meteorologists are not banded like the astronomers. For a record of a fall, not so near an alleged African desert, see *Symons' Met. Mag.*, 1902-25—that while this dust was falling in Tunis, also it was falling in Russia. That this dust did come to this earth from outer space—see the *Chemical News*, 83-159—Dr. Phipson's opinion that it was meteoric. That may be accepted as the same as volcanic.

My own expression—

That a hurricane that could have strewn Europe with dust, from the Mediterranean to Denmark, and from England to Russia, could have been no breeze fluttering obscurely in some African desert, but a devastating force that would have fanned all Northern Africa into taking notice—

Lagos (Gold Coast) *Record*, March-April, 1901—no mention of a whirlwind of any kind in Africa. In the *Egyptian Gazette* (Alexandria) there is nothing relating to atmospheric disturbances. There is nothing upon any such subject noted in the *Sierra Leone News*. *Al-Moghreb* (Tangier) reports the falls of dust in Europe, but mentions no raising of dust anywhere in Africa.

But there was a new star.

The standardized explanation is perforated with omissions. It seems unthinkable that mind upon this earth could be so bound down to this earth by this thing of gaps, until we reflect that so are all nets fabricated. In Austria, while this dust was falling, the earth quaked. What could such an occurrence have to do with dust from an African desert? Omitted. But at the time of this quake, something else was seen, and it may have been a volcanic bomb that had been shot from a star. London *Daily Mail*, March 13—a great meteor was seen. Dust falling in Tunis—and that was told. More

of the omitted—see the *Levant Herald,* March 11— that while the dust was falling in Tunis, there were violent earthquakes in Algeria. Something else that was left out—see the *English Mechanic,* 73-96, and the *Bull. Soc. Astro. de France,* April, 1901— that, upon March 12th, ashes fell from the sky, at Avellino, Italy.

Vesuvius, April, 1872—

Krakatoa, August, 1883—

Charleston, August, 1886—

Time after time after time—

And now May, 1902—in the hollow of their ignorance, two of these conventionalists held 30,000 lives.

May, 1902—there was another surprise. It, too, was preceded by announcements that were published by mountains, and were advertised in columns of fire upon pages of clouds.

In April and May, 1902, across a zone of this earth, also outside the zone, there were disturbances. More than earth-wide relations are indicated, to start with. Eruptions of Mt. Pelee, Martinique, began upon April 20th, the date of the Lyrids. However, in this book, I am omitting many data upon a seeming relation between dates of meteor streams and catastrophes. Then the volcano La Soufriere, island of St. Vincent, B. W. I., broke out. Upon the day of an earthquake in Siberia (April 12th) mud fell from the sky, in widely separated places, in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. See *Science,* n.s., 15-872; *New York Herald,* April 14, 1902; *Monthly Weather Review,* May, 1902.

There may have been an eruption in some other part of one relatively small existence, or organism. There may have been a new star. In the *English Mechanic,* 75-291, a correspondent in South Africa told that, in the constellation Gemini, night of April 16th, he had seen an appearance like a new red star. He thought that it might have been not a star, but a mirage of the red light of the Cape Town lighthouse.

The white houses of St. Pierre, Martinique—a white city, spread up on the slopes of Mt. Pelee. Early in May, there were panics in St. Pierre. Pelee was convulsed, and the quavering city of St. Pierre shook out inhabitants. Desertion of the city was objected to by its rulers, and the Governor of the island called upon two wisemen, Prof. Landes and Prof. Doze, for an authoritative opinion.

They had studied the works of Dr. Davison.

There were shocks in Spain, and in France. La Soufriere was of continuing violence. A volcano broke out in Mexico. Quakes in the Fiji Islands. Violent quake in Iceland. Volcanic eruption at Cook's Inlet, Alaska.

Prof. Landes and Prof. Doze were studying Mt. Pelee.

An eruption of cattle and houses and human beings, in Rangoon, Burma —or "the most terrible storm remembered." A remarkable meteor was seen at Calcutta. In Java, the Rooang volcano broke out. There were rumblings of an extinct volcano in France. In Guatemala, with terrific electrical displays, enormous volumes of water fell upon earthquakes.

Profs. Doze and Landes "announced" that there was, in Pelee's activity, nothing to warrant the flight of the people. See Heilprin, *Mont Pelee,* p. 71. Governor Mouttet ordered a cordon of soldiers to form around the city, and to permit nobody to leave.

Upon the 7th of May, a sky in France turned black with warning. See back to other such "coincidences" with catastrophes. Soot and water, like ink, fell from the sky, at Parc Saint Maur (*Comptes Rendus,* 134-1108).

Upon this day, the people of St. Pierre were terrified by the blasts from Pelee. No inhabitant of the city was permitted to leave, but, as recorded by Heilprin, the captain of the steamship *Orsolina* did break away. They tried to hold him. The "pronouncement" was read to him, and officialdom threatened him, but, with half a cargo, he broke away. His arrival at Havre is told of, in the *Daily Messenger* (Paris) June 22. The authorities of the Port of St. Pierre had refused to give him clearance papers, but, terrified by the blasts from the volcano, he had sailed without them.

The people of St. Pierre were trying to escape, but they were bound to the town by chains of soldiers. Even in discreetly worded accounts, we read of these people, running in droves in the streets. In storms of ashes, turned back at all outskirts, by the soldiers, they were running in whirlpools.

Not one word of retreat, nor of any modification, came from the two Professors. They had spoken in accordance with the dogmas of their deadly cult. Considered locally, an effusion of ashes was not considered alarming, and no relationship with wider disturbances could be admitted. The Professors had spoken, and the people of St. Pierre were held to the town. The people were hammered and stabbed back, or they were reasoned with, and persuaded to stay. Just how it was done, one has to visualize for oneself. It was done.

At night there was a lull. Then blasts came from the volcano. Screaming people ran from the houses. The narrow streets of this white city were dark with people, massing one way, only to gather against the military confines, sweeping some other way, only to be turned back by soldiers. Had there been darkness some of them might have escaped, but even at sea the glare from the volcano was so intense that the crew of a passing steamship, *Lord Antrim*, were almost blinded.

As seen from the sea, the streets, hung up on the mountainside, distorted by smoke and glare, fluttered. Long narrow crowds darkening these fluttering streets—folds of white garments of a writhing being, chained, awaiting burning.

Upon the morning of the 8th, the city of St. Pierre was bound to the stake of Mt. Pelee.

There was a rush of flames. In the volcanic fires that burned the city, 30,000 persons perished.

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EARLY in October, 1902, vast volumes of smoke, of unknown origin, obscured all things at sea, and made navigation difficult and dangerous, from the Philippines to Hongkong, and from the Philippines to Australia. I do not know of anything of terrestrial origin that, with equal density, ever has had such widespread effects. Vesuvius has never been known to smoke up the whole Mediterranean. Compared with this obscuration, smoke at a distance from Krakatoa, in August, 1883, was only a haze. For an account, see the *Jour. Roy. Met. Soc.,* 30-285. *Hongkong Telegraph,* October 25—that a volcanic eruption in Sumatra had been reported. *Science,* n.s., 23-193—that there had been no known eruption in Sumatra—that perhaps there had been enormous forest fires in Borneo and Sumatra. *Sarawak* (Borneo) *Gazette,* October-November, 1902—no record of any such fires.

There came something that was perhaps not vaster, but that was more substantial. If a story of a sand storm in a desert is dramatic, here is a story of a continent that went melodramatic. Upon the 12th of November, upon all Australia, except Queensland, dust and mud fell from the sky. Then densest darkness lit up with glares. Fires were falling from the sky.

Sometimes there are abortive embryos that are mixtures—an eye looking out from ribs—other features scattered. Fires and dust and darkness—mud that was falling from the sky—Australia was a womb that was misconceiving.

A fire ball burst over a mound, which flickered; and frightened sheep ran from it—or, reflecting glares in the sky, a breast leered, and stuck out a long, red mob of animals. A furrowed field—or ribs in a haze—and a stare from the embers of a bush fire. An avenue of trees, heavy with mud, sagging upon a road that was pulsing with carts—or black lips, far from jaws, closing soggily upon an umbilical cord, in vainly attempted suicide.

Fire balls started up fires in every district in Victoria. They fell into cities, and set fire to houses. At Wycheproof, “the whole air seemed on fire.” All day of the 12th, and the next day, dust, mostly red dust, sifted down upon

Australia, falling, upon the 13th, in Queensland, too. Smoke rolled in upon Northern Australia, upon the 14th. A substance that fell from it was said to be ashes. One of the descriptions is of “a light, fluffy, grey material” (*Sydney Daily Telegraph*, November 18).

How many of those who have a notion that they’re pretty well-read, have ever heard of this discharge upon Australia? And what are the pretty well-read but the pretty well-led? Little of this tremendous occurrence has been told in publications that are said to be scientific, and I take from Australian newspapers: but accounts of some of the fire balls that fell from the sky were published in *Nature*, vol. 67. There are reports from about 50 darkened, stifled towns, in the *Sydney Herald*, of the 14th—”business suspended”—“nothing like it before, in the history of the colony”—“people stumbling around with lanterns.” Traffics were gropes. Mail coaches reached Sydney, nine hours late. Ashes with a sulphurous odor fell in New Zealand, upon the 13th (*Otago Witness*, November 19). The cities into which fell balls of fire that burned houses were Boort, Allendale, Deniliquin, Langdale, and Chiltern.

Smoke appeared in Java, and the earth quaked. A meteorite fell, at Kamsagar (Mysore), India. Upon this day of the 12th, a disastrous deluge started falling, in the Malay States: along one river, seven bridges were carried away.

There was no investigation. However, passing awareness did glimmer in one mind, in England. In a dispatch to the newspapers, Dec. 7, 1902, Sir Norman Lockyer called attention to the similarity between the dust and the fire balls in Australia, and the dust and the fire balls from volcanoes in the West Indies, in May, of this year.

Our own expression depends upon whether all this can be attributed to any eruption upon this earth, or not. The smoke, in October, cannot be so explained. But was there any particular volcanic activity upon this earth, about Nov. 12, 1902?

The most violent eruption of Kilauea, Hawaii, in 20 years, was occurring, having started upon the 10th of November. There was a geyser of fire from the volcano Santa Maria, in Guatemala, having started upon October 26th. About the 6th of November, Colima, in Mexico, began to discharge dense volumes of smoke. The volcano Savii, in Samoa, broke out, upon the 13th, having been active, though to no great degree, upon October 30th. According to a dispatch, dated November 14th, there was an eruption in the

Windward Islands, West Indies. Stromboli burst into eruption upon the 13th. About this time, Mt. Chullapata, in Peru, broke out.

But the smoke that appeared, with an earthquake, in Java, was the spans of an ocean and a continent far away. New Zealand is nearer all these volcanoes, except Stromboli, than is Australia, but dust and ashes fell a day later in New Zealand. Fire balls fell enormously in Australia. Not one was reported in New Zealand. Nothing appeared between New Zealand and these volcanoes, but dense clouds of smoke, between Australia and the Philippines, delayed vessels until at least November 20th (*Hobart Mercury,* November 21). So we regard the unexplained smoke of October and November, as continuous with the discharges of November 12th, and relate both, as emanations from one source, which is undiscoverable upon this earth.

There was a new star.

Popular Astronomy, 30-60—that, in October, 1902, a new star appeared in the southern constellation Puppis.

Upon the 19th of November, a seismic wave, six feet high, crashed upon the coast of South Australia (*Sydney Morning Herald,* November 20). Upon this day the new star shone at its maximum of 7th magnitude.

See our expression upon phenomena of August, 1885. If, in November, 1902, a volcanic discharge came to Australia from a southern constellation, it came as if from a star-region to the nearest earth-region. But, if constellations be trillions of miles away, no part of this earth could be appreciably nearer than any other part, to any star.

So extraordinary was terrestrial, volcanic activity at this time, that it will have to be considered. Like other expressions, our expression here is that mutually affective outbursts spread from the land of the stars to and through the land of this earth, firing off volcanoes in the disturbances of one organic and relatively little whole.

It was a time of extremest drought in Australia. Thunderstorms that came, after November 12th, were described as terrific.

As a glimmer of awareness, Lockyer told of the fire balls that came with the dust to Australia, and the suggestion to him was that there had been a volcanic discharge. But there was something that he did not tell. He did not know. It was told of in no scientific publication, and it reached no newspaper published outside Australia. After the first volley of fire balls, other fire balls came to Australia. I have searched in newspapers of all

continents, and it is my statement that no such fire balls were reported anywhere else. All were so characterized that it will be accepted that all were of one stream. Perhaps they came from an eruption in the constellation Puppis, but my especial expression is that, if all were of one origin, and if, days apart, they came to this earth, only to Australia, they so localized, because this earth is stationary.

For references, see the *Sydney Herald*, and the *Melbourne Leader.* There was a meteoric explosion, at Parramatta, November 13th. A fire ball fell and exploded terrifically, at Carcoar. At Murrumburrah, N. S. W., dust and a large fire ball fell, upon the 18th. A fire ball passed over the town of Nyngan, night of the 22nd, intensely illuminating sky and ground. Upon the night of the 20th, as reported by Sir Charles Todd, of the Adelaide Observatory, a large fire ball was seen, moving so slowly that it was watched four minutes. At 11 o'clock, night of the 21st, a fire ball of the apparent size of the sun was seen at Towitta. An hour later, several towns were illuminated by a great fire ball. Upon the 23rd, a fire ball exploded at Ipswich, Queensland. It is of especial importance to note the record of one of these bombs, or meteors, that moved so slowly that it was watched four minutes.

From Feb. 12 to March 1, 1903, dusts and discolored rains fell along the western coast of Africa, upon many parts of the European Continent, and in England. The conventional explanation was published: there had been a whirlwind in Africa.

I have plodded for more than twenty years in the Libraries of New York and London. There are millions of persons who would think this a dreary existence.

But the challenges—the excitements—the finds.

Any pronouncement by any orthodoxy is to me the same as handcuffs. It's brain cuffs. There are times when I don't give a damn whether the stars are trillions of miles away or ten miles away—but, at any time, let anybody say to me, authoritatively, or with an air of finality, that the stars are trillions of miles away, or ten miles away, and my contrariness stirs, or inflames, and if I can't pick the lock of his pronouncements, I'll have to squirm out some way to save my egotism.

So then the dusts of February and March, 1903—and the whirlwind-explanation—and other egotists will understand how I suffer. Simply say to

me, “Mere dusts from an African desert,” and I begin to squirm like an Houdini.

Feb. 12 to March 1, 1903—“dusts from an African desert.”

I get busy.

Nature, 75-589—that some of this dust, which had fallen at Cardiff, Wales, had been analyzed, and that it was probably volcanic.

But the word “analyzed” is an affront to my bigotries—conventional chemist—orthodox procedures—scientific delusions—more coercions.

I am pleased with a find, in the London *Standard*, Feb. 26, 1903. It is of no service to me, especially, now, but, in general, it is agreeable to my malices—a letter from Prof. T. G. Bonney, in which the Professor says that the dust was not volcanic, because there was no glassy material in it—and a letter from someone else, stating that in specimens of the dust that were examined by him, all the particles were glassy.

“It was dust from an African desert.”

But I have resources.

One of them is *Al-Moghreb*. How many persons, besides myself, have ever heard of *Al-Moghreb? Al-Moghreb* is mine own discovery.

The dust came down in England, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, Germany, and along the west coast of Africa. Here’s the question:

If there had been an African hurricane so violent as to strew a good part of Europe, is it not likely that there would have been awareness of it in Africa?

Al-Moghreb (Tangier)—no mention of any atmospheric disturbance that would bear out the conventional explanation. *Lagos Weekly Record—Sierra Leone Weekly News—Egyptian Gazette*—no mention.

And then one of those finds that make plodding in Libraries as exciting as prospecting for nuggets—

February 14th, of this year—one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of Australia. In magnitude it was next to the occurrences of the preceding November. In the blackest of darkness, dust and mud fell from the sky. *Melbourne Age*, February 16—three columns of reports, upon darkness and dust and falling mud, in about 40 widespread towns in New South Wales and Victoria.

The material that fell in Australia fell about as enormously as fell the dusts in Europe. There is no mention of it in any of the dozens of articles by conventionalists, upon the phenomena in Europe. It started falling two days

after the first fall of dust, west of Africa. It was coincidence, or here is an instance of two enormous volumes of dust that had one origin.

There was an unnoticed hurricane in Africa, which strewed Europe, and daubed Australia, precipitating nowhere between these two continents; or two vast volumes of dust were discharged from a disturbance somewhere beyond this earth, drifting here, arriving so nearly simultaneously that the indications are that the space between the source and this stationary earth is not of enormous extent, but was traversed in a few days, or a few weeks.

There was no known eruption upon this earth, at this time. If here, but unknown, it would have to be an eruption more tremendous than any of the known eruptions of this earth.

There was a new star.

It was found, by a professional astronomer, upon photographs of the constellation Gemini, taken upon March 8th (*Observatory,* 22-245). It may have existed a few weeks before somebody happened to photograph this part of the sky.

"Cold-blooded scientists," as we hear them called—and their "ideal of accuracy"—they're more like a lot of spoiled brats, willfully determined to have their own way. In *Cosmos,* n.s., 69-422, were reported meteoric phenomena, before the destructive earthquake in Calabria, Italy, Sept. 8, 1905. It was said—or it was "announced"— that Prof. Agamennone was investigating. It would have been a smash to conventional science if Prof. Agamennone had confirmed these reports. We know what to expect. According to the account in *Cosmos,* first came a fall of meteors, and then, three-quarters of an hour later, to this same place upon this probably stationary earth, came a great meteor. It exploded, and in the ground was a shock by which 4,600 buildings were destroyed, and 4,000 persons were killed.

A volume of sound from crashing walls, in billows of roars from falling roofs, sailed like a ship in a storm. When it sank, lamentations leaped from it.

Because of underlying oneness, the sounds of a catastrophe are renderable in the terms of any other field of phenomena. Structural principles are the same, either in phonetic or biologic anatomy. A woe, or an insect, or a centipede is a series of segments.

Or the wreck of a city was a cemetery. Convulsed into animation, it was Resurrection Day, as not conceived of by religionists. Concatenations of

sounds arose from burials. Spinal columns of groans were exhuming from ruination. Articulations of sobs clung to them. A shout that was jointed with oaths reached out from a hole. A church, which for centuries had been the den of a parasite, sank to a heap. It was a maw that engulfed a congregation. From it came the chant of a litany that was a tapeworm emerging from a ruptured stomach.

Choruses broke into moans that were rows of weeping willows. A prayer crossed a field of murmurs, and was gored by a blasphemy. Tellers of beads told ladders, up which ran profanities. Then came submergence again, in a chorus.

In earthquake lands, it is the belief of the people that there is a godness that, at times of catastrophes, directs them to flock to churches. My own theology is in agreement. It is by such concentrations that the elimination of surplusages is facilitated. But, if Virgin Marys were replaced by images of Mrs. Sanger, there would be no such useful murders.

It is said, in the *Bull. Soc. Astro. de France,* October, 1905, that luminous phenomena had preceded this catastrophe, in Calabria. Observations upon appearances in the sky were gathered by Prof. Alfani, and were recorded by him, in the *Revista di Fisca.* But it was Prof. Agamennone's decision upon reported phenomena in the sky that was awaited by the scientific world. From time to time, in scientific periodicals, there was something to the effect that he was investigating.

Not only meteors were told of. There was a fall of dust, from the sky, at Tiriolo.

Explained.

There had been an eruption of Stromboli.

Comptes Rendus, 141-576—report by M. Lacroix, who had been living near Stromboli, at the time—that, at this time of the fall of dust, there had been no more than normal activity of Stromboli.

Long afterward, the result of Prof. Agamennone's investigation was published. He could find only one witness.

It is not easy to think of an organic control that would beguile its human supernumeraries into manageable concentrations, for eliminative purposes, and also permit a Prof. Agamennone to conceive of warnings for them. But, if in super-metabolism, there is, as in sub-organisms, the katabolism of destructions, also there are restorations. Anabolic vibrations, known to the

people of this earth, as “sympathy” and “charity,” shook from pockets as far away as California, money that rebuilt the mutilated tissues of Italy.

Something else that every conventionalist will explain as “mere coincidence” is that down from the sky came deluges upon the quaking land of Calabria. There was widespread need for water, at this time.

India—”pitiable,” as described in accounts of one of the severest of droughts. The wilt of a province—the ebb of its life is at the rate of 2,000 of its starving inhabitants, a day, into the town of Sind. Its people shrivel, and its fields, burned brown, wrinkle with trains of dark-skinned refugees. A band of natives in a desolate copse—trunks and limbs of leafless, little trees, and shrunken arms and legs merge in one jungle of emaciation. A starving native, flat in a field—he has crawled away from the long, white cloud of dust of a trampled road. It might be hell anywhere, but there are glimpses of the especial hell that is India. Breech-clout of the starving native—pinned to it, a string of jewels, which, though dying, he had stolen. Long, wide cloud of dust that is a landscape-girdle—and it is emblazoned with a rajah’s elephants.

There was intense suffering, at Lahore. All the gods were prayed to for rain.

Upon the 9th of September, there was an earthquake, at Lahore. All the gods answered at once, combining their deliveries, with an efficiency that smashed houses. Allahabad *Pioneer Mail*, September 15—“houses collapsing in great numbers, and the occupants wandering homeless.” “Such an occurrence at this season is most unprecedented, and has taken everybody by surprise” (*Times of India*, September 16).

Main Street—any good-sized American city—a dull afternoon— the barber shop and the cigar store on the corner—much dullness—

A sudden frenzy—Main Street rushes out of the town.

Or a human mind in a monotonous state of smugness—there’s a temptation, or the smash of a conviction, and something that it has taken for a principle rushes out of it, in a torrent of broken beliefs—

That delirium, or frenzy—or anything else mental or human—is not exclusively mental or human—but just what are my data for thinking that the principal street of an American city ever did rush out of the town?

Well, something similar. It was at the time of the deluges in India. There was a monstrous fall of water in Kashmir.

Many of the inhabitants of the city of Srinagar, Kashmir, lived in rows of houseboats, upon the river Jhelum, a sluggish, muddy stream, with so little visible motion that, between the rows, it looked like a smooth pavement. It suddenly went up 17 feet. The two long rows of houseboats rushed away.

Another river in Kashmir smashed a village. On its banks it left parallel confusions.

Notch a butterfly's wings—this is mutilation. But correspondingly notch the other wing, and there is balance. Two mutilations may be harmony. The doubly hideous may be beautiful. If, on both sides of the river that was a subsiding axis, mothers simultaneously screamed over the bodies of children, this correspondence was the soul of design. Two anguishes, neatly balanced in parallel lines of wreckage, satisfy the requirements of those who worship godness as only harmony.

A quaking zone of Europe and Asia was deluged. Drought in Turkey—earthquakes—plentiful rain (*Levant Herald,* September 11, 18). Tremendous falls of water and shocks were continuing in Calabria. Spain was flooded.

September 27th—another severe shock, at Lahore; and, this day, again dust, of unknown origin, fell from the sky, in Calabria. A current of hot air came with it. According to the *Levant Herald,* October 9, many persons were asphyxiated. According to description, it was a volcanic blast that cannot be traced to origin upon this earth. If it came from somewhere beyond this earth, such a repetition in Calabria is a coincidence, or is an indication that this earth is stationary. It is easier to call it a coincidence.

There was a new star.

Upon the night of August 18th, an "auroral" beam, such as has often been seen in the sky, at times of volcanic eruptions upon this earth, and at times of new stars, was seen in England (*English Mechanic,* 82-88). Upon the 31st of August, Mrs. Fleming, at Harvard University Observatory, looking over photographic plates, saw that a new star had been recorded, on and after the 18th. The new star, diminishing, continued to shine during September.

Our expression upon "auroral" beams is that vast beams of light have often been seen in the sky, at times when terrestrial volcanoes were active; that similar appearances have been seen at times of new stars, and may be considered light-effects of volcanoes, not terrestrial. For records of several of these beams, one while Stromboli was violent, Sept. 1, 1891, and one,

July 16,1892, while one of the greatest eruptions of Etna was occurring, see *Nature,* vols. 44 and 45, and *Popular Astronomy,* 10-249. For one of the latest instances, see newspapers, April 16, 1926: while Mauna Loa, Hawaii, was in eruption, a beam of light was seen in Nebraska.

There's a new light in the heavens, and there's a disturbance upon this earth, as if an interaction that could not occur, if trillions of miles intervene.

"Mere coincidence."

There's a quake in Formosa, and there's a quake in California.

"Only coincidence," say the conventionalists, who are committed to local explanations.

April 18, 1906—the destruction of San Francisco. The Governor of California appointed a commission of eight Professors to investigate the catastrophe. The eight Professors ignored, as coincidence, everything else that had occurred at the time, and explained in the usual, local, geological terms. In *Nature,* 73-608, is published Dr. Charles Davison's explanation, which is in terms of a local subsidence. Dr. Davison mentions nothing else that occurred at the time.

At the time—a disastrous quake in Formosa, and the most violent eruption of Vesuvius since April, 1872; activity in a long-dormant volcano in the Canary Islands; quake in Alberta, Canada; sudden rise and fall of Lake Geneva, Switzerland; eruption of Mt. Asama, Japan.

See back to the occurrence of St. Pierre, Martinique. May, 1902— 30,000 persons, who perished properly—blackened into cinders, with academic sanction. They turned into ashes, but the principles of an orthodoxy were upheld.

January, 1907—and the ignoramuses of Jamaica. They saved their own lives, because they did not know better.

About 3 o'clock, afternoon of Jan. 14, 1907, there was sudden darkness, at Kingston, Jamaica. People cried to one another that an earthquake was coming, and many of them ran to parks and other open spaces. The earthquake came. The people who ran to the open spaces lived, but a thousand of the others were killed by falling houses.

A web that was spun of dogmas caught a thousand victims. After the quake, the ruins of Kingston sprawled like a spider, stretching out long, black lines that were trains of hearses. But all who ran to the parks, believing that appearances in the sky did mean that catastrophe upon earth was coming, lived. I have given data for thinking that a De Ballore, or any

other conventionalist, would ridicule these people for so interpreting “a mere coincidence.”

October, 1907, and March, 1908—falls, from the sky, of substances like soot and ashes—catastrophes upon this earth and new stars that were discovered by amateurs. See the *English Mechanic,* 86-237, 260, and the *Observatory,* 31-215.

Dec. 30, 1910—new star—disastrous earthquakes—an enormous fall, from the sky, of a substance like ashes. The new star, *Nova Lacertae,* was discovered by Dr. Espin, a professional astronomer. Photographic records were looked up. Almost six weeks this star had been shining, unobserved at this earth’s Observatories. It was visible without a telescope (5th magnitude).

For almost six weeks, a new star had shone over the Observatories of this earth, and no milkman had reported it. However, without chagrin, we note this remissness, because it is no purpose of this book to spout eulogies to the amateur in science. It is only in astronomy that the humiliation of professionals by amateurs is common. I have no records of little boys running into laboratories, startling professors of chemistry, or physics, with important discoveries. The achievements of amateurs in astronomy rank about with a giving of information, upon current events, to a Rip Van Winkle. I’ll not apologize, because no night watchman hammered for several hours upon the front door of an Observatory, rudely disturbing the spiders.

29

WHY don't they see, when sometimes magnificently there is something to see?

The answer is the same as the answer to another question :

Why, sometimes, do they see when there is nothing to see?

In the year 1899, Campbell, the astronomer, "announced" that the star Capella is a spectroscopic binary, or has a companion-star, as determined by the spectroscope. Astronomers of Greenwich Observatory investigated. One of them looked through the telescope, and he said, or rather, announced, that he saw it. Another of the astronomers looked for the companion. He announced that he saw it. Eight other astronomers followed. Each announced that he saw it. But now the astronomers say that this alleged companion cannot be seen in any telescope. See Duncan, *Astronomy,* p. 335.

The Andromeda nebula is said to be so far away that, though a description of a nearby view of its parts would read like divorce statistics in the United States, no dissolving motion can be seen by observers on this earth. In astronomical books, published in the past, appeared reproductions of photographs of this nebula, which were as artfully touched up, I should say, as any life of a saint ever was by any theologian. It was given a most definitely spiral appearance, to convey an impression of whirlpool-motion. But the nebula-theory of existence has passed away. In astronomical books of recent date we see no such definite look of a whirlpool in pictures of the Andromeda nebula, but more of a stratified appearance. The astronomers see whatever they want to see—when they do see—and then see to it that we see as they see. So, though according to our records, one would think otherwise, there is considerable seeing by astronomers.

If I look at a distant house, and see faces appearing at windows, something seems to tell me that the stoop of the house is not flying in one direction, the roof of it scooting some other way, and every brick upon a jamboree of its own. Of course, minutely, there are motions. But, if the house is not so far away as to prevent the seeing of new faces looking out, I

argue that other changes, such as the roof in a frenzy to get away from the stoop, would, if there were such incompatibilities, be visible. Of course this is only argument. If we can have neat little expressions, that's mentality's profoundest.

The Andromeda nebula is said to be so far away that tremendous motions of its parts cannot be seen.

But more than fifty new stars in it have been seen, looking out.

So we are realizing how numerous new stars are, if in one little celestial formation more than fifty have been seen. If amateur astronomers were as numerous as amateur golf players, for instance, we'd realize much more.

Pronounced changes, such as appearances and disappearances of stars, have been watched, but no change in relative positions of stars has ever been watched occurring. There are parts of the sky that are dusty with little stars. If they were not such good-looking little things, the heavens would be filthy with them. But no grain of these shining sands has ever been watched changing its position relatively to other grains. All recorded changes of positions are so slight that some of them may be attributed to inaccuracies in charting, in earlier times, and some to various stresses that have nothing to do with independent motions. Just here we are not discussing the alleged phenomena of "companion stars." But our own expressions require that there be small changes in positions of stars, just as terrestrial volcanoes change slightly. Not a star has ever been seen to cross another star, but observations upon other changes in the stars are frequent.

For records of five new stars in five months, see *Popular Astronomy,* March, 1920.

Many of the so-called new stars have been sudden flares of faint old stars. Upon this earth there have been sudden flares in volcanic craters that were dormant, or that were supposed to be extinct. And it was not by collision. Nothing came along and knocked against them.

Apart from our expressions upon organic suppressions, it is easy enough to understand one aspect of the origin of the present astronomical doctrine. It was in a time of mathematicians, to whom astronomical observations were secondary. The only one of these earlier ones who was an industrious observer (Tycho Brahé) gave his opinion that this earth is stationary. The rest of them did little observing, and spent their time calculating. Nowadays new stars are seen often, but, for 178 years, the calculators saw not one of them. In their time it was considered crude, or vulgar, to see. Mentality

always has been bullied by snobbery. In the times of the founders of astronomical dogmas, observations were sneered at, and were called *empiricism.* Any way that is not the easiest way always is held in contempt, until competition forces harder methods. The easiest of all affectations is the aristocratic pose, if by aristocracy we mean minimization of doing anything. There's a coarseness to anybody who works. Give this a thought —he might sweat. Amateurs, out in their back yards, see, with their little spyglasses, much that the professionals miss, but they catch colds. When a back yard amateur, like W. F. Denning, reports something, that represents patience and snuffling. Denning blew his nose, and kept his eyes open. The inmates of Observatories, when not asleep, are calculating. It's easier on brains, and it's easier on noses. Back in times when little boys were playing hop-scotch and marbles, and had not yet taken up the new sport of giving astronomers astronomical information, or in those times when only astronomers were attending somewhat to astronomical matters, and when therefore changes in stars were unheard of, arose the explanation of vast distances, to account for unobserved changes.

The look is that stars do not change positions relatively to one another for the same reason that Vesuvius and Etna do not. Or there are very slight changes of position, just as relatively to each other Vesuvius and Etna change: but no star has ever been seen to pass over any other star, any more than has Vesuvius ever been seen sailing in the sky over Etna.

Other changes of stars that are said to be so far away that changes of position cannot be seen, have been noted. For a discussion of stars that have disappeared, see *Nature,* 99-159. For a list of about 40 missing stars, see *Monthly Notices, R. A. S.,* 77-56. This list is only supplementary to other lists.

Upon March 14, 1912, the newspapers told that the discovery of a new star had been "announced" by the Kiel Observatory, Germany. No reader of newspapers, of that time, would suppose otherwise than that vigilant astronomers, at least worth their keep, knew when a new star appeared.

Early in the morning of March 11th, earthquakes of unusual intensity were recorded at many places in the United States. At Harvard University, the calculators announced that the center of the quake was in the West Indies, or Mexico. Newspaper readers, if they paid any attention, were properly impressed with this ability of intellectuals in Massachusetts to know what was going on in the West Indies, or Mexico. But newspapers the

next day told of a quake, upon the 11th, of Triangle Island, off Vancouver, B. C., and of nothing in either the West Indies or Mexico. At Victoria, B. C., it was calculated that the center of the quake was in the Pacific Ocean, 400 miles westward. The same readers, forgetting just where the calculators of Harvard had placed the quake, thought it marvelous how the scientists can know these things.

Sometimes distant skies turn black with the shadows of disasters. Had this quake centered in a densely populated region, we'd have another datum of a distant fall of probably volcanic material, about the time of a catastrophe. Upon the day of the quake, black water fell from the sky, near Colmer, about 30 miles from London (*Jour. Roy. Met. Soc.,* 38-275). The rain was not muddy, but was like diluted ink. Somebody thought that it was soot from London. Somebody else thought not, pointing out that, if this were so, ink, not much diluted, would often fall in London.

The night of the 12th, the astronomers of this earth's Observatories were calculating. Wherever the town of Dombass, Norway, is, the astronomers of Kiel, Germany, were disturbed by a telegram. It was from an amateur, named Enebo, telling that there was a new star in the constellation Gemini, and that it was visible without a telescope. Astronomers in other parts of this earth were notified. They looked up from what they considered astronomical matters, and saw what the amateur had discovered.

In November, 1913, an astronomer photographed a part of the constellation Sagittarius. I don't know what his idea was. Perhaps simply and somnambulically he photographed, and had no ideas. Six years later, somebody found out that he had photographed a new star. Then other photographs were examined. Astronomers are pretty keen at detecting something that has been pointed out to them, and they learned that they had photographed this star, rising from 10th to 7th magnitude, between the 21st and the 22nd of November.

Wanted—something by way of data for us.

Like every other theorist, we find just that—

Nature, 94-372—that, seven days after the maximum of this new star, an afterglow, which can be attributed to no known volcanic eruption upon this earth, was seen in the sky, in Italy, France, Belgium, and England.

April 25, 1917—a professional astronomer photographed a new star (magnitude 6.5) in the constellation Hercules. The next day there was a disastrous earthquake in Italy. Upon May 1st, a great quake—perhaps in the

constellation Hercules—whereabouts unknown to this earth's scientists—was registered by this earth's seismographs (*Nature*, 99-472).

Domes of Observatories look like big snail shells. Architectural symbolism. It took the astronomers about three years to learn that they had photographed the new star in Hercules (*Pop. Astro.*, March, 1920). If newspaper editors were like astronomers, they'd send out photographers, rather busily, and, perhaps years later, if they could condescend from journalism into doing some newspaper work, they'd examine plates. They'd tell of a fire that had occurred long before. They'd write up some fashion notes upon the modes in their readers' childhood. Like dealers in stale stars, they'd wonder at a lack of public interest.

Upon March 6, 1918, black rain fell from the sky, in Ireland (*Symons' Met. Mag.*, 53-29). If our preconceptions so direct, we relate this occurrence with smoky discharges from factory chimneys of South Wales, or somewhere else in Great Britain—and it is better that we do not ask why black rains are not common near Pittsburgh. Or we note that the next night there was in the sky a crimson appearance that worried many communities in Europe and North America. For a week there were, in the newspapers of New York and London, descriptions of this glare, and comments upon it. People thought that there was a great fire somewhere. I give data for thinking that there may have been a volcanic eruption somewhere.

March 6th—the fall of black rain. March 7th—the glare in the sky. March 9th—down upon this earth fell dusts in volumes that were proportional to the glare. See *Amer. Jour. Sci., Monthly Weather Review,* and *Sci. Amer.,* of this period. There was a fall of dust in Wisconsin, and in Michigan; and there was a fall of dust in Vermont. These falls, so far apart—in Ireland, in Western States, and in Vermont—look like what is called indication of an origin somewhere beyond this earth. There is no findable record of any disturbance upon this earth, by which to explain. No new star was reported, but there may have been a stellar eruption in a part of the daytime sky, reflecting in a glare, at night. There may have been relation with an occurrence in June. In the meantime, there were several remarkable glares in the sky.

Early in the evening of June 8th, of this year 1918, two men, one of them in Madras, India, and the other in South Africa, looked up at the sky, and saw a brilliant new star in the constellation Aquila. Each of them notified an Observatory, which had not been observing. Evening of the 8th—Harvard

University Observatory notified by an amateur. The astronomers of Harvard had seen nothing new, but telegram after telegram came to them from other amateurs. Whatever else the astronomers of Lick Observatory were doing, I don't know. They were probably calculating. But they, too, were receiving telegrams, and when told, by amateurs, to look up at the sky, and see a new star, they looked up at the sky, and saw the new star. See *Pubs. Astro. Soc. Pacific,* August, 1918. Besides the amateur in Madras, an amateur in Northern India notified the Observatories (*Nature,* 102-105). *English Mechanic,* August 9—professionals of New Zealand notified by an amateur. In *Nature,* 101-285, is published a list of amateurs, who, in England, had reported this new star to official centers of unobservation. There is only one record of a professional astronomer, who, without information from amateurs, saw this new star. One of the astronomers of Greenwich Observatory had looked up at the sky, and had seen this new star. *Nature,* 101-285—that he had seen it, but had not recognized that it was a new star. One of the amateurs who saw it, and recognized it, was a schoolboy named Wragge (London *Times,* June 21). The Lisbon Observatory was notified by a boy, aged 14 (*Observatory,* 41-292).

30

I AM thinking of an abstraction that was noted by Aristotle, and that was taken by Hegel, for the basis of his philosophy:

That wherever there is a conflict of extremes, there is an outcome that is not absolute victory on either side, but is a compromise, or what Hegel called "the union of complementaries."

Our own controversy is an opposition of extremes:

That this earth moves swiftly;

That this earth is stationary.

In terms of controversies and their outcomes, I cannot think that either of these sides can be altogether right, or will absolutely defeat the other, when comes some way of finding out, and settling this issue.

The idea of stationariness came first. Then, as a sheer, mechanical reaction—inasmuch as Copernicus had not one datum that a conventionalist of today would accept as meaning anything—came the idea of a swiftly moving earth. An intermediate view will probably appear and prevail.

My own notion of equilibrium between these extremes, backed up with our chapters of data, is that, within a revolving, starry shell that, relatively to the extravagances of the astronomical extremists, is not far away, this roundish earth is almost central, but is not absolutely stationary, having various slight movements. Perhaps it does rotate, but within a period of a year. Like everybody else, I have my own notions upon what constitutes reasonableness, and this is my idea of a compromise.

The primary view had for its support the highest mathematical authoritativeness of its era. Now, so has the secondary view. Mathematics has been as subservient to one view as the other.

Mostly our data have been suggestive, or correlative, but it may be that there are visual indications of a concave land in the sky, or of a substantial shell around this earth. There are dark places in the sky, and some of them have the look of land. They are called "dark nebulae." Some astronomers have speculated upon them, as glimpses of a limiting outline of a system as a whole. See back to Dolmage, quoted upon this subject. My own notion is

of a limiting, outlining substance that I call a “shell.” “Dark nebulae” have the look of bare, or starless, patches of a shell. Some of them may be formations that are projections from a shell. They hang like super-stalactites in a vast and globular cave. At least one of these appearances has the look of a mountain peak. In several books by astronomers plates of this object have appeared. See Duncan’s *Astronomy.* It is known as the Horse-head nebula. It stands out, as a vast, sullen refusal to mix into a frenzy of phosphorescent confetti. It is a solid-looking gloom, such as, some election night, the Woolworth Building would be, if Republican, and all the rest of Broadway hysterical with a Democratic celebration. Over its summit comes light, like the fringe of dawn topping a mountain. Something is shining behind this formation, but penetrates no more than it would shine through a mountain.

It may be that relatively there are few stars—that hosts of tiny lights in the sky are reflections, upon irregularities of the shell-land, from large stars.

Among expressions that I have not developed is one that is suggested by a circumstance that astronomers consider strange. This is that some variable stars have a period of about a year. Just what variations of stars that are said to be trillions of miles away could have to do with a period upon this ultra-remote earth cannot be conceived of in orthodox terms. The suggestion is that these lights, with variations corresponding with advances and recessions of the sun, moving spirally around this almost stationary earth, are reflections of sunlight from points of land, or from lakes in extinct, or dormant craters. It may be that many variations of light that have been attributed to “companions” are tidal phenomena in celestial lakes that shine as reflections from the sun, or from other stars, which may be lakes of molten lava.

There is a formation in the constellation Cygnus that has often been noted. It is faintly luminescent, but this light, according to Prof. Hubble, is a reflection from the star Deneb. It is shaped like North America, and it is known as the America nebula. Out from its Gulf of Mexico are islands of light. One of these may be a San Salvador some day.

Like Alaska to birds from the north, the Horse-head nebula stands out from its background, like something to fly to.

Star after star after star has blazed a story, sometimes publishing tragedy on earth, illustrated with spectacles in the heavens. But, when transcribed into human language, these communications are depopularized with

“determinations” and “pronouncements.” So our tribes have left these narratives of fires and smokes and catastrophes to the wisemen, who have made titanic tales unintelligible with their little technical jargons. The professionals will not unprofessionalize; they will not give up their system. Where have the wisemen ever done so among the Eskimos, or the hairy Ainus, the Zulus, or the Kaffirs? Whatever we are, they are acting to keep us whatever we are, as the Zulus are kept whatever they are. We are beguiled by snoozers, who have been beaten time after time by schoolboys.

There’s a fire in the sky, and ashes and smoke and dust reach this earth, as sometimes after an eruption of Vesuvius, discharges reach Paris. There may be volcanoes in a land of the sky, so close to this earth that, if intervening space be not airless and most intensely cold, an expedition could sail away in a dash to the stars that would be a bold and magnificent trifle.

31

BESIDES the new star, which was an object so conspicuous that it was discovered widely, except by astronomers, there was another astronomical occurrence in the month of June, 1918—an eclipse of the sun. It was observed in Oregon. We can't expect such a check up as when Coogan's Bluff and the Consolidated Gas Company get into astronomy, but Oregonians set their alarm clocks, and looked up at the sky. See Mitchell's *Eclipses of the Sun*, p. 67—the astronomers admitted an error of 14 seconds in their prediction.

Measurements of ordinary refinement are in hair-breadths, but a hair is coarse material to the ethereal astronomers, who use filaments spun by spiders. And just where do the astronomers get their cobwebs? This book of ours is full of mysteries, but here is something that is not one of them.

My own opinion is that an error of only 14 seconds is a very creditable approximation. But it is a huge and grotesque blunder, when compared with the fairy-like refinements that the astronomers dream are theirs, in matters that cannot be so easily checked up.

To readers who are not clear upon this point, I repeat that predictions of eclipses cannot be cited in support of conventionality against our own expressions, because, whether upon the basis that this earth moves, or is stationary, eclipses can be predicted—and Lo! come to pass. But Lo! if, looking on, there be an intelligent representative of the Consolidated Gas Company, or an Oregonian with an alarm clock, predictions aren't just exactly what they should be.

We have divided astronomers into professionals and amateurs: but, wherever there are differences there is somewhere the merging-point that demonstrates continuity. W. F. Denning represents the amateur-professional merging-point. He has never had a job—though it does not look to me that *job* is the right word—in an Observatory, but he has written a great deal upon astronomical matters. He is an accountant, in the city of Bristol, England. Has nothing to do with Observatories, but has a celebrated back yard. Upon the night of Aug. 20, 1920, Denning sat in his back yard, and, in

surroundings that were touched up most unacademically by cats on the fences, though Observatory-like enough, with snores from back windows, he discovered *Nova Cygni III.* This is another instance of a new star appearing close to where there had been preceding new stars, as if all were eruptions in one region of especially active volcanic land. There were earthquakes in this period. In the United States, there were the sudden deluges that are called “cloudbursts.” Upon the night of August 28th, a seismic wave drowned 200 persons, on the island of Saghalien, off the east coast of Siberia.

For four nights, astronomers of the so-called Observatories had been photographing this star. Students of phenomena of somnambulism will be interested in our data. When Denning woke up the astronomers, they looked at what they had been unconsciously doing, and learned that from the 16th of the month, this star had risen from 7th to about 3rd magnitude. A star of 3rd magnitude is a conspicuous star. In the whole sky there are (photographic magnitudes) only III of this size. At any one time not more than 40 of them are visible. The limit of visibility, without a telescope, is somewhere between the 6th and 7th magnitudes. So it is said. According to our data, the limit of seeing depends upon who’s looking.

I wonder what ironic fellow first called these snug, little centers of inattention *Observatories.* He had a wit of his own, whoever he was.

Discovery of the new star, if not a comet, of Aug. 7, 1921, has been attributed to a professional wiseman (Director Campbell, of Lick Dormitory). But it was a brilliant and conspicuous appearance. Most of the new stars that professionals have discovered, or have had discovered for them, by the not very eagle-eyed females of Harvard, have been small points on photographic plates. *English Mechanic,* 114-211—records of observations by four amateurs, before the time of Director Campbell’s “discovery.” One of these observations was twenty-four hours earlier.

Sometime ago, I read an astronomer’s complaint against heavy traffic near an “Observatory.” Though now I have different ideas as to an astronomer’s dislike for disturbance, night times, I was not so experienced then, and innocently supposed that he meant that delicate instruments were jarred.

A convention of Methodist ministers—and how agreeable it would be to note, in the midst of preciseness and purity, one of these parsons standing on his head—

Or see the *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society,* 1922—upon page 400 there is a diagram.

Mistakes that I make—and errors of yours—

Contrasting with the much-advertised divinity of the astronomers.

Page 400—in the midst of a learned treatise upon "adiabatic expansions" and "convective equilibrium" is printed a diagram. It is upside down.

I attended this convention of pedantries, of course inspired by a religious faith that is mine that I'd not have to look far for a crook in its bombast, or somewhere a funny little touch of waywardness in its irreproachability, but especially I attended to pick out something of which, in this year 1922, the astronomers were boasting, to contrast with something they were doing. I picked out a long laudation upon an astronomer who had received a gold medal for predicting the motions of a star-cluster for a term of 100,000,000,000 years, to contrast with—

Sept. 20, 1922—an eclipse of the sun—see Mitchell's *Eclipses of the Sun,* p. 67—and the predictions by the astronomers. They made one error of 16 seconds, and another error of 20 seconds.

There are persons who do not believe in ordinary fortune tellers. Yet, without a quiver in their credulities, they read of an astronomical gypsy who tells the fortunes of a star for 100,000,000,000 years, though, according to conventionality, that star is 60 X 60 X 24 X 365 X 100,000 times farther away than is the moon, motions of which cannot be exactly foretold, unless the observations are going to be, say at Bahia de Paranagua, or somewhere in Jungaria.

The eclipse of Sept. 20, 1922, was checked up by police constables, in Australia. But the eclipse of Oct. 21, 1930, was observed at Niuafou. This time the dispatches sent by the astronomers told of "a complete success." "The eclipse began exactly as predicted."

There are records of seeming new stars that have blazed up, like spasmodic eruptions, then dying out. For Dr. Anderson's report upon one of these appearances, May 8, 1923, see *Popular Astronomy,* 31-422. Upon the 7th, Etna was active; earthquake in Anatolia; extraordinary rise and fall of the Mediterranean, at Gibraltar. The "Observatories" missed Dr. Anderson's observation, but at one of them a small, new star was photographed, night of May 5th. I neglected to note whether, on a photographic plate, this was immediately detected. See *Pop. Astro.,* 31-420.

Upon Feb. 13, 1923, an increase of the star *Beta Ceti* was reported. There was interest in the newspapers. Maps of the sky were published. If newspapers start first-paging astronomical occurrences, putting down X-marks for stars, as well as for positions of bodies of the murdered, there will be more interest. This is dangerous to the astronomers, but so long as their technicalities hold out, they have good protection. Even so there might be inquiries into what the "Observatories" are doing, when, time after time, only amateurs are observing. The "Observatories" had of course missed this rise of *Beta Ceti*, but, when told by an amateur where to look, professionals at Yerkes and Juvisy confirmed the report. For the fullest account, see the *Bull. Soc. Astro. de France*, of this period. Upon February 22nd, a yellow dust, perhaps a discharge from an increased volcanic activity in Cetus, fell from the sky, in Westphalia (London *Evening Standard*, February 27). The amateur, this time, was a schoolboy, aged 16.

Night of May 27, 1925—the Rip Van Winkles of the South African "Observatory" were disturbed by an amateur. He told them that there was a new star in the southern constellation Pictor. When they were aroused, the Rips looked up and saw the new star, and then stayed awake long enough to learn that somnambulically they had, for months, been photographing it. For months it had been gleaming over the "Observatories" of four continents.

There are slits in the domes of Observatories.

The fixed grin of a clown—the slit in the dome of an Observatory.

Sept. 21, 1930—that the astronomers had ascertained the heat received from a thirteenth magnitude star to be 631 times that of the heat from the faintest star visible to the unaided eye—that this faintest visible star radiates upon the whole United States no more heat than the sun radiates upon one square yard of said U. S.

A grin in the dark—or the sardonic slit in any Observatory, night times. Most likely the inmates haven't a notion what is symbolized. But we contrast an alleged perception of 631 times the inconceivable with this item, in *Popular Astronomy,* 1925, p. 540:

That 44 nights before the amateur's discovery, *Nova Pictoris* had shone as a star of third magnitude, and had been perceived by no astronomer.

The Building That Laughs—as a modern Victor Hugo would call an Observatory with a slit in it.

Fixed grin of the clown—and, according to theatrical conventions, his head is full of seriousness.

Sept. 24, 1930—this is what came from a *Building That Laughed*, though its dome was full of astronomers:

That, according to spectroscopic determinations, at Mt. Wilson, a distant nebula is moving away from this earth, at a rate of 6,800 miles a second; that, upon the day of the calculations, the distance of this nebula was 75,000,000 X 60 X 60 X 24 X 365 X 186,000 miles.

To appreciate the clownishness of this, see our data for accepting that the spectroscope tells about what is told by tea leaves in a teacup—which is considerable, if one wants to be told considerable. To realize the pathos of this, think of the grinning old clown, whose gags have played out; who is driven to most extravagant antics to hold a little attention.

Our general expression is that the inmates of this earth's "Observatories" are not astronomers, but are mathematicians. Since medieval times there has never been a shake-up in this system of ancient lore, comparable with Lyellism in geology, or Darwinism in biology, or the reconstructions of thought brought about by radio-activity, in physics and chemistry. Einsteinism was a slight shock, but it is concerned with differences of minute quantities. Mathematicians are incurable. They are inert to the new, because the new is a surprise, and mathematics concerns itself with the expected. It does occur to me that there might be good results, if the next millionaire who contemplates donating a big telescope, should, instead, send around to the "Observatories" big quantities of black coffee: but such is the concordance between the twinkles of the stars and the nods of drowsy heads that I'd not much like to disturb such harmony.

Nova Pictoris, like many other so-called new stars, was an increase of an old star. For twenty-five years it had from time to time been photographed as a speck of the 12th magnitude.

There is nothing on any photographic plate to indicate that another star was going to collide with it. It went up, just as dimly shining, or only slightly active, volcanoes of this earth sometimes become violent.

No star has ever been seen to cross another star, but just such changes as have been seen in volcanoes of this earth have been seen in stars. Mostly, in their books, astronomers, telling of what they call "proper motion," do all that they can to give an impression of the stars as moving with tremendous velocities, but here is Newcomb (*Astronomy for Everybody*, p. 327) quoted

upon the subject: “If Ptolemy should come to life, after his sleep of nearly eighteen hundred years, and be asked to compare the heavens as they are now with those of his time, he would not be able to see the slightest difference in the configuration of a single constellation.”

And, if Ptolemy should come back, and be asked to compare the Mediterranean lands as they are now with those of his time, he would not be able to see the slightest difference in the configuration of any land—even though erosions of various kinds have been constant.

What Orion was, Orion is, in the sense that what the configuration of Italy was, it now is—in the sense that in all recorded time Italy has been booting Sicily, but has never scored a goal.

There is no consistency, and there is no inconsistency in our hyphenated state of phenomenal being: there is consistency-inconsistency. Everything that is inconsistent with something is consistent with something else. In the oneness of allness, I am, in some degree or aspect, guilty of, or infected with, or suffering from, everything that I attack. Now, I, too, am aristocratic. Let anybody else who is as patrician as I now am read this book, and contrast the principles of orthodox astronomy with the expressions in this book, and ask himself:

Which is the easier and lazier way, with the lesser necessity for effort, and with the lesser need for the use of brains, and therefore the more aristocratic view:

That for, say eighteen hundred years, stars have scarcely moved, because, though changes in them have often been seen, they are too far away for changes in them to be observed;

Or that the stars have scarcely moved, because they are points in a shell-like formation that holds them in place?

However, the orthodox visualization of stars rushing at terrific velocities, in various directions, and never getting anywhere, is so in accordance with the unachievements of all other phenomenal things that I’d feel my heresies falter were it not for other data—

But what of other data—or of other circumstances?

In this day of everybody’s suspicion against “circumstantial evidence,” just what is not generally realized is that orthodox astronomy is founded upon nothing but circumstantial evidence. Also all our data, and repetitions and agreements of data, are nothing but circumstantial evidence. Simply

mention “circumstantial evidence” relatively, say to a murder trial, and most of us look doubtful. Consequently I have only expressions and acceptances.

Other data—or other circumstances—

Last of March, 1928—that *Nova Pictoris* had split into two parts.

Part was seen to have moved from part, as divisions occur in this earth’s volcanoes.

So then, when changes of positions of stars do occur, the stars are not so far away that changes of position cannot be seen.

Ten little astronomers squinting through a tube—or more characteristically employed—or looking at a mirror. They had been told, upon the highest authority, that the star Capella had a companion. Said they—or announced they—they saw it—or perceived it. Having calmed down, in the matter of “dust from an African desert,” but seeming to have a need for something to be furious about, I now turn my indignations upon “companion stars.” Most persons have, in their everyday affairs, plenty to annoy them: but it seems that I must have something of exclusiveness to my annoyances. If stars be volcanoes in a concave land, surrounding this earth, the notion of “companion stars” perhaps enrages me, because I do not visualize one volcano revolving around another volcano. If some stars do revolve around other stars, I may as well give up this book, as a whole—or I shall have to do some explaining.

Which won’t be much trouble. Explaining is equilibrating. That is what all things phenomenal are doing. I now have a theory that once upon a time our existence was committed as a bad error, and that everything in it has been excusing itself, or has in one way or another been equilibrating, ever since. It is as natural to a human being to explain as it is to a lodestone to adjust to a magnet.

Let anybody look up “determinations” upon the “dark companion” of Algol, for instance. He will find record not of a theory, but of theory after theory replacing one another. In the matter of the light ones, let him look up data upon the “light companion” of Sirius. He will read in the textbooks that around Sirius a light star revolves, with a most accurately known period, which demonstrates the soundness of mathematical astronomy. But, in scientific journals, which are not so uncompromisingly committed to propaganda, he will read that this is not so. A faint light has, at various times, been reported near Sirius, in positions that do not accord with the

calculated orbit. For no mention of this discrepancy, read the books that reach the general public.

March, 1928—the split of *Nova Pictoris.* There was cataclysm in a southern constellation. At the same time there were catastrophes in southern parts of this earth. See back to other expressions upon seeming relations between parts of this earth and parts of the sky that would be nearest to each other, if the stars be points in a shell of land that is not enormously far away, but could not be appreciably nearer, if the stars were trillions of miles away. I take all data from New York newspapers. Quakes in Italy, and a glare in the sky at the time (March 31st) of a quake in Smyrna—"sky aflame." The heaviest rain in 50 years poured in Honduras, April 9th —Peru shaking, this day—such a fall of snow in Chile that 200 persons and thousands of farm animals were reported to be buried in drifts—quakes and panics in Mexico—

Orthodoxy—all this by mere coincidence—

Our expression—that nebulous rings were going out from *Nova Pictoris,* just as rings of smoke and dust go out from Vesuvius, during an eruption.

The 14th of April was the day of the Bulgarian devastations. Quakes continuing in Bulgaria—quakes in Mexico—towns rocking in southern Mexico—quakes continuing in Peru. Quakes in Greece, on the 19th—a violent snowstorm in Poland, this day. Torrents were pouring upon the quaking land of Bulgaria. A De Ballore, or a Davison, or a Milne, would not mention these torrents, in an account of this quake. The severest shock ever recorded in Johannesburg, South Africa, occurred upon the 21st. The next day, Corinth, Greece, was wrecked, and torrents fell from the sky, at the time of this quake.

Nova Pictoris broke into four parts—and the cities of Greece wailed rushes of people. Seeming discharges moving out from the new star—and "A five-hour rain of mud filled streets ankle high, causing terror at Lemburg and Cernowitz, today" (*New York Sun,* April 27th).

Wails of the cities of Greece—and they subsided into sodden despairs that were processions of stretchers. Somewhere in a building that collapsed, fell a sparrow.

The road from Corinth—refugees and their belongings—

Terrified mules, up on their hind legs, hoofing storms of bundles —yells and prayers and the laughter of jokers—a screaming woman, shaking bloody hands—her fingers had been hacked off, for the rings on them.

Crying kids, whose parents were pulps—prayers to God, or to the blessed something or another—the screams of the woman, with stumps of fingers—

Sudden consciousness of a pulsation.

A rhythm of gleams appears in distant sunlight.

Stars that are watched through the windows of prisons—or through openings in any of the other hells of this earth—and it may be that if all the stars should start to twinkle in unison, the hells of this earth would vibrate out of existence.

There's a rhythm of gleams on distant bayonets. Along the road is marching a column of soldiers.

The swing of these gleams—and it tranquilizes panic. It glistens into new formations. There are long lines of sparkles in sunlight —tin cups are undulating toward soup kettles.

Somewhere else there is an injured sparrow. Storages in its body are giving to its needs from their substance—the tranquilizing of its heart beats, and the reduction of its fever—the rebuilding of its tissues.

A British squadron appears in the Bay of Corinth—an Italian warship—an American cruiser. From centers of the American Near East Relief are streaming 6,000 blankets—10,500 tents—5,000 cases of condensed milk—carloads of flour.

If we can think that around this earth, and not too vastly far away, there is a starry shell, here are the outlines within which to think of our existence as an organism.

Nov. 28, 1930—an enormous fall, from the sky, of dust and mud, in France. I shall not get perhaps all worked up again about this, but I mention that it was attributed to a hurricane in the Sahara Desert.

Dec. 5, 1930—the poisonous gas, in Belgium. See back to the account, in this book.

Accept that these two phenomena were probably volcanic discharges, from regions external to this earth—if for them there be no terrestrial explanation—one in France and one in Belgium—arriving relatively near each other, but a week apart—and here is another of our data of this earth's stationariness.

This earth broke out, as if responsively to disturbances somewhere else—volcanic eruptions and disastrous quakes.

December 24-26—violent quakes in Argentina and in Alaska— and, between these far-distant places, there was a spectacular arrival of

something that may have been a volcanic bomb from a stellar volcano. *New York Times,* Dec. 26, 1930—the great meteor that was seen and heard in Idaho. “The crash, heard for miles, was described as ‘like an earthquake.’”

The deluge that was “only a coincidence,” poured upon the quaking land of Argentina. “Rain fell in such torrents that the water was three feet deep in several parts of Mendoza City.” A “strange glow” was seen in the sky. “Great spears of colored lights flashed across the sky.”

Into the month of January, 1931, disturbances upon this earth continued. There may have been a new star. I have the authority of amateurs for thinking so. *New York Times,* Jan. 7, 1931—that, at San Juan, Porto Rico, morning of January 6th, from ten o’clock until noon, a strange star had been seen in the western sky. According to an opinion from the Weather Bureau, it may have been, not a star, but the planet Venus. This Venus-explanation of lights that have been seen in the sky, in the daytime, is a standard explanation; but according to records it has often not applied.

Catastrophes and deluges—and, if we can accept that around this earth there is only a thin zone of extreme coldness, which, by the stresses of storms and other variations, may often be penetrated by terrestrial evaporations, so that, unless replenished from reservoirs somewhere else, this earth would go dry, we can understand a mechanism of necessary transportations of floods from the stars to this earth.

Flows of insects and the patter of frogs, and the Pilgrims cross the Atlantic Ocean. Metabolism in the foot of a frog—and in the United States a similar readjustment is known as the Civil War. The consciousness of philosophers and theologians and scientists, and to some degree of everybody else, of a state of Oneness—and my expression is that the misinterpretation has been in trying to think of Universality, or the Absolute. Give me more data for thinking that around this earth there is a starry shell that is not vastly far away, and here is the base for a correlation of all things phenomenal.

32

STAR after star after star—and the signs that there were, at the times of them. Quake after quake after quake—and the sights in the sky, at the times of them. Star after quake after deluge—the sky boils with significances—there are tempests of indications.

There's a beam of light in the sky, and it dips into a star. Spattering ponds of ink, it scribbles information. The story is that a vast and habitable land surrounds this earth. It is fertile, if showers of organic substances that have fallen from the sky, came from there. The variable stars are intermittent signs that are advertising enormous real estate opportunities. The story is declaimed by meteors, but most of us stolid ones aren't going to be persuaded by any such sensational appeal to the emotions. The story is more obscurely told with clouds of dust that strew Europe. Most of us can't take a hint the size of a continent.

The searchlights of the sun play upon a celebration in the sky. It has been waiting ages to mean something. Just at present known as the Milky Way, it's the Broadway of the Sky, and some day explorers from this earth may parade it—

If this earth is stationary.

According to a great deal in this book, that may be a matter of no importance, nor bearing. If we accept that Teleportation, as a "natural force," exists, and suspect that some human beings have known this and have used it; and, if we think that the culmination of a series of tele-operations will be the commercial and recreational teleportation of objects and beings, we are concerned little with other considerations, and conceive of inhabitants of this earth willing themselves—if that's the way it's done—to Mars, or the moon, or Polaris. But I take for a proposition that there is an underlying irony, if not sadism, in our existence, which rejoices in driving the most easily driven beings of this earth into doing, at enormous pains and expenses, the unnecessary—the building of complicated telegraph-systems, with the use of two wires—then reducing to one wire—then the discovery that the desired effects could be achieved wirelessly. Labors and sufferings

of early Arctic explorers to push northward over piles of ice, at a rate of three or four miles a day—then Byrd does it with a whir.

Consequently, I concern myself with data for what may be a new field of enormous labors and sufferings, costs of lives and fortunes, misery and bereavements, until finally will come awareness that all this is unnecessary.

Upon this basis of mechanical and probably unnecessary voyagings—unless to something disasters to the beings of this earth be necessary—the most important consideration is whether this earth is stationary. There can be no mechanical, or suffering exploration from something that is somewhere one day, and the next day 60 X 60 X 24 X 19 miles away from there.

Then comes the subject of conditions surrounding this earth. If common suppositions be right, or if this earth be surrounded by a void that is intensely cold, penetration to anywhere beyond would probably be, anyway at present, impossible.

I compare ideas upon outer space with former ideas upon spaces in the Arctic regions. Resistances to the idea of exploration are similar. But in the wintertime, Arctic regions are not colder than are some of the inhabited parts of Canada. Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, has written that the worst blizzards ever seen by him were in North Dakota. Prevailing ideas as to the intensity of cold surrounding this earth, and preventing exploration, may be as far astray as are prevailing ideas as to Arctic coldness.

Outer space may not be homogeneously cold, and may be zoned, or pathed, with warm areas. Everything of which one knows little has the guise of homogeneousness. If anybody has a homogeneous impression of anything, that is something that he is going to be surprised about.

In the London *Daily Mail*, Jan. 29, 1924, Alan Cobham tells of one of his flights in India. “The air was quite warm, at 17,000 feet, but, as we descended to lower altitudes, it become gradually cooler, and, at 12,000 feet it was icy cold.”

“The higher the colder” is a fixed idea, just as formerly was the supposition that the farther north the colder the atmosphere. Many reports by aviators and mountain climbers agree. Everybody who does anything out of the ordinary has to think that he suffered. It is one of his compensations. But fixed ideas have a way of not staying fixed.

I’d like to know how astronomers get around their idea that comets are mostly of a gaseous composition, if gases would solidify at the temperature

in which they suppose those comets to be moving.

But stationariness—and what's the good of any of these speculations and collections of data, if by no conceivable agility could a returning explorer board a world scooting away from him at a rate of 19 miles a second?

In early times, upholders of the idea of stationariness of this earth argued that a swiftly moving planet would leave its atmosphere behind. But it was said that the air partakes of the planet's motions. Nevertheless, it was agreed that, far from this earth's surface, air, if existing, would not partake of the motions. No motions of this earth away from them have ever been detected by aviators but it is said that they have not gone up high enough. But will an aviator, starting northward, from somewhere near the equator, partaking we'll say of an axial swing of 1,000 miles an hour, making for a place where the swing is, we'll say, 800 miles an hour, be opposed by the westward motion that he started with, amounting to 200 miles an hour, at his destination ? How would he ever get there, without consciously opposing this transverse force, from the beginning of his flight? In the winter of 1927-28, flying south, and then north, Col. Lindbergh reported no indication of different axial velocities. Whether this earth is stationary, or not, his experience was the same as it would be if this earth were stationary. Or Admiral Byrd over the south pole of this earth. From a point of this earth, theoretically of no axial motion, he flew northward. He flew over land, which, relatively to his progress, spun with increasing velocity, according to the conventionalists. It cannot be said that the air around him was strictly partaking of this alleged motion, because gusts were blowing in various directions. Admiral Byrd started northward, from a point of no axial swing, partaking, himself, of no axial swing, and, as he traveled northward, the land underneath him did not swing away from him. The air was moving in various directions.

There is another field of data. There have been occurrences in the sky which, according to conventionalists, destroy the idea of the stationariness of this earth, and prove its motions. Trying to prove anything is no attempt of mine. We shall have an expression upon luminous night clouds and meteor trains.

Rather often have been observed luminous night clouds, or night clouds that shine, presumably by reflected sunlight, but with the sun so far below the horizon of observers upon this earth that so to reflect its light the clouds would have to be 50 or 60 miles high, according to calculations. At this

height, it is conceded, whatever air there may be does not partake of this earth's motions. If this earth be rotating from west to east, these distant clouds, not partaking of terrestrial motion, would seem to move, as left behind, from east to west. For an article upon this subject, see the *New York Times*, April 8, 1928.

The statement that such clouds do not partake, and do seem to move from east to west, has been published by conventionalists. To an observer in Central Europe, they should, as left behind, seem to move from east to west, at a rate of about 500 miles an hour by terrestrial rotation. The statement has been made that one of these clouds was seen to "move," from east to west, the way it should "move," at exactly the rate that should be.

I make the statement that luminous night clouds have moved north, south, east, and west, sometimes rapidly, and sometimes slowly. If somebody can, with data that will have to be accepted, show that, more than once, luminous night clouds have moved from east to west, at a rate of 500 miles an hour in a latitude where they "should" move at a rate of 500 miles an hour I shall be glad to regret that I have backed the wrong theory—except that you can't down any theorist so easily or at all—and up I'll bob, pointing out that this is another of the *shoulds* that *shouldn't*, and that the conventionalists forgot about compounding their 500 miles an hour with this earth's supposed orbital motion of 19 miles a second.

All data upon this subject that I know anything of are interpretable as indications that this earth is stationary. For instance, look up, in *Nature*, and other English, and French, scientific journals, observations upon the great meteor train of Feb. 22, 1909. This appearance was thought to be as high as any luminous night cloud has been thought to be. It was so high that it was watched in France and in England. Here was something, which, because it came from externality, was not partaking of any of this earth's supposed motions. Then it should have shot away from observers, by the compounding of two velocities. Whether it came to a stationary earth or not, it hung in the sky, as if it had come to a stationary earth, drifting considerably, but remaining in sight, about two hours.

According to this datum—and it is only one of many—an explorer could go up from this earth 50 or 60 miles, and though, according to orthodox pronouncements, the earth would spin away from him, the earth would not spin away from him.

There are data for thinking that aviators, who have gone up from the surface of this earth, as far as they supposed they could go, have missed entering conditions that, instead of being cold, may be even warmish, and may exist all the way to a not so very remote shell of stars. Somebody may want to know how it is that, if there be such data, they are not commonly known. But somebody else, who has read this book at all carefully will not ask that question.

An expression of mine is that all human achievements are compounded with objectives. Let someone go without food for a week, and that is a record of human endurance. Someone else makes his objective a week and a day, and achieves, in a dying condition. The extension goes on, and someone lives a month without food, and reaches the limit of human endurance. Aviators have set their minds upon surpassing the records of other aviators. It is possible that, with its objective a star, an expedition from this earth could, by merely reaching the limit of human endurance, arrive there.

Current Literature, September, 1924—that, 50 miles up, the air is ten times as dense as used to be supposed, and that it is considerably warmer than at lower levels.

See *Nature,* Feb. 27, 1908, and following issues—experiments with balloons that carried temperature-recording instruments. According to Mr. W. H. Dines, about 30 balloons, which had been sent up, in Great Britain, in June, 1907, had moved through increasing coldness, then coming to somewhat warmer regions. This change was recorded at a height of about 40,000 feet.

Monthly Weather Review, 1923, page 316—that, away from this earth, the temperature falls only to a height of about 7 miles, where it is from 60 to 70 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit). “But from this altitude to as high as balloons have gone, which is about 15 miles, the temperature has remained about the same.”

It is said that, according to observations upon light-effects of meteor trains, there are reasons for thinking that, in their zone of from 30 to 50 miles above this earth’s surface, conditions are mild, or not even freezing.

For data that may indicate, in another field of observations, that, not enormously far away, there is a shell around this earth, see the newspapers of Aug. 20, 1925. According to data collected by the Naval Research Laboratory there is something, somewhere in the sky, that is deflecting

electro-magnetic waves of wireless communications, in a way that is similar to the way in which sound waves are sent back by the dome of the Capitol, at Washington. The published explanation is that there is an “ionized zone” around this earth. Those waves are rebounding from something. More was published in the newspapers, May 21, 1927. The existence of “a ceiling in the sky” had been verified by experiments at Carnegie Institution. Sept. 5, 1930—a paper read by Prof. E. V. Appleton, at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. the “ionized zone” is not satisfactory. “The subject is as puzzling as it is fascinating, and no decisive answer to the problem can be given at present.” From Norway had been reported experiments upon short-wave transmissions, which had been reflected back to this earth. They had come back, as if from a shell-like formation, around this earth, not unthinkably far away.

WILD TALENTS

1

YOU know, I can only surmise about this—but John Henry Sanders, of 75 Colville Street, Derby, England, was the proprietor of a fish store, and I think that it was a small business. His wife helped. When I read of helpful wives, I take it that that means that husbands haven't large businesses. If Mrs. Sanders went about, shedding scales in her intercourses, I deduce that theirs wasn't much of a fish business.

Upon the evening of March 4, 1905, in the Sanders' home, in the bedroom of their housemaid, there was a fire. Nobody was at home, and the firemen had to break in. There was no fireplace in the bedroom. Not a trace of anything by which to explain was found, and the firemen reported: "Origin unknown." They returned to their station, and were immediately called back to this house. There was another fire. It was in another bedroom. Again —"Origin unknown."

The Sanders', in their fish store, were notified, and they hastened home. Money was missed. Many things were missed. The housemaid, Emma Piggott, was suspected. In her parents' home was found a box, from which the Sanders' took, and identified as theirs, £5, and a loot of such things as a carving set, sugar tongs, tablecloths, several dozen handkerchiefs, salt spoons, bottles of scent, curtain hooks, a hair brush, Turkish towels, gloves, a sponge, two watches, a puff box.

The girl was arrested, and in the Derby Borough Police Court, she was charged with arson and larceny. She admitted the thefts, but asserted her innocence of the fires. There was clearly such an appearance of relation between the thefts and the fires, which, if they had burned down the house, would have covered the thefts, that both charges were pressed.

It is not only that there had been thefts, and then fires: so many things had been stolen that—unless the home of the Sanders' was a large household—some of these things would have been missed— unless all had been stolen at once. I have no datum for thinking that the Sanders lived upon any such scale as one in which valuables could have been stolen, from

time to time, unknown to them. The indications were of one wide grab, and the girl's intention to set the house afire, to cover it.

Emma Piggott's lawyer showed that she had been nowhere near the house, at the time of the first fire; and that, when the second fire broke out, she, in the street, this off-evening of hers, returning, had called the attention of neighbors to smoke coming from a window. The case was too complicated for a police court, and was put off for the summer assizes.

Derby Mercury, July 19—trial of the girl resumed. The prosecution maintained that the fires could be explained only as of incendiary origin, and that the girl's motive for setting the house afire was plain, and that she had plundered so recklessly, because she had planned a general destruction, by which anything missing would be accounted for.

Again counsel for the defense showed that the girl could not have started the fires. The charge of arson was dropped. Emma Piggott was sentenced to six months' hard labor, for the thefts.

Upon Dec. 2, 1919, Ambrose Small, of Toronto, Canada, disappeared. He was known to have been in his office, in the Toronto Grand Opera House, of which he was the owner, between five and six o'clock, the evening of December 2nd. Nobody saw him leave his office. Nobody—at least nobody whose testimony can be accepted—saw him, this evening, outside the building. There were stories of a woman in the case. But Ambrose Small disappeared, and left more than a million dollars behind.

Then John Doughty, Small's secretary, vanished.

Small's safe deposit boxes were opened by Mrs. Small and other trustees of the estate. In the boxes were securities, valued at $1,125,000. An inventory was found. According to it, the sum of $105,000 was missing. There was an investigation, and bonds of the value of $105,000 were found, hidden in the home of Doughty's sister.

All over the world, the disappearance of Ambrose Small was advertised, with offers of reward, in acres of newspaper space. He was in his office. He vanished.

Doughty, too, was sought. He had not only vanished: he had done all that he could to be unfindable. But he was traced to a town in Oregon, where he was living under the name of Cooper. He was taken back to Toronto, where he was indicted, charged with having stolen the bonds, and with having abducted Small, to cover the thefts.

It was the contention of the prosecution that Ambrose Small, wealthy, in good health, and with no known troubles of any importance, had no motive to vanish, and to leave $1,125,000 behind: but that his secretary, the embezzler, did have a motive for abducting him. The prosecution did not charge that Small had been soundlessly and invisibly picked out of his office, where he was surrounded by assistants. The attempt was to show that he had left his office, even though nobody had seen him go: thinkably he could have been abducted, unwitnessed, in a street. A newsboy testified that he had seen Small, in a nearby street, between 5 and 6 o'clock, evening of December 2nd, but the boy's father contradicted this story. Another newsboy told that, upon this evening, after 6 o'clock, Small had bought a newspaper from him: but, under examination, this boy admitted he was not sure of the date.

It seemed clear that there was relation between the embezzlement and the disappearance, which, were it not for the inventory, would have covered the thefts: but the accusation of abduction failed. Doughty was found guilty of embezzlement, and was sentenced to six years' imprisonment in the Kingston Penitentiary.

In the *News of the World* (London) June 6, 1926, there is an account of "strangely intertwined circumstances." In a public place, in the daytime, a man had died. On the footway, outside the Gaiety Theatre, London, Henry Arthur Chappell, the manager of the refreshment department of the Theatre, had been found dead. There was a post-mortem examination by a well-known pathologist, Prof. Piney. The man's skull was fractured. Prof. Piney gave his opinion that, if, because of heart failure, Chappell had fallen backward, the fractured skull might be accounted for: but he added that, though he had found indications of a slight affection of the heart, it was not such as would be likely to cause fainting.

The indications were that a murder had been committed. The police inquired into the matter, and learned that not long before there had been trouble. A girl, Rose Smith, employed at one of the refreshment counters, had been discharged by Chappell. One night she had placed on his doorstep a note telling that she intended to kill herself. Several nights later, she was arrested in Chappell's back garden. She was dressed in a man's clothes, and had a knife. Also she carried matches and a bottle of paraffin. Presumably she was bent upon murder and arson, but she was charged with trespassing,

and was sentenced to two months' hard labor. It was learned that Chappell had died upon the day of this girl's release from prison.

Rose Smith was arrested. Chappell had no other known enemy. Upon the day of this girl's release, he had died.

But the accusation failed. A police inspector testified that, at the time of Chappell's death, Rose Smith had been in the Prisoners' Aid Home.

2

I AM a collector of notes upon subjects that have diversity— such as deviations from concentricity in the lunar crater Copernicus, and a sudden appearance of purple Englishmen— stationary meteor-radiants, and a reported growth of hair on the bald head of a mummy—and "Did the girl swallow the octopus?"

But my liveliest interest is not so much in things, as in relations of things. I have spent much time thinking about the alleged pseudo-relations that are called coincidences. What if some of them should not be coincidences?

Ambrose Small disappeared, and to only one person could be attributed a motive for his disappearance. Only to one person's motives could the fires in the house in Derby be attributed. Only to one person's motives could be attributed the probable murder of Henry Chappell. But, according to the verdicts in all these cases, the meaning of all is of nothing but coincidence between motives and events.

Before I looked into the case of Ambrose Small, I was attracted to it by another seeming coincidence. That there could be any meaning in it seemed so preposterous that, as influenced by much experience, I gave it serious thought. About six years before the disappearance of Ambrose Small, Ambrose Bierce had disappeared. Newspapers all over the world had made much of the mystery of Ambrose Bierce. But what could the disappearance of one Ambrose, in Texas, have to do with the disappearance of another Ambrose, in Canada? Was somebody collecting Ambroses? There was in these questions an appearance of childishness that attracted my respectful attention.

Lloyd's Sunday News (London) June 20, 1920—that, near the town of Stretton, Leicestershire, had been found the body of a cyclist, Annie Bella Wright. She had been killed by a wound in her head. The correspondent who wrote this story was an illogical fellow, who loaded his story with an unrelated circumstance: or, with a dim suspicion of an unexplained relationship, he noted that in a field, not far from where the body of the girl lay, was found the body of a crow.

In the explanation of *coincidence* there is much of laziness, and helplessness, and response to an instinctive fear that a scientific dogma will be endangered. It is a tag, or a label: but of course every tag, or label, fits well enough at times. A while ago, I noted a case of detectives who were searching for a glass-eyed man named Jackson. A Jackson, with a glass eye, was arrested in Boston. But he was not the Jackson they wanted, and pretty soon they got their glass-eyed Jackson, in Philadelphia. I never developed anything out of this item—such as that, if there's a Murphy with a hare lip, in Chicago, there must be another hare-lipped Murphy somewhere else. It would be a comforting idea to optimists, who think that ours is a balanced existence: all that I report is that I haven't confirmed it.

But the body of a girl, and the body of a crow—

And, going over files of newspapers, I came upon this:

The body of a woman, found in the River Dee, near the town of Eccleston (London *Daily Express,* June 12, 1911). And near by was found the body of another woman. One of these women was a resident of Eccleston: the other was a visitor from the Isle of Man. They had been unknown to each other. About ten o'clock, morning of June 10th, they had gone out from houses in opposite parts of the town.

New York American, Oct. 20, 1929—"Two bodies found in desert mystery." In the Coachella desert, near Indio, California, had been found two dead men, about 100 yards apart. One had been a resident of Coachella, but the other was not identified. "Authorities believe there was no connection between the two deaths."

In the *New York Herald,* Nov. 26, 1911, there is an account of the hanging of three men, for the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, on Greenberry Hill, London. The names of the murderers were Green, Berry, and Hill. It does seem that this was only a matter of chance. Still, it may have been no coincidence, but a savage pun mixed with murder. *New York Sun,* Oct. 7, 1930—arm of William Lumsden, of Roslyn, Washington, crushed under a tractor. He was the third person, in three generations, in his family, to lose a left arm. This was coincidence, or I shall have to come out, accepting that there may be "curses" on families. But, near the beginning of a book, I don't like to come out so definitely. And we're getting away from our subject, which is *Bodies.*

"Unexplained drownings in Douglas Harbor, Isle of Man." In the London *Daily News,* Aug. 19, 1910, it was said that the bodies of a young man and

of a girl had been found in the harbor. They were known as a "young couple," and their drowning would be understandable in terms of a common emotion, were it not that also there was a body of a middle-aged man "not known in any way connected with them."

London *Daily Chronicle,* Sept. 10, 1924—"Near Saltdean, Sussex, Mr. F. Pender, with two passengers in his sidecar, collided with a post, and all were seriously injured. In a field, by the side of the road, was found the body of a Rodwell shepherd, named Funnell, who had no known relation with the accident."

An occurrence of the 14th of June, 1931, is told of, in the *Home News* (Bronx) of the 15th. "When Policeman Talbot, of the E. 126th St. station, went into Mt. Morris Park, at 10 A.M., yesterday, to awaken a man apparently asleep on a bench near the 124th St. gate, he found the man dead. Dr. Patterson, of Harlem Hospital, said that death had probably been caused by heart failure." *New York Sun,* June 15—that soon after the finding of this body on the bench, another dead man was found on a bench near by.

I have two stories, which resemble the foregoing stories, but I should like to have them considered together.

In November, 1888 (*St. Louis Globe-Democrat,* Dec. 20, 1888), two residents of Birmingham, Alabama, were murdered, and their bodies were found in the woods. "Then there was such a new mystery that these murder-mysteries were being overlooked." In the woods, near Birmingham, was found a third body. But this was the body of a stranger. "The body lies unidentified at the undertaker's rooms. No one who had seen it can remember having seen the man in life, and identification seems impossible. The dead man was evidently in good circumstances, if not wealthy, and what he could have been doing at the spot where his body was found is a mystery. Several persons who have seen the body are of the opinion that the man was a foreigner. Anyway he was an entire stranger in this vicinity, and his coming must have been as mysterious as his death."

I noted these circumstances, simply as a mystery. But when a situation repeats, I notice with my livelier interest. This situation is of local murders, and the appearance of the corpse of a stranger, who had not been a tramp.

Philadelphia Public Ledger, Feb. 4, 1892—murder near Johnstown, Pa. —a man and his wife, named Kring, had been butchered, and their bodies had been burned. Then, in the woods, near Johnstown, the corpse of a stranger was found. The body was well-dressed, but could not be identified.

Another body was found—”well-dressed man, who bore no means of identification.”

There is a view by which it can be shown, or more or less demonstrated, that there never has been a coincidence. That is, in anything like a final sense. By a coincidence is meant a false appearance, or suggestion, of relations among circumstances. But anybody who accepts that there is an underlying oneness of all things, accepts that there are no utter absences of relations among circumstances—

Or that there are no coincidences, in the sense that there are no real discords in either colors or musical notes—

That any two colors, or sounds, can be harmonized, by intermediately relating them to other colors, or sounds.

And I’d not say that my question, as to what the disappearance of one Ambrose could have to do with the disappearance of another Ambrose, is so senseless. The idea of causing Ambrose Small to disappear may have had origin in somebody’s mind, by suggestion from the disappearance of Ambrose Bierce. If in no terms of physical abduction can the disappearance of Ambrose Small be explained, I’ll not say that that has any meaning, until the physicists intelligibly define what they mean by physical terms.

3

IN days of yore, when I was an especially bad young one, my punishment was having to go to the store, Saturdays, and work. I had to scrape off labels of other dealers' canned goods, and paste on my parent's label. Theoretically, I was so forced to labor to teach me the errors of deceitful ways. A good many brats are brought up, in the straight and narrow, somewhat deviously.

One time I had pyramids of canned goods, containing a variety of fruits and vegetables. But I had used all except peach labels. I pasted the peach labels on peach cans, and then came to apricots. Well, aren't apricots peaches? And there are plums that are virtually apricots. I went on, either mischievously, or scientifically, pasting the peach labels on cans of plums, cherries, string beans, and succotash. I can't quite define my motive, because to this day it has not been decided whether I am a humorist or a scientist. I think that it was mischief, but, as we go along, there will come a more respectful recognition that also it was scientific procedure.

In the town of Derby, England—see the *Derby Mercury*, May 15, and following issues, 1905—there were occurrences that, to the undiscerning, will seem to have nothing to do with either peaches or succotash. In a girls' school, girls screamed and dropped to the floor, unconscious. There are readers who will think over well-known ways of peaches and succotash, and won't know what I am writing about. There are others, who will see "symbolism" in it, and will send me appreciations, and I won't know what they're writing about.

In five days, there were forty-five instances of girls who screamed and dropped unconscious. "The girls were exceedingly weak, and had to be carried home. One child had lost strength so that she could not even sit up." It was thought that some unknown, noxious gas, or vapor, was present: but mice were placed in the schoolrooms, and they were unaffected. Then the scientific explanation was "mass psychology." Having no more data to work on, it seems to me that this explanation is a fitting description. If a girl fainted, and, if, sympathetically, another girl fainted, it is well in accord

with our impressions of human nature, which sees, eats, smells, thinks, loves, hates, talks, dresses, reads, and undergoes surgical operations, contagiously, to think of forty-three other girls losing consciousness, in involuntary imitativeness. There are mature persons who may feel superior to such hysteria, but so many of them haven't much consciousness.

In the *Brooklyn Eagle,* Aug. 1, 1894, there is a story of "mass psychology." In this case, too, it seems to me that the description fits—maybe. Considering the way people live, it is natural to them to die imitatively. There was, in July, 1894, a panic in a large vineyard, at Collis, near Fresno, California. Somebody in this vineyard had dropped dead of "heart failure." Somebody else dropped dead. A third victim had dropped and was dying. There wasn't a scientist, with a good and sticky explanation, on the place. It will be thought amusing: but the people in this vineyard believed that something uncanny was occurring, and they fled. "Everybody has left the place, and the authorities are preparing to begin a searching investigation." Anything more upon this subject is not findable. That is the usual experience after an announcement of a "searching investigation."

If something can't be described any other way, it's "mass psychology." In the town of Bradford, England, in a house, in Columbia Street, 1st of March, 1923, there was one of those occasions of the congratulations, hates, malices, and gaieties, and more or less venomous jealousies that combine in the state that is said to be merry, of a wedding party. The babble of this wedding party suddenly turned to delirium. There were screams, and guests dropped to the floor, unconscious. Wedding bells—the gongs of ambulances — four persons were taken to hospitals.

This occurrence was told of in the London newspapers, and, though strange, it seemed that the conventional explanation fitted it.

Yorkshire Evening Argus—published in Bradford—March 3, 1923—particulars that make for restiveness against any conventional explanation —people in adjoining houses had been affected by this "mysterious malady." Several names of families, members of which had been overcome, unaccountably, were published—Downing, Blakey, Ingram.

If people, in different houses, and out of contact with one another —or not so circumstanced as to "mass" their psychologies—and all narrowly localized in one small neighborhood, were similarly affected, it seemed clear that here was a case of common exposure to something that was poisonous, or otherwise injurious. Of course an escape of gas was thought

of; but there was no odor of gas. No leakage of gas was found. There was the usual searching investigation that precedes forgetfulness. It was somebody's suggestion that the "mysterious malady" had been caused by fumes from a nearby factory chimney. I think that the wedding party was the central circumstance, but I don't think of a factory chimney, which had never so expressed itself before, suddenly fuming at a wedding party. An *Argus* reporter wrote that the Health Officers had rejected this suggestion, and that he had investigated, and had detected no unusual odor in the neighborhood.

In this occurrence at Bradford, there was no odor of gas. I have noted a case in London, in which there was an odor of gas; nevertheless this case is no less mysterious. In the *Weekly Dispatch* (London), June 12, 1910, it is called "one of the most remarkable and mysterious cases of gas poisoning that have occurred in London in recent years." Early in the morning of June 10th, a woman telephoned to a police station, telling of what she thought was an escape of gas. A policeman went to the house, which was in Neale Street (Holborn). He considered the supposed leakage alarming, and rapped on doors of another floor in the house. There was no response, and he broke down a door, finding the occupants unconscious. In two neighboring houses, four unconscious persons were found. A circumstance that was considered extraordinary was that between these two houses was one in which nobody was affected, and in which there was no odor of gas. The gas company sent men, who searched for a leak, but in vain. Fumes, as if from an uncommon and easily discoverable escape of gas, had overcome occupants of three houses, but according to the local newspaper (the *Holborn Guardian)* the gas company, a week later, had been unable to discover its origin.

In December, 1921, there was an occurrence in the village of Zetel, Germany (London *Daily News*, Jan. 2, 1922). This was in the streets of a town. Somebody dropped unconscious: and, whether in an epidemic of fright, accounted for in terms of "mass psychology," or not, other persons dropped unconscious. "So far no light has been thrown on the mystery." It was thought that a "current of some kind" had passed over the village. This resembles the occurrence at El Paso, Texas, June 19, 1929 (*New York Sun*, Dec. 6, 1930). Scores of persons, in the streets, dropped unconscious, and several of them died. Whatever appeared here was called a "deadly miasma." And the linkage goes on to the scores of deaths in a fog, in the

Meuse Valley, Belgium, Dec. 5, 1930—so that one could smoothly and logically start with affairs in a girls' school, and end up with a meteorological discussion.

Lloyd's Weekly News (London) Jan. 17, 1909—story from the Caucasian city of Baku. M. Krassilrukoff, and two companions, had gone upon a hunting trip, to Sand Island, in the Caspian Sea. Nothing had been heard from them, and there was an investigation. The searchers came upon the bodies of the three men, lying in positions that indicated that they had died without a struggle. No marks of injuries; no disarrangement of clothes. At the autopsy, no trace of poison was found. "The doctors, though they would not commit themselves to an explanation, thought the men had been stifled."

The Observer (London) Aug. 23, 1925—"A mysterious tragedy is reported from the Polish Tatra mountains, near the health-resort of Zakopane. A party, composed of Mr. Kasznica, the Judge of the Supreme Court, his wife, a twelve-year-old son, and a young student of Cracow University, started in fine weather for a short excursion in the neighboring mountains. Two days later, three of them were found dead."

Mrs. Kasznica was alive. She told that all were climbing, and were in good condition, when suffocation came upon them. "A stifling wind," she thought. One after another they had dropped unconscious. The post-mortem examinations revealed nothing that indicated deaths by suffocation, nor anything else that could be definitely settled upon. "Some newspapers suggest a crime, but so far the case remains a mystery."

There have been cases that have been called mysterious, though they seem explicable enough in known circumstances of human affairs. See a story in the *New York World-Telegram,* March 9, 1931—about thirty men and women at work in the Howard Clothes Company factory, Nassau Street, Brooklyn—sudden terror and a panic of these people, to get to the street. The place was filled with a pungent, sickening odor. In the street, men and women collapsed, or reeled, and wandered away, in a semi-conscious condition. Several dozen of them were carried into stores, where they were given first-aid treatment, until ambulances arrived.

The phenomenon occurred in the second floor of the Cary Building, occupied by the clothing company. Nobody in any other part of the building was affected. All gas fixtures in the factory were intact. No gas bomb was found. Nothing was found out. But, considering many crimes of this period,

the suspicion is strong that in some way, as an expression of human hatred, of origin in industrial troubles, a volume of poisonous gas had been discharged into this factory.

And it may be that, in terms of revenges, we are on the track of a general expression, even if we think of a hate that could pursue people far up on a mountainside.

In hosts of minds, today, are impressions that the word “eerie” means nothing except convenience to makers of crossword puzzles. There are gulfs of the unaccountable, but they are bridged by terminology. Four persons were taken from a wedding party to hospitals. Well, if not another case of such jocularity as mixing brickbats with confetti, it was ice cream again, and *ptomaine* poisoning. There is such a satisfaction in so explaining, and showing that one knows better than to sound the *p* in *ptomaine*, that probably vast holes of ignorance always will be bridged by very slender pedantries. *Asphyxiation* has seduced hosts of suspicions that would be resolute against such a common explanation as “gas poisoning.”

New York Sun, May 22, 1928—story from the town of Newton, Mass. In this town, a physician was, by telephone, called to the home of William M. Duncan. There was nobody to meet him at the front door, but he got into the house. He called, but nobody answered. There seemed to be nobody at home, but he went through the house. He came to a room, upon the floor of which were lying four bodies. There was no odor of gas, but the doctor worked over the four, as if upon cases of asphyxiation, and they revived, and tried to explain. Duncan had gone to this room, and, upon entering it, had dropped, unconscious. Wondering at what was delaying him, his wife had followed, and down she had fallen. One of his sons came next, and, upon entering this room, had fallen to the floor. The other son, by chance, went to this room, and felt something overcoming him. Before losing consciousness, he had staggered to the telephone.

The doctor’s explanation was “mass psychology.”

It is likely that readers of the *Sun* were puzzled, until they came to this explanation, and then—”Oh, of course! mass psychology.”

There is a continuity of all things that makes classifications fictions. But all human knowledge depends upon arrangements. Then all books—scientific, theological, philosophical—are only literary. In Scotland, in the month of September, 1903, there was an occurrence that can as reasonably be considered a case of “mass psychology,” as can be some of the foregoing

instances: but now we are emerging into data that seem to be of physical attacks. There will be more emerging. One can't, unless one be hopelessly, if not brutally, a scientist, or a logician, tie to any classification. The story is told in the *Daily Messenger* (Paris) Sept. 13, 1903.

In a coal mine, near Coalbridge, Scotland, miners came upon the bodies of three men. There was no coal gas. There was no sign of violence of any kind. Two of these men were dead, but one of them revived. He could tell, enlighteningly, no more than could any other survivor in the stories of this group. He told that his name was Robert Bell, and that, with his two cousins, he had been walking in the mine, when he felt what he described as a "shock." No disturbance had been felt by anyone else in the mine. Though other parts of this mine were lighted by electricity, there was not a wire in this part. There was, at this point, a deadly discharge of an unknown force, just when, by coincidence, three men happened to be passing, or something more purposeful is suggested.

Down in the dark of a coal mine—and there is a seeming of the congruous between mysterious attacks and surroundings. Now I have a story of a similar occurrence at a point that was one of this earth's most crowded thoroughfares. See the *New York Herald,* Jan. 23, 1909. John Harding, who was the head of a department in John Wanamaker's store, was crossing Fifth Avenue, at Thirty-third Street, when he felt a stinging sensation upon his chest. There was no sign of a missile of any kind. Then he saw, near by, a man, who was rubbing his arm, looking around angrily. The other man told Harding that something unseen had struck him.

If this occurrence had been late at night, and, if only two persons were crossing Fifth Avenue, at Thirty-third Street; and if a force of intensity enough to kill had struck them, the explanation, upon the finding of the bodies, would probably be that two men had, by coincidence, died in one place, of heart failure. At any rate, see back to the case of the bodies on benches of a Harlem park. No reporter of the finding of these bodies questioned the explanation that two men, sitting near each other, had died, virtually simultaneously, of heart failure, by coincidence.

We emerge from seeming attacks upon more than one person at a time, into seemingly definitely directed attacks upon single persons. *New York Herald Tribune,* Dec. 4, 1931—Ann Harding, film actress, accompanied by her secretary, on her way, by train, to Venice, Florida. There came an intense pain in her shoulder. Miss Harding could not continue traveling, and

left the train, at Jacksonville. A physician examined her, and found that her shoulder was dislocated. The secretary was mystified, because she had seen the occurrence of nothing by which to explain, and Miss Harding could offer no explanation of her injury.

Upon Dec. 7, 1931—see the *New York Times*, Dec. 8, 1931—the German steamship *Brechsee* arrived at Horsens, Jutland. Captain Ahrenkield told of one of his sailors, who had been unaccountably wounded. The man had been injured during a storm, but he seemed to have been singled out by something other than stormy conditions. The captain had seen him, wounded by nothing that was visible, falling to the deck, unconscious. It was a serious wound, four inches long, that had appeared upon the sailor's head, and the captain had sewed it with ordinary needle and thread.

In this case, unaccountable wounds did not appear upon several other sailors. Suppose, later, I tell of instances in which a number of persons were so injured. Mass psychology?

4

NOT a bottle of catsup can fall from a tenement-house fire-escape, in Harlem, without being noted—not only by the indignant people downstairs, but—even though infinitesi-mally—universally—maybe—

Affecting the price of pajamas, in Jersey City: the temper of somebody's mother-in-law, in Greenland; the demand, in China, for rhinoceros horns for the cure of rheumatism—maybe—

Because all things are inter-related—continuous—of an underlying oneness—

So then the underlying logic of the boy—who was guilty of much, but was at least innocent of ever having heard of a syllogism—who pasted a peach label on a can of string beans.

All things are so inter-related that, though the difference between a fruit and what is commonly called a vegetable seems obvious, there is no defining either. A tomato, for instance, represents the merging-point. Which is it—fruit or vegetable?

So then the underlying logic of the scientist—who is guilty of much, but also is very innocent—who, having started somewhere with his explanation of "mass psychology," keeps right on, sticking on that explanation. Inasmuch as there is always a view somewhere, in defense of anything conceivable, he must be at least minutely reasonable. If "mass psychology" applies definitely to one occurrence, it must, even though almost imperceptibly, apply to all occurrences. Phenomena of a man alone on a desert island can be explained in terms of "mass psychology"—inasmuch as the mind of no man is a unit, but is a community of mental states that influence one another.

Inter-relations of all things—and I can feel something like the hand of Emma Piggott reaching out to the hand, as it were, of the asphyxiated woman on the mountainside. John Doughty and bodies on benches in a Harlem park—as oxygen has affinity for hydrogen. Rose Smith—Ambrose Small—the body of a shepherd named Funnell—

Upon the morning of April 10, 1893, after several men had been taken to a Brooklyn hospital, somebody's attention was attracted to something queer. Several accidents, in quick succession, in different parts of the city would not be considered strange, but a similarity was noted. See the *Brooklyn Eagle*, April 10, 1893.

Then there was a hustle of ambulances, and much ringing of gongs—

Alex. Burgman, Geo. Sychers, Lawrence Beck, George Barton, Patrick Gibbons, James Meehan, George Bedell, Michael Brown, John Trowbridge, Timothy Hennessy, Philip Oldwell, and an unknown man—

In the course of a few hours, these men were injured, in the streets of Brooklyn, almost all of them by falling from high places, or by being struck by objects that fell from high places.

Again it is one of my questions that are so foolish, and that may not be so senseless—what could the fall of a man from a roof, in one part of Brooklyn, have to do with a rap on the sconce, by a flower pot, of another man, in another part of Brooklyn?

In the town of Colchester, England—as told in *Lloyd's Daily News* (London) April 30, 1911—a soldier, garrisoned at Colchester, was, upon the evening of April 24th, struck senseless. He was so seriously injured that he was taken to the Garrison Hospital. Here he could give no account of what had befallen him. The next night, to this hospital, was taken another seriously injured soldier, who had been "struck senseless by an unseen assailant." Four nights later, a third soldier was taken to this hospital, suffering from the effects of a blow, about which he could tell nothing.

I have come upon a case of the "mass psychology" of lace curtains. About the last of March, 1892—see the *Brooklyn Eagle*, April 19, 1892—people who had been away from home, in Chicago, returned to find that during their absence there had been an orgy of curtains. Lace curtains were lying about, in lumps and distortions. It was a melancholy prostration of virtues: things so flimsy and frail, yet so upright, so long as they are supported. Bureau drawers had been ransacked for jewelry, and jewelry had been found. But nothing had been stolen. Strewn about were fragments of rings and watches that had been savagely smashed.

There are, in this account, several touches of the ghost story. There are many records of similar wanton, or furious, destructions in houses where poltergeist disturbances were occurring. Also there was mystery, because the police could not find out how this house had been entered.

Then came news of another house, which, while the dwellers were away, had been "mysteriously entered." Lace curtains, in rags, were lying about, and so were remains of dresses that had been slashed. Jewelry and other ornaments had been smashed. Nothing had been stolen.

So far as the police could learn, the occupants of these houses had no common enemy. A rage against lace curtains is hard to explain, but the hatred of somebody, whose windows were bare, against all finery and ornaments, is easily understandable. Soon after rages had swept through these two houses, other houses were entered, with no sign of how the vandal got in, and lace curtains were pulled down, and there was much destruction of finery and ornaments, and nothing was stolen.

New York Times, Jan. 26, 1873—that, in England, during the Pytchley hunt, Gen. Mayow fell dead from his saddle, and that about the same time, in Gloucestershire, the daughter of the Bishop of Gloucestershire, while hunting, was seriously injured; and that, upon the same day, in the north of England, a Miss Cavendish, while hunting, was killed. Not long afterward, a clergyman was killed, while hunting, in Lincolnshire. About the same time, two hunters, near Sanders' Gorse, were thrown, and were seriously injured.

In one of my incurable, scientific moments, I suggest that when diverse units, of, however, one character in common, are similarly affected, the incident force is related to the common character. But there is no suggestion that any visible hater of fox-hunters was traveling in England, pulling people from saddles, and tripping horses. But that there always has been intense feeling, in England, against fox-hunters is apparent to anyone who conceives of himself as a farmer—and his fences broken, and his crops trampled by an invasion of red coats—and a wild desire to make a Bunker Hill of it.

In the *New York Evening World*, Dec. 26, 1930, it was said that Warden Lewis E. Lawes, of Sing Sing Prison, had been ill. The Warden recovered, and, upon Christmas morning, left his room. He was told that a friend of his, Maurice Conway, who had come to visit him, had been found dead in bed. Upon Christmas Eve, Keeper John Hyland had been operated upon, "for appendicitis," and was in a serious condition in Ossining Hospital. In the same hospital was Keeper John Wescott, who also had been stricken "with appendicitis." Keeper Henry Barrett was in this hospital, waiting to be operated upon "for hernia."

Probably the most hated man in the New York State Prison Service was Asael J. Granger, Head Keeper of Clinton Prison, at Dannemora. He had effectively quelled the prison riot of July 22, 1929. Upon this Christmas Day, of 1930, in the Champlain Valley Hospital, Plattsburg, N. Y., Granger was operated upon "for appendicitis." Two days later he died. About this time, Harry M. Kaiser, the Warden of Clinton Prison, was suffering from what was said to be "high blood pressure." He died, three months later (*New York Herald Tribune,* March 24, 1931).

The London newspapers of March, 1926, told of fires that had simultaneously broken out in several parts of Closes Hall, the residence of Captain B. Heaton, near Clitheroe, Lancashire. The fires were in the woodwork under the roof, and were believed to have been caused by sparks from the kitchen stove. These fires were in places that were inaccessible to any ordinary incendiary: to get to them, the firemen had to chop holes in the roof. Nothing was said of previous fires here. Maybe it is strange that sparks from a kitchen stove should simultaneously ignite remote parts of a house, distances apart.

A fire in somebody's house did not much interest me: but then I read of a succession of similars. In three months, there had been ten other mansion fires. "Scotland Yard recently made arrangements for all details of mansion fires to be sent to them, in order that the circumstances might be collated, and the probable cause of the outbreaks discovered."

April 2, 1926—Ashley Moor, a mansion near Leominster, destroyed by fire.

Somebody, or something, was burning mansions. How it was done was the mystery. There was a scare, and probably these houses were more than ordinarily guarded: but so well-protected are they, ordinarily, that some extraordinary means of entrance is suggested. In no report was it said that there was any evidence of how an incendiary got into a house. No theft was reported. For months, every now and then there was a mansion fire. Presumably the detectives of Scotland Yard were busily collating.

The London newspapers, of November 6th, told of the thirtieth mansion fire in about ten months.

There were flaming mansions, and there were flaming utterances, in England.

Sometimes I am a collector of data, and only a collector, and am likely to be gross and miserly, piling up notes, pleased with merely numerically

adding to my stores. Other times I have joys, when unexpectedly coming upon an outrageous story that may not be altogether a lie, or upon a macabre little thing that may make some reviewer of my more or less good works mad. But always there is present a feeling of unexplained relations of events that I note; and it is this far-away, haunting, or often taunting, awareness, or suspicion, that keeps me piling on—

Or, in a feeling of relatability of seemingly most incongruous occurrences that nevertheless may be correlated into the service of one general theme, I am like a primitive farmer, who conceives that a zebra and a cow may be hitched together to draw his plow—

But isn't there something common about zebras and cows?

An ostrich and a hyena.

Then the concept of a pageantry—the ransack of the jungles for creatures of the widest unlikeness to draw his plow—and former wild clatters of hoofs and patters of paws are the tramp of a song— here come the animals, two by two—

Or John Doughty, three abreast with the dead men of a Harlem park, pulling on my theme—followed by the forty-five schoolgirls of Derby—and the fish dealer's housemaid, with her arms full of sponges and Turkish towels—followed by burning beds, most suggestively associated with her, but in no way that any conventional thinker can explain—

Or the mansion fires in England, in the year 1926—and, in a minor hitch-up, I feel the relatability of two scenes:

In Hyde Park, London, an orator shouts: "What we want is no king and no law! How we'll get it will be, not with ballots, but with bullets!"

Far away in Gloucestershire, a house that dates back to Elizabethan times unaccountably bursts into flames.

5

"GOOD morning!" said the dog. He disappeared in a thin, greenish vapor.

I have this record, upon newspaper authority.

It can't be said—and therefore will be said-—that I have a marvelous credulity for newspaper yarns.

But I am so obviously offering everything in this book, as fiction. That is, if there is fiction. But this book is fiction in the sense that *Pickwick Papers*, and *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* Newton's *Principia*, Darwin's *Origin of Species*, *Genesis*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and mathematical theorems, and every history of the United States, and all other histories, are fictions. A library-myth that irritates me most is the classification of books under "fiction" and "non-fiction."

And yet there is something about the yarns that were told by Dickens that sets them apart, as it were, from the yarns that were told by Euclid. There is much in Dickens' grotesqueries that has the correspondence with experience that is called "truth," whereas such Euclidian characters as "mathematical points" are the vacancies that might be expected from a mind that had had scarcely any experience. That dog-story is axiomatic. It must be taken on faith. And, even though with effects that sometimes are not much admired, I ask questions.

It was told in the *New York World*, July 29, 1908—many petty robberies, in the neighborhood of Lincoln Avenue, Pittsburgh—detectives detailed to catch the thief. Early in the morning of July 26th, a big, black dog sauntered past them. "Good morning!" said the dog. He disappeared in a thin, greenish vapor.

There will be readers who will want to know what I mean by turning down this story, while accepting so many others in this book.

It is because I never write about marvels. The wonderful, or the never-before-heard-of, I leave to whimsical, or radical, fellows. All books written by me are of quite ordinary occurrences.

If, say sometime in the year 1847, a New Orleans newspaper told of a cat, who said: “Well, is it warm enough for you?” and instantly disappeared sulphurously, as should everybody who says that; and, if I had a clipping, dated sometime in the year 1930, telling of a mouse, who squeaked: “I was along this way, and thought I’d drop in,” and vanished along a trail of purple sparklets; and something similar from the *St. Helena Guardian,* Aug. 17, 1905; and something like that from the *Madras Mail,* year 1879—I’d consider the story of the polite dog no marvel, and I’d admit him to our fold.

But it is not that I take numerous repetitions, as a standard for admission —

The fellow who found the pearl in the oyster stew—the old fiddle that turned out to be a Stradivarius—the ring that was lost in a lake, and then what was found when a fish was caught—

But these often repeated yarns are conventional yarns.

And almost all liars are conventionalists.

The one quality that the lower animals have not in common with human beings is creative imagination. Neither a man, nor a dog, nor an oyster ever has had any. Of course there is another view, by which is seen that there is in everything a touch of creativeness. I cannot say that truth is stranger than fiction, because I have never had acquaintance with either. Though I have classed myself with some noted fictionists, I have to accept that the absolute fictionist never has existed. There is a fictional coloration to everybody’s account of an “actual occurrence,” and there is at least the lurk somewhere of what is called the “actual” in everybody’s yarn. There is the hyphenated state of truth-fiction. Out of dozens of reported pearls in stews, most likely there have been instances; most likely once upon a time an old fiddle did turn out to be a Stradivarius; and it could be that once upon a time somebody did get a ring back fishwise.

But when I come upon the unconventional repeating, in times and places far apart, I feel—even though I have no absolute standards to judge by—that I am outside the field of ordinary liars.

Even in the matter of the talking dog, I think that the writer probably had something to base upon. Perhaps he had heard of talking dogs. It is not that I think it impossible that detectives could meet a dog, who would say: “Good morning!” That’s no marvel. It is “Good morning!” and disappearing in the thin, greenish vapor that I am making such a time about. In the *New*

York Herald Tribune, Feb. 21, 1928, there was an account of a French bulldog, owned by Mrs. Mabel Robinson, of Bangor, Maine. He could distinctly say: "Hello!" Mrs. J. Stuart Tompkins, 101 West 85th Street, New York, read of this animal, and called up the *Herald Tribune*, telling of her dog, a Great Dane, who was at least equally accomplished. A reporter went to interview the dog, and handed him a piece of candy. "Thank you!" said the dog.

In the city of Northampton, England—see *Lloyd's Weekly News* (London), March 2, 1912—a detective chased a burglar, who had entered a hardware store. The burglar got away. The detective went back, and got into the store. There were objects hanging on hooks, overhead. "By coincidence," just as the detective passed under one of them, it fell. It was a scythe-blade. It cut off his ear. Now I am upon familiar ground; there are suggestions in this story that correlate with suggestions in other stories.

"A bank in Blackpool was robbed, in broad daylight, on Saturday, in mysterious circumstances"—so says the London *Daily Telegraph*, Aug. 7, 1926. It was one of the largest establishments in town—the Blackpool branch of the Midland Bank. At noon, Saturday, while the doors were closing, an official of the Corporation Tramways Department went into the building, with a bag, which contained £800, in Treasury notes. In the presence of about twenty-five customers, he placed the bag upon a counter. Then the doorman unlocked the front door for him to go out, and then return with another amount of money, in silver, from a motor van. The bag had vanished from the counter. It was a large, leather bag. Nobody could, without making himself conspicuous, try to conceal it. Nobody wearing a maternity cloak was reported.

In the afternoon, in a side street, near the bank, the bag was found, and was taken to a police station. But the lock on it was peculiar and complicated, and the police could not open it. An official of the Tramways Department was sent for. When the Tramways man arrived with the key, no money was found in the bag. If a bag can vanish from a bank, without passing the doorman, I record no marvel in telling of money that vanished from a bag, though maybe the bag had not been opened.

Well, then, there's nothing marvelous about it, if from a locked drawer of Mrs. Bradley's bureau, money disappeared. *New York Times*, Feb. 28, 1874—Mrs. Lydia Bradley, of Peoria, Ill., "mysteriously robbed." There were other occurrences, and they, too, were anything but marvelous. Pictures

came down from the walls, and furniture sauntered about the place. Stoves slung their lids at people Such doings have often been' reported from houses, in the throes of poltergeist disturbances. There are many records of pictures that couldn't be kept hanging on walls. Chairs and tables have been known to form in orderly fashion, three or four abreast, and parade. In Mrs. Bradley's home, the doings were in the presence of the housemaid, Margaret Corvell. So the girl was suspected, and one time, in the midst of pranks by things that are ordinarily so staid and settled, somebody held her hands. While her hands were held, a loud crash was heard. A piano, which up to that moment had been behaving itself properly, joined in. But the girl was accused. She confessed to everything, including the stealing of the money, except whatever had occurred when her hands were held. There are dozens of poltergeist cases, in which the girl—oftenest a young housemaid —has confessed to all particulars, except things that occurred while she was held, tied, or being knocked about. Ignoring these omissions, accounts by investigators end with the satisfactory explanation that the girl had confessed.

In the *Home News* (Bronx, N. Y.), Sept. 25, 1927, is a story of "ghost-like depredations." In the town of Barberton, Ohio, lived an uncatchable thief. I call attention to an element often of openness, often of defiance, that will appear in many of our stories. It is as if there are criminals, and sometimes mischievous fellows, who can do unaccountable things and delight in mystifying their victims, confident that they cannot be caught. For ten years the uncatchable thief of Barberton had been operating, periodically. In some periods, as if to show off his talents, he returned to the same house half a dozen times.

In January, 1925, the police of London were in the state of mind of the rest of us, when we try to solve crossword puzzles that have been filled in with alleged Scotch dialect, obsolete terms, and names of improbable South American rodents. Somebody was playing a game, unfairly making it difficult. The things that he did were what a crossword author would call "vars." He was called the "cat burglar." Since his time, many minor fellows have been so named. The newspapers stressed what they called this criminal's uncanny ability to enter houses, but I think that the stress should have been upon his knowledge of just where to go, after entering houses. Whether he had the property of invisibility or not, residents of May-fair reported losses of money and jewelry that could not be more mystifying if

an invisible being had come in through doors or windows without having to open them, and had strolled through rooms, sizing up the lay of things. He was called the “cat burglar,” because there was no conventional way of accounting for his entrances, except by thinking that he had climbed up the sides of houses—always knowing just what room to climb to—climbing with a skill that no cat has ever had. Sometimes it was said that marks were seen on drain pipes and on window sills. Just so long as the police can say something, that is accepted as next best to doing something. Of course, in this respect, I’d not pick out any one profession.

The “cat burglar” piled up jewelry that would satisfy anybody’s dream of expensive junk, and then he vanished, maybe not in a thin, greenish vapor, but anyway in an atmosphere of the unfair mystification of crosswords that have been made difficult with “vars” and “obs.” Perhaps marks were found on drain pipes and on window sills. But only logicians think that anything has any exclusive meaning. If I had the power of invisibly entering houses, but preferred to turn off suspicions, I’d make marks on drain pipes and window sills. Everything that ever has meant anything has just as truly meant something else. Otherwise experts, called to testify, at trials, would not be the fantastic exhibits that they so often are.

New York Evening Post, March 14, 1928—people in a block of houses, in the Third District of Vienna, terrorized. They were “haunted by a mysterious person,” who entered houses, and stole small objects, never taking money, doing these things just to show what he could do. Then, from dusk to dawn, the police formed in a cordon around this block, and at approaches to it stationed police dogs. The disappearances of small objects, of little value, continued. There were stories of this “uncanny burglar or maniac” having been seen, “running lizardwise along moonlit roofs.” My own notion is that nothing was seen running along roofs. There was such excitement that the “highest authorities” of Vienna University offered their mentalities for the help of the baffled policemen and their dogs. I wish I could record an intellectual contest between college professors and dogs; there might be some glee for my malices. There are probably many college professors, who at times read of strange crimes, and sympathize with civilization, because they had not taken to detective work. However, nothing more was said of the professors who offered to help the cops and the dogs. But there was a challenge here, and I am sorry to note that it was not accepted. It would have been a crowning show-off, if this perhaps

occult sportsman had entered the homes of some of these “highest authorities,” and had stolen from them whatever it is by which “highest authorities” maintain their authority, or had robbed them of their pants. But he did not rise to this opportunity. After we have more data, it will be my expression that probably he could not practice outside this one block of houses. However, he got into a house in which lived a policeman, and he went to the policeman’s bedroom. He touched nothing else, but stole the policeman’s revolver.

Upon the afternoon of June 18, 1907, occurred one of the most sensational, insolent, contemptible, or magnificent thefts in the annals of crime, as viewed by most Englishmen; or a crime not without a little interest to Americans. On a table, on the lawn back of the grandstand, at Ascot, the Ascot Cup was upon exhibition, 13 inches high, and 6 inches in diameter; 20-carat gold; weight 68 ounces. The cup was guarded by a policeman and by a representative of the makers. The story is told, in the London *Times*, June 19th. Presumably all around was a crowd, kept at a distance by the policeman, though, according to the standards of the *Times*, in the year 1907, it was not dignified to go into details much. From what I know of the religion of the Turf, in England, I assume that there was a crowd of devotees, looking worshipfully at this ikon.

It wasn’t there.

About this time, there were a place and a time and a treasure that were worthy the attention of, or that were a challenge to, any magician. The place was Dublin Castle. Outside, day and night, a policeman and a soldier were on duty. Within a distance of fifty yards were the headquarters of the Dublin metropolitan police; of the Royal Irish Constabulary; the Dublin detective force; the military garrison. It was at the time of the Irish International Exhibition, at Dublin. Upon the 10th of July, King Edward and Queen Alexandra were to arrive to visit the Exhibition. In a safe in the strong room of the Castle had been kept the jewels that were worn by the Lord Lieutenant, upon State occasions. They were a barbaric pile of bracelets, rings, and other insignia, of a value of $250,000.

And of course. They had disappeared about the time of the disappearance of the Ascot Cup: sometime between June 11th and July 6th.

All investigations came to nothing. For about twenty-four years nothing new came out. Then, according to a dispatch from London to the *New York Times*, Sept. 6, 1931, there was a report of attempted negotiations with the

Dublin authorities, or an offer by which, “under certain conditions,” the jewels would be returned. If this rumor were authentic, the remarkable part is that the various jeweled objects had not been broken up, but for twenty-four years had been kept intact. This is the look of the stunt.

But what I am worrying about is the big dog who said “Good morning!” and disappeared in a thin, greenish vapor. I am not satisfied with my explanation of why I rejected him. Considering some of my acceptances, it seems so illogical to turn down the dog who said “Good morning!”—except that only to the purist, or the scholar, can there be either the logical or the illogical. We have to get along with the logical-illogical, in our existence of the hyphen. Everything that is said to be logical is somewhere out of agreement with something, and everything that is said to be illogical is somewhere in agreement with something.

I need not worry about the big dog who said “Good morning!” If, considering some of my acceptances, I inconsistently turn him down, I am consistent with something else, and that is the need in every mind to turn down something—the need in every mind that believes, or accepts anything, to consider something else silly, preposterous, false, evil, immoral, terrible—taboo. It is not necessary that we should all agree in being revolted, shocked, or contemptuous. Some of us take Jehovah, and some of us take Allah, to despise, or to be amused with. To give it limits within which to seem to be, and to give it contrasts by which to seem to be, every mind must practice exclusions.

I draw my line at the dog who said “Good morning!” and disappeared in a thin, greenish vapor. He is a symbol of the false and arbitrary and unreasonable and inconsistent—though of course also the reasonable and consistent—limit, which everybody must somewhere set, in order to pretend to be.

You can’t fool me with that dog-story.

6

CONSERVATISM is our opposition. But I am in considerable sympathy with conservatives. I am often lazy, myself. It's evenings, when I'm somewhat played out, when I'm likely to be most conservative. Everything that is highest and noblest in my composition is most pronounced when I'm not good for much. I may be quite savage, mornings: but, as my energy plays out, I become nobler and nobler, and lazier, and conservativer. Most likely my last utterance will be a platitude, if I've been dying long enough. If not, I shall probably laugh.

I like to read my evening newspaper comfortably. And it is uncomfortably that I come upon any new idea, or suggestion of the new, in an evening newspaper. It's a botheration, and I don't understand it, and it will cost me some thinking—oh, well, I'll clip it out, anyway.

But where are the scissors? But they aren't. Has anybody a pin? Nobody has. There was a time when one could maneuver over to the edge of a carpet, without having to leave one's chair, and pull up a tack. But everybody has rugs, nowadays. Oh, well, let it go.

Something in a newspaper about a mysterious hair-clipper. This is a new department of data, though hair-stealing links with other mysterious thefts. Where's a pin? Oh, well, there's nothing in particular about this matter of hair-clipping. A petty thief stole hair to sell, of course. Vague suggestions hanging over from reading of various phases of "black magic"—but, if there is a market for human hair, hair-clippers are accounted for—still—

And so I could go on, every now and then, for many years, feeling a haunt of a new idea, but feeling more comfortable, if doing nothing about it. But, daytimes, I go to Libraries, and, if several times, close together, something that is new to me, in newspapers, attracts my attention, I get the power somewhere to make a note of it.

These vague, new ideas that flutter momentarily in every mind—sometimes they're as hard to catch as is the moment they flutter in. It's like trying to pin a butterfly without catching it. They're gone. They can't develop, because one doesn't, or can't, note them, and collect notes. We'd

all be somewhat enlightened—if that would be any good to us—were it not for easy chairs. Where's a pin? Hereafter I'm going to have a pet porcupine around the house. One can't learn much and also be comfortable. One can't learn much and let anybody else be comfortable.

Two cases of hairdressers' windows broken, and women's switches stolen. Probably to sell to other hairdressers.

I noted this, just as an oddity:

London *Daily Chronicle,* July 9, 1913—Paris—wealthy engineer, named Leramgourg, arrested. "At Leramgourg's residence, the police found locks of hair of 94 women."

I put this item with others upon freaks of collectors. In Oklahoma City, July, 1907, somebody collected ears. Bodies of three men—ears cut off. In April, 1913, a collector, who was known as *Jack the Slipper-snatcher,* operated in the subways of New York City. Girl going up the steps of a subway exit—one foot up from a step—the snatch of her slipper—

The fantastic, or the amusing—but it is as close to the appalling as is the beautiful to the hideous—

The murderer of the Conners child, in New York, in July, 1916, hacked hair from his victim.

I have only two records of male victims of hair-clippers. I conceive that once upon a time abundant whiskers were tempting. Where do manufacturers of false whiskers get their material? Both of these victims were children. There was a case of three gypsy women, who waylaid a boy, aged eight, and cut off his hair. That they were gypsies may be of occult suggestion, but this could be simply the theft of something that could be sold.

A case is told of, in the *People* (London), Jan. 23, 1921. The residents of Glenshamrock Farm, Anchenleck, Ayrshire, Scotland, awoke one morning to find that during the night a burglar had made off with various articles. There were screams from the bedroom of a young female member of the household. Upon awakening, she had learned that her hair had been cut off. I say that this case was told of—but a case of what? And, in the *New York Sun,* March 7, 1928—a case of what? An old man had entered the home of Angelo Nappi, 83 1/2 Garside Street, Newark, N. J., and had cut off the hair of his three little daughters.

Old age and youth—male and female—there is the haunt, in stories of hair-clippers, of something that is not of hair-selling. If *Jack the Slipper-*

snatcher were in the second-hand business, he'd have maneuvered girls into having both feet in the air.

I take a story from the *Medium and Daybreak*, Dec. 13, 1889. It was copied from the *Brockville* (Ontario) *Daily Times*, November 13th. There were doings in the home of George Dagg, a farmer, living in the Township of Clarendon, Province of Quebec, Canada. With Dagg lived his wife, two young children, and a little girl, aged 11, Dina McLean, who had been adopted from an orphan asylum. The report from which I quote was the result of investigations by Percy Woodcock. I know that that sounds fictitious, but just the same Percy Woodcock was a well-known painter. Also Mr. Woodcock was a spiritualist. It could be that he colored as much on paper as on canvas.

The first of the "uncanny" occurrences—as they are so persistently called by persons who do not realize how common they are—was upon September 15th. Windowpanes broke. There were unaccountable fires—as many as eight a day. Stones of unknown origin were thrown. A large stone struck one of the children, and "strange to say, it did not hurt her in the least"—

And I give my opinion that, in comments upon my writings, my madness has been over-emphasized. Of course I couldn't pass any alienist's examination—but could any alienist? But when I come upon a detail like this of stones striking people harmlessly, in an Ontario newspaper, and have noted the same detail in a story in a Constantinople newspaper, and have come upon it in newspapers of Adelaide, South Australia, and Cornwall, England, and other places—and when I note that it is no standardized detail of ghost stories, so that probably not one of the writers had ever heard of anything of the kind before—I'd consider myself sane and reasonable in giving heed to this, if there were sanity and reasonableness.

"One afternoon, little Dina felt her hair, which hung in a long braid down her back, suddenly pulled, and, on crying out, the family found her braid almost cut off, simply hanging by a few hairs. On the same day, the little boy said that something had pulled his hair all over. Immediately it was seen by his mother that his hair, also, had been cut off, in chunks, as it were, all over his head."

Woodcock told of a voice that was heard. This is an element that does not appear in the great majority of cases of poltergeist disturbances. His story is of conversations that were carried on between him and an invisible being. There was a feud between the Daggs and neighbors named Wallace; and

“the voice” accused Mrs. Wal lace of having sent him, or her, or it, or whatever, to persecute the Daggs. Most of the time, the house was crowded. When this accusation was heard, a number of farmers went to the home of the Wallaces, and returned with Mrs. Wallace. The story is that “the voice” again accused Mrs. Wallace, but then made statements that were so inconsistent that it was not believed. It was an obscene voice, and Mr. Woodcock was shocked. He reasoned with it, pointing out that there were farmeresses present. And “the voice” was ashamed of itself. It repented. It sang a hymn and departed.

I take something from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Oct. 4, 1873, and following issues, as copied from the *Durand* (Wisconsin) *Times*, and other newspapers. Home of Mr. Lynch, 14 miles from Menomonie, Wisconsin—had moved from Indiana, a few years before, and was living with a second wife and the four children of the first wife. She had died shortly before he had moved. Lynch went to town one day, and returned with a dress for his wife. Soon afterward, this dress was found in the barn, slashed to shreds. Objects all over the house vanished. Lynch bought another dress. This was found, in the barn, cut down to fit one of the children. Eggs rose from tables, teacups leaped, and a pan of soft soap wandered from room to room. One of the children, a boy, aged six, was thought to be playing tricks, because phenomena centered around him. Nobody lambasted him until he confessed, but he was tied in a chair—teacups as lively as ever.

There was the usual openness. No midnight mysteries of a haunted house. Sightseers were arriving in such numbers that there was no room in the house for them. Several hundred of them lounged outside, sitting on fences or leaning against anything that would hold them up, ready for a dash into the house, at any announcement of doings.

“One day one of the children, named Rena, was standing close to Mrs. Lynch. Her hair was sheared off, close to her scalp, and vanished.”

There have been single instances, and there have been hair-clipping scares that were attributed to “mass psychology.” Also I have noted cases in which girls were accused of having cut off their own hair, hoping to take up some newspaper space. My only reason for doubt is the satisfactory endings of these accounts, with statements that the girls had confessed.

There were accounts in the London newspapers, of Dec. 2 and 10, 1922, of a scare in places east and west of London. In a street, in Uxbridge,

Middlesex, a woman found that her braid had been cut off. She had been aware of no such operation, but remembered that, in a crowd, her hat had been pushed over her eyes. According to the stories, women were terrorized by “a vanishing man.” “Disappeared as if by magic.” It is an *uncatchable* again, a defiant fellow, operating openly, as if confident that he could not be caught. Note that these are not ghost stories. They are stories of human beings, who seemed to have ghostly qualities, or powers. Dorris Whiting, aged 17, approaching her home, in the village of Orpington, saw a man, leaning on the gate. As she was passing him, he grabbed her, and cut off her hair. The girl screamed, and her father and brother ran to her. They searched, but the clipper was unfindable. A maid, employed by Mrs. Glanfield, of Crofton Hall, Orpington, was pounced upon by a man, who hacked off a handful of her hair. He vanished. There was excitement in Orpington, at the end of a bus route. A girl exclaimed that much of her hair had been cut off. Merely this does not seem mysterious; it seems that a deft fellow could have done this without being seen by the other pas-sengers. But other girls were saying whatever girls say when they discover that their hair has been cut off. At Enfield, a girl named Brand, employed as a typist, at the Constitutional Club, was near the club house, one morning, about eight o’clock, when a man grabbed her and cut off her hair. “No trace of him was found, though the search was taken up a minute after the outrage.”

I have noted occurrences in London, which look as if there was a desire, not generally for hair, or for anybody’s hair, but for the hair, and then more hair, of one victim. See the *Kensington* (London) *Express,* Aug. 23, 1907. Twice a girl’s hair had been clipped. In a London street, she felt a clip, the third time. The girl accused a man. He was arrested and was arraigned at the Mansion House. Neither the girl nor anybody else had seen him as a clipper, but he had “walked sharply away,” and when accused had run. Nothing was said of either scissors or hair in any quantity found in his possession. The hair that had been cut off was not found. But “there was some hair on his jacket,” and he was found guilty and was fined.

I have record of another case of “mass psychology.” It is my expression that the description “mass psychology” does partly apply to it, just as would “horizontal ineptitude,” or “metacarpal iridescence,” or any other idea, or combination of ideas, apply, to some degree, to anything. In an existence of the hyphen, it is impossible to be altogether wrong—or right. This is why it is so hard to learn anything. It is hard to overcome that which cannot be

altogether wrong with that which cannot be altogether right. I look forward to the time when I shall refuse to learn another thing, having accumulated errors enough.

In the *Spiritualist*, July 21, 1876, was published a story of "mass excitement" in Nanking and other cities of China. Uncatchables, who could not even be seen, were cutting off the pigtails of Chinamen, and there was a panic. More of the story was told, but I preferred to take accounts from a local newspaper. I give details, as I found them, in various issues of the *North China Herald*, from May 20 to Sept. 16, 1876.

Panic in Nanking and other towns, and its spread to Shanghai— people believed that invisibles were cutting off their pigtails. It was said that, regard this stroy of the invisibles as one would, there was no doubt that a number of pigtails had been cut off, and that great alarm existed, in consequence. "Many Chinamen have lost their tails, and we can hardly admit that the imaginary spirits are real men with steel shears, for it could hardly happen that someone would not be detected, before this, in the act of cutting. The most likely explanation is that the agents, whoever they may be, operate by means of some potent acid."

Panic spreading to Hangchow—"Numerous cases are reported, but few of them are authentic." "The cases are increasing daily."

In the streets of Shanghai, men, fearing attacks behind, were holding their pigtails in front of them. Quack doctors were advertising charms. Probably the reputable physicians, devoted to their own incantations, were indignant about this. The Military Commandant stationed soldiers in various parts of the city. "Suffice it to mention that, amongst much that is untrustworthy, there seem good grounds for believing that some children have actually lost part of their tails."

Sellers of charms suspected of cutting off pigtails, to stimulate business —mischievous children suspected—missionaries accused, and anti-Christian placards appearing in public places—rumors of drops of ink thrown in people's faces, "by invisible agencies," and people so treated dying—inhabitants of Woosin and Soochow mad with terror—the lynching of suspected persons—arrests and torture. People had suspended work, and had organized into guards. At Soochow broke out "the crushing mania," or a belief that at night people were crushed in their beds. The beating of gongs was taken up so that the supply ran out, and anybody who wanted a gong had to wait for one to be made.

The standardized way of telling of such a scare is to elaborate upon the extremities at the climax of the excitement, and to ignore, or slightingly to touch upon, the incidents that preceded. There was a panic, or a mania, in China. Perhaps there was. I have no Chinaman's account. For all I know, some Chinaman may have sent an account to his newspaper, of us, beating gongs, during the parrot-disease scare, of the year 1929, having seen a janitor knocking off dust from the cover of an ash can. There was propably considerable excitement that was the product of delusions: nevertheless it does seem acceptable that there were cases of mysterious hair-clipping.

7

RABID vampires—and froth on their bloody mouths. See the *New York Times*, Sept. 5, 1931—rabies in vampire bats, reported from the island of Trinidad. Or a jungle at night —darkness and dankness, tangle and murk—and little white streaks that are purities in the dark—pure, white froths on the bloody mouths of flying bats—or that there is nothing that is beautiful and white, aglow against tangle and dark, that is not symbolized by froth on a vampire's mouth.

I note that it is ten minutes past nine in the morning. At ten minutes past nine, tonight, if I think of this matter—and can reach a pencil, without having to get up from my chair—though sometimes I can scrawl a little with the burnt end of a match— I shall probably make a note to strike out those rabid bats, with froth on their bloody mouths. I shall be prim and austere, all played out, after my labors of the day, and with my horse powers stabled for the night. My better self is ascendant when my energy is low. The best literary standards are affronted by those sensational bats.

I now have a theory that our existence, as a whole, is an organism that is very old—a globular thing within a starry shell, afloat in a super-existence in which there may be countless other organisms—and that we, as cells in its composition, partake of, and are ruled by, its permeating senility. The theologians have recognized that the ideal is the imitation of God. If we be a part of such an organic thing, this thing is God to us, as I am God to the cells that compose me. When I see myself, and cats, and dogs losing irregularities of conduct, and approaching the irreproachable, with advancing age, I see that what is ennobling us is senility. I conclude that the virtues, the austerities, the proprieties are ideal in our existence, because they are imitations of the state of a whole existence, which is very old, good, and beyond reproach. The ideal state is meekness, or humility, or the semi-invalid state of the old. Year after year I am becoming nobler and nobler. If I can live to be decrepit enough, I shall be a saint.

It may be that there are vampires other than vampire bats. I have wondered at the specialization of appetite in the traditional stories of

vampires. If blood be desired, why not the blood of cattle and sheep? According to many stories there have been unexplained attacks upon human beings; also there have been countless outrages upon other animals.

Possibly the remote ancestors of human beings were apes, though no evolutionist has made clear to me reasons for doubting the equally plausible theory that apes have either ascended, or descended, from humans. Still, I think that humans may have evolved from apes, because the simians openly imitate humans, as if conscious of a higher state, whereas the humans who act like apes are likely to deny it when criticized. Slashers and rippers of cattle may be throw-backs to the ape-era. But, though it is said that, in the Kenya Colony, Africa, baboons sometimes mutilate cattle, I'd not say that the case against them has been made out. London *Daily Mail,* May 18, 1925 —that, for some years, an alarming epidemic of sheep-slashing and cattle-ripping had been breaking out, in the month of April, on Kenya stock ranches. Natives were blamed, but then it was learned that their cattle, too, had been attacked. Then it was said to be proved that chacma baboons were the marauders. Possibly the baboons, too, were unjustly blamed. Then what? The wounds were long, deep cuts, as if vicious slashes with a knife; but it was explained that baboons kill by ripping with their thumbnails.

The most widely known case of cattle-mutilation is that in which was involved a young lawyer, George Edalji, son of a Hindu, who was a clergyman in the village of Wyrley, Staffordshire, England. The first of a series of outrages occurred upon the night of Feb. 2, 1903. A valuable horse was ripped. Then, at intervals, up to August 27th, there were mutilations of horses, cows, and sheep. Suspicion was directed to Edalji, because of anonymous letters, accusing him.

After the mutilation of a horse, August 27th, Edalji was arrested. The police searched his house, and, according to them, found an old coat, upon which were bloodstains. In the presence of Edalji's parents and his sister, the police said that there were horse hairs upon this coat. The coat was taken to the police station, where Dr. Butler, the police surgeon, examined it, reporting that upon it he had found twenty-nine horse hairs. The police said that shoes worn by Edalji exactly fitted tracks in the field, where the horse had been mutilated. They learned that the young man had been away from home, that night, "taking a walk," as told by him. The case against Edalji convinced a jury, which found him guilty, and he was sentenced to seven years, penal servitude.

I now have a theory that our existence is a phantom—that it died, long ago, probably of old age—that the thing is a ghost. So the unreality of its composition—its phantom justice and make-believe juries and incredible judges. There seems to be a ghostly justice surviving in the old spook, having the ghost's liking for public appearances, at times. Let there be publicity enough, and Justice prevails. In a Dreyfus case, when the attention of the world is attracted, Justice, after much delay, and after a fashion, appears. Probably in the prison with Edalji were other prisoners who had been sent there, about as he had been sent. They stayed there. But Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, with much publicity, took up Edalji's case. In his account, in *Great Stories of Real Life,* Doyle says that when the police inspector found the old coat, upon which, according to him, there were horse hairs, Mrs. Edalji and Miss Edalji examined it and denied that there was a horse hair upon it: that Edalji's father said: "You can take the coat. I am satisfied that there is no horse hair on it." Doyle's statements imply that somewhere near the police station was a stable. As to the statement that Edalji's shoes exactly fitted tracks in the field, where the horse was ripped, Doyle says that the outrage occurred just outside a large colliery, and that hundreds of excited miners had swarmed over the place, making it impossible to pick out any one track. Because of Doyle's disclosures—so it is said—or because of the publicity, the Government appointed a Committee to investigate, and the report of this Committee was that Edalji had been wrongfully convicted.

Sometimes slashers of cattle have been caught, and, when called upon to explain, have said that they had obeyed an "irresistible impulse." The better-educated of these unresisting ones transform the rude word "slasher" into "vivisectionist," and, instead of sneaking into fields at night, work at regular hours, in their laboratories. There are persons who wonder at the state of mind of the people in general, back in times when the torture of humans was sanctioned. The guts of a man were dragged out for the glory of God. "Abdominal exploration" of a dog is for the glory of Science. The state of mind that was, and the state of mind that is, are about the same, and the unpleasant features of anything are glossed over, so long as mainly anything is glorious.

According to a reconsideration, by the English Government, in the Edalji case, the slasher of cattle, of Wyrley, remained uncaught. In the summer of 1907, in the same region, again there was slashing.

Aug. 22, 1907—a horse mutilated, near Wyrley. It was said that blood had been found on the horns of a cow, and that the horse had been gored. Five nights later, two horses, in another field, were slashed so that they died. September 8—horse slashed, at Breenwood, Staffordshire. A young butcher, named Morgan, was accused, but he was able to show that he had been in his home, at the time. For about a month injuries to horses continued to be reported. They had been injured “by barbed wires,” or “by nails projecting from fences.”

8

SOME time in the year 1867, a fishing smack sailed from Boston. One of the sailors was a Portuguese, who called himself "James Brown." Two of the crew were missing, and were searched for. The captain went into the hold. He held up his lantern, and saw the body of one of these men, in the clutches of "Brown," who was sucking blood from it. Near by was the body of the other sailor. It was bloodless. "Brown" was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, but President Johnson commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. In October, 1892, the vampire was transferred from the Ohio Penitentiary to the National Asylum, Washington, D. C., and his story was re-told in the newspapers. See the *Brooklyn Eagle,* Nov. 4, 1892.

Ottawa Free Press, Sept. 17, 1910—that, near the town of Galazanna, Portugal, a child had been found dead, in a field. The corpse was bloodless. The child had been seen last with a man named Salvarrey. He was arrested, and confessed that he was a vampire.

See the *New York Sun,* April 14, 1931, for an account of the murders of nine persons, all but one of them females, which in the year 1929 terrorized the people of Dusseldorf, Germany. The murderer, Peter Kurten, was caught. At his trial, he made no defense, and described himself as a vampire.

I have a collection of stories of children, upon whom, at night, small wounds appeared. Rather to my own wonderment, considering that I am a theorist, I have not jumped to the conclusion that these stories are data of vampires, but have thought the explanation of rat bites satisfactory enough. But, in the *Yorkshire Evening Argus,* March 13, 1924, I came upon a rat story that seems queer. Inquest upon the death of Martha Senior, aged 68, of New Street, Batley. "On the toes and fingers were a lot of wounds that rather suggested rat bites." It was said that these little wounds could have had nothing to do with the woman's death, which, according to the coroner, was from valvular heart disease. The only explanation acceptable to the coroner was that, before the police took charge of the body, the woman

must have been dead considerable time, during which rats mutilated the corpse. But Mrs. Elizabeth Lake, a neighbor, testified that she had found Mrs. Senior lying on the floor, and that Mrs. Senior had told her that she was dying. This statement meant that the woman had been attacked by something, before dying. The coroner disposed of it by saying that the woman must have been dead considerable time, before the body was found, and that Mrs. Lake was mistaken in thinking that Mrs. Senior had spoken to her.

The fun of everything, in our existence of comedy-tragedy— and I was suspicious of the story of terrorized Chinamen, as told by English reporters, because it was a story of panic that omitted the jokes—mania without the smile. Every fiendish occurrence that gnashes its circumstances, and sinks its particulars into a victim, wags a joke. In June, 1899, there was, in many parts of the U. S. A., much amusement. Something, in New York City, Washington, and Chicago, was sending people to hospitals. I don't recommend the beating of a gong to drive away a hellish thing: but I think that that treatment is as enlightened as is giving to it a funny name. Hospitals of Ann Arbor, Mich.; Toledo, Ohio; Rochester, N. Y.; Reading, Pa.—

"The kissing bug," it was called.

The story of the origin of the "kissing bug" scare-joke is that, upon the 19th of June, 1899, a Washington newspaper man, hearing of an unusual number of persons, who, at the Emergency Hospital, had applied for treatment for "bug bites," investigated, learning of "a very noticeable number of patients," who were suffering with swellings, mostly upon their lips, "apparently the result of insect bites." According to Dr. L. O. Howard, writing in *Popular Science Monthly*, 56-31, there were six insects, in the United States, that could inflict dangerous bites, or punctures, but all of them were of uncommon occurrence. So Dr. Howard rejected the insect-explanation. In his opinion there had arisen a senseless scare, like those of former times, in southern Europe, when hosts of hysterical persons imagined that tarantulas had bitten them.

This is "mass psychology" again—or the Taboo-explanation. To the regret of my contrariness, it is impossible for me utterly to disagree with anybody. I think with Dr. Howard that the "kissing bug" scare was like the tarantula scares. But it could be that some of those people of southern Europe did not merely imagine that something was biting them, If

somebody should like to write a book, but is like millions of persons who would like to write books, but fortunately don't know just what to write books about, I suggest a study of scares, with the idea of showing that they were not altogether hysteria and mass psychology, and that there may have been something to be scared about.

New York Herald, July 9—names and addresses of 11 persons, who upon one day (8th of July) had either scared their bodies into producing swellings, or had been bitten by something that the scientists refused to believe existed. And people who were bitten captured insects. *Entomological News,* September, 1899—some of these insects, which were sent to the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, were house flies, bees, beetles, and even a butterfly. There are wings of vampires that lull with scientific articles. See Taboo, as represented by Dr. E. Murray-Aaron, writing in the *Scientific American,* July 22, 1899—nothing but sensation-mongering from Richmond, Va., to Augusta, Me.

There was a sensational horse, in Cincinnati. His jaw swelled. Would a child, aged four, be too young for "mass psychology"? I suppose not. I am not denying that there was much mass psychology in this. Cedar Falls, Iowa —a four-year-old child bitten. Trenton, N. J.—Helen Lersch, two years old, bitten—died. Bay Shore, L. I.—a child, aged two, bitten.

Later, I shall give instances of sizeable wounds that have appeared upon people: but, in this chapter, I am considering tiny punctures that may not have been either rat bites or insect stings. An account, in the *Chicago Tribune,* July 11, 1899, is suggestive of traditional vampire stories. A woman had been bitten. "The marks of two small incisors could be seen."

I don't know whether I am of a cruel and bloodthirsty disposition, or not. Most likely I am, but not more so than any other historian. Or, conforming to the conditions of our existence, I am amiable-bloodthirsty. In my desire for vampires, which is not in the least a queer desire, inasmuch as I have a theory that there are vampires, I was not satisfied with the "kissing bug": what I wanted was an account of hospital cases, not in the summer time. The insect-explanation, even though it was not upheld by Taboo, is too much at home, in the summer time. I needed an account, not in the summer time, to fill out my collection of data. Any collector will understand how pleased I was to come upon—London *Daily Mail,* April 20, 1920—an account of human suffering. "A number of people in country places have been bitten by some mysterious creature with a very poisonous fang. It is

rare for any sort of poisonous bite or sting to occur before summer, and as a rule the culprit is known. This spring doctors have attended case after case, where the swellings have been sudden and severe, though there is little sign of the bite, itself." I have record of several winter time cases. See *La Nature*, (Supplement) Jan. 16, 1897—that, while filling a stove with coal, in a house in the Rue de la Tour, Paris, a concierge had felt a stinging sensation upon his arm, which swelled. He was taken to a hospital, where he died. People in the house said that they had seen gigantic wasps entering the house by way of stovepipes.

But the most mysterious of cases of insect bites, or alleged insect bites, is that of the small wound that led to the death of Lord Carnarvon, if be accepted that his death, and the deaths of fourteen other persons, were in any especial way related to the opening, or the violation, of the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen. Lord Carnarvon was stung by what was supposed to be an insect. What was said to be blood poisoning set in. What was said to be septic pneumonia followed.

The stories of the "kissing bug" differ from vampire stories, in that victims were painfully wounded. But there was an occurrence in Upper Broadway, New York City, May 7, 1909, that may be more in agreement. It seems possible that a woman could, in a street crowd, viciously jab several persons with a hat pin, without being detected: but it does seem unlikely that she could enjoy such a stroll, jabbing at least five men and a woman, before being interfered with. A Broadway policeman learned that upon somebody a small wound, as if made by a hat pin, had appeared. Four other men and a woman joined the crowd and showed that they had been similarly wounded. The policeman arrested, as the cause of the excitement, a woman, who told that her name was Mary Maloney, and gave a false address.

Perhaps she had no address. She may have been guilty, but perhaps she was shabby. If somebody must be arrested, it is wise to pick out one who does not look very self-defensive. "Plead guilty and you'll get off with a light sentence." It is dangerous to be anywhere near any scene of crime, considering the way detectives pick up "suspects," even an hour or so later, obviously arguing that when somebody commits a crime, he hangs around to be suspected.

I have never been jabbed with a hat pin, but I have sat on pointed things, and my responses were so energetic that I suspect that at least six persons

were not jabbed with a hat pin, before the jabber was caught. See data to come, that indicate that people may be —by some means at present not understood—wounded, and not know it until later. Also that a woman was accused makes me doubt that the marauder was caught. Women don't do such things. I have a long list of *Jacks,* ranging from the rippers and stranglers to the egg throwers and the ink squirters: but Mary Maloney is the only alleged *Jill* in my collection. Women don't do such things. They have their own deviltries.

Upon Dec. 4, 1913, Mrs. Wesley Graff, who sat in a box, in the Lyric Theatre, New York City, felt something scratching her hand. She felt a pain like the sting of a wasp, and, staggering from her chair, fainted, first accusing a young man near her. The manager of the theater held the young man, and called the police. Policemen searched, and found, on the floor, a common darning needle. It was their theory that the young man was a white slaver, who by means of a hypodermic injection, had sought to render a victim insensible, probably having waiting outside, a cab, to which he, explaining that he was her companion, would carry her. There were marks upon Mrs. Graff's arm, but it seems that they were not made by a darning needle.

With the idea that the needle might be tipped with a drug, the police sent it to a chemist. To my astonishment, I record that he reported that he had found neither drug, nor poison, on it. A strange circumstance is that, at this place, where a woman was wounded somewhat as if by a darning needle, was found this darning needle, which was suggestive of a commonplace explanation.

Then arose the story that a gang of white slavers was operating in the city. But in the newspapers were published interviews with physicians, who stated that they knew of no drug by which women could be affected so as to make them easily abductable, because the pain of an injection would give minutes of warning, before a victim could be rendered helpless. But it may be that something, or somebody, was abroad, mysteriously wounding women. In the *Brooklyn Eagle,* December 6, it was said that, in a period of two weeks, the Committee of Fourteen, of New York City, had heard a dozen complaints of mysterious, minor attacks upon women, and had investigated, but had been unable to learn anything definite in any case.

See back to the story of the Chicago woman, and "marks of two small incisors." Upon Mrs. Graff's arm were two little punctures. December 29—

girl named Marian Brindle said that something had stung her. Upon her arm were two little punctures.

It may be that, in the period of the scare in New York City, the first occurrence of which was in November, 1913, a vampire was abroad. It could be that we pick up the trail more than a year before this time. In October, 1912, Miss Jean Milne, aged 67, was living alone in her home, in West Ferry, Dundee, Scotland. London *Times,* Nov. 5, 1912—the finding of her body. The woman had been beaten, presumably with a poker, which was found, according to the account in the *Times:* but it was said that, though she had been struck on the head, her skull was not fractured: so her death was not altogether accounted for. There was more of this story, in the London *Weekly Dispatch,* Nov. 24, 1912. Upon this body were found perforations, as if having been made by a fork.

Late at night, Feb. 2, 1913, the body of a woman was found on the tracks of the London Underground Railway, near the Kensington High-street station. The body had been run over, and the head had been cut off. The body was identified as that of Miss Maud Frances Davies, who, alone, had been traveling around the world, and, earlier in the day, had, upon a ship train, arrived in London. She had friends and relatives in South Kensington, and presumably she was on her way to visit them. But the explanation at the inquest (London *Times,* Feb. 6, 1913) was that she had probably committed suicide by placing her neck upon a rail.

"Dr. Townsend said that over the heart he found a number of small, punctured wounds, over a dozen of which had penetrated the muscles; and one had entered the ventricle cavity of the heart. These punctures had been caused in life, with a sharp instrument, such as a hat pin. They were not enough to cause death, but had been made a few hours previously."

Upon December 29th, of this year, 1913, a woman, known as "Scotch Dolly," was found dead in her room, 18 Etham Street, S. E., London. A man, who had lived with her, was arrested, but was released, because he was able to show that, before the time of her death, he had left the woman. Her face was bruised, but she had seldom been sober, and the man, Williams, before leaving her, had struck her. The verdict was that she had died of heart failure, "from shock."

Upon one of this woman's legs was found a series of 38 little, double wounds. They were not explained. "The Coroner: 'Have you ever had a similar case, yourself?' Dr. Spilsbury: 'No: not exactly like this.'"

9

UPON April 16, 1922, a man was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, London, suffering from a wound in his neck. It was said that he would tell nothing about himself, except that, while walking along a turning, off Coventry Street, he had been stabbed. Hours later, another man, who had been wounded in the neck, entered the hospital. He told, with a foreign accent, that in a turning, off Coventry Street, he had been so wounded. He signed his name in the hospital register as Pilbert, but would, it was said, give no other information about the assault upon him. Late in the day, another wounded man was taken to this hospital, where, according to the records, he refused to tell anything about what had befallen him, except that he had been stabbed in the neck while walking along a turning off Coventry Street.

In the pockets of one of these men were found racing slips. The police explained that probably all of them were victims of a turf-feud.

It is, considering many other data, quite thinkable that, instead of refusing to tell how they had been wounded, these men were unable to tell, but that this inability was so mysterious that the hospital authorities recorded it as refusal. See the London *Daily Express*, April 17, and the *People*, April 23, 1922.

In a London hospital, there is small chance for an unconventional record, and probably in no London newspaper would have been published any reporter's notion of the lurk of an invisible and murderous thing, in a turning, off Coventry Street. But, in the London *Daily Mail*, Sept. 26, 1923, there was an account of something like this, but far away. It was a facetious account. Murderous things always have, somewhere, been regarded humorously. Or fondly. No address was published, or probably this one would have received letters from women, wanting to marry it. The story was that, in September, 1923, there was a *Mumiai* scare in India. *Mumiais* are invisibles that grab people. They have no sense of the mystic: don't dwell in enchanted woods, nor feel out for victims from old towers, or ruins; no valuation for midnight. In daylight, in the streets of cities, they

grab people. Coolies, in the city of Lahore, believed that a *Mumiai* was abroad. There was a panic in Lahore, and it fed upon screams of rickshaw men, who thought that they were grabbed.

Probably the *Daily Mail* published this story, because of wavelets of gratification that arose from it, at London breakfast tables. It is usually thought that the value of coolies is only in their willingness to work for a few cents a day: but I have a notion that they have another function; or that, if it were not for coolies, and their silly superstitions that give the rest of us some sense of superiority to keep going on, millions of the rest of us would lie down and die of chagrin. Sometime I shall develop a theory of Evolution in aristocratic terms, showing that things probably made of themselves oysters and lions and hyenas, just for the thrill of gratification in being able to say that at least they weren't elephants, or worms, or human beings. I know how it is, myself, and have compensations, in thinking of silly, credulous people who believe that a dog ever said "Good morning!" and disappeared in a thin, greenish vapor.

Away back in the year 1890, the Japanese were coolies. Then they showed such talents for slaughter that now they are respected everywhere. But, in the year 1890, the Japanese were supposed to be little more than a nation of artists. A story of a panic in Japan was something to smile smugly about. I take a story from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal,* May 17, 1890, as copied from the newspapers. People in Japan thought that, sometimes in the streets, and sometimes in their houses, an invisible thing was attacking them. They thought that upon persons were appearing wounds, each a slash about an inch long. They thought that, at the time of an attack, little pain was felt.

Possibly a Jap, educated according to what is supposed to be an education, having his ideas as to the identity and geographical distribution of coolies, has looked over files of American newspapers, and has come upon accounts of a series of occurrences in New York City, in the winter of 1891-92, and has been amused to note the mystery that New York reporters infused into their accounts of woundings of men, in the streets of New York. The reporters told of a "vanishing man." The assassin "disappeared marvelously." As noted, in the *New York Sun,* Jan. 14, 1892, five men had been stabbed by an unknown assailant. There were other attacks. The police were blamed, and in the downtown precincts of the city, the most important order, each day, was to catch the stabber.

January 17—"Slasher captured." The police were out to get him, and one of them got an unterrifying-looking little fellow, named Dowd. It was said that he had been caught, stabbing a man.

In the mixture of all situations, it is impossible to be unable to pick out grounds for reasonably believing, or disbelieving, anything. Say that it is our preference to believe—or to accept—that it was not the "marvelously disappearing" slasher who was caught, but somebody else who would do just as well. Then we note that, twenty minutes earlier, another policeman had caught a man, who had, this policeman said, seized somebody, and was about to stab him. Or June, 1899—and two men were out to catch the "kissing bug"—and one of them caught a beetle, and the other nabbed a butterfly. The policeman of the first arrest was ignored: the captor of Dowd was made a roundsman.

Dowd pleaded not guilty. He said that he had had nothing to do with the other assaults, and had drawn a knife only in this one case, which had been a quarrel. His lawyer pleaded not guilty, but insane. He was found insane, and was sent to the asylum for insane criminals, at Auburn, N. Y.

The outrages in New York stopped. *Brooklyn Eagle*, March 12, 1892—dispatch from Vienna, Austria—"This city continues to be shocked by mysterious murders. The latest victim is Leopold Buchinger, who was stabbed to the heart by an undetected assassin, in one of the most public places in Vienna. This makes the list of such tragedies five in number, and there is a growing feeling of terror among the public."

Say that it's an old castle, hidden away in a Balkan forest—and somebody was wounded, at night—but, as if lulled by a vampire's wings, felt no pain. This would be only an ordinarily incredible story.

In November, 1901, a woman told a policeman, of Kiel, Germany, that, while walking in a street in Kiel, she learned that she had been unaccountably wounded. She had felt no pain. She could not explain.

The police probably explained. If a doctor was consulted, he probably explained learnedly.

Another woman—about thirty women—"curious and inexplicable attacks." Then men were similarly injured. About eighty persons, openly, in the streets, were stabbed by an uncatchable—an invisible —or it may be the most fitting description to say that, upon the bodies of people of Kiel, wounds appeared. See the London *Daily Mail*, Dec. 7, 1901—"The extraordinary thing about the mystery is that some marvelously sharp

instrument must have been used, because the victims do not seem to know that they are wounded, until several minutes after an attack."

And yet I think that something of an explanation of these *Jacks* is findable in every male's recollections of his own boyhood—the ringing of door bells, just to torment people—stretching a string over sidewalks, to knock off hats—other, pestiferous tricks. It is not only "just for fun"; there is an engagement of the imagination in these pranks. It will be my expression that, when the more powerful and more definite imagination of an adult human similarly engages and concentrates, phenomena that will be considered beyond belief, or acceptance, by readers who do not realize of what common occurrence they are, develop.

We have had stories of series of accidents, and perhaps my suspicion that they were not mere coincidences has been regarded at least tolerantly. I have data of three automobile accidents that occurred at times not far apart; and, as to this series, I note a seeming association with minor attacks upon other automobiles, and upon people, that suggests the doings of one criminal. If so, he will have to be called *occult*, whether we take readily to, or are much repelled by, that term.

Upon the night of April 9, 1927, Alexander Nemko and Pearl Devon were motoring through Hyde Park, London, when their car dashed down an incline, and plunged into the Serpentine. The car sank in fifteen feet of water. Though terrified and drowning, Nemko had his wits with him, so that he opened the door of the car, and dragged his companion to the surface, and, with her, swam ashore.

There was nothing in the lay of the land by which to explain. The newspapers noted that there had never been an accident here before. "The steering gear apparently failed," was Nemko's attempt to explain. Perhaps it is queer that right at this point, so near a body of water, the steering gear failed: but, considered by itself, as mysteries usually are considered, there is little that can be said against Nemko's way of explaining.

Two nights later, a taxicab plunged into the Thames, at Walton. The passenger swam ashore, but the driver was, it seems, drowned. His body was dredged for but was not found. The passenger, who must have been jostled past having any clear remembrance of what occurred, explained that, at the brink of the river, the rear wheels of the car had dropped into a deep rut, and that the car had jolted into the river.

Upon May 3rd—see the London *Evening Standard,* May 6—William Farrance and Beatrice Villes, of Linomroad, Clapham, London, were driving near Tunbridge Wells, when the car suddenly plunged toward a hedge, at the left of the road. Farrance succeeded in forcing the car to the right. Again something drove it toward the hedge. Farrance was powerless to stop it, and it broke through the hedge, overturning, killing the girl.

A schoolgirl, Beryl de Meza, was shot by somebody unknown and unseen, while playing in the street, near her home, at Hampstead, London.

At Sheffield, there was an occurrence that was atrocious, but that may not be uncanny, but that attracts my attention because of the fiendishness of something else with which it associates. At the Soho Grinding Works, it was found, morning of April 29th, that grinding wheels had been chipped, and that belting had been stripped from pulleys. Nails had been driven, points upward, in chairs upon which the grinders sat. Tools had been thrown into motors, and currents had been turned on, causing much damage. All this looks like sabotage, malicious but scarcely "fiendish": but in a building next door there had been doings that are so describable. Chickens had been tortured: combs cut off, legs broken, the head of one burned: others mutilated, and their injuries smeared with white paint.

London *Evening Standard,* May 5—"Mystery of four shooting affairs." A boy, playing in Mitcham Park, London, was shot in the head, by an air gun, it was thought, though no air gun pellet was found. At Tooting Bec-common, an "air gun pellet"—though it was not said that an air gun pellet was found—passed through the wind-shield of a motor car. In Stamford two men were shot by an unknown assailant. London *Sunday Express,* May 8—Mr. George Berlam, of Leigh-on-Sea, motoring on the road from London to Southend—he heard a report, and his windshield was splintered. In accounts of the punctured windshield, at Tooting Bec-common, the driver of the car was quoted as saying that he had heard a report, and at the same time a laugh, "though nobody was about, at the time."

Wounds have appeared upon people. Usually the explanation is that they were stabbed. Objects have been mutilated. Windowpanes and automobile windshields have been pierced, as if by bullets, but by bullets that could not be found. Such were the doings of the "phantom sniper of Camden" (N. J.). He appeared first, in November, 1927: but the first clipping that I have, relating to him, is from the *New York Evening Post,* Jan. 26, 1928—a store

window pierced by a bullet—the eighth reported occurrence. Later, the stories were definitely of a "phantom sniper" and his "phantom bullets."

New York Herald Tribune, Feb. 9, 1928—Collingswood, N. J., February 8—"The 'phantom sniper,' if it was the work of South Jersey's mysterious marksman, scored his most sensational attack to-night when a window in the home of William T. Turnbull was shattered by what appeared to be a charge of shot.

"Police at first believed it an attempted assassination, but, as in all the other cases, no missile was found.

"Turnbull, a Philadelphia stockbroker, and a former president of the Collingswood Borough Council, who was seated near the window, reading, was spattered with glass. He said that an automobile had stopped in front of the house a few minutes before. The absence of any grains of shot added to the mystery."

I have sent letters of enquiry to all persons mentioned in the various reports. I have received not one answer. It may be preferable to some readers to think that there are no such persons. Still, I note that not one of these letters was dead-lettered back to me.

The attacks continued until Feb. 28, 1928. Windowpanes and windshields of automobiles were pierced by something that made no report of a gun, and that was unfindable. Something, or somebody, who was unseen, caused excitement in half a dozen towns from Philadelphia to Newark. Even if I could persuade myself that I am over-fanciful in my own notions, the seemingly veritable stories of the existence of a missile-less gun would be interesting. Authorities in Jersey towns, noting the range of the malefactor, were especially watchful of motorists: but it is my notion that he had no need for anything on wheels in which to do his traveling. I noticed a similar range, in the doings in England, in April and May, 1927.

Snipings by the "Camden phantom" were the show-off, and nobody was injured by him: but a more harmful fellow operated in Boston, beginning about Nov. 1, 1930. I think that these sportsmen, who possibly are sentimental opponents to the shooting of game birds and deer, and practice their cruelties in ways that seem to them less condemnable, divide into the unoccult, and into more imaginative fellows who have found out how to practice occultly. In Boston, a noiseless weapon was used, but, this time, in two weeks, two men and a woman were seriously injured, and bullets of small caliber were removed from their wounds. These attacks so alarmed

people that policemen, armed with riot guns, lined the roads south of Boston, with orders to catch the "silent sniper." The attacks continued until about the middle of February, 1931. Nobody was caught.

In this period (Nov. 12, 1931) a dispatch to the newspapers, from Bogota, Colombia, told of a "puzzling crime wave." In the hospitals were forty-five persons, suffering with stab wounds. "The police were unable to explain what appeared to be a general attack, but they arrested more than 200 persons."

Another occurrence of "phantom bullets," in the State of New Jersey, was told of, in the *New York Herald*, Feb. 2, 1916. Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Repp, of Glassboro, N. J., had been fired upon by "phantom bullets." This was a special attack upon one house. There were sounds of breaking glass, and bullet holes were found in windowpanes, but nothing beyond the windowpanes was marked. It is such a circumstance as was told of in accounts of the "Camden sniper." It is as if somebody fired, not only with a missileless gun, or with invisible bullets, but as if with intent only to perforate windows, and with the effects controlled by, and limited by, his intent. Consequently, instead of thinking of a shooting at windowpanes, I tend simply to think that holes appeared in window glass. Nobody in the house was injured, but Mr. and Mrs. Repp were terrified and they fled. Members of the Township Committee investigated, and they reported that, though no bullets were findable, the windows "were broken much as a window usually is, when a bullet crashes through it."

That's the story. Of witnesses, I. C. Soddy and Howard R. Moore were mentioned. I sent letters of enquiry to all persons whose names were given, and received not one reply. There are several ways of explaining. One is that it is probable that persons who have experiences such as those told of in this book, receive so many "crank letters" that they answer none. Dear me—once upon a time, I enjoyed a sense of amusement and superiority toward "cranks." And now here am I, a "crank," myself. Like most writers, I have the moralist somewhere in my composition, and here I warn —take care, oh, reader, with whom you are amused, unless you enjoy laughing at yourself.

It seemed to me doubtful that a woman could go along Upper Broadway, and jab, with a hat pin, five men and a woman, before being caught. There has been a gathering of suggestions of not ordinary woundings. In *Lloyd's Weekly News* (London) Feb. 21, 1909, there was an account of a panic in

Berlin. Many women, in the streets of the city, had been stabbed. It was said that the assailant had been seen, and he was described as “a young man, always vanishing.” If he was seen, he is another of the “uncatchables.” In this newspaper of February 23, it was said that 73 women had been stabbed, all except four of them not seriously.

We have had data that suggest the existence of vampires, other than humans of the type of the Portuguese sailor: but the brazen and serialized—sometimes murderous, but sometimes petty—assaults upon men and women are of a different order, and seem to me to be the work of imaginative criminals, stabbing people to make mystery, and to make a stir. I feel that I can understand their motives, because once upon a time I was an imaginative criminal, myself. Once upon a time I was a boy. One time, when I was a boy, I caught a lot of flies. There was nothing of the criminal, nor of the malicious, in what I did, this time, but it seems to give me an understanding of the “phantom” stabbers and snipers. I painted the backs of the flies red, and turned them loose. There was an imaginative pleasure in thinking of flies, so bearing my mark, attracting attention, causing people to wonder, spreading far, appearing in distant places, so marked by me.

In some of our stories there is much suggestion that there was no “vanishing man”—that wounds appeared upon people, as appeared—or as it was said to have appeared—a wound on the head of a sailor. See back to the story told by the captain of the *Brechsee.* Or that wounds appeared upon people, and that the victims, examined by the police, were more or less bullied into giving some kind of description of an assailant. However, some of the stories of the “vanishing man” look as if he, too, may be. There may be several ways of doing these things. Early in the year 1907, a “vanishing man” was reported from the town of Winchester, England. I take from the *Weekly Dispatch* (London), Feb. 10, 1907. Women of Winchester were complaining of an “uncatchable,” who was committing petty assaults upon them, such as rapping their hands. “A mysterious feature of the affair is that the man disappears, as if by magic.”

The “phantom stabber” of Bridgeport, Conn., appeared first Feb. 20, 1925, and the last of his attacks, of which I have record, was upon June 1, 1928. That was a long time in which to operate uncaught. In the daytime, mostly, though sometimes at night, girls were stabbed: in the streets; in such public places as a department store, and the entrance of a library. Descriptions of the assailant were indefinite. In almost all instances the

wounds were not serious. One of the stories, as told in the *New York Herald Tribune,* Aug. 27, 1927, is typical of the circumstances of publicity, or of the confidence of an assailant that he could not be caught. If my stories will be regarded as ghost stories, a novelty about them is the eeriness of crowded thoroughfares—a lurk near Coventry Street, London, and the sneak of an invisible in Broadway, New York. I expect sometime to hear of a haunted subway, during rush hours. Edgar Allan Poe would say of me that I'm no artist, and don't know how to infuse atmosphere. One would think that I had never heard of the uncanniness of dark nights in lonely places. Some of the stories are of desperate plays for notoriety. I have a story now, not of doings in a graveyard, but in a department store. Bridgeport, Conn. —staged on a staircase, with an audience of hundreds of persons, there was a very theatrical performance. A review of this melodrama was published in the *Herald Tribune*—

"The stabber who has terrorized Bridgeport for the last thirty months suddenly appeared this afternoon and claimed his twenty-third victim in a crowded down-town department store. The victim was Isabelle Pelskur, fourteen, 539 Main Street, messenger girl employed in the D. M. Read store. The girl was stabbed in the store where she is employed.

"The stabbing occurred at 4:50, just two minutes before closing time of the store. Already some of the store doors had been locked, and the large crowd of shoppers were being ushered from the store. The employees were leaving their counters, and the victim had started up the stairs from the arcade side of the first floor to the women's dressing room.

"The girl had scarcely ascended more than half a dozen steps when she was attacked by the assailant who lunged his sharp blade into her side, causing a severe wound."

He got away. Nobody reported having seen him escaping. The girl could give only a "meager" description of him.

10

RELATIVELY to the principles of modern science, werewolves cannot be. But I know of no such principle that is other than tautology or approximation. It is myth-stuff. Then, if relatively to a group of phantoms, werewolves cannot be, there are at least negative grounds for thinking that they are quite likely.

Relatively to the principles, or lack of principles, of ultra-modern science, there isn't anything that can't be, even though also it is not clear how anything can be.

So my acceptance, or pseudo-conclusion, is that werewolves are quite likely-unlikely.

Once upon a time, when minds were dosed with the pill-theory of matter, werewolves were said to be physically impossible. Very little globes were said to be the ultimates of matter, and were supposed to be understandable, and people thought they knew what matter is. But the pills have rolled away. Now we are told that the ultimates are waves. It is impossible to think of a wave. One has to think of something that is waving. If anybody can think of crime, virtue, or color, independent of somebody who is criminal, virtuous, or colored, that thinker—or whatever—may say that he knows what he is talking about, in denying the existence of anything, upon physical grounds. To say that the "ultimate waves" are electrical comes no closer to saying something. If there is no definition of electricity better than that of saying that it is a mode of motion, we're not enlighteningly told that the "ultimate waves" are moving motions.

My suspicion is that we've got everything reversed; or that all things that have the sanction of scientists, or that are in agreement with their myths, are ghosts: and that things called "ghosts," are, because they are not in agreement with the spooks of science, the more nearly real things. I now suspect that the spiritualists are reversedly right—that there is a ghost-world—but that it is our existence—that when spirits die they become human beings.

I now have a theory that once upon a time, we were real and alive, but departed into this state that we call “existence”—that we have carried over with us from the real existence, from which we died, the ideas of Truth, and of axioms and principles and gen-eralizations—ideas that really meant something when we were really alive, but that, of course, now, in our phantom-existence—which is demonstrable by any X-ray photograph of any of us—can have only phantom-meaning—so then our never-ending, but always frustrated, search for our lost reality. We come upon chimera and mystification, but persistently have beliefs, as retentions from an experience in which there were things to believe in. I’d not say that all of us are directly ghosts: most of us may be the descendants of the departed from a real existence, who, in our spook-world, pseudo-propagated.

Once upon a time—but in our own times—there were two alleged marvels that were sources of uncommon contempt, or amusement, to scientists: they were the transformation of elements into other elements, and the transformation of human animals into other animals.

The history of science is a record of the transformations of contempts and amusements.

I think that the idea of werewolves is most silly, degraded, and superstitious: therefore I incline toward it respectfully. It is so laughable that I am serious about this.

Marauding animals have often unaccountably appeared in, or near, human communities, in Europe and the United States. The explanation of an escape from a menagerie has, many times, been unsatisfactory, or has had nothing to base upon. I have collected notes upon these occurrences, as *teleportations*, but also there may be *lycanthropy.*

Nobody has ever been finally reasonable, and it is impossible for me to be absolutely unreasonable. I can tell no yarn that is wholly a yarn, if it be my whim, or inspiration, to come out for the existence of werewolves.

What is there that absolutely sets apart the story of a man who turned into an ape, or a hyena, from the story of a caterpillar that became a butterfly? Or rascals who almost starve to death, and then learn to take on the looks of philanthropists? There are shabby young doctors and clergymen, who turn so sleek, after learning the lingo of altruists, that they have the appearance of very different animals. Or the series of portraits of Napoleon Bonaparte—and so much of his mind upon classical models—and the transformation

of a haggard young man into much resemblance to the Roman Emperor Augustus.

It is a matter of common belief that men have come from animals called "lower," not necessarily from apes, though the ape-theory seems to fit best, and is the most popular. Then why not that occasionally a human sloughs backward? Data of reversions, not of individuals, but of species, are common in biology.

I have come upon many allusions to the "leopard men" and the "hyena men" of African tribes, but the most definite story that I know of is an article by Richard Bagot, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, October, 1918, upon the alleged powers of natives of Northern Nigeria to take on the forms of lower animals. An experience attributed to Capt. Shott, D. S. O., is told of. It is said that raiding hyenas had been wounded by gun-traps, and in each case had been traced to a point where the hyena tracks had ceased, and had been succeeded by human footprints, leading to a native town. A particular of the traditional werewolf story is that when a werewolf is injured, the injury appears upon a corresponding part of the human being of its origin. Bagot told of Capt. Shott's experience, alleged experience, whatever, with "an enormous brute" that had been shot, and had made off, leaving tracks that were followed. The hunters came to a spot where they found the jaw of the animal, lying in a pool of blood. The tracks went on toward a native town. The next day a native died. His jaw had been shot away.

There have been many appearances of animals that were unexplained—anyway until I appeared upon the horizon of this field of data. It seems to me that my expressions upon *Teleportations* are somewhat satisfactory in most of the cases—that is, that there is a force, distributive of forms of life and other phenomena that could switch an animal, say from a jungle in Madagascar to a back yard somewhere in Nebraska. But theories of mine are not so godlike as to deny any right of being for all other theories. I'd not be dogmatic and say positively that once upon a time a lemur was magically transported from Africa to Nebraska: possibly somebody in Lincoln, Nebraska, had been transformed into a lemur, or was a werelemur.

Whatever the explanation may be, the story was told, in the *New York Sun*, Nov. 12, 1931. Dr. E. R. Mathers, of Lincoln, Nebraska, had seen a strange, small animal in his yard, acting queerly. The next day he found the creature dead. The body was taken to Dr. I. H. Blake, of the University of Nebraska, who identified it as that of an African lemur, of the *Galaga*

group. A lemur is a monkey-like animal, with a long snout: size about that of a monkey.

I wrote to Dr. Mathers about this, and, considerably to my surprise, because mostly my "crank" letters are very properly ignored, received an answer, dated Nov. 21, 1931. Dr. Mathers verified the story. The lemur, stuffed and mounted, is now upon exhibition in the museum of the State University, at Lincoln. Where it had come from had not been learned. There was no story of an escape, anywhere, that could match this appearance in a back yard. Accounts had been spread-headed, with illustrations, in the *Lincoln State Journal*, October 23rd, and in the *Sunday State Journal*, October 25th: but not even in some other back yard had this animal been seen, according to absence of statements. I neglected to ask whether, at the time of the appearance of the lemur, the disappearance of any resident of Lincoln was reported.

Suppose, at a meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, I should read a paper upon the transformation of a man into a hyena. There would be only one way of doing that. I recommend it to unrecognized geniuses, who can't otherwise get a hearing. It would have to be a hold-up.

But, without having to pull a gun, at the meeting of the N. A. S., at New Haven, Conn., Nov. 18, 1931, Dr. Richard C. Tolman suggested that energy may be transforming into matter.

If one can't think of a man transforming into a hyena, let one try to think of the motions of a thing turning into a thing.

My expression is that, in our existence of the hyphen, or of intermediateness between so-called opposites, there is no energy, and there is no matter: but that there is matter-energy, manifesting in different degrees of emphasis one way or the other:

That it is not thinkable that energy could turn into matter: but that it is thinkable that energy-matter could, by a difference of emphasis, turn into matter-energy—

Or that there is no man who is without the hyena-element in his composition, and that there is no hyena that is not at least rudimentarily human—or that at least it may be reasoned that, by no absolute transformation, but by a shift of emphasis, a man-hyena might turn into a hyena-man.

The year 1931—and there were everywhere, but most notably in the U. S. A., such shifts, or reversions, from the state that is called "civilization,"

that there was talk of repealing laws against carrying weapons, and of the arming of citizens to protect themselves, as if such cities as New York and Chicago were frontier towns. Out of policemen—in all except physical appearance—had come wolves that had preyed upon nocturnal women. There were chases of savages through the streets of New York City. Jackals on juries picked up bits from kills by bigger beasts, and snarled their jackalverdicts.

New York Times, June 30, 1931—"Police at Mineola hunt apelike animal —hairy creature, about four feet tall."

Out of judges had come swine.

County Judge W. Bernard Vause found guilty of using the mails to defraud, and sentenced to six years in Atlanta Penitentiary. Federal Judge Grover M. Moscowitz was censured by the House of Representatives. The Magistrates, who, facing charges of corruption, resigned, were Mancuso, Ewald, McQuade, Goodman, Simpson. Vitale was removed. Crater disappeared. Rosenbluth went away, for his health's sake.

And, near Mineola, Long Island, a gorilla was reported.

The first excitement was at Lewis & Valentine's nursery—story told by half a dozen persons—an ape that had come out of the woods, had looked them over, and had retreated. It seems that the police hardn't heard of "mass psychology": so they had to explain less learnedly. Several days later, they were so impressed with repeating stories that a dozen members of the Nassau County Police Department were armed with shotguns, and were assigned to ape-duty.

No circus had appeared anywhere near Mineola, about this time; and from neither any Zoo, nor from anybody's smaller menagerie, had the escape of any animal been reported. Ordinarily let nothing escape, or let nothing large, wild, and hairy appear, but let it be called an ape, anyway—and, upon the rise of an ape-scare, one expects to hear of cows reported as gorillas: trees, shadows, vacancies taking on ape-forms. But—*New York Herald Tribune,* June 27th— Mrs. E. H. Tandy, of Star Cliff Drive, Malverne, reported something as if she had not heard of the ape-scare. She called up the police station, saying that there was a lion in her back yard. The policeman, who incredulously received this message, waited for another policeman to return to the station, and share the joke. Both waited for the arrival of a third disbeliever. The three incredulous policemen set out, several hours after the telephone call, and by that time there wasn't

anything to disturb anybody's conventional beliefs, in Mrs. Tandy's back yard.

There was no marauding. All the stories were of a large and hairy animal that was appearing and disappearing—

And appearing and disappearing in the vast jungles not far from Mineola, Long Island, were skunks that were coming from lawyers. Some of them were caught and rendered inoffensive by disbarment. There was a capture of several dozen medical hyenas, who had been picking up livings in the trains of bootleggers. It could be that an occurrence, in New Jersey, was not at all special, but represented a general slump back toward a state of about simian development. There was an examination of applicants for positions in the schools of Irvington. In mathematics, no question beyond arithmetic was asked: in spelling, no unusual word was listed. One hundred and sixteen applicants took the examination, and all failed to pass. The average mark was 31.5. The creep of jungle-life stripped clothes from people. Nudists appeared in many places. And it was not until later in the year, that the staunchest opponent of disclosures spoke out, in the name of decency, or swaddling—or when Pope Pius XI refused to receive Mahatma Gandhi, unless he'd put on pants.

Upon the 29th of June, the ape-story was taken so seriously, at Mineola, that Police Captain Earle Comstock ordered out a dozen special motor patrols, armed with revolvers and sawed-off shot-guns, with gas and ball ammunition, led by Sergeant Berkley Hyde. A posse of citizens was organized, and it was joined by twenty nurserymen, who were armed with sickles, clubs, and pitchforks. Numerous footprints were found. "The prints seemed to be solely those of the hind feet, and were about the size and shape of a man's hand, though the thumb was set farther back than would be the case with a man's hand." However, no ape was seen. As to prior observations, Policeman Fred Koehler, who had been assigned to investigate, reported statements by ten persons.

The animal disappeared about the last of June. Upon July 18th, it was reported again, and by persons who were out of communication with each other. It was near Huntington, L. I. A nurseryman, named Stockman, called up the police, saying that members of his family had seen an animal, resembling a gorilla, running through shrubbery. Then a farmer, named Bruno, three miles away, telephoned that he had seen a strange animal.

Policemen went to both places, and found tracks, but lost them in the woods. The animal was not reported again.

And I suppose I shall get a letter from somebody in Long Island, asking me not to publish his name, unless I consider that positively necessary, but assuring me that, of all the theorists, who had tried to explain the Ape of Mineola, only I have insight and penetration—

Or an impulse that had come upon him, in June, 1931, to climb trees, and to chatter, and to pick over the heads of his neighbors— and then blankness. He had awakened from a trance, and had found on his carpet tracks of "thumbed footprints." A peculiar, greenish mud. He had gone to Lewis and Valentine's nursery, and there he had seen a patch of this mud, which was not known to exist anywhere else.

And, if I don't take seriously this letter that I shall probably receive from somebody in Long Island, it will be because probably also I shall hear from somebody else, telling me that above all he shrinks from notoriety, but that personal considerations must be swept aside for the sake of science—that, as told in the newspapers, somebody had slung a brick, hitting the retreating ape, and that he had been unable to sit down next morning.

But the germination of a new idea, I'm feeling. I have wondered about occultly stealing a money-bag from a bank. But that is so paltry, compared with abilities, not considered occult, by which respectable operators steal banks. Or psychically dislocating somebody's shoulder, in a petty revenge —whereas, politically, and upon the noblest of idealistic principles, whole nations may be dislocated. But, when it comes to the Miracle of Mineola, I feel the stirrings of Usefulness—

Or the makings of a new religion—founded as solidly as any religion ever has been founded—

All ye who are world-weary—unsatisfied with mere nudism, which isn't reverting far enough—unsatisfied with decadence in creeds and politics of today, which conceivably might be more primitive—conceiving that, after all, the confusion in the sciences isn't blankness, and that the cave-arts are at least scrawling something—all ye who are craving a more drastic degeneration—and a possible answer to your prayer—

"Make me, oh, make me, an ape again!"

What I need, to keep me somewhat happy, and to some degree interested in my work, is opposition. If lofty and academic, so much the better: if sanctified, I'm in great luck. I suspect that it may be regrettable, but, though

I am much of a builder, I can't be somewhat happy, as a writer, unless also I'm mauling something. Most likely this is the werewolf in my composition. But the science of physics, which, at one time, was thought forever to have disposed of werewolves, vampires, witches, and other pets of mine, is today such an attempted systematization of the principles of magic, that I am at a loss for eminent professors to be disagreeable to. Upon the principles of quantum mechanics, one can make reasonable almost any miracle, such as entering a closed room without penetrating a wall, or jumping from one place to another without traversing the space between. The only reason why the exponents of ultra-modern mechanics are taken more solemnly than I am is that the reader does not have to pretend that he knows what I am writing about There are alarmed scientists, who try to confine their ideas of magic to the actions of electronic particles, or waves: but, in the *Physical Review*, April, 1931, were published letters from Prof. Einstein, Prof. R. C. Tolman, and Dr. Boris Podolsky that indicate that this refinement cannot be maintained. Prof. Einstein applies the Principle of Uncertainty not only to atomic affairs, but to such occurrences as the opening and shutting of a shutter on a camera.

There can be no science, or pretended science, except upon the basis of ideal certainty. Anything else is to some degree guesswork. As a guesser, I'll not admit my inferiority to any scientist, imbecile, or rabbit. The position today of what is said to be the science of physics is so desperate, and so confused, that its exponents are trying to incorporate into one system both former principles and the denial of them. Even in the anaemia and frazzle of religion, today, there is no worse state of desperation, or decomposition. The attempt to take the principle of uncertainty—or the principle of unprincipledness—into science is about the same as would be an attempt by theologians to preach the word of God, and also include atheism in their doctrines.

As an Intermediatist, I find the principle of uncertainty unsatisfactorily expressed. My own expressions are upon the principled-unprincipled rule-misrule of our pseudo-existence by certainty-uncertainty—

Or, whereas it seems unquestionable that no man has ever been transformed into a hyena, we can be no more than sure-unsure about this.

About the first of January, 1849, somebody, employed in a Paris cemetery, came upon parts of a human body, strewn on the walks. Up in the leafless trees dangled parts of a body. He came to a new-made grave, from

which, during the night, had been dug the corpse of a woman. This corpse had been torn to pieces, which, in a frenzy, had been scattered. For details, see *Galignani's Messenger* (Paris) March 10, 23, 24, 1849.

Several nights later, in another Paris cemetery, there was a similar occurrence.

The cemeteries of Paris were guarded by men and dogs, but the ghoul eluded them, and dug up bodies of women. Upon the night of March 8th, guards outside the cemetery of St. Parnasse saw somebody, or something, climbing a wall of the cemetery. Face of a wolf, or a clothed hyena—they could give no description. They fired at it, but it escaped.

Near a new-made grave, at St. Parnasse, they set a spring-gun. It was loaded with nails and bits of iron, for the sake of scattering. One morning, later in March, it was found that, during the night, this gun had discharged. Part of a soldier's uniform that had been shot away was found.

A gravedigger heard of a soldier, who had been taken to a Paris hospital, where he had told that he had been shot by an unknown assailant. It was said that he had been wounded by a discharge of nails and bits of iron.

The soldier's name was Francis Bertrand. The suspicion against him was considered preposterous. He was a young man of twenty-five, who had advanced himself to the position of Sergeant-Major of Infantry. "He bore a good name, and was accounted a man of gentle disposition, and an excellent soldier."

But his uniform was examined, and the fragment of cloth that had been found in the cemetery fitted into a gap in the sleeve of it.

The crime of the ghoul was unknown, or was unrecognized, in French law. Bertrand was found guilty, and was sentenced to imprisonment for one year, the maximum penalty for the only charge that could be brought against him. Virtually he could explain nothing, except that he had surrendered to an "irresistible impulse." But there is one detail of his account of himself that I especially notice. It is that, after each desecration, there came to him another irresistible impulse." That was to make for shelter—a hut, a trench in a field, anywhere—and there lie in a trance, then rising from the ghoul into the soldier.

I have picked up another item. It is from the *San Francisco Daily Evening Bulletin*, June 27, 1874—"Bertrand the Ghoul is still alive: he is cured of his hideous disease, and is cited as a model of gentleness and propriety."

11

DAMN the particle, but there is salvation for the aggregate.

A gust of wind is wild and free, but there are handcuffs on the storm.

During the World War, no course of a single bullet could have been predicted absolutely, but any competent mathematician could have written the equations of the conflict as a whole.

This is the attempt by the theologians of science to admit the Uncertainty Principle, and to cancel it. Similarly reason the scientists of theology:

The single records of the Bible may not be altogether accurate, but the good, old book, as a whole, is Immortal Truth.

Says Dr. C. G. Darwin, in *New Conceptions of Matter:*

"We cannot say exactly what will happen to a single electron, but we can confidently estimate the probabilities. If an experiment is carried out, with a thousand electrons, what was a probability for one, becomes nearly a certainty. Physical theory confidently predicts that the millions of millions of electrons in our bodies will behave even more regularly, and that to find a case of noticeable departure from the average, we should have to wait for a time quite fantastically longer than the estimated age of the universe."

This reasoning is based upon the scientific delusion that there are final bodies, or wholes.

Arthur B. Mitchell, of 472 McAllister Avenue, Utica, N. Y., goes out for the evening. It can't be said exactly what will happen to a single cell of Mr. Mitchell's composition, but every wink of an eye, or scratch of an ear, of this body, as a whole, can be foretold.

But now we have a change of view, as to this body that had been regarded as a whole. Now Mr. Mitchell is regarded as one of many units in this community known as Utica. Now the admission is that Mr. Mitchell's conduct may be slightly irregular, but the contention is that the politics of Utica, as a whole, is never a surprise.

But surprising things, in Utica, are reported. Well, Utica is only one of the many communities that make up the State of New York. But the State of

New York—

My own expression is that ours is an intermediate existence, poised, or fluctuating back and forth between two unrealizable extremes that may be called *positiveness* and *negativeness;* a hyphenated state of goodness-badness, coldness-heat, equilibrium-inequilibrium, certainty-uncertainty. I conceive of our existence as an organism in which positivizing and negativizing manifestations, or conflicts, are metabolic. Certainty, or regularity, exists to a high degree, in the movements of the planets, but not absolutely, because of small, unformulable digressions: and negativeness exists to a high degree, in the freaks of a cyclone, though not absolutely, because a still more frenzied state of eccentricity can always be thought of.

My expression is that there are things, beings, and events that conform strikingly to regularized generalizations, but that also there are outrageous, silly, fiendish, bizarre, idiotic, monstrous things, beings, and events that illustrate just as strikingly universal imbecility, crime, or unformulability, or fantasy.

In the London newspapers, last of March, 1908, was told a story, which, when starting off, was called "what the coroner for South Northumberland described as the most extraordinray case that he had ever investigated." The story was of a woman, at Whitley Bay, near Blyth, England, who, according to her statement, had found her sister, burned to death on an unscorched bed. This was the equivalence of the old stories of "spontaneous combustion of human bodies." It was said that the coroner was at first puzzled by this story; but that he learned that the woman who told it had been intoxicated, and soon compelled her to admit that she had found her sister, suffering from burns, in another part of the house, and had carried her to her bedroom.

But, in my experience with Taboo, I have so many notes upon coroners, who have seen to it that testimony was what it should be; and so many records of fires that, according to all that is supposed to be known of chemical affinity, should not have been, that, between what should and what shouldn't, I am so confused that all that I can say about a story of a woman who burned to death on an unscorched bed is that it is possible-impossible.

Looking over data, I note a case that has no bearing on the story of the burning woman on the unscorched bed, but that is a story of strange fires, or of fires that would be strange, if stories of similar fires were not so common. It is a case that interests me, because it aligns with the stories of

Emma Piggott and John Doughty. There was an occurrence, and it was followed by something else that seems related: but, in terms of common knowledge, it cannot be maintained that between the first occurrence and the following occurrences there was relationship. Most of the story was told in the London *Times*, Aug. 21, 1856: but, whenever it is possible for me to do so, I go to local newspapers for what I call data. I take from various issues of the *Bedford Times* and the *Bedford Mercury.*

Upon the 12th of August, 1856, a resident of Bedford, named Moulton, was absent from home. He was upon a business trip to Ireland. At home were Mrs. Moulton and the housemaid, Anne Fennimore. To fumigate the house, the girl burned sulphur, in an earthenware jar, on the floor. The burning sulphur ran out on the floor, and set the house afire. This fire was out out.

About an hour later, a mattress was found burning, in another room. But the fire from the sulphur had not extended beyond one room, and this mattress was in another part of the house. Smoke was seen, coming from a chest. Later, smoke was seen coming from a closet, and in it linen was found burning. Other isolated fires broke out. Moulton was sent for, and returned, upon the evening of the 16th. He took off damp clothes, and threw them on the floor. Next morning these clothes were found afire. Then came a succession of about forty fires, in curtains, in closets, and in bureau drawers. Neighbors and policemen came in, and were soon fearful for their safety. Not only objects around them flamed: so flamed their handkerchiefs.

There were so many witnesses, and so much talk in the town, that there was an investigation. Considering that nobody was harmed, it seems queer to read that the investigation was a coroner's inquest: but the coroner was the official who took up the investigation. Witnesses told of such occurrences as picking up a pillow and setting it down—pillow flaming. There was an attempt to explain, in commonplace terms: but nothing that could suggest arson was found, and Moulton had insured neither the house nor the furniture. The outstanding puzzlement was that an ordinary fire seemed to be in some way related to the fires that followed it, but in no way that could be defined. The verdict of the jury was that the fire from the burning sulphur was accidental, but that there was no evidence to show what had caused the succeeding fires.

This story attracted attention in London. After the first account, in the *Times*, there was considerable correspondence. At the inquest, two

physicians had given their opinion that the sulphur fire must have been the cause of the other fires—or that inflammable, sulphurous fumes had probably spread throughout Moulton's house. But the jury had refused to accept this explanation, because of testimony that chairs and sofas that had been carried out into the yard, had flamed. The fires were in a period of five days, and it is probable that in that length of time any permeation by fumes would have been detected. In the discussion in the *Times* it was pointed out that sulphurous fumes are oxides and are not inflammable.

However, I come to another fire, and maybe I'll explain this one.

It was upon the night of Jan. 21, 1909. Upon this night, a small-town woman exasperated a New York hotel clerk. Perhaps I explain her unusual behavior by thinking that, having come from a small town, she started picturing the dangers of the big city, and let her imaginings become an obsession. The woman was Mrs. Mary Wells Jennings, of Brewster, N. Y. Place—the Greek Hotel, 30 E. 42nd Street. See the *Brooklyn Eagle*, Jan. 22, 1909. Mrs. Jennings asked the night clerk to change her room, saying that she feared fire. The clerk assigned her to another room. Not long afterward—wouldn't he let her have another room? So another room. Again she annoyed the clerk. Room changed again. A few hours later, in an unoccupied room, where, during alterations, paints were stored, a fire broke out.

5 *Louis Globe-Democrat*, Dec. 16, 1889.—"In some mysterious way, a fire started in the mahogany desk in the center of the office of the Secretary of War, at Washington, D. C. Several official papers were destroyed, but it was said that they were of no especial value, and could be replaced. Secretary Proctor cannot understand how the fire originated, as he does not smoke, and keeps no matches about his desk."

It may be that there have been other cases, in which, "in some mysterious way" have been destroyed papers that were of no especial value, and could be replaced. Upon Sept. 16, 1920, London newspapers told of three fires that had broken out simultaneously in different departments of the Government Office, in Tothill Street, Westminster, London. It was not said that papers of no especial value had been destroyed, but it was said that these simultaneous fires had not been explained. London *Sunday Express*, May 2, 1920—"Upon the night of April 28, fire of mysterious origin broke out at the War Office, Constantinople, where the archives are stored. The

iron doors were locked, and it was impossible to gain entrance to the building until afternoon. Many important documents were destroyed."

The body of a girl—and the body of a crow—and a newspaper correspondent's vague feeling of an unknown relationship—

A woman who was away from home—

Upon the night of April 6, 1919—see the *Dartford* (Kent) *Chronicle*, April 7—Mr. J. Temple Thurston was alone in his home, Hawley Manor, near Dartford. His wife was abroad. Particulars of the absence of his wife, or of anything leading to the absence of his wife, are missing. Something had broken up this home. The servants had been dismissed. Thurston was alone.

At 2:40 o'clock, morning of April 7th, the firemen were called to Hawley Manor. Outside Thurston's room, the house was blazing: but in his room there was no fire. Thurston was dead. His body was scorched: but upon his clothes there was no trace of fire.

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FROM the story of J. Temple Thurston, I pick up that this man, with his clothes on, was so scorched as to bring on death by heart failure, by a fire that did not affect his clothes. This body was fully clothed, when found, about three o'clock in the morning. Thurston had not been sitting up, drinking. There was no suggestion that he had been reading. It was commented upon, at the inquest, as queer, that he should have been up and fully clothed about three o'clock in the morning. The verdict, at the inquest, was of death from heart failure, due to inhaling smoke. The scorches were large red patches on the thighs and lower parts of the legs. It was much as if, bound to a stake, the man had stood in a fire that had not mounted high.

In this burning house, nothing was afire in Thurston's room. Nothing was found—such as charred fragments of nightclothes— to suggest that, about three o'clock, Thurston, awakened by a fire elsewhere in the house, had gone from his room, and had been burned, and had returned to his room, where he had dressed, but had then been overcome.

It may be that he had died hours before the house was afire.

It has seemed to me most fitting to regard all accounts in this book, as "stories." There has been a permeation of the fantastic, or whatever we think we mean by "untrueness." Our stories have not been realistic. And there is something about the story of J. Temple Thurston that, to me, gives it the look of a revised story. It is as if, in an imagined scene, an author had killed off a character by burning, and then, thinking it over, as some writers do, had noted inconsistencies, such as a burned body, and no mention of a fire anywhere in the house—so then, as an afterthought, the fire in the house—but, still, such an amateurish negligence in the authorship of this story, that the fire was not explained.

To the firemen, this fire in the house was as unaccountable as, to the coroner, was the burned body in the unscorched clothes. When the firemen broke into Hawley Manor, they found the fire raging outside Thurston's room. It was near no fireplace; near no electric wires that might have crossed. There was no odor of paraffin, nor was there anything else

suggestive of arson, or of *ordinary* arson. There had been no robbery. In Thurston's pockets were money and his watch. The fire, of unknown origin, seemed directed upon Thurston's room, as if to destroy, clothes and all, this burned body in the unscorched clothes. Outside, the door of this room was blazing, when the firemen arrived.

We have had other stories of unaccountable injuries. According to them, men and women have been stabbed, but have not known until later that they were wounded. There was no evidence to indicate that Thurston knew of his scorched condition, tried to escape, or called for help.

There are stories of persons who have been found dead, with bullet wounds, under clothing that showed no sign of the passage of bullets. The police-explanation has been of persons who were killed, while undressed, and were then dressed by the murderers. *New York Times*, July 1, 1872—mysterious murder, at Bridgeport, Conn., of Capt. Colvocoresses—shot through the heart—clothes not perforated. *Brooklyn Eagle*, July 8, 1891—Carl Gros found dead, near Maspeth, L. I.—no marks in the clothes to correspond with wounds in the body. Man found dead in Paris, Feb. 14, 1912—bullet wound—no sign of bullet passing through clothes.

I have come upon so many stories of showers of stones that have entered closed rooms, leaving no sign of entrance in either ceilings or walls, that I have not much sense of strangeness in the idea that bullets, or a knife, could pierce a body, under uncut clothes. There are stories of bullets that have entered closed rooms, without disturbing the materials of walls or ceilings.

Dispatch, dated March 3, 1929, to the *San Francisco Chronicle*—clipping sent to me by Miriam Allen de Ford, of San Francisco— "Newton, N. J.—The county prosecutor's office here is baffled by the greatest mystery in its history. For days a rain of buckshot, at intervals, has been falling in the office of the Newton garage, a small room, with one door and one window. There are no marks on the walls or ceiling, and there are no holes in the room, through which the shot could enter."

About two years later, being not very speedy in getting around to this, I wrote to the County Prosecutor, at Newton, and received a reply, signed by Mr. George R. Vaughan—"This occurrence turned out to be a hoax, perpetrated by some local jokesters."

There is a story, in the *Charleston* (S. C.) *News and Courier*, Nov. 12, 1886, not of bullets falling in a closed room, but, nevertheless, of unaccountable bullets—two men in a field, near Walterboro, Colleton Co.,

S. C.—small shot falling around them. They thought that it was a discharge from a sportsman's gun, but the rain of lead continued. They gathered specimens, which they took to the office of the *Colleton Press.*

Religio-Philosophical Journal, March 6, 1880—copying from the *Cincinnati Inquirer*—that, at Lebanon, Ohio, people of the town were in a state of excitement: that showers of birdshot were falling from the ceiling of John W. Lingo's hardware store. A committee had been appointed, and according to its report, the phenomenon was veritable: slow-falling volleys of shot, not of the size of any sold in the store, were appearing from no detectable point of origin. There was another circumstance, and it may have had much to do with the phenomenon: about five years before, somebody, at night, had entered this store, and had been shot by Lingo, escaping without being identified.

In the *R. P. J.*, April 24, 1880, a correspondent, J. H. Marshall, wrote, after having read of the Lingo case, of experiences of his, in the summer of 1867. Bullets fell in every room in his house, forcefully, but not with gunshot velocity—large birdshot—broad day-light—short intervals, and then falls that lasted an hour or more. Many bullets appeared, but when Marshall undertook to gather them, he could never find more than half a dozen. About the same time raps were heard.

How bullets could enter closed rooms is no more mysterious than is the howness of Houdini's escape from prison cells, though, according to all that was supposed to be known of physical confinements, that was impossible. In Russia, Houdini made, from a prison van, an escape that involved no expert knowledge, nor dexterity, in matters of locks. He was put into this van, and the door was soldered. He appeared outside, and the police called it an unfair contest, because, so to pass through solid walls, he must have been a spirit. Anyway, this story is told by Will Goldston, President of the Magicians' Club (London).

I have a story of a horse that appeared in what would, to any ordinary horse, be a closed room. It makes one nervous, maybe. One glances around, and would at least not be incredulous, seeing almost any damned thing, sitting in a chair, staring at one. I'd like to have readers, who consider themselves superior to such notions, note whether they can resist just a glance. The story of the horse was told in the London *Daily Mail,* May 28, 1906. If anyone wants to argue that it is all fantasy and lies, I think, myself, that it is more comfortable so to argue. One morning, in May, 1906, at

Furnace Mill, Lambhurst, Kent, England, the miller, J. C. Playfairwent to his stable, and found horses turned around in their stalls, and one of them missing. It is common for one who has lost something, to search in all reasonable places, and then, in desperation, to look into places where not at all reasonably could the missing thing be. Adjoining the stable, was a hay room: the doorway was barely wide enough for a man to enter. Mr. Playfair, unable to find a trace of his missing horse, went to the hay room doorway, probably feeling as irrational as would somebody, who had lost an elephant, peering into a kitchen closet. The horse was in the hay room. A partition had to be knocked down to get him out.

There were other occurrences that could not be. Heavy barrels of lime, with nobody perceptibly near them, were hurled down the stairs. This was in the daytime. Though occasionally I do go slinking about, at night, with our data, mostly ours are sunlight mysteries. The mill was an isolated building, and nobody—at least nobody seeable—could approach it unseen. There were two watchdogs. A large water butt, so heavy that to move it was beyond human strength, was overthrown. Locked and bolted doors opened. I mention that the miller had a young son.

About the middle of March, 1901—that a woman was stabbed to death, in a fiction—or in a scene like an imagined scene that did not belong to what we call "reality." The look of the story of Lavinia Farrar is that it, too, was "revised," and by an amateurish, or negligent, or in some unknown way hampered, "author," who, in an attempt to cover up his crime, bungled—or that this woman had been killed inexplicably, in commonplace terms, and that, later, means were taken, but awkwardly, or almost blindly, and only by way of increasing the mystery, to make the murder seem understandable in terms of common human experience.

Cambridge (England) *Daily News*, March 16, 1901—that Lavinia Farrar, aged 72, a blind woman, "of independent means," had been found dead on her kitchen floor, face bruised, nose broken. Near the body was a blood-stained knife, and there were drops of blood on the floor. The body was dressed, and, until the post-mortem examination, no wound to account for the death was seen. At the inquest, two doctors testified that the woman had been stabbed to the heart, but that there was no puncture in her garments of which there were four. The woman, undressed, could not have stabbed herself, and then have dressed, because death had come to her almost

instantly. A knife could not have been inserted through openings in the garments, because their fastenings were along lines far apart.

A knife was on the floor, and blood was on the floor. But it seemed that this blood had not come from the woman's wound. This wound was almost bloodless. Only one of her garments, the innermost, was blood-stained, and only slightly. There had been no robbery. The jury returned an open verdict.

Upon the evening of March 9, 1929—see the *New York Times*, March 10, 11, 1929—Isidor Fink, of 4 East 132nd Street, New York City, was ironing something. He was the proprietor of the Fifth Avenue Laundry. A hot iron was on the gas stove. Because of the hold-ups that were of such frequent occurrence at the time, he was afraid; the windows of his room were closed, and the door was bolted.

A woman, who heard screams, and sounds as if of blows, but no sound of shots, notified the police. Policeman Albert Kattenborn went to the place, but was unable to get in. He lifted a boy through the transom. The boy unbolted the door. On the floor lay Fink, two bullet wounds in his chest, and one in his left wrist, which was powder-marked. He was dead. There was money in his pockets, and the cash register had not been touched. No weapon was found. The man had died instantly, or almost instantly.

There was a theory that the murderer had crawled through the transom. A hinge on this transom was broken, but there was no statement, as to the look of this break, as indicating recency, or not. The transom was so narrow that Policeman Kattenborn had to lift a boy through it. It would have to be thought that, having sneaked noiselessly through this transom, the murderer then, with much difficulty, left the room the same way, instead of simply unbolting the door. It might be thought that the murderer had climbed up, outside, and had fired through the transom. But Fink's wrist was powder-burned, indicating that he had not been fired at from a distance. More than two years later, Police Commissioner Mulrooney, in a radio-talk, called this murder, in a closed room, an "insoluble mystery."

13

IF a man was scorched, though upon his clothes there was no sign of fire, it could be that the woman of Whitley Bay, who told of having found her sister burned to death on an un-scorched bed, reported accurately. If the woman confessed that she had lied, that ends the mystery, or that stimulates interest. The statement that somebody, operated upon by the police, or by a coroner, confessed, has the meaning that has a statement that under pressure an apple produces cider. However, this analogy breaks down. I have never heard of an apple that would, if properly pressed, yield cider, if wanted; or ginger ale, if required; or home brew, all according to what was wanted.

Once upon a time, when mine was an undeveloped suspiciousness, and I'd let dogmatists pull their pedantries over my perceptions, I nevertheless collected occasional notes upon what seemed to me to be unexplained phenomena. I don't do things mildly, and at the same time much enjoy myself in various ways: I act as if trying to make allness out of something. A search for the unexplained became an obsession. I undertook the job of going through all scientific periodicals, at least by way of indexes, published in English and French, from the year 1800, available in the libraries of New York and London. As I went along, with my little suspicions in their infancies, new subjects appeared to me—something queer about some hailstorms—the odd and the unexplained in archaeological discoveries, and in Arctic explorations. By the time I got through with the "grand tour," as I called this search of all available periodicals, to distinguish it from special investigations, I was interested in so many subjects that had cropped up later, or that I had missed earlier, that I made the tour all over again—and then again had the same experience, and had to go touring again—and so on— until now it is my recognition that in every field of phenomena— and in later years I have multiplied my subjects by very much shifting to the newspapers—is somewhere the unexplained, or the irreconcilable, or the mysterious—in unformulable motions of all planets; volcanic eruptions, murders, hailstorms, protective

colorations of insects, chemical reactions, disappearances of human beings, stars, comets, juries, diseases, cats, lampposts, newly married couples, cathode rays, hoaxes, impostures, wars, births, deaths.

Everywhere is the tabooed, or the disregarded. The monks of science dwell in smuggeries that are walled away from event-jungles. Or some of them do. Nowadays a good many of them are going native. There are scientific dervishes who whirl amok, brandishing startling statements; but mostly they whirl not far from their origins, and their excitements are exaggerations of old-fashioned complacencies.

Because of several cases that I have noted, the subject of *Fires* attracted my attention. One reads hundreds of accounts of fires, and many of them are mysterious, but one's ruling thought is that the unexplained would be renderable in terms of accidents, carelessness, or arson, if one knew all the circumstances. But keep this subject in mind, and, as in every other field of phenomena, one comes upon cases that are irreconcilables.

Glasgow News, May 20, 1878—doings in John Shattock's farm-house, near Bridgewater. Fires had started up unaccountably. A Superintendent of Police investigated and suspected a servant girl, Ann Kidner, aged 12, because he had seen a hayrick flame, while she was passing it. Loud raps were heard. Things in the house, such as dishes and loaves of bread, moved about. The policeman ignored whatever he could not explain, and arrested the girl, accusing her of tossing lighted matches. But a magistrate freed her, saying that the evidence was insufficient.

There is a story of "devilish manifestations," in the *Quebec Daily Mercury,* Oct. 6, 1880. For two weeks, in the Hudson Hotel, in the town of Hudson, on the Ottawa River, furniture had been given to disorderly conduct: the beds had been especially excitable. A fire had broken out in a stall in the stable. This fire was quenched, but another fire broke out. A priest was sent for, and he sprinkled the stable with holy water. The stable burned down.

There are several recorded cases of such fires ending with the burning of buildings; but a similarity that runs through the great majority of the stories is of fires localized in special places, and not extending. They are oftenest in the presence of a girl, aged from 12 to 20; but seldom do they occur at night, when they would be most dangerous. It is a peculiarity. See back to the case of the fires in the house in Bedford. It seems that, if those fires had

been ordinary fires, the house would have burned down. The cases are of fires, in unscorched surroundings.

New Zealand Times, Dec. 9, 1886—copying from the *San Francisco Bulletin,* about October 14—that Willie Brough, 12 years old, who had caused excitement in the town of Turlock, Madison Co., Cal., by setting things afire, "by his glance," had been expelled from the Turlock school, because of his freaks. His parents had cast him off, believing him to be possessed by a devil, but a farmer had taken him in, and had sent him to school. "On the first day, there were five fires in the school: one in the center of the ceiling, one in the teacher's desk, one in her wardrobe, and two on the wall. The boy discovered all, and cried from fright. The trustees met and expelled him, that night." For another account, see the *New York Herald,* Oct. 16, 1886.

Setting fire to teacher's desk, or to her wardrobe, is understandable, and would have been more understandable to me, when I was 12 years old; but in terms of no known powers of mischievous youngsters, can there be an explanation of setting a ceiling, or walls, afire. It seems to me that no yarn-spinner would have thought of any such particular, or would have made his story look improbable with it, if he had thought of it. I have other accounts in which similar statements occur. This particular of fires on walls is unknown in standardized yarns of uncanny doings. If writers of subsequent accounts probably had never heard of Willie Brough, it is improbable that several of them could invent, or would invent, anything so unlikely. It seems that my reasoning is that, under some circumstances, if something is highly unlikely, it is probable. John Stuart Mill missed that.

Upon the 6th of August, 1887, in a little, two-story frame house, in Victoria Street, Woodstock, New Brunswick, occupied by Reginald C. Hoyt, his wife, four children of his own, and two nieces, fires broke out. See the *New York World,* Aug. 8, 1887. Within a few hours, there were about forty fires. They were fires in unscorched surroundings. They did not extend to their surroundings, because they were immediately put out, or because some unknown condition limited them. "The fires can be traced to no human agency, and even the most skeptical are staggered. Now a curtain, high up and out of reach, would burst into flames, then a bed quilt in another room: a basket of clothes on a shed, a child's dress, hanging on a hook."

New York Herald, Jan. 6, 1895—fires in the home of Adam Colwell, 84 Guernsey Street, Greenpoint, Brooklyn—that, in 20 hours, preceding noon, January 5th, when Colwell's frame house burned down, there had been many fires. Policemen had been sent to investigate. They had seen furniture burst into flames. Policemen and firemen had reported that the fires were of unknown origin. The Fire Marshal said: "It might be thought that the child Rhoda started two of the fires, but she cannot be considered guilty of the others, as she was being questioned, when some of them began. I do not want to be quoted as a believer in the supernatural, but I have no explanation to offer, as to the cause of the fires, or of the throwing around of the furniture."

Colwell's story was that, upon the afternoon of January 4th, in the presence of his wife and his step-daughter Rhoda, aged 16, a crash was heard. A large, empty, parlor stove had fallen to the floor. Four pictures fell from walls. Colwell had been out. Upon his return, while hearing an account of what had occurred, he smelled smoke. A bed was afire. He called a policeman, Roundsman Daly, who put out the fire, and then, because of unaccountable circumstances, remained in the house. It was said that the Roundsman saw wallpaper, near the shoulder of Colwell's son Willie start to burn. Detective Sergeant Dunn arrived. There was another fire, and a heavy lamp fell from a hook. The house burned down, and the Colwells, who were in poor circumstances, lost everything but their clothes. They were taken to the police station.

Captain Rhoades, of the Greenpoint Precinct, said: "The people we arrested had nothing to do with the strange fires. The more I look into it, the deeper the mystery. So far I can attribute it to no other cause than a supernatural agency. Why, the fires broke out under the very noses of the men I sent to investigate."

Sergeant Dunn—"There were things that happened before my eyes that I did not believe were possible."

New York Herald, January 7—"Policemen and firemen artfully tricked by a pretty, young girl."

Mr. J. L. Hope, of Flushing, L. I., had called upon Captain Rhoades, telling him that Rhoda had been a housemaid in his home, where, between November 19 and December 19, four mysterious fires had occurred. "Now the Captain was sure of Rhoda's guilt, and he told her so." "She was frightened, and was advised to tell the truth."

And Rhoda told what she was “advised” to tell. She “sobbed” that she had started the fires, because she did not like the neighborhood in which she lived, and wanted to move away: that she had knocked pictures from the walls, while her mother was in another part of the house, and had dropped burning matches into beds, continuing her trickeries after policemen, detectives, and firemen had arrived.

The Colwells were poor people, and occupied only the top floor of the house that burned down. Colwell, a carpenter, had been out of work two years, and the family was living on the small wages of his son. Insurance was not mentioned.

The police captain’s conclusion was that the fires that had seemed “supernatural” to him, were naturally accounted for, because, if when Rhoda was in Flushing, she set things afire, fires in her own home could be so explained. Rather than to start a long investigation into the origin of the fires in Flushing, the police captain gave the girl what was considered sound and wholesome advice. And— though it seems quaint, today—the girl listened to advice. “Pretty, young girls” have tricked more than policemen and firemen. Possibly a dozen male susceptibles could have looked right at this pretty, young girl, and not have seen her strike a match, and flip it into furniture; but no flip of a match could set wallpaper afire. The case is like the case of Emma Piggott. Only to one person’s motives could fires be attributed: but by no known means could she have started some of these fires.

Said Dr. Hastings H. Hart, of the Russell Sage Foundation, as reported in the newspapers, May 10, 1931: “Morons for the most part can be the most useful citizens, and a great deal of the valuable work being done in the United States is being done by such mentally deficient persons.”

Dr. Hart was given very good newspaper space for this opinion, which turned out to be popular. One can’t offend anybody with any statement that is interpreted as applying to everybody else. Inasmuch as my own usefulness has not been very widely recognized, I am a little flattered, myself. To deny, ridicule, or reasonably explain away occurrences that are the data of this book, is what I call useful. A general acceptance that such things are would be unsettling. I am an evil one, quite as was anybody, in the past, who collected data that were contrary to the orthodoxy of his time. Some of the most useful work is being done in the support of Taboo. The break of Taboo in any savage tribe would bring on perhaps fatal disorders.

As to the taboos of savages, my impressions are that it is their taboos that are keeping them from being civilized; that, consequently, one fetish is worth a hundred missionaries.

I shall take an account of "mysterious fires" from the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat,* Dec. 19, 1891. I shall go on to quote from a Canadian newspaper, with the idea of supporting Dr. Hart's observations. Reporters, scientists, policemen, spiritualists—all have investigated phenomena of "poltergeist girls" in ways essentially the same as the way of a Canadian newspaper man—and that has been to pick out whatever agreed with their preconceptions, or with their mental deficiencies, or their social usefulness, and to disregard everything else.

According to the story in the *Globe-Democrat,* there had been "extraordinary" occurrences in the home of Robert Dawson, a farmer, at Thorah, near Toronto, Canada. In his household were his wife and an adopted daughter, an English girl, Jennie Bram-well, aged 14. Adopted daughters, with housemaids, are attracting my attention, in these cases. The girl had been ill. She had gone into a trance, and had exclaimed: "Look at that!" pointing to a ceiling. The ceiling was afire. Soon the girl startled Mr. and Mrs. Dawson by pointing to another fire. Next day many fires broke out. As soon as one was extinguished, another started up. While Mrs. Dawson and the girl were sitting, facing a wall, the wallpaper blazed. Jennie Bramwell's dress flamed, and Mrs. Dawson's hands were burned, extinguishing the fire. For a week, fires broke out. A kitten flamed. A circumstance that is unlike a particular in the Bedford case, is that furniture carried outside, and set in the yard, did not burn.

An account, in the *Toronto Globe,* November 9, was by a reporter, who was a person of usefulness. He told of the charred patches of wallpaper, which looked as if a lighted lamp had been held to the places. Conditions were miserable. All furniture had been moved to the yard. The girl had been sent back to the orphan asylum, from which she had been adopted, because the fires had been attributed to her. With her departure, phenomena had stopped. The reporter described her as "a half-witted girl, who had walked about, setting things afire." He was doubtful as to what to think of the reported flaming of a kitten, and asked to see it. He wrote that it was nothing but a kitten, with a few hairs on its back slightly singed. But the chief difficulty was to explain the fire on the ceiling, and the fires on the walls. I'll not experiment, but I assume that I could flip matches all day at a

wall, and not set wallpaper afire. The reporter asked Mrs. Dawson whether the girl had any knowledge of chemistry. According to him, the answer was that this little girl, aged 14, who had been brought up in an orphan asylum, was "well-versed in the rudiments of the science." Basing upon this outcome of his investigations, and forgetting that he had called the well-versed, little chemist "half-witted," or being more sophisticated than I seem to think, and seeing no inconsistency between scientific knowledge and imbecility, the useful reporter then needed only several data more to solve the mystery. He enquired in the town, and learned that the well-versed and half-witted little chemist was also "an incorrigible little thief." He went to the drug store, and learned that several times the girl had been sent there on errands. The mystery was solved: the girl had stolen "some chemical," which she had applied to various parts of Dawson's house.

Occurrences of more recent date. Story in the London *Daily Mail*, Dec. 13, 1921, of a boy, in Budapest, in whose presence furniture moved. The boy was about 13 years of age. Since about his 12th birthday, fires had often broken out, in his presence. Alarmed neighbors, or "superstitious" neighbors, as they were described, in the account, had driven him and his mother from their home. It was said that, when he slept, flames flickered over him, and singed his pillow.

In the *New York Times*, Aug. 25, 1929, was published a story of excitement upon the West Indian island of Antigua. This is a story that reverses the particulars of some of the other stories. It is an account of a girl whose clothes flamed, leaving her body unscorched. This girl, a Negress, named Lily White, living in the village of Liberta, flamed, while walking in the streets. However, at home, too, the clothes of this girl often burst into flames. She became dependent upon her neighbors for something to wear. When she was in bed, sheets burned around her, seemingly harmlessly to her, according to the story.

Early in March, 1922, an expedition, composed of newspaper reporters and photographers, headed by Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, arrived at a deserted house that was surrounded by snow banks out of which stuck the blackened backs, legs, and arms of burned furniture. The newspapers had told of doings in this house, near Antigonish, Nova Scotia, and had emphasized the circumstance that, "in the dead of winter," Alexander MacDonald and his family had been driven from their home, by "mysterious fires," unaccountable sounds, and the meanderings of crockery.

The phenomena had centered around Mary Ellen, MacDonald's adopted daughter. With the idea that the house was haunted, the expedition entered, and made itself at home, everybody quick on the draw for note paper or camera. Mostly, in poltergeist cases, I see nothing to suggest that the girls—boys sometimes—are mediums, or are operated upon by spirits; the phenomena seem to be occult powers of youngsters. In MacDonald's house, the investigators came upon nothing that suggested the presence of spirits. Mary Ellen and her father, or father by adoption, were induced to return to the house, but nothing occurred. Usually, in cases of poltergeist girls, phenomena are not of long duration. Dr. Prince interviewed neighbors, and recorded their testimony that dozens of fires had broken out, in this girl's presence: but more striking than any testimony by witnesses was the sight, outside this house, of the blackened furniture, sticking out of snow banks.

New York Sun, Feb. 2, 1932—a dispatch from Bladenboro, North Carolina. "Fires, which apparently spring from nowhere, consuming the household effects of C. H. Williamson, here, have placed this community in a state of excitement, and continue to burn. Saturday a window shade and curtain burned in the Williamson home. Since then fire has burst out in five rooms. Five window shades, bed coverings, tablecloths, and other effects have suddenly burst into flames, under the noses of the watchers. Williamson's daughter stood in the middle of the floor, with no fire near. Suddenly her dress ignited. That was too much, and household goods were removed from the house."

In the *New York Sun,* Dec. 1, 1882, is an account of the occult powers of A. W. Underwood, a Negro, aged 24, of Paw Paw, Michigan. The account, copied from the *Michigan Medical News,* was written by Dr. L. C. Woodman, of Paw Paw. It was Dr. Woodman's statement that he was convinced that Underwood's phenomena were genuine. "He will take anybody's handkerchief, and hold it to his mouth, rub it vigorously, while breathing on it, and immediately it bursts into flames, and burns until consumed. He will strip, and will rinse out his mouth thoroughly, and submit to the most rigorous examination to preclude the possibility of any humbug, and then by his breath, blown upon any paper, or cloth, envelop it in flames. He will, while out gunning, lie down, after collecting dry leaves, and by breathing on them start a fire."

In the *New York Sun,* July 9, 1927, is an account of a visit by Vice-President Dawes, to Memphis, Tennessee. In this city lived a car-repairer,

who was also a magician. “He took General Dawes’ handkerchief, and breathed upon it, and it caught fire.”

Out of the case of the Negro who breathed dry leaves afire, I conceive of the rudiments of a general expression, which I expect to develop later. The phenomena look to me like a survival of a power that may have been common in the times of primitive men. Breathing dry leaves afire would, once upon a time, be a miracle of the highest value. I speculate how that could have come about. Most likely there never has been human intelligence keen enough to conceive of the uses of fire, in times when uses of fire were not of conventional knowledge. But, if we can think of our existence as a whole—perhaps only one of countless existences in the cosmos—as a developing organism, we can think of a fire-inducing power appearing automatically in some human beings, at a time of its need in the development of human phenomena. So fire-geniuses appeared. By a genius I mean one who can’t avoid knowledge of fire, because he can’t help setting things afire.

I think of these fire-agents as the most valuable members of a savage community, in primitive times: most likely beginning humbly, regarded as freaks; most likely persecuted at first, but becoming established, and then so overcharging for their services that it was learned how, by rubbing sticks, to do without them—so then their fall from importance, and the dwindling of them into their present, rare occurrence—but the preservation of them, as occasional, by Nature, as an insurance, because there’s no knowing when we’ll all go back to savagery again, degrading down to an ignorance of even how to start fires—so then a revival of the fire-agents, and civilization starting up again—only again to be overthrown by wars and grafts, doctors, lawyers, and other racketeers; corrupt judges and cowardly juries—starting down again, perhaps this time not stopping short of worms. Occasionally I contribute to the not very progressive science of biology, and, as I explain atavistic persons in societies, I now make suggestions as to vestigial organs and structures in human bodies—that the vestigial may not be merely a relic, but may be insurance—that the vestigial tail of a human being is no mere functionless retention, but is a provision against times when back to the furry state we may go, and need means for wagging our emotions. Conceive of a powerful backward slide, and one conceives of the appearance, by only an accentuation of the existing, of hosts of werewolves and wereskunks and were-hyenas in the streets of New York City.

Mostly our data indicate that occasional human beings have the fire-inducing power. But it looks as if it were not merely that, in the presence of the Negress, Lily White, fires started: it looks as if these fires were attacks upon her. Men and women have been found, burned to death, and explanations at inquests have not been satisfactory. There are records of open, and savage, seizures, by flames, of people.

Annual Register, 1820-13—that Elizabeth Barnes, a girl aged 10, had been taken to court, accused by John Wright, a linen draper, of Foley-place, Mary-le-bon, London, of having repeatedly, and "by some extraordinary means," set fire to the clothing of Wright's mother, by which she had been burned so severely that she was not expected to live. The girl had been a servant in Wright's household. Upon January 5th an unexplained fire had broken out. Upon the 7th, Mrs. Wright and the girl were sitting by the hearth, in the kitchen. Nothing is said, in the account, of relations between these two. Mrs. Wright got up from her chair, and was walking away, when she saw that her clothes were afire. Again, upon January 12th, she was, with the girl, in the kitchen, about eight feet from the hearth, where "a very small fire" was burning. Suddenly her clothes flamed. The next day, Wright heard screams from the kitchen, where his mother was, and where the girl had been. He ran into the room, and found his mother in flames. Only a moment before had the girl left the kitchen, and this time Wright accused her. But it was Mrs. Wright's belief that the girl had nothing to do with her misfortunes, and that "something supernatural" was assailing her. She sent for her daughter, who arrived, to guard her. She continued to believe that the girl could have had nothing to do with the fires, and went to the kitchen, where the girl was, and again "by some unknown means, she caught fire." "She was so dreadfully burned that she was put to bed." When she had gone to sleep, her son and daughter left the room—and were immediately brought back by her screams, finding her surrounded by flames. Then the girl was told to leave the house. She left, and there were no more fires. This seemed conclusive, and the Wrights caused her arrest. At the hearing, the magistrate said that he had no doubt that the girl was guilty, but that he could not pronounce sentence, until Mrs. Wright should so recover as to testify.

In *Cosmos,* 3-6-242, is a physician's report upon a case. It is a communication by Dr. Bertholle to the Société Medico-Chirurgicale:

That, upon the 1st of August, 1869, the police of Paris had sent for Dr. Bertholle, in the matter of a woman, who had been found, burned to death. Under the burned body, the floor was burned, but there was nothing to indicate the origin of the fire. Bedclothes, mattresses, curtains, all other things in the room, showed not a trace of fire. But this body was burned, as if it had been the midst of flames of the intensity of a furnace. Dr. Bertholle's report was technical and detailed: left arm totally consumed; right hand burned to cinders; no trace left of internal organs in the thorax, and organs in the abdomen unrecognizable. The woman had made no outcry, and no other sound had been heard by other dwellers in the house. It is localization, or specialization, again—a burned body in an almost unscorched room.

Upon the night of Dec. 23, 1916—see the *New York Herald*, Dec. 27, 28, 1916—Thomas W. Morphey, proprietor of the Lake Denmark Hotel, seven miles from Dover, N. J., was awakened by moaning sounds. He went down the stairs, and found his housekeeper, Lillian Green, burned and dying. On the floor under her was a small, charred place, but nothing else, except her clothes, showed any trace of fire. At a hospital, the woman was able to speak, but it seems that she could not explain. She died without explaining.

One of my methods, when searching for what I call data, is to note, in headlines, or in catalogues, or indexes, such clue-words, or clue-phrases, as I call them, as "mystery solved," or an assurance that something has been explained. When I read that common sense has triumphed, and that another superstition has been laid low, that is a stimulus to me to be busy—

Or that story of the drunken woman, of Whitley Bay, near Blyth, who had told of finding her sister burned to death on an unscorched bed, and had recanted. Having read that this mystery had been satisfactorily explained, I got a volume of the *Blyth News.*

The story in the local newspaper is largely in agreement with the story in the London newspapers: nevertheless there are grounds for doubts that make me think it worth while to re-tell the story.

The account is of two retired schoolteachers, Margaret and Wilhelmina Dewar, who lived in the town of Whitley Bay, near Blyth. In the evening of March 22, 1908, Margaret Dewar ran into a neighbor's house, telling that she had found her sister, burned to death. Neighbors went to the house with her. On a bed, which showed no trace of fire, lay the charred body of Wilhelmina Dewar. It was Margaret's statement that so she had found the

body, and so she testified, at the inquest. And there was no sign of fire in any other part of the house.

So this woman testified. The coroner said that he did not believe her. He called a policeman, who said that, at the time of the finding of the body, the woman was so drunk that she could not have known what she was saying. The policeman was not called upon to state how he distinguished between signs of excitement and terror, and intoxication. But there was no accusation that, while upon the witness stand, this woman was intoxicated, and here she told the same story. The coroner urged her to recant. She said that she could not change her story.

So preposterous a story as that of a woman who had burned to death on an unscorched bed, if heeded, or if permitted to be told, would be letting "black magic," or witchcraft, into English legal proceedings. The coroner tried persistently to make the woman change it. She persisted in refusing. The coroner abruptly adjourned the inquest until April 1st.

Upon April 1st, Margaret Dewar confessed. Any reason for her telling of a lie, in the first place, is not discoverable. But there were strong reasons for her telling what she was wanted to tell. The local newspaper was against her. Probably the coroner terrified her. Most likely all her neighbors were against her, and hers were the fears of anybody, in a small town, surrounded by hostile neighbors. When the inquest was resumed, Margaret Dewar confessed that she had been inaccurate, and that she had found her sister burned, but alive, in a lower part of the house, and had helped her up to her room, where she had died. In this new story, there was no attempt to account for the fire; but the coroner was satisfied. There was not a sign of fire anywhere in the lower part of this house. But the proper testimony had been recorded. Why Margaret Dewar should have told the story that was called a lie was not inquired into. There are thousands of inquests at which testimonies are proper stories.

Madras Mail, May 13, 1907—a woman in the village of Manner, near Dinapore—flames that had consumed her body, but not her clothes—that two constables had found the corpse in a room, in which nothing else showed signs of fire, and had carried the smoldering body, in the unscorched clothes, to the District Magistrate. *Toronto Globe*, Jan. 28, 1907—dispatch from Pittsburgh, Pa.— that Albert Houck had found the body of his wife, "burned to a crisp," lying upon a table—no sign of fire upon the table, nor anywhere else in the house. *New York Sun*, Jan. 24, 1930—

coroner’s inquiry, at Kingston, N. Y., into the death of Mrs. Stanley Lake. “Although her body was severely burned, her clothing was not even scorched.”

14

THE story of the “mad bats of Trinidad” is that the discoverer of them had solved a mystery of many deaths of human beings and cattle. “Dr. Pawan, a Trinidad scientist, had discovered that the infection had been caused by mad vampire bats, affected by rabies, which they transmitted in a new form of insidious hydrophobia.”

But the existence of hydrophobia is so questionable, or of such rare occurrence, even in dogs, that the story of the “mad bats of Trinidad” looks like some more of the sensationalism in science that is so obtrusive today, and compared with which I am, myself, only a little wild now and then. It is probable that the deaths of human beings and cattle, in Trinidad, have not been accounted for. Once upon a time the explanation would have been “witchcraft.” Now it’s “rabid vampires.” The old hag on her broomstick is of inferior theatrical interest, compared with the insane blood-sucker.

The germtheory of diseases is probably like all other theories, ranging from those of Moses and Newton and Einstein and Brother Voliva down, or maybe up, or perhaps crosswise, to mine, or anybody else’s. Many cases may be correlated under one explanation, but there must be exceptions. No pure, or homogeneous, case of any kind is findable: so every case is variously classifiable. There have been many cases of ailments and deaths of human beings that have not been satisfactorily explained in the medical terms that are just now fashionable, but that will probably be out of style, after a while. Nowadays one is smug with what one takes for progress, thinking of old-time physicians prescribing dried toads for ailments. Here’s something for the enjoyment of future smugness. Newspapers of Jan. 14, 1932—important medical discovery—dried pigs’ stomachs, as a cure for anaemia. I now have a theory of what is called evolution, in terms of fashions—that somewhere, perhaps on high, there is a Paris—where, once upon a time, were dictated the modes in bugs and worms, and then the costumes of birds and mammals; grotesquely stretching the necks of giraffes, and then quite as unreasonably reacting with a repentance of hippopotami; passing on to a mental field of alternating extravagances and

puritanisms, sometimes neat and tasteful, but often elaborate and rococo, with religions, philosophies, and sciences, imposing upon the fashion-slaves of this earth the latest thing in theories.

In the *New York Sun*, Jan. 17, 1930, Dr. E. S. Godfrey, of the New York State Department of Health, told, in an interview, of mysterious deaths on a vessel. In a period of four years, twenty-seven officers and men had been stricken by what was called "typhoid fever." Taking his science from the Sunday newspapers, which had full-paged the story of "Typhoid Mary," a scientific detective, with his microscope, boarded this vessel, and of course soon announced that he had "tracked down" one of the sailors, as a "typhoid carrier." Such sleuthing has become a modernized witch-finding. There are, in New York State, today, persecutions that are in some cases as deadly as the witchcraft-persecutions of the past. "There are 188 women and 90 men recorded as typhoid-carriers, in New York State." Why there should be twice as many women as men is plain enough: the carrier-finders, with "Typhoid Mary" in mind, probably went looking for women. It may be a matter of difficulty, or it may be impossible, in times of general unemployment, for somebody in the grocery or dairy business, to change into some other occupation: but these 278 "typhoid-carriers," tracked down by medical Sherlock Holmeses, who had read of "typhoid-carriers," are prohibited from working in food-trades, and have to report to district health officers once every three months. But this is for the protection of the rest of us. But that is what the witch-finders used to say. Chivalry can't die, so long as there is tyranny: every tyrant has been much given to protecting somebody or something. It is one of the blessings of our era that we are tormented by so many abominations, enormities, and pestiferous, smaller botherations that we can't concentrate upon the germ-scares that the medical "finders" would spread, if it were not for so much competition. They did spread, with some success, with their parrot-scare, in the year 1929. Abandoned parrots, in their cages, were found, frozen to death, in parks and doorways. Probably the *psittacosis* scare, of 1929, did not become the hysteria of former scares, because lay-alarmists were checked by their inability to pronounce the name of it.

There must be something the matter with the germ-theory of diseases, or the nursing and medical professions would not be so over-crowded. There must be something the matter with the germ-theory of diseases, if there is something the matter with every theory.

I looked up the case of “Typhoid Mary.” With the preconceptions of everybody who looks up cases, I went looking for something to pick on. It was impossible for me to fail to find what I wanted to consider a case of injustice, if ours is an existence of justice-injustice. I of course found that the case of “Typhoid Mary” as a germ-carrier was not made out so clearly as the “finders” of today suppose.

In the year 1906, it was noted that in several homes, in New York City, where Mary had been employed as a cook, there had been illnesses that were said to be cases of typhoid fever. The matter was investigated, according to what was supposed to be scientific knowledge, in the year 1906. The germ-theory of diseases was the dominant idea. Not a thought was given to relations between this woman and her victims. Had there been quarrels, before illnesses of persons, living in the same house with her, occurred? What was the disposition of the woman? There are millions of men and women, with long hours and little pay, who may, in their states of mind, be more dangerous than germs. There are cooks with grievances, as well as cooks with germs. But Mary’s malices were not examined. It was “found” that, though immune herself, she was a distributor of typhoid bacilli. For three years she was “detained” in a hospital, by the public health officials of New York City.

And then what became of Mary’s germs? According to one examination, she had them. According to another examination, she hadn’t them. At the end of three years, Mary was examined again, and, according to all tests, she hadn’t them. She was released, upon promising to report periodically to the Board of Health.

Probably because of lively impressions of “detention,” Mary did not keep her promise. Under various aliases, she obtained work as a cook.

About five years later, twenty-five persons, in the Sloane Maternity Hospital, New York City, were stricken with what was said to be typhoid fever. Two of them died. See the *Outlook*, 109-803. And Mary was doing the cooking at the hospital. The Public Health officials “detained” her again, following their conclusion that they said was obvious. I know of hosts of cases that are obvious one way, and just as apparent some other way; conclusive, according to one theorist, and positively established, according to opposing theorists.

She had them, when, to support a theory, she should have them. She hadn’t them, when her own support, as “detained,” was becoming

expensive. She had—she hadn't— But it does seem that in some way this woman was related to the occurrence of illnesses, sometimes fatal.

Of all germ-distributors, the most notorious was Dr. Arthur W. Waite, who, in the year 1916, was an embarrassment to medical science. In his bacteriological laboratory, he had billions of germs. Waite planned to kill his father-in-law, John E. Peck, 435 Riverside Drive, New York City. He fed the old man germs of diphtheria, but got no results. He induced Peck to use a nasal spray, in which he had planted colonies of the germs of tuberculosis. Not a cough. He fed the old man calomel, to weaken his resistance. He turned loose hordes of germs of typhoid, and then tried influenza. In desperation, he lost all standing in the annals of distinctive crimes, and went common, or used arsenic. The old-fashioned method was a success. One's impression is that, if anything, diets and inhalations of germs may be healthful.

It is not that I am attacking the germ-theory of diseases as absolute nonsense. I do not attack this theory as absolute nonsense, because I conceive of no theory that is more than partly nonsensical. I have some latitude. Let the conventionalists have their theory that germs cause diseases, and let their opponents have their theory that diseases cause germs, or that diseased conditions attract germs. Also there is room for dozens of other theories. Under the heading "Invalidism," I have noted 43 cases of human beings who were ill, sometimes temporarily, and sometimes dying, at the time of un canny—though rather common—occurrences in their homes. No conventional theory fits these cases. But the stories, as collected by me, are only fragments.

One day, in July, 1890, in the home of Mr. Piddock, in Hafer-road, Clapham, London—see the London *Echo*, July 16, 1890—the daughter of this household was dying. Volleys of stones, of origin that could not be found out, were breaking through the glass of the conservatory. It is probable that not a doctor, in London, in the year 1890—nor in the year 1930—if what is known as a reputable physician—would admit any possibility of relationship between a dying girl and stones that were breaking windows.

But why should any doctor, in London, in the year 1890, or any other year, accept the existence of any relation between a bombardment of a house and a girl's dying condition ? He would be as well-justified in explaining that there was only coincidence, as were early paleontologists in

so explaining, when they came upon bones of a huge body, and, some distance away, a relatively small skull—explaining that the skull only happened to be near the other bones. They had never heard of dinosaurs. If many times they came upon similar skulls associating with similar other bones, some of them would at least refuse any longer to believe in mere coincidence; but the more academic ones, affronted by a new thought, would continue in their thought-ruts, decrying all reported instances as yarns, fakery, imposture, nonsense.

The dying girl—showers of stones—

New York Sun, Dec. 22, 30, 1883—that, in a closed room in a house in Jordan, N. Y., in which a man was dying, stones were falling.

In the home of Alexander Urquhart, Aberdeen, Scotland, there was an invalid boy. Stories of doings in this house were told in London newspapers, early in January, 1920. The boy was simply set down as "an invalid boy," and presumably doctors were not mystified by his ailment. Nobody was recorded as suspecting anything but coincidence between whatever may have been the matter with him, and phenomena that centered around him, as he lay in his bed. It was as if he were bombarded by unseen bombs. Explosive sounds that shook the house occurred over his bed, and, according to reports by policemen, the bed was violently shaken. Policemen reported that objects, in the boy's room, moved—

London *Daily News,* Jan. 10, 1920—"Aberdeen ghost laid low— prosaic explanation for strange sounds—nothing but a piece of wood that the wind had been knocking against a side of the house."

That probably convinced the London readers who preferred something like the "mice-behind-the-baseboards" conclusion to such stories. But the *Glasgow Herald,* of the 13th, continued to tell of "thumping sounds that shook the house and rattled the dishes."

The data are protrusions from burials. The body of a girl—the body of a crow. Somebody dying—and hostile demonstrations that cannot conventionally be explained. But if there were connecting circumstances, they are now undiscoverable. It is said that there is a science of comparative anatomy, by which, given any bone of an animal, the whole skeleton can be reconstructed. So stated, this is one of the tall stories of science. The "father" of the science of comparative anatomy never reconstructed anything except conventionally. The paleontologists have reconstructed crowds of skeletons that are exhibited as evidences of evolution: but Cuvier

not only never reconstructed anything new, but is now notorious as a savage persecutor of evolutionists. There cannot be reconstruction, unless there be a model. We may have a comparative anatomy of our fragmentary circumstances, if we can fit the pieces to a situation-model. And it may be that we are slowly building that. Of course anything of the nature of old-fashioned, absolute science is no dream of mine.

From the *Port of Spain* (Trinidad) *Mirror,* and the *Port of Spain Gazette,* I take a story of phenomena that began Nov. 12, 1905, in Mrs. Lorelhei's boarding house, in Queen Street, Port of Spain. The house was pelted with stones. A malicious neighbor was suspected, but then, inside the house, there were occurrences that, at least physically, could be attributed to nobody. Objects were thrown about. Chairs fell over, got up, and whirled. Out of a basket of potatoes, flew the potatoes. Stones fell from unseen points of origin, in rooms. A doctor was quoted as saying that he had seen some of these doings. He had been visiting a girl, who, in this house, was ill.

In the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, July 15, 1882, as copied from the *New York Sun*, there is a boardinghouse story. Mrs. William Swift's boardinghouse, 52 Willoughby Street, Brooklyn—the occupant of the back parlor was ill. Raps were heard. Several times appeared a floating, vaporous body, shaped like a football. Upon the ailing boarder, the effect of this object was like an electric shock.

In the *Religio-Philosophical Journal,* March 31, 1883, and the *New York Times*, March 12, 1883, there are accounts of the bewitchment of the house, 33 Church Street, New Haven, Conn. Tramping sounds—objects flying about. A woman in this house was ill. While she was preparing medicine in a cup, the spoon flew away. Sounds like *Hey, diddle, diddle!* Then it was as if an occult enemy took a shot at her. An unfindable bullet made a hole in a glass.

In the *Bristol* (England) *Mercury,* Oct. 12, 1889, and in the *Northern Daily Telegraph,* Oct. 8, 1889, are accounts of loud sounds of unknown origin in a house in the village of Hornington, near Salisbury. Here a child, Lydia Hewlett, aged nine, "was stricken with a mysterious illness, lying in bed, never speaking, never moving, apparently at death's door." It was said that this child had incurred the enmity of a gypsy, whom she had caught stealing vegetables in a neighbor's garden.

One of the cases of “mysterious family maladies,” accompanied by poltergeist disturbances, was reported by the *Guernsey Star,* March 5, 1903. In the home of a resident of the island of Guernsey, Mr. B. Collinette, several members of the family were taken ill. Things were flying about.

Early in the year 1893—as told in the *New York World,* Feb. 17, 19, 1896—an elderly man, named Mack, appeared, with his invalid wife, and his daughter Mary, in the town of Bellport, Long Island, N. Y., and made of the ground floor of their house a little candy store. The account in the *World* is of a starting up of persecutions of this family that were attributed to hostility of other storekeepers, and to dislike “probably because of their thrift.” Stones were thrown at the house “by street gamins.” Several boys were arrested, but there was no evidence against them. At the time of one of the bombardments, Mary was on the porch of the house. A big dog appeared. He ran against her, knocking her down, injuring her spine so that she was a cripple the rest of her life. All details of this story are in terms of persecutions by neighbors: in the terms of the telling, there is no suggestion of anything occult. Unidentified persons were throwing stones.

The terrified girl took to her bed. Stones thumped on the roof above her, throwing her into spasms of fright. In one of these convulsions, she died. Missing in this story is anything relating to Mack’s experiences before arriving in Bellport. His daughter was crippled, and died of fright. He arrived with an invalid wife.

In his biography of the Bishop of Zanzibar (*Frank, Bishop of Zanzibar)*—I take from a review in the London *Daily Express,* Oct. 27, 1926—Dr. H. Maynard Smith, Canon of Gloucester, tells of poltergeist persecutions, near the mission station, at Weti. Clods of earth, of undetectable origin, were bombarding a house in which lived a man and his wife. Clods fell inside the house. The bishop investigated, and he was struck by a clod. Inside the house, he saw a mass of mud appear on a ceiling. The door was open, but this point on the ceiling was in a position that could not be hit by anyone throwing anything from outside. There was no open window.

The bishop came ceremoniously the next morning, and solemnly exorcised the supposed spirit. That these stories indicate the existence of spirits is what I do not think. But it seems that the bishop made an impression. The mud-slinging stopped. But then illness came upon the woman of this house.

Upon the night of Aug. 9, 1920, as told in the London *Daily Mail*, Aug. 19, 1920, a shower of small stones broke the windows in the top floor of Wellington Villa, Grove-road, South Woodford, London, occupied by Mr. H. T. Gaskin, an American, the inventor of the Gaskin Life Boat. There were many showers of stones of undetectable origin. Upon the night of the 13th, policemen took positions in the house, in the street, on roofs, and in trees. The upper floor of the house was bombarded with stones, but where they came from could not be found out. Night of the 14th—a procession. Forty policemen, some of them local, and some of them from Scotland Yard, marched down Grove-road, and went up on roofs, or climbed into trees. Volleys of stones arrived, but the forty policemen learned no more than had the smaller numbers of the preceding investigations. Nevertheless it seems that they made an impression. Phenomena stopped.

The patter of stones—and policemen on roofs, and policemen in trees, and the street packed with sightseers—and this is a spot of excitement—but it has no environment. I can pick up no trace of relations between anybody in this house and anybody outside.

In one of the rooms lay an invalid. Mr. Gaskin was suffering from what was said to be sciatica. In an interview he said that he could not account for the attack upon him, or upon the house: that, so far as he knew, he had no enemy.

In some of these cases, I have tried to dig into blankness. I have shoveled vacancy. I have written to Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin, but have received no answer. I have looked over the index of the London *Times*, before and after August, 1920, with the idea of coming upon something, such as a record of a law case, or some other breeder of enmity, in which Mr. Gaskin might have been involved, but have come upon nothing.

15

NOW I have a theory that our existence is a hermaphrodite— Or the unproductivity of it, in the sense that the beings, and seas, and houses, and trees, and the fruits of trees, its "immortal truths," and "rocks of ages" that it seems to produce are only flutters that seem to be real productions to us, because we see them very slow-motioned.

My interpretation of theology is that, though mythologically much confused, it is an awareness of the wholeness of one existence—perhaps one of countless existences in the cosmos—and that its distortions are founded upon intuitive knowledge of the unproductive state of this one existence, as a whole—and so its visions of a divine sterility, which are illustrated with figures of blonde hermaphrodites. Of course there are stray legends of male angels, but such stories are symbols of the inconsistency that co-exists with the consistency of all things phenomenal—

Or that parthenogenesis is the essential principle of all things, beings, thoughts, states, phenomenal.

I'd be queried, if I should say, of the consummation of any human romance, that it is parthenogenetic: but humanity, regarded as a whole, is sustained by self-fertilization. Except for occasional, vague stories of external enrichments, there are no records of invigorations imparted to the human kind from gorillas, hyenas, or swine. Elephants fertilize elephants. I conceive of no bizarre, little love story, with a fruitful outcome, of the attractions of a rhinoceros to a humming bird. Though I have a venerable, little story—account sent to me by Mr. Ernest Doerfler, Bronx, N. Y.—of an eighteenth-century scientist, whose theory it was that human females can be pollinated, and who experimented, by exposing a buxom female to the incidence of the east wind, and of course was successful in establishing his theory, I have no other datum of human and vegetable unions: so this reported occurrence must be considered one of the marvels from which this book of not uncommon events holds aloof.

The parthenogenetic triumphs of the human intellect are circular stupidities. The mathematicians, in their intuitions of the state of a whole,

have represented what to the devout is divinity, with the circle, which, to them the “perfect figure,” symbolizes getting nowhere.

Much of the argument in this book will depend upon our acceptance that nothing in our existence is real. The Whole may be Realness. Out of its phenomena, it may be non-phenomenally producing offspring-realnesses. That is not our present subject. But up comes the question: If nothing phenomenal is real, is everything phenomenal really unreal? But, if I accept that nothing is real, in phenomenal existence, I cannot accept that anything, therein, is really unreal. So my acceptance, in accordance with our general philosophy of the hyphen, is that all things perceptible to us are real-unreal, varying from the direction of one extreme to the other, according to whatever may be the degree of their appearance of individuality. If anybody has the notion that he is a real being—and by realness I mean individuality, or call it entity, or unrelatedness—let him try to tell why he thinks he exists, in a real sense. Recall the most celebrated of the parthenogenetic attempts to make this demonstration:

I think: therefore I am.

We have to accept that in order to think, the thinker must be of existence prior to the thought.

Why do I think?

Because I am.

Why am I?

Because I think.

The noblest triumphs of the human intellect are about as sublime as would be the description of a house in terms of its roof, whereas the description would be equally sublime, if in terms of the cellar, or the bathroom. That is Newtonism—or a description of things in terms of one of their aspects, or gravitation. It is Darwinism— a description of all life in terms of selection, one of its aspects. *Gravitation* is only another name for *attraction.* Sir Isaac Newton’s contribution to the glories of human knowledge is that an apple falls because it drops. All living things are selected by environment, said Darwin. Then, according to him, when he shifted aspects, all things constituting living environment are selected. Darwinism— that selection selects.

The materialists explain all things, except what they deny, or disregard, in terms of the material. The immaterialists, such as the absolute and the subjective idealists, explain all things in terms of the immaterial. My

expression is in terms of the continuity of the material and the immaterial—or that one of these extremes is only an accentuation on one side, and the other only an accentuation on the other side, of the hyphenated state of the material-immaterial.

I am a being who thinks: therefore I am a being who thinks. In this circular stupidity there is a simple unity that commends it to conventional lovers of the good, the true, and the beautiful.

I do not think. I have never had a thought. Therefore something or another. I do not think, but thoughts occur in what is said to be "my" mind—though, instead of being "in" it, they are it—just as inhabitants do not occur in a city, but are the city. There is a governing tendency among these thoughts, just as there is among people in any community, or as there is in the movements of the planets, or in the arrangements of cells constituting a plant, or an animal. So far as goes any awareness of "mine," "I" have no soul, no self, no entity, though at times of something like a harmonization of "my" elements, "I" approximate to a state of unified being.

When I see—as for convenience "I" shall say, even though there is no I that is other than a very imperfectly co-ordinated aggregation of experience-states, sometimes ferociously antagonizing one another, but mostly maintaining a kind of civilization—but when I see that my thoughts are ruled by tendencies, such as to harmonize, organize, or co-ordinate: that they tend to integrate, segregate, nucleate, equilibrate—I am conscious of mere mechanical processes that mean no more in the arrangements of my ideas than they mean in the arrangements of my bones. I'd no more think of offering my ideas as immortal truth than I'd think of publishing X-ray photographs of my bones, as eternal. But the organizing tendency implicit in all things—along with the disorganizing tendency implicit in all things—has admirably expressed itself in the design that is my skeleton. I think so. I have no reason to think that my skeleton is in any way inferior to anybody else's skeleton. I feel that if I could arrange my ideas with the art that has arranged my bones, I'd have, for writing a book, the justification that all writers feel the need of, trying to excuse themselves for writing books.

But I do not think that mechanism is all that there is in our existence. Only the old-fashioned absolutist conceives, or says he conceives, of our existence as absolutely mechanical. There is an individuality in things that is not of mechanical relations, because individuality is unrelatedness. I

conceive of our existence as positive-negative, or as mechanical-immechanical.

But my methods are the largely mechanical methods of everybody, and of everything, that harmonizes, or organizes. One of these methods is classification. I am impelled to arrange my materials under headings—quite as a wind arranges fallen leaves, of various sizes, into groups—as a magnet makes selections from a pile of various things. So, again, when I see that my thoughts are coerced by conventional processes, I can think of my thoughts as nothing but the products of coercions. I'd not do these slaves the honor of believing them. They impose upon me only to the degree of temporary acceptance of some of them.

Merely thoughtfully, or only intellectually, I have made a collection of notes, under the classification of "Explosions." Some of the occurrences look as if explosive attacks, of an occult order, have been made upon human beings; or as if psychic bombs have been thrown invisibly at people, or at their property.

In the *New York Tribune,* Jan. 7, 1900, there is an account of poltergeist disturbances in a house, in Hyde Park, Chicago. According to the now well-known ways of chairs and tables, at times, these things hopped about, or moved with more dignity. It was as if into this house stole an invisible but futile assassin. See back to accounts of visible but futile bullets. Time after time there was a sound like the discharge of a revolver. It was noted that this firing always occurred "at about the height of a man's shoulder." In a booklet, *A Disturbed House and its Relief,* Ada M. Sharpe tells of a seeming psychic bombardment of her home in Tackley, Oxen, England. Beginning upon April 24, 1905, and continuing three years, at times, detonations, as if of exploding bombs, were heard in this house. Upon the 1st of May, 1911 (*Lloyd's Weekly News,* July 30; *Wandsworth Borough News,* July 21) unaccountable fires broke out in the house of Mr. J. A. Harvey, 356 York-road, Wandsworth, London. Preceding one of these fires, there were three explosions of unknown origin. In January, 1892 (*Peterborough Advertiser,* Jan. 10, 1892), a house in Peterborough, England, occupied by a family named Rimes, was repeatedly shaken, as if bombed, and as if bombed futilely. Nobody was injured, and there was no damage.

In the *Religio-Philosophical Journal,* Dec. 25, 1880—copied from the *Owatonna* (Minn.) *Review*—there is a story maybe of a psychic bomb that was tossed through the wall of a house, in Owatonna, penetrating the wall,

without leaving a sign of its passage through the material. It was in a house occupied by a family named Dimant. There had been petty persecutions by an uncatchable: such as persistent ringing of the doorbell. One evening, members of this family were in one of the rooms, when something exploded. Mrs. Dimant was knocked insensible. Fragments of a cylindrical glass object were found. But no window had been open, and there had been no other way by which, by known means, this object could have entered this house.

I note something of agreement between notions that are now developing —notions that will be called various names, one of which is not "practical"—and experiments by inventors that are attempts to be very practical. It is said that by means of "rays" inventors have been able to set off distant explosives. If by other means, or by subtler "rays," explosions at a distance can be made to occur, whatever the practical ones are trying to do may be far more effectively accomplished—if the data of this chapter do mean that there have been explosions that were the products of means, or powers, that are at present mysterious.

There are stories of brilliantly luminous things that are called "globe lightning" that have appeared in houses, and have moved about, before exploding, as if guided by intelligence of their own, or as if directed by a distant control. These stories are easily findable in books treating of lightning and the freaks of lightning. I pick out an account from a periodical. There seems to be no relation with lightning. In the *English Mechanic,* 90-140, Col. G. T. Plunket tells of an experience, in July, 1909, in his home, in Wimbledon, London. He and his wife were sitting in one of their rooms, when his wife saw a luminous thing moving toward them. It went to a chair, upon the back of which it seemed to rest, for a moment. It exploded. Col. Plunket did not see this thing, but he heard the explosion. As to the lightning-explanation, he writes that it was a fine evening.

London *Daily Mail,* July 23, 1925—"Explosion riddle—mystery of a boy's wounds." "Injured by a mysterious explosion, which occurred in his mother's house, at Riverhall-street, South Lambeth, S.W., yesterday morning, Charley Orchard, 5, was conveyed to hospital in a serious condition. He was hurt on the face and chest, and some of his fingers were blown away.

"His mother had just called him to breakfast when the explosion occurred.

“Neighbors who heard the report of the explosion thought there was an outbreak of fire and summoned the fire brigade.

“An all-day search failed to discover the cause of the explosion.”

The London newspapers, Sept. 26, 1910, told of a tremendous, unexplained explosion in a house in Willesden, London. I take from the local newspaper, the *Willesden Chronicle,* September 30—“a fire of a most mysterious character . . . absolutely no cause can be assigned for the outbreak, which was followed by a terrific explosion, completely wrecking the premises.” But in no account is it made clear that first there was a fire, and that the explosion followed. A policeman, standing on a nearby corner, saw this house, 71 Walm-lane, Willesden, flame and burst apart. “Windows and doors in the back of the house were blown a distance of 60 feet.” “On examination of the premises, it was found that the two gas meters under the stairs had been shut off: so it was evident that the explosion was not caused by gas. Representatives of the Salvage Corps and of the Home Office investigated, but could conclude nothing except that chemicals, or petrol, might have exploded.”

The occupants of this house, named Reece, were out of town, week-ending. Mr. Reece was communicated with, and it was his statement that there had been nothing in the house that could have exploded.

Willesden Chronicle, October 7—”Mystery cleared up. A charred sofa in the drawing room and other evidence reveal the cause of the outbreak.” Before leaving the house, Saturday morning (September 24th), Mr. Reece, while smoking a pipe, had leaned over this sofa, and sparks from his pipe had fallen upon it. For 36 hours a fire, so caused, had smoldered, before bursting into flames. There were two standard spirit lamps in the room. In the fire, they must have exploded simultaneously.

The writer of this explanation picked the remains of a sofa out of a wreck of charred furniture. He leaned Reece over the sofa, because that would make his explanation work out as it should work out. Reece made no such statement, and he was not quoted. The explosion of two spirit lamps could do much damage, but this explosion was tremendous. The house was wrecked. The walls that remained standing were in such a toppling condition that the ruins were roped off.

The jagged walls of this wrecked house are more of our protrusions from vacancy. We visualize them in an environment of blankness. Somewhere there may have been a witch or a wizard.

Upon June 13, 1885, a resident of Pondicherry, Madras, India, was sitting in a closed room, when a mist appeared near him. At the same time there was a violent explosion. This man, M. Andre, sent an account to the French Academy. I take from a report, in *L'Astronomie*, 1886-310. M. Andre tried to explain in conventional terms, mentioning that at the time the weather was semi-stormy, and that an hour later rain fell heavily.

In times still farther back, the mist would have been told of, as the partly materialized form of. an enemy, who had expressed his malices explosively. In times, still somewhere in the future, this may seem the most likely explanation.

Or the mist was something like the partly visible smoking fuse of an invisible bomb that had been discharged by a distant witch or wizard. And that does not seem to me to be much more of a marvel than would be somebody's ability to blow up a quantity of dynamite, though at a distance, and with no connecting wires.

In the *New York Herald Tribune,* Nov. 29, 1931, there is an account of the doings of Kurt Schimkus, of Berlin, who had arrived, in Chicago, to demonstrate his ability to discharge, from a distance, explosives, by means of what he called his "anti-war rays." According to reports from Germany, Schimkus had so exploded submarine mines and stores of buried cartridges. Herr Schimkus will have success and renown, I think: he knows that nothing great and noble and of benefit to mankind has ever been accomplished without much lubrication. He announced that slaughter was far-removed from his visions: that he was an agency for peace on earth and good will to man, because by exploding an enemy's munitions, with his "anti-war rays," he would make war impossible. Innocently, myself, I speculate upon the possible use of "psychic bombs," in blowing up tree stumps, in the cause of new pastures.

In the *New York Herald Tribune,* March 25, 1931, there is a story of an explosion that may have been set off by "rays" that at present are not understood. It is the story of the explosion that wrecked the sealing ship, *Viking,* off Horse Island, north of New Brunswick. It reminds me of the woman, who, in the New York hotel, feared fire. This ship was upon a moving picture expedition. Varrick Frissell, film producer, aboard this vessel, started to think of the kegs of powder aboard, and he became apprehensive. He started to make a warning sign to hang on the door of the powder room. Just then the ship blew up.

New York Herald Tribune, Dec. 13, 1931—an account of disasters to two wives of a man—not a datum of his relations, or former relations, with anybody else. In the year 1924, illness was upon the wife of W. A. Baker, an oil man, who lived in Pasadena, California. It was said that her affliction was cancer. She was found, hanged, in her home. It was said that despondency had driven her to suicide. In the year 1926, Baker married again. Upon the night of Dec. 12, 1931, there was an explosion, somewhere under the bed of the second Mrs. Baker, or in the room underneath. The bed was hurled to the ceiling, and Mrs. Baker was killed. It was a tremendous explosion, but nobody else in the house was harmed.

Bomb experts investigated. They concluded that no known explosive had been used. They said that there had been no escape of gas. "The full force of the explosion seemed concentrated almost beneath Mrs. Baker's room."

In the years 1921-22, and early in the year 1923, there were, in England and other countries, explosions of coal such as had never occurred before. There was a violent explosion in a grate in a house in Guildford, near London, which killed a woman, and knocked down walls of the house (London *Daily News*, Sept. 16, 1921). There were other explosions of coal, during this year, but in 1922 attention was attracted by many instances.

In this period there was much disaffection among British coal miners. There was a suspicion that miners were mixing dynamite into coal. But, whether we think that the miners had anything to do with these explosions, or not, suspicions against them, in England, were checked by the circumstances that no case of the finding of dynamite in coal was reported, and that there were no explosions of coal in the rough processes of shipments.

There came reports from France. Then stoves, in which was burned British coal, were blowing up in France, Belgium, and Switzerland. The climax came about the first of January, 1923, when in one day there were several of these explosions in Paris, and explosions in three towns in England.

About the first of January, 1921, Mr. T. S. Frost, of 8 Ferristone road, Hornsey, London, bought a load of coal. In his home were three children, Gordon, Bertie, and Muriel. I take data from the London newspapers, but especially from the local newspapers, the *Hornsey Journal*, and the *North Middlesex Chronicle*. In the grates of this house, coal exploded. Also, coal in buckets exploded. A policeman was called in. He made his report upon

coal that not only exploded, but hopped out of grates, and sauntered along floors, so remarkable that an Inspector of Police investigated. According to a newspaper, it was this Inspector's statement that he had picked up a piece of coal, which had broken into three parts, and had then vanished from his hands. It was said that burning coals leaped from grates, and fell in showers in other rooms, having passed through walls, without leaving signs of this passage. Flatirons, coal buckets, other objects "danced." Ornaments were dislodged, but fell to the floor without breaking. A pot on a tripod swung, though nobody was near it. The phenomena occurred in the presence of one of the boys, especially, and sometimes in the presence of the other boy.

There has been no poltergeist case better investigated. I know of no denial of the phenomena by any investigator. One of the witnesses was the Rev. A. L. Gardiner, vicar of St. Gabriel's, Wood Green, London. "There can be no doubt of the phenomena. I have seen them, myself." Another witness was Dr. Herbert Lemerle, of Hornsey. Dr. Lemerle told of a clock that mysteriously vanished. Upon the 8th of May, a public meeting was held in Hornsey, to discuss the phenomena.

In the newspapers there was a tendency to explain it all as mischief by the children of this household.

The child, Muriel, terrified by the doings, died upon April 1st. The boy, Gordon, frightened into a nervous breakdown, was taken to the Lewisham Hospital.

The coal in all these cases was coal from British coal mines. The newspapers that told of these explosions told of the bitterness and vengefulness of British coal miners, enraged by hardships and reduced wages, uncommon in even their harsh experiences—

Or see back—

There's a shout of vengefulness, in Hyde Park, London—far away, in Gloucestershire, an ancient mansion bursts into flames.

16

BUT why this everlasting attempt to solve something?—whereas it is our acceptance that, in a final sense, there is, in phenomenal affairs, nothing—or that there is only the state of something-nothing—so that all problems are only soluble-insoluble— or that most of the social problems we have, today, were at one time conceived of as solutions of preceding problems—or that every Moses leads his people out of Egypt into perhaps a damn sight worse—Promised Lands of watered milk and much-adulterated honey—so why these everlasting attempts to solve something?

But to take surgical operations upon warders of Sing Sing Prison, and the loss of rectitude by lace curtains, and the vanishing man of Berlin; "Typhoid Mary," and a Chinese hair-clipper, and explosions of coal, and bodies on benches in a Harlem Park—

Robert Browning's conception was to take three sounds, and make, not a fourth, but a star.

Out of seven colors, not to lay on daubs, but to paint a picture.

Out of seven million Americans, Russians, Germans, Irishmen, Italians, and on, so long as geography holds out, not to pile a population, but to organize—more or less—into New York City.

Sulphur and lava in a barren plain, and a salty block of stone, shaped roughly like a woman—signs of erosion on rocks far above water-level—a meteor that had set a bush afire—the differences of languages of peoples—and all the other elements that organized into *Genesis.*

Data of variations and heredity and adaptations; of multiplications and of checks and of the doctrine of Malthus; of acquired characters and of transmissions—and they organized into *The Origin of Species*—

Just as, once upon a time, minerals that had affinity for one another came together and took on geometrical appearances.

But a crystal is not supposed to be either a prohibition or an anti-prohibition argument. I know of a crystal of quartz that weighs several hundred pounds. But it has not been mistaken for propaganda—

Or all theories—theological, scientific, philosophical—and that they represent the same organizing process—but that self-conscious theorists, instead of recognizing that thought-forms were appearing in their minds, as in wider existence have appeared crystalline constructions, have believed that it was immortal Truth that they were conceiving.

Oxygen and sulphur and carbon—

Or Emma Piggott and Ambrose Small and Rose Smith—

Or let's have just a little, minor expression, or organization, a small composition, arranging the data of poltergeist girls. The elements of this synthesis are moving objects, fires, girls in strange surroundings, youth and the atavism of youth.

Case of Jennie Bramwell—she was an adopted daughter. The Antigonish girl was an adopted daughter. See the Dagg case— adopted daughter. "Adoption" is a good deal of a disguise for getting little girls to work for not much more than nothing. It is not so much that so many poltergeist girls have been housemaids and "adopted daughters," as that so many of them have been not in their own homes; lost and helpless youngsters, under hard taskmasters, in strange surroundings—

Or the first uncertain and precarious appearances of human beings upon this earth—and a need for them, and a fostering, a nurturing, a protection, far different from conditions in these swarming times, when the need is for eliminations—

A lost child in primordial woods—and the value of her, which no genius, king, or leveler of kings, has today—

That objects moved in her presence—fruits of trees that came down from the trees and set themselves beside her—the shaking of bushes that cast, to her, berries—then night and coldness—faggots, joining twigs, and dancing around her—heaping—the crackling of flames to warm her—

Or that, to this day, grotesque capers of chairs, the antics of sofas, and the seeming wantonness of flames are survivals of co-operations that once upon a time moved even the trees, when a child was lost in a forest.

The old mathematicians had this aesthetic appraisal of their thoughts: they wrought theorems and calculi "for elegance," and were scornful of uses. But virtually everything that they produced "for elegance" was put to work by astronomers, navigators, surveyors. I assemble, compositionally, what I call data: but I am much depressed, perhaps, fearing that they have meaning outside themselves, or may be useful.

There is, upon this earth, today, at least one artist. Prof. Albert Einstein put together, into what he called one organic whole, such a diversity of elements as electro-magnetic waves and irregularities in the motions of the planet Mercury; the fall of a stone from a train to an embankment, the geometry of hyper-space, and accelerated co-ordinate systems, and Lorentz transformations, and the displacements of stars during eclipses—

And the exploitation of everything by something, or, more or less remotely, by everything else—the need of astronomers for Einsteinism, because it was so encouragingly unintelligible, whereas schoolboys were beginning to pick Newtonism to pieces—and in the year 1918 it was announced that the useful Einstein had predicted displacements of stars, according to his theory, and that his predictions had been confirmed.

For purposes of renewed confirmation—or maybe in innocence of trying to confirm anything, or at least not consciously intending to observe whatever was wanted—an expedition was sent by Lick Observatory to report upon the displacement of stars during the solar eclipse of October, 1922. The astronomers of this expedition agreed that the displacements of stars confirmed Einstein, the Prophet. Einstein was said to be useful, and, in California, school children, dressed in white, sang unto him kindred unintelligibilities. In New York, mounted policemen roughly held back crowds from him, just as he, to make his system of thoughts, had clubbed many astronomical data into insensibility. He had taken into his system of thoughts irregularities of the planet Mercury, but had left out irregularities of the planet Venus. Crowds took him into their holiday-making, but omitted asking what it was all about.

Upon June 12, 1931, Prof. Erwin Freundlicher reported to the Physics Association of Berlin that, according to his observations, during the eclipse of May 9, 1929, stars were not displaced, as, according to Einstein, they should be—or that, outside itself, Ein-steinism is meaningless.

There was no excitement over this tragedy, or comedy, because this earth's intellectuals, mostly, take notice only when they're told to take notice; and to orthodoxy it seemed wisest that this earth's thinkers should not think about this. Prof. Freundlicher's explained the astronomers of the Lick expedition, quite as I explain all astronomers. He gave his opinion that they had confirmed Einstein because "they had left out of consideration observations that did not fit in with the results that they wanted to obtain." If there be much more of such agreements with me, I shall have to hunt me

some new heresies. For an account of Prof. Freundlicher's report, see the *New York Herald Tribune,* June 14, 1931.

Outside itself Einsteinism has no meaning.

As a worthless thing— As an unrelated thing its state is that of which artists have dreamed, in their quest for absoluteness—the dream of "art for art's sake."

Up to Dec. 6, 1931, I thought of Prof. Einstein's theories as almost alone, or as representing almost sublime worthlessness. But *New York Times,* Dec. 6, 1931—scientists of the University of California, experimenting upon an admixture of phosphorus in the food of swine, were developing luminous pigs. "Just what they will be good for has not yet been announced."

Mine is a dream of being not worth a displaced star to anybody. I protest that with the elements of this book my only motive is compositional—but comes the suspicion that I protest too much.

There has been a gathering of suggestions—that there are subtler "rays" than anything that is known in radioactivity, and that they may be developed into usefulness. The Ascot Cup and the Dublin jewels—and, if they were switched away by a means of transportation now not commonly known, a common knowledge may be developed to enormous advantage in commercial and recreational and explorative transportations.

In the period of my writing of this book, Californian scientists were trying to make pigs shine at night. Another scientist, who could not yet announce much usefulness, was feeding skimmed milk to huckleberries. For all I know one of us may revolutionize something or another.

17

LONDON *Daily Chronicle*, March 30, 1922—"It is incredible, but nothing has been heard of Holding."

For three weeks a search had been going on—cyclists, police, farmers, people from villages.

At half past ten o'clock, morning of the 7th of March, 1922, Flying Officer B. Holding had set out from an aerodrome, near Chester, England, upon what was intended by him to be a short flight in Wales. About eleven o'clock, he was seen, near Llangollen, Wales, turning back, heading back toward Chester—

Holding disappeared far from the sea, and he disappeared over a densely populated land. One of my jobs was that of looking over six London newspapers for the years 1919-1926, and it is improbable that anything was learned of what became of Holding, later, without my knowing of it. I haven't a datum upon which to speculate, in the Holding mystery: but now I have a story of two men, whose track on land stopped as abruptly as stopped Holding's track in the sky: and this time I note an additional circumstance. The story of these men is laid in a surrounding of hates of the intensity of oriental fanaticism.

Upon July 24, 1924, at a time of Arab hostility, Flight-Lieutenant W. T. Day and Pilot Officer D. R. Stewart were sent from British headquarters, upon an ordinary reconnaissance over a desert in Mesopotamia. According to schedule, they would not be absent more than several hours. I take this account from the London *Sunday Express*, Sept. 21, 28, 1924.

The men did not return, and they were searched for. The plane was soon found, in the desert. Why it should have landed was a problem. "There was some petrol left in the tank. There was nothing wrong with the craft. It was, in fact, flown back to the aerodrome." But the men were missing. "So far as can be ascertained, they encountered no meteorological conditions that might have forced them to land." There were no marks to indicate that the plane had been shot at. There may be some way, at present very exclusively

known, of picking an aeroplane out of the sky. According to the rest of this story, there may be some such way of picking men out of a desert.

In the sand, around the plane, were seen the footprints of Day and Stewart. “They were traced, side by side, for some forty yards from the machine. Then, as suddenly as if they had come to the brink of a cliff, the marks ended.”

The landing of the plane was unaccountable. But, accepting that as a minor mystery, the suggested explanation of the abrupt ending of the footprints was that Day and Stewart had been captured by hostile Bedouins, who had brushed away all trails in the sand, starting at the point forty yards from the plane. But hostile Bedouins could not be thought of as keeping on brushing indefinitely, and a search was made for a renewal of traces.

Aeroplanes, armored cars, and mounted police searched. Rewards were offered. Tribal patrols searched unceasingly for four days. Nowhere beyond the point where the tracks in the sand ended abruptly, were other tracks found. The latest account of which I have record is from the London *Sunday News,* March 15, 1925— mystery of the missing British airmen still unsolved.

London *Evening News,* Sept. 28, 1923—”Second-Lieut. Morand, while at shooting practice, at Gadaux, France—himself firing at a target on the ground, while a sergeant piloted the machine—suddenly fell back, calling to the pilot to land, as he had been wounded. It was found that he had a serious wound in his shoulder, and he was taken to Bordeaux, by the hospital aeroplane.” It was said that he had been shot. “But no clue has been found, as to the origin of the shot.”

I especially notice this case, because it was at a time of other “accidents” to French fliers. The other “accidents” were different, in that they did not occur in France, and in that they were not shootings. I know of no case that in all particulars I can match with the disappearance of Day and Stewart: but there are records of airmen who, flying over a land where the sight of them directed hate upon them, were unaccountably picked out of the sky.

In this summer of 1923, French aviators told of inexplicable mishaps and forced landings, while flying over German territory. The instances were so frequent that there arose a belief that, with “secret rays,” the Germans were practicing upon French aeroplanes. From a general impression of an existence of rationality-irrationality, we can conceive that the Germans were practicing upon French aeroplanes something that they were most

particularly endeavoring to keep secret from France—if they had any such powers. But. I think that they had not—or that officially they had not. There may have been a hidden experimenter, unknown to the German authorities.

An article upon this subject was published in the London *Daily Mail*, Sept. 1, 1923. “Two theories have been put forward. One is that by a concentration of wireless rays the magneto of the aeroplane may be affected; and another is that a new ray, which will melt certain metals, has been discovered. In this connection it is notable that most of the forced landings of the French aeroplanes, when flying from Strasbourg to Prague, have taken place in the vicinity of a German aerodrome, near Furth.” It was said that for some time, at the German wireless station at Nauen, there had been experiments upon directional wireless, with the object of sending out rays, concentrated along a certain path, as the beams of a search-light are directed. The authorities at Nauen denied that they had knowledge of anything that could have affected the French aeroplanes, in ways reported, or supposed. Automobiles can be stopped, by wireless control, if they be provided with special magnetos: otherwise not. Sir Oliver Lodge was quoted, by the *Daily Mail*, as saying that he knew of no rays that could stop a motor, unless specially equipped. Professor A. M. Low’s opinion was that some day distant motors may be stopped—”I feel confident that, in 50 or 60 years’ time, such a thing will be possible.” Prof. Low said that he knew of laboratory experiments in which, over a distance of two feet, rays of sufficient power to melt a small coil of wire had been transmitted. But, as to the reported “accidents” in Germany, Prof. Low said: “There is a wide difference between transmitting such a power over a distance of a foot or two, and a distance of one or two thousand yards.”

In the *Daily Mail*, April 5, 1924, was an account of invisible rays, which had been discovered by Mr. H. Grindell-Mathews, powerful enough, under laboratory conditions, to stop the engine of a motor-cycle at a distance of fifty feet.

Of course high among virtues are the honorable lies of Governments. Whether virtuously said, or accurately reported, I don’t know: but it is said, or reported, that, in the year 1929, the British Government spent $500,000 investigating alleged long-distance “death-rays,” and developed nothing that was effective. It is said, or reported, that the Italian navy gave opportunity to an inventor to demonstrate what he could do with “death-rays,” but that his demonstrations came to nothing. We have no data for

thinking that, in the year 1929, any Government was in possession of a secret of long-distance "death-rays." The forced landings of French aeroplanes, in the summer of 1923, remain unexplained.

There may be powerful rays that are not electromagnetic. French aviators may have been brought to earth by no power that is called "physical"—though I know of no real demarcation between what is called physical and what is called mental. See back to the series of "mysterious attacks," in England, in April and May, 1927. Three times, as if acted upon by an unknown influence, automobiles behaved unaccountably.

Our data are upon "accidents" that have not been satisfactorily explained. There have been occurrences that were similar to effects that inventors are, by mechanical means, striving for, in the cause of military efficiencies. And these experimenters are practical persons. It may be that we are on the track of a subtler slaughter. It looks as if a lonely possessor of a secret, such as is called "occult," operated wantonly, or in the malicious exercise of a power, upon automobiles, in England, in the months of April and May, 1927. He was a criminal. But I am a practical thinker, and a useful citizen, on the track of much efficiency, which will be at the disposal of God's second choice of people—which I think we must be, judging by the afflictions that are upon us, at this time of writing—a power that would, by this great nation, be used only righteously, if anybody could ever distinguish between righteousness and exploitation and tyranny. One of the engaging paradoxes of our existence— which strip mathematics of meaning—is that a million times a crime is patriotism. I am unable to conceive that a power to pick planes out of the sky would be so terrible as to stop war, because up comes the notion that counter-operations would pick the pickers. If we could have new abominations, so unmistakably abominable as to hush the lubricators, who plan murder to stop slaughter—but that is only dreamery, here in our existence of the hyphen, which is the symbol of hypocrisy.

New York Times, Oct. 25, 1930—that about forty automobiles had been stalled, for an hour, on the road, in Saxony, between Risa and Wurzen.

About forty chauffeurs were probably not voiceless, in this matter; and, if the German Government were experimenting with "secret rays," that was some more of its public secrecy. In the *Times*, October 27, was quoted the mathematician and former Premier of France, Paul Painlevé—"No experiment thus far conducted would permit us to credit such a report, nor give any prospect of seeing it accomplished in the near future."

Upon May 26, 1925—see the London *Daily Mail*, May 28, 1925— at Andover, Hampshire, England, a corporal of the R.A.F., making a parachute practice jump, was killed by a fall of 1,900 feet from an aeroplane. There is not a datum for thinking that there was anything to this occurrence that aligns it with other occurrences told of in this chapter. But there is an association. About the time of the accident, or whatever it was that befell this man, and at the same place, Flight Sergeant Frank Lowry, and Flying Officer John Kenneth Smith, pilot, were in an aeroplane, making wireless tests. They had been in the air about fifteen minutes, when Smith, having called to his companion, without hearing from him, looked around, and saw smoke coming from the back cockpit, and saw Lowry in a state of collapse.

Lowry was dead. "Flight-Lieut. Cyril Norman Ellen said that there was nothing in the machine likely to kill a man, and that Lowry must have come in contact with an electric current in the air. No similar case has been reported."

In the *Daily Mail*, Oct. 14, 1921, a writer (T. Gifford) tells of a scene of "accidents," at a point on a road in Dartmoor. This story is like the account of the series of "accidents" to automobiles, in England, in April and May, 1927, except that the "accidents" were strictly localized.

The story told by Gifford is that one day in June, 1921, a doctor, riding on his motor-cycle, with his two children in a side-car, suddenly, at this point, on the Dartmoor road, called to the children to jump. The machine swerved, and the doctor was killed. Several weeks later, at this place, a motor coach suddenly swerved, and several passengers were thrown out. Upon Aug. 26, 1921, a Captain M.—for whom I apologize—it is not often that a Mr. X. or a Captain M. appears in these records—was, at this point on the road, thrown from his motor-cycle. Interviewed by Gifford, he told, after evasions, that something described by him as "invisible hands" had seized upon his hands, forcing the machine into the turf.

More details were published in the *Daily Mail*, October 17, of this year. The scene of the "accidents" was on the road, near the Dartmoor village of Post Bridge. In the first instance, the victim was Dr. E. H. Helby, Medical Officer of Princetown Prison.

In *Light*, Aug. 26, 1922, a correspondent noted another "accident" at this point. Details of the fourth "accident" were told, in the London *Sunday Express*, Sept. 12, 1926. The victim was traveling on his motor-cycle. "He was suddenly and violently unseated from his mount, and knew no more

until he regained consciousness in a cottage, to which he had been carried, after a collapse.” The injured man could not explain.

18

I RECORD that, once upon a time, down from the sky came a shower of virgins.

Of course they weren't really virgins. I can't accept the reality of anything, in such an indeterminate existence as ours.

See the *English Mechanic*, 87-436—a shower of large hailstones, at Remiremont, France, May 26, 1907. Definitely upon some of these objects were printed representations of the Virgin of the Hermits.

It used to be the fashion, simply and brusquely to deny such a story, and call it a device of priestcraft: but the tendency of disbelievers, today, is not to be so free and monotonous with accusations, and to think that very likely unusual hailstones did fall, at Remiremont, and that out of irregularities or discolorations upon them, pious inhabitants imagined pictorial representations. I think, myself, that the imprints upon these hailstones were of imaginative origin; but in the sense that illustrations in a book are; and were not simply imagined by the inhabitants of Remiremont, any more than are some of the illustrations of some books only smudges that are so imaginatively interpreted by readers that they are taken as pictures.

The story of the hailstones of Remiremont is unique in my records. And a statement of mine has been that our data are of the not extremely uncommon. But, early in this book, I pointed out that any two discordant colors may be harmonized by means of other colors; and there are no data, thinkable by me, that cannot be more or less suavely co-ordinated, if smoothly doctored; or that cannot be aligned with the ordinary, if that be desirable.

I am a Jesuit. I shift aspects from hailstones with pictures on them, to pictures on hailstones—and go on with stories of pictures on other unlikely materials.

According to accounts—copied from newspapers—in the *Spiritual Magazine*, n.s., 7-360, and in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, March 29, 1873, there was more excitement in Baden-Baden, upon March 12, 1872, than at Remiremont. Upon the morning of this day, people saw pictures that

in some unaccountable way had been printed upon windowpanes of houses, with no knowledge by occupants as to how they got there. At first the representations were crosses, but then other figures appeared. The authorities of Baden ordered the windows to be washed, but the pictures were indelible. Acids were used, without effect. Two days later, crosses and death's heads appeared upon window glass, at Rastadt.

The epidemic broke out at Boulley, five leagues from Metz. Here, because of feeling, still intense from the Franco-Prussian War, the authorities were alarmed. Crosses and other religious emblems appeared upon windowpanes—pictures of many kinds—death's heads, eagles, rainbows. A detail of Prussian soldiers was sent to one house to smash a window, upon which was pictured a band of French Zouaves and their flags. It was said that at night the pictures were invisible. But the soldiers did not miss their chance: they smashed a lot of windows, anyway. Next morning it looked as if there had been a battle. In the midst of havoc, the Zouaves were still flying their colors.

This story, I should say, then became a standardized newspaper yarn. I have a collection of stories of pictures appearing upon window glass that were almost busily told in American newspapers, after March, 1872, not petering out until about the year 1890.

But it cannot be said that all stories told in the United States, of this phenomenon, or alleged phenomenon, were echoes of the reported European occurrences, because stories, though in no such profusion as subsequently, had been told in the United States before March, 1872. *New York Herald*, Aug. 20, 1870—a representation of a woman's face, appearing upon window glass, in a house in Lawrence, Mass. The occupant of the house was so pestered by crowds of sightseers that, not succeeding in washing off the picture, he removed the window sash. *Human Nature*, June, 1871—copied from the *Chicago Times*—house in Milan, Ohio, occupied by two tenants, named Horner and Ashley. On windowpanes appeared blotches, as if of water mixed with tar, or crude oil—likenesses of human faces taking form in these places. *New York Times*, Jan. 18, 1871—that, in Sandusky and Cincinnati, Ohio, pictures of women had appeared upon windowpanes.

Still, it might be thought that there was one origin for all the stories, and that that was the spirit-photograph controversy, which, in the early eighteen-seventies, was a subject of intense beliefs and disbeliefs, in both

Europe and America. A point that has not been taken up, in this controversy, which continues to this day, even after the fateful spread of knowledge of double exposure, is whether the human imagination can affect a photographic plate. I incline to the idea that almost all spirit-photographs have been frauds, but that a few may not have been—that no spirits were present, but that, occasionally, or very rarely, a quite spookless medium has, in a profound belief in spirits, engendered, out of visualizations, something wraith-like that has been recorded by a camera. Against the explanation that stories of pictures on windowpanes probably had origin in the spirit-photograph craze, I mention that similar stories were told centuries before photography was invented. For an account of representations of crosses that appeared, not upon window glass, but upon people's clothes, as told by Joseph Grünpech, in his book, *Speculum Naturalis Coelestis,* published in the year 1508, see *Notes and Queries,* April 2, 1892.

"After the death of Dean Vaughan, of Llandaff, there suddenly appeared on a wall of the Llandaff Cathedral, a large blotch of dampness, or minute fungi, formed into a life-like outline of the dean's face" (*Notes and Queries,* Feb. 8, 1902).

Throughout this book, my views, or preconceptions, or bigotries, are against spiritual interpretations, or assertions of the existence of spirits, as independent very long from human bodies. However, I think of the temporary detachability of mentalities from bodies, and that is much like an acceptance of the existence of spirits. My notion is that Dean Vaughan departed, going where any iceberg goes when it melts, or where any flame goes when it is extinguished: that intense visualizations of him, by a member of his congregation, may have pictorially marked the wall of the church.

According to reports, in the London *Daily Express,* July 17 and 30, and in the *Sunday Express,* Aug. 12, 1923, it may be thought, by anybody so inclined to think, that, in England, in the summer of 1923, an artistic magician was traveling, and exercising his talents. Somebody, or something, was perhaps impressing pictures upon walls and pillars of churches. The first report was that, on the wall of Christ Church, Oxford, had appeared a portrait of the famous Oxford cleric, Dean Liddell, long dead. Other reports came from Bath, Bristol, and Uphill, Somerset. At Bath —in the old abbey of Bath—the picture was of a soldier, carrying a pack.

The Abbey authorities scraped off this picture, but the portrait, at Oxford, was not touched.

There is a description, in T. *P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* (London), Sept. 11, 1926, of the portrait on the wall of Christ Church, Oxford, as seen three years later. It is described as "a faithful and unmistakable likeness of the late Dean Liddell, who died in the year 1898." "One does not need to call in play any imaginative faculty to reconstruct the head. It is set perfectly straight upon the wall, as it might have been drawn by the hand of a master artist. Yet it is not etched; neither is it sketched, not sculptured, but it is there plain for all eyes to see."

And it is beginning to look as if, having started somewhat eccentrically with a story of virgins, we are making our way out of the marvelous. Now accept that there is a very ordinary witchcraft, by which, under the name of *telepathy,* pictures can be transferred from one mind to another, and there is reduction of the preposterousness of stories of representations on hailstones, window glass, and other materials. We are conceiving that human beings may have learned an extension of the telepathic process, so as to transfer pictures to various materials. So far as go my own experiences, I do not know that telepathy exists. I think so, according to many notes that I have taken upon vagrant impressions that come and go, when my mind is upon something else. I have often experimented. When I incline to think that there is telepathy, the experiments are convincing that there is. When I think over the same experiments, and incline against they, they indicate that there isn't.

New York Sun, Jan. 16, 1929—hundreds of persons standing, or kneeling, at night, before the door of St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church, in Keansburg, N. J. They saw, or thought they saw, on the dark, oak door, the figure of a woman, in trailing, white robes, emitting a glow. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Thomas A. Kearney, was interviewed. "I don't believe that it is a miracle, or that it has anything to do with the supernatural. As I see it, it is unquestionably in the outline of a human figure, white-robed, and emitting light. It is rather like a very thin motion picture negative that was under-exposed, and in which human outlines and detail are extremely thin. Yet it seems to be there."

Or pictures on hailstones—and wounds that appeared on the bodies of people. In the name of the everlasting If, which mocks the severity of every theorem in every textbook, and is not so very remote from every datum of

mine, we can think that, by imaginative means, at present not understood, wounds appeared upon people in Japan, and Germany, and in a turning, off Coventry Street, London, if we can accept that in some such way, pictures ever have appeared upon hailstones, windowpanes, and other places. And we can think that pictures have appeared upon hailstones, windowpanes, and other places, if we can think that wounds have appeared upon people in Japan and other places. *Ave* the earthworm!

It is my method not to try to solve problems—so far as the solubility-insolubility of problems permits—in whatever narrow specializations of thought I find them stated: but, if, for instance, I come upon a mystery that the spiritualists have taken over, to have an eye for data that may have bearing, from chemical, zoological, meteorological, sociological, or entomological sources—being unable to fail, of course, because the analogue of anything electrical, or planetary, is findable in biological, ethical, or political phenomena. We shall travel far, even to unborn infants, to make hailstones reasonable.

I have so many heresies—along with my almost incredible credulities—or pseudo-credulities, seeing that I have freed my mind of beliefs—that, mostly, I cannot trace my infidelities, or enlightenments, back to their sources. But I do remember when first I doubted the denial by conventional science of the existence of pre-natal markings. I read Dr. Weismann's book upon this subject, and his arguments against the possibility of pre-natal markings convinced me that they are quite possible. And this conversion cost me something. Before reading Dr. Weismann, I had felt superior to peasants, or the "man in the street," as philosophers call him, whose belief is that pregnant women, if frightened, mark their offsprings with representations of rats, spiders, or whatever; or, if having a longing for strawberries, fruitfully illustrate their progeny, and were at one time of much service to melodrama. I don't know about the rats and the strawberries, but Dr. Weismann told of such cases as that of a woman with a remarkable and distinctive disfigurement of an ear, and of her similarly marked offspring. His argument was that thousands of women are disfigured in various ways, and that thousands of offsprings are disfigured, and that it is not strange that in one case the disfigurement of an offspring should correspond to the disfigurement of a parent. But so he argued about other remarkable cases, and left me in a state of mind that has often

repeated: and that is with the idea that much mental development is in rising down to the peasants again.

If there can be pre-natal markings of bodies, and, as I interpret Dr. Weismann's denials, there can be, and, if they be of mental origin, my mind is open to the idea that other—and still more profoundly damned stories of strange markings—may be similarly explained. If a conventional physician is scornful, hearing of a human infant, pre-natally marked, I'd like to hear his opinion of a story that I take from the London *Daily Express*, May 14, 1921. Kitten, born at Nice, France—white belly distinctly marked with the gray figures, 1*921*—the mother cat had probably been looking intently at something, such as a calender, so dated. "Or reading a newspaper?" said scornful doctor would ask, pointing out that, if I think there are talking dogs, it is only a small "extension," as I'd call it, to think of educated cats keeping themselves informed upon current events.

London *Sunday News*, Aug. 3, 1926—"Dorothy Parrot, 4-year-old child of R. S. Parrot, of Winget Mill, Georgia, was marked by a red spot on her body. Out of this spot formed three letters, *R. J. C.* Doctors cannot explain."

London *Daily Express*, Nov. 17, 1913—phenomena of a girl, aged 12, of the village of Bussus-Bus-Suel, near Abbeville, France. If asked questions, answers appeared in letterings on her arms, legs, and shoulders. Also upon her body appeared pictures, such as of a ladder, a dog, a horse.

In September, 1926, a Rumanian girl, Eleonore Zegun, was taken to London, for observation by the National Laboratory for Psychical Research. Countess Wassilko-Serecki, who had taken the girl to London, said, in an interview (London *Evening Standard*, Oct. 1, 1926), that she had seen the word *Dracu* form upon the girl's arm. This word is the Rumanian word for the Devil.

Or the *Handwriting on the Wall*—and why don't I come out frankly in favor of all, or anyway a goodly number of, the yarns, or the data, of the Bible? *The Defender of Some of the Faith* is clearly becoming my title.

In recent years I have noted much that has impressed upon my mind the thought that religionists have taken over many phenomena, as exclusively their own—have colored and discredited with their emotional explanations—but that someday some of these occurrences will be rescued from theological interpretations and exploitations, and will be the subject-matter of—

New enlightenments and new dogmas, new progresses, delusions, freedoms, and tyrannies.

I incline to the acceptance of many stories of miracles, but think that these miracles would have occurred, if this earth had been inhabited by atheists.

To me, the Bible is folklore, and therefore is not pure fantasy, but comprises much that will be rehabilitated. But also to me the Bible is non-existent. This is in the sense that, except in my earlier writings, I have drawn a dead-line, for data, at the year 1800. I may, upon rare occasions, dip farther back, but my notes start in the year 1800. I shall probably raise this limit to 1850, or maybe 1900. I take for a principle that our concern is not in marvels. It is in repetitions, or sometimes in almost the commonplace. There is no desirability in going back to antiquity for data, because, unless phenomena be appearing now, they are of only historical interest. At present, there is too much history.

Handwritings on walls—I have several accounts: but, if anybody should be interested enough to look up this phenomenon for himself, he will find the most nearly acceptable record in the case of Esther Cox, of Amherst, Nova Scotia. This case was of wide notoriety, and, of it, it could be said that it was well-investigated, if it can be supposed that there ever has been a case of anything that has been more than glanced at, or more than painstakingly and profoundly studied, simply to confirm somebody's theory.

If I should tell of a woman, who, by mental picturings, not only marked the body of her unborn infant, but transformed herself into the appearance of a tiger, or a lamppost, or became a weretiger, or a werelamppost—or of a magician, who, beginning with depicting forest scenes on window glass, had learned to transform himself into a weredeer, or a weretree—I'd tell of a kind of sorcery that used to be of somewhat common occurrence.

I have a specimen. It is a Ceylon leaf insect. It is a wereleaf. The leaf insect's likeness to a leaf is too strikingly detailed to permit any explanation of accidental resemblance.

There are butterflies, which, with wings closed, look so much like dried leaves that at a distance of a few feet they are indistinguishable from dried leaves. There are tree hoppers with the appearance of thorns; stick insects, cinder beetles, spiders that look like buds of flowers. In all instances these are highly realistic portraitures, such as the writer, who described the

portrait of Dean Liddell, on the church wall, would call the handiwork of a master artist.

There have been so many instances of this miracle that I now have a theory that, of themselves, men never did evolve from lower animals: but that, in early and plastic times, a human being from somewhere else appeared upon this earth, and that many kinds of animals took him for a model, and rudely and grotesquely imitated his appearance, so that, today, though the gorillas of the Congo, and of Chicago, are only caricatures, some of the rest of us are somewhat passable imitations of human beings.

The conventional explanation of the leaf insect, for instance, is that once upon a time a species of insects somewhat resembled leaves of trees, and that the individuals that most closely approximated to this appearance had the best chance to survive, and that in succeeding generations, still higher approximations were still better protected from their deceived enemies.

An intelligence from somewhere else, not well-acquainted with human beings—or whatever we are—but knowing of the picture galleries of this earth, might, in Darwinian terms, just as logically explain the origin of those pictures—that canvases that were daubed on, without purpose, appeared; and that the daubs that more clearly represented something recognizable were protected, and that still higher approximations had a still better chance, and that so appeared, finally, highly realistic pictures, though the painters had been purposeless, and with no consciousness of what they were doing—

Which contrasts with anybody's experience with painters, who are not only conscious of what they're doing, but are likely to make everybody else conscious of what they're so conscious of.

It is not merely that hands of artists have painted pictures upon canvas: it is that, upon canvas, artists have realized their imaginings. But, without hands of artists, strikingly realistic pictures and exquisite modelings have appeared. It may be that for crosses on windowpanes, emblems on hailstones, faces on church walls, pre-natal markings, the stigmata, telepathic transferences of pictures, and leaf insects we shall conceive of one expression.

To the clergyman who told the story of the hailstones of Remiremont, the most important circumstance was that, a few days before the occurrence, the Town Council had forbidden a religious procession, and that, at the time

of the fall of the hailstones, there was much religious excitement in Remiremont.

English Mechanic, 87-436—story told by Abbe Gueniot, of Remiremont:

That, upon the afternoon of the 26th of May, 1907, the Abbe was in his library, aware of a hailstorm, but paying no attention to it, when a woman of his household called to him to see the extraordinary hailstones that were falling. She told him that images of "Our Lady of the Treasures" were printed on them.

"In order to satisfy her, I glanced carelessly at the hailstones, which she held in her hand. But, since I did not want to see anything, and moreover could not do so, without my spectacles, I turned to go back to my book. She urged: 'I beg of you to put on your glasses.' I did so, and saw very distinctly on the front of the hailstones, which were slightly convex in the center, although the edges were somewhat worn, the bust of a woman, with a robe that was turned up at the bottom, like a priest's cope. I should, perhaps, describe it more exactly by saying that it was like the Virgin of the Hermits. The outline of the images was slightly hollow, as if they had been formed with a punch, but were very boldly drawn. Mlle. Andre asked me to notice certain details of the costume, but I refused to look at it any longer. I was ashamed of my credulity, feeling sure that the Blessed Virgin would hardly concern herself with instantaneous photographs on hailstones. I said: 'But do you not see that these hailstones have fallen on vegetables, and received these impressions? Take them away: they are no good to me.' I returned to my book, without giving further thought to what had happened. But my mind was disturbed by the singular formation of these hailstones. I picked up three in order to weigh them, without looking closely. They weighed between six and seven ounces. One of them was perfectly round, like balls with which children play, and had a seam all around it, as though it had been cast in a mold."

Then the Abbe's conclusions:

"Savants, though you may try your hardest to explain these facts by natural causes, you will not succeed." He thinks that the artillery of heaven had been directed agianst the impious Town Council. However people with cabbages suffered more than people with impieties.

"What appeared most worthy of notice was that the hailstones, which should have been precipitated to the ground, in accordance with the laws of

acceleration of falling bodies, appeared to have fallen from a height of but a few yards." But other, or unmarked, hailstones, in this storm, did considerable damage. The Abbe says that many persons had seen the images. He collected the signatures of fifty persons who asserted that they had been witnesses.

I notice several details. One is the matter of a hailstone with a seam around it, as if it had been cast in a mold. This looks as if some hoaxer, or pietist—who was all prepared, having prophetic knowledge that an extraordinary shower of big hailstones was coming—had cast printed lumps of ice in a mold. But accounts of big hailstones, ridged or seamed, are common. Another detail is something that I should say the Abbe Gueniot had never before heard of. The detail of slow-falling objects is common in stories of occult occurrences, but, though for more than ten years I have had an eye for such reports, in reading of hundreds, or thousands, of hailstorms, I know of only half a dozen records of slow-falling hailstones.

In the *English Mechanic,* 87-507, there is more upon this subject. It is said that, according to the newspapers of Remiremont, these "prints" were inside the hailstones, and were found on surfaces of hailstones that had been split: that 107 persons had given testimony to the Bishop of Sainte-Die; and that several scientists, one of whom was M. de Lapparent, the Secretary of the French Academy, had been consulted. The opinion of M. de Lapparent was that lightning might have struck a medal of the Virgin, and might have reproduced the image upon the hailstones.

I have never come upon any other supposition that there can be manifold reproductions of images, or prints, by lightning. The stories of lightning-pictures are mostly unsatisfactory, because most of them are of alleged pictures of leaves of trees, and, when investigated, turn out to be simply forked veinings, not very leaf-like. There is no other record, findable by me, of hailstones said to be pictorially marked by lightning, or by anything else. It would be much of coincidence, if, at a time of religious excitement in Remiremont, lightning should make its only known, or reported, pictures on hailstones, and make those pictures religious emblems. But that the religious excitement did have much to do with the religious pictures on hailstones, is thinkable by me.

19

THE astronomers are issuing pronouncements upon what can't be seen with telescopes. The physicists are announcing discoveries that can't be seen with microscopes. I wonder whether anybody can see any meaning in an accusation that my stories are about invisibles.

I am a sensationalist.

And it is supposed that modern science, which is supposed to be my chief opposition, is remote from me and my methods.

In December, 1931, Dr. Humason, of Mount Wilson Observatory, announced his discovery of two nebulae that are speeding away from this earth, at a rate of 15,000 miles a second. There was a race. Prof. Hubble started it in the year 1930, with announced discoveries of nebulae rushing away at—oh, a mere two or three thousand miles a second. In March, 1931, somebody held the record with an 8,000-mile nebula. At this time of writing, Dr. Humason is ahead.

When a tabloid newspaper reporter announces speedy doings by more or less nebulous citizens, as "ascertained" by him, by methods that did not necessarily indicate anything of the kind, his performance is called sensationalism.

It is my statement that Dr. Hubble and Dr. Humason are making their announcements, as inferences from a method that does not necessarily indicate anything of the kind.

In the *New York Herald Tribune*, Jan. 6, 1932, Dr. Charles B. Davenport, of the department of genetics, in Carnegie Institution, received only four inches of space for one of those scares that used to be spread-headed—unknown disease that may wipe out all humanity. "Sometime in the future our boasted skyscrapers may become inhabited by bats, and the safe deposit vaults of our cities become the caves of wild animals." The unknown disease is antiquated sensationalism. I look back at my own notion of the appearance of werethings in the streets of New York—

I now have a little story that pleases me, not so much because I think that I at least hold my own with my professorial rivals, but because, with it, I

exercise some of those detective abilities that all of us, even professional detectives, possibly, are so sure we have. I reconstruct, according to my abilities, an incident that occurred somewhere near the city of Wolverhampton, England, about the first of December, 1890. The part of the story of which I have no record—that is the hypothetical part—is that, at this time, somewhere near Wolverhampton, lived a tormented young man. He was a good young man. Not really, of course, if nothing's real. But he approximated. Though for months he had not gone traveling, he was obsessed with a vividly detailed scene of himself, behaving in an unseemly manner to a female, in a railway compartment. There was another mystery. Somebody had asked him to account for his absence, somewhere, about the first of December, whereas he was convinced that he had not been absent—and yet—but he could make nothing of these two mysteries.

Upon the Thursday before the 6th of December, 1890—see the *Birmingham Daily Post*, December 6—a woman was traveling alone, in a compartment of a train from Wolverhampton to Snow Hill. According to my reconstruction, she began to think of stories of reprehensible conduct by predatory males to females traveling alone in railway compartments.

The part of the story that I take from the *Birmingham Post* is that when a train went past Soho Station, a woman fell from it. She gave her name as Matilda Crawford, and said that a young man had insulted her. An odd detail is that it was not her statement that she had leaped from the train, but that the insulting young man had pushed her through a window.

In the next compartment had sat a detective. At an inquiry, he testified that—at least so far as went his observations upon visible entrances and exits—there had been nobody but this woman in this compartment.

In the *New York Herald Tribune,* Jan. 23, 1932, was published an explanation, by Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, president of New York City College, of some of us sensationalists:

"'Professors have not scored so well in making good appearances from the publicity standpoint,' Dr. Robinson said. 'Living sheltered lives,' he added, 'they yearn for public notice and sometimes get it at the expense of their college. Surely a great New England institution was not elevated in public esteem when one of its professors of English engaged in a series of publicity-stunts, the first of which was to give solemn advice to young men to be snobs.'"

At a meeting of the American Chemical Society, at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1931, Dr. William Engleback told of cases in which, by the use of glandular extracts, the height of dwarfed children had been increased an inch or two. For the announcement of this mild little miracle, he received several inches of newspaper space. *New York Times*, Dec. 16, 1931—meeting of the Institute of Advanced Education, at the Roerich Museum, New York—something more like a miracle. I measured. Dr. Louis Berman got eleven inches of newspaper space. Dr. Berman's announcement was that the sorcerers of his cult—the endocrinologists—would breed human beings sixteen feet high.

Meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in New Orleans, December, 1931—report upon the work of Dr. Richard P. Strong, of the Harvard Medical School, in the matter of the *filaria* worms that infest human bodies—and an attempt to make it more interesting. That an ancient mystery had been solved—Biblical story of the fiery serpents at last explained. There's no more resemblance between these tiny worms and the big fiery things that—we are told—grabbed people, than between any caterpillar and a red-hot elephant. But that the *filaria* worms had been "identified" as the fiery monsters of antiquity was considered a good story, and was given much space in the newspapers. However, see an editorial, not altogether admiring, in the *New York Herald Tribune*, Jan. 5, 1932.

Still, I do, after a fashion, hold my own. *New York Sun*, Oct. 9, 1931—that, shortly after the Civil War, Captain Neil Curry sailed from Liverpool to San Francisco. The vessel caught fire, about 1,500 miles off the west coast of Mexico. The Captain, his wife, and two children, and thirty-two members of the crew took to three small boats, and headed for the mainland. Then details of suffering for water.

"Talk of miracles!" In the midst of the ocean, they found themselves in a volume of fresh water.

I note the statement that Capt. Curry discovered fresh water around the boats, not by a disturbance of any kind, but because of the green color of it, contrasting with the blue of the salt water.

I wrote to Capt. Curry, who at the time of my writing was living in Emporia, Kansas, and received an answer from him, dated Oct. 21, 1931, saying that the story in the *Sun* was accurate except as to the time; that the occurrence had been in the year 1881.

Here is something, both very different and strikingly similar, which I take from Dr. Richardson's *Journal*, as quoted by Sir John Franklin, in his *Narrative of a Journey to the Polar Sea*, p. 157— a story of a young Chipewyan Indian. His wife had died, and he was trying to save his new-born child. "To still its cries, he applied it to his breast, praying earnestly to the great Master of Life, to assist him. The force of the powerful passion by which he was actuated produced the same effect in his case, as it has done in some others, which are recorded: a flow of milk actually took place from his breast."

Intensest of need for water—and it may be that, to persons so suffering, water has been responsively transported. But there have been cases of extremest need for water to die by. One can think of situations in which more frenziedly have there been prayers for water, for death, than ever for water to live by.

New York Sun, Feb. 4, 1892—that, after the burial of Frances Burke, of Dunkirk, N. Y., her relatives, suspecting that she had been in a trance, had her body exhumed. The girl was found dead in a coffin that was full of water. It was the coroner's opinion that she had been buried alive, and had been drowned in her coffin. No opinion as to the origin of the water was published.

20

THE importance of the invisible—

That I'd starve to death, in the midst of eatables, were it not for the invisible means of locomotion by which I go and get them, and the untouchable and unseeable processes by which I digest them—

That every stout and determined materialist, arguing his rejection of the unseeable and the untouchable, lives in a phantom-existence, from which he would fade away were it not for his support by invisibles—

The heat of his body—and heat has never been seen.

His own unseeable thoughts, by which he argues against the existence of the invisible.

Nobody has ever seen steam. Electricity is invisible. The science of physics is occultism. Experts in the uses of steam and electricity are sorcerers. Mostly we do not think of their practices as witchcraft, but we have an opinion upon what would have been thought of them, in earlier stages of the Dark Age we're living in.

Or by the "occult," or by what is called the "supernatural," I mean something like an experience that I once saw occur to some acquaintances of mine.

A neighbor had pigeons, and the pigeons loafed on my window sill. They were tempted to come in, but for weeks, stretched necks, fearing to enter. I wished they would come in. I went four blocks to get them sunflower seeds. Though I will go thousands of miles for data, it is most unusual for me to go four blocks—it's eight blocks, counting both ways—for anybody. One time I found three of them, who had flown through an open window, and were upon the frame of a closed window. I went to them slowly, so as not to alarm them. It seems that I am of a romantic disposition, and, if I take a liking to anybody, who seems female, like almost all birds, I want her to perch on my finger. So I put out a finger. But all three birds tried to fly through the glass. They could not learn, by rebuffs, but kept on trying to escape through the glass. If, back in the coop, these pigeons could have told their story, it would have been that they were perched somewhere, when

suddenly the air hardened. Everything in front was as clearly visible as before, but the air had suddenly turned impenetrable. Most likely the other pigeons would have said: “Oh, go tell that to the sparrows!”

There is a moral in this, and it applies to a great deal in this book, which is upon the realization of wishes. I had wished for pigeons. I got them. After the investigation by the three pioneers all of them came in. There were nine of them. It was the unusually warm summer of 1931, and the windows had to be kept open. Pigeons on the backs of chairs. They came up on the table, and inspected what I had for dinner. Other times they spent on the rug, in stately groups and processions, except every now and then, when they were not so dignified. I could not shoo them out, because I had invited them. Finally, I did get screens: but it takes weeks to be so intelligent. So the moral is in the observation that, if you wish for something, you had better look out, because you may be so unfortunate as to get it. It is better to be humble and contented with almost nothing, because there’s no knowing what something may do to you. Much is said of the “cruelty of Nature”: but, when a man is denied his “heart’s desire,” that is mercy.

But I am suspicious of all this wisdom, because it makes for humility and contentment. These thoughts are community-thoughts, and tend to suppress the individual. They are corollaries of mechanistic philosophy, and I represent revolt against mechanistic philosophy, not as applying to a great deal, but as absolute.

Nevertheless, by the “occult,” or the “supernatural,” I do not mean that I think that it is altogether exemplified by the experience of the pigeons. In our existence of law-lawlessness, I conceive of two magics: one as representing unknown law, and the other as expressing lawlessness—or that a man may fall from a roof, and alight unharmed, because of anti-gravitational law; and that another man may fall from a roof, and alight unharmed, as an expression of the exceptional, of the defiance of gravitation, of universal inconsistency, of defiance of everything.

London *Times*, October—

Oh, well, just as an exception of our own—never mind the data, this time—take my word for it that I could cite instances of remarkable falls, if I wanted to.

It looks to me as if, for instance, some fishes climb trees, as an expression of lawlessness, by which there is somewhere an exception to the generalization that fishes must be aquatic. I think that *Thou Shalt Not* was

written on high, addressed to fishes. Whereupon a fish climbed a tree. Or that it is law that hybrids shall be sterile —and that, not two, but three, animals went into a conspiracy, out of which came the okapi. There is a "law" of specialization. Evolutionists make much of it. Stores specialize, so that dealers in pants do not sell prunes. But then appear drugstores, which sell drugs, books, soups, and mouse traps.

I have had what I think is about the average experience with magic. But, except in several periods, I have taken notes upon my experiences: and most persons do not do this, and forget. We forget so easily that I have looked over notes, and have come upon details of which I had no remembrance. From records of my own experiences, I take an account of a series of small occurrences, several particulars of which are of importance to our general argument.

I was living in London—39 Marchmont Street, W. C. 1. I was gathering data, in the British Museum Library. In my searches, I had noted instances of pictures falling from walls, at times of poltergeist disturbances: but I note here that my data upon physical subjects, such as earthquakes and auroral beams and lights on dark parts of the moon were about five to one, as compared with numbers of data upon matters of psychic research. Later, the preponderance shifted the other way. The subject of pictures falling from walls was in my mind, but it was much submerged by other subjects and aspects of subjects. It was so inactive in my mind that, when I was told of several pictures that had fallen from walls in our house, I put that down to household insecurities, and paid no more attention.

The abbreviations in the notes are *A*, for my wife; *Mrs.* M., for the landlady; *E*, the landlady's daughter; the *C's* the tenants upstairs. According to me, this is not the unsatisfactoriness of so many stories about a *Mr. X*, or a *Mrs. Y.*, because, according to me, only two of us, whom I identify, were more than minor figures: also we may suspect that, of these two, one was rather more central than the other—according to me. However, also, I suspect that, if *E* should tell this story, I'd be put down, much minored, as *Mr. F. A* and I occupied the middle floor, which was of two rooms, one of them used by us as a kitchen, though it was furnished to rent as a furnished room.

March 11, 1924—see Charles Fort's *Notes*, Letter E, Box 27—"I was reading last night, in the kitchen, when I heard a thump. Sometimes I am not easily startled, and I looked around in a leisurely manner, seeing that a

picture had fallen, glass not breaking, having fallen upon a pile of magazines in a corner. Two lace curtains at sides of window. Picture fell at foot of left curtain. Now, according to my impression, the bottom of the right-hand curtain was vigorously shaken, for several seconds, an appreciable length of time after the fall of the picture.

"Morning of the 12th—find that one of the brass rings, on the back of the picture frame, to which the cord was attached, had been broken in two places—metal bright at the fractures.

"A reminded me that, in the *C's* room, two pictures had fallen recently."

I have kept this little brass ring, broken through in one place, and the segment between the breaks, hanging by a metal shred at the point of the other break. The picture was not heavy. The look is that there had been a sharp, strong pull on the picture cord, so doubly to break this ring.

"March 18, 1924—about 5 P.M., I was sitting in the corner, where the picture fell. There was a startling, crackling sound, as if of window glass breaking. It was so sharp and loud that for hours afterward I had a sense of alertness to dodge missiles. It was so loud that Mrs. *C.*, upstairs, heard it."

But nothing had broken a windowpane. I found one small crack in a corner, but the edges were grimy, indicating that it had been made long before.

"March 28, 1924—This morning, I found a second picture—or the fourth, including the falls in the rooms upstairs—on the floor, in the same corner. It had fallen from a place about three feet above a bureau, upon which are piled my boxes of notes. It seems clear that the picture did not ordinarily fall, or it would have hit the notes, and there would have been a heartbreaking mess of notes all over the floor."

Oh, very. Sometimes I knock over a box of notes, and it's a job of hours to get them back in their places. I don't know whether it has any meaning, but I think about this: the accounts of pictures falling from walls, which were among these notes.

"The glass in the picture was not broken. This time, the cord, and not a ring, was broken. I quickly tied the broken cord, and put the picture back. I suppose I should have had *A* for a witness. Partly I did not want to alarm her, and partly I did not want her to tell, and start a ghost-scare centering around me."

I would have it that, in some unknown way, I was the one who was doing this. I'd like to meet *Mrs. C.*, sometime, and perhaps listen to her hint that

she has psychic powers, and hint that she was the one who went around psychically, knocking down pictures in our house.

The cord of this second, or fourth, picture was heavy and strong. It was beyond my strength to break a length of it. But something had broken this strong cord. I looked at the small nail in the wall. It showed no sign of strain.

Of course I was reasoning about all this. Said I: "If, when this house was furnished, all the pictures were put up about the same time, their cords may all weaken about the same time." But a ring broke, one of the times. Upstairs, one of the pictures had fallen in a kitchen, and the other in a living room, where conditions were different. Smoke in a kitchen has chemical effects upon picture cords.

"April 18, 1924—*A* took a picture down from the kitchen wall, to wash the glass—London smoke. The picture seemed to fall from the wall into her hands. *A* said: 'Another picture cord rotten.' Then: 'No: the nail came out.' But .the cord had not broken, and the nail was in the wall. Later, that day, *A* said: 'I don't understand how that picture came down.'"

There was nothing resembling a "scare" in the house. There were no discussions. I think that there was an occasional laughing suggestion —"Must be spooks around." I had three or four reasons for saying nothing about the matter to anybody.

"July 26, 1924—Heard a sound downstairs. Then Fannie called up: 'Mrs. Fort, did you hear that? A picture fell right off the wall.'"

I go on with my account, or with the mistake that I am making. Just so long as I gave the *New York Something or Another,* or the *Tasmanian Whatever,* for reference, that was all very well. But now I tell a story of my own, and everybody who hasn't had pictures drop from walls, in his presence, will resent pictures falling from walls, because of my occult powers.

There are several notes that may indicate a relation between my thoughts upon falling pictures, and then, later, a falling picture.

"Oct. 22, 1924—Yesterday, I was in the front room, thinking casually of the pictures that fell from the walls. This evening, my eyes bad. Unable to read. Was sitting, staring at the kitchen wall, fiddling with a piece of string. Anything to pass away time. I was staring right at a picture above corner of bureau, where the notes are, but having no consciousness of the picture. It

fell. It hit boxes of notes, dropped to floor, frame at a corner broken, glass broken."

There was another circumstance. I remember nothing about it. The notes upon it are as brief as if I had not been especially impressed by something that I now think was one of the strangest particulars—that is, if by indicating that I had searched for something, I meant that I had searched thoroughly.

"The cord was broken several inches from one of the fastenings on back of picture. But there should have been this fastening, a dangling piece of cord, several inches long. This missing. I can't find it."

"Night of Sept. 28-29, 1925—a picture fell in *Mrs. M's* room."

Note the lapse of time.

I am sorry to record that a note, dated Nov. 3, 1926, is missing. As I remember it, and according to allusions, in notes of November 4th, it was only a remark of mine that for more than a year no picture had fallen.

"Nov. 4, 1926—This is worth noting. Last night, I noted about the pictures, because earlier in the evening, talking over psychic experiences with France and others, I had mentioned falling pictures in our house. Tonight, when I came home, *A* told me of a loud sound that had been heard, and how welcome it was to her, because it had interrupted *E*, in a long, tiresome account of the plot of a moving picture. Later, *A* exclaimed: 'Here's what made the noise!' She had turned on the light, in the front room, and on the floor was a large picture. I had not mentioned to *A* that yesterday my mind was upon falling pictures. I took that note after she had gone to bed. I looked at the picture—cord broken, with frayed ends. I have kept a loop of this cord. The break is under a knot in it. Nov. 5—I have not strongly enough emphasized *A's* state of mind, at the time of the fall of the picture. *E's* long account of a movie had annoyed her almost beyond endurance, and probably her hope for an interruption was keen." Here is an admission that I did not think, or suspect, that it was I, who was the magician, this time.

In October, 1929, we were living in New York, or, anyway, in the Bronx. I do not have pictures on walls, in places of my own. I can't get the pictures I'd like to have: so I don't have any. I haven't been able to get around to painting my own pictures, but, if I ever do, maybe I'll have the right kind to put up.

“October 15, 1929—I was looking over these notes, and I called *A* from the kitchen to discuss them. I note that *A* had been doing nothing in the kitchen. She had just come in: had gone to the kitchen to see what the birds were doing. While discussing those falling pictures, we heard a loud sound. Ran back, and found on the kitchen floor a pan that had fallen from a pile of utensils in a closet.”

“Oct. 18, 1930—I made an experiment. I read these notes aloud to *A*, to see whether there would be a repetition of the experience of Oct. 15, 1929. Nothing fell.”

“Nov. 19, 1931—tried that again. Nothing moved. Well, then, if I’m not a wizard, I’m not going to let anybody else tell me that he’s a wizard.”

21

I LOOKED at a picture, and it fell from a wall.

The diabolical thought of Usefulness rises in my mind.

If ever I can make up my mind to declare myself the enemy of all mankind, then shall I turn altruist, and devote my life to being of use and of benefit to my fellow-beings.

Everything that is of slavery, ancient and modern, is a phenomenon of usefulness. The prisons are filled with unconventional interpreters of uses. If it were not for uses, we'd be free of lawyers. Give up the idea of improvements, and that is an escape from politicians.

Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you, and you may make the litter of their circumstances that you have made of your own. The good Samaritan binds up wounds with poison ivy. If I give anybody a coin, I hand him good and evil, just as truly as I hand him head and tail. Whoever discovered the uses of coal was a benefactor of all mankind, and most damnably something else. Automobiles, and their seemingly indispensable services—but automobiles and crime and a million exasperations. There are persons who think they see clear advantages in the use of a telephone—then the telephone rings.

If, by looking at it, a picture can be taken down from a wall, why could not a house be pulled down, by still more intently staring at it?

If, occultly, mentally, physically, however, a house could be pulled down, why could not a house be put up, by concentrating upon its materials ?

Now visions of the Era of Witchcraft—miracles of invisible bricks laying, and marvels of masonry without masons—subtle uses and advantages that will merge both *A. D.* and *B. C.* into one period of barbarism, known as *B. W.*—

But the factories and labors and laborers—everything else that is now employed in our primitive ways of buildings houses. Unemployment and starvation and charity—political disturbances—the outcry against putting the machines out of work. There is no understanding any messiah, inventor,

discoverer, or anybody else who is working for betterment, except by recognizing him as partly a fiend.

And yet, in one respect, I am suspicious of all this wisdom. The only reason that it is not conventional mechanistic philosophy is that the conventionalist is more subdued. But, if to every action there is a reaction that is equal and opposite, there is to every advantage, or betterment, an equal disadvantage, or worsement. This view—except as quantitatively expressed—seems to me to be in full agreement with my experiences with advantages and uses and betterments: but, as quantitatively expressed, it is without authority to me, because I cannot accept that ever has any action-reaction been cut in two, its parts separated, and isolated, so that it could be determined what either part was equal to.

I looked at a picture, and it fell from a wall.

Once upon a time, Dr. Gilbert waved a wand that he had rubbed with the skin of a cat, and bits of paper rose from a table. This was in the year 1, of Our Lord, Electricity, who was born as a parlor-stunt.

And yet there are many persons, who have read widely, who think that witchcraft, or the idea of witchcraft, has passed away.

They have not read widely enough. They have not thought widely enough. What idea has ever passed away? Witchcraft, instead of being a "superstition of the past," is of common report. I look over my data for the year 1924, for instance, and note the number of cases, most of them called "poltergeist disturbances," that were reported in England. Probably in the United States more numerously were cases reported, but, because of library facilities, I have especially noted phenomena in England. Cases of witchcraft and other uncanny occurrences, in England, in the year 1924, were reported from East Barnet, Monkton, Lymm, Bradford, Chiswick, Mountsorrel, Dudley, Hayes, Maidstone, Minster Thanet, Epping, Grimsby, Keighley, and Clyst St. Lawrence.

New York newspapers reported three cases, close together, in the year 1927. *New York Herald Tribune*, Aug. 12, 1927—Fred Koett and his wife compelled to move from their home, near Ellenwood, Kansas. For months this house had been bewitched—pictures turned to the wall—other objects moving about—their pet dog stabbed with a pitch fork, by an invisible. *New York Herald Tribune*, Sept. 12, 1927—Frank Decker's barn, near Fredon, N. J., destroyed by fire. For five years there had been unaccountable noises, opening and shutting doors, and pictures on walls swinging back and forth.

Home News (Bronx), Nov. 27, 1927—belief of William Blair, County Tyrone, Ireland, that his cattle were bewitched. He accused a neighbor, Isabella Hazelton, of being a witch—"witch" sued him for slander—£5 and costs.

My general expression is against the existence of poltergeists as spirits—but that the doings are the phenomena of undeveloped magicians, mostly youngsters, who have no awareness of their powers as their own—or, in the cases of mischievous, or malicious, persecutions, are more or less consciously directed influences by enemies —or that, in this aspect, "poltergeist disturbances" are witchcraft under a new name. The change of name came about probably for two reasons: such a reaction against the atrocities of witchcraft-trials that the existence of witches was sweepingly denied, so that continuing phenomena had to be called something else; and the endeavor by the spiritualists to take over witchcraft, as evidence of the existence of "spirits of the departed."

If witches there be, there must of course be some humorous witches. The trail of the joke crosses our accounts of the most deadly occurrences. In many accounts of poltergeist disturbances, the look is more of mischief than of hate for victims. The London *Daily Mail*, May 1, 1907, is responsible for what is coming now:

An elderly woman, Mme. Blerotti, had called upon the Magistrate of the Ste. Marguerite district of Paris, and had told him that, at the risk of being thought a madwoman, she had a complaint to make against somebody unknown. She lived in a flat, in the Rue Montreuil, with her son and her brother. Every time she entered the flat, she was compelled by some unseen force to walk on her hands, with her legs in the air. The woman was detained by the magistrate, who sent a policeman to the address given. The policeman returned with Mme. Blerotti's son, a clerk, aged 27. "What my mother has told you, is true," he said. "I do not pretend to explain it. I only know that when my mother, my uncle, and myself enter the flat, we are immediately impelled to walk on our hands." M. Paul Reiss, aged fifty, the third occupant of the flat, was sent for. "It is perfectly true," he said. "Everytime I go in, I am irresistibly impelled to walk around on my hands." The concierge of the house was brought to the magistrate. "To tell the truth," he said, "I thought that my tenants had gone mad, but as soon as I entered the rooms occupied by them, I found myself on all fours, endeavoring to throw my feet in the air."

The magistrate concluded that here was an unknown malady. He ordered that the apartments should be disinfected.

There used to be a newspaper story of the “traveling needle.” People perhaps sat on needles, though they thought it more dignified to report that needles had entered their bodies by way of their elbows. Then, five, ten, twenty, years later, the needles came out by way of distant parts. We seldom hear of the “traveling needle,” nowadays: so I think that most—not all—of these old stories were newspaper yarns. I was interested in these stories, as told back in the eighteen-eighties and nineties, but never came upon one that seemed to me to be authentic, or to offer material much to speculate upon. I took suggestion from the method of “black magic,” of piercing, with a needle, the heart, or some other part, of an image of a proposed victim, and, according to beliefs, succeeded in affecting a corresponding part of a human being—

An inquest, in the Shoreditch (London) Coroner’s court, Nov. 14, 1919—a child, Rosina Newton, aged thirteen months, had died. A needle was found in her heart. “There was no skin-wound to show where it had entered the body.” It was the short life of this child that attracted my attention. The parents had no remembrance of any injury to her, such as that of a needle entering her body.

It seems unlikely that anybody so intensely hated this infant as to concentrate upon a desire for her death: but I have stories that may indicate the doing of harm to children as vengeance upon parents.

And in the annals of “black magic” often appears the sorcerer, who obtains something of the belongings, or of the body, of a victim, to secure a contact, or a sense of contact. Parings of fingernails are recommended, but the procuring of a lock of the victim’s hair is supposed to be most effective. There may be psychic hounds, who, from a belonging, pick up a scent, and then maintain, and operate along, a path, or a current, between themselves and their victims. In such terms, of harm, or of possession, may be understandable the hair-clippers of our records.

There is a strange story, in the *Times of India* (Bombay), Aug. 30, 1928. A part of this story that does not seem so very strange to me is that three times a new-born infant of a Muslim woman, of Bhonghir, had been “mysteriously and supernaturally” snatched away from her. The strange part is that the police, though they had explained that these disappearances were only ordinary, or “natural,” kidnapings, had gone to the trouble of taking

this woman, who for the fourth time was in a state of expectation, to the Victoria Zenana Hospital, at Secunderabad; and that the hospital authorities had gone to the trouble and expense of assigning her to a special ward, where special nurses watched her, night and day. The fourth infant arrived, and this one, so surrounded by test-conditions, did not mysteriously vanish: so it was supposed to be demonstrated that the three disappearances were ordinary kidnapings. The explanation that occurs to one is that, though it was not mentioned in the *Times of India*, there was probably a scare, at Bhonghir, and that this demonstration was made to allay it.

Just how, by ordinary, or "natural," means, anybody could, time after time, without being seen, snatch a new-born infant from a woman, was not inquired into. All such "demonstrations" start with the implied assumption that there is not witchcraft, and then show that there is not witchcraft. That is, there is no consideration for the thought that a witch might exist and might fear to practice so publicly as in a hospital ward. The "demonstration" was that there was not witchcraft in a hospital ward, and that therefore there is not witchcraft. Many of our data are of most public, or daring, or defiant occurrences: but it is notable that they stop— mostly, though not invariably—when public attention is aroused. Sometimes they stop, and then renew periodically.

About the first of May, 1922, Pauline Picard, a Breton child, aged 12, disappeared from her home on a farm, near Brest, France. I take this account from various issues of the *Journal des Debats* (Paris), May and June, 1922. Upon May 26th, a cyclist, passing Picard's farm, saw something in a field, not far from the road. He investigated. He came upon Pauline's naked and headless body. At the roadside were found her clothes. It was noted that they were "neatly folded."

The body was decomposed. Hands and feet, as well as head, were missing. This body, visible from the road, was found at a point half a mile from the Picard farmhouse.

It seems most likely that, if it was seen by a passing cyclist, it could not long have been lying so conspicuous, but unseen, by members of the Picard family. Nevertheless, that it had so lain was the opinion that was accepted at the inquest. It was said that the child must have wandered from home, and, returning, must have died of exhaustion; and that the body had been defaced by rats and foxes. This story of the wandering child, dying of exhaustion, half a mile from her home, was given plausibility by the circumstances that

once before Pauline had wandered far, and that she had been affected mentally. At least, she had disappeared, and had been found far away.

Upon April 6th, of this year 1922, Pauline disappeared. Several days later, a child was found wandering in the streets of Cherbourg. The Picards were notified, and, going to Cherbourg, identified this child as Pauline, who, however, did not recognize them, being in a state of lapsed consciousness, or amnesia. If Pauline Picard, aged 12, had made this journey afoot, or by means that are called "natural," between a farm near Brest and Cherbourg, in a state of amnesia, which it seems would somewhere be noted, but had not been reported, she had gone, unreported, a distance by land of about 230 miles.

Twice Pauline Picard disappeared. The first disappearance was not an ordinary runaway, or was not an ordinary kidnaping, because something had profoundly affected this child mentally. I have notes upon more than a few cases of persons who have appeared, as if they had been occultly transported, or at any rate have appeared in places so far from their homes that they were untraceable, and were amnesiatics. An expression for which I should like to find material is that, three times, in distant parts of India, "wolf children" were reported, after the times of disappearance of the infants of Bhonghir. The official explanation of the second disappearance and the death of Pauline Picard bears the marks of dictation by Taboo. If the body of this .child had been also otherwise mutilated, the explanation of defacement by rats and foxes would be more nearly convincing: but something, or somebody, had, as if to prevent identification, removed, without other mutilations, hands and feet and head—and also, contradictorily, had placed the body in a conspicuous position, as if planning to have it found. The verdict at the inquest required belief that this decomposed body had lain, conspicuous, but unseen, for several weeks, in this field. There is a small particular that adds to the improbability. It seems that the clothes—also conspicuous by the roadside—had not been lying there, for several weeks, subject to the disturbing effects of rains and wind. They were "neatly folded."

It is as if somebody had removed head, hands, and feet from this body, and had stripped the clothes from it, so that it could not be identified; and had placed the clothes near by, so that it could be identified.

A field—the dismembered body of a child—a farmhouse near by. But I can pick up no knowledge of relations with environment. Friendly

neighbors—or a neighbor with a grudge—all around is vacancy. A case that was called “unparalleled” was told of, in the New York newspapers, April 30, 1931. Here, too, the surroundings are blankness: in the usual way the story was told, as an unrelated thing. Perhaps, somewhere near by, brooding over a crystal globe, or some other concentration-device, was the origin of a series of misfortunes.

Early in April, 1931, Valentine Minder, of Happauge, Long Island, N. Y., was suffering with what was said to be mastoiditis. His eight children were stricken with what was said to be measles, and then, one after another, in a period of eight days, the eight children were taken ill with mastoiditis, and were removed to a hospital. The circumstance, because of which these cases were called “unparalleled,” is that mastoiditis was supposed to be not contagious.

These cases, which, if “unparalleled,” were mysterious, were a culmination of a series of misfortunes. About two years before, Minder’s home had burned down. Then came his illness, a loss of vitality, the loss of his job, and a state of destitution. Toward the end of 1930, Mrs. Minder was stricken with an indefinable illness, and became an invalid.

So far as was known, mastoiditis is not contagious. Out of many cases of family maladies, misfortunes, and fatalities, I pick one in which it seems that even more decidedly there is no place for the idea of contagion. Of course there is a place for the idea of coincidence. That is one square peg that fits into round holes and octagonal holes; dodecagonal holes, cracks, slits, gaps—or seems to, so long as whether it does or doesn’t is not enquired into. London *Daily Chronicle*, Nov. 3, 1926—that Mr. A. C. Peckover, the well-known violinist, one of the examiners to the Royal College of Music, had at the home of his sister, in Skipton, awakened one morning, to find himself blind. He was taken to the Bradford Eye and Ear Hospital. Here was his father, who, almost simultaneously, had been stricken with blindness.

In the matter of the deaths that followed the opening of Tut-Ankh-Amen’s tomb, it is my notion that, if “curses” there be, they lose their vitality, anyway after several thousand years—

Or that a tomb was violated, and that funerals followed—by the deadly magic of no mummy, but of a living Egyptian—that, somewhere in Egypt, a sense of desecration became an obsession, from which came “rays,” or a more personal and searching vengeance.

I wonder why the “wealthy farmer” appears in so many records of more or less uncanny doings. Perhaps any farmer who becomes wealthy, so becomes by sharp practices, and has enemies, whose malices against him demonstrate. In November, 1890, the household of Stephen Haven, a wealthy farmer, living near Fowlerville, Michigan, was startled by cries, one night. Haven was found at the bottom of a deep well. He had walked in his sleep. Two months later, he was again missing from his bedroom, was searched for and was found, standing, with the water up to his neck, in Silver Lake. Other members of the family were alarmed and alert. They heard slight sounds, one night—Haven was found, fast asleep, trying to set the house afire. Another time—and a thud was heard. The man, asleep, had tried to hang himself. According to the story, as told in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, Nov. 18, 1892, Haven had finally been found dead at night. He had fallen from the upper-story doorway of his barn.

See back to occurrences in Sing Sing Prison, in December, 1930. *New York Herald Tribune*, Jan. 18, 1932—“Warden Lewis E. Lawes fell this evening on the sleet-covered steps of his home, at the prison, and his right arm was broken in three places.”

In matters of witchcraft, my general expression—as I say, to signify that neither as to anything in this book, nor anywhere else, have I beliefs—my general expression upon poltergeist girls is not that they are mediums, controlled by spirits, but that effects in their presence are phenomena of their own powers, or talents, or whatever: but that there are cases in which it seems to me that youngsters were mediums, or factors, not to spirits, but to living human beings, who had become witches, or wizards, by their hates —or that, in some cases, sorcery, unless so involuntarily accompliced, cannot operate. See back to the Dagg case—here there seemed to be a girl’s own phenomena, and also the presence of another being, who was invisible. The story was probably largely a distortion. The story was that there was a feud—that a “voice” accused a neighbor, Mrs. Wallace, of having sent it into the Dagg home. If this woman could invisibly transport herself into somebody else’s home, for purposes of malice and persecution, we’d not expect her to accuse herself—but there is such an element in a hate, as a sense of dissatisfaction with injuring an enemy, unless the victim knows who’s doing it. Also the accusation was soon confused into an acquittal.

I have noted a case of occurrences in a shop, in London, which I tell of, mostly because it has highly the look of authenticity. Not a girl but a boy

was present. I'd think that the doings were his own phenomena, were it not for the circumstance of "timing." By "timing," in this case, I mean the occurrence of phenomena upon the same days of weeks. The phenomenon of "timing," or the occurrences of doings, about the same time each day, appears in many accounts of persecutions by invisibles, for which I have found no room, in this book.

London *Weekly Dispatch*, Aug. 18, 1907—disturbances in the stationery shop of Arthur Herbert George, 20 Butte Street, South Kensington, London, according to Mr. George's sworn statement, before the Commissioner for Oathes, at 85 Gloucester-road, South Kensington. George and his assistant, a boy, or a young man, aged 17, saw books and piles of stationery slide unaccountably from shelves. Everything that they replaced fell again, so that they could make no progress, trying to restore order. No vibration, no force of any kind, was felt. Two electric lamps in the window toppled over. Then there was livelier action: packages of note paper flew around, striking George and his assistant several times. George shut the door, so that customers should not come in and be injured. The next day boxes of stationery and bottles of ink were flying around, and four persons were struck. To this statement was appended an affidavit by an antique dealer, Sidney Guy Adams, 23 Butte Street, testifying that he had seen heavy packages of note paper flying around, and that he had been struck by one of them. In the *Weekly Dispatch*, September 1, it was said that there had been a repetition of the disturbances, upon the same days of the week (Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday) as the days of former phenomena. The damage to goods amounted to about £10.

Upon May 31, 1905, Englishmen—in a land where reported witchcraft is of common occurrence—were startled. This tabooed subject had been brought up in Parliament. A member of the House of Commons had told of a case of witchcraft, and had asked for an investigation.

See back to "mysterious thefts." Accept data and implications of almost any of the succeeding groups of stories, and "cat burglars," and other larcenous practitioners, become thinkable as adepts in skills that are not describable as "physical."

Dean Forest Mercury, May 26, 1905—that £50 had been stolen from a drawer in the home of John Markey near Blakeney (Dean Forest). The disappearance of this money was considered unaccountable. Just why, I could not find out, because the influence of Taboo smothered much, in this

case. The members of this household could not explain how this money could have vanished, and brooding over the mystery made them "superstitious." They asked a woman, who, according to her reputation, had much knowledge of witchcraft, to investigate. Then came occurrences that made them extremely, hysterically, insanely "superstitious." It was as if an invisible resented the interference. Soon after the arrival of this woman — Ellen Haywood—something went through this house, smashing windows, crockery, and other breakables.

That is about all that I can pick up from the local newspaper, and from other newspapers published in the neighborhood.

Markey's daughter broke down, with terror. There is only this record: no particulars of her experiences. Without detail, or comment, it is told that Markey's granddaughter became insane. Both women were removed, one to a hospital, and the other to an asylum. Markey's wife ran screaming from the house, and hid in the forest. A Police Inspector came from Gloucester, and organized a search for her; but she was not found. For three days, without food or shelter, she hid. Then she returned, telling that she had seen the searchers, but had been in such a state of terror—by whatever was censored out of the records—that she had been afraid to come out of hiding. Markey's son became violently insane, smashing furniture, and seriously injuring himself, crying out that the whole family was bewitched. He, too, was taken to an asylum.

There was a demand for an inquiry into this case, and it was voiced in the House of Commons. It was voiced against Taboo. There is no more to tell.

I have notes upon another case that looks like resentment against an intrusion—if a woman died, but not in an epileptic fit, as alleged. There were accounts in the London newspapers, but I take from a local newspaper, the *Wisbech Advertiser,* Feb. 27, 1923, home of Mr. Scrimshaw, at Gorefield, near Wisbech. Other members of Scrimshaw's household were his mother, aged 82, and his daughter, Olive, aged 16. The phenomena were in the presence of this girl. First, Mrs. Scrimshaw's lace cap rose from her head. Then a washstand crashed to the floor. Objects, such as books, dishes, a water filter, fell to the floor. There was much smashing of furniture and crockery. Names of neighbors, who witnessed these unconventionalities, are John Fennelow, T. Marrick, W. Maxey, and G. T. Ward. A piano that weighed 400 pounds moved from place to place. Police-constable Hudson was a witness of some of the phenomena. As to a suggestion that, for any

reason of notoriety, or hoaxing, Scrimshaw could be implicated, it was noted that the damage to furniture amounted to about £140.

A woman—Mrs. J. T. Holmes—who, sometime before, had been accused of witchcraft, went to this house, and practiced various incantations to exorcise the witch, or the evil spirit, or whatever. She died suddenly. It was said that she was subject to fits, and had died in one of her convulsions. Whether his decision related to Taboo, or not, the coroner decided not to hold an inquest.

Upon Dec. 12, 1930—see the *Home News* (Bronx), Dec. 22, 1930 —a resident of the Bronx, Elisha Shamray—who had changed his name from Rayevsky—opened a pharmaceutical laboratory, in Jackson Street, lower East Side, New York. During the night he died. His brother, Dr. Charles Rayevsky, came from Liberty, N. Y., to arrange for the funeral. He died a week later. The next night, the third of these brothers, Michael Shamray, Tremont Ave., Bronx, was on his way to arrange for the second funeral. He was struck by an automobile, and was killed.

In August, 1927, Wayne B. Wheeler was the general counsel of the Anti-saloon League of America. Upon August 13th, an oil stove exploded, in his home, and his wife was killed. Later, his father dropped dead. Upon the 5th of September, Wheeler died.

New York Sun, Feb. 3, 1932—Mount Vernon, Ohio, February 3— "Fear that the mysterious illness which has killed three young brothers may strike again in the same family gripped surviving members of the household, today."

Upon the 24th of January, Stanley Paazig, aged 9, died in the home of his parents, on a farm, near Mount Vernon. Upon the 31st, Raymond, aged 8, died. Marion, aged 6, died, February 2nd.

The State Health Department had been unable to identify the malady. "Chemists spent twenty-four hours making tests of the youngest victim's blood, without finding a trace of poison."

22

BELIEF in God—in Nothing—in Einstein—a matter of fashion—

Or that college professors are mannequins, who doll up in the latest proper things to believe, and guide their young customers modishly.

Fashions often revert, but to be popular they modify. It could be that a re-dressed doctrine of witchcraft will be the proper acceptance. Come unto me, and maybe I'll make you stylish. It is quite possible to touch up beliefs that are now considered dowdy, and restore them to fashionableness. I conceive of nothing, in religion, science, or philosophy, that is more than the proper thing to wear, for a while.

"Typhoid Mary"—I doubt her germs—or I suspect that she was more malicious than germy. But nobody else—at least so far as go the published accounts—which could not be expected to go very far back in the years 1906-14—thought of ignoring her germs, and of bottling her "rays." For my own suspicion that this was a case of witchcraft, I shall, for a while, probably be persecuted, by an amused tolerance, but, if back in the year 1906, anybody had given his opinion that "Typhoid Mary" was a witch, he'd have been laughed at outright.

Nobody accused "Typhoid Mary," except properly. According to the demonology of her era, she was distributing billions of little devils. Her case is framed with the unrecorded. As to her relations with her victims, I have nothing upon which to speculate.

The homes of dying men and women have been bombarded with stones of undetectable origin. Nobody was accused. We have had data of unexplained explosions, and data of seeming effects of "rays," not physical, upon motors. To me it is thinkable that a distant enemy could, invisibly, make an oil stove explode, and kill a woman, and then—if by means other than any known radio-activity, aeroplanes ever have been picked from the sky—pick from existence other members of her family. The explosion of the oil stove is simply a *bang*, such as cartoonists sometimes draw, with a margin of vacancy.

But there have been cases of persons who were accused of witchcraft.

This statement—like every other statement, issuing from the Supreme Court of the United States of America, from a nursery, from a meeting of the Amer. Assoc. Ad. Sci., or from the gossip of imbeciles—means whatever anybody wants it to mean. One interpretation is that superstitious people have attributed various misfortunes, which were probably due to their own ignorance and incompetence, to the malice of neighbors. At any rate, these cases are sketches of relations with environment, and so far we have been in a garden of evil, in which blossomed deaths and destructions, without visible stems, and without signs of the existence of roots.

New York Evening World, Sept. 14, 1928—Michael Drouse, a farmer, living near Bruce, Wis., who shot and fatally wounded John Wierzba, forty-four, told Sheriff Dobson that he did it because Wierzba had bewitched his cows. *New York Times*, Sept. 8, 1929— action by the Rye (N. Y.) National Bank against Leland Waterbury, of Poundridge, for recovery of properties, which the bank alleged had been taken from its client, Howard I. Saires, by "evil eye" methods. "The case has come to be known as the 'Westchester witchcraft case.'" *New York Times*, Oct. 9, 1930—charges of sorcery brought against Henry Dorn, of Janesville, Wis. "After a member of the State Board of Medical Examiners listened to the charges of sorcery, he said that he was convinced that they were unfounded." Dorn's sister had accused him of "casting spells of sickness" upon members of her household.

So that case was disposed of.

I am not given to fortune-telling. I dislike the idea of fortune-telling, so called, or termed more pretentiously. But I do think that anybody could tell the fortune of any member of any State Board of Medical Examiners, who would say, of any charge of sorcery, that he was convinced that it was well-founded.

There were other charges against Dorn. They remind one of accusations in old-time witchcraft trials—

That Dorn had caused apples to rot on trees, cows to go dry, and hens to cease laying.

Opponents to the idea of witchcraft are much influenced by their inability to conceive how anybody could make apples rot; inability to visualize the process of drying a cow, or entering into the organism of a hen, and stopping her productions. And science does not tell them how this could be done. So.

Also they cannot conceive how something makes apples grow, or why they don't rot on trees; how the milk of a cow is secreted, or why she shouldn't be dry; how the egg of a hen develops. And science does not tell them.

It's every man for himself, and save who can—and damnation is in accepting any messiah's offers of salvation. We're told too much, and we're told too little. We rely. And for two pins— having had experiences by which I am pretty well assured that nobody ever has two pins, when they're called for—I'd finish this book, as a personal philosophy, or for myself, alone, and then burn it. It's everybody for himself, or he isn't anybody.

It's every thinker for himself. He can be told of nothing but surfaces. Theological fundamentalists say, rootily, they think, that all things have makers—that God made all things. Then what made God? even little boys ask. Space is curved, and behind space, or space-time, there is nothing, says Prof. Einstein. Also may he be construed as saying that it is only relatively to something else that anything can be curved.

Throughout this book there is a permeation that may be interpreted as helplessness and hopelessness—absence of anything in science more than approximately to rely on—solaces and reassurances of religion, but any other religion would do as well—all progresses returning to their points of origin—philosophies only intellectual dress-making—

But, if it's every man for himself, it is my expression that out of his illusion that he has a self, he may develop one.

In records of witchcraft trials, often appears the statement that the accused person was seen, at the time of doings, in a partly visible, or semi-substantial, state. In June, 1880, at High Easter, Essex, England (London *Times*, June 24, 1880), there were poltergeist disturbances in the home of a family named Brewster. Furniture wandered. A bed rocked. Brewster saw, or thought he saw, a shadowy shape, which he recognized as that of his neighbor, Susan Sharpe. He and his son went to the home of the woman, and dragged her to a pond. They threw her into the pond, to see whether she would sink or float. But, though once upon a time, this was the scientific thing to do, fashions in science had changed. Brewster and his son were arrested, and were bound over to keep the peace—just as should be any woman, who, during rush hours in the subway, should appear in a hoop skirt.

A case that was a blend of ancient accusations and modern explanations was reported in the London *Evening News*, July 14, 1921— that is, "mysterious illnesses" attributed to the doings of an enemy, but an attempt to explain materialistically. Residents of a house in Putney had, in the London South Western Court, accused their neighbor, Frank Gordon Hatton, of "administering poisonous fumes down their chimney." Saying that the complainants had failed to prove their case, the magistrate dismissed the charge.

If anybody could have a sane idea as to what he means by insanity, he might know what he is thinking about, by bringing in this convenient way of explaining unconventional human conduct. Whatever insanity is supposed to be, it cannot so satisfactorily be applied as the explanation of two persons' beliefs relatively to one set of circumstances. According to newspaper accounts of a murder, in July, 1929, Eugene Burgess, and his wife, Pearl, went insane together, upon the same subject. It was their belief that, when Burgess's mother died, in the year 1927, she had been "willed to death" by a neighbor, Mrs. Etta Fairchild. It was their belief that this woman had cast illness upon their daughter. They killed Mrs. Fair-child. In an account, in the *New York Sun*, Oct. 16, 1929, Mrs. Burgess is described: "Belying the comparison to the ignorant peasant women, who have stood for trial for similar crimes, for hundreds of years, Mrs. Burgess looks like a prosperous clubwoman."

These are accounts of accusations of witchcraft, by persons, against other persons, according to their superstitions, or perceptions. Now there will be accounts of cases in which there are suggestions of witchcraft to me, according to my ignorance, or enlightenment.

Chicago Tribune, Oct. 14, 1892—marvelous—though not at all extraordinary—doings in the home of Jerry Meyers, a farmer, living near Hazelwood, Ohio. Meyers had been absent from his home, driving his wife to the railroad station. When he returned, he heard a hysterical story from his niece, Ann Avery, of Middletown, Ohio, who was visiting him. Soon after he and Mrs. Meyers had left the house stones were thrown at her, or fell around her. Objects in the house moved toward her. Mr. Meyers was probably astonished to hear this, but what he wanted was his dinner. The girl went to the barn to gather eggs. On her way back, stones fell around her. Whether Meyers got his dinner, or not, he got a gun. Neighbors had heard of the doings. Stationed around the house were men with shotguns:

but stones of unknown origin continued to bombard the house. Ann Avery fled back to her home in Middletown. Phenomena stopped.

In this case of the girl who was driven from her uncle's home, the circumstance that I pick out as significant is that assailments by stones began soon after Mrs. Meyers left the house. It was said that she had gone to visit friends, in the village of Lockland. Of course hospitalities often are queer, but there is a good deal of queerness in the hospitality of somebody who would go visiting somewhere else, while her husband's niece was visiting in her home.

About the last of November, 1892, in the town of Hamilton, Ontario, a man was on his way to a railroad station. In a cell, in a prison, in Fall River, Massachusetts, sat a woman.

Henry G. Trickey was, in Hamilton, on his way to a railroad station. In the Fall River jail was Lizzie Borden, who was accused of having murdered her parents.

In August, 1892, Trickey, a reporter of the *Boston Globe*, had written what was described as a "scandalous article" about Lizzie Borden. The *Globe* learned that the story was false, and apologized. Trickey was indicted.

He went to Canada. This looks as if he had fled from prosecution.

Lizzie Borden sat in her cell. There may have been something more deadly than an indictment, from which there was no escape for Trickey. While boarding a train, at Hamilton, he fell, and was killed.

In the town of Eastbourne, Sussex, England, in April, 1922, John Blackman, a well-known labor leader, was committed to prison, under a maintenance order, for arrears due to his wife. The judge who committed him died suddenly. When Blackman was released, he still refused to pay so back he went to prison. The judge who sent him back "died suddenly." He continued to refuse to pay, and twice again was re-committed to prison, and each time the judge in his case "died suddenly." See *Lloyd's Sunday News* (London), Oct. 14, 1923.

Upon Nov. 29, 1931, there was an amateur theatrical performance in the home of Miss Phoebe Bradshaw, 106 Bedford Street, New York City. *Villain*—Clarence Hitchcock, 23 Grove Street, New York. *Wronged husband*—John L. Tilker, 1976 Belmont Avenue, Bronx. Tilker was given a cap pistol. Also he carried a loaded revolver of his own, for which he had a permit. When the time came, Tilker, with his own revolver, fired at

Hitchcock, shooting him in the neck. “He was apparently new at play-acting, and in his excitement fired his own revolver, instead of the dummy.”

Hitchcock lay dying in St. Vincent’s Hospital. Soon something occurred to Tilker. He was taken to the Willard Parker Hospital, suffering from what was said to be scarlet fever. Hitchcock died, Jan. 17, 1932. See the *New York Herald Tribune*, Jan. 18, 1932.

New York Evening Journal, Feb. 6, 1930—”Two bitter women enemies arc teetering on the verge of death, today, one of them ‘doing satisfactorily,’ while the other is weaker, and in a highly critical condition. Both are sufferers from cancer. They are Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall and her most hated opponent, in the famed Hall-Mills trial, Jane Gibson, whose testimony was used in an effort to send Mrs. Hall to the electric chair.”

Upon the 8th of February, Jane Gibson died.

In the Fall of 1922, Mrs. Jane Gibson was a sturdy woman-farmer. It was her accusation that, upon the night of the murder of Dr. Edward Hall and Elinor Mills, Sept. 14, 1922, she had seen Mrs. Hall bending over the bodies. So she testified. She returned to her home, and soon afterward was stricken. At the re-trial, in November, 1926, she repeated the accusation, though she had to be carried on a cot into the court room. “Most of her days since that time were spent in the hospital.”

23

DEAD men in a Harlem park—and houses are torn by explosions, of unknown origin—the sneak of an invisible clipper of hair—vampires and murder—theatrically a girl is stabbed, on a staircase, in the presence of a large audience—the internal organs of a woman are burned into unrecognizability—

And the stoutest opponents of witchcraft, one with persecutions, and the other with denials, have been religion and science—

And more power to them, for it—

Except that witchcraft is appalling.

In our existence of the hyphen, the appalling can be only one view of a state that combines the direst and the most desirable.

Religion is belief in a supreme being. Science is belief in a supreme generalization. Essentially they are the same. Both are the suppressors of witchcraft, and I shall take up these oppositions together. But, in a state of realness-unrealness, there cannot be real opposition. In our existence of the hyphen, what is called opposition is only one view of the state of opposition-stimulation.

There is no way of judging anything, except by its manifestations. Just as much as it has been light, religion has been darkness. Today it is twilight. In the past it was mercy and charity and persecution and bloody, maniacal, sadistic hatred—hymns from chapels and screams from holy slaughterhouses—aspirations going up from this earth, with smoke from burning bodies. I can say that from religion we have never had opposition, because there never has been religion —that is that religion never has existed, as apart from all other virtues and vices and blessings and scourges —that, like all other alleged things, beings, or institutions, religion never has, in a final sense, had identity. An atheist, of zeal, may be thought of as religious. Or I can take the unmonistic view, and accept that there is, or used to be, religion, just as, practically, I ignore that all things and beings of my daily experiences are so bound up with one another that they have not

identities, and go about my daily affairs as if things and beings really were entities.

New York Sun, March 26, 1910—eruption of Mt. Etna—people of Borelli praying—the oncoming lava. The molten flood moved onward toward a shrine. Here the praying ones concentrated. The lava reached the shrine, and suddenly changed its course.

New York Times, July 27, 1931—"A revival of the ancient rain dance of Northern Saskatchewan Indians, despite the ban by the government agents, is reported to have occurred recently. Fields were parched and cattle were suffering when Chief Buffalo Bow, head of the File Hills Reserve, decided to invoke the Great Spirit. The forty-eight-hour dance, led by six singers in relays, centered about a great tree, on the bark of which a petition for aid had been carved. The Great Spirit seemed to answer, for soon after the mystic rites had been performed, the rain began and continued for two days, July 14 and 15, bringing relief all over Saskatchewan."

If, according to the views of the majority of the inhabitants of this earth, both Jehovah and the Great Spirit are myths, lava, if it would not have changed its course anyway, and rain, if it would not have fallen anyway, were influenced by witchcraft, if there be witchcraft. My general situation is that of any mathematician. Consider any of his theorems. The parallelogram of forces. In the text-books, this demonstration works out—if the incident forces be without irregularities—if resistances be unchanging—if the body acted upon be changeless—if the student has no awareness of the changes and the irregularities that are everywhere.

In the London *Daily Chronicle,* July 7, 1924, was reported a case of an English girl who had come back from Lourdes, cured, she thought. It is not often that the doctors will have anything to do with one of these cases; but it was arranged to investigate this case. At the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, St. John's Wood, London, the girl was examined by 50 doctors. She had gone, with a nurse, to Lourdes. The nurse was questioned, and testified that the girl's hand had been covered with sores, from blood poisoning, and that she had been cured, at Lourdes. The diseased condition of the girl, when she arrived in Lourdes, was certified by three doctors, of Lourdes. The sores had disappeared, but some contraction of the hand remained. The official decision of the 50 doctors, who were not of Lourdes, was: "On the evidence submitted, the cure is not proven."

I should like to come upon a record of the opinions of 50 drivers of hansom cabs, as to automobiles, when automobiles were new and uncertain, but were of some slight menace to the incomes of hansom cabbies.

In the *New York World-Telegram*, July 24, 1931, there is a story of a boy, who, at the Medical Center Hospital, New York, was cured of paralysis by the touch of a bit of bone of St. Anne, taken to the hospital from the Church of St. Anne, 110 East 12th Street, New York City. The boy was the son of Hugh F. Gaffney, 348 East 18th Street, New York City.

If, according to the views of the majority of the inhabitants of this earth, there is no more divinity at Lourdes, or at 110 East 12th Street, than anywhere else, there are reasons for thinking that it is witchcraft that is practiced at these places.

The function of God is the focus. An intense mental state is impossible, unless there be something, or the illusion of something, to center upon. Given any other equally serviceable concentration-device, prayers are unnecessary. I conceive of the magic of prayers. I conceive of the magic of blasphemies. There is witchcraft in religion: there may be witchcraft in atheism.

In the *New York Evening World*, Sept. 19, 1930, is an account of joy in Naples: the shouts of crowds, and the ringing of church bells. In the Cappella del Tesora Cathedral had been displayed the phial containing the "blood of St. Januarius." It had boiled.

It is my notion that, if intenser than the faith in Naples, had been a desire for a frustration of this miracle, the "blood of St. Januarius" might have frozen.

Upon the 5th of March, 1931—see the *New York Herald Tribune*, March 6th—15,000 worshipers were kneeling, at a pontifical high mass, in the Municipal Plaza, at San Antonio, Texas. Considering the intense antagonism to Catholicism in Mexico, at this time, one thinks of the presence of some of this feeling in San Antonio. From a palm tree, the topmost tuft fell into the kneeling congregation. Six persons were taken to the hospital.

My general expression is that some of the reported phenomena that are called "miracles" probably have occurred, but have been arbitrarily taken over by the religionists, though they are the exclusive properties of priests no more than of traveling salesmen—that scientists have been repelled by the reported phenomena, because of a fear of contamination from priestcraft

—but that any scientist who preaches the "ideals of science," and also lets fear of contaminations influence him is as false to his preachments as ever any priest has been.

See the *New York Herald Tribune*, Dec. 6, 1931—an account of the opening, in Goa, Portuguese India, of the coffin of Saint Francis Xavier.

"A special emissary, sent by Pope Pius XI, led the ceremonial procession, in which marched three archbishops, fifteen bishops, and hundreds of other members of the clergy. A throng of ten thousand persons heard the papal mass and benediction, in the Church of Don Jesus.

"The congregation passed before the coffin, and kissed the dead saint's feet."

But there have been scientists, especially medical scientists, who, in spite of contaminations, have not been held back from investigations.

In January, 1932, the New York newspapers told that many miracles had been reported in Goa.

There is no opposition, as sheer, to witchcraft, by religionists. It is competition.

24

OUR only important opposition is, not science, but a belief that we are in conflict with science.

This is an old-fashioned belief.

There is nothing told of in this book that is more of an affront to old-time dogmas than is the theory of the Nobel Prize-winner, Dr. Bohr, that the sun is "deriving" its energy from nowhere.

The quantum theory is a doctrine of magic. The idea of playing leapfrog, without having to leap over the other frog, is simply another representation of the idea of entering a closed room without passing through the walls. But there is a big difference between "authoritative pronouncements" and my expressions. It is the difference between sub-atomic events and occurrences in boarding houses. The difference is in many minds—unlike my mind, to which all things are phenomena, and to which all records are, or may be, data—in which electrons and protons are dignified little things, whereas boarders and tramps on park benches can't be taken solemnly. Charles Darwin was similarly received when, in the place of academic speculations upon evolution, he treated of bugs and bones and insides of animals. Not, of course, that I mean anything by anything.

Quantum-magic is a doctrine of discontinuity. So it seems to be opposed to my expressions upon hyphenation, which seem to be altogether a philosophy of continuity. But I have indicated that also I hyphenate in another "dimension." I conceive of all phenomena as representing continuity in one "dimension," and as representing discontinuity in another "dimension"—that is, all phenomena as inter-dependent and bound up with one another, or continuous, and at the same time so individualized that nothing is exactly like anything else, or that everything is alone, or discontinuous. I conceive of our existence as one organic state, or being, that is an individual, or that is unrelated to anything else, such as other existences, in the cosmos, its state of oneness expressing in the continuity of its internal phenomena, and its state of individuality, or apartness from everything else in the cosmos, expressing in a permeation of that

individuality, or discontinuity, throughout its phenomena. Of course, if the word *cosmos* means *organized universality,* I misuse the word here. For various reasons I let it stand.

There are hosts of persons, who consider themselves up-to-date, or ahead of that; who bandy arguments in the latest, scientific lingo, and believe anything that they're told to believe of electrons, but would be incapable of extending an idea from electrons to boarders —even though they argue that every boarder is only a composition of electrons—and go right on thinking of affairs, in general, in old-fashioned, materialistic terms.

Well, then, in old-fashioned terms, what had I this morning for breakfast ?

I think: therefore I had breakfast.

If no line of demarcation can be drawn between one's breakfasts and one's thoughts, or between a cereal and a cerebration, this is the continuity of the material and the immaterial. If there is no material, as absolutely differentiated from the immaterial, what becomes of any opposition from what may still survive of what is called *materialistic science?*

"Science is systematized and formulated knowledge."

Then anybody who has systematized and formulated knowledge enough to appear, on time, at the breakfast table, is, to that degree, a scientist. There are scientific dogs. Most of them have a great deal of systematized and formulated knowledge. Cats and rabbits and all those irritating South American rodents that were discovered by cross-word puzzle-makers are scientists. A magnet scientifically picks out and classifies iron filings from a mass of various materials. Science does not exist, as a distinguishable entity.

Our data have been upon witchcraft in love affairs; in small-town malices, and occasional murders of no importance. According to the phantom, *materialistic science,* there is no witchcraft. In the monistic sense, I agree. Witchcraft is so bound up with other "natural forces," that it cannot be picked out, as having independent existence. But, in terms of common illusions, I accept that there is witchcraft; and, just for the sake of seeming to have opposition, which makes for more interest, I pretend that there is science.

Stars and planets and ultra-violet radiations from the sun—paleolithic and neolithic inter-relationships, and zymotic multiplications, and tetrahedronic equilaterality—

And the little Colwell girl, who kept the firemen busy—and a kid named "Rena" got a haircut—there was a house in which a pan of soft soap wandered from room to room—a woman alone in a compartment of a railway train, and then maybe she wasn't alone—

The disdain of any academic scientist—if among the sensationalists of today, there survive an academic scientist—for what I call the data of witchcraft—

And now my subject is witchcraft in science.

In the year 1913, the German scientist, Emil Abderhalden, announced his discovery of the synthesis of inorganic materials into edible substances. It was said that to avoid all uncertainties—this back in those supreme old days when all scientists were certain— this announcement had been long-delayed. But experiments had been successes. Dogs fed upon synthetic foods had gained weight astonishingly, as compared with dogs that had been fed ordinary meals. Reports were much tabulated. Statistics—very statistical. Then came the War. If Dr. Abderhalden, or anybody else in Germany, could out of muds of various kinds have produced those alleged meals, perhaps we'd all be fighting to this day. As it is, we have had a rest, and can do the necessary breeding, before again starting up atrocities. So, at least for the sake of vigorous new abominations, it seems to be just as well that some of the widely advertised scientific successes aren't so successful.

But the dogs got fat.

There is scarcely an annual meeting of any prominent scientific association at which are not made, by eminent doctors and professors, announcements of great discoveries that, by long and careful experimentation, constructive and eliminative tests, and guards against all possible sources of error, have been established. A year or so later, these boons to suffering humanity are forgotten.

Almost always these announcements are not especially questioned, and bring no confusion upon their sponsors. There is much "scientific caution." A scientist doesn't know but that he may make an announcement, himself, someday. But about the middle of July, 1931, Professor Wilhelm Gluud, of the Westphalian University of Münster, was not received with the usual "caution." Prof. Gluud announced—these Professors never merely say anything—that synthetic albumen could be produced from coal. This dreamery was attacked, and later, in July, Prof. Gluud admitted that he had been "premature" in his announcement.

But something had convinced a scientist, of international reputation, so that he had risked that reputation by making his announcement.

So one inclines to think.

If he had made no experiments, and had simply and irresponsibly squawked into publicity, we have some more monism, and can draw no line between a Westphalian Professor and any Coney Island "barker." But, if he did make experiments, and, if, in spite of later developments, which showed that, according to chemical principles, success was impossible, he nevertheless had reasons to believe that some of his experiments were successes, these successes that agreed with his theory were realizations of his imaginings.

About the same time (July, 1931) another scientist was embarrassed. The Russian physiologist, Pavlov, had announced that he had taught white mice to respond to a bell, at meal time—

But now see here!

Just how disdainful should persons who put in their time ringing dinner bells for mice be of others who collect accounts of meandering pans of soft soap?

It was Pavlov's statement, or "announcement," that he had taught white mice to respond to a bell, at meal time, and that a second generation of white mice had been keener in so responding. This improvement was supposed to represent cumulative hereditary influences.

But Sir Arthur Thompson, of Aberdeen, Scotland, made an announcement.

And now see here, again! I should like to hear Sir Arthur's opinion upon the dignity of such subjects as "the vanishing man," and stones that were pegged at a farmer's niece. He, too, had been ringing dinner bells for animals.

Thompson's announcement was that he had noted no improved teachableness in a second generation of white mice. Whereupon Pavlov withdrew his announcement, saying that he must have been deceived by his assistant.

This is becoming a stock-retreat. Before he shot himself, in August, 1925, Prof. Kammerer, accused of having faked, with India ink, what he called acquired characters on the feet of toads, explained that he had been betrayed by an assistant.

I conceive that, though Pavlov retreated before a “higher authority,” his white mice may have been keener in a second generation, though nobody else’s white mice would have been of any improved discernment in a fifteenth generation—and that, though biologically, nuptial pads could not possibly appear upon the feet of Prof. Kammerer’s toads—

Pictures on hailstones—a face on a cathedral wall—and an insect takes on the appearance of a leaf—

That it may be that a man did not altogether deceive himself and others, but that faint markings did appear upon the feet of toads, as responses to his theory—but in all the uncertainty and the evanescence of the incipient—that, convinced that he was right, Prof. Kammerer may have supplemented faint markings with India ink, just to tide over, at a time of enquiry—then exposure—suicide.

The story of cancer-cure announcements is a record of abounding successes in the treatment of cancerous dogs, cats, chickens, rats, mice, and guinea pigs—followed by appeals to the public for funds for the study of the unknown causes, and the still undiscovered cure for cancer. Look over the records of cancerous growths that, according to triumphant announcements have been absorbed, or stopped, in mice and guinea pigs, and try to think that all were only deliberate deceptions. My good-bad opinion of human nature won’t stand it. But, if some of these experiments were the successes they were said to be, and if the treatments are now repudiated or forgotten, these successes were realized imaginings. I know of nothing in science that has the look of better establishment than that there have been some cures of cancer, under radium-treatment. But, in the year 1930, the British Radium Commission issued a warning that the use of radium had not been established as a cancer-cure. The look to me is that, in all the earnestness and charlatanry; devotion to ideals, and fakery, and insincerity; exploitations and duperies of this cult, some cures, as if by the use of radium, have occurred; but that applications of soft soap, if subject to an equal intensity of thought, would have done just as well—

Which brings us to the appalling unnecessity of vivisection, if experiments upon the animals of a toy Noah’s Ark, to cure them of their splinters, would be just as enlightening, if anything can be construed into meaning anything that anybody wants it to mean— in an existence in which there is not meaning, but meaning-meaninglessness.

And—not wanting to write three or four hundred pages upon this subject—I shall not go much into records of professorial rascals, or faithful and devoted scientists, who have exploited, or have tried to minister unto, the desire of old codgers to caper. I take from the *New York Evening Post,* April 12, 1928, an account of "discoveries of major importance to the science of rejuvenation," as announced, in Berlin, by Professor Steinach, to the annual Congress of German Surgeons. Professor Steinach's announcement was that he had discovered the secret of rejuvenation in uses of the pituitary gland. If any reader isn't quite sure where the pituitary is, I remind him that it is connected with the fundibulum. It is in a part of the body that is most profoundly engaged in sex-relations. It is in the brain.

Dr. Steinach announced that, with twelve injections of pituitary serum, in senile rats, he had "restored their failing appetites, induced a new growth of hair, rejuvenated all bodily functions, and had generally transformed ailing, or half-dead, creatures into youthful animals."

There is witchcraft in science—

If bald old rats have turned young and hairy—if dogs, fed on coal-products, have astonishingly fattened—if tens of thousands of mice and guinea pigs have magically gone fat, or gone thin, in the presence of experimenters—

If, in not all these cases has the treacherous, or perhaps kind-hearted, assistant slipped, say, a brisk and hairy young rat into the place of a decrepit old codger; or has not, in secret rascality, or benevolence, meatily supplemented the fare of dogs supposed to be thriving upon coal-products—

If not in all these cases have eminent trappers lied snares for dollars.

My pseudo-conclusion, or acceptance—which is as far as I can go, in the fiction that we're living—is that some of these announcements have been pretty nearly faithful reports of occurrences; and that, by witchcraft, or in response to intense desires of experimenters, senile rats have lost the compensations of old age, and have suffered again the tormenting restlessness of youth—all this by witchcraft, and not by injections that in themselves could have no more of a rejuvenating effect upon either rats or humans than upon mummies.

But, if Prof. Steinach, by witchcraft, or by the effects of belief, did grow hair upon the bald skin of a rat—to say nothing of the more frolicsome effects of his practices—how comes it that he was not equally successful

with the human subjects of his sorcery? Today the Steinach treatment stands discredited. Especially destructive have been Dr. Alexis Carrel's attacks upon it. It may be that the Professor's own greed defeated him. It may be that he failed because he dissipated his sorcery among many customers.

25

IF I can bridge a gap—

Then that, in a moment of religious excitation, an inhabitant of Remiremont, focusing upon a point in the sky, transferred a pictorial representation from his mind to hailstones—

The turning, off Coventry Street—streets in Japan, Kiel, Berlin, New York City—other places—and that wounds, as imagined by haters of people, have appeared upon the bodies of people—

Or the story of the sailor aboard the steamship *Breeshe,* in December, 1931—and that it was during a storm—and that in the mind of somebody else aboard this vessel a hate pictured this man, as struck by lightning, and that upon his head appeared a wound, as pictured.

The gap, or the supposed gap, is the difference, or the supposed, absolute difference, between the imagined and the physical.

Or, for instance, the disappearance of Ambrose Small, of Toronto —and it was just about what his secretary, who had embezzled from him, probably wished for, probably unaware that an inventory would betray him. A picturization, in the secretary's mind, of his employer, shooting away to Patagonia, to Franz Josef Land, or to the moon—so far away that he could never get back—but could the imagined realize? Or why didn't I keep track, in the newspapers of December, 1919, for mention of the body of a man, washed up on a beach of Java, scarcely decipherable papers in the pockets indicating that the man was a Canadian? Are the so-called asteroids bodies of people who have been witched away into outer space?

Rose Smith—that when she was released from prison, her visualizations crept up behind her former employer, and killed him? According to some viewpoints, I might as well try to think of a villain, in a moving picture, suddenly jumping from the screen, and attacking people in the audience. I haven't tried that, yet.

Case of Emma Piggott—and the fires in the home of her employers were just about what the girl, alarmed by the greediness of her thefts, may have wished for. Also there are data that may mean that, because of experiences

unknown to anybody else, this girl knew that, from a distance, she could start fires.

There is an appearance of affinity between the Piggott case and the fires in the house in Bedford. There was a sulphur fire that was ordinary. It was followed by a series of fires that were, at least according to impressions in Bedford, extraordinary. In no terms of physics, nor of chemistry, was an explanation possible; yet investigators felt that a relationship of some kind did exist. The relationship may have existed in the mind of Anne Fennimore. After the sulphur fire had been put out, she may have started fearing fires, especially in the absence of the only male member of the household. Her fear may have realized.

Story of the Colwell girl—here, too, fires in a house seem to have related to a girl's mental state—or that the fires were related to her desire to move to another house. Having the not uncommon experience of learning how persuasive are police captains, she "listened to advice," and confessed to effects, in terms of ordinary incendiarism, though, according to reports by firemen and policemen, some of the fires could not have been produced by flipping lighted matches.

In the case of Jennie Bramwell, there is no knowing what were the feelings of this girl, who had been "adopted," probably to do hard farm-work. If she, too, had nascently the fire-inducing power, which manifested under the influence of desire, or emotion, I think of her, in the midst of drudgery, wishing destruction upon the property of her exploiters, and fires following. At any rate, the story of the little Barnes girl, which quite equals anything from the annals of demonology, is very suggestive—or the smolder of hate, in the mind of a child, for an exploiter—and flames leaped upon a woman.

There is a particular in the case of Emma Piggott that makes it different from the other cases. In the other cases, fires broke out in the presence of girls. But, according to evidence, Emma Piggott was not in the house wherein started the fires for which she was accused. Then this seems to be a case of distance-ignition, or of distance-witchcraft. I'd not say that invisibly starting a fire, at a distance, by means of mental rays, is any more mysterious than is the shooting-off of distant explosives by means of rays called physical, which nobody understands.

I am bringing out:

That, as a "natural force," there is a fire-inducing power;

That, mostly, it appears, independently of wishes, or of the knowledge, of the subjects, but that sometimes, conformably to wishes, it is used—

That everything that I call witchcraft is only some special manifestation of transformations, or transportations, that, in various manifestations, are general throughout "Nature."

The "accidents" on the Dartmoor road—or that somewhere near this road lived a cripple. That his mind had shaped to his body— or that somewhere near this road lived somebody who had been injured by a motor car, and lay on his bed, or sat in his invalid's chair, and radiated against the nearby road a hate for all motorists, sometimes with a ferocity, or with a directness, that knocked cars to destruction.

Or Brooklyn, April 10, 1893—see back to the supposed series of coincidences—man after man injured by falling from a high place, or being struck by a falling object—or that somewhere in Brooklyn was somebody who had been crippled by a fall, and, brooding over what he considered a monstrous injustice that had so singled him out, radiated influences that similarly injured others.

See back to the account of what occurred to French aeroplanes, flying over German territory. Tracks in the sands of a desert. Occurrences, about Christmas Day, 1930, in Sing Sing and Dannemora Prisons—or a prisoner in a punishment-cell—and nothing to do in the dark, except to concentrate upon vengefulness. I think that sometimes, coming from dungeons, there are stinks of hates that can be smelled. It was a time that for almost everybody else was a holiday.

Tracks that stopped, in a desert—or the tracks of a child that stopped, on a farm, in Brittany—the story of Pauline Picard:

Or the hate of a neighbor for the Picards, and vengeance by teleporting their offspring—the finding of Pauline in Cherbourg—again her disappearance—

That this time the body of the child was mutilated and stripped, so that it could not be identified, and was transported to some lonely place, where it decomposed—

But a change of purpose, or a vengefulness that required that the parents should know—transportation to the field, of this body, which probably could not be identified—transportation of the "neatly folded" clothes, so that it could be identified.

In the matter of the two bodies on benches in a Harlem park, I have another datum. I think I have. The dates of June 14 and June 16 are close together, and Mt. Morris Park and Morningside Park are not far apart—

Or a man who lived in Harlem, in June, 1931—and that he was a park bencher—about whom I can say nothing except that his trousers were blue, and that his hat was gray. Something may have sapped him, pursued him, driven him into vagrancy—

But that he probably had the sense of localization, as to benches, that everybody has in so many ways, such as going to the same seat, or as near as possible to the same seat, upon every visit to a moving picture theater—that every morning he had sat on a particular bench, in Mt. Morris Park—

But that, upon the morning of June 14th, because of a whim, suspicion, or intuitive fear, he went to Morningside Park instead—

That somebody else sat on his particular bench—that there occured something that was an intensification of the experiences of John Harding and another man, when crossing Fifth Avenue, at Thirty-third Street—to the man who was sitting on this particular bench, and to another man upon a nearby bench—

But that, two days later, the trail of the intended victim was picked up—

Home News (Bronx) June 17, 1931—that, in Morningside Park, morning of the 16th, a policeman noticed a man—blue trousers and gray hat—seemingly asleep on a bench. The man was dead. "Heart failure."

At a time of intensely bitter revolts by coal miners against their hardships, there were many coal explosions, but in grates and stoves, and not in shipments. No finding of dynamite in coal was reported. If in coal there is storage of radiations from the sun, coal may be absorbent to other kinds of radiations—or a savagely vengeful miner's hope for future harm in every lump he handled. If, in the house in Hornsey, there were not only coal-explosions, but also poltergeist doings, we note that these phenomena occurred only in the presence of the two boys of the household—or especially one of these boys. Between the occultism of adolescence and the occultism of lumps of coal, surcharged with hatreds, there may have been rapport.

That, somewhere near the town of Saltdean, Sussex, September, 1924, somebody hated a shepherd, and stopped the life of him, as have been stopped the motions of motors—and that the place remained surcharged with malign vibrations that affected somebody else, who came along, in a

sidecar. The wedding party at Bradford —and the gaiety of weddings is sometimes the bubbling of vitriol— or that, from a witch, or a wizard, so made by jealousy, mental fumes played upon this house, and spread to other houses. At the same time, there are data that make me think that volumes of deadly gases may be occultly transported. And a young couple, walking along a shore of the Isle of Man—that, from a state of jealousy, witchery flung them into the harbor, and that somebody who stepped into the area of this influence was knocked after them. See back to the story of a room in a house in Newton, Massachusetts. See other cases of "mass psychology." See a general clearing up—

If I can bridge the gap between the subjective and the objective, between what is called the *real* and what is called the *unreal*, or between the imaginary and the physical.

When, in our philosophy of the hyphen, we think of neither the material nor the immaterial, but of the material-immaterial, accentuated one way or the other in all phenomena; when we think of the imaginary, as deriving from material sustenance, or, instead of transforming absolutely, only shifting accentuation, we accept that there is continuity between what is called the *real* and what is called the *unreal*, so that a passage from one state to the other is across no real gap, or is no absolute jump. If there is no realness that can be finally set apart from unrealness—in phenomenal being —my term of the "realization of the imaginary," though a convenience is a misnomer. Maybe the word *transmediumization*, meaning the passage of phenomena from one medium of existence to another, is not altogether too awkward, and is long and important-enough-looking to give me the appearance of really saying something. I mean the imposition of the imaginary upon the physical. I mean, not the action of mind upon matter, but the action of mind-matter upon matter-mind.

Theoretically there is no gap. But very much mine are inductive methods. We shall have data. Not that I can more than really-unreally mean anything by that. The interpretations will be mine, but the data will be for anybody to form his own opinions upon.

Granting that the gap has not been disposed of, inductively, I reduce it to two questions:

Can one's mind, as I shall call it, affect one's own body, as I shall call it?

If so, that is *personal witchcraft*, or *internal witchcraft.*

Can one’s mind affect the bodies of other persons and other things outside ?

If so, that is what I shall call *external witchcraft.*

26

HATES and malices—murderous radiations from human minds—
Or the flashes and roars of a thunderstorm—
And there has been the equivalence of picking strokes of lightning out of the sky, and harnessing them to a job.

A house afire—or somebody boils an egg.

Devastation or convenience—

Or what of it, if I bridge a gap?

I take it that the story of Marjory Quirk is only an extreme instance of cases of internal, or personal, witchcraft that, today, are commonly accepted. London *Daily Express,* Oct. 3, 1911—inquest upon the body of Marjory Quirk, daughter of the Bishop of Sheffield. The girl had been ill of melancholia. In a suicidal impulse she drank, from a cup, what she believed to be paraffin. She was violently sick. She died. "There had been no paraffin in the cup. There was no trace of it in her mouth or throat."

New York Herald Tribune, Jan. 30, 1932-—Boston, Jan. 29— "Nearly half a hundred students and physicians living in Vander-bilt Hall of the Harvard Medical School have experienced mild cases of what apparently was paratyphoid, it was learned today. The first thirty of the group fell ill two weeks ago, following a fraternity dinner, at which Dr. George H. Bigelow, state health commissioner, discussed 'food poisoning.' A few days later twenty more men reported themselves ill. The food was prepared at the hall.

"Today state health officers started an examination of kitchen help in the belief that one of the employees may be a typhoid carrier. College authorities said they did not believe the food itself was at fault, but were inclined to think the subject of Dr. Bigelow's address may have influenced some of the diners to diagnose mere gastronomic disturbances more seriously. All of the students have recovered."

To say that fifty young men had gastronomic disturbances is to say much against conditions of health in the Harvard Medical School. To say that the subject of illness may have induced illness is to say that there was personal,

or internal, witchcraft, usually called auto-suggestion. See back to “Typhoid Mary” and other probable victims of carrier-finders. To say that there may have been a carrier among the kitchen help is to attribute to him, and is to say that it was only by coincidence that illnesses occurred after a talk upon illnesses. It’s a hell of a way, anyway, to have dinner with a lot of young men, and talk to them about food-poisoning. Hereafter Dr. Bigelow may have to buy his own dinners. If he tells shark-stories, while bathing, he’ll do lonesome swimming.

Physiologists deny that fright can turn one’s hair white. They argue that they cannot conceive how a fright could withdraw the pigmentation from hairs: so they conclude that all alleged records of this phenomenon are yarns. Say it’s a black-haired person. The physiologists, except very sketchily, cannot tell us how that hair became black, in the first place. Somewhere, all the opposition to the data of this book is because the data are not in agreement with something that is not known.

There have been many alleged instances. See the indexes of *Notes and Queries*, series 6, 7, 10. I used to argue that Queen Marie Antoinette’s deprivation of cosmetics, in prison, probably accounted for her case. Now that my notions have shifted, that cynicism has lost its force to me. Mostly the instances of hair turning white, because of fright, are antiques, and can’t be investigated now. But see the *New York Times*, Feb. 8, 1932:

Story of the sinking of a fishing schooner, by the Belgian steamship, *Jean Jadot*—twenty-one members of the crew drowned—six of them saved, among them Arthur Burke, aged 52.

“Arthur Burke’s hair was streaked with gray before the collision, but was quite gray when Burke landed yesterday, at Pier 2, Erie Basin.”

It may be that there have been thousands, or hundreds of thousands, of cases in which human beings have died in violent convulsions that were the products of beliefs—and that, also, merciful, but expensive, science has saved a multitude of lives, with a serum that has induced contrary beliefs—just as that serum, if injected into the veins of somebody, suffering under the oppressive pronouncement that twice two are four, could be his salvation by inducing a belief that twice two are purple, if he should want so to be affected—

Or what has become of hydrophobia?

In the *New York Telegram*, Nov. 26, 1929, was published a letter from Gustave Stryker, quoting Dr. Mathew Woods, of Philadelphia, a member of

the Philadelphia County Medical Society. Dr. Woods had better look out, unless he's aiming at cutting down expenses, such as dues to societies. Said Dr. Woods:

"We have observed with regret numerous sensational stories, concerning alleged mad dogs and the terrible results to human beings bitten by them, which are published from time to time in the newspapers.

"Such accounts frighten people into various disorders, and cause brutal treatment of animals suspected of madness, and yet there is on record a great mass of testimony from physicians asserting the great rarity of hydrophobia even in the dog, while many medical men of wide experience are of the opinion that if it develops in human beings at all it is only upon extremely rare occasions, and that the condition of hysterical excitement in man, described by newspapers as 'hydrophobia,' is merely a series of symptoms due usually to the dread of the disease, such a dread being caused by realistic newspapers and other reports, acting upon the imaginations of persons scratched or bitten by animals suspected of rabies.

"At the Philadelphia dog pound where on an average more than 6,000 vagrant dogs are taken annually, and where the catchers and keepers are frequently bitten while handling them, not one case of hydrophobia has occurred during its entire history of twenty-five years, in which time, about 150,000 have been handled."

My own attention was first attracted, long ago, when I noticed, going over files of newspapers, the frequency of reported cases of hydrophobia, a generation or so ago, and the fewness of such reports in the newspapers of later times. Dogs are muzzled, now— in streets, in houses they're not. Vaccines, or powdered toads, caught at midnight, in graveyards, would probably cure many cases, but would not reduce the number of cases in dogs, if there ever have been cases of hydrophobia in dogs.

In the *New York Times*, July 4, 1931, was published a report by M. Roeland, of the Municipal Council of Paris:

"It will be noticed that rabies has almost entirely disappeared, although the number of dogs has increased. From 166,917 dogs in Paris, in 1924, the number had risen, in 1929, to 230,674. In spite of this marked increase, only ten cases of rabies in animals were observed. There were no cases of rabies in man."

Sometimes it is my notion that there never has been a case of hydrophobia, as anything but an instance of personal witchcraft: but there

are so many data for thinking that a disease in general is very much like an individual case of the disease, in that it runs its course and then disappears —quite independently of treatment, whether by the poisoned teat of a cow, or the dried sore of a mummy—that I suspect that once upon a time there was, to some degree, hydrophobia. When I was a boy, pitted faces were common. What has become of smallpox? Where are yellow fever and cholera? I'm not supposed to answer my own questions, am I? But serums, say the doctors. But there are enormous areas in the Americas and Europe, where vaccines have never penetrated. But they did it, say the doctors.

Eclipses occur, and savages are frightened. The medicine men wave wands—the sun is cured—they did it.

The story of diseases reads like human history—the rise and fall of Black Death—and the appearance and rule of Smallpox—the Tubercular Empire —and the United Afflictions of Yellow Fever and Cholera. Some of them passed away before serums were thought of, and in times when sanitation was unpopular. Several hundred years ago there was a lepers' house in every good-sized city in England. A hundred years ago there had not been much of what is called improvement in medicine and sanitation, but leprosy had virtually disappeared, in England. Possibly the origin of leprosy in England was in personal witchcraft—or that if the Bible had never devastated England, nobody there would have had the idea of leprosy—that when wicked doubts arose, the nasty suspicions of people made them clean.

So it may be that once upon a time there was hydrophobia: but the indications are that most of the cases that are reported in these times are sorceries wrought by the minds of victims upon their bodies.

A case, the details of which suggest that occasionally a dog may be rabid, but that his bites are dangerous only to a most imaginatively excited victim, is told of, in the *New York Herald Tribune*, Nov. 16, 1931. Ten men were bitten by a dog. "The dog was killed, and was found to have the rabies." The men were sailors aboard the United States destroyer, J. *D. Edwards*, at Cheefoo, China. One of these sailors died of hydrophobia. The nine others showed no sign of the disease.

In such a matter as a fright turning hair gray, it is probable that conventional scientists mechanically, unintelligently, or with little consciousness of the whyness of their opposition, deny the occurrences, as unquestioning obediences to Taboo. My own concatenation of thoughts is—that, if one's mental state can affect the color of one's hair, a mental state

may in other ways affect one's body— and then that one's mental state may affect the bodies of others —and this is the path to witchcraft. It is not so much that conventional scientists disregard, or deny, what they cannot explain— if, in anything like a final sense, nothing ever has been, or can be, explained. It is that they disregard or deny, to clip concatenations that would lead them from concealed ignorance into obvious bewilderment.

Every science is a mutilated octopus. If its tentacles were not clipped to stumps, it would feel its way into disturbing contacts. To a believer, the effect of the contemplation of a science is of being in the presence of the good, the true, and the beautiful. But what he is awed by is Mutilation. To our crippled intellects, only the maimed is what we call understandable, because the unclipped ramifies away into all other things. According to my aesthetics, what is meant by the beautiful is symmetrical deformation. By Justice —in phenomenal being—I mean the appearance of balance, by which a reaction is made to look equal and opposite to an action —so arbitrarily wrought by the clip and disregard of all ramifications of the action—expressing in the supposed condign punishment of a man, regardless of effects upon other persons. This is the arbitrary basis of the mechanical theory of existence—the idea that an action can be picked out of a maze of interrelationships, as if it were a thing in itself. Some wisdom of mine is that if a man is dying of starvation he cannot commit a crime. He is good. The god of all idealists is *Malnutrition.* If all crimes are expressions of energy, it is unjust to pick on men for their crimes. A higher jurisprudence would indict their breakfasts. A good cook is responsible for more evil than ever the Demon Rum has been: and, if we'd all sit down and starve to death, at last would be realized Utopia.

My expression is that, if illnesses, physical contortions, and deaths can be imposed by the imaginations of persons upon their own bodies, we may develop the subject-matter of a preceding chapter, with more striking data—

Or the phenomenon of the stigmata—

Which, considered sacred by pietists, is aligned by me with hydrophobia.

This phenomenon is as profoundly damned, in the views of all properly trained thinkers, as are crucifixes, sacraments, and priestly vestments. As to its occurrence, I can quote dozens of churchmen, of the "highest authority," but not one scientist, except a few Catholic scientists.

Over and over and over—science and its system—and theology and its system—and the fights between interpretations by both—and my thought

that the freeing of data from the coercions of both, may, or may not, be of value. Once upon a time the religionists denied, or disregarded much that the scientists announced. They have given in so disastrously, or have been licked so to a frazzle, that, in my general impression of controversies that end up in compromises, this is defeat too nearly complete to be lasting. I conceive of a return-movement—open to freethinkers and atheists—in which many of the data of religionists—scrubbed clean of holiness—will be accepted.

As to the records of stigmatics, I omit the best-known, and most convincingly reported, of all the cases, the case of the French girl, Louise Lateau, because much has been published upon her phenomena, and because accounts are easily available.

In the newspapers of July, 1922—I take from the London *Daily Express*, July 10th—was reported the case of Mary Reilly, aged 20, in the Home of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Peekskill, N. Y. It was said that intermittently, upon her side, appeared a manifestation in the form of a cross of blood. Mostly the appearances are of the "five wounds of Christ," or six, including marks on the forehead. For an account of the case of Rose Ferron, see the *New York Herald Tribune*, March 25, 1928. According to this story, Rose Ferron, aged 25, of 86 Asylum Street, Woonsocket, R. I., had, since March 17, 1916, been a stigmatic, wounds appearing upon her hands, feet, and forehead. The hysterical condition of this girl—in both the common and the medical meaning of the term—*is* indicated by the circumstance that for three years she had been strapped to her bed, with only her right arm free.

At this time of writing, I have, for four years, been keeping track of the case of Theresa Neumann, the stigmatic girl of Konnersreuth, Germany: and, up to this time, there has been no exposure of imposture. See the *New York Times*, April 8, 1928—roads leading to her home jammed with automobiles, carriages, motorcycles, vans, and pilgrims on foot. Considering the facilities—or the facilities, if nothing goes wrong—of modern travel, it is probable that no other miracle has been so multitudinously witnessed. A girl in bed—and all day long, the tramp of thousands past her. Whether admission was charged, I do not know. The story of this girl agrees with the stories of other stigmatics: flows of blood, from quick-healing wounds, and phenomena on Fridays. It was said that medical men had become interested, and had "demanded" Theresa's

removal to a clinic, where she could be subjected to a prolonged examination, but that the Church authorities had objected. This is about what would be expected of Church authorities: and that the medical men, unable to have their own way, then disregarded the case is something else that is about what would be expected.

My expression is that, upon stigmatic girls have appeared wounds, similar to the alleged wounds of a historical, and therefore doubtful, character, because this melodrama is most strikingly stimulative to the imagination—but that an atheistic girl—if there could be anything for an atheistic girl to be equally imaginatively hysterical about—might reproduce other representations upon her body. In the *Month*, 134-249, is an account of Marie-Julie Jahenny, of the village of La Fraudais (Loire-Inférieure), France, who, upon March 21, 1873, became a stigmatic. Upon her body appeared the "five wounds." Then, upon her breast appeared the picture of a flower. It is said that for twenty years this picture of a flower remained visible. According to the story, it was in the mind of the girl before it appeared upon her body, because she predicted that it would appear. One has notions of the possible use of indelible ink, or of tattooing. That is very good. One should have notions.

If a girl drinks a liquid that would harm nobody else, and dies, can a man inflict upon himself injuries that would kill anybody else, and be unharmed?

There is a kind of stigmatism that differs from the foregoing cases, in that weapons are used to bring on effects: but the wounds are similar to the wounds of stigmatic girls, or simply are not wounds, in an ordinary, physical sense. There is an account, in the *Sphinx*, March, 1893, of a fakir, Soliman Ben Aissa, who was exhibiting in Germany; who stabbed daggers into his cheeks and tongue, and into his abdomen, harmlessly, and with quick-healing wounds.

Such magicians are of rare occurrence, anyway in the United States and Europe: but the minor ones who eat glass and swallow nails are not uncommon.

But, if in Germany, or anywhere else, in countries that are said to be Christian, any man ever did savagely stab himself in the abdomen, and be unhurt, and repeat his performances, how is it that the phenomenon is not well-known and generally accepted?

The question is like another:

If, in the Theological Era, a man went around blaspheming, during thunderstorms, and was unhurt, though churches were struck by lightning, how long would he remain well-known?

In March, 1920, a band of Arab dervishes exhibited in the London music halls. In the London *Daily News*, March 12, 1920, are reproduced photographs of these magicians, showing them with skewers that they had thrust through their flesh, painlessly and bloodlessly.

Taboo. The censor stopped the show.

For an account of phenomena, or alleged phenomena, of the Silesian cobbler, Paul Diebel, who exhibited in Berlin, in December, 1927, see the *New York Times*, Dec. 18, 1927. “Blood flows from his eyes, and open wounds appear on his chest, after he has concentrated mentally for six minutes, it is declared. He drives daggers through his arms and legs, and even permits himself to be nailed to a cross, without any suffering, it is said. His manager asserts that he can remain thus for ten hours. His self-inflicted wounds, it is declared, bleed or not, as he wishes, and a few minutes after the knife or nails are withdrawn all evidence of incisions vanishes.”

The only thing that can be said against this story is that it is unbelievable.

New York Herald Tribune, Feb. 6, 1928—that, in Vienna, the police had interfered with Diebel, and had forbidden him to perform. It was explained that this was because he would not give them a free exhibition, to prove the genuineness of his exhibitions. “In Munich, recently, he remained nailed to a cross several hours, smoking cigarettes and joking with his audience.”

After April 8, 1928—see the *New York Times* of this date—I lose track of Paul Diebel. The story ends with an explanation. Nothing is said of the alleged crucifixions. The explanation is a retreat to statements that are supposed to be understandable in common-place terms. I do not think that they are so understandable. “Diebel has disclosed his secret to the public, saying that shortly before his appearance, he scratched his flesh with his fingernails, or a sharp instrument, being careful not to cut it. On the stage by contracting his muscles, those formerly invisible lines assumed blood-red hue and often bled.”

I have heard of other persons, who have “disclosed” trade secrets.

Upon March 2, 1931, a man lay, most publicly, upon a bed of nails. See the *New York Herald Tribune*, March 3, 1931. In Union Square, New York City, an unoriental magician, named Brawman, from the unmystical region of Pelham Bay, in the Bronx, gave an exhibition that was staged by the

magazine, *Science and Invention.* This fakir from the Bronx lay upon a bed of 1,200 nails. In response to his invitation, ten men walked on his body, pressing the points of the nails into his back. He stood up, showing deep, red marks made by the nails. These marks soon faded away.

I have thought of leaf insects as pictorial representations wrought in the bodies of insects, by their imaginations, or by the imaginative qualities of the substances of their bodies—back in plastic times, when insects were probably not so set in their ways as they now are. The conventional explanation of protective colorations and formations has, as to some of these insects, considerable reasonableness. But there is one of these creatures—the Tasmanian leaf insect— that represents an artistry that so transcends utility that I considered the specimen that I saw, in the American Museum of Natural History, misplaced: it should have been in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This leaf insect has reproduced the appearance of a leaf down to such tiny details as serrated edges. The deception of enemies, or survival-value, has had nothing thinkable to do with some of the making of this remarkable likeness, because such minute particulars as serrations would be invisible to any bird, unless so close that the undisguisable insect-characteristics would be apparent.

I now have the case of what I consider a stigmatic bird. It is most unprotectively marked. Upon its breast it bears betrayal—or it is so conspicuously marked that one doubts that there is much for the theory of protective coloration to base upon, if conspicuously marked forms of life survive everywhere, and if many of them cannot be explained away, as Darwin explained away some of them, in terms of warnings.

It is a story of the sensitiveness of pigeons. I have told of the pigeons with whom I was acquainted. One day a boy shot one, and the body lay where the others saw it. They were so nervous that they flew, hearing trifling sounds that, before, they'd not have noticed. They were so suspicious that they kept away from the window sills. For a month they remembered.

The bleeding-heart pigeon of the Philippines—the spot of red on its breast—or that its breast remembered—

Or once upon a time—back in plastic times when the forms and plumages of birds were not so fixed, or established, as they now are —an ancestral pigeon and her mate. The swoop of a hawk—a wound on his breast—and that sentiment in her plumage was so sympathetically moved

that it stigmatized her, or reproduced on offsprings, and is to this day the recorded impression of an ancient little tragedy.

A simple red spot on the breast of a bird would not be conceived of, by me, as having any such significance. It is not a simple, red spot, only vaguely suggestive of a wound, on the breast of the bleeding-heart pigeon of the Philippines. The bordering red feathers are stiff, as if clotted. They have the appearance of coagulation.

Conceiving of the transmission of a pictorial representation, by heredity, is conceiving of external stigmatism, but of internal origin. If I could think that a human being's intense mental state, at the sight of a wound, had marked a pigeon, that would be more of a span over our gap. But I have noted an observation for thinking that the sight of a dead and mutilated pigeon may intensely affect the imaginations of other pigeons. If anybody thinks that birds have not imagination, let him tell me with what a parrot of mine foresees what I am going to do to him, when I catch him up to some of his mischief, such as gouging furniture. The body of a dead and mutilated companion prints on the minds of other pigeons: but I have not a datum for thinking that the skeleton, or any part of the skeleton, of a pigeon, would be of any meaning to other pigeons. I have never heard of anything that indicates that in the mind of any other living thing is the mystic awe that human beings, or most human beings, have for bones—

Or a moth sat on a skull—

And that so it rested, with no more concern than it would feel upon a stone. That a human being came suddenly upon the skull, and that, from him, a gush of mystic fright marked the moth—

The Death's Head Moth.

On the back of the thorax of this insect is a representation of a human skull that is as faithful a likeness as ever any pirate drew. In Borneo and many other places, there is not much abhorrence for a human skull: but the death's head moth is a native of England.

Or the death's heads that appeared upon windowpanes, at Boulley—except that perhaps there were no such occurrences at Boulley. Suppose most of what I call data may be yarns. But the numbers of them—except, what does that mean? Oh, nothing, except that some of our opponents, if out in a storm long enough, might have it dawn on them that it was raining.

If I could say of any pictorial representation that has appeared on the wall of a church that it was probably not an interpretation of chance

arrangements of lights and shades, but was a transference from somebody's mind, then from a case like this, of the pretty, the artistic, or of what would be thought of by some persons as the spiritual, and a subject to be treated reverently, would flow into probability a flood of everything that is bizarre, malicious, depraved, and terrifying in witchcraft—and of course jostles of suggestions of uses.

In this subject I have had much experience. Long ago, I experimented. I covered sheets of paper with scrawls, to see what I could visualize out of them; tacked a sheet of wrapping paper to a ceiling, and smudged it with a candle flame; made what I called a "visualizing curtain," which was a white window shade, covered with scrawls and smudges; went on into three dimensions, with boards veneered with clay. It was long ago—about 1907. I visualized much, but the thought never occurred to me that I marked anything. It was my theory that, with a visualizing device, I could make imaginary characters perform for me more vividly than in my mind, and that I could write a novel about their doings. Out of this idea I developed nothing, anyway at the time. I have had much experience with visualizations that were, according to my beliefs, at the time, only my own imaginings, and I have had not one experience—so recognized by me—of ever having imaginatively marked anything. Not that I mean anything by anything.

There is one of these appearances that many readers of this book may investigate. Upon Feb. 23, 1932, New York newspapers reported a clearly discernible figure of Christ in the variegations of the sepia-toned marble of the sanctuary wall of St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Avenue and Fiftieth Street, New York City.

In the *New York Times*, Feb. 24, 1932, the rector of the church, the Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood, is quoted:

"One day, at the conclusion of my talk, I happened to glance at the sanctuary wall and was amazed to see this lovely figure of Christ in the marble. I had never noticed it before. As it seemed to me to be an actual expression on the face of the marble of what I was preaching, 'His Glorious Body,' I consider it a curious and beautiful happening. I have a weird theory that the force of thought, a dominant thought, may be strong enough to be somehow transferred to stone in its receptive state."

In 1920, a censor stopped a show: but, in 1930, the *Ladies' Home Journal* published William Seabrook's story—clipping sent to me by Mr. Charles

McDaniel, East Liberty P.O., Pittsburgh, Pa.

There was a performance in the village of Doa, in the Ben-Hounien territory of the French West African Colony.

It is a story of sorceries practiced by magicians, not upon their own bodies, but upon the bodies of others.

“There were the two living children close to me. I touched them with my hands. And there equally close were the two men with their swords. The swords were iron, three-dimensional, metal, cold and hard. And this is what I now *saw* with my eyes, but you will understand why I am reluctant to tell of it, and that I do not know what *seeing* means:

“Each man, holding his sword stiffly upward with his left hand, tossed a child high in the air with his right, then caught it full upon the point, impaling it like a butterfly on a pin. No blood flowed, but the two children were there, held aloft, pierced through and through, impaled upon the swords.

“The crowd screamed now, falling to its knees. Many veiled their eyes with their hands, and others fell prostrate. Through the crowd the jugglers marched, each bearing a child aloft, impaled upon his sword, and disappeared into the witch doctor’s inclosure.”

Later Seabrook saw the children, and touched them, and had the impression that he would have, looking at a dynamo, or at a storm at sea, at something falling from a table, or at a baby crawling— that he was in the presence of the unknown.

27

THE twitch of the legs of a frog—and Emma Piggott swiped a powder puff.

The mysterious twitchings of electrified legs—and unutterable flutterings in the mind of Galvani. His travail of mental miscarriages—or ideas that could not be born properly. The twitch of trivialities that were faint and fantastic germinations in the mind of Galvani—the uninterpretable meanings of far-distant hums of motors—these pre-natal stirrings of aeroplanes and transportation systems and the lighting operations of cities —

Twitch of the legs of a frog—

A woman, from Brewster, N. Y., annoyed a hotel clerk.

My general expression is that all human beings who can do anything, and dogs that track unseen quarry, and homing pigeons, and bird-charming snakes, and caterpillars who transform into butterflies, are magicians. In the lower—or quite as truly the higher, considering them the more aristocratic and established—forms of being, the miracles are standardized and limited: but human affairs are still developing, and "sports," as the biologists call them, are of far more frequent occurrence among humans. But their development depends very much upon a sense of sureness of reward for the pains, travail, and discouragements of the long, little-paid period of apprenticeship, which makes questionable whether it is ever worthwhile to learn anything. Reward depends upon harmonization with the dominant spirit of an era.

Considering modern data, it is likely that many of the fakirs of the past, who are now known as saints, did, or to some degree did, perform the miracles that have been attributed to them. Miracles, or stunts, that were in accord with the dominant power of the period were fostered, and miracles that conflicted with, or that did not contribute to, the glory of the Church, were discouraged, or were savagely suppressed. There could be no development of mechanical, chemical, or electric miracles—

And that, in the succeeding age of Materialism—or call it the Industrial Era—there is the same state of subservience to a dominant, so that young men are trained to the glory of the job, and dream and invent in fields that are likely to interest stockholders, and are schooled into thinking that all magics, except their own industrial magics, are fakes, superstitions, or newspaper yarns.

I am of the Industrial Era, myself; and, even though I can see only advantages-disadvantages in all uses, I am very largely only a practical thinker—

Or the trail of a working witchcraft—and we're on the scent of utilities—

Or that, if a girl, in the town of Derby, set a house afire, by a process that is now somewhat understandable, a fireman could, if he had a still better understanding, have put out that fire without moving from his office. If the mechanism of a motor can invisibly be stopped, all the motors of the world may, without the dirt, crime, misery, and exploitation of coal-mining, be started and operated. If Ambrose Small was wished so far away that he never got back—though that there is magic in a mere wish, or in a mere hope, or hate, I do not think—the present snails of the wheels and planes may be replaced by instantaneous teleportations. If we can think that quacks and cranks and scientists of highest repute, who have announced successes, which were in opposition to supposed medical, physical, chemical, or biological principles—which are now considered impostures, or errors, or "premature announcements"—may not in all cases have altogether deceived themselves, or tried to deceive others, we—or maybe only I—extend this suspicion into mechanical fields.

Now it is my expression that all perpetual motion cranks may not have been dupes, or rascals—that they may have been right, occasionally—that their wheels may sometimes have turned, their marbles rolled, their various gimcracks twirled, in an *excess* of reaction over action, either because sometimes will occur exceptions to any such supposed law as "the conservation of energy," or because motivating "rays" emanated from the inventors—

That sometimes engines have run, fueled with zeals—but have, by such incipient, or undeveloped, witchcraft, operated only transiently, or only momentarily—but that they may be forerunners to such a revolution of the affairs of this earth, as once upon a time were flutters of the little lids of teakettles—

A new era of new happiness and new hells to pay; ambitions somewhat realized, and hopes dashed to nothing; new crimes, pastimes, products, employments, unemployments; labor troubles, or strikes that would be world-wide; new delights, new diseases, disasters such as had never before been heard of—

In this existence of the desirable-undesirable.

Wild carrots in a field—and to me came a dissatisfaction with ham and cabbage. That was too bad: there isn't much that is better. My notion was that probably all around were roots and shoots and foliages that might be, but that never had been, developed eatably—but that most unlikely would be the cultivation of something new to go with ham, in the place of cabbage, because of the conventionalized requirements of markets. But once upon a time there were wild cabbages and wild beets and wild onions, and they were poor, little incipiencies until they were called for by markets. I think so. I don't know. At any rate, this applies to wild fruits.

There are sword swallowers and fire eaters, fire breathers, fire walkers; basket tricksters, table tilters, handcuff escapers. There is no knowing what development could do with these wild talents: but *Help Wanted* if for—

Reasonable and confidential accntnts; comptometer oprs., fire re-ins., exp., Christian; sec'ys, credit exp., advance, Chris.; P & S expr.; fast sandwich men; reception men, 35-45, good educ., ap. tall, Chris.—

But I do think that one hundred years ago an advertisement for a fast sandwich man would have looked as strange as today would look an advertisement for "polt. grls."

Against all the opposition in the world, I make this statement— that once I knew a magician. I was a witness of a performance that may some day be considered understandable, but that, in these primitive times, so transcends what is said to be the known that it is what I mean by magic.

When the magician and I were first acquainted, he gave no sign of occult abilities. He was one of the friendliest of fellows, but that was not likely to endear him to anybody, because he was about equally effusive to everybody. He had frenzies. Once he tore down the landlord's curtains. He bit holes into a book of mine, and chewed the landlord's slippers.

The landlord got rid of him. This was in London. The landlord took him about ten miles away, and left him, probably leaping upon somebody, writhing joy for anybody who would notice him. He was young.

It was about two weeks later. Looking out a front window, I saw the magician coming along, on the other side of the street. He was sniffing his way along, but went right on past our house, without recognizing it. He came to a point where he stopped and smelled. He smelled and he smelled. He crossed the street, and came back, and lay down in front of the house. The landlord took him in, and gave him a bone.

But I cannot accept that the magician smelled his way home, or picked up a trail, taking about two weeks on his way. The smelling played a part, and was useful in a final recognition: but smelling indiscriminately, he could have nosed his way, for years, through the streets of London, before coming to the right scent.

New York Sun, April 24, 1931—an account, by Adolph Pizaldt, of Allentown, Pa., of a large, mongrel magician, who had been taken in a baggage car, a distance of 340 miles, and had found his way back home, in a week or so. *New York Herald Tribune*, July 4, 1931—a curly magician, who, in Canada, had found his way back home, over a distance of 400 miles.

New York Herald Tribune, Aug. 13, 1931—*The Man They Could Not Drown*—

"Hartford, Conn., Aug. 12—Angelo Faticoni, known as 'The Human Cork,' because he could stay afloat in water for fifteen hours with twenty pounds of lead tied to his ankles, died on August 2 in Jacksonville, Fla., it became known here today. He was seventy-two years old.

"Faticoni could sleep in water, roll up into a ball, lie on his side, or assume any position asked of him. Once he was sewn into a bag and then thrown headforemost into the water, with a twenty-pound cannonball lashed to his legs. His head reappeared on the surface soon afterward, and he remained motionless in that position for eight hours. Another time he swam across the Hudson tied to a chair weighted with lead.

"Some years ago he went to Harvard to perform for the students and faculty. He had been examined by medical authorities who failed to find support for their theory that he was able to float at such great lengths by the nature of his internal organs, which they believed were different from those of most men.

"Faticoni had often promised to reveal the secret of how he became 'The Human Cork,' but he never did."

There are many accounts of poltergeist-phenomena that are so obscured by the preconceptions of witnesses that one can't tell whether they are stories of girls who had occult powers, or of invisible beings, who, in the presence of girl-mediums, manifested. But the story of Angelique Cottin is an account of a girl, who, by an unknown influence of her own, acted upon objects in ways like those that have been attributed to spirits. The phenomena of Angelique Cottin, of the town of La Perriere, France, began upon Jan. 15,1846, and lasted ten weeks. Anybody who would like to read an account of this wild, or undeveloped, talent, that is free from interpretations by spiritualists and anti-spiritualists, should go to the contemporaneous story, published in the *Journal des Debats* (Paris) February, 1846. Here are accounts by M. Arago and other scientists. When Angelique Cottin went near objects, they bounded away. She could have made a perpetual motion machine whiz. She was known as the *Electric Girl,* so called, because nobody knew what to call her. When she tried to sit in a chair, there was low comedy. The chair was pulled away, or, rather, was invisibly pushed away. There was such force here that a strong man could not hold the chair. A table, weighing 60 pounds, rose from the floor, when she touched it. When she went to bed, the bed rocked—

And I suppose that, in early times of magnetic investigations, people who heard of objects that moved in the presence of a magnet, said—"But what of it?"

Faraday showed them.

A table, weighing 60 pounds, rises a few feet from the floor— well, then, it's some time, far ahead, in the Witchcraft Era—and a multi-cellular formation of poltergeist-girls is assembled in the presence of building materials. Stone blocks and steel girders rise a mile or so into their assigned positions in the latest sky-prodder. Maybe. Tall buildings will have their day, but first there will have to be a show-off of what could be done.

I now have a theory that the Pyramids were built by poltergeist-girls. The Chinese Wall is no longer mysterious. Every now and then I reconstruct a science. I may take up neo-archaeology sometime. Old archaeology, with its fakes and guesses, and conflicting pedantries, holds out an invitation for a ferocious and joyous holiday.

Human hopes, wishes, ambitions, prayers and hates—and the futility of them—the waste of millions of trickles of vibrations, today—unorganized forces that are doing nothing. But put them to work together, or concentrate

mental ripples into torrents, and gather these torrents into Niagara Falls of emotions—and, if there isn't any happiness, except in being of use, I am conceiving of cataractuous happiness—

Or sometime in the Witchcraft Era—and every morning, promptly at nine o'clock, crowds of human wishers, dignified under the name of *transmediumizers*, arrive at their wishing stations, or mental power-houses, and in an organization of what are now only scattered and wasted hopes and hates concentrate upon the running of all motors of all cities. Just as they're all nicely organized and pretty nearly satisfied, it will be learned that motors aren't necessary.

In one way, witchcraft has been put to work: that is that wild talents have been exhibited, and so have been sources of incomes. But here is only the incipiency of the stunt. In August, 1883, in the home of Lulu Hurst, aged 15, at Cedarville, Georgia, there were poltergeist disturbances. Pebbles moved in the presence of the girl, things vanished, crockery was smashed, and, if the girl thought of a tune, it would be heard, rapping at the head of her bed. In February, 1884, Lulu was giving public performances. In New York City, she appeared in Wallack's Theatre. It could be that a girl, aged 15, if competently managed, was able to deceive everybody who went up on the stage. She at least made all witnesses think that, when a man, weighing 200 pounds, sat in a chair, she, by touching the chair, made it rise and throw him to the floor—

And I am very much like an Indian, of long ago; an Indian, thinking of the force of a waterfall; unable to conceive of a water-wheel; simply thinking of all this force that was making only a little spectacle—

Or the state of melancholy into which I am perhaps cast, thinking that a little poltergeist girl, if properly trained, could make all witnesses believe that she raised building materials forty or eighty stories, by simply touching them—thinking that nobody is doing anything about this—

Except that I am not clear that anything would be gained by it— or by anything else.

Lulu Hurst either had powers that far transcended muscular powers, or she had talents of deception far superior to the abilities of ordinary deceivers. Sometimes she tossed about 200-pound men, or made it look as if she did; and sometimes she placed her hands on a chair, and five men either could not move that chair, or were good actors, and earned whatever the confederates of stage magicians were paid, at that time.

In November, 1891, Mrs. Annie Abbott, called the *Little Georgia Magnet,* put on a show, in the Alhambra Music Hall, London. She weighed about 98 pounds, and, if she so willed it, a man could easily lift her. The next moment, six men, three on each side of her, grasping her by her elbows, could not lift her. When she stood on a chair, the six men could not, when the chair was removed, prevent her from descending to the floor. If anybody suggests that, when volunteers were called for from the audience, it was the same six who responded, at every performance, I think that that is a pretty good suggestion. Because of many other data, it hasn't much force with me; but, in these early times of us primitives, almost any suggestion has value. I take these accounts from Holms' *Facts of Psychic Science.* I have them from other sources, also.

In September, 1921, Mary Richardson gave performances, at the Olympic Music Hall, Liverpool. Easily lifted one moment—the next moment, six men—same six, maybe—could not move her. By touching a man, she knocked him flat. It is either that she traveled with a staff of thirteen comedians, whose stunt it was to form in a line, pretending their utmost to push her, but seeming to fail comically, considering the size of her, or that she was a magician.

It is impossible to get anywhere by reasoning. This is because— as can be shown, monistically—there isn't anywhere. Or it is impossible to get anywhere, because one can get everywhere. I can find equally good reasons for laughing, or for being serious, about all this. Holms tells that he was one of those in the audience, who, though not taking part, went up on the stage; and that he put his hand between Mrs. Richardson and the leader of the string of thirteen men, who were almost dislocating one another's shoulder blades, pushing their hardest against her, and that he felt no pressure. So he was convinced not that she resisted pressure, but that pressure could not touch her.

Suppose it was that pressure could not touch her. Could blows harm her? Could bullets touch her? Did Robert Houdin have this power, when he faced an Arab firing squad, and is the story of the substituted blanks for bullets only just some more of what Taboo is telling everywhere? One untouchable man could own the world —except that he'd have a weakness somewhere, or, in general, could be no more than the untouchable-touchable. But he could add to our bewilderments by making much history

before being touched. Well, then, if there are magicians, why haven't magicians seized upon political powers? I don't know that they haven't.

It may be the secret of fire-walking—or that wizards walk over red-hot stones, unharmed, because they do not touch the stones. However, for some readers, it is more comfortable to disbelieve that anybody ever has been a fire-walker. For an uncomfortable moment, read an account, in *Current Literature,* 32-98—exhibition by a Hawaiian fire-walker, at Honolulu, Jan. 19, 1901. The story is that this wizard walked on stones of "a fierce, red glow," with flames spouting from burning wood, underneath; walking back and forth four times.

There is a muscular strength of men, and it may be that sometimes appears a strength to which would apply the description "occult," or "psychic." In the *New York Herald Tribune,* Jan. 24, 1932, was reported the death of Mrs. Betsy Anna Talks, of 149 Fourteenth Road, Whitestone, Queens, N. Y.—who had often performed such feats as carrying a barrel of sugar, weighing 400 pounds—had carried, under each arm, a sack of potatoes, whereas, in fields, usually two men lug one sack—had impatiently watched two men, clumsily moving a 550-pound barrel of salt, in a cart, and had taken it down for them.

There are "gospel truths," and "irrefutable principles," and "whatever goes up must come down," and "men are strong and women are weak"—but somewhere there's a woman who takes a barrel of salt away from two men. But we think in generalizations, and enact laws in generalizations, and "women are weak," and, if I should look it up, I'd be not at all surprised to learn that Mrs. Talks was receiving alimony.

I now recall another series of my own experiences with what may be my own very wild talents. I took no notes upon the occurrences, because I had decided that note-taking would make me self-conscious. I do not now take this view. I was walking along West Forty-second Street, N. Y. C., when the notion came to me that I could "see" what was in a show window, which, some distance ahead, was invisible to me. I said to myself: "Turkey tracks in red snow." It should be noted that "red snow" was one of the phenomena of my interests, at this time. I came to the window, and saw track-like lines of black fountain pens, grouped in fours, one behind, and the three others trifurcating from it, on a background of pink cardboard.

At last I was a wizard!

Another time, picking out a distant window, invisible to me— or ocularly invisible to me—I said “Ripple marks on a sandy beach.” It was a show window. Several men were removing exhibits from it, and there was virtually nothing left except a yellow-plush floor covering, Decorativery, this covering had been ruffled, or given a wavy appearance.

Another time—“Robinson Crusoe and Friday’s footprints.” When I came to the place, I saw that it was a cobbler’s shop, and that, hanging in the window, was a string of shoe soles.

I’m sorry.

I should like to hear of somebody, who would manfully declare himself a wizard, and say—”Take it or leave it!” I can’t do this, because I too well remember other circumstances. Maybe it’s my timidity, but I now save myself from the resentment, or the mean envy, of readers, who say, of a distant store window, “popular novels,” and it’s pumpkins. My experiments kept up about a month. Say that I experimented about a thousand times. Out of a thousand attempts, I can record only three seemingly striking successes, though I recall some minor ones. Throughout this book, I have taken the stand that nobody can be always wrong, but it does seem to me that I approximated so highly that I am nothing short of a negative genius. Nevertheless, the first of these experiences impresses me. It came to me when, so far as I know, I was not thinking of anything of the kind, though sub-consciously I was carrying much lore upon various psychic subjects.

These things may be done, but everybody who is interested has noticed the triviality and the casualness of them. They—such as telepathic experiences—come and go, and then when one tries to develop an ability, the successes aren’t enough to encourage anybody, except somebody who is determined to be encouraged.

Well, then, if wild talents come and go, and can’t be developed, or can’t be depended upon, even people who are disposed to accept that they exist, can’t see the good of them.

But accept that there are adepts: probably they had to go through long periods of apprenticeship, in which, though they deceived themselves by hugely over-emphasizing successes, and forgetting failures, they could not impress any parlor, or speakeasy, audience. I have told of my experiments of about a month. It takes five years to learn the rudiments of writing a book, selling gents’ hosiery, or panhandling.

Everybody who can do anything got from the gods, or whatever, nothing but a wild thing. Read a book, or look at a picture. The composer has taken a wild talent that nobody else in the world believed in; a thing that came and went and flouted and deceived him; maybe starved him; almost ruined him—and has put that damn thing to work.

Upon Nov. 29, 1931, died a wild talent. It was wild of origin, but was of considerable development. See the *New York Herald Tribune,* Nov. 30, 1931. John D. Reese had died in his home, in Youngstown, Ohio. Mr. Reese was a "healer." He was not a "divine healer." He means much to my expression that the religionists have been permitted to take unto themselves much that is not theirs exclusively. Once we heard only of "divine healers." Now there are "healers." It is something of a start of a divorcement that may develop enormously. Sometime I am going to loot the records of saints, for suggestions that may be of value to bright atheists, willing to study and experiment. "Reese had never studied medicine. The only instruction he had ever received was from an aged healer, in the mountains of Wales, when he was a boy. Physicians could not explain his art, and, after satisfying themselves that he was not a charlatan, would shrug, and say simply that he had 'divine power.'" But Reese never described himself as a "divine healer," and, though by methods no less divine than those of the Salvation Army and other religious organizations, he made a fortune out of his practices, he was associated with no church. He was about thirty years old when he became aware of his talent. One day, in the year 1887, a man in a rolling mill fell from a ladder, and was injured. It was "a severe spinal sprain," according to a physician. "Mr. Reese stooped and ran his fingers up and down the man's back. The man smiled, and while the physician and the mill hands gaped in wonder, he rose to his feet, and announced that he felt strong again, with not a trace of pain. He went back to work, and Mr. Reese's reputation as a healer was spread abroad."

Then there were thousands of cases of successful treatments. Hans Wagner, shortstop of the Pittsburgh Pirates, was carried from the baseball field, one day: something in his back had snapped, and it seemed that his career had ended. He was treated by Reese, and within a few days was back shortstopping. When Lloyd George visited the United States, after the War, he shook hands so many times that his hand was twisted out of shape. Winston Churchill, in a later visit, had what was said to be an automobile accident, and said that he was compelled to hold his arm in a sling. But

Lloyd George was so cordially greeted that he was maimed. “Doctors said that only months of rest and massage could restore the cramped muscles.” “Reese shook hands with the statesman, pressed gently, and then harder, disengaged their hands with a wrench, and Lloyd George’s hand was strong again.”

One of the most important particulars in this story of a talent, or of witchcraft, that was put to work, is that probably it was a case of a magician who was taught. Reese, when a boy, received instructions in therapeutic magic, and then, in the stresses of making a living, forgot, so far as went the knowledge of his active consciousness. But it seems that sub-consciously a development was going on, and suddenly, when the man was thirty-two years of age, manifested.

My notion is that wild talents exist in the profusion of the weeds of the fields. Also my notion is that, were it not for the conventions of markets, many weeds could be developed into valuable, edible vegetables. The one great ambition of my life, for which I would abandon my typewriter at any time—well, not if I were joyously setting down some particularly nasty little swipe at priests or scientists—is to say to chairs and tables, “Fall in! forward! march!” and have them obey me. I have tried this, as I don’t mind recording, because one can’t be of an enquiring and experimental nature, and also be very sensible. But a more unmilitary lot of furniture than mine, nobody has. Most likely, for these attempts, I’ll be hounded by pacifists. I should very much like to be a wizard, and be of great negative benefit to my fellow beings, by doing nothing for anybody. And I have had many experiences that lead me to think that almost everybody else not only would like to be a wizard, but at times thinks he is one. I think that he is right. It is monism that if anybody’s a wizard, everybody is, to some degree, a wizard.

One time—spring of 1931—my landlord received some chicks from the country, and put them in an enclosure at the end of the yard. They grew, and later I thought it interesting, listening to the first, uncertain attempts of two of them to crow. It was as interesting as is watching young, human males trying to take on grown-up ways. But then I thought of what was ahead, at four o’clock, or thereabouts, mornings. I’m a crank about sleeping, because at times I have put in much disagreeable time with insomnia. I worried about this, and I spoke about it.

There was not another sound from the two, little roosters.

At last!

Months went by. Confirmation. I was a wizard.

One day in October, the landlord's son-in-law said to me: "There hasn't been a sound from them since."

I tried not to look self-conscious.

Said he: "Last May, one day, I was looking at them, and I said, in my own mind: 'If we lose tenants on account of you, I'll wring your necks.' They never crowed again."

Again it's the Principle of Uncertainty, by which the path of a particle cannot be foretold, and by which there's no knowing who stopped the roosters. Well, we're both—or one of us is—very inferior in matters of magic, according to a story that is told of Madame Blavatsky. The little bird of a cuckoo clock annoyed her. Said she: "Damn that bird! shut up!" The cuckoo never spoke again.

By the cultivation of wild talents, I do not mean only the learning of the secret of the man they could not drown, and having the advantage of that ability, at times of shipwreck—of the man they could not confine, so that enormous would be the relief from the messiahs of the legislatures, if nobody could be locked up for failure to keep track of all their laws—of the woman they could not touch, so that there could be no more automobile accidents—of myself and the roosters—though just here my landlord's son-in-law will read scornfully—so that all radios can be stopped immediately after breakfast, and all tenors and sopranos forever—

Only the secret of burning mansions in England; appearances of wounds on bodies, or of pictures on hailstones; bodies on benches of a Harlem park; strange explosions, and forced landings of aeroplanes, and the case of Lizzie Borden—

Those are only specializations. If all are only different manifestations of one force, or radio-activity, transmediumization, or whatever, that is the subject for research and experiment that may develop—

New triumphs and new disasters; happiness and miseries—a new era, in which people will think back, with contempt, or with horror, at our times, unless they start to think a little more keenly of their own affairs.

In the presence of a poltergeist girl, who, so far as is now knowable, exerts no force, objects move.

But this is a book of no marvels.

In the presence of certain substances, which so far as is now knowable, exert no force, other substances move, or transmute into very different

substances.

This is a common phenomenon, to which the chemists have given the name *catalysis.*

All around are wild talents, and it occurs to nobody to try to cultivate them, except as expressions of personal feelings, or as freaks for which to charge admission. I conceive of powers and the uses of human powers that will some day transcend the stunts of music halls and seances and sideshows, as public utilities have passed beyond the toy-stages of their origins. Sometimes I tend to thinking constructively—or batteries of witches teleported to Nicaragua, where speedily they cut a canal by dissolving trees and rocks—the tumults of floods, and then magic by which they cannot touch houses—cyclones that smash villages, and then cannot push feathers. But also I think that there is nothing in this subject that is more reasonable than is the Taboo that is preventing, or delaying, development. I mean that semi-enlightenment that so earnestly, and with such keen, one-sided foresight fought to suppress gunpowder and the printing press and the discovery of America. With the advantages of practical witchcraft would come criminal enormities. Of course they would be somewhat adapted to. But I'd not like to have it thought that I am only an altruist, or of the humble mental development of a Utopian, who advocates something, as a blessing, without awareness of it as also a curse. Every folly, futility, and source of corruption of today, if a change from affairs primordial, was at one time preached as cure and salvation by some messiah or another. One reason why I never pray for anything is that I'm afraid I might get it.

Or the uses of witchcraft in warfare—

But that, without the sanction of hypocrisy, superintendence by hypocrisy, the blessing by hypocrisy, nothing ever does come about—

Or military demonstrations of the overwhelming effects of trained hates —scientific uses of destructive bolts of a million hate-power— the blasting of enemies by disciplined ferocities—

And the reduction of cannons to the importance of fire crackers —a battleship at sea, or a toy boat in a bathtub—

The palpitations of hypocrisy—the brass bands of hypocrisy—the peace on earth and good will to man of hypocrisy—or much celebration, because of the solemn agreements of nations to scrap their battleships and armed aeroplanes—outlawry of poison gases, and the melting of cannon—once it

is recognized that these things aren't worth a damn in the Era of Witchcraft —

But of course not that witchcraft would be practiced in warfare. Oh, no: witchcraft would make war too terrible. Really, the Christian thing to do would be to develop the uses of the new magic, so that in the future a war could not even be contemplated.

Later: A squad of poltergeist girls—and they pick a fleet out of the sea, or out of the sky—if, as far back as the year 1923, something picked French aeroplanes out of the sky—arguing that some nations that renounced fleets as obsolete would go on building them just the same.

Girls at the front—and they are discussing their usual not very profound subjects. The alarm—the enemy is advancing. Command to the poltergeist girls to concentrate—and under their chairs they stick their wads of chewing gum.

A regiment bursts into flames, and the soldiers are torches. Horses snort smoke from the combustion of their entrails. Reinforcements are smashed under cliffs that are teleported from the Rocky Mountains. The snatch of Niagara Falls—it pours upon the battlefield. The little poltergeist girls reach for their wads of chewing gum.

28

THAT everything that is desirable is not worth having—that happiness and unhappiness are emotional rhythms that are so nearly independent of one's circumstances that good news or bad news only stimulate the amplitude of these waves, without affecting the ratio of ups to downs—or that one might as well try to make, in a pond, waves that are altitudes only as to try to be happy without suffering equal and corresponding unhappiness.

But, so severely stated, this is mechanistic philosophy.

And I am a mechanist-immechanist.

Sometimes something that is desirable is not only not worth having, but is a damn sight worse than that.

Is life worth living? Like everybody else, I have many times asked that question, usually deciding negatively, because I am most likely to ask myself whether life is worth living at times when I am convinced it isn't. One day, in one of my frequent, and probably incurable, scientific moments, it occurred to me to find out. For a month, at the end of each day, I set down a plus sign, or a minus sign, indicating that, in my opinion, life had, or had not, been worth living, that day. At the end of the month, I totaled up, and I can't say that I was altogether pleased to learn that the pluses had won the game. It is not dignified to be optimistic.

I had no units by which to make my alleged determinations. Some of the plus days may have been only faintly positive, and, here and there, one of the minus days may have been so ferociously negative as to balance a dozen faintly positive days. Of course I did attempt gradations of notation, but they were only cutting pseudo-units into smaller pseudo-units. Also, out of a highly negative, or very distressing, experience, one may learn something that will mean a row of pluses in the future. Also, some pluses simply mean that one has misinterpreted events of a day, and is in for much minus—

Or that nothing—a joy or a sorrow, the planet Jupiter, or an electron—can be picked out of its environment, so as finally to be labeled either plus

or minus, because as a finally identifiable thing it does not exist—or that such attempted isolations and determinations are only scientific.

I have picked out witchcraft, as if there were witchcraft, as an identifiable thing, state, or activity. But, if by witchcraft, I mean phenomena as diverse as the mimicry of a leaf by a leaf-insect, and illnesses in a house where "Typhoid Mary" was cooking, and the harmless impalement, on spears, of children, I mean, by witchcraft in general, nothing that can be picked out of one commonality of phenomena. All phenomena are rhythmic, somewhere between the metrical and the frenzied, with final extremes unreachable in an existence of the metrical-unmetrical. The mechanical theory of existence is as narrowly lopsided as would be a theory that all things are good, large, or hot. It is Puritanism. It is the text-book science that tells of the clock-work revolutions of the planet Jupiter, and omits mention of Jupiter's little, vagabond moons, which would be fired from any job, in human affairs, because of their unpunctualities—and omits mention that there's a good deal the matter with the clock-work of most clocks. Mechanistic philosophy is a dream of a finality of exact responses to stimuli, and of absolute equivalences. Inasmuch as the advantages and disadvantages of anything can no more be picked out, isolated, identified, and quantitatively determined, than can the rise of a wave be clipped from its fall, it is only scientific dreamery to say what anything is equal and opposite to.

And, at the same time, in the midst of a submergence in commonality, there is a permeation of all phenomena by an individuality that is so marked that, just as truly as all things merge indistinguishably into all other things, all things represent the unmerge-able. So then there is something pervasive of every action and every advantage that makes it alone, incommensurable, and incomparable with a reaction, or a disadvantage.

Our state of the hyphen is the state of the gamble. Go to no den of a mathematician for enlightenment. Try Monte Carlo. Out of science is fading certainty as fast as ever it departed from theology. In its place we have adventure. Accepting that there is witchcraft, in the sense in which we accept that there is electricity, magnetism, or life, the acceptance is that there is no absolute poise between advantages and disadvantages—

Or that practical witchcraft, or the development of wild talents, might be of such benefits as to draw in future records of human affairs the new dividing line of *A. W.* and *B. W.*—or might be a catastrophe that would drive all human life back into Indians, or Zulus, or things furrier—

If by any chance the evils of witchcraft could compare with, or beat to an issue, the demoralizations of law, justice, business, sex, literature, education, pacifism, militarism, idealism, materialism, which at present, are incomprehensibly not yet equal and opposite to stabilizations that are saving us from, or are denying us, the jungles—

Or let all persons of foresight, if of sedentary habits, shift positions occasionally, so as not to suppress too much their vertebral stubs that their descendants may need as the bases of more graceful appendages.

But my own expression is that any state of being that can so survive its altruists and its egotists, its benefactors and its exploiters, its artists, gunmen, bankers, lawyers, and doctors would be almost immune to the eviler magics of witchcraft, because it is itself a miracle.

29

STUNTS of sideshows, and the miracles of pietists, and the phenomena of spiritualistic medium—

Or that the knack that tips a table may tilt an epoch.

Or much of the "parlor magic" of times gone by, and now it is industrial chemistry. And Taboo, by which earlier experimenters in the trained forces of today were under suspicion as traffickers with demons.

I take for a pseudo-principle, by which I mean a standard of judgment that sometimes works out, and sometimes doesn't work out— which is as near to wisdom as I can arrive, in an existence of truth-nonsense—that, someday to be considered right, is first to be unholy. It is out of blasphemy that new religions arise. It is by thinking things that schoolboys know better than to think that discoveries are made. It is because our visions are not delirious enough, or degraded, or nonsensical enough, that all of us are not prophets. Let any thoughtful, properly trained man, who has had all the benefits of an academic education, predict—at least, then, we know what won't be. We have, then, at our command, a kind of negative clairvoyance —if we know just where to go for an insight into what won't be.

The trail of a working witchcraft—but, if we are traffickers with demons, the traffic isn't much congested, at present. Someday almost every particular in this book may look quaint, but it may be that the principle of putting the witches to work will seem as sound as now seems the employment of steam and electric demons. Our instances of practical witchcraft have been practical enough, so long as they were paying attractions at exhibitions, but the exhibition implies the marvel, or what people regard as the marvel, and the spirit of this book is of commonplaceness, or of coming commonplaceness—or that there isn't anything in it, except of course its vagaries of theories and minor interpretations, that won't someday be considered as unsensational as the subject-matters of textbooks upon chemistry and mechanics. My interest is in magic, as the daily grind—the miracle as a job—sorceries as public utilities.

There is one manifestation of witchcraft that has been put to work. It is a miracle with a job.

Dowsing.

It is commonly known as water-divining. It is witchcraft. One cannot say that, because of some unknown chemical, or bio-chemical, affinity, a wand bends in a hand, in the presence of underground water. The wand bends only in the hand of a magician.

It is witchcraft. So, though there are scientists who are giving in to its existence, there are others, or hosts of others, who never will give in. Something about both kinds of scientists was published in *Time*, Feb. 9, 1931. It was said that Oscar E. Meinzer, of the U. S. Geological Survey, having investigated dowsers, had published his findings which were that "further tests . . . of so-called 'witching' for water, oil, or other minerals, would be a misuse of public funds." Also it was shown that conclusions by Dr. Charles Albert Browne, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, disagreed with Mr. Meinzer's findings. "On a large sugar-beet estate, near Magdeburg, Dr. Browne saw one of Germany's most famed dowsers at work. Covering his chest with a padded leather jacket, the dowser took in his hands a looped steel divining rod, and began to pace the ground. Suddenly the loop shot upward, and hit him a sharp blow on the chest. Continuing, he charted the outlines of an underground stream. Then, using an aluminum rod, which he said was much more sensitive, he estimated the depth of the stream. A rod of still another metal indicated that the water was good to drink. When Dr. Browne tried to use the rod, himself, he could get no chest blows, unless the dowser was holding one end. Dr. Browne then questioned German scientists. The majority answered that, with all humbuggery discounted, a large number of successes remained, which could not be accounted for by luck or chance." For queer places—or for places in which scientists of not so far back would have predicted that such yokelry as dowsing would never be admitted—see *Science*, Jan. 23, 1931, or the *Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution*, 1928, p. 325. Here full particulars of Dr. Browne's investigation are published.

The Department of Public Works, of Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, has employed a dowser, since the year 1916 (*Notes and Queries*, 150-235). *New York Times*, July 26, 1931—two Australian states were employing dowsers.

I don't know that I mean much by that. The freaks and faddists who get themselves employed by governments make me think that I am not very

convincing here. But I have no record of a dowser with a political job before the year 1916: and, wherever I got all this respectfulness of mine for the job, it is the entrance of magic into the job that I am bent upon showing.

In the London *Observer,* May 2, 1926, it is said that the Government of Bombay was employing an official water diviner, who, in one district of scarcity of water, had indicated about fifty sources of supply, at forty-seven of which water had been found. The writer of this account says that members of one of the biggest firms of well-boring engineers had informed him that they had successfully employed dowsers in Wales, Oxfordshire, and Surrey.

In *Nature,* Sept. 8, 1928, there is an account, by Dr. A. E. M. Geddes, of experiments with dowsers. Dr. Geddes' conclusion is that the faculty of water-divining is possessed by some persons, who respond to at present unknown, external stimuli.

It is not that I am maintaining that out of the mouths of babes, and from the vaporings of yokels, we shall receive wisdom—but that sometimes we may. Peasants have believed in dowsing, and scientists used to believe that dowsing was only a belief of peasants. Now there are so many scientists who believe in dowsing that the suspicion comes to me that it may be only a myth, after all.

In the matter of dowsing, the opposition that Mr. Meinzer represents is as understandable as is the opposition that once was waged by priestcraft against the system that he now represents. Let in, against the former dominant, data of raised beaches, or of deposits of fossils, and each intruder would make a way for other iniquities. Now, relatively to the Taboo of today, let in any of the occurrences told of in this book, and by its suggestions and affiliations, or linkages, it would make an opening for an irruption.

Very largely, dowsing, or witchcraft put to work, has been let in.

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IT has been my expression that, for instance, African fakirs achieved the harmless impalement of children by a process that would ordinarily be called imposing the imaginary upon the physical, but that is called by me imposing the imaginary-physical upon the physical-imaginary. I think that this is the conscious power and method of adepts: but I think that in the great majority of our stories, effects have been wrought unconsciously, so far as went active awareness, by witches and wizards. I am impressed more with an experience of my own than with any record of other doings. I looked, or stared, at a picture on a wall. Somewhere in my mind were many impressions of falling pictures. But I was not actively thinking of falling pictures. The picture fell from the wall.

See back to the Blackman case—the four judges, who "died suddenly." It was Blackman, who called attention to these deaths. Why? Vanity of the magician? I think that more likely these victims were removed by a wizardry of Blackman's of which he was unconscious. I think that if a man so earnestly objected to paying alimony that, instead, he went to jail four times, he'd overlook his judges and take a shorter cut, on behalf of his income, if he consciously reasoned about it.

It would seem that visualizations have had nothing to do with many occurrences told of in this book. Still, by a wild talent I mean something that comes and goes, and is under no control, but that may be caught and trained. Also there are cases that look very much like controlled uses of visualizations upon physical affairs. In this view, I have noted an aspect of doings that is a support for our expression upon *transmediumization.*

The *real,* as it is called, or the objective, the external, the material, cannot be absolutely set apart from the subjective, or the imaginary: but there are quasi-attributes of the imaginary. There have been occurrences that I think were *transmediumizations,* because I think that they were marked by indications of having carried over, from an imaginative origin, into physical being, or into what is called "real life," the quasi-attributes of their origin.

A peculiarity of fires that are called—or that used to be called—"spontaneous combustions of human bodies," is that the fires do not communicate to surrounding objects and fabrics, or that they extend only to a small degree around. There are stories of other such fires, which cannot be "real fires," as compared with fires called "real." In the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat,* October 2, or about Oct. 2, 1889, there is a story of restricted fires, said to have occurred in the home of Samuel Miller, upon a farm, six miles west of Findlay, Ohio. A bed had burst into flames, burning down to a heap of ashes, but setting nothing else afire, not even scorching the floor underneath. The next day, "about the same time in the afternoon," a chest of clothes flamed, and was consumed, without setting anything else afire. The third day, at the same time, another bed, and nothing but the bed burned. See back to the fires in the house in Bladenboro, N. C., February, 1932. A long account of these fires, from a San Diego (Cal.) newspaper, was sent to me by Margaret M. Page, of San Diego. In it one of the phenomena considered most remarkable was that fires broke out close to inflammable materials that were unaffected by the flames. Names of several witnesses—Mayor J. A. Bridger, of Bladenboro, J. B. Edwards, a Wilmington health officer, and Dr. S. S. Hutchinson, of Bladenboro.

It is as if somebody had vengefully imagined fires, and in special places had localized fires, according to his visualizations. Such localizing, or focusing, omitting surroundings, is a quasi-attribute of all visualizations. One vividly visualizes a face, and a body is ignored by the imagination. Let somebody visualize a bed afire, and exhaust his imaginative powers in this specialization: I conceive of the bed burning, as imagined, and nothing else burning, because nothing else was included in the mental picture that *transmediumized,* it having been taken for granted, by the visualizer, that, like a fire of physical origin, this fire would extend. It seems to me to be only ordinarily impossible to understand the burning of a woman on an unscorched bed as the "realization" of an imagined scene in which the burning body was pictured, with neglect of anything else consuming.

See back to unsatisfactory attempts to attribute punctures of windowpanes and automobile shields, to a missile-less weapon. The invisible bullets stopped short, after penetrating glass. If we can think of an intent, more mischievous than malicious, that was only upon shooting through glass, and that gave no consideration to subsequent courses of

bullets, we can think of occurrences that took place, as visualized, and as restricted by visualizations.

Doings in closed rooms—but my monism, by which I accept that all psychical magic links somewhere with more or less commonplace physical magic—

New York Times, June 18, 1880—Rochester, N. Y.—a woman dead in her bed, and the bed post hacked as if with a hatchet. It was known that nobody had entered this room. But something had killed this woman, leaving no sign of either entrance or exit.

It was during a thunderstorm, and the woman had been killed by lightning.

The man of one of our stories—J. Temple Thurston—alone in his room—and that a pictorial representation of his death by fire was enacting in a distant mind—and that into the phase of existence that is called "real" stole the imaginary—scorching his body, but not his clothes, because so was pictured the burning of him—and that, hours later, there came into the mind of the sorcerer a fear that this imposition of what is called the imaginary upon what is called the physical bore quasi-attributes of its origin, or was not realistic, or would be, in physical terms, unaccountable, and would attract attention—and that the fire in the house was visualized, and was "realized," but by a visualization that in turn left some particulars unaccounted for.

Lavinia Farrar was a woman of "independent means." Hosts of men and women have been shot, or stabbed, or poisoned, because of their "independent means." But that Mrs. Farrar was thought to death—or that upon her, too, out of the imaginary world in somebody's mind, stole a story—that it made of her, too, so fictional a being that of her death there is no explanation in ordinary, realistic terms—

That here, too, there was an after-thought, or an after-picturation, which, by way of attempted explanation, "realized" a knife and blood on the floor, but overlooked other details that made this occurrence inexplicable in terms of ordinary murders—or that this woman had been stabbed in the heart, through unpunctured clothes, because it was, with the neglect of everything else, the wound in the heart that had been visualized.

The germ of this expression is in anybody's acceptance that a stigmatic girl can transfer a wound, as pictured in her mind, into appearance upon her

body. The expression requires that there may be external, as well as personal, stigmatism.

It seems to me to be as nearly unquestionable as anything in human affairs goes, that there have been stigmatic girls. There may have been many cases of different kinds of personal stigmatism. There are emotions that are as intense as religious excitation. One of them is terror.

The story of Isidor Fink is a story of a fear that preceded a murder. It could be that Fink's was a specific fear, of somebody whom he had harmed, and not a general fear of the hold-ups that, at the time, were so prevalent in New York City. According to Police Commissioner Mulrooney, it was impossible, in terms of ordinary human experience, to explain this closed-room murder—

Or Isidor Fink, at work in his laundry—and his mind upon somebody whom he had injured—and that his fears of revenge were picturing an assassination of which he was the victim—that his physical body was seized upon by his own picturization of himself, as shot by an enemy.

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IN February, 1885, in an English prison, there was one of the dream-like occurrences that the materialists think are real. But every character concerned in it was fading away, so that now there is probably no survivor. From time to time repairs had to be made, because the walls of the prison were dissolving. By way of rusts, the iron bars were disappearing.

Upon February 23, 1885—as we say, in terms of our fanciful demarcations—just as if a 23rd of February, which is only relative to rhythms of sunshine, could be a real day—just as if one could say really where a January stops and a February begins—just as if one could really pick a period out of time, and say that there ever was really a year 1885—

Early in what is called a morning of what is so arbitrarily and fancifully called the 23rd of February, 1885, John Lee, in his cell, in the penitentiary, at Exeter, England, was waiting to be hanged.

In the yard of a prison of stone, with bars of iron, John Lee was led past a group of hard and motionless witnesses, to the scaffold. There were newspaper men present. Though they probably considered it professional to look as expressionless as stones, or bars of iron, there was nothing in Lee's case to be sentimental about. His crime had been commonplace and sordid. He was a laborer, who had lived with an old woman, who had a little property, and, hoping to get that, he had killed her. John Lee was led past a group, almost of minerals. It was a scene of the mechanism and solidity of legal procedure, as nearly real as mechanism and solidity can be.

Noose on his neck, and up on the scaffold they stood him on a trap door. The door was held in position by a bolt. When this bolt was drawn, the door fell—

John Lee, who hadn't a friend, and hadn't a dollar—

The Sheriff of Exeter, behind whom was Great Britain.

The Sheriff waved his hand. It represented Justice and Great Britain.

The bolt was drawn, but the trap door did not fall. John Lee stood with the noose around his neck.

It was embarrassing. He should be strangling. There is something of an etiquette in all things, and this was indecorum. They tinkered with the bolt. There was no difficulty, whatsoever, with the bolt: but when it was drawn, with John Lee standing on the trap door, the door would not fall.

Something unreasonable was happening. Just what is the procedure, in the case of somebody, who is standing erect, when he should be dangling? The Sheriff ordered John Lee back to his cell.

The people in this prison yard were not so stolid. They fluttered, and groups of them were talking it over. But there was no talk that could do John Lee any good. This was what is called stern reality. The Sheriff did not flutter. I have a note upon him, twenty years later: he was in trouble with a religious sect of which he was a member, because he ordered his beer by the barrel. He was as solid as beer and beef and the British Government.

The warders looked into the matter thoroughly—except that there wasn't anything to look into. Every time they drew back the bolt, with John Lee out of the way, the door fell, as it should fall. One of the warders stood in Lee's place, where, instead of placing the noose around his neck, he clung to the rope. The bolt was drawn, the door fell, as it should fall, and down dropped the warder, as he should drop.

There was a woman they could not push. A man they could not crucify. The man they could not drown. There was the man they could not imprison. The dog they could not lose.

John Lee was led back to the scaffold. The witnesses did not know whether to be awed or not. But, after all, it was just one of those things that nobody could explain, but that could not happen again—

Or that to a college professor it could not—to anybody educated in the first principles of mechanics and physics it could not—that, to anybody, not an untutored laboring man, but committed to unquestioning belief in everything that a professor of physics would say in maintaining that the trap door would have to fall—

The bolt was drawn.

The trap door would not fall.

John Lee stood unhangable.

That when, the first time, John Lee was led past these newspaper men, and town officials, and others who had been invited to the ceremony, any one of them could have overstepped any line that all were told to toe would have been little short of inconceivable. But a doctor, whose professional

appearance was much faded, interceded. Others were shaky. The Sheriff said that John Lee had been sentenced to be hanged, and that John Lee would be hanged.

They had done everything thinkable. Any suggestions? Somebody suggested that rains might have swollen the wooden door, causing friction. There had been, in all tests, no friction: but, by way of taking every possible precaution, a warder planed the edges of the door. They experimented, and, every time, the door fell, as it should fall.

They stood him on the scaffold again.

The door would not fall.

This scene of an attempted execution dissolved, like a dream-picture. The newspaper men faded away, or burst away. The newspaper men ran out into the streets of Exeter. In the streets, they ran, shouting the news of the man who could not be hanged. The Sheriff, who had tried hard to be a real Sheriff, went to pieces. He'd do this about it, and then he'd do that about it, and then— "Take him away!" He communicated with the Home Secretary. There was something about all this that so shook the Home Secretary that he authorized a delay.

The matter was debated in the House of Commons, where some of the members denounced a proposed defeat of justice by superstition. Nevertheless the execution was not attempted again. Lee's sentence was commuted to life-imprisonment, but he was released in December, 1907. His story was re-told in the newspapers of that time. I take from *Lloyd's Weekly News* (London) Jan. 5, 1908.

I have tried to think of a conventional explanation, in the case of John Lee. All attempts fail. He hadn't a dollar.

There may be some commonplace explanation that I have not thought of: but my notion is that the explanation that I have thought of will some day be considered as commonplace as are now regarded the impenetrable mysteries of electricity and radio-activity.

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IT'S the old controversy—the action of mind upon matter. But, in the philosophy of the hyphen, an uncrossable gap is disposed of, and the problem is rendered into thinkable terms, by asking whether mind-matter can act upon matter-mind.

I am beginning to see whence all my specialization, not much short of hypnotization, upon magic, as the job. Just why am I so bent upon cooping people into multicellular formations, and setting batteries of disciplined sorcerers at work, bewitching into useful revolutions all the motors of the world?

As to the job, and anything that is supposed to be not a job, there is only the state of job-recreation, or recreation-job. I have cut out of my own affairs very much of so-called recreation, simply because I feel that I cannot give to so-called enjoyments the labors that they exact. I'd often like to be happy, but I don't want to go through the equivalence of digging a ditch, or of breaking stones, to enjoy myself. I have seen, by other persons, very labored and painful efforts to be happy. So then I am so much concerned with the job, because, though it hyphenates, there isn't anything else.

Probably it will be some time before any college professor, of whatever we think we mean by *importance*, will admit that, by witchcraft, or by the development of what are now only wild talents, all the motors of this earth may be set going and kept at work. But "highest authority" no longer unitedly opposes the more or less remote possibility of such operations. See an interview, with Dr. Arthur H. Compton, Professor of Physics, at the University of Chicago, published in the *New York Times*, Jan. 3, 1932. Said Dr. Compton: "The new physics does not suggest a solution of the old question of how mind acts on matter. It does definitely, however, admit the possibility of such action, and suggests where the action may take effect."

I don't know that I am much more of a heretic, myself. In my stories, I have admitted possibilities, and I have made suggestions.

But the difference is that the professors will not be concrete, and I give instances. Dr. Compton's views are ripe with the interpretation that

transportation systems, and the lighting of cities, and the operation of factories may someday be the outcome of what he calls the "action of mind on matter," or what I'd call *mechanical witchcraft.* But toyers with abstractions falter, the moment one says— "For instance?"

The fuel-less motor, which is by most persons considered a dream, or a swindle, associates most with the name of John Worrell Keely, though there have been other experimenters, or impostors, or magicians. The earliest fuel-less motor "crank" of whom I have record is John Murray Spear, back in the period of 1855, though of course various "cranks" of all ages can be linked with this swindle, dream, or most practical project. The latest, at this writing, is a young man, Lester J. Hendershot, of Pittsburgh, Pa. I take data from the *New York Herald Tribune,* Feb. 27-March 10, 1928. It was Henderson's statement that he had invented a motor that operated by deriving force from "this earth's magnetic field." Nobody knows what that means. But Hendershot was backed by Major Thomas Lanphier, U. S. Army, commandant of Selfridge Field, Detroit. It was said that at tests of Selfridge Field, a model of the "miracle motor" had invisibly generated power enough to light two 110-volt lamps, and that another had run a small sewing machine. Major Lanphier stated that he had helped to make one of these models, which were of simple construction, and that he was sure that there was nothing fraudulent about it.

This espousal by Major Lanphier may, considering that to orthodox scientists it was the equivalence of belief in miracles, seem extraordinary: but it seems to me that the attacks that were made upon Hendershot were more extraordinary—or significant. It would seem that, if a simple, little contrivance, weighing less than ten pounds, were a fraud, the mechanics of Selfridge Field, or anywhere else, could determine that in about a minute, especially if they had themselves made it, under directions. If the thing were a fraud, it would seem that it would have to be obviously a fraud. Who'd bother? But Dr. Frederick Hochstetter, head of the Hochstetter Research Laboratory, of Pittsburgh, went to New York about it. He hired a lecture room, or a "salon," of a New York hotel, telling reporters that he had come to expose a fraud, which would be capable of destroying faith in science for 1,000 years. If so, even to me this would not be desirable. I should like to see faith in science destroyed for 20 years, and then be restored for a while, and then be knocked flat again, and then revive—and so on, in a healthy alternation. Dr. Hochstetter exhibited models of the

motor. They couldn't generate the light of a 1-volt firefly. They couldn't stitch a fairy's breeches. Dr. Hochstetter lectured upon what he called a fraud. But the motive for all this? Dr. Hochstetter explained that his only motive was that "pure science might shine forth untarnished."

It was traveling far, and going to trouble and expense to maintain the shine of a purity, the polish of which was threatened by no more than a youngster, of whom most of the world had never heard before. What I pick up is that there must have been an alarm that was no ordinary alarm, somewhere. I pick up that at tests, in Detroit, in Hendershot's presence, his motors worked; that, in New York, not in his presence, his motors did not work.

Then came the denouement, by which most stories of exposed impostors end up, or are said to end up. Said Dr. Hochstetter— dramatically, I suppose, inasmuch as he was much worked up over all this—he had discovered that concealed in one of the motors was a carbon pencil battery.

Just about so, in the literature of Taboo, end almost all stories of doings that are "alarming." There is no chance for a come-back from the "exposed impostor." He is shown as sneaking off-stage, in confusion and defeat. But some readers are having a glimmer of what I mean by taking so much material from the newspapers. They get statements from "exposed impostors." They ridicule and belittle, and publish much that is one-sided, but they do give the chance for the come-back.

Came back Hendershot:

That Dr. Hochstetter was quite right in his accusation, but only insofar as it applied to an incident of several years before. In his early experiments Hendershot, having no assurance of the good faith of visitors, had stuck into his motor various devices "to lead them away from the real idea I was working on." But, in the tests at Selfridge Field there had been no such "leads," and there had been no means of concealments in motors that mechanics employed by Major Lanphier had made.

Two weeks later, Hendershot dropped out of the newspapers. Perhaps a manufacturer of ordinary motors bought him off. But he dropped out by way of a strange story. It is strange to me, because I recall the small claims that were made for the motor—alleged power not sufficient to harm anybody—only enough to run a sewing machine, or to light lamps with 220 volts. *New York Herald Tribune,* March 10, 1928—that Lester J. Hendershot, the Pittsburgh inventor of the "miracle motor," was a patient in

the Emergency Hospital, Washington, D. C. It is said that, in the office of a patent attorney, he was demonstrating his "fuel-less motor," when a bolt estimated at 2,000 volts shot from it, and temporarily paralyzed him.

It was Hendershot's statement that his motor derived force from "this earth's magnetic field." It is probable that, if the motor was driven by his own magic, he would, even if he knew this, attribute it to something else. It is likely that spiritualistic mediums—or a few of them—have occult powers of their own: but they attribute them to spirits. Probably some stage-magicians have occult powers: but, in a traditional fear of persecutions of witchcraft, they feel that it is safer to say that the hand is quicker than the eye. "Divine healers" and founders of religions have been careful to explain that their talents were not their own.

In November, 1874, John Worrell Keely exhibited, to a dozen well-known Philadelphians, his motor. They were hard-headed business men—as far as hard heads go—which isn't very far—but they were not dupes and gulls of the most plastic degree. They saw, or thought they saw, this motor operate, though connected in no way with any conventionally recognized source of power. Some of these witnesses considered the motor worth backing. Keely, too, explained that something outside himself was the moving force, but nobody has ever been able to explain his explanations. Unlike Hen-dershot's simple contrivance, Keely's motor was a large and complicated structure. The name of it was formidable. When spoken of familiarly, it was a *vibratory generator,* but the full name of the monster was the *Hydro-pneumatic-pulsating-vacue-engine*. A company was organized, and, after that, everything was very unsatisfactory, except to Keely. There was something human about this engine—just as any monist, of course thinks there is to everything— such as rats and trees and people. It was like so many promising young men, who arrive at middle age, still promising, and go to their graves, having, just before dying, promised something or another. It can't be said that the engine worked. The human-like thing had talents, and was capable of sensational stunts, but it couldn't earn a dollar. That is, at an honest day's toil, it could not, but with its promises it brought tens of thousands of dollars to Keely. It is said that, though he lived well, he spent much of this money in experiments.

Here, too, just what I suspect—though don't have it that I think I'm the only one who has had this idea—was just what was not asserted. That his motor moved responsively to a wizardry of his own, was just what Keely

never said. It could be that it was a motivation of his own, but that he did not know it. Mesmer, in his earlier phases, believed that he wrought cures with magnets, and he elaborated very terminological theories, in terms of magnets, until he either conceived, or admitted, that his effects were wrought by his own magic.

I should like to have an opinion upon fuel-less engines, from an official of General Motors, to compare with what the doctors of Vienna and Paris thought of Mesmer.

For eight years there was faith: but then (December, 1882), there was a meeting of disappointed stockholders of the Keely Motor Co. In the midst of protests and accusations, Keely announced that, though he would not publicly divulge the secret of his motor, he would tell everything to any representative of the dissatisfied ones. A stockholder named Boekel was agreed upon. Boekel's report was that it would be improper to describe the principle of the mechanism, but that "Mr. Keely had discovered all that he had claimed." There is no way of inquiring into how Mr. Boekel was convinced. Considering the billions of human beings who have been "convinced" by bombardments of words and phrases beyond their comprehension, I. think that Mr. Boekel was reduced to a state of mental helplessness by flows of a *hydro-pneumatic-pulsating-vacue* terminology; and that faithfully he kept his promise not to explain, because he had not more than the slightest comprehension of what it was that had convinced him.

But I do not think that any character of Mr. Keely's general abilities has ever practiced successfully without the aid of religion. Be good for a little while, and you shall have everlasting reward. Keely was religious in preaching his doctrine of goodness: benefits to mankind, releases from enslavement, spare time for the cultivation of the best that is in everybody, promised by his motor—and in six months the stock will be quoted at several times its present value. I haven't a notion that John Worrell Keely, with a need for business, and a throb for suffering humanity, was any less sincere than was General Booth, for instance.

In November, 1898, Keely died. Clarence B. Moore, son of his patron, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore—short tens of thousands of dollars in his inheritance, because of Keely and his promises—rented Keely's house, and investigated. According to his findings, Keely was "an unadulterated rascal."

This is too definite to suit my notions of us phenomena. The unadulterated, whether of food we eat, or the air we breathe, or of idealism, or of villainy, is unfindable. Even adultery is adulterated. There are qualms and other mixtures.

Moore said that he had found the evidences of rascality. The motor was not the isolated mechanism that, according to him, the stockholders of the Keely Motor Co. had been deceived into thinking it was: he had found an iron pipe and other tubes, and wires that led from the motor to the cellar. Here was a large, spherical, metallic object. There were ashes.

Imposture exposed—the motor had been run by a compressed air engine, in the cellar.

Anybody who has ever tried to keep a secret twenty-four hours, will marvel at this story of an impostor who, against all the forces of revelation, such as gas men, and coal men, and other persons who get into cellars—against inquisitive neighbors, and, if possible, even more inquisitive newspaper men—against disappointed stockholders and outraged conventionalists—kept secret, for twenty-four years, his engine in the cellar.

It made no difference what else came out. Taboo had, or pretended it had, something to base on. Almost all people of all eras are hypnotics. Their beliefs are induced beliefs. The proper authorities saw to it that the proper belief should be induced, and people believed properly.

Stockholders said that they knew of the spherical object, or the alleged compressed air engine in the cellar, because Keely had made no secret of it. Nobody demonstrated that by means of this object, the motor could be run. But beliefs can be run. So meaningless, in any sense of organization, were the wires and tubes, that I think of Hendershot's statement that he had complicated his motor with "leads," as he called them.

Stones that have fallen in houses where people were dying—the rambles of a pan of soft soap—chairs that have moved about in the presence of poltergeist girls—

But, in the presence of John Worrell Keely, there were disciplined motions of a motor. For twenty-four years there were demonstrations, and though there was much of a stir-up of accusations, never was Keely caught helping out a little. There was no red light, nor semi-darkness. The motor stood in no cabinet. Keely's stockholders were of a superior intelligence, as stockholders go, inasmuch as many of them investigated, somewhat, before

speculating. They saw this solemn, big contrivance go around and around. Sometimes they saw sensational stunts. The thing tore thick ropes apart, broke iron bars, and shot bullets through a twelve-inch plank. I conceive that the motivation of this thing was a wild talent—an uncultivated, rude, and unreliable power, such as is all genius in its infancy—

That Keely operated his motor by a development of mere “willing,” or visualizing, whether consciously, or not knowing how he got his effects—succeeding spasmodically sometimes, failing often, according to the experience of all pioneers—impostor and messiah—

Justifying himself, in the midst of promises that came to nothing, because he could say to himself something that Galileo should have said, but did not say—”Nevertheless it does move!”

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