

A

THOUGHT-READER'S THOUGHTS.

A.

THOUGHT-READER'S
THOUGHTS

BEING THE

IMPRESSIONS AND CONFESSIONS

OF

STUART CUMBERLAND

AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN,"
"THE RABBI'S SPELL," ETC.

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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A THOUGHT-READER'S THOUGHTS.

CHAPTER I

“THOUGHT-READER, read thyself,” is a cry that has gone out to me in many lands, for most people who interest themselves at all in the matter think it a duty I owe the public to lay bare my own thoughts as fully and as candidly as I frequently laid bare the thoughts of others

From time to time I have endeavoured to fall in with the wishes so expressed, and my views upon what is called “Thought-reading” have gone forth to the world in almost all, if not all, written languages, but, in spite of this, I to-day find—especially amongst my own countrymen—a very general desire to know something more of the subject

In order, therefore, to supply this “something more,” I have in the present work considerably enlarged upon my previous communications,¹

¹ By kind permission of the proprietor of the *Nineteenth Century* I include in this work parts of an article of mine which appeared in that magazine for December, 1886

and, in addition, have included my impressions of some of the notable personages with whom I have been brought in contact, and the places and countries I have visited

These events are not chronologically arranged, nor are they recorded with the regularity and precision of a diary, the whole thing, in fact, is simply my thoughts casually noted in leisure moments

Whilst a mere child my perceptive faculties were remarkably keen, and the power to arrive at other people's thoughts was, I presume, with me at an early age. But it was only about seven years or so ago that I began to practically test the matter

My first "subject" My first important experiment was formed with the Very Rev Dr Bickersteth, t' Dean of Lichfield

I was on a visit to the Dean, and one morning, after breakfast, the subject of conversation having turned upon "willing" and "mesmerism," he asked me if I thought it possible for a person to read the thoughts of another

I replied that I believed such a thing, under certain conditions, would be possible, in fact, that I was almost certain I could do so myself

This reply naturally called for a test, and the Dean undertook to think of some object in the Deanery of which I could know absolutely nothing

My attempt to arrive at the Dean's thoughts

were, as compared with my after-efforts, somewhat crude, but the experiment was perfectly successful

I remember that I took my host by the hand—I was from the first impressed with the necessity of establishing a physical communication between the subject and the operator—and led him from the breakfast-room, not quickly, as I invariably do now, but slowly and lingeringly

We entered the study, and I immediately felt that I was in the correct locality. A moment more, and I placed my hand upon an object which, according to the impressions I then received, I believed to be my subject's selection

I was quite right—the object was a bust of Lady Augusta Stanley

This experiment, I need hardly say, emboldened me to make further attempts, and I speedily arrived at a much higher pitch of perfection

But let it be clearly understood that I cannot to-day find an object thought of with any greater certainty than I did on my, as it were, opening occasion. To-day's execution is, of course, speedier, but my improvement is in going beyond simple tests of this character, for it is astonishing how, when the faculty is once with one, the power to thought-read develops by practice, until the most intricate form of experiment can be encompassed. This I have abundantly proved in almost every coun-

The process of development

try under the sun, and with all sorts and conditions of men

At first my exhibitions puzzled even myself, and I could not readily account for them, for, when young, one is so apt to imagine one's self supernaturally endowed, and experiments such as I performed were certainly calculated to develop a tendency of this kind. But whilst carrying out the demonstrations, I set myself the task of arriving at a practical explanation of them, and eventually I convinced myself that, instead of there being anything of an occult character about my experiments, they were one and all accountable on a purely natural basis.

Later on I intend unburdening my thoughts as to the true explanation of the process, but I purpose first giving instances of the practice of thought-reading and the curious features they in some cases present.

What the
mystics
thought

I shall never forget how the idle many and, not infrequently, the learned few imbued with abnormal fancies, sought to invest what I did with an aspect of supernaturalism. Some even went so far as to say that I did not myself understand what I performed. Others, thorough-going Spiritualists, waxed wroth because I would not acknowledge the influence of "spirit-power" in connection with my work.

"You are a medium," would say the Spiritualists, "a medium, without knowing it."

"Oh, no!" would answer the Psychological Research folk, "he is a conductor of 'brain-

waves', " and then would follow some learned chatter upon Telepathy

"Brother!" said a white-turbanned dark-skinned follower of Madame Blavatsky, placing his hand reverently upon my shoulder, "you possess an 'astral-body,' work for the cause of Theosophy, and the heart of Koot Hoomi will be glad."

I fear my answers in many instances were not of the character that turneth away wrath, but then what is to be done with people who are superior alike to argument and common sense, and who measure everything by the standard of improbability?

I cannot too emphatically disavow any belief in what is called Spiritualism. My investigations, in fact, speedily convinced me of the futility of the true believer's aspirations, the vulgarity and absurdity of the "manifestations" exhibited, and the invariable rascality of the performing "mediums."

Verily, it is enough to make one rub one's eyes in bewildering wonderment, on coming across in the daily newspapers, side by side with the most matter-of-fact announcements, the advertisements of a society devoted to the study of ghost-love, asking for information about "spooks" and their doings, as Mr Punch has it

"Wanted ghosts of every variety
Fitted to mix in learned society"

To old fashioned believers in ghosts, this hue

and cry in the daily press after manifesting "spirits" by those who profess to be their best friends can scarcely, I should think, be pleasant reading, whilst common-sense folk can only regret that the society in question is not as solicitous over the living as it is over the shades of the dead.

It is distressing to think how many mouths of the hungry present the money annually expended by these enthusiasts in their quest of the departed would have filled.

Just as no county family can claim to be quite the thing without the possession of a family ghost, a personal acquaintance with a "spirit" is, I suppose, a thing to be proud of, and the closer the intimacy the greater the pride.

This may be the case in a general way, but so far as I am myself concerned acquaintance with "visitors from the other world" has, in every instance, been the reverse of satisfactory; and I certainly take no pride from the association.

A noted
medium.

As far back as August, 1880, I made the acquaintance of a "spirit." It was at 2, Vernon Place, Bloomsbury; and one Bastian was the "medium" who produced it. "It," I may say, was a he, that is, a male spirit; for there are, it should be known, sexes amongst the spooks as amongst mortals.

Mr. Bastian was great amongst the believers, and, to speak technically, was a singularly "powerful medium for physical manifestations."

At the sitting in question, the proceedings opened with a dark séance, at which the shade of a German "manifested" He was a stock spirit, and knew the ropes pretty well, but, unfortunately, he had but an imperfect knowledge of his mother tongue, and was unable to sustain an intelligible conversation with those who happened to know German, otherwise he gave complete satisfaction

The dark séance was followed by what, by way of distinction, is called a "light séance," at which, however, darkness and not light predominates

This portion of the sitting was for "materialization," the "medium" having, it was alleged, the power to produce "spirits" from the vasty deep—01 wherever they are supposed to come from

The "medium" went into an adjoining room, which was separated from the séance chamber by a black curtain hung over the doorway. There he fell into a trance whilst the broken-winded musical box in our room wheezed out some dirge-like notes

All this time we poor sitters had to clasp each other's hands, not one of us daring to move for fear of breaking the circle, and, as is well known, the "spirits" can't or won't appear unless the magnetic chain of hands is kept intact, which shows a highly commendable sense of discretion on the part of the "spirits"

It was a truly mournful half-hour, that waiting

A
 'spirit'
 appears

for the "spooks," and the fact that one could not do anything to shut out the sound of that infernal machine made one's position doubly unbearable, and it was a positive relief when, so to speak, the curtain rang up and the ghost walked

Out he stepped, in the dim light, a modest, retiring sort of a spirit, attired—alas! how the mighty have fallen—in faultless evening dress

He hesitated a good deal in front of the curtain, as if the company was strange to him and he was waiting to be introduced.

Seeing his embarrassment, a lady—a true believer—sitting by my side, came to his rescue, and asked if anybody recognized him

No one answered

A long pause, and then the lady said to me, in a whisper, "I'm sure the spirit knows you."

At this the "spirit" beamed—at least so it seemed in the semi-darkness

The room was hushed, and one could hear one's heart beat, when suddenly there came upon the uncomfortable stillness,—

"I'm your brother!"

It was the "spook" who had found voice

This startling announcement took all but true believers by surprise (your thorough-going Spiritualist is not surprised at anything that happens in a séance room), and every one was asking himself to whom did the message refer

"It is to you the dear spirit speaks," softly said the lady, squeezing my hand in that

spiritual manner peculiar to both light and dark séances

“To me?”

“Yes! can't you see the spirit is nodding to you?” and, sure enough, there was the spirit making a most friendly bow

This, I must confess, was a surprise to me, for, as a matter of fact, I had never lost a brother, but the “spirit” seemed so certain about it that I thought it would be impolite to contradict him, especially as he had come such a long way to make the statement. So I remained silent

But this did not seem to suit the lady, who urged me to speak to the “spirit”

Whilst anxious to do the polite thing towards one who had evinced such a brotherly interest in me, I couldn't for the life of me think of anything suitable to say. But there was the lady nudging me on and the “spirit” smiling encouragement, so I had to say something and I said it

“Which brother are you?” I asked, feeling that the “spirit” wouldn't lie, but that on finding he had made a mistake, would own up and turn his affections to some one else

Nothing of the kind

“I'm your brother Willie,” he replied as glibly and as confidently as if he had known me all his life

“Willie?” I echoed incredulously, hoping the tone of voice would turn him from the broad

path of lying and deception, for I never had a brother Willie

But so great apparently was his infatuation for me that he refused to take the hint and unblushingly reiterated his untruthful assertion

The
"spirit"
led

Needless to say I was shocked and grieved at such spiritual depravity, and I was immediately reminded of a great scientist's words about its being nobler to live a crossing-sweeper than die a prince and have one's spirit appear at a séance at so much per hour

In that moment all my faith in the superiority of "spirits" died, and I came to the conclusion that a high-class "spook" was not a better liar than an ordinary mortal, and not a whit more ingenious

What was the use of being a ghost at all, I thought, if it couldn't manage things better than that? It was a sorry return for the five shillings I had paid, besides it wasn't fair to the others amongst whom there might be some who yearned for the companionship of ghostly brothers

Then there flashed across my mind the idea that perhaps after all it wasn't a good specimen of the genus "spook" or—happy notion—wasn't a "spook" at all, but merely a mortal masquerading as one

This determined me to test the matter, and as will be seen, great things came of it.

I may mention that I had not come altogether unprepared for the matter in hand, I had,

in fact, brought with me a syringe filled with liquid cochineal, for the purpose of marking any suspicious-looking "spirit" that might come in my way

You must know that easy as it often is to grasp a "spirit" it is far more difficult to retain one. For, whilst these visitors from the other world do not disdain to make extensive use of their hands and feet, the believers never fail to come to the rescue of the captive, and in the general mêlée the ghost invariably escapes

Whilst perfectly satisfactory to the captive, such a result is extremely provoking to the captor, especially as he could not, under such circumstances, positively swear to the composition of the being seized

But under the plan I had adopted matters were made more certain, for if it were a genuine spirit into whose face I squirted the cochineal he, unless he stayed behind to demand satisfaction and thereby proved his identity, would probably take his immediate departure from whence he came, leaving no trace of his being, but if he were the medium masquerading as a "spook," that person would be sure to retain some traces of the colouring-matter thrown over him, and although in the struggle he might, and probably would, escape from my grasp, should I succeed in laying hold of him, his identity with the "spirit" would be conclusively proven thereby

Heedless of his fate, my unearthly "brother" advanced towards me

I squinted
'the
spirit'

A pressure of the squint and a stream of red dyed his face

A mortal yell disturbed the harmony of the meeting, amidst which I made a rush for the "spirit," but too late, he had already got behind the curtain

I managed to grasp him for a moment through the curtain, and in that moment I heard more muffled profanity than I have heard in any one year of my exceedingly varied life

In an instant all was confusion, and then out went the lights

By the time the gas was re-lit, the medium had had time to recover from the exhaustion caused by the strain of giving forth so many "cuss-words," and to stow away his disguise, so that by the time we entered the inner chamber he was lying on the ground in an assumed trance

To wake him from this trance would, said the spiritualists, be highly dangerous, if not fatal, but Dr Forbes Winslow, who was one of the party, took a medical survey of him, and in the end he was brought under the light in the other room

Alas, poor ghost, his face was spotted with liquid cochineal

In some verses on the event, *Punch* neatly summed the matter up as follows —

“Spirits are as slippery as eels to feel,
So, would you catch a spirit, catch-an-eel”

Thorough-going Spiritualists, however, argued otherwise. With them there was no proof of Bastian's imposture.

What did it signify if colouring-matter which had been thrown at a “spirit” was found on the face of the medium through whose mediumship the “form” materialized?

For anybody who knew anything about “materializations” would know that these “materialized forms” must be made out of something, and that the medium supplied that something in the shape of certain “materio-spiritual atoms,” out of which the “spirit” could materialize a form. So that a cochinealed spirit when it de-materialized would convey the colouring-matter to the medium along with the material “atoms” temporarily borrowed for the purpose of “materialization.”

In the eyes of such folk Bastian of course was a grossly ill-used man, but the sympathy expressed for him was as nothing as compared with that felt for the outraged “spirit,” who was, I understand, strongly urged to take proceedings against me for assault and battery.

But the “spirit” evidently was averse to police-court proceedings, and nothing came of the suggestion, and the much-desired opportunity of cross-examining the “materio-spiritual atoms” of Mr. Bastian, medium, was lost.

In spite, however, of the championing of his

friends, Bastian's business fell away, and he consequently took his departure from England

The
medium
and the
prince

In 1884, he turned up in Vienna, when he gave a séance before the Crown Prince Rudolph and the Archduke Johann. On this occasion the "*Geist*" he produced had an exceedingly rough time of it, for on its putting in an appearance in the *salon* where the Imperial investigators were sitting, a string was pulled, and the door opening between this room and the one in which the medium was supposed to be in a trance closed with a sudden snap

No rat in a trap could have been more thoroughly scared than this unfortunate "spook"

Instead of vanishing into space, or finding an exit through a crack in the floor, or through the key-hole, in true ghost-like fashion, he dashed wildly about the room, seeking firstly to escape by the closed door, and then by the window. But, alas! escape was impossible, and the imperial captors proceeded to examine him at their leisure

The lights were turned up, and there shrinking in a corner was the cringing medium, his ghostly garments in sad disarray

The party shrieked with laughter, whilst the "*Geist*" pleaded for mercy, and it was only upon the Crown Prince's personal assurance that no harm should come to him that his agitation diminished

But no sooner was one of the doors opened than he made a sudden bolt for the street, in his

hurry *forgetting his boots*, which had been left in the room adjoining the *séance* chamber

“The spirit”
forgets his
boots

These boots, the Crown Prince told me, were never sent for, and Bastian, finding that the climate of Vienna did not agree with him, and that the police authorities were making active inquiries after his health, left the capital suddenly, leaving no address, and, for aught I know, his boots are at the palace to this day

What has become of Bastian I don't know, but I need hardly say that his spiritualistic friends firmly believed at the time—and I suppose still believe—in his innocence

Bastian being a great medium could not possibly be dethroned by the unthinking action of mere sceptics, who knew absolutely nothing of the glorious truths of spiritual phenomena

“Doubtless it was Bastian,” they exclaimed, “who was found in the *salon* attired in spiritual raiment, but this proved his innocence rather than his guilt. For anybody conversant with Spiritualism knows that, in spite of all precautions, ‘evil spirits’ will creep into the ‘circle’ and compel the medium to take a part wholly unconscious of his own volition”

Indeed !!!

With respect to the boots, no medium of an artistic feeling would allow his “controls” to appear with boots on

Fancy “John King” or “Marie,” or any other well-known and highly respectable “spirit,” announcing its appearance with a

squeak of new leather, or Professor Crooke's graceful *pirouette* "Katie King" pirouetting before the professor to a heel and toe accompaniment

No, "a spirit" must appear bootless, and every well-regulated medium doffs his own boots accordingly

For artistic effect this is all very well, but it is not infrequently attended with inconvenience, and sometimes with pain to the operator

The "spirit of Dante" appeared, and was incautious enough to tread upon some tin-tacks placed upon the floor

The
"spirit of
Dante"
and the
" " "
end of a
tin-tack.

The intention of that spirit would spoil the sale of any of Dante's works into which it found its way

I have in my travels come across a good deal of profanity, but the oaths of the most abandoned Spanish mulcteer or a western cowboy I ever heard were as the language of a Sunday-school teacher compared with those expressed by Dante's "spook"

But the most curious thing about it was that Dante, admitting that he had good cause to "cuss," should in the "cussing" forget his own pure Florentine and do the whole thing from first to last in the broadest Yankee

Perhaps, however, it was another instance of the medium—a Yankee—"taking a part wholly unconscious of his own volition" Ah, me! what a lot those bad spirits have to answer for

On another occasion a spirit—that of an Indian brave—threatened to scalp me at sight for questioning his sex

I know it was impolite to do so, but for the life of me I couldn't resist the temptation to express my thoughts when a "spirit," with an abnormally developed bosom, claiming to be a Red-skin warrior, but who in reality was the female medium, put in an appearance

How I got out of that séance room I don't exactly know, but I fully remember going down the stairs very much quicker than I had gone up them, and that when I was at the bottom I had to fight my way to the street

The next thing I remember was lying on the ice-covered pavement with a sprained ankle and one of my assailants with a cracked head by my side

Spirit investigation has its perils as well as its pleasures, especially in the States, where spirits often carry revolvers, and what is more, know how to use them. To run the risk of being potted at sight by an outraged "spirit," is scarcely calculated to add to the charms of independent investigation

There are of course many other phases of mediumship in addition to that of "materialization."

It is not every medium who is sufficiently skilful or sufficiently daring to produce "materialized forms"

Some "mediums" devote themselves to

Table-tapping and *Table-tipping*, others to *Slate-writing* and *Spirit-rapping*, whilst "Healing-mediums" and "Trance-mediums" are in abundance

I have had an extensive experience of all these different forms of mediumship, but in not one single instance have I been convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations produced

I have never had a message written on a slate which was not done by the medium on behalf of the "spirit" I have never heard a "spirit rap" which could not be duplicated by human agency, or seen a table tip which was not tipped by human hands

At a
rapping
séance

Some time ago one of the famous rapping mediums gave a Spirit-rapping séance at my rooms in an hotel in New York

We sat round a table along with the medium, who, by means of the "spirits," answered questions that we put

The raps were coded as follows —

One rap = *No* !

Two raps = *Don't know* !

Three raps = *Yes* !

Five raps = *Alphabet* !

Q "Dear spirit" (all "spirits" by the bye are "dear," and they often refuse to answer without this term of endearment), "are you here?"

A One rap, signifying "*No*"

(But how a spirit could rap if he wasn't present I can't understand)

After a little pause,—

Q "Dear spirit, are you here now?"

A Two raps (very faintly), signifying that he doesn't know if he is present

Still another pause

Q "Dear spirit, do tell me if you are present"

A Three raps!

Then commences the questioning and the answering, during which an ordinary "spirit" tells more lies than it would be possible for the most notorious living liar to do in double the time

I was particularly struck with this faculty for lying and knowing that a good liar appreciates nothing better than to be led up to, I thought I would put the spirit a few questions with the object of not only testing his veracity, but of giving him an opportunity to shine. So being asked to write down the names of three spirit friends, I scribbled on separate pieces of paper—*out of sight of the medium*—three names

One was *Brandy*, another *Irish Whiskey*, and the third *Old Tom*

Three familiar "spirits"

"Are you here, dear friend?" I asked, falteringly pointing at the folded slip containing the name of Brandy

Rap! Rap!! Rap!!!

Yes, he was there, but he refused to answer any questions, apparently being exhausted by the many calls made upon him during the day

Then I pointed to "Old Tom," and asked if "it" were there

This "spirit" seemed somewhat doubtful at first, but at last it "manifested" and appeared anxious to enter into conversation with me

"What sex is the 'spirit'?" some one whispered

Now what sex is Old Tom? It was a spirit much in favour amongst a certain section of the fair sex, I knew, but that was all, so I thought I'd leave it to the "spirit" to tell me

"Are you a man?"

One rap

"Are you a boy?"

Still only one rap

"What are you then, a woman?"

Rap! Rap!! Rap!!!

The sex of "Old Tom" That settled it "Old Tom" was a female spirit.

Thinking the "spirit" might be garrulous and keep me in conversation longer than I desired, I cut short the interview and went on to the remaining name, which was Irish Whiskey

"Are you here, dear spirit?"

Three raps

"Have you been dead long?"

Three raps

"Are you happy?"

This question was answered by a perfect shower of joyful tappings, and it was only apparently when his knuckles became uncomfortably sore that the "spirit" took a rest

By and by I put other questions to the spirit,

during which I discovered that he was an Englishman, and that he had died abroad

He was in fact proceeding to unburden himself about his friends and relations, when thinking he had done enough lying for one night, I unrolled the pieces of paper and asked the medium to explain the matter

"Explain! sir, there's only one explanation, and that is when people come to the sprints with lies in their mouths, evil spirits will answer them with lies"

"Just so," I replied, "but it appears to me that the good spirits have missed a grand opportunity of shining, and to my mind it would have been infinitely more satisfactory if one of them had defamed the meeting at the outset that Brandy, Irish Whiskey, and Old Tom were 'sprints' quite outside their circle, instead of allowing the evil spirits to add the crime of impersonation to their long list of unredeemed sins"

I then showed the audience how the "sprints" rapped

This is not very difficult. It consists of being able to displace at will certain tendons. The displacement of the *peronæus longus* muscle or the knee-cap, and the snapping of the joint of the big toe will produce distinct raps. Spirit-rapping mediums are mostly females, and their dress effectually hides the movement of their feet

How raps
are pro-
duced

It is next to impossible to tell where sound

comes from unless the eye can see what it is that produces the sound, and the effect of expectancy takes away the sense of sight in so far that if a medium tells a person that a "spirit" is going to rap *on* the table, and he, believing it, concentrates his attention thereon, so great is the influence of his expectancy and concentrated attention that there apparently will come the sound, although the medium in reality is snapping her tendons *underneath* the table.

I have often proved this by a very simple illustration

Many Spiritualists are, of course, perfectly sincere in their belief (which arises rather from an inborn hankering after supernaturalism than from a knowledge of the subject), and Spiritualism to them is what Religion is to the orthodox. But outside of the self-deceived hysterical few, there are not many honest "mediums," whilst of professional mediums I know not a single one.

Some of these individuals have confessed their manifold sins and wickednesses, whilst others—like D. D. Home—have died unconfessed.

Spiritualism is not the power for mischief that it was a few years back, but there evidently is interest in the subject, otherwise Mr Gladstone would not be found hob-nobbing with a professional medium one day and the Tzar of all the Russias another.

With respect to the medium who exploited

Mr Gladstone, Mr Labouchere and myself each offered to give 1000*l* to approved charities if on producing his manifestations in our presence and that of a chosen committee we could not intelligibly explain them on mundane principles

Mr Gladstone and the medium

But we offered in vain

For a long time past I have ceased to concern myself about either Spiritualism or Spiritualists, and I should not have referred to the subject in these pages had it not been for the fact that certain unthinking persons, unless otherwise informed, might in fancy associate me with matters with which I have all along been at variance.

The more educated Spiritualists—and men of intelligence and culture like Messrs Guiney and Myars—are undoubtedly honest and earnest seekers after knowledge, and they, I daresay, sincerely regret the follies and extravagancies of the more humble believers

Indeed, much of the vulgar fooling and blasphemous rubbish which find currency in certain spiritualistic circles should find no sympathizers outside of Bedlam

Yet there are Spiritualists, personally sane and undoubtedly reputable, who claim to have seen a materialized spirit called "John King" devour buttered muffins and drink his second cup of tea, whilst Lord Dunraven avowed he saw Home float out of window, and Professor Crookes confesses to having folded the spirit

form of "Katie King" in his arms—and, what is more, to have liked it

But the unique experience of one T. L. HARRIS should exhaust the blind, unthinking faith of even the most rabid believers, but unfortunately it doesn't, for we find his statement, wild as it is, fully endorsed by the organ of the Spiritualists, the *Medium and Daybreak*

Spirit
children

According to Mr HARRIS the spirit of his dead wife not only returns to him but two children have been the outcome of this spiritual visit, but whether the "angelic-androgynistic" couple remain in the custody of the father or of the mother both narrator and newspaper omit to tell us

After this, the curtain

CHAPTER II.

SPIRITUALISTICALLY inclined people do not, as a rule, make good subjects for thought-reading, and the following is a striking instance of how people with an undercurrent of supernaturalism running through them may act in antagonism to me

At a séance given by me in the Marlborough Rooms, Regent Street, close upon six years ago, under the presidency of Dr (now Sir) J. Crichton Browne, at which Professor Ray Lankester, Professor Croom Robertson, Dr Hack Luke, and other eminent scientists were present, Monsignor Capel took part in one of the illustrations presented

It was a very simple test, consisting only of finding a hidden toy, yet I found it impossible of accomplishment. My "subject," instead of aiding me by concentrating his whole thought in the direction of the hidden object, was all the time (unconsciously I believe) resisting my progress

I complained of this, and said that I did not profess to read a man's thoughts against his will, and that, under the existing circumstances, success was not possible

“Exactly so,” replied the monsignor, with charming frankness, “let us, then, reverse the process?”

As he said this I felt him breathe on my forehead (above my blindfold). We then resumed connection with the hands, and in another moment I found myself flying across the room. In my experiments I invariably take the lead, but in this case my “subject” took it. I found the object almost immediately, and as I withdrew it from its hiding-place the monsignor said, in quiet triumph, “I thought my process was better than yours.”

“How so?”

A believer
in “will-
ing”

“Why, I believe in the process known as willing, and I have no belief in your theory that thoughts are conveyed through the action of the physical system. So when you had failed in your attempt upon your own plan, I bethought myself of willing you to go to the object, and” (this with a gentle reproving smile) “you see you went there direct.”

“Well, what does that prove?”

“It proves that my will is greater than yours.”

“Possibly, but in the first place you exercise your will against the experiment in such a manner that *that* became the dominant idea in your mind, and not the object thought of. It is only when the mind is so concentrated upon a given object, or action, as to leave no room for the consideration of any other idea that I can have any chance of success. Under such inten-

sity of concentration the physical system acts with the mind and so gives me the impressions sought after. But if you deliberately set yourself to will me to stand still, I naturally stand still, or if you wish me to go to a part of the room opposite to where the hidden object is, there I go, because those wishes are at the time dominant in your mind and they form your actual thoughts, and I am quite as successful a thought-reader in taking such a course as if I had found the object, provided you had elected to have allowed *that* to have been your dominant thought. No man, you must admit, can have two dominant ideas in his mind at one time. With regard to the second instance, I felt that you were so intent upon 'willing' me to go to the spot that, in the very intensity of desire, you unconsciously dragged me the whole of the way. I did nothing but remain quite passive, until I came to the table where the toy was, and common sense told me to lift up the tambourine and take it out.

"No, Monsignor," I added in conclusion, "willing is neither more nor less than either 'dragging' or 'pushing,' the position of the 'willed' so called determining which of the two it shall be."

At one time it was thought to be impossible to find an object outside of the room in which the experiment might be performed. It was not long, however, before I demonstrated the falsity of this contention. The first occasion was at

Lord
Lorne
and the
Moose

Government House, Ottawa, where I had been dining with the Marquis of Lorne (then Governor-General of Canada) The test originated with his Excellency, who took a very keen interest in the subject of thought-reading, and it consisted of finding an object outside of the drawing-room in which we were when the experiment was proposed I was only blindfolded, and taking my subject by the hand I made a sudden dash out of the room Some doors had to be unbolted to allow of my passage this I did, and eventually I found myself in the yard Unbolting one more door I entered an out-building—it was a stable I discovered afterwards—and reaching out my hand in the perfect darkness which prevailed I encountered something alive

“This is the thing!” I said in some consternation. “Quite correct,” was the reply, and, on pulling off the handkerchief which bound my eyes, I found that I had been laying hold of a young moose-deer, a pet of H R H the Princess Louise

The Crown
Prince
Rudolph
and his
dog

I afterwards performed a somewhat similar experiment with the Crown Prince of Austria at the Hofburg in Vienna Only this time the animal thought of was an immense black dog It was a strange sight to see the Crown Princess and the ladies of the court tucking up their trains and following His Imperial Highness and myself in our mad chase along the highways and byeways of the castle, for, in the first place,

H I H did not know where the dog was , in the second place he, in the search for it, lost his bearings, and he certainly went to parts of the castle where neither he nor any Hapsburg had ever been before. Wherever his thoughts went there did I at once proceed, and when he mentally paused in his perplexity I did nothing but stand still. But immediately the Prince got on the right track of the dog I did not hesitate a moment in my course, but proceeded to where he lay panting in his wealth of long shaggy hair, after evidently having partaken of a late and heavy dinner.

Since then I have demonstrated in almost every capital in Europe my ability to find objects—even the smallest pins—hid in the open streets. Two years ago last summer I gave an open-air test of this kind in the heart of London itself. A pin was hid by that eminent classical scholar, the Rev. Dr. Holden, in Trafalgar Square, and the Spanish Minister, Sir Charles Tupper, and Professor Romanes, F. R. S., were amongst those who acted on the committee. I speedily found the pin, although I experienced some difficulty in getting through the crowd which had assembled outside. The starting-place was an upstairs room in the Charing Cross Hotel.

Perhaps, however, one of the most interesting of these out-door experiments I ever performed took place in Berlin two years ago last Easter. Having purchased an Easter-egg and put into it a quantity of gold, the egg was given to Mr

The pin in
Trafalgar
Square

The
United
States
Minister
and the
Easter-
egg

Casson, the American Minister, to hide anywhere within a radius of a kilometre of the Hôtel de Rome, which was the starting-point. Accompanied by Count Moltke, His Excellency Dr Lucius, and Prince Ratibor, as a committee of inspection, Mr Casson took away the egg and hid it, whilst I remained with the balance of the committee in the hotel. Instead of taking Mr Casson by the hand, as I had done in other cases, I caused him to be connected with me by a piece of thin wire. One end of the wire was twisted round his right wrist and the other end round my left, the coil itself remaining slack.

Thus connected we started on our errand of search.

From time to time the wire was drawn taut, and it cut into our wrists, with the force I exercised in pulling my subject along, but as far as possible, I avoided actually touching his hand with my own.

After leaving the Unter den Linden, we turned into a narrow by-street, and then into the Emperor Wilhelm's stables. Arriving there, I went up to a corn-box, and found it locked. For a moment I took Mr Casson's hand in mine in order to increase the impression. This done, I moved towards Prince Ratibor, and putting my hand in his pocket I fetched out the key of the box. Opening the box, I dived my hand amongst the corn and drew forth the hidden egg.

The egg and its contents were afterwards

presented to the Crown Princess (now the Empress Victoria) as an Easter gift for the *Kindergarten*, in which Her Imperial Highness takes so deep an interest

On one occasion in Vienna, an important outdoor experiment I had announced did not take place, being prevented by the police

This experiment—a modernized version of ^{A modern} the Judgment of Paris—consisted of finding by ^{Judgment} the process of thought-reading the (in the opinion of the “subject” appointed) most lovely woman in Vienna, to whom was to be presented a golden apple as beauty’s prize ^{of Paris}

Everything was in readiness when there came a notice from the police forbidding the experiment

I immediately interviewed the *Polizei-Präsident*, with whom I had some previous acquaintance, but, although extremely courtly and amiable, he was altogether obdurate

The meeting could not take place

It afterwards leaked out that the police had fears of an anarchist plot, and that the conspirators against law and order would commemorate the event by throwing bombs amongst the vast crowd which would assemble to witness the experiment

On another occasion, at the Hague, the police had to draw their swords in order to keep the mob back during the progress of an experiment. A Flemish mob has exceedingly brutal instincts, and the blue-bloused *revolvers* have a nasty

knack of trying their *sabots* upon the unsuspecting onlooker's shins, whilst a blindfolded thought-reader who couldn't see what they were up to would be an exceptionally attractive mark for these peculiar expressions of affection

A Red-
skin and
the
'In 1.5

Once, in the backwoods of America, an Indian scout, with *malice prepense*, hid my bottle of whiskey, and said I should go drinkless to bed unless I could find it

Now I was thirsty and there was nothing but cold water—and who cares for mere water in the backwoods?—with which to wash down the dry bread and cheese, and I was angry at the trick played me, but, the Indian being a more powerful man than myself and consequently unlickable, I curbed my anger and sought to satisfy my thirst by finding the hidden bottle

Never was an experiment undertaken with greater zest

I rushed that redskin about until every nerve in his body was a-jar, but I found the whiskey hid at the foot of a gigantic cedar

Then I supped whilst the Indian smoked

In his eyes I am the greatest medicine-man that he has ever known, and I verily believe he would scalp his own grandmother did I but express the wish

It is not, of course, always such straight sailing. Sometimes the subject unconsciously, and at other times purposely, deceives one.

There are many people in the world who, whilst ethically honest almost to an extreme,

are physiologically dishonest without scruple. With these people but very little can be done in the matter of thought-reading, the success got depends as much upon their honesty of purpose as it does upon their concentration of thought. Such people think it a smart thing to "do" a thought-reader, and, whilst outwardly promising to obey all conditions, will not hesitate to do their level best to inwardly exert themselves to thwart the operation, counting such action perfectly legitimate and proper.

One of the most notable instances of this kind occurred with the renowned General Ignatieff, General
Ignatieff whose duty it was the honour of meeting one night at supper at the palace of Count Paul Schouvaloff, in St. Petersburg.

In the course of the evening the author of the San Stefano treaty and a well-known officer of the court elected, for the purposes of an experiment, to imagine themselves a pair of bandits.

The General was to enact the *rôle* of the robber and the *aide-de-camp* was to do the murdering, for the experiment consisted of way-laying a Queen's messenger, first killing him and then robbing him (all in imagination, of course,) of his despatches.

During my absence from the room, the way-laying, killing and robbing was done, and on my return I proceeded to re-enact the entire scene.

With the officer as a "subject" I speedily indicated the person selected as the victim, and at once re-enacted the murder in all its details,

even unto wiping the imaginary blood-stains from off the knife and upon the carpet, as had been done by the "murderer" in the first instance

Then came the turn of General Ignatieff, who, in his *rôle* of robber, had stolen some papers representing the despatches and hidden them somewhere in the *salon*

The
General
as a

"subject"

With the General I experienced a difficulty at the outset. He is an exceedingly stout man, and has a natural disinclination to move fast, and the dominant idea in his mind as I strove to drag him along was "My dear sir, why this haste, don't you know I've just supped and that I won't be hurried?"

It was therefore, I assure you, quite an effort to get him along. Eventually, however, I mounted a chair and proceeded to explore a vase on the mantle-shelf to which the thoughts of my subject had evidently been going.

Finding the jar empty, I was considerably disappointed, and in all earnestness I begged of the General to concentrate his thoughts more firmly upon the place where the despatches actually were.

He promised to do so, and, what is more, actually kept his promise, and, before he had time to alter his mind, I had opened the door of a closet at the end of the *salon*, and there in a corner lay the much sought for papers.

I was much exhausted at the close of my search, and in a measure vexed, for I felt that I had not been done quite honestly by.

A Thought-Reader's Thoughts.

I therefore asked my subject why he had thought of the vase when the papers were not in it

"I think of it?" he replied, with that look of bland astonishment which he knows so well how to assume "It was never in my thoughts"

"C'est impossible, votre excellence!"

"Impossible? C'est juste, monsieur," said he bowed his grandest

"Really, how can you say so?" broke in a young lady on our right "Why, you know very well that you did at first think of putting the papers in the vase, but that, as you said at the time, you thought they would be too easily found so you put them over there" (indicating the closet)

General Ignatieff is a marvellous man, and I quite envied his what the polite call *ronchance* and the vulgar cheek, for, not in the least abashed at thus being bowled out, he simply turned to the young lady, and in his blandest tones said,—

"Ah, *ma chère comtesse*, what a memory you have *Ma vie!* what a memory!" and he let fall a silvery little laugh, shaking his forefinger the while in playful reproof

General Ignatieff is known amongst the Turks as the "Father of Lies," whilst amongst his own countrymen he enjoys a unique reputation in this direction

Personally he is most amiable and good-natured, of sympathetic appearance, and with a

A Thought-Reader's Thoughts

style of speaking which at once inspires confidence

He is an industrious, painstaking man, well-read and well-informed upon matters of state, and possesses a very clever wife, of whom he is exceedingly proud

The
General
as a
Diplomat

As a diplomatist Ignatieff ranks amongst the first in Russia. Beneath that agreeable exterior of the *bon garçon* there are hidden depths which very few men can bottom. Whilst the honey of his speech is as the voice of the serpent tempting you to your fall

The trail of the serpent is over most Russians — or, as a prominent British statesman puts it, “He lies as only a Russian can” — only if his tricks are more carefully concealed by the educated classes, and it would take the De’il himself to get even with a Muscovite diplomatist with the appearance of a philanthropist and the unctuous delivery of a well-nourished missionary

M. Lessar. As a “subject” I found M. Lessar very like General Ignatieff — there was the same attempt to dodge me and the same denial of the dodging

My experiment with M. Lessar consisted of indicating on a wall-map of Afghanistan and the Indo-Russian frontiers the route that the Russians would probably take in an invasion of India. This took place just after the Penj-deh incident, when we were on the verge of a war with Russia, and the experiment had an additional interest from that fact

I pinned the map to the door of M. Lessar’s

sitting-room, and, being blindfolded, took a piece of pencil in my hand for the purpose of tracing out the route thought of. The starting-place, it was agreed, should be Penj-deh.

At first I drew a line which, skirting Herat, went on towards Candahar, but I stopped half-way, thinking there was something wrong and, turning suddenly to my "subject," I lifted my bandage and said, "But surely this is not your thought?"

"Oh no," hastily replied M Lessar, taken for the moment off his guard, "I thought of first going to Herat."

"Not so," I rejoined, "but I thought the Russians had no intention of going to Herat."

To this M Lessar simply smiled.

I have no doubt of M Lessar's thoughts being centered upon Herat, but all the time I had contact with him he was doing his utmost to avoid physically betraying that fact.

I afterwards drew another route, thought of by the eminent *survivant*, which went by way of Maimana, Balk and Cabul. So quickly did M. Lessar's thoughts run in his haste to conquer India from Cabul to Peshawur that it was with difficulty my pencil kept pace with them.

M Lessar is, I believe, a Montenegrin, but that fact does not lessen his interest in the country which he so ably serves.

Perhaps the most interesting experiment in this direction was one performed with Mr. H M Stanley

Stanley in Berlin, at the time of the Congo Conference

In this experiment we had spread in front of us a new map of the Dark Continent, the object being to find the route of a new expedition which the famous explorer had in his mind, and about which he had not spoken to any one

We started at Banana Point, on the Atlantic coast, and following Mr Stanley's thoughts, I swiftly traced the route up the Congo as far as Falle Station, and then, with my pencil, ran into the Aiuwimi River

This done, I came to a standstill, and I waited in vain for further impressions from my subject

It seemed as if Mr Stanley were, at this point, uncertain as to the direction to take, and so it afterwards turned out, for ahead of the place where I had paused was a stretch of unknown country, and it was only when Mr Stanley had made up his mind which direction to take, that I recommenced the journey, which finally came to an end in the Gambia-gara territory, at a branch of the Kotonga

In this test I faithfully followed the explorer's thoughts from the start to the finish, hesitating when he hesitated, and pushing on rapidly at all points when he was certain of his way, Mr Stanley, I may add, being very much impressed with my success, especially as he considered himself a bad "subject"

CHAPTER III

WITH the exception, perhaps, of the Spanish, the Russians are the most superstitious people in Europe

I have seen ministers fresh from a meeting of the Council of State, sit in all earnestness round a table for the purpose of holding communication with the "spirit world," concerning matters of public as well as private policy

The late Czar was a profound believer in what is called Spiritualism, whilst the present Autocrat of all the Russias is, I understand, often guided by the communications he receives from the "spirits" I mention this because even educated Russians repeatedly expressed their belief that my experiments were the result of occult influence, whilst the uneducated classes looked upon me as a veritable limb of Satan

In this way I had many curious requests made me.

Some would ask me if I could tell them if such and such a relative was happy in the other world, if their own lives were cast in an even groove, if that woman loved him, or this man loved her, and so on, and so on Peasants asked me to unbewitch their cattle, or to cast a

spell over some usurious Jew. People who had lost money asked me to find it, and those who hadn't any wanted to know how to get it. In this way I became a kind of universal inquiry bureau, "without fees of any kind."

Sometimes, however, people came to me with the most flattering propositions, and short cuts to opulence were dangled in front of me. But, alas! in each case there was an "If" to be got over, which obstacle, I need hardly say, ever proved insurmountable.

Whilst in Warsaw I received a visit of this description from a M. Bartholdi, a well-known Polish landowner. He came to ask my assistance in unearthing a mystery surrounding the secretion of a vast sum of money by two peasants who were at the time in prison awaiting their trial.

Hidden
treasure

These men, it was alleged, had, whilst at work on M. Bartholdi's estate, dug up a chest containing the money buried there by his grandfather during the last Polish rebellion.

Nothing definite had been proven against them, and there was nothing in reality to connect them with the theft beyond the fact that the men had gone into the village for the purpose of purchasing groceries of an old Jew, to whom they tendered some ancient gold pieces. The Jew's suspicions being aroused, and wishing to be on the right side, he reported the circumstance to M. Bartholdi, who instituted inquiries, and on going to the place

where the men had been at work, a hole in which some iron pot had been buried was discovered.

Remembering the tradition in his family as to the buried wealth, M. Bartholdi at once conjectured that the labourers had found the treasure, and that the gold proffered the Jew trader formed a portion of it

The men were accordingly arrested and duly examined by the *juge d'instruction*, but they maintained an obstinate silence, and no information of a practical character was arrived at during the examination, and so they remained in prison

Despairing of ever getting at the truth of the matter through the ordinary legal channels, M. Bartholdi, as I have already related, came to me with the object of seeing whether I could assist the course of justice

The outcome being that we arranged a *séance* with the prisoners in the gaol, the Governor, the British pro-consul, the *juge d'instruction*, M. Bartholdi, and two or three others being present

The two men were attired in sheepskin which they had worn from the time of their arrest and which they would doubtless gladly have changed without fuss for a clean prison suit

The men were totally dissimilar in appearance. One was a stolid, brutal-looking *monjak*, whilst the other seemed to have been cast in an altogether different mould. I somehow at once

made up my mind that the former was the actual thief, and that the latter was at the most but an accessory to the fact, and the experiment which I presented amply proved this contention.

I took some pieces of money from my pocket, which the men were told represented some of the coins which they, in their haste to remove the treasure, had dropped on the ground, and that, no matter where they should hide them in the prison, I could find them, and that, just as easily as I could find money so hidden, so could I discover the stolen box of gold.

The coins, having been placed in a piece of paper, were given to the conventional prisoner to hide within the knowledge of his companion, I being out of the room the while. On my return I took the former as a "subject," but, as I had anticipated, I could make nothing out of him. He was not content with stolidly declining to think of the place, but he refused to accompany me in my peregrinations around the room.

With the other prisoner it was quite different.

The
prisoner
confessed.

Directly I came in contact with him, I felt him thrill with excitement, and with perfect ease I took him to an ancient Russian stove let into the wall, and having unscrewed the door, I scraped from out of the ashes the hidden coins. The man seemed terrified, and he straightway made the following confession. That he and

his companion were digging in the woods, when his companion's spade struck something hard, which proved to be an iron chest full of gold pieces. They took a few in order to purchase groceries and other necessaries. It was their intention, he said, to share the money and get away from Russia, but that, when he went to the place with his companion the next morning, for the purpose of removing the chest, he found that it was gone, and his friend then told him that he had got up in the night, and had removed it to a safe spot on his own account. He explained that he had been forced to keep the secret because his companion avowed he should never have a single coin if he said anything of the original discovery of the money. "But," he added shudderingly, "if I only knew where this money now was, this 'devil-man,' pointing towards me, would be sure to find it out." And he vigorously crossed himself.

How this case ended I don't know, as I have not been to or heard from Warsaw since.

Whilst I am now with the reader at Warsaw, it will not, I venture to think, be out of place to relate an experience I had with General Gourko (the hero of the Shipka Pass incident), Governor-General of Poland.

His Excellency was pleased to give a reception in my honour at the old palace of the Polish kings, and, during the evening, he asked me if I thought it would be possible to trace out, by my process of thought-reading, the plan of an

imaginary military action I replied that I had never tried such an experiment, but that I did not despair of its possibility. He thereupon offered himself as a "subject." In the experiment proposed he was to imagine that he was on a battle-field, and that he wished to lead a *corps d'armée* in a certain direction in order to capture a redoubt. To accomplish this he warned me he should make some very intricate manœuvres. The whole thing being firmly fixed in his mind we left the big "yellow drawing-room" in which the guests were assembled, and at a jog-trot entered the "red drawing-room" at its foot. For a moment we paused whilst we passed through a *corridor* into a passage. Here we went slowly and cautiously, the passage representing, in the General's mind, a rocky defile. At the end of the passage, however, I wheeled sharp round to the right and found myself in the "blue room." After going across to one of the corners of this chamber, which heads the centre "yellow room," I made a sudden dash with all my speed into that room, upsetting one or two people in my haste, and finally paused at a huge settee surmounted by flowers, upon which I planted a handkerchief which did duty for the Russian flag.

I was, the Governor-General afterwards said, exact in every movement.

The censor
inter-
vened

This experiment caused considerable excitement in Warsaw, and when an account of it was sent to the local papers, the censor forbade its

being printed That functionary afterwards voluntarily assured a friend of mine that it would have been highly injudicious to have made such an affair public, as the Russians, in their superstition, would, in the first place, have imagined I was a greater man than his Excellency, and that, in the second place, I might, in time of war, use my skill towards interpreting the Governor-General's plans to the enemy

In the domestic circle General Gourko is an exceedingly amiable, agreeable man, and on each occasion that I met him I found him invariably courteous, but what he is in his official life I know not, as I never came in contact with him officially In Russia he is looked upon, since Skobelev's death, as the country's greatest general, whilst in Turkey there is no Muscovite soldier's name so hated and feared As Governor-General of Poland, he, from a Polish point of view, is not a success, of course no Russian Viceroy could ever hope to be popular amongst the Poles, but his administration would be better tolerated were it not for the part played in it by Madame Gourko, who is terribly anti-Pole in every way

The administration of the Governor-Generalship of Poland is that of Madame Gourko, and not of her husband, the grey mare being far and away the better horse, and woe betide the man having official dealings with the Government who ventures to think otherwise

Well I remember how I was enjoined in St.

Petersburg to get on the right side of Madame Gourko when I visited Warsaw

"Here is a letter to his Excellency," said a distinguished diplomatist, "not that it will be of much use unless you have a letter to Madame, Madame is General Gourko, you know."

I was glad I secured letters to Madame Gourko, for the statement that I had letters to present to the Governor-General obtained for me but a chilly reception when I presented myself at the Palace in Warsaw, whilst the knowledge that I was the bearer of recommendations to Madame likewise put every one at my service

Madame Gourko, I hold you in high admiration as a clever, determined woman, and I am indebted to you for your hospitality, but, all the same, I thank Heaven I am not a Pole living in Poland

How bitter the feeling between Russians and Poles still is no one who has not visited Poland and has not come in contact with all classes can form any idea. The animosity between the two races is, I think, much greater amongst the educated than the lower classes

Russians
and Poles

In what is called society, Russians and Poles are scarcely on speaking terms, in fact, they seldom if ever mix.

At Government House I met Russians only, whilst in strictly Polish circles I never came across a Russian

One night I gave a reception at my hotel, at

which almost everybody of note in Warsaw—both Russians and Poles—were present. But even there they would not mix. The Russians congregated in one part of the *salon* (which luckily was large enough for that purpose) and the Poles in another.

Thinking I might bring the two opposing elements together I decided to give some thought-reading experiments, and when I went out of the room, whilst the things to be found were being hidden, I took with me a prominent Russian official and a distinguished Pole. Now, I thought, they will make common cause over so universal a subject as thought-reading, but, immediately they got outside they turned their backs on each other and neither spoke until they returned to the *salon*, when one told the audience in Russian, and the other in Polish, that I could have had no knowledge of what had been done in the room during my absence from it.

Whilst in Warsaw I was induced to give a couple of public séances, and the Mayor-President agreed to place the magnificent banquetting room of the Hôtel de Ville at my disposal, for the use of which I offered to give 10 per cent of the gross receipts to the poor, it being agreed that the usual taxes and charges on account of the poor should be waived.

This agreement between the Mayor-President and myself was, alas! but a verbal one, and I certainly ought to have known better than to

A
Russian's
word

have taken the mere official word of a Russian, even though he were his Excellency the Mayor-President

The honour which his Excellency did me in granting the use of the hall turned out in the end a very costly one, and my pride had a rude and unexpected fall

The first difficulty arose in connection with the permission to give the representations, which had to be obtained of the Polizei-President. I attended at the office for the purpose of conforming with the requirements of the law, and was told to draw up the petition (which should be written by myself only) in my native tongue. This I did, paying for the stamps which must accompany such petitions

Red-Type. In a day or so the form was returned with the intimation that it was irregular, English not being understood at the police bureau, and that I must write it in Russian

Now the truth is I can't write Russian, so I got a friend to write it for me, putting my signature at the bottom. More stamps were bought and affixed, and in went the petition

A day or so passed before I got any reply, and without permission I dared not advertise the meetings, the time for which was getting perilously close. At last, I received a notification that the body of the petition and the signature were not in the same handwriting and consequently it could not be entertained in that form.

This naturally enraged me, and I sought an interview of the Polizei-President, to whom I had previously presented a letter of introduction. He was at his bureau; and I was kept waiting with my secretary in an anteroom for goodness knows how long, but quite long enough for me to lose the remnant of patience that was left to me.

But it is no good getting out of patience in Russia, so I bottled my wiath and unbuttoned my pocket (Backsheesh is the only open sesame in Russia), and in a few moments I was informed that his Excellency (who wasn't, I believe, ere this, & etc. of my being present), would be pleased to see me.

A policeman mounted guard with a drawn sword over the entrance to his chief's sanctum, and he made a careful survey of me and my companion before we were allowed to enter. Indeed, our sticks were taken from us as we were entering, and I fully thought that over-zealous official was going to run us through when he snatched them out of our hands.

A more nervous, timorous-looking man than the Police-President at Warsaw I don't think I ever saw, and, although he knew us to be bent upon a peaceful errand, and to be persons as far removed from suspicion as it is possible for any one in Russia to be, he certainly seemed to be anything but at home whilst we were there, and as he glanced from time to time uneasily at the door, I thought every moment he was going to

shout for that fierce-looking sentinel with the drawn sword

He, however, promised to put straight the matter upon which we had come, and he certainly kept his promise, but it was so late before I received the permit, that there was barely time in which to announce the meetings

Announcements, it should be added, although as a matter of course they may be printed throughout in Russian, cannot be made entirely in Polish (and it is a Polish public an entertainer draws from), the usual way is to print the tops of the bills in Russian, and the bottom in Polish. The *affiches* are then exhibited in compartments fashioned like a rabbit-hutch, placed at specified points in the highways and byways of the city. These cages are locked and the keys kept by the government officials, so that no one may tamper with the announcements or insert seditious matter

Bill-post-
ing in
Russia

In St Petersburg, by-the-bye, bill-posting outside of official proclamations is not allowed, all announcements of entertainments and such-like events have to be made in the newspapers or through the medium of an advertising sheet, under government supervision, which is sent to the houses of subscribers

Before the tickets could be placed on sale they had first to be stamped at the bureau of the State Theatre, and this caused additional delay. But eventually these difficulties were overcome, and the meetings were given •

They, in spite of the delay, were a great success, realizing several thousand roubles

The money was taken by government officials ; and an officer and some gendarmes stood at the box-office with drawn swords, with the object presumably of protecting my interest, at least, I thought so at the time, and I was accordingly proud of the attention shown me. But later on came the settling

The money was brought in to me in a private room, together with a statement of account ^{My Warsaw receipts}

I looked at the total, and my heart rejoiced, but my spirits fell below zero when the contra account was presented

I had, of course, expected to have paid, in addition to the ten per cent of the gross receipts for the poor as agreed upon, merely a small sum for the lighting and seating of the hall, with a *pour boire* to the attachés who looked after the interior arrangements. But first there was a claim of some thirty per cent of the total to be paid to the theatre department, the theatre, in consequence of my meetings, having, it was urged, done little or no business

I protested most strongly, and stated my arrangement with the Mayor-President

“ Had I his Excellency's written contract ? ”

“ No, monsieur ? We are very sorry, then, but these are our instructions, and, as you will see, it is the law ”

It was, alas ! the law, and the first robber took his share

The contin-
account.

Then came deductions on behalf of police, city and poor taxes, each for a substantial amount, whilst the charge for lighting was made on the basis that I had been burning gold instead of wax. The items for cleaning, attendance, and alterations totted up a goodly roll of roubles. These I paid, but my patience was exhausted when the janitor demanded a sum of one hundred roubles (about £10) for damage done to the gallery, which had not been used, or, as a matter of fact, opened during my tenancy.

This fact I indignantly pointed out, but this functionary merely shrugged his shoulders and informed me that the fact of the gallery not having been used had nothing to do with the matter, there it was to be used, and to be damaged to the extent of one hundred roubles, and if I had not used it and had my damage worth, that was my fault, and not his.

The last
stair

At first I was inclined to laugh, the whole thing was so droll, but the man didn't in the least treat the thing as a joke, and was coolly proceeding to pocket the money, when the sense of the injustice stirred me so strongly that I placed myself between him and the money and dared him to touch it.

The situation was a melodramatic one, and was intensified by the fact that the officer of gendarmes was ordered to arrest me if I persisted in my attitude.

The gendarmes, it appears, were not, as I had been priding myself, there to protect my property—or rather what I thought was my property—but to take me in charge if I refused to pay the claims against me, on the ground of attempting to defraud the State, and what was all the more galling, I had to pay these gentry—and pay them handsomely too—for the privilege of being arrested at the sweet will of corrupt officialism.

But I stuck out, and elected to be arrested, and demanded that a statement embodying the ground upon which I objected to paying the amount to the gentry, and initialled by the *Commissaire* and another independent gentleman who was

This did not seem to suit the representatives of Autocracy, and, after some consultation, they agreed, although they claimed to be entirely within the law, to let the matter remain under protest for reference to the Mayor, the money of course remaining the while in their possession; and there it remained for all time, for, needless to say, I never saw a single *copeck* of it again.

It is only fair, however, to say that the rules distinctly said that all damage done to the beautifully gilded gallery should be made good by the occupier of the hall, and that the sum of 100 roubles was invariably charged as damage every time the gallery was used, and the fact of my not having used that section of the hall

was looked upon as a mild attempt to defraud the administration of a handsome perquisite

The red-tapeism of Russian officialism is a thing "no fellah can understand"

In the end my receipts were shaved down, what with one demand and another, to the most modest proportions, but there were still two other claims to be paid, viz the percentage I had promised to give to the poor, and the amount for chair-hire.

"His Excellency the Mayor-President informs me," said a most cautious understrapper, "that you promised to give a donation of ten per cent. of the receipts to the blessed poor," and he desired me to pay him that amount.

The
"Blessed
poor"

"Blessed poor" (well, the word wasn't exactly "blessed," but then the provocation was great) "why, you have received already ten times the amount I originally promised to pay, and I absolutely refuse to pay ten per cent of what I have never received. The most I will do is to pay ten per cent of what remains, and I hope the blessed poor" (this time it really was "blessed") "may get it."

Officialdom at first protested, but on my vowing my intention to go there and then to his Excellency, no matter where he was (and it was, I may add, very late), that, after a secret conversation, they decided to accept my offer

One official, whose itching palm I had greased, afterwards informed me that these were his Excellency's actual instructions, but that the

man had desired to make something for himself

“We are so wretchedly paid,” he added, with a sigh, “that we must make a bit for ourselves whenever we can”

Then came the last item on the contra account, ^{The Jew's} viz the charge for the seating of the hall. This ^{account} had been done by an old Jew, and, as things went in Russia, the charge seemed fair enough, but now that every one had had his slice of the pound of flesh, intense virtuousness prevailed amongst the crowd of officials; and they one and all commenced an attack on the unfortunate Son of Israel.

He was a “thief,” a “son of a Jew,” “a liar who imposed upon the innocent stranger,” and so on.

I really felt sorry for the poor old man, who loudly protested that the charge was fair and reasonable

“Fair, and reasonable, you vile thief!” shouted the functionary whom I had “backsheesed,” and in whose department the matter came, “don’t you know that this séance is given for the blessed poor? And you would rob the poor and this gentleman, a stranger who is a friend of his Excellency the Governor-General! You fully deserve to be arrested!” And silencing the unfortunate trader by further threats, he reduced his account by about one half, and, amidst a storm of abuse, the bitterly complaining Jew was shown the door

As a result of the subtractions above mentioned I in the end received about one-third of the total receipts, out of which I had to pay the advertising and printing accounts, and other expenses, but how much of the remaining two-thirds went to the poor I leave it to the reader to surmise

I am referred to the Tzar

I may mention that I never saw the Mayor-President again, although I sought him frequently, whilst the distressed Israelite haunted my hotel with his lamentations until I left Warsaw. I, however, made a report on the subject to his Excellency the Viceroy, and was informed that the matter was unfortunately outside his jurisdiction, and that I should lay the matter before the Tzar, when probably his Majesty, under the circumstances, would order the return of the money

I have on some occasions been weak enough to throw good money after bad, but on this occasion I bore my loss with as much equanimity as was possible under the circumstances, and decided not to waste a single *copeck* upon stamps for the petition

If I had pursued the matter, I wonder how much it would have cost me to have finally been told that what official Russia once swallows she never disgorges!

Russian officialism

Russia is at once the most corrupt and despotic country in the whole world. No one is virtually safe from its despotism, or, in an official sense, able to escape its corrupting influences. It would be

extremely difficult to find one honest man in official Russia. Muscovite officials may be born honest, but they certainly are not made. The only absolutely honest men, men in whom you could repose trust and confidence, that I came across in the Russian official world, were the Germans.

With the other government functionaries, I found corruption on every side, and it would have been almost impossible to have said which of them would not have done those things he ought not to have done, or left undone the things he ought to have done, if one made it worth his while to do so.

The Russian official indeed—from the servant who opens the door, to the minister who sits in his gilded chamber—is entirely insensible to a tip.

Tipping is in fact practised as a fine art in Holy Russia, and a novice is likely to come to grief in the distribution of his little favours, unless he be well grounded beforehand, and woe-betide the unfortunate one who makes this false step. For there is no one so severely virtuous as the Russian official when the *backsheesh* is either insufficient or injudiciously bestowed.

There is an unwritten law in connection with this matter, a knowledge of which may be of service to the uninitiated.

To a mere servant or attendant, tips can be openly and freely given; they need not be

Tipping in
Russia

How to
tip,

large, but to insure faithfulness they must be frequent. To a major domo and *arde-de-camp* or any such person of trust, *backsheesh* must be delicately and judiciously conveyed. For instance, on taking your leave after making a call, press his hand in courteous farewell, slipping in a note the while.

and whom
to tip

Such a man, I may add, can from practice almost tell the value of a note by touch, and as invariably is a person of a nice sense of honour; great care should be taken to let the amount come within his expectations, otherwise his susceptibilities are likely to be offended, and then he may cut up rough. This class of officials has a long memory and is often extremely vindictive.

With a minister at the head of a department, the greatest possible care must be taken in distributing *backsheesh*, for there are numerous instances on record, where aspirants for ministerial favour have in vulgar parlance come a cropper through injudicious tipping, injudicious either on the ground of pecuniary unsuitability or in the method of conveyance. For a minister whose palm is itching with uncomfortable eagerness for the much-desired *backsheesh*, will freeze the would-be giver with becoming virtuous indignation, should the amount be openly proffered, or make him tremble for his very life if the little present does not come up to ministerial expectations.

The method most in vogue in dealing with

notables is to convey the bribe in a manner suggestive of accident rather than intention

For instance you have, we'll say, interviewed ^{Squaring a} the minister and have stated the nature of your _{minister.} requirements, and are in conclusion only waiting for a suitable opportunity to hand him that which shall commend you to his personal consideration. You cannot tip him outright, and he would probably scorn to receive it with a handshake—a form beneath his dignity—so you do it covertly, something after the following fashion.

You place a bank-note in a handkerchief in your tail pocket and as you are taking your departure you (quite casually, of course) pull out your handkerchief, and out flutters the note

Such an act, however, requires both practice and delicate manipulation (and an old hand can flutter a note as gracefully as a court dame can sweep her train), for it is essential that the note should fall within the radius of the minister's desk—to be appropriated by his Excellency in due course, otherwise, should it float in the direction of the major-domo, that functionary is likely to appropriate it as his perquisite

This, you can well understand, annoys the minister, and is calculated to seriously prejudice your suit

Great—in fact, the greatest—care should also be exercised in seeing that the note is of sufficient value, otherwise, although you may fit it

with becoming dexterity right within the minister's reach, you run the risk of being arrested for attempting to bribe his Excellency—which in Holy Russia is a truly heinous offence !

I never had enough money to bribe a minister (although I learned to do the handkerchief trick quite skilfully before I left Russia), but I frankly admit having tipped numerous lesser officials, which all in all came to quite a respectable sum

Seeing M.
de Giers

On one occasion I had an important appointment with M de Giers, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, but on presenting myself at his palace I was informed by the porter that His Excellency was not at home

"Not at home !" I replied, in blank astonishment, for only a few minutes before M de Giers had sent a messenger to my hotel saying he was then ready to receive me

"*Nicht zu Hause*," he replied curtly in German

"That is impossible," I said, informing him of the message just received from his Excellency

"*Bei mein Gott er ist nicht zu Hause*," and the gold-laced individual stamped his foot angrily

Now I felt instinctively that the man was lying on his own account, and not by order of his master, so I looked him straight in the face and said,—

“What does your God cost?”

“*Zehn rouble*”

It cost ten
roubles

The ten roubles changed hands, and the sully fellow at once became all smiles and obsequiousness, and without further ado I was shown upstairs, where his Excellency was awaiting me

Had I not *backsheeshed*, I should never have seen M de Giers that day

On another occasion I had some important business to transact with a minister of State, but on calling, by appointment, with a travelling companion of mine, Mr L. C. Hurt, we were informed by a gold be-braided, eagle-bedecked functionary that his Excellency was not at home.

This I did not believe, and I told the man to send up my name, but he persisted in saying his master was out, and at the same time he made a movement as if to put an end to all argument by shutting the door in our faces

There was no help for it, so I gave him a rouble. He still, however, maintained that his Excellency was not in, although his attitude was somewhat less aggressive

I felt that the man lied, and however much one might dislike rewarding a liar, no matter how skilful he might be, I knew that the only way to get at the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, was by increasing the *backsheesh*

For three
roubles he
told the
truth

This I did, giving him another rouble. At this he thawed and amidst a great show of

regret he informed me the minister was in, but, that unfortunately, he was asleep and so could see no one

Another rouble and the man had gone upstairs to see if his Excellency were up By-and-by he returned with the message that 'His Excellency was up, and would be glad to see us' He was in fact very much up, and had grown impatient at waiting for our arrival, of which I am fully convinced he had never been informed.

On mentioning this matter afterwards, I was told to remember that I was in Russia, and that if I had given the servant a rouble when I had first called, I should not have had to give him three roubles then

Russian
society.

St Petersburg during the season is an exceedingly gay capital, and its society is, with the exception perhaps of Vienna, the most brilliant in Europe The Russians in society are lavishly hospitable, and I shall ever retain pleasant, in fact grateful recollections of the hospitality extended to me on all sides whilst in Russia, from the Imperial Family downwards An educated Russian of either sex is a most charming person, full of information, and speaking several languages fluently, and those who are fortunate enough to have whilst in Russia *entrée* into the best circles, without coming in contact in any shape or form with officialism, cannot fail to be delighted with their visit and to leave the country almost more Russian than the Russians

But let a stranger—an impatient Englishman (an Englishman, by-the-bye, is generally impatient in a foreign country) we'll say—have dealings with official Russia, as distinct from social Russia, and it will not take long before he wishes himself well out of the country. A more oppressive, all-round hateful form of government than that of Bureaucratic Russia it would be impossible to imagine

My dealings with Russian officialism whilst not extensive, were amply sufficient to weary me of a visit to a country where otherwise I was having, to use an Americanism, “A real good time.”

~~No one is free from suspicion in Russia, no matter what his rank may be, and God help the poor and friendless who become suspects of the police. Even I, an humble traveller, was on several occasions viewed with a suspicion which was often as intolerable as it was wholly unwarrantable~~

Frequently I was watched and followed by members of the secret police, and in the police bureau there is I daresay a full account of my doings whilst in Russia. Sometimes different men would be deputed to keep an eye upon me, but as a rule—in St Petersburg at least—it was one man with many disguises, who, like Mary's little lamb, stuck to me wherever I went

Now, if there is one thing I am proud of, it is my recognition of persons, and a face I have once seen and noted is never forgotten. So the

individual who evinced such a fatherly interest in me, although he appeared to have a complete Woodin bag of changes, having been noted, did not disguise his presence from me, however much he might have thought so

I complained to the police about it, mentioning that a man who had brought letters of introduction from the German Court to the Russian Court, and who had broken bread with several members of the Imperial family ought at least to be above suspicion. A shrug of the shoulder was the invariable response. One great man to whom I spoke on the subject was much more frank. Laying his hand playfully on my shoulder, he said, —

“My young friend you forget you are in Russia, and that the nearer you are to the throne the nearer you are to suspicion”

Mr Gladstone and the Russians

Another fact is, we English folk are not exactly beloved in Russia, indeed, next to the Germans, we are undoubtedly the most hated amongst foreigners. The only Englishman I heard Russians generally speak in praise of was Mr Gladstone,

The following curious instance of official regard for the ex-premier is, I think, worth recording

I was giving a *séance* in the Imperial Marie Theatre, the use of which had been granted me by special permission of the Czar, for the benefit of the Red Cross Society, and amongst the matter announcing the meeting was a reduced block of

the sketch which originally appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, of my experiments with Mr Gladstone in the House of Commons, June 16th, 1884. Now all such advertisements have to be submitted to the Ministry of Police; and, after an irritating delay, I was informed that the block could not be allowed to appear as it was not certain that it would be agreeable to Mr Gladstone. In vain I entreated, explained, and got vexed, the police were obdurate. Finally I appealed to General Gresser, the police President, and then only was the necessary permission accorded.

It is true that the relations between England and Russia—on account of events in Afghanistan—were considerably strained, and that Mr Gladstone was then Prime Minister, but I have often wondered how much *backsheesh* the police expected to get out of me by this sudden and unexpected regard for the great Englishman. For a suitable metallic consideration, the same officials would, I feel certain, sanction the appearance of blocks depicting Mr Gladstone in every conceivable form of political apostasy.

During a time when the papers of both countries shrieked war, and even the Premier sounded a noble and warlike note in the House of Commons, the opinion in St Petersburg society was that there would be peace.

“There will be no war,” said a Grand Duke to me, “Mr Gladstone knows us too well for that.” (After a pause), “You know we all like Mr.

Gladstone, for he is such a good friend to Russia ”

Even Mr Gladstone himself could not desire more than this

you will pardon the expression"—(this with that most apologetic smile which his friends so dearly love, and his opponents so bitterly envy)—
"might by sequence guess the remaining figure
So at that moment, remembering it was Leap-year, I took the liberty of altering my number to 366 I am afraid thereby I gave you much unnecessary trouble"

Mr Gladstone remembers it is Leap Year

"On the contrary, sir," I said, "you have made the experiment doubly interesting"

Mr Gladstone is a man of truly marvellous versatility, for what other man would have been ready with such an excellent excuse for thus unging the changes on the figures indeed what man in the ~~room~~ at the time knew or rather remembered it was Leap-year until the Premier stated that his remembrance of the fact had caused him to change the number from 365 to 366?

I look upon Mr Gladstone as one of my most remarkable "subjects," and he in this capacity has made an unfading impression on my memory, not merely because I am the only person who has told thoughts that he did not wish to tell, but because his manner of thinking was so wholly different from the generality of "subjects"

Mr Gladstone a remarkable "subject"

He began with an apology and ended with one, the intermediate stages being marked with great precision tempered with uncommon cuteness

Mr Gladstone, although the most dogged of

men, and wholly immovable when once his mind is made up, is very prolific of ideas, so prolific, in fact, that it is impossible for all of them to receive adequate attention. Some are still-born, some promise well but die young, and others mature but to lead a future-less existence, whilst the more vigorous of them strive one with the other for domination.

In this way an idea gets the upper hand but to find itself dethroned to-morrow, and the to-morrow sees the dominant idea the subject one, and again a subject idea the dominant one, not one idea having a fixity of tenure.

Mr Gladstone has enough intellect for a dozen average men, and it really seems unjust that one man should have so much, for how is it possible for a man with a desire to be just to each one of the ideas which crowd in upon him to think straight for any length of time?

It is, however, manifestly unfair to accuse a man of duplicity who is changeable simply because he is natural. For Mr Gladstone is naturalness itself, and whether he acts upon impulse or calm deliberation he voices what he at the moment actually feels.

Sympathy
72/115
judgment

That he is often carried away by his emotions and allows his sympathies to get the better of his judgment, no one, I think, will venture to deny, but when these emotions have worn themselves out or his sympathies get turned in other directions, his views, looked at in moments of calm, naturally undergo a material change.

It is unfortunate that a man of Mr Gladstone's mental and physical vigour should, from his very versatility—with one foot on shore and t'other on sea as it were—often be uncertain of his position, but, in spite of his indecision, changeability, and general adaptability, Mr Gladstone is undoubtedly scrupulously honest

Mr Gladstone (I speak of course psychologically and not politically, indeed the whole chapter has no political reference whatever) is a born leader of men, and I must confess that in all my travels I have never met another person who possesses the natural faculty of leading so strongly marked

~~Mr Gladstone is a magnetic man, and one at~~ Mr Gladstone a magnetic man
first sight feels instinctively drawn towards him
his natural charms are great, but when he chooses
to exert himself he is absolutely irresistible

I cannot help thinking—without wishing, of course, to be in the least disrespectful—that if Mr Gladstone had not been a politician his natural gifts might have broken out in the direction of mesmerism

As it is, he is a political mesmerist without an equal, and some of the results he has achieved are quite beyond the art of the most expert follower of Mesmer Mr Gladstone as a mesmerist

The mesmerist places shining discs in the hands of his "subjects," and whilst they are gazing thereon, steals away their senses and makes them subservient to his will. The process of the political mesmerist is much the same

instead of the metallic disc he dangles some glittering bait in front of the public gaze, and in lieu of the hand-passes reduces them to a comatose state by means of his specious tongue-passes

"You can't open your eyes," says the mesmerist

"I alone can open your eyes," says the political mesmerist

"Turn a somersault," enjoins the former

"Turn as we turn," enjoins the latter

"Ours is the only legitimate performance, we alone are above suspicion we have no confederates," shields the mesmerist from the platform

"Ours is the true policy, the only policy * We condemn all jobbery and corruption, for we alone are honest," cries out the political mesmerist from beneath his party umbrella

And so each showman proceeds until the whole bag of tricks has been gone through.

Seeing
with their
own eyes

But just as the ordinary mesmerist, through mistaking his man or from overweening self-confidence, comes across a "subject" who when he is told he can't open his eyes will open them wide and defy him, so does the political mesmerist find a time when his public will rudely break from their thralldom and determine to see with their own eyes instead of with those of their teacher

But in Mr Gladstone's case, he, I take it, will always find a public ready and willing to become

subject to him, not only because he is politically great, but because he is mesmerically great

In spite of all that Professor Tyndall may say about the sin of "raising the most fallible of statesmen into the position of a Pope," the more impressionable and emotional portion of the public, who probably cannot think for themselves, will continue to look upon him not only as their Guide, Philosopher, and Friend, but their Political All

When people cannot think for themselves, it is well, I suppose, that some one should think for them, and, in these prosaic days of aggressive disbelief, a little hero-worship is not at all a bad

~~thing~~ Although the ~~idol~~ may have feet of clay, and having set up their idol, it is only just that such people should do his bidding

I am almost convinced—so great is his magnetic influence—that were Mr Gladstone to try his hand at physical mesmerism with those whom he now politically hypnotises, his success would be equally marked

Personally, Mr Gladstone is a most loveable man, possessing a charm peculiarly his own that gentle calmness in repose, that tender smile and soft soothing something about him in his sympathetic moments, and the fire and flash of his eye and the intensity of physical expression when in action, draw one like a magnet to his side

The personal charm of Mr Gladstone

Emotional himself to an extreme, Mr Gladstone is ever seeking for some fresh object

To one
thing con-
stant
never

upon which he can lavish his affections, often forgetting, in the adaptability of his temperament, his vows and protestations to the old love whom he has in apparent wantonness thrown over for the new. Mr Gladstone is a much misunderstood man, and what we don't understand we invariably abuse, the spirit of condemnation being intensified when the object to be condemned is out of fashion.

It is possible I may be wrong in my analysis of Mr Gladstone, who is a man of such varied moods, scarcely any two days finding him alike, and just as some people, on account of their changeability of expression, like a good photograph, it may, on similar grounds, be impossible to give an absolutely correct psychological portrait of the leader of Her Majesty's Opposition.

But if the portrait I have sketched be incorrect or incomplete, it is the skill and not the intention of the artist that must be questioned.¹

A letter
from Mr
Gladstone

¹ Before passing the proofs of this chapter for press, I sent them to Mr Gladstone, with the request that he would do me the favour of reading and passing judgment upon what I had written, it being furthest from my thoughts to publish a single line to which he might feel justified in taking exception.

To this letter Mr Gladstone sent the following reply —

“MY DEAR SIR

I am much obliged by your courtesy, but I am public property, constantly used as such, and I am sure it is best that I should not be a party to any review or judgment which any writer may pass upon me. I shall not therefore avail myself of your kind offer.

Yours very faithfully,

May 19th, 1888

W E GLADSTONE

CHAPTER V

WHILST very few people, I take it, have Mr Gladstone's versatility and chameleon-like change of thought, there are many who are equally ready with a second figure or a second word to supply the place of the first one thought of in case they find themselves anticipated

Ladies are usually very good at this sort of thing, particularly when it is a question of their own age

Sometimes, however, it happens that the substitution of a figure or a divergence from the original idea is an unconscious and not an intentional act. I have had people who have undertaken to think of the date of their birth, forget in the middle of the experiment the exact year in which they were born

I, of course, cannot tell what a "subject" doesn't himself know, and, when such hesitation occurs, I either put down the various figures which are coursing perplexedly through his mind, or leave off where he commences to hesitate

With reference to figure-divining, a very

The late
Kaiser
Wilhelm

remarkable thing occurred in connection with an experiment I performed with the late Kaiser Wilhelm

I visited Berlin three years ago last October, and I took with me letters to the German Court, which I duly handed over to Graf Perponcher, the *Ob- u. hofmarschal*, who informed me that he would at once make the Emperor acquainted with their contents on his return to the capital. A few days later his Majesty returned, and he was graciously pleased to express the desire that an early opportunity might be afforded of having "the pleasure of making Mr Cumberland's acquaintance." The Empress, however, being away, it was not practicable to have the proposed *séance* given in the palace, and it eventually took place in the palace of Prince Anton Radziwill,¹ the General-suite to the Emperor.

It was a brilliant assembly, almost everybody who was anybody in Berlin being present.

His recep-
tion of me

I was presented to his Majesty, who was seated at the head of the room, by Prince Anton, and he received me most cordially.

His Majesty addressed me in French, being unable to converse in English. He said he had heard much of me, especially from the Austrian Court, and that he was anxious to witness some of my experiments.

I bowed and expressed a hope that what I

¹ Prince Anton is a cousin of the Prince Radziwill of Paris, to whom I refer in another chapter.

might perform would prove of interest to his Majesty, and asked to be permitted to first try my hand with some of those present. The Emperor having assented, I took Prince Henry of Battenberg as my first subject. His Highness elected to think of a lady to whom he wished to deliver a spray of flowers. The prince was not a very good subject, and I had some difficulty in getting at his thoughts, the Emperor watching with interest my movements about the room in search of the lady selected, whom I ultimately found, to the disappointment, I am grieved to say, of many other lovely women present.

~~Other experiments~~ I then found up with reading the number of a bank-note thought of by Count Hatzfeldt (now German Ambassador in London).

This was the experiment in which the Emperor, who had accorded unstinted approval to everything that had gone before, evinced the deepest interest, and it had, I think, a great deal to do with determining his Majesty in his choice of what to think. For, at the conclusion of the bank-note reading with Count Hatzfeldt, his Majesty expressed his desire to be experimented with.

He signed to me to approach him, and said he wished to know if I could tell a date he had in his mind. I assured his Majesty that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to make the attempt.

His Majesty thinks of a date,

"What have I to do?" he asked

"Nothing, your Majesty," I replied, "but to concentrate your entire thought upon the date you have decided upon, thinking of it figure by figure"

"Is that all?"

"That is all, your Majesty."

"Well, I think I can do that," added the Kaiser with a smile, and he proceeded to rise from his seat

"Allow me, your Majesty," I said, "to have the black-board brought nearer" (It was at the far end of the room)

"Oh, no!" replied the Kaiser. "I will go to where it is," and, ~~taking my arm~~, for, owing to the weakness of one of his legs, he experienced a little difficulty in rising, he rose to his feet

Arm in arm we went across the room to where the blackboard stood

There I blindfolded myself, and asked his Majesty to look at the board, and firmly concentrate his thoughts upon the figures he had decided upon

and I at
once divine
it

He did so, and I at once wrote down the figures 61

Then there was a pause, in which I came to the conclusion that his Majesty had another figure in his mind, and a moment later I wrote underneath the 61 the figure 4, feeling instinctively that the latter figure had no connection with the former, so

'61
4

"Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed the Emperor, "it is my coronation year!"²

I asked his Majesty what connection the figure 4 had with the date 1861, and he informed me that he had been much struck with the fact that the number of Count Hatzfeldt's bank-note was mostly comprised of 4's, and he supposed he had unconsciously thought of that fact at the moment I had written down the date correctly.

The explanation of the figure 4

The Emperor was so much impressed with the experiments, that it was nearly eleven o'clock³ before he left, which says a great deal, seeing that he invariably retired long before that hour.

His Majesty warmly thanked me on leaving, adding to Prince Radziwill with a kindly smile, "It is really wonderful, and I have been much interested, but I shall have Lehndorff scolding me, I am afraid, for being out so late."

The Kaiser was not only one of the very best "subjects" I have ever experimented with, but his power of concentration at his great age was

The Kaiser as a "subject"

² His Majesty was crowned King of Prussia the 18th of October, 1861

³ The *séance* began at 8.30, a light supper being served at its conclusion

something wonderful. There was no hesitation, no faltering, in his thoughts, neither was there any sign of physical weakness. On the contrary, his grip was like that of a vice, and in fancy I feel the pressure of the vanished hand. I mention this because many erroneous impressions have gone forth to the world respecting the mental and physical activity of the dead monarch, and as I am the only person who had an opportunity of practically testing his Majesty's powers of concentration I can speak with some authority upon the matter. For be it understood that it would be impossible to write down the numbers that were in a person's mind unless there were an absolute concentration of thought upon his part. Just as I cannot tell what a man does not himself know, I am unable to describe what he is unable to express.

I read thoughts through interpreting the physical indications conveyed to me by the "subject" under the influence of his concentrated attention, and, unless a "subject" be able to so concentrate his thoughts as to give the necessary muscular indications, it is morally impossible for me to tell what is in his mind. For, contrary to general expectation, it is not with weak and nervous people that I have my chief successes, indeed, experiments performed with such folk invariably turn out failures. But it is with the determined man, the man with the iron will, the man who can concentrate his

Nervous
people as
'sub-
jects'

thoughts unwaveringly that I can succeed with best

Take a nervous man who has thought of an object, he does his best to concentrate his thoughts upon that object, but long before you have got to it he will probably have given you several erroneous physical indications. Such a "subject" means well, but he is unable to control his natural nervousness, and during the excitement of the moment—and the nervous man as a rule gets much excited over such matters—his hand trembles at and over almost every object you may take him to. So much so that it is extremely difficult to distinguish the *bona-fide* physical indication of the thought from his natural nervous tremblings. The same with a number, the nervous man faces the blackboard, and tries his hardest to fix his mind upon the figures decided upon, but his hand will shake so much that it is exceedingly difficult to define the shape of any one figure. Then such people are apt to get confused, and to mix up figures in the most perplexing way, or to forget them entirely.

No, give me the unemotional man, the one who, without hesitation, can make up his mind and stick to it. With such a man you will not have long to wait for the indication you are in search of, and when you receive the indication—always of course provided that the man is honest, and is not wilfully leading you astray—you know that you are on the right track.

The
Kaiser's
eyes

Such a man was the late German Emperor
Next to the activity of intellect displayed by the Kaiser, the thing that struck me most in connection with him was the extraordinary character of his eyes

They were the most wonderful eyes I think I ever saw, a light, bright blue, so clear as to be almost transparent, they never failed to rivet a stranger's attention. They were, moreover, the most unfathomable eyes into which I ever looked, yet whilst unfathomable they in their turn were deeply fathoming, the Kaiser being one of the keenest observers, and certainly one of the shrewdest judges of character in Europe.

The
Kaiser's
loyalty

No monarch ever existed who was more loyal to those who served him, and certainly no monarch showed greater wisdom than he did in his choice of advisers. Through sunshine and storm, good repute and ill repute, he stood by those in whom he had placed his trust, manfully upholding them against all odds, and how events have justified his discernment and courage all the world knows.

The Kaiser, simple, kindly, fatherly though he was, was a great stickler for etiquette, and everything in which he was concerned had to be carried out with punctilious exactness. Well I remember, at the *séance* at Prince Radziwill's, asking one of the illustrious personages present to make a statement to the fact that I had correctly read his thoughts in connection with a certain intricate experiment in which he had

taken part, to be told that he was not permitted to address the society in his Majesty's presence "It is only you and Prince Radziwill who are permitted to do so," he added, "you are the one his Majesty has come to see and to hear, and Prince Anton is the host, we, for the time being, are mutes."

Although I only had this one opportunity of being with his Majesty, we afterwards often met in the open, when he never failed to return my greeting with a kindly sign of recognition, and on his ninetieth birthday, when I sent him from Morocco my congratulatory widow's mite, he caused a letter to be sent, saying that he had not forgotten me.

His Majesty's interest in me and in my work acted like magic amongst a nation whose reverence for their Father-Emperor was of so deep-rooted a character. Every one seemed anxious to do me a service or to show me a kindness. I became popular, not only in Berlin but throughout Germany, and to this day, I am proud to say, I am still remembered. I had a striking proof of this only the other day when I sent a wreath to lay upon the Kaiser Wilhelm's tomb. There were 1600 wreaths in all, and, amongst so many, it seemed impossible there could be any place for mine. Yet place was found for it, and most of the newspapers referred to me in connection therewith in tones of kindly sympathy.

They are kind, brave, honest folk these Ger-

The cha-
racter of
the Ger-
mans

mans, and loyal with a loyalty that has no equal amongst any people in the whole world. They are not easy to understand, but when you once occupy a corner in their hearts, there you remain for all time. Their hospitality is not of the showy kind, but it is all the more warm and sincere, whilst underlying their materialism and aggressive intellectuality there is a rich vein of sentiment that we stiff, matter-of-fact Britishers know, I fear, but little of. They are a poetical race, these Germans, ponderous of thought, heavy of body, but merry of heart, the song is ever ready on their lips, and the spirit of music always has a place in their souls. I love the *Deutschen Charakter* because I feel that I understand it, and to understand the Germans is to love them. Although not so readily understood as some of the other nations of Europe whose attractiveness lies more on the surface, and whilst it, as a rule, requires some pretty deep digging to unearth the nuggets which the German character contains, you do not, as with not a few other peoples, speedily exhaust the surface gold to find merely a non-quartz-bearing rock beneath.

In some countries one is remembered with acclamation to-day, to be absolutely forgotten to-morrow. Not so in Germany, there a friendship once made is not so lightly broken.

German
friendship.

The Germans have been very kind to me, and in my little way I have from time to time endeavoured to show that I am not ungrateful,

and now, when the hand of distress, brought about by flood and storm, presses heavily upon many of them,¹ I am more than ever anxious to prove that the kindness of the past is not forgotten. Now, whilst the printer is setting up these lines, I shall be making my way towards Berlin with the object of seeing what I can do towards increasing the fund now being raised on the sufferers' behalf.

With respect to entertainments, a success in Germany, from a monetary point of view, is worth more than a success made in any other country in Europe. For not only has Germany, with which I include Austria (for if you win Berlin you are almost sure to win Vienna, and consequently Austria) more good "show towns" than any of its neighbours, but the Germans are above all an amusement-going people. They do not, as in other European countries, limit their love of amusement to the opera, the drama, the circus, or the *café chantant*, but concerts, miscellaneous entertainments, and even lectures find favour in their eyes. Neither France, Russia, Spain, Italy, nor Belgium is good for what are technically called "hall shows." Almost everything of importance in those countries must take place in the opera-house, the theatre, or the circus, and in consequence, anything that is given in a *salle* is invariably viewed in

Entertain-
ments
on the
Continent

¹ 150,000 have, I believe, been rendered homeless by the inundations.

the light of a mere *confiance* In consequence of "hall shows" not being in demand in those countries, there are very few public halls to be hired in case you take over an entertainment which is more suitable to a hall than a theatre

In PARIS, even, there are, so far as I know, not more than two halls of good position and repute, they belong to rival piano firms, and are chiefly let for concerts and musical recitals, indeed, there is always considerable difficulty in getting them for any purpose outside of this class of performance Both of these halls are small, and not particularly cheap There are, however, two superb salons at the Hôtel Continental, which can occasionally be hired, but they are chiefly let for banquets, balls, and so forth, and the price charged is almost prohibitive The gigantic Trocadero is, of course, entirely out of the question for any single-handed entertainment

Thought-
reading in
theatres

My representations in Paris were given in the Hôtel Continental, and in the Salle Hertz, and I managed to get these halls full on each occasion I did not appear at any of the theatres, although I was offered large sums to do so, for the simple reason that I did not think the ordinary theatre-goers would either appreciate or understand my experiments, whilst it is far more difficult to get representative people on the stage of a theatre to do one's experiments with than it is to get them on the platform at a hall Besides, one cannot get about so well in

a theatre (where the chairs are close together, and invariably fixtures) as in a hall, and my shins display a sad record of the number of times I have come to grief in trying whilst blindfolded to find objects hidden in theatres. In some of the Continental theatres where I have experimented I have had at times, in order to get at boxes (where the person thought of was sitting or the hidden object was placed) which did not connect with the platform or the area, to go outside and start from the entrance to the boxes in front of the house, or clamber up the sides, dragging the subject after me, and, as I weigh about thirteen stone, this is not a very light task. Sometimes the subject has not known the way to the box, and we have wandered perplexedly round the theatre, or he has mistaken another box for it, which we have entered to the surprise and indignation of some young couple engaged in an agreeable flirtation.

Once, in Cairo, at the Opera House (which H.H. the Khedive kindly placed at my disposal) an event occurred which, if luck had not been with me, might have cut short my career. A well-known English officer had arranged to think out a plan of attack, on the basis of the experiment I had performed with General Gourko, in Warsaw. We started, and I took him over the route that he had in his mind, which finally led to the upper boxes. There we paused, but I felt that it was my subject's

A leap in
the dark

intention for me to drop from the side of the box, as if in the act of storming a redoubt. Being blindfolded, I had no idea of the distance I had to drop, but, acting upon the impression conveyed to me by my companion, I took the leap. A confused murmur smote my ears as I made the spring, and it seemed an age before I reached the ground, but when I did reach it I was forcibly reminded of the fact I lay on the floor for a few moments partially stunned, with a painful feeling in the region of my back, which had struck one of the folding-seats in my fall. Nothing, however, was broken, but for weeks after I felt exceedingly sore and uncomfortable. It is only fair to the officer to say that he did not for a moment believe I should have taken the leap, which he had thought of, to use his own words, simply "as a puzzler," and that he at once came to my assistance when I fell.

In England, thought-reading representations would be out of place in a theatre, for the class of people who make up a thought-reader's audience would not go to see him there, and the average theatre-goer who might be disposed to see him at a hall, would not care to attend his performance at a theatre.

With the exception of some special *séances* given in the Savoy Theatre,⁵ in London, by

⁵ Outside of the Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, my entertainment is the only one that has filled the entire evening bill at this theatre.

arrangement with Mr D'Oyley Carte, my representations in this country have been confined to halls

In Provincial France, unless arrangements can be made with some local *cercle*, one has no choice but to go to a theatre, where, however, a person with a reputation is sure of a good audience. In France reputations are made much more easily than elsewhere, but they, on the other hand, are much more quickly lost. The French public is not difficult to move, and an entertainer who has a novelty to exhibit can command higher prices in France than (with the exception of Russia) in any other country, but the patronage of the French is fitful and unsustained, and an entertainment that would run two or three nights in a German town would run but one night in a French town of the same size. A French audience comes merely to be amused, a Teutonic audience to learn and to be genuinely entertained. The Gaul, when he is not amused, is the most restless being in creation. He talks incessantly to his neighbours, and keeps up a running fire of sarcasm at the expense of the entertainer. Whereas the Teuton stolidly sits his disappointment out, feeling that having paid his money the only thing left is to rest quiet until the thing is over, and that to openly express his displeasure would be simply advertising his folly at being present. But over his beer and his pipe he is not so reticent, and he invariably

French and
German
audiences
contrasted

gives expression to his feelings in strong and emphatic language

Theatres
and halls

In St Petersburg there is only one fashionable salon, the property of the Club of the Nobles, to be had, for the use of which 50*l* per night is charged. The chief theatres are Imperial, and they can only be used by express permission of the Czar, obtained through the Intendant of Theatres. This is also the case in Moscow.

In Madrid, in the way of public halls, there is only the Salon Romero, whilst Lisbon has nothing but the *foyers* of the two leading theatres to offer. Brussels, unlike the Hague, which can boast of having one of the finest *saals* in Europe possesses but one medium-sized hall. But in Berlin and Vienna there are some splendid buildings available for high-class entertainments, whilst no town of any size in either Austria or Germany is without its *saal*. This is also the case in Holland and throughout Scandinavia.

But the Germans will not pay so high a price for their amusements as their neighbours across the Rhine, and one may safely say that where a Frenchman will pay from five to ten francs for a first seat a German will pay from three to five marks. But it is the numbers that tell, and it would take in France a week to fill a hall which in Germany would be crowded in a night.

In Germany, when a town is interested in a performance, all classes flock to see it, not merely once, but twice and thrice, but with a Latin or

Slavonic public a high-class performance simply excites the interest of the better classes, and their interest is generally exhausted in a single night

It is not because the German public is more easily pleased than its neighbours, on the contrary, it is far more critical and observing, and, as a matter of fact, a trashy thing has far less chance of success in Germany than in any other country in Europe. They are a deep-thinking, cautious people these Germans, slow to move, but, once moved, there is no bound to their enthusiasm. On the other hand, Latins and Slavonians are far more easily worked up, they, in their excitable moments, will take at a gulp anything—quite irrespective of its merits—that may tickle the appetite. The Latins bite first and reflect afterwards, whilst the Teutons reflect first and bite afterwards.

A German public is, to my mind, the best educated and all-round most intelligent public I have appeared before, it takes nothing for granted, but listens well and carefully, weighs everything it sees and hears, and then forms its own conclusions. This intelligence is not peculiar to one class, but is general wherever a number of people are gathered together, simple Hans, who pays in *Pfennige* for his seat, being as good a listener and as apt a critic as the Herr von who pays in *Thalers*.

One result of my extraordinary success in Germany and Austria was that it proved a

strong incentive to the unscrupulous to trade upon my name and fame, and impersonators sprang up in various parts of the country, some of them, before they were found out, succeeded to reap a rich harvest.

A dishonest double

One of these *Chevaliers d'industrie*, more daring than his fellows, did his swindling on quite a grand scale, but eventually he, too, was laid by the heels. This happened in Bieslau, where he had announced a *séance* to be given by "*Herr Cumberland, der berühmte Gedankenleser*." The public freely responded to his announcements, and something like 200*l* was taken by the local ticket-seller in advance. The ingenious rascal tried his best to get hold of this money, but he only succeeded in getting a portion of it, with which he at once decamped, but the suspicions of the ticket-seller being aroused, he went to the police-office, when a warrant was issued for the man's arrest.

and his reward

Armed with the warrant, the police proceeded in haste to the station, closely watching the departure of the trains, and they eventually espied my dishonest double swinging himself into the express for Posen just as it was on the point of leaving. The train was stopped, and the would-be passenger ignominiously hauled out. He was tried, found guilty, and received three years' imprisonment.

By this time he has, I dare say, come to the conclusion that "doubling" a thought-reader is not, after all, a particularly paying game.

This impersonation business at last became so serious that the police authorities took active steps to put it down, for the public were not only being cruelly swindled by those who decamped with the money without giving a *siéance*, but by still more shameless rascals, who gave degrading mesmeric and magical exhibitions, describing them as *my* thought-reading

Needless to say, I suffered seriously, both in pocket and in reputation, by these frauds—so much so, in fact, that in some places where these vagabonds had been plying their trade, I found the public most incredulous as to my *bona-fides*. In Magdeburg, for instance, where two rascals in succession had imposed upon the people's confidence—each one being "*der richtige Herr Cumberland*"—I was welcomed on my opening night by an audience composed of check-takers, for no one in the town believed I was myself, and the check-takers even only believed in me to the extent of the money paid for their services, and the dominant idea in these individuals' minds as they sat in the audience's seats waiting for checks which never came, was that a man was a fool for being himself when he could probably do so very much better by being somebody else

I suffer
from
impersona-
tion.

This sort of thing is enough to make a man forget his early Christian training, but, instead of belabouring the good people of Magdeburg for their want of faith, I set at work to win them

to a belief in me, and my wooing was, in the end, completely successful

But some towns which had been taken in, on the principle once bitten twice shy, remained obdurate, do what I would to remove the ill impression left by these peripatetic swindlers, and I frequently was saddled with heavy losses on this account. The action of the police in endeavouring to put an end to the impositions practised in my name was, I need hardly say, particularly welcome

The police interfere

But even their paternal interference had its inconveniences, it not unfrequently happening that I had to first prove my own identity before being allowed to give my representations

At a town in Silesia, an affair of this kind occurred which for the moment was exceedingly embarrassing

A visit from the police,

After a long night's journey, I arrived in the town (where I had arranged to give a *séance* the same evening), and, feeling tired and sleepy, had retired to my room, leaving strict instructions with my valet that I was not to be disturbed on any account. But I had scarcely laid myself down, when I heard voices outside, in which I could make out that some one was having an altercation with my servant. Presently he knocked, and asked if he might come in. My answer was an angry growl, which, however, he interpreted as meaning yes, and in he came

"Well, what is it? Is the hotel on fire, or what?"

"No, sir, but the police want you"

"Want me? Tell the police to go to—Jericho"

"I have, sir, but they won't go, and there is an officer outside who insists upon seeing you"

"Tell him that I am tired out, and must rest myself for my *séance* to-night. Tell him to call again, do anything, in fact, but leave me in peace"

"Yes, sir," and my servant retired to have it out with my visitor, whilst I turned over preparatory to going to sleep. But the voices outside sounded louder than ever, and presently a sharp angry knock came upon the door

This was too much for me, and, jumping ^{and what followed} hastily from the bed, I went to the door, and demanded of the intruder—a police officer, armed with certain official-looking documents—what he wanted

"I want to see Herr Cumberland," he replied

"Well, you see him before you" I answered, "very tired, very sleepy and exceedingly" (I won't swear that the word *was* exceedingly) "annoyed at being disturbed in this manner"

"Oh! you are *the* Herr Cumberland," he said, with a stress upon the *the*, eyeing me suspiciously the while

"Certainly, what do you want of me?"

"Firstly, I want your signature to this," and he held out one of the official-looking documents aforesaid

"Oh! pray excuse me now," I said, thinking he had come for an early autograph. "Come again, and I will give you my autograph with pleasure," and I moved to close the door

"No, that will not do," he said, putting forward his foot, and preventing the closing of the door, "you must sign this now, and at the same time produce your papers"

"What do you mean? I do not understand you"

Under
arrest

"I mean this my orders are that you, who claim to be *the* Herr Cumberland, the *Gedanken-leser*, must prove that you are what you represent yourself to be. If you do not produce your papers, I must request you to accompany me to the Bureau of the *Polizei*"

I questioned him as to the reason of this action on the part of the police, but he declined to give any explanation, impatiently demanding the production of my papers without delay

Luckily I had my passport with me, and this I handed him, but the passport being in English, he professed his inability to read it, stating that he would have to take it to the *Polizei* President. With this object in view, he left me, adding, as he went, that I was to consider myself under arrest the while.

To be arrested for being oneself was truly a novel situation, and one under other circumstances I should doubtless have been much amused over, but being tired and irritated, I

failed to appreciate the fun of the thing I know that I found it impossible to sleep whilst the officer was absent, and that in every creak of the stairs I recognized his returning footsteps, whilst the half-hour he was away seemed to be hours

When the officer returned, there was a marked change in his manner. The look of suspicion had disappeared, one of kindly interest taking its place, he was no longer stiff, but serenely agreeable, and his previous curtness disappeared in a flow of politeness

My papers, he said, had been found to be all right, and he was requested by the Polizeipräsident to express his regret at the inconvenience I had been caused. But, he went on to say, in consequence of the impudent swindling that had been practised in my name, it behoved the police to take every precaution against a repetition of it, both my interests and those of the public demanding such action

I assured him that I was deeply conscious of the Polizeipräsident's good intentions, and that if in every town the police were equally as zealous about the matter, the impostors and personators would soon find their occupation gone

The majority of my impersonators were of the Hebraic persuasion, and the popular idea conceived of me in the victimized towns was an illiterate man with a prominent nose and well-developed lips

I remember on one occasion, at an hotel where

I was staying, having a conversation with a man, a stranger to me, in the course of which the subject of thought-reading was touched upon

"What a pity it is," said the man, evidently an anti-Semite, "that Herr Cumberland is a Jew! I suppose it's true that he can't read or write?"

"Well, not exactly," I replied, with difficulty, laughing outright, "and I can assure you that he is not a Jew, although, for the matter of that, I don't think he would mind it very much if he were one"

"You know him personally, then?"

"Oh, yes, as well as any one can know himself"

"What, you the Herr Cumberland—you?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am that unfortunate individual," and, getting up, I left him with a look of surprise upon his face, such as I had never seen on man's face before

Doing a
don

Talking of impersonation, an exceedingly annoying thing occurred in Spain a few months back, in which some unscrupulous individual bled an unsuspecting old gentleman to the tune of a hundred *pesetas*, by passing himself off as myself

It appears that he met the unsuspecting old gentleman aforesaid in a *café*, and after some palaver he proceeded to unburden his troubles to him. He had been playing cards, and had lost all the money he had in his pockets. Could the Señor lend him 500 pesetas? No. Would he lend him 100?

The old man happened to have 100 pesetas in his pocket, and these were duly handed over to the swindler, who took an early opportunity of wishing his newly-made friend good-night, begging him to call round in the morning at the hotel where I was staying for his money

In the morning the old man came round, and sent up his name

Before asking him up, I sent down to know the nature of his visit, his name not being familiar to me

His answer was that he hoped I had not forgotten the little matter of the night before

Being quite in the dark as to what he meant, I thought I had better have him up in order to explain matters

He came, a little shivelled-up old man, fussy of manner, and with any amount to say for himself

After profuse apologies for disturbing me, he begged to know if he could see Señor Cumberland

"I am he," I said "What can I do for you?"

"You Señor Cumberland?" he shrieked
"No! Say you are not Señor Cumberland," and he viewed me with profound anxiety

The don's
disappointment,

I assured him that I was, and expressed my regret that I made such an unfavourable impression upon him

He then out with his tale, and, amidst sundry lamentations, confessed how ill he could afford to lose the money

I, of course, felt extremely sorry for him, and expressed a hope that he would be able to find and punish the man who had thus cheated him

I wished him good-day, but he stayed on, under the impression, I believe, that I should pay him the 100 pesetas out of my own pocket. But when he found that his expectations were not likely to be realized, and that he himself would have to be the loser, his rage knew no bounds

and his
vexation of
spirit

His language, I am grieved to say, was not choice, and he made no attempt at selecting his adjectives, but poured them forth in a perfect flood. All thought-readers were anathematized, all swindlers, everybody—even himself, for being such a flat as to be taken in, and so vehemently did he “cuss,” that I was afraid he would have a fit and expire on the spot, for he was very aged, and such excitement could not have been good for him.

He managed, however, to keep himself together, and, with a final malediction, he took his departure.

This was a very vulgar and cruel form of swindling, but sometimes my impersonators have displayed remarkable ingenuity in carrying out their raids upon the pockets of the credulous.

I read in a paper some time ago an account (I suppose it was true) of how a couple of swindlers, one acting as a thought-reader and

the other as a subject, succeeded in carrying off from a gentleman's house a piece of plate of considerable value, by pretending that the piece of plate in question was the object selected for an experiment, and that the master of the house was one of the committee at the hotel down in the town who were awaiting the success of the test. The servant, who had heard of my having performed a somewhat similar experiment a little while before, let the thieves take what they wanted, never for a moment dreaming that the thing was a carefully-planned swindle.

When the master came home and heard what had happened, you can form some idea as to how he felt by putting yourself for a moment in his place.

Apropos of the German police, one hears a good deal from English tourists of the bearishness, not only of the police, but of German officials generally, but for my part—and one should speak as one finds people—I received, all the time I was in Germany, the utmost courtesy from all officials with whom I was brought in contact.

The German official is not a person to be understood by the casual observer, who mistakes his high sense of duty for self-importance, and feels annoyed at what he considers his continence in being superior to either flattery or abuse. He, it is true, may be narrow and irritatingly precise, but he knows his work above all things, and is ever ready to give you information to the

extent of his instructions, but beyond this he will not go

In Germany, as everywhere else, there is, of course, no end of red tape in connection with official life, only in Germany it is more difficult to overcome official scruples than in any other country.

Red tape In KÖNIGSBERG, for instance, I found myself, when I arrived in that city to give some *séances*, at once tied hand and foot with red tape, from which I had the greatest difficulty in delivering myself.

It appears there is a law in that city which compels every entertainer to take out, in addition to the ordinary permit, a special licence before the performance can be given, and the authorities, who had never seen any thought-reading, got it into their heads that what I did was merely conjuring, and they requested me to take out a *Taschenspieler's* licence accordingly. To this I very naturally objected, explaining that it was both absurd and unjust to expect me to call myself what I was not.

"Very well," said officialism, "if you refuse to take out a licence, then the performances cannot take place."

"But they must," I urged, "the public have already bought several thousand marks' worth of tickets, and it would be simply monstrous to close the doors in their face in this way. Do you not understand that people have not paid their money to see conjuring, but to see thought-

reading, and it is thought-reading and not sleight-of-hand tricks (of which I know absolutely nothing) that I have come to give "

But the police were obdurate. They could not see any difference between thought reading and conjuring. They had made up their minds that the two things were the same, and there was an end of it. With respect to the public, that had nothing whatever to do with it, it was not what the public thought, but what *they* thought.

The
police's
opinion of
thought-
reading.

With regard to the financial aspects of the case, that was a matter which concerned me alone. All I had to do in order to give the representations, was to take out the required licence and pay the fees, failing this, the doors of the hall would be closed.

The police were obdurate on this point, and in vain I pointed out that this was the first time in Germany such a demand had been made upon me. Officialism's reply was "What they do elsewhere has nothing to do with us, this is the law here, and you will either have to take out the licence or give up the representations. The choice is with you."

To take out the licence and let it go forth to the world that I was a conjurer, and that my experiments were simply the result of sleight-of-hand, was, of course, entirely out of the question, whereas, on the other hand, it was exceedingly hard that I should have to lose several hundred pounds by closing the doors.

As a last resort I telegraphed to the minister at Berlin, in whose department the matter came, requesting his interference, and, pending his reply, I gave notice to the police that I declined to take out the licence, and that I should hold them responsible for any loss that might result from their action in the matter. The minister happened to be well acquainted with my work, and, with considerable promptness, he communicated with the Königsberg police, who, in due course, informed me that the performances would be permitted, but that two officers would be deputed to attend in order to judge of the style and character of the experiments exhibited.

Satisfied
at last

They came, saw, and were conquered, and I left Königsberg proud in the knowledge that in the eyes of its police I was not a *Taschenspieler* but a genuine *Gedankenleser*.

In most if not all towns in Germany, public entertainers have to take out licences of one kind and another, and the performances are in some cases subject to certain local charges in addition. These charges vary considerably, scarcely two towns being alike in the matter. But no reputable entertainment is ever refused a licence, and the *Steuern* are by no means a serious affair.

In Austria more difficulties are placed in the way of entertainers than in Germany, whilst the official charges there are considerably higher, but in Hungary they are higher still. In Hungary the taxes and percentages eat so deeply

into the receipts, that frequently the unfortunate entertainer has nothing left for himself. In addition to this, permission to a stranger to give an entertainment is, in some cases, not readily accorded, the authorities having a decided objection to an outsider taking money out of the town.

In Pressburg, for instance, a *séance* which I had arranged to give was forbidden by the local authorities under some ancient law, and my agents having failed to induce the authorities to alter their decision, I telegraphed personally to Herr Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, to grant me the required permission direct. This, to the profound astonishment of Pressburg officialism, he did, and I was enabled to give a highly successful *séance* in Hungary's ancient capital, which is one of the most tumble-down, eastern-looking towns in Europe, with the raggedest and wildest lot of horses I ever sat behind.

The kindness of Herr Tisza

In Vienna a small percentage of the gross receipts is deducted for the poor, and by the amount the officials receive, one's total receipts can be readily ascertained. There is no privacy about the matter, and it is open to any one to find out what a performance has netted.

In this way it soon got about what I had taken in Vienna, and the papers, by illustration and otherwise, soon made the thing more publicly known.

One cartoon in particular was exceedingly amusing, in it I was depicted leading Vienna

The results
of my
Vienna
séances

(an uninteresting old lady with a towel, like a notched chimney-pot, on her head) by the nose, my back bowed down with the weight of a bag, upon which was marked the amount of my takings—25,000 gulden

The artist's intention, however, was not, I fear, to be funny, but to be spiteful, and he, with characteristic unfairness, omitted to make any mention of the large amount I left behind for various local charities

On the whole the Vienna press was exceedingly fair and courteous, with the exception of one paper, which seemed to be in a towering rage every time it mentioned my name. Its editor's name, it appeared, had inadvertently been omitted from the list of invitations to a reception I had given, and he showed his disappointment by daily tearing me to pieces in his paper. Life is too short to allow of one's taking exception to all the unkind and unfair things that newspapers may say about you, besides, it is never wise to contradict a newspaper. For, no matter how wrong it may be, it does not like to be publicly called to task; and although it will in all probability be fair enough to print your correction, it is always open to it to have the last word, and in that last word is often contained a sting more lasting than the one produced by the original offence

The public hold the most extraordinary notions with respect to newspapers. They seem

to think, in a vague sort of way, that newspapers print and publish themselves, and that much of what appears therein is the inspiration of an Oracle rather than the work of a human being. Newspaper men, being after all but human, have their *weaknesses* and their failings, and, like other folk, frequently do things they ought not to have done, and leave undone things they ought to have done, but, on the whole, they are far more charitable with their pens than the people who do not write are with their tongues

I have had an extensive experience of newspaper editors and newspaper writers, and I can unhesitatingly say that they are more ready to extend a helping hand to a public man than any other class of people, and the support of the press is of greater value to one than the friendship of all the monarchs in the world. It is practically impossible for a man to keep touch with the public without the aid of the newspapers, and in these days when events crowd so closely upon each other, the greatest amongst us would run the risk of being forgotten if the newspapers ceased to mention him.

I have been criticized in almost if not all printed languages—and my work is of the kind that lays itself open to criticism—yet on the whole I have, I think, been fairly dealt with, and I frankly admit that not a little of whatever fame I may possess is owing to the attention paid me by the press

The press
and the
public

My in-
debtedness
to the
press

At the present moment there is a loud outcry against what is called "Government by newspapers," but all right-minded men would, I think, be extremely sorry to see the liberty of the press in any way curtailed, for no one can deny that, taken as a whole, the power of the press is a power for good, and that many useful reforms would never be brought about nor many evils remedied, if the press did not have a comparatively free hand

Taxes
on per-
formances

In every country in Europe, except England, performances are subject to some sort of government or municipal tax, and the money thus collected forms an important item in the revenue. In some cases the taxes are imposed not upon what is taken, but are levied before the performance is given, a percentage frequently being deducted from the receipts in addition. Taxation in this direction is heaviest in Hungary and Russia, but in Russia there is an excellent rule which provides for the return of some of the official charges when the exhibitor has exhibited at a loss. In order, however, to effect this he has to file a statement of account showing his loss, and in the fulness of time the money he has paid in respect of these charges is, or rather may be, returned him.

The story
of a trust-
ful man

I say in the fulness of time, because some one I know gave a performance in Russia, it was not a financial success, and in due course he applied for the return of fifty roubles under the rule to which I have referred

Officialism assured him that it would be all right, but that it was, as a guarantee of the correctness of his statement, necessary for him to first deposit fifty roubles, which, when inquiries had been made, would, together, with the fifty roubles which he claimed, be returned him. In his innocence he deposited the money, but of that or the other fifty roubles he never received a single *copeck*.

This was years ago, but the man, who is of an optimistic nature, is still hopeful, knowing that such things in Russia take time. When I last saw him he talked of willing the amount in question to his youngest boy, who, he thinks, by the time he comes of age, may have a chance of getting it—that is if the authorities have not forgotten the circumstance by that time.

On one occasion the police tried something of the kind with me, but it savoured too much of the confidence trick to please me, and, needless to say, I declined with thanks.

Of all the taxes connected with entertainments on the continent, none is so unjust as the one levied in Holland upon the seats. There it is not merely the seats occupied that are taxed, but each seat in the hall, whether occupied or not, and as the seats for the greater part are fixtures, there is little or no possibility of lessening the taxation by removing the unused ones.

Once the charge under this head amounted, in an immense hall I had taken, to considerably more than the gross takings, so, instead of paying

The Dutch
chau-tax

it, I elected to give up the *séance*, that being the cheaper course

In addition to the chair tax, other official charges are levied in Holland upon performances, so that taken altogether the country is anything but a showman's paradise

Besides, for anything strictly intellectual in the way of entertainments, Holland is not an El Dorado I never came across people so difficult to move as the Dutch, who are slow, cold and stolidly unsympathetic.

A Dutchman, I suppose, has *esprit*, so possibly has a rhinoceros, only with either you would, I presume, have to dig pretty deep to find it

The Dutch
psycho-
logically
considered.

The popular idea with respect to the Dutch is that they are above all a thoughtful people, and, I think, is an error, their usual attitude of contemplation being physical rather than mental. It is the heaviness of the body rather than the activity of the mind which causes their moments of seeming meditation, and when you catch a Dutchman in such a moment, it would be more correct to ask him what he was feeling than what he was thinking about

Although by no means enthusiastic or demonstrative, a Dutch audience is singularly attentive, and on the whole appreciative, but they want a lot for their money, quantity, not quality, being a Dutchman's motto. The Dutch are, however, wonderful linguists, and an Englishman, a Frenchman or a German can address an audience in Holland in his mother

tongue with every prospect of being generally understood I know of no other country of which a similar thing could be said

In Rotterdam English is the second language, in the Hague—the slowest capital in Europe—French, and in Amsterdam, German

The Dutch are kind-hearted without being exactly generous, honest, although keen enough at driving a bargain, and possessed of a certain sturdy manliness that no one can fail to admire, but, all the same, they are a singularly uninteresting people, and I really cannot remember anything of interest occurring all the time I was in Holland

With respect to the tax upon amusements, although the idea collides with English notions of Free Trade, and in spite of the fact that if I had to-day what has been filched from me in the various countries I have visited under this head, I should be a moderately well-off man, I must confess that the system (minus its oppressive plans) is not quite so objectionable as at first sight appears. It certainly in some instances, as I have already pointed out, presses somewhat heavily upon the poorer class of show folk; but it, at the same time, prevents the country from being overrun with inferior entertainments, whilst, under the system, anything of an objectionable character stands but a poor chance of being permitted. The system, would not, I suppose, work well in this country, where we enjoy absolute freedom in the matter of entertainments, with the result

The Dutch
'longer'

More
about the
taxing of
perform-
ances

being that every town is so glutted with shows of one sort or another that very few things in these exceptionally hard times are able to make two ends meet. On the continent, things are not nearly so overdone, and every good entertainment, in consequence, has a very much better opportunity of doing well.

Whilst, however, it is very nice for a foreigner to be able to take his show from Land's End to John O'Groats without being taxed a single penny, it strikes an Englishman as being somewhat unfair that any performance he may take on the continent will be taxed in every town in which he exhibits.

A Frenchman steps across the channel, and gives an exhibition at Dover, and all that he takes is his, but an Englishman who tries his luck at Calais has first to pay eleven per cent of his gross takings to the pool, before he can touch a single franc. In England a Frenchman can smother the hoardings with his bills by simply paying the bill-poster, but an Englishman in France has not only to pay the bill-poster, but he has in addition to pay the Government *ten centimes* for each bill that he has put up.

The stamp
tax on
printing

For my part, however, I have never objected to this tax upon posted matter, which, on the whole, is to the advertiser's advantage, for abroad no one advertises unless he has something likely to be of public interest to offer, and the consequence is everything that is posted

is eagerly scanned by the public, who look out for novelties on the walls much in the same way as we seek for them in the advertisement columns of the daily papers. Under the system prevailing in France and other countries the advertiser is certain that what he has had posted will at least be read. But here it is different, the hoardings are covered with bills of all sizes (on the continent the size of the bill is limited) and shapes, and in the general confusion of colour and type the majority of them get passed over, the small advertisers having no chance against the great advertisers, whose mammoth posters completely swamp the former's unpretentious sheets. If posted printing were taxed here as across the Channel, it would not only do away with much of the rubbish that now finds its way on to the walls, but it would enable the little man to have a fair show for his money, for there would have to be a sliding-scale of taxation, the charge being so much per sheet, so that if the big man wished to advertise largely, he would have to pay accordingly. Under the continental system, every station would be protected from the raids of the buccaneers of the paste-pot, who in country towns, where the hoardings are not protected, cover up an advertiser's printing, posted by a rival bill-sticker, without the slightest compunction, for which act there is but a poor chance of obtaining any redress.

In these hard times, when each succeeding

How to
raise the
wind¹

Chancellor of the Exchequer is at his wits' end to know how to raise the wind, this system of taxation appears to me to be worthy of serious consideration

It would not of course be a popular tax, but it could not possibly excite any great amount of unpopularity, nothing to be compared with the unpopularity of the wheel tax, for instance, whilst it would without doubt produce quite a golden harvest. Theatrical printing alone would produce a very large amount, and just imagine the sums that the advertisers of soap, mustard, blacking, blue, cocoa and other articles of domestic use would have to pay

These advertisers are not philanthropists, they advertise their soap, and their mustard and their blacking because they want to sell it, and to make money out of it, no one asks them to advertise their wares, and as they undoubtedly make a good thing of it, I see no reason why they should not be taxed for the good of the community. The same with all advertisers, be they showmen, family pill makers or what not

A hint
to Mr
Goschen

Perhaps Mr Goschen, when he has his hands less full than now, may find this a hint worth studying

CHAPTER VI

OF the many countries I have visited, Spain, from a thought-reader's point of view, is perhaps the most perplexing, and at the same time one of the most interesting

I went to Spain last year for the purpose of studying the social and political aspects of that country, and whilst there I had exceptional opportunities afforded me of so doing. It was not in my mind when I arrived to give any thought-reading representations, I soon, however, found it impossible to resist the many calls made upon me. In thus experimenting I had additional advantages of studying Spanish character

Spain is the Land of *Mañana*—the land of The Land of to-morrow, for what Spaniard will by any of chance think of doing to-day what he can possibly put off till to-morrow? 'Tis so in business, in politics, in war—in everything except love. And to get a Spaniard to concentrate his whole thoughts upon anything present—save it be a woman—is practically an impossibility.

Pity then the poor thought-reader who relies for his success upon the absolute concentration

of thought of the person with whom he is experimenting

The Orientalism of the Spaniard

In Madrid, where society is more cosmopolitan—or, to put it correctly, more European—the oriental reverence for *Mañana* is not quite so characteristic and the Eastern antipathy to be moved not so strongly ingrained. But in provincial Spain, particularly in the South, the people cannot psychologically be measured, weighed or judged by any European standard.

In getting at the thoughts of the voluptuous Andalusian I have frequently experienced difficulty as great as with the stiff-necked Moor, the cannibalistic Maori, the scalp-seeking Red Indian, the Heathen Chinese, or the emotionless Tartar.

The southern Spaniard is dreamful but not thoughtful. His thoughts shape themselves into dreams, and in the fancies of the to-morrow the necessities of the present are invariably forgotten.

What cares he for the matter of fact probabilities of *Hoy* with the fanciful impossibilities of *Mañana* looming in the distance?

They are all alike, rich and poor.

The muleteer, as he falls asleep under the shadow of a projecting wall, thinks not of the day's work undone or of his tired beasts standing thirsty and unfed in full glare of the mid-day sun, but dreams of what the morrow will bring forth, that morrow so full of blissful pos-

sibilities For who can say what the morrow may not bring forth ?

To-morrow he may win the first prize in the lottery, to-morrow untold riches may be his, or the Holy Virgin smile upon him in some unaccountable way What need therefore to trouble about the cold realities of *Hoy* when, with so many strings to his bow, *Mañana* is bound to bring him something so very much better

The ruined noble in his castle dreams in much the same way With him the decay of the present will be amply atoned for in the revival of the to-come

And so he dreams on, drawing cheques upon the future, which the future invariably omits to honour

But this fetish-worship of *Mañana* is not peculiar to the southerners alone, for not even the shrewd, calculating Catalan, the sly, deceitful Valencian, or the sturdy, thrifty Gallician is without his superstitions about the to-morrow For although in most things no two Spaniards hailing from different parts of the Peninsula are alike, they in their fanciful expectations of the future will be found to be much of the same mind

The Northern Spaniards are more active and business-like than the Southerners, and they are certainly their intellectual superiors, but they, in common with the most indolent dweller in Andalusia, have all the Eastern's abhorrence

of being hurried and all his love of prociastination

Spain a
land of
contrasts

In other matters Spain is a land of striking contrasts, the language, customs, habits, and indeed character of the people varying according to the locality. The inhabitants of one province have little in common with those of another, and the railway and telegraph which have served to bring them in daily touch with each other have in reality done but little towards overcoming local prejudices.

To begin with, Madrid, the capital, is wholly unlike any other city in Spain. It is a curious mixture, being neither Spanish nor continental, whilst the people for the most part are the sons and daughters of the South, with a coating of European veneer.

In Yankee parlance Madrid is a "live" city, but it is not a healthy liveliness. Of commercial activity there is scarcely any sign, and for its size there is not, I think, a more unenterprising city in all Europe. The outward sign of life is but the consumptive's hectic flush, for in reality Madrid is in anything but robust health, and it is difficult to understand how it keeps itself together.

Madrid is a city of idlers, even more so than either Paris or Vienna. In the French and Austrian capitals people idle because it is fashionable, but in Madrid they appear to do it mainly because they have nothing else to do.

The dominant idea amongst the idle class in

Madrid is to keep a carriage, the keeping of ^{A domi-} which is a considerable step in the direction of ^{nant idea} being recognized as possessing that *sangre azul* which no true hidalgo is supposed to be without. People with carriages may have blue blood in their veins, but people without them can hardly be expected to possess any such distinction. It therefore happens that a man will systematically starve his body and leave his washing-bill unpaid, in order to flaunt it in the carriage-ways of the lengthy *Castellana*.

It costs a Spaniard but little to keep body and soul together, as his household is, as a rule, economically administered. For the Spaniards are not much given to entertaining, not that they are naturally inhospitable, but that it is not the custom to entertain. Even in Madrid entertaining, as we understand it, is, with a very few exceptions, confined to the *corps diplomatique*.

The only grandee of note who is imbued with what I may term European ideas of hospitality is the Duke de Alba and Berwick. But then the Duke has English blood in his veins, being a descendant of a natural son of James II. ^{A descen-} He closely resembles his ancestors the Stuarts, ^{dant of the} and takes a pride in being thought more English than Spanish.

The Alba Palace is one of the most magnificent in Madrid—second only to the *Palacio Real*—and it contains many priceless treasures, whilst the walls are hung with tapestries depicting the conquest of the Netherlands by the Duke's great ancestor.

Neither the Duke nor the Duchess—who, by the bye, is one of the most charming as well as one of the most intellectual women in Spain—takes an active interest in politics, but they are liberal supporters of art, music and the drama, and all that is brilliant and distinguished centres at their palace, which is a veritable oasis in a desert of inhospitality.

The first impression that a well-accredited person receives on arriving in Madrid is that he is in for a “real good time,” for he is literally overwhelmed with professions of hospitality at every house where he presents his letters of introduction.

Not only does every one offer to place his house at your disposal, but his ox and his ass, and everything that is his is yours—at least he says so.

A
Spaniard's
hospita-
lity

“What charming folk,” you say to yourself as you drive back to your *fonda*, buoyed up with the notion that your stay will be one gay round of pleasure. But, alas! all is not gold that glitters, and you speedily find that a Spaniard's hospitality does not go beyond finely turned phrases. It is disappointing, after spending hours in making calls, not to receive a *bonâ-fidè* invitation, and one eventually arrives at the conclusion that it is more satisfactory to keep letters of introduction in one's trunk, than to waste time and expend money in carriage hire in delivering them. For the chances are that when you call, the persons to whom you are com-

mended are out, and if you do not happen to be in when they return your call, it is possible that you will never meet, for in leaving cards the Spaniard thinks that he has done all that can be reasonably expected of him. If, however, you should chance to meet him, he will certainly not fail to impress upon you that everything he has is yours, begging of you to put his friendship to the test.

No Spaniard expects you in such matters to take him *au grand sérieux*, and the man who does so will find himself grievously disappointed.

On one occasion a man whom I knew very well, wrote to me from a provincial town saying, "when you come here remember that my poor house is at your disposal."

I wrote, thanking him for his proffered hospitality, which I gladly accepted.

In due course I arrived at the town, and at once drove to my friend's house.

I noticed that the servants looked at me wonderingly as the luggage was removed from the carriage, and I somehow got the idea that I was not expected.

But on being ushered into my friend's presence, I was received most cordially, and in the course of conversation he assured me over and over again that everything he had was at my disposal. But all the same I felt he was anxious to get rid of me, and the idea flashed across my mind as to whether he really intended me to take his offer literally.

I find myself *de trop*

My doubts were soon set at rest by one of the servants bringing him a message about my luggage

"My servant tells me that you have brought your things here. How very sensible of you, for it isn't really wise to leave anything at the station, and I suppose you didn't know which hotel to go to. The Fonda—is the best, and I will tell Francisco to put your things in my carriage and drive you there."

"But—"

I was proceeding to inform him that in virtue of his invitation, I had anticipated resting where I was, but I checked myself, and contented myself with thinking unutterable things.

Amidst a profusion of compliments, I was bowed out, and hailing a fly I drove to the hotel named

And so we parted, and, although I stayed in the town some days, I never saw him again. I need hardly say I never repeated the mistake, although similar invitations were showered upon me. I speedily learnt to understand that a Spaniard's hospitable expressions are mere airy nothings, given forth as such and to be accepted as such.

"Some day"

A Spaniard will frequently ask you to dine with him—"some day." It is the correct thing to accept, but it would be foolish to imagine that the dinner is anything but *en l'air*.

"Come and dine with me to-night," says the Spaniard to whom the stranger presents a letter

of introduction, never for one moment meaning the invitation to be accepted, and if it is seriously accepted, he will be sure to impress upon his visitor before he leaves how inconvenient his presence at the dinner-table would be. The hint is so unmistakeable that the only course is to take it and stay away.

On one occasion I met an acquaintance in the street who was more European in his ideas than most of the Spaniards.

“Where are you going?” he asked.

“Nowhere in particular.”

“Very well, come home with me and have a bit of dinner, my wife and daughter will be delighted to see you.”

I tried to excuse myself, but he was obdurate. So we walked on towards his house.

“At last,” I thought, “here is a Spaniard who really means what he says.”

Alas! just as his hand was upon the bell a sudden thought seemed to strike my companion, and turning to me in painful confusion he said,—

“My dear friend, a thousand pardons, I had quite forgotten—”

Here he hesitated, and sinking his voice almost to a whisper he added,—

“To-day is washing day.”

Of course he was very sorry, and he begged of me to come some other day which was *not* ^{It was washing} _{day}

“washing day.”

Did I? well, not exactly.

Very few even of the grandees in Madrid entertain *à l'Européenne*, and even those who do entertain have fixed days for so doing

For instance, the Duke of So-and-so gives, we'll say, a dinner-party every Monday during the season, the Marquis So-and-so every Wednesday, and the Count So-and-so every Saturday. These days are as fixed and as unalterable as were the laws of the Medes and Persians, and nothing short of an earthquake would cause either Duke, Marquis or Count to alter his day.

At these gatherings the company seldom varies, and you meet the same old faces Monday after Monday, Wednesday after Wednesday, and Saturday after Saturday, until you sigh for a change.

But the properly accredited Britisher, no matter how disappointed he may be with native hospitality, will be sure of a cordial welcome at the hands of that prince of hosts, Sir Clare Ford, our ambassador.

Much of the Spaniard's inhospitality is due to the fact that he has inherited not a little of the Moorish prejudice with respect to the invasion of the family circle, but, at the same time, economical reasons play an important part. On the whole, a Spaniard makes but a sorry host. He is often by nature near unto meanness, whilst he has no idea of entertaining as we understand it, the formality and serious importance of a well-regulated dinner, accustomed

as he is to his own sciambling, slip-shod style of taking his meals, bewilder him beyond measure

Even in Madrid, where society aims at being foreign in everything, it is after all thoroughly Spanish at heart, and a slight scratch of the European veneer reveals the Gotho-Bedoun nature beneath, whilst in the southern provinces you have scarcely to scratch at all to come upon the Moor. Indeed, so far as thought-reading is concerned, one might just as well perform one's experiments with the genuine article across the Straits as with the Christianized version in Andalusia

The Andalusian does not like either physical or mental activity. With him physical exertion is Purgatory, and mental exertion positively—well, the other place

I have frequently tried my hand with Moor and Andalusian, and of the two I think I prefer the former. They both are mentally indolent, and neither possesses much concentration of purpose, but the Infidel, on the whole, runs straighter than the Christian, and his trickiness is that of latent unbelief rather than of covert design. If a Moor said he would think in the manner required, he would, I believe, endeavour to do so, however difficult the task might be to him, but a southern Spaniard with his hand upon the crucifix, would be just as likely to promise to perform what all the time he was thinking how he could best evade

I am of course speaking generally, for in particular instances I have met with many exceptions

Spaniards generally care nothing for science, and next to nothing for either literature or art

he
Spaniards
as lin-
guists

With rare exceptions, they are pitifully ignorant of the outside world, for they read but little and travel far less. Bad linguists, they seldom visit foreign countries, the furthest extent of their wanderings often being Paris, where they go not because they are particularly enamoured of the French or their capital, but because they frequently have a sufficient smattering of French to carry them through, and because to have been to Paris is to have been brought in touch with everything *chic*

Whereas in Lisbon almost every educated person speaks French and Spanish fluently, English fairly, and German slightly, the speaking of foreign languages in Madrid is quite the exception, although it is true some of the ladies in society are fair linguists

In the Government, Señor Moret, who holds the portfolio for Foreign Affairs, is, I think, about the only minister who can converse intelligibly in English, whilst the Duke de Frias, the Civil Governor, the Duke de Alba, and the Marquis Casa de Laiglesia, ex-minister to England, are society's most accomplished linguists

The
typical
grandee.

The Marquis is altogether a singularly able man, and more completely comes up to the ideal picture of a Spanish grandee than any one I

have yet met. He is moreover one of the most brilliant members of the Spanish diplomatic service, and the party considerations which have caused his removal from the Court of St James's are highly regrettable, for his friendship for this country is of the warmest, and such a man, were he in office here, would be able to materially further the efforts of Sir Clare Ford, our representative in Madrid, towards building up a lasting friendship between this country and Spain.

Apitopos of Sir Clare Ford, his popularity amongst all classes is most remarkable. He is not only a *persona grata* with the court and the government, and the most sought after man in society, but he is, perhaps, the only member of the Diplomatic Corps with whose person the populace is thoroughly familiar.

Without wishing to question the excellent work done by those who preceded him, I can without hesitation say that Sir Clare has done more to bring about a good understanding between this country and Spain, and to make England and the English generally popular throughout the Peninsula than any other English minister.

Sir Clare thoroughly understands Spanish character, and never attempts force where persuasion will by any chance answer, for a Spaniard can be coaxed but never driven, he as a general thing being as obstinate, and often as dense, as his own mule, and requires a

Sir Clare
Ford

His tact
and know-
ledge of
Spanish
character

lot of delicate handling. The diplomatist therefore, who hasn't due regard for a Spaniard's pride, and the tact to overcome his obstinacy, as well as the patience to put up with his dilatory ways, will make but little of him. It is just because Sir Clare Ford is so excellent a judge of character, and a man of such infinite tact, that he is so successful, and in these days of uncertainty, when the friendship of Spain undoubtedly counts for something, it is indeed well that we have at the Court of Madrid so thoroughly competent and popular a man as our present representative. With the exception of the ex-Queen Isabella, the Spanish Royal Family are excellent linguists, whilst the Queen-Regent converses fluently in her own language (German), French and English, and Spanish.

The
Spanish
Royal
family as
linguists

The Queen-Regent did me the honour of receiving me in special audience at the Royal Palace when I was in Madrid, and, during the interview, exceptional opportunities were afforded me of making a psychological analysis of her Majesty, in the course of the interview, which lasted close upon two hours, I had the honour of performing some thought-reading experiments with her.

It has been my good fortune to have been brought in contact with many royal personages in many countries, but scarcely one of them so strongly impressed me as did her Majesty. She has a striking individuality, which makes itself apparent to the most casual observer. Though

The
Queen-
Regent

not exactly handsome, yet her face is full of an intellectuality which attracts, where a more beautiful woman would remain unnoticed. Her manner is at once frank and gracious, and no one could possibly feel ill-at-ease in her presence. Her complexion is pale, and the gold of her hair, and the sombreness of her mourning tend to intensify the pallor, giving one the impression that she is in decline. This, I am assured, is not the case, but she certainly does not possess good health. Public affairs, to which she devotes much time and labour, try her sadly, but she holds the reins with a firmness and a skill remarkable in a woman of so delicate a constitution. But then she is a person of exceptional determination and extraordinary precision, as the occasional gleam of fire from her otherwise placid blue eyes, and the tightening of her sympathetic mouth forcibly betray. She is exceedingly *nerveuse*, and highly strung, and is a great sufferer from neuralgia. Since the king's death, she has appeared very little in public, and has taken no part in public entertainments,¹ rigidly confining herself to the family circle. Amongst her other virtues the Queen is an excellent mother, and is passionately devoted to her children. She is a good and a true woman, and the people know it, and honour her accordingly. But, whilst they admire her for her strength of character and de-

¹ Since this was written her Majesty has taken a much more active part in public events, the mourning period being now practically over.

votion to the best interests of the State, and using her praises generally, the dominant feeling with it all is that she is an alien, and were it not for the existence of the boy-king, her reign in Spain would, I expect, be brief

Mother
and child

The fact of this child being born, *Rey de las Españas*, appealed with irresistible directness to the people's highest feelings, and the romantic event undoubtedly quickened the pulses of loyalty towards the present dynasty to a remarkable extent. Many who would probably have been in open antagonism to the widow at this moment found warmly espousing the cause of the mother and child

Monarchy
versus
Republicanism

Republicanism, by the bye, contrary to what we are led to understand here in England, is not a very active force just now in Spain, it has no prominent leaders, and the progressive policy inaugurated by the present government has certainly taken the wind out of its sails. So feeble, in fact, is the support given to the republican press that newspapers of advanced political type experience considerable difficulty in keeping their heads above water, and every year sees many of them succumb. Even Señor Zorilla's organ, *El Progreso*, notwithstanding the heavy subsidies it was alleged to have received from well-wishers in France, has been unable to make two ends meet, and has been forced to suspend publication.

Señor Castelar, at one time the darling of Democracy, is a politician of daily decreasing

influence He is, in fact, a man without either policy or party, and having, apparently, nothing better to do, allows himself to drift with the tide ²

The Señor is undoubtedly a great orator At ^{The Spanish Gladstone} one time his influence over the people was little short of the marvellous, but now the magic of his voice ceases to charm, and his former worshippers no longer view him as an oracle, but as an automaton whose wonder-working machinery is apparent to the dullest eye.

Castelar, by the bye, is called the Spanish Gladstone, but beyond the fact that he is a great talker, and that he has fallen from his high ~~estate~~, there is little similarity between the two statesmen

Señor Castelar has neither Mr Gladstone's depth of thought nor his mesmeric charms, and unlike the great Englishman, he fails, even in his most earnest moments, to convey the impression that he is sincere In my experiments with Señor Castelar I found the difference between him and his English political double still more strongly marked The Spaniard was quick and ready, but distinctly superficial, showing but little of the Englishman's power of concentration and absolutely nothing of his impressive calmness

Señor Sagasta, the Prime Minister, who has

² Judging by a recent speech in the Cortes, Castelar, it would appear, has almost been persuaded to become a Monarchist

“All brains and no conscience” been somewhat cruelly described as a man “all brains and no conscience,” is a statesman of considerable sagacity, and it is as much owing to his tact as to his liberal policy that the present government has kept in so long

Spain's ablest statesman.

Señor Canovas is perhaps the ablest statesman in Spain, but he is uncompromisingly conservative, and his views are not in accord with the spirit of the time. He has, however, a considerable following, and there is no knowing how soon he may exchange the post of leader of the opposition for that of premier, for the Spaniards—immovable in most things—dearly love political change, and he would be a rash man who would predict a long life to any government, no matter how enlightened or careful of the public interests.

Reforms in Spain

The Sagasta government has promised much but done little in the way of reforms, not because it was unwilling to carry them out, but because—on account of the vigorous opposition with which they were met—it was unable to do so. Reforms in Spain seldom get beyond the paper stage, each succeeding government entering office full of promises, issues its *documentos* and rests from its labours, trusting with true Eastern resignation to Fate to see them fulfilled. And it is just possible that the present government will, in this direction, prove no exception to the rule, but its policy on the face of it seems a progressive one, anyhow there does not appear to be any desire to go back to

those days of darkness from which Spain, politically, has but just emerged. On the other hand, it is feared, should the Sagasta government come to an end and the conservative régime be re-established, there would be a tendency to return to that military despotism under which the country for so long groaned in vain.

Amidst so many conflicting political elements, to say nothing of the rival claims within the family circle itself, the Queen-Regent must find it exceedingly difficult to steer a straight course, and any less determined and courageous woman would have shrunk from the task in despair.

Queen Christina has a will of her own, and the people about her know that she is not a woman to be trifled with. She means what she says, and does what she expresses her intention of doing, and in a country where every one does just the opposite, such straightforwardness is not without effect.

I have experimented with many women of note—empresses, queens, princesses, great authoresses, artists, singers, actresses, travellers—most of them women of known strong character, but for downright concentration of thought and determinedness of purpose I have scarcely ever met the equal of the Queen-Regent.

The séance in the Palacio Real, to which I have already briefly referred, was of more than ordinary interest, for the "subjects" with whom I operated offered the widest possible psychological contrasts.

A séance
in the
royal
palace at
Madrid.

To begin with, there was her Majesty, calm, thoughtful, determined, secondly, the Infanta Isabel, the blue-stocking of the royal family, precise, quick-witted, and full of intellectual sympathy, thirdly, the Infanta Eulalia, soft, emotional, and intensely feminine, fourthly, her husband, the Don Antonio de Montpensier, a well-disposed, gentleman-like man, with no special characteristics, who suffers, like the Queen-Regent, from chronic neuralgia, and lastly, the Comtesse de Paris, with the mental and physical grasp of a man and the tender, sympathetic heart of a woman

Two of the most ~~extraordinary experiments~~ I did that day ~~were performed~~ with the Queen-Regent and the Comtesse de Paris

With the Queen the experiment was as follows —

An imaginary murder scene

Her Majesty had heard that I was able, by my process of thought-reading, to enact an imaginary murder scene contemplated by a person acting as my subject, and she asked me if I would give her an illustration of this character

But every one seemed to be timorous about it, and the experiment ran the risk of not being tried for lack of a suitable subject.

"What!" said her Majesty, springing to her feet, "Can no one commit a murder? I will!" and she seized an antique paper-knife, shaped like a dagger, and assumed an intensely dramatic attitude

At that moment I took her Majesty by the hand, and I felt her whole frame thrill with suppressed excitement. Her eyes were fixed and bright, and her lips drawn firmly together, and although the whole thing was but in play, I was much impressed with the tragic force she displayed

Then came the experiment

I was blindfolded, and taking the dagger in my right hand, I moved across the *salon* holding her Majesty with the left hand

Presently we paused opposite a lady of the household, who was reclining on a sofa.

Quickly bending forward, the queen's left hand was about her throat, and the ivory knife flashed in the light, then down it came full in the breast of the victim

Down
came the
knife

A faint scream of genuine alarm from the lady, a tightening of the Queen's grasp for a moment, followed by a deep breath, and all was over. Then with a rapid twist our hands parted and the knife was sent clattering across the room, and lifting my blindfold, I saw her Majesty standing before me, radiant with delight at the success of the experiment

The whole thing had been most dramatically thought out and realistically executed, and all that was strong and determined in her Majesty came out in that moment

In Queen Christina Spain has a ruler who possesses the proverbial soft, silken hand with the grasp of steel

My experiment with the Comtesse de Paris was of quite another character

H R H said,—

The Com-
tesse de
Paris and
her permit
“I am thinking of something Can you tell
me what it is, and where it is ?”

I promised to try, and the test commenced

At the outset I discovered that H R H's thoughts were concentrated upon herself, and that the article thought of was upon her own person But where ?

I fumbled about her dress in search of the pocket, in which I felt sure the article was, but, dear me ! what a difficulty I had To find a woman's skirt pocket with one's eyes wide open is, even under the most favourable circumstances, by no means an easy task, and the male reader will readily understand what a trial it must have been to a blindfolded man But eventually I succeeded in stumbling upon it, and in went my hand and out came a pocket-book This I opened, and from out of a packet of papers I selected one particular document

It was the one H R H had in her mind, being the permit of the French Government allowing her to pass through France on her way to Madrid

Queen
Isabella

A few weeks after this, we were in Seville, and the ex-Queen Isabella did us the honour of inviting us to spend the afternoon in her private apartments at the Alcazar Her Majesty was exceedingly gracious I use the word gracious because it is the orthodox word used to describe

a royal personage's amiability, but in reality her Majesty was exceedingly jolly, and at the risk of being considered wanting in reverence for the majesty that doth surround a crowned head, I must confess that she was the jolliest queen we had come across.

There is an *abandon* about Queen Isabella which is perfectly refreshing in its naturalness after the staidness of some of the royal personages one comes in contact with, although I can assure the reader she is fully conscious of her own dignity. She struck me as being a kind-hearted woman, full of human sympathy, highly sensitive, and with moods as changeable as the winds.

As a subject for thought-reading her Majesty although full of psychological interest, was not wholly satisfactory.

At times she would concentrate her thoughts in a manner that left nothing to be desired, but there was nothing sustained about it. It appeared, in fact, to be impossible for her Majesty to concentrate her thoughts upon one particular thing for any length of time. For instance, whilst I would be trying to point out an object in the room upon which her Majesty had fixed her thoughts, the remembrance of something that had occurred in Paris or some other place would flash through her mind, and she would break off in the midst of the experiment to relate the incident to me, entirely forgetting for the moment all about the object upon

which her thoughts were supposed to be concentrated

This is very woman-like, but it is bad for a thought-reading experiment.

My experiments
with her
Majesty

Yet in two or three instances I had some remarkable successes with her. One in particular had reference to the imaginary murder scene I had enacted with the Queen-Regent, concerning which her Majesty evinced the deepest interest.

"I cannot kill any one myself," said her Majesty with a good-humoured laugh, "but," she added with an air of dignity, "I can order some one to do it for me"

"Well, your Majesty, I am ready to carry out your commands on your thinking of the man you wish to do the killing and the one who is to be the victim"

"It is done!"

A traitor
disposed
of

It was a deeply interesting experiment. Her Majesty, sitting there in the old palace of the MOONS, pictured that she was an oriental potentate, and that having discovered an act of treachery upon the part of one of her trusted officers had decided to deal summarily with him

The Captain-General of the district, who was reclining at his ease upon a sofa, oblivious as to what was passing through the Queen's mind, was selected as the victim, and a well-trusted officer of her household was chosen as the executioner

It was a curious scene the expiring sun glowed blood-red upon the frescoed walls and lit up the face of the Queen-Mother as she sat ready to give the word which was to send the unhappy man to his doom. Then, as her Majesty arose, I indicated the officer who was to do her bidding, and, taking a sword, proceeded to the sofa where reclined the Captain-General.

The sword was raised and the deed enacted, the rays of the sun as they struck the glistening steel falling from it like streams of blood.

Queen Isabella has but indifferent health, and the least physical exertion appears to distress her, and at the close of my experiments she seemed to be considerably overcome.

Her Majesty is exceedingly superstitious, and is a great believer in what is called Fate, she has, moreover, great faith in "affinities" and the influence of one person over another, for good or evil. She is convinced that it is possible for a person to magnetise another by look, by touch, or by desire, and I fear that her Majesty came to the conclusion that I could not only read thoughts, but that I possessed a magnetic influence as powerful as it might be dangerous.

"It must be very terrible to have such a husband," remarked the Queen to my wife, "for with such a man not one thought could be one's own."

As the thought-
reader as a
husband

"But when all one's thoughts are one's husband's, your Majesty, what does it matter?"

"Truly, but how many women's thoughts are entirely their husband's?" replied the Queen with a worldly smile, "and for that reason very few, I think, would like to marry a thought-reader. No," she added with a laugh, "the idea is too terrible."

I may mention that her Majesty does not speak English and that her conversation, with those who do not understand Spanish, is carried on in French.

With respect to Queen Isabella's political aspirations, there is no doubt that her Majesty feels her loss of power acutely, but I think she has in a measure accepted the inevitable. In any case, she is not that centre of intrigue that certain knowing scribes would have us believe; and instead of being intensely jealous of the Queen-Regent, she holds her Majesty in high esteem, whilst her love for her baby grandson is of the most extravagant description.

Queen
Isabella
and the
Queen-
Regent

There are, it is true, many people in Spain who view the rule of the "foreign woman," as they call the Queen Regent, with strong disfavour, and who think that the proper ruler during the little king's minority should be the Queen-Mother, as they persist in calling Queen Isabella, and intrigues with the object of bringing this about are secretly carried on. I do not for a moment believe that her Majesty inspires these intrigues or even countenances them, but as long as she remains in Spain the movement will continue. Her Majesty is fully conscious

of this, and, if what I hear be true, that in order not to endanger the safety of the present *régime* by remaining, she purposes taking up a lengthy residence abroad, her Majesty possesses a nobility of character far beyond that which the world at large would have given her credit for

Queen Isabella is wonderfully popular with the masses, especially in the south, and with all her ineligibilities the common folk would, I think, rather see the reins of government in her hands than in those of the "foreigner"

"She is one of us," the people say, "she is Spanish in all things, that is what we want."

With the knowledge, therefore, of the position ~~that she still holds~~ in the hearts of the common people, it must be a sore temptation to the ex-Queen to remain till events take their course, instead of destroying her chances by voluntary banishment, for be it understood that her Majesty is not without her ambitions, and any step short of the deposition of the Queen Regent and the infringement of the rights of her infant grandson she would doubtless agree to as a means of installing herself once more in power

A great change has come over political thought in Spain, politicians no longer solely occupy themselves with domestic affairs, but begin to have interest in the politics of other nations. The indifference amongst the people themselves as to what goes on in the outside world is destined in time to disappear,

although things move slowly in Spain, anyhow an active interest has already been excited throughout the country in their colonial possessions, about which they have been too long indifferent

Spain and
her
colonies

The action of Germany with respect to the Carolines more forcibly drew the attention of the Spaniards to their colonies than anything else, and the interest it awakened in them promises to be lasting

Moreover, the Commercial Treaty negotiated by Sir Clare Ford has caused the Spaniards to look beyond the coast-line and to long for increased intercourse with other nations, and the good feeling which our ambassador ~~has~~ done so much to bring about between England and Spain—for Spanish policy was never so English as it is now—has every prospect of being extended to our possessions beyond the seas, especially with Canada and our West Indian colonies. Indeed, Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian Minister of Finance, has in mind the idea of a special mission to Madrid for the purpose of establishing closer trade relations between the Dominion and Spain

Many travellers regard the future of Spain as being absolutely hopeless, being guided in their conclusions by the stagnation of the present; but there is a vitality in the country which is not apparent to the casual observer, and in a land where it is only the unexpected that is certain, he would be a rash man who

would stake his reputation as a prophet upon foretelling the future of Spain

Anyhow there are abundant signs of its awaking from the *siesta* which until a few years back seemed to be eternal, and the recent determination of the Great Powers to recognize Spain as one of their number is an important sign of the importance she has unexpectedly assumed in the eyes of Europe

With the Spaniards the *siesta* is quite a national institution. With most of them, in fact, life appears to be one eternal holiday, to be slept and smoked through, and, in consequence, when a native is not asleep he is sure to be ~~smoking~~, and when not smoking he is equally sure to be asleep

Smoking is universal with all classes, but it is not, as in Russia and Poland, common with the women, although the fair sex—or rumour libels them—do now and then take a whiff in secret at a neatly turned *cigarillo*. This secret indulgence is apparently winked at, whereas open smoking would perhaps be condemned as bad form

Apropos of Spanish women, it would take a ^{About the} whole chapter to do justice to their many _{fair sex.} claims to consideration. The women of the Peninsula vary not only with every province, but with every district, and frequently with every town.

It is in Madrid—in Society and at the opera—that one sees the most varied specimens of

feminine loveliness, there there is no general type of beauty, blondes, brunettes and the dark-eyed, olive-skinned descendants of the Moors, forming groups of unequalled attractiveness

It is in Seville and in Andalusia generally that the most beautiful women in all Spain are found, whilst the Valencians are, to my thinking, the plainest Throughout Andalusia the general type is dark, black eyes, raven locks, and rich warm complexions, but now and again you come across a girl with a tinge of gold in her hair, and eyes of a reddish shade, inherited no doubt from some Red Moorish ancestor

When a Spanish woman is beautiful, she is beyond compare, but this transcendent beauty, contrary to what travellers would have us believe, is the exception rather than the rule in Spain, and the common type of womankind is not prepossessing, whilst, sad to say, a Spanish woman's good looks last but a brief span, and as she puts on years she invariably puts on flesh, whilst long before she arrives at the age when we in England consider a woman has a right to be both "fair and fat," the symmetry of her form is certainly not of the character that an æsthetic poet would rave about In fact one of the chief reasons why so few Europeans marry Spanish women is, I believe, on this account A man must be very much gone on the *senorita* of his choice, and be possessed of a Bayardian loyalty, if he

does not desire to escape from the engagement on seeing the mother-in-law elect.

It is really a tax upon any man's chivalry and devotion to be suddenly confronted with mamma and the *senoras* of the family, and to know that the sylph-like Venus by his side will inevitably become every whit as bulky and unwieldy as they. If mamma did not put in an appearance until after the marriage, many an additional son-in-law would be secured her, but as it is, her daughter is so strictly chaperoned that she is scarcely left a moment alone with her *fiancé*, and the result is the unfortunate young man's attention is forcibly drawn to the fate that is in store for him.

Chaperoning is vigorously exercised in all parts of Spain—a country where it is not respectable for a female to go out alone. Every young woman, even unto them who are perfectly capable of taking care of themselves, has her *chaperone* when she takes her walks abroad.

Argus may have been 'cute, but in a trial of vigilance I would, I think, be inclined to put my money on the Spanish materfamilias, who not only keeps her chicks under her wing with a care equal to that of the most devoted mother hen, but she can sight a possible poacher long before he is visible to the ordinary eye.

But then in justice it should be added that it would not be safe for any young girl to walk in the streets unattended, for Spaniards, although exceedingly punctilious and formal, are not in

reality courteous, and their views with regard to women in general are embraced in cynical Talleyrand's three golden rules—*L'opportunité, L'opportunité, L'opportunité*

Then a Spaniard's every-day language, even in the presence of his women folk, is of the most free-and-easy description

Spanish
"cuss-
words."

I have lived a hap-hazard kind of life, and on various occasions my time has been passed in what the Yanks would call pretty "tough company," but I must frankly confess that I never knew what swearing was until I went to Spain, where the ability to imprecate on the slightest provocation is common with the highest as well as the lowest

I have heard grandees of I don't know how many degrees use "cuss-words" that would have put the most hardened *voyageur* of the Red River to shame, whilst I once came across a dying muleteer who divided the time that breath remained in his body between mumbling his prayers and "cussing" his lot, even in death the habit of a lifetime being too strong for him.

There is nothing that goes so much to prove the latent Old Adam in man as his proneness to imprecate under temptation, and I cannot help thinking that the man who never under any circumstances made use of what is called a "naughty word" is almost too good for this world, whilst with some people "cussing" is what the safety-valve is to the boiler, and it would

be dreadful to think what would be the result if, instead of unburdening themselves, they kept all that they wished to express under becoming restraint

Knowing, therefore, that swearing is quite as much an inheritance as a habit, I am inclined to be lenient with people who have inherited this propensity, and who find it the readiest and most natural way of relieving their feelings. But hardened as I have become through years of travel and familiarity with man's depravity, I frankly admit to having discovered a squeamishness that I knew not of when I made the acquaintance of a few Spanish oaths. Even those in daily use are scarcely mentionable, whilst those expressed under provocation would, even if revised by an archbishop, be altogether unprintable, and a Spaniard's stock of native "cuss-words" is pretty considerable, and takes a lot of drawing on before they become exhausted, but should they be all used up, he does not hesitate to borrow a few from the language of his ancestors the Moors, the combination in consequence is picturesque but at the same time grossly sensual

I have heard—but I mention it only in the faintest whisper—that even dainty ladies cannot resist the temptation now and then to show that man's example is catching

Spanish women have all the curiosity and but little of the intuition common to their sex in European countries, they have all the Moslem

A Spanish
woman's
education.

women's hatred of physical exercise, and much of their voluptuous indolence. They are as a rule most inadequately taught, and scarcely one has ever, I should think, been the victim of over-pressure. Whilst the majority of the lower classes can barely read or write, the education of the middle classes is practically limited to a grounding in matters appertaining to the rites and usages of Mother Church. Her literature is almost entirely of a religious character, interleaved with vulgar accounts of the doings of the bull ring. Of the works of foreign authors she knows but little even by name, whilst her acquaintance with those of her own countrymen is, as a rule, confined to trashy productions of a questionable character.

She is invariably fervently religious, and everything around her tends to encourage her natural superstition which she imbibes at her mother's breast.

The men are rapidly emancipating themselves from the bonds of religious slavery, but the priests, finding the husbands, fathers and brothers slipping through their fingers, tighten their grasp upon the women folk by way of equalizing matters. This the men in no way resent. "It is not good that they should know too much, or think as we do," they will say, "We do not believe as men once believed, but then our wives and daughters pray for us as well as for themselves. They have more time for such things than we have, and they do it so much better."

A comfortable doctrine this

Spanish women have fewer vices than those of many other nations. They are naturally voluptuous and passionate, but they are scrupulously loyal to those whom they love, making devoted, obedient wives, without bothering their heads about women's rights or any of those questions which vex the souls of their more masculine-minded sisters in this country.

Intellectually they, it is true, don't particularly shine, but then men, as a rule, don't seek for the cold, calm pleasures of intellectual affinities with dreams of dazzling loveliness in front of them. The pedant who could be insensible to the swimming eye, the rich glowing complexion, the wealth of blue-black hair, the white shapely neck, neatly-turned ankle, and tapering hands full of poetical repose, must be pretty far progressed in the sear and yellow leaf.

Their natural superstitions are, however, a little pitiable, and in my own case I frequently found them somewhat trying.

Many women got a sort of notion that I might prove the arbiter of their fate, and in consequence my hotel was besieged with callers, and every post brought a batch of letters that was my despair. I am much sought after

My secretary, an unromantic young man, who had never had, I firmly believe, a love affair of his own in his life, replied to them with uniform cold-bloodness, and I fear that my character for gallantry does not stand very high in Spain.

But some would not accept my plain matter-of-fact statement that I could no more tell their future than the man in the moon, and that I had absolutely no power to direct their wishes to a satisfactory conclusion, and they persisted in personally forcing their grievances upon me.

I am not naturally a hard-hearted man, and I often found it exceedingly difficult to say the stern nay to the fascinating yea, indeed I was not infrequently sorely tempted to indulge in a little clairvoyance in order to set the minds of the distressed females at rest. For a woman who is inclined to a belief in supernaturalism will accept as Gospel-truth anything that may be told her by a so-called clairvoyant, no matter how absurd or impossible it may be.

And my
patience is
sorely
tried

Did a young girl want a sweetheart, did a wife want her husband's fidelity assured, did a young man want to know a short cut to fortune, or an old one the winning number in a lottery, they all came to me, or put their wants in voluminous correspondence that took hours to get through.

Some of the requests had their pathetic sides, some their romantic, and not a few their ridiculous aspects, whilst many were the emanations of what the Americans tersely call "cranks."

A delicate
matter

One morning my valet informed me that a young lady, deeply veiled, attended by a *duenna*, had called to see me, but on being informed that I was not up, declined to wait, and expressed her intention of calling again.

She called again and again, but without seeing me. She would not leave a message, simply saying that she must see me personally, as the matter was one of great importance.

At last we met, and she unfolded her story to me.

She was in love, and was in turn beloved.

This she told me with downcast eyes and many blushes.

But, alas! she loved not one but two, and not one but both of them loved her.

What should she do?

Do? Well, how could I advise her?

"I must make up my mind to-day," she went on to say. "Tell me which one I should choose. I love them both equally well, but oh, tell me which of them loves me best?"

The blushes grew deeper, and her eyes looked curiously into mine.

Alfredo
versus
Antonio.

Ah, those eyes, no wonder Alfredo and Antonio were both at her feet.

Alas for me, was every poor mortal placed in such a position?

Had she been less bewitching my task would have been easier, for as every man knows—and every woman for the matter of that—loveliness gets answered where plainness pleads in vain.

Had I mere unattractive homeliness to deal with I might have answered her as follows—

"You love Alfredo?"

"Yes?"

"Has he a squint in his left eye?"

"No?"

"Then for goodness' sake marry Alfredo, and," I might have mentally added, "think yourself lucky you can find any one to marry you at all."

With Antonio I could have dealt with thus —

"You also love Antonio?"

"Yes?"

"Does he eat garlic? Has he a mother-in-law?"

"What, eats garlic and has a mother-in-law? Then Antonio is clearly impossible. No, señorita, you cannot marry Antonio."

This perhaps would have satisfied her, and the garlic-eating, mother-in-law weighted Antonio would have had to seek elsewhere for a wife.

But the señorita was not plain, and her charms made one feel for her and with her in a most remarkable way.

How could I bestow her in such an off-hand way upon Alfredo, or put the unfortunate Antonio so completely out of court through no fault of his own?

Perhaps after all the squintless Alfredo might prove faithless, whilst Antonio might make the best of husbands, even giving up eating garlic, and undertaking to keep his mother-in-law in order. No, I must be fair to Antonio.

In a
dilemma

The lovers I determined should have equal chances, but I did not feel justified in deciding upon so lovely a young maiden's future. I

might by chance doom her to lifelong unhappiness, with the curses of the ill-matched couple and their mothers-in-law following me through the ages, or I might by a lucky choice decide for a union full of unalloyed bliss, with the prospect of being asked to stand as godfather to every successive olive-branch

Had it been my own affair, I should probably have got out of the dilemma by tossing, but I could hardly advise this charming señorita to stake the happiness of a life upon the twirl of a *peseta* with "Heads, Antonio, you win, tails Alfredo, you are mine"

I tried hard to shirk the responsibility, but my double-wooded visitor would not go without a decision

Was it to be Alfredo or Antonio, Antonio or Alfredo? She couldn't marry both, but she evidently intended marrying one of them

"Why not trust to fate?" I eventually said as a happy inspiration dawned upon me

"If you love both equally well, why not take the one who comes first? First come, first served, as we say in England. If Señor Antonio happens to be the man, you can explain to Señor Alfredo that he is too late, and that it was entirely owing to his unfortunate dilatoriness that he did not occupy the position held by Antonio. This, señorita, will convince him that it is his misfortune and not his fault that he has lost you. It will satisfy his pride and at the same time make him more punctual another time

"Not that any one," I hurriedly added as a jealous fire lit up her eyes, "who had once loved you, could ever love another"

This arrangement seemed to please her, and with a profusion of thanks she and her aged companion took their departure

How it all ended I don't know, and as the lady did not give her name and address I have no means of ascertaining Anyhow I hope the Fates were kind, and, whether they gave her Antonio or Alfredo, that she will have no cause to regret the advice I gave her

On another occasion a middle-aged señora, very fat, and far from prepossessing, called upon me, accompanied by her husband, a meek creature about a third her size

A fat
lady's
secret.

"I have a secret to confide to you," she began. "It is about a man I once loved, and who has played me false."

"Oh, he knows all about it," she continued, as she saw me look in surprise towards her husband, "so I can speak freely I loved him very much, and I thought he loved me Women are weak, and I trusted him, but he deceived me, and ran away with my money, thousands of *pesetas*. Can you tell me where he is?"

I shook my head

"Here is his photograph," and she produced with considerable tenderness the faded likeness of a rakish individual enveloped in a Spanish cloak "It is like him, and if you cast your eye across the seas you may be able to recognize him"

I felt much inclined to laugh, but the earnestness of the woman's manner prevented me

"He went, I believe, to Manilla. Do you see him there? Is he happy? Is he alone? Alone—ah! scñoi, I can forgive him playing me false and robbing me even, but if I thought he loved another woman—" and her breath came short and thick, and she clenched her hand in a manner that boded ill for the errant lover should she catch him with that other woman

The husband sat the while in absolute silence; he had apparently become familiar with the subject, and ceased to interest himself therein

For my part, I really sympathized with the woman's disappointment when I explained that I could not be of the slightest assistance to her. She, it appears, had counted upon my help, and had come with a goodly roll of notes in her pocket with which to remunerate me

Did I think I could ever find out what she wanted to know?

No?

Not if she left the photograph, and I had time to place myself *en rapport* with the original?

No, I explained, the man's likeness was impressed upon my memory, and that I was not likely to forget him. I also expressed a hope that he was living in single blessedness, doing penance in sackcloth and ashes for his misdeeds.

This, at the best, was but sorry consolation, but the lady, on the principle, I suppose, that

no news is good news, seemed to take heart somewhat at the fact that even *I*, the *advonador*, knew nothing whatever concerning her lover's anticipated infidelity. And so she departed, silently followed by her shadow-like husband.

If this
should
meet the
eye of—

If the gay Lothario should read this, he will, I trust, be smitten with a becoming sense of remorse, and not forget to mention in his prayers the trusting lady whose heart and cash he decamped with, and whose one hope is that he is still faithful to her memory.

Such generosity should touch the heart of a bronze idol.

Sometimes the requests made to me are of a touchingly pathetic nature, whilst many of them are as tiresome as they are ridiculous.

As an instance of the latter.

Four years ago, when I was in Paris, a lady haunted my hotel for the express purpose of conferring with me in private upon "*une affaire très sérieuse*"

She would neither give her name nor leave an address so that she might be communicated with, and it just happened that she invariably called when I was either out or engaged, and when one is the rage in Paris during the season, one has but little spare time.

One day she called about six times.

"Was I in?"

"No, but madam was in, would she see madam?"

"No, she would see me alone."

"That was difficult, as I was much engaged, would she leave a message?"

"No, the matter was too serious for that!"

"Would she write, *adieu*, for an appointment?"

"No, she would not write, but would prefer taking her chance of seeing me."

"Very well," and the *concierge* bowed the mysterious female out.

That evening we were dining at one of the embassies, and I was rather late in coming home to dress, and as I entered my room I saw sitting complacently on the sofa a strange female A serious affair

My first thought was, Who is she? How did she get here? which inward questioning she instantly set right by telling me that she was the lady who had called to see me upon a matter of pressing importance.

I told her I had not a minute to spare, that I was already late.

She begged a thousand pardons, assuring me that it was really *une affaire très sérieuse*, and that it lay in my power to make her happy for life.

"Well, madam, briefly, what is it?"

"Oh, monsieur! you can read the thoughts of every one, cannot you read mine? I am in great trouble!"

Her voice trembled, and in her apparent misery I quite forgot how late I was, and straightway inclined to give her a patient hearing.

Cher Alphonse. "Yes, monsieur, I am very miserable. A week ago I lost my poor little Alphonse."

She said this so touchingly that I felt my eye moisten

"Can you find him for me?"

"Find him," I replied, quite relieved to think that her Alphonse was at least alive, "has he run away?"

"No, he has been stolen."

"And have you no trace of him?"

"No, I have sought for him everywhere, and have offered rewards for his recovery, but as yet without result, so, monsieur, I have come to you."

"I am afraid I cannot help you, if I were brought in contact with the person who actually stole your child, or some one who knew where he was, I might possibly be able to get at his thoughts, but—"

"Supposing," she hastily broke in, "I brought you face to face with the one I have my suspicions about, could you tell me if she were guilty, for it is a woman, and not a man that I fear did it. But, monsieur, it is not my child that I have lost, although he was as much to me as any child." Here she put her handkerchief to her eyes

"What, your husband?"

"No, monsieur" (with just a faint blush), "I am not married."

"Your fiancé?"

"Ah, no, monsieur" (with a still deeper blush)

"It was my dog"

“Your dog?”

“Yes, a dear little fluffy yellow thing with a curly tail *Où est mon cher Alphonse?*” and she wrung her hands piteously

“Is that all?” and I could barely restrain myself from laughing outright

“All!”

What she would have said further when she had recovered from the astonishment caused by my lack of sympathy, I really don't know, but providentially my wife, anxious about my being late, came upstairs to see what was detaining me, and my visitor beat a hasty retreat, whilst I, struggling into my clothes, bemoaned my fate at having lost so much time in listening to a silly woman's story about a lost dog with a curly tail

In Spain the men, if not quite so superstitious as the women, are strongly inclined to a belief in the mystical, and not a few pressed me to assist them in a clairvoyant sense. With some the goal was a woman, with others wealth

The number of people in Spain who believe in the existence of buried treasure is simply astonishing, and according to the assertions of those who applied to me for assistance, I might, had I been able to see through a few feet of soil, have been rich beyond the dreams of avarice. For be it understood I was in each case to receive the lion's share of the spoil, the believers in hidden treasure being as a general thing as magnanimous as they are sanguine. But then

they can afford to be, for it is not often, if at all, that their magnanimity is put to the test "Hidden treasure" has an aggravating knack of remaining *pudú* in spite of the *hú-ú-ú* and diving of sanguine man, and the* clairvoyant has yet to be born who can at will lay bare the secret of its burial place

Spanish
frugality

Apripos of the generosity of Spaniards in money-matters, the common folk are not the open-hearted, good-natured spendthrifts that some travellers have depicted them, they are invariably close-fisted unto meanness, and as careful of their pesetas as a Scotchman is of his bawbees. A Spanish peasant's idea is to do as little work as possible for his pesetas, and when he has got them to make them go as far as possible, and as long as there is a single coin left in his pocket, he sees no necessity for doing further work. Not that he is not industrious in a way, but his industry is fitful and ill-sustained, and his frugality is the natural outcome of the struggle to make two ends meet brought about by his love of idling.

Whilst the upper classes in Spain have the character of being stiff-necked and overbearing, the lower and middle classes are invariably pictured as everything that is mirthful and light-hearted. This, I think, is a mistake. They are neither so *gumú-ú-ú* as the Austrians, nor so comfortably good-tempered as the Germans, they have neither the happy-go-luckiness of the Russians, the vivacity of the French, nor the

fascinating gaiety of the Italians. They are, it is true, full of a picturesque *abandon* with a dash of gaiety thrown in, but the Moorish blood that is in them makes them sulky when they should be good-tempered, and quarrelsome when they should be beaming with good comradeship.

The love of amusement, however, is strongly ingrained in their Moro-Iberian natures, and all classes are easily amused.

I mean amused in its strictest English sense, for your Spaniard has not the slightest desire to be interested, and as a matter of fact infinitely prefers a feast of legs to a feast of reason. He goes to the theatre or the opera for the fun of the thing, and any manager who provides instructive entertainments would very soon have to close his doors.

Spanish
amuse-
ments

What need indeed has a Spaniard of instruction? What is there worth knowing that he does not know? For is he not the very salt of the earth, the inhabitant of that country which Adam on his return to earth alone found so little changed since creation, that country which, as the proverb tells us, God if He were not God would select as His temporal kingdom.

There are some magnificent theatres in Spain, many of them being finer by far than anything we have in this country. The *Teatro Real*, the Madrid Opera House, is a handsome building, but it is not nearly so large as the *Teatro del*

Lirzo, in Barcelona, which is said to be the largest theatre in Europe

During the season the *Teatro Real* is extensively patronized by the fashionable world of Madrid, which goes there not so much to enjoy the opera as to enjoy each other's society. For society, which does not do much entertaining at home, receives in its boxes at the theatre instead of in its own salons

Between
the acts

The waits between the acts are in consequence inordinately long, but long as they are, they as a general thing seem to be all too short for the habitués of the theatre, for it is seldom that the curtain rises, unless something of unusual importance is being presented, to find more than half the audience in its place, and the shouts of disapproval which invariably greet the ringing of the bell unmistakably demonstrate the mood of society interrupted in its small talk and passing flirtations

The Spaniards are musical in their way, but it cannot be said that they really understand what good music is, although they are not slow to vociferously applaud what pleases them, or to as loudly condemn what does not take their fancy. But it is seldom that a Spanish audience is unanimous, and whilst one half may applaud, the other half may out of pure cussedness condemn. Perhaps Spaniards would appreciate music more highly if they gave it more serious attention, but, as I have already said, the Madrilenos at least do

not attend the opera to listen to the diva, but to sit at the feet of the señoras and señoritas, and the composer who could compose an opera all *entr'actes* would, I take it, be the most popular man in Madrid

A Spanish audience is only too often neither considerate nor just. It invariably views a performer in the light of a *toro* to be baited and goaded at its pleasure. People for the greater part, I am inclined to think, go to a theatre with the desire that a performer shall fail, and they are proportionately incensed when he presumes to succeed, success, therefore, frequently obtains a chilling reception where failure—on the I-told-you-so principle—is boisterously if ironically received. It is a thankless task for an artist, if he be a stranger, to perform before a Spanish audience, for he is never certain of his position or of their appreciation, as likely as not when he has done his best he is met with a storm of hisses, and finds it difficult to get a hearing during the remainder of the evening. There may not be the slightest reason for such treatment, but then Spaniards are oftener guided by caprice and prejudice than by reason in their actions. Women fare little or no better than men, and I have seen great female stars most discourteously received on apparently no other ground than that they were great stars, and that they were not Spanish. Even Patti and Bernhardt did not altogether escape, and both of these celebrated artistes undoubtedly retain

A Spanish audience.

amidst the recollection of their triumphs very unfavourable impressions of the extreme rudeness with which they were received on more than one occasion during their tour through the Peninsula

The Spaniards apparently reserve all their acclamations for their own countrymen, and they invariably receive home-bred stars with unlimited enthusiasm

Although the Spaniard has an inborn desire to see the pipe play, he does not care to pay much for the piping. The theatres are, therefore, very low-priced, especially throughout the south, where the best seats in the *butacas* (equivalent to our stalls) can be had for three pesetas (2s 6d) each, whilst entrance to that portion of the house reserved for the "gods," the official term for which is *Paraiso* (Paradise), is often as low as a *perro grande*

The prices
at the
theatres.

The theatres, however, in their spaciousness will hold considerable sums at even the moderate prices current. Artists do not receive particularly large fees in Spain, although the popular violinist Sarasarte gets from 2000 francs upwards per night, according to the size of the town, whilst the still more popular tenor Gayarre not infrequently receives as much as 12,500 francs per night, but these fees are of course altogether exceptional

Liberality is not a leading trait with Spaniards, who expect to get as much as possible for nothing, and give as little as possible in return

Of this I had many striking instances whilst in Spain, whilst the unconcern with which people relieved themselves of their obligations was frequently worthy of the Heathen Chinee. A Spaniard's word is not his bond, and he would be a singularity optimistic and trustful person who would in business-matters rely upon the mere word of a Spaniard.

I am not a particularly trustful person, and I have often been credited with knowing how to make a bargain, whilst I have a sort of notion that I can read character as well as most men. I do not say this in a boastful spirit, but simply as the sheer conviction of one who has made the study of human nature the business of his life, yet I on more than one occasion by placing reliance on a Spaniard's word, was grievously taken in.

For instance, I made a contract with a man in Valencia to give a séance in his hall, but who, when the day came round for paying the guarantee, swore by all the saints that he had made no contract, and that as a matter of fact he had never even corresponded with me. Shown the telegrams which had passed between us, he professed utter ignorance of them, shown his signature to the agreement, he emphatically repudiated it, confronted with the witnesses to the agreement, he denied on oath that he had ever seen them.

I don't know how many candles it takes to give the soul of an ordinary liar a fair chance of

purging itself, but not all the candles manufactured between this and eternity, and burnt without ceasing, would to my thinking be of the slightest use to so heavily weighted a soul as that of this modern Ananias, who calls himself a Christian

I did not go to law with the fellow, as going to law in Spain with a Spaniard is not a matter that a foreigner, no matter how just his cause, should lightly undertake, but I believe my secretary, a worldly young man of an irascible temperament, soundly kicked him before he left the town, and this perhaps did him more good than calling in the aid of the law or leaving money in my will to be spent in masses for the repose of his soul

In the course of my travels I had come across people with whom truth was an utter stranger, and who in a race for the lying championship could have been heavily handicapped, but the most paltry, unblushing and aggravating liar I ever met was this said Valencian

A Spaniard's idea of a contract

A Spaniard as a rule has no idea of the sanctity of a contract, and will only observe it when it promises to turn out to his advantage, whilst he will not hesitate to repudiate it, should there be a prospect of his losing by it. The Catalans are, however, far more business-like, and there is a saying that what a Catalan puts his signature to he will abide by, but I frequently found that even these shrewd, hard-headed sons of Spain were quite as dilatory in

business-matters as their countrymen further south

This eternal putting off till to-morrow what might just as well be done to-day, is so opposed to our English notions of doing business, that many an Englishman lacking the necessary time and patience to put up with Spanish procrastination, has given up in disgust what might eventually have commercially turned out to be a very good thing

Although I was not making a professional tour of the Peninsula, I received countless offers to give public representations, some of which were as visionary as the proverbial *Château en Espagne*, whilst it would, allowing for the native love of procrastination, have taken several seasons, if not years, to have got through the remainder. A Spaniard has no idea of time, and he can't for the life of him see why a representation arranged for to-morrow, cannot be given the next day or the day after if he finds it more convenient to put it off till then. He is prolific of excuses for any breach of contract, and strongly resents any imputation upon his honour, for as he will assure you he has, by shirking his responsibilities, no intention of acting dishonourably, but that he cannot be expected to carry out a thing by which he might incur loss, neither can he be held accountable for a foreigner's inability to fulfil his portion of the contract a day, a week, or a month after the day for which the arrangement was made. He is in no hurry, why should

an Englishman be in one ? In Spain one must do as the Spaniards, and the fact that an Englishman wishes to do what he does in England is no fault of his

This remembering one is in Spain is a most important point, and unless a foreigner falls in with Spanish ways, it is nigh impossible to have successful business dealings with the natives. This the Germans thoroughly understand, and that is why they are more successful in their trade relations with Spain than either the French or the English

I am not a patient man, and I frequently found it difficult to put up with Spanish procrastination; and rather than dangle native-fashion on the tenter-hooks of expectation which might never be realized, I often abandoned what might eventually have proved highly lucrative engagements. But it is worrying work making terms with a Spaniard, and the novel excuses for non-fulfilment of arrangements made would in themselves make an entertaining chapter

Here is a specimen.

An
honour-
able man

Whilst in Barcelona a wealthy banker expressed a great desire to become my *impresario*, and offered to arrange for a number of small towns at 50*l* per night. His offer was agreeable, and I decided to accept it. He professed to be delighted at my acceptance, and named the towns to be taken, and a day was fixed for the signing of the contract. He was an honourable man, and my secretary, who conducted the nego-

tations, assured me that he would carry out the agreement to the letter. But previous experience had made me doubtful of a Spaniard's promises, no matter how honourable he might be, and I expressed my belief that when the hour came for signing the contract, he would find some excuse for backing out of it.

Well, the hour came, and we were assembled in the reading-room of one of the principal clubs.

The preliminaries having been got through, the banker made a statement.

'It would have given me great pleasure to have gone on this tour with the Senor," said he, "not that I had the remotest idea of making money out of it, but merely for the honour of being associated with one so distinguished, but my health will I fear, after all, forbid my making the journey?'

"Your health?" said my secretary in surprise, "why, what's the matter with you? You look well enough."

"Ah, yes!" he replied with a sigh, "but it is here," and he put his hand on his capacious stomach.

A delicate matter

"It forbids my making the arrangement I had intended."

"It, what it?"

"Why, my *Solitaria*."

In an instant we were convulsed with laughter, whilst the unfortunate banker became red and confused.

“But,” I asked, “why didn’t you think of this before?”

“I did, but to-day the *Solitaria* is more troublesome than usual, and requires careful dieting, and I feel that I ought not to undertake the matter.”

And so the arrangement fell through.

A first
night in
Barcelona

I did not give many representations in Spain, but they, with the exception of one or two given in Andalusia in Lent, were highly remunerative, Barcelona alone realizing several hundred pounds. The first audience I had in Barcelona, was about the most uproarious I ever appeared before during the whole of my career. The direction had doubled and in some instances trebled the ordinary prices, and this the public, which filled every corner of the theatre, resented on me, not that they wished to be discounteous to me, but that they thought it the most effective way of marking their disapproval of the policy adopted by the management. It was, I was informed, usual in such cases, and that Madame Bernhardt received precisely the same treatment. The great actress had, I believe, the curtain indignantly lowered upon the malcontents, but I thought it best to face the storm, and eventually matters righted themselves, and at the conclusion of my experiments I was most enthusiastically cheered. This occurrence gave rise to much sensational telegraphing on the part of an imaginative correspondent of a Madrid newspaper, and on the principle that a lie will travel leagues

whilst good old truth is putting on her boots, it was not till days after that people generally knew that instead of having been hung, drawn and quartered, I, to use an Americanism, had most emphatically "caught on"

I don't know how much this said correspondent was paid for his telegrams, but I should say, considering that not a single line contained a solitary word of truth, that the amount received would be wholly inadequate to purchase anything like absolution for his guilt

Whilst the people of both sexes extensively patronize the opera, the theatre and the circus, the bull-fight, after all, is the only form of entertainment in which the nation at large really takes a deep interest

People who have not visited Spain can form no idea of the excitement which pervades all classes on the day of a bull-fight

A relic of the Moors, it has survived every other thing Moorish, and, although some of the best bull-fights undoubtedly take place in Madrid, Moorish Andalusia is to this day the head-quarters of the tauromachian art. There, in the sunny south, the "*picadores*," the "*banderilleros*" and the "*matadores*" are born and trained in their art

Bull-fights have been so frequently and minutely described that it would be next to impossible to throw any fresh light on the subject, but many pages could still be written upon the philosophical aspects of the *fiestas*

The scene, however picturesque and exciting, is a brutalizing and a degrading one, yet men bring their wives, their sisters, and their daughters, and the mothers carry their babes at their breasts and lead their little "toddlers" by the hand to this carnival of blood. It is little wonder, therefore, that the Spanish character is pitiless and devoid of generous instincts.

In the old chivalrous days, when knights, single-handed and armed only with a short spear, the national weapon of Iberia, contended in the *Plaza de Toros* in honour of some beloved mistress, there was something more than vulgar daring in the scene.

The modern bull-fight has not ~~only~~ ^{lost} every aspect of chivalry, but it is a degenerate affair as compared with the *Fiestas de Toros* of the past. In place of knights of gentle blood, mounted on magnificent chargers, daring the bull to single combat all for a woman's smile, we have coarse, ill-bred *picadores*, bandaged and encased so as to receive no hurt themselves, mounted on wretched hacks hardly able to drag one leg after the other. In ancient days it was to the fleetness of the bull he bestrode and his skill in manœuvring him by which the chevalier avoided the *toro's* charge. Now, the wretched, used-up horses are provided for the sole purpose of the fierce beast tiring himself on in order to make less dangerous the task of the *banderilleros* and the *espada*, who would otherwise doubtless hesitate facing him.

A more revolting sight than this going of the

horses it would be impossible to conceive, and whilst both spectators and *toreros* are indifferent to the agonizing squeals of the mangled animal, a wave of profound sympathy goes round the entire ring if the fallen *puador* is in the slightest danger, and the *chulos*, who have remained admiring witnesses of the disembowelling of the horse, quickly rush to the spot and deftly draw off the bull with their gaily-coloured cloaks

The Spaniard reels in this *réalité atroce*, and he would undoubtedly be highly incensed against the bull if he omitted any portion of the going act. Each bull is expected to behave well, although, no matter how brave its conduct, it is condemned to die in the arena which it enters for the first and last time. If it makes a desperate resistance before the death-blow is dealt, it has the honour of dying covered with the profound admiration of the entire audience, but if the poor brute does not see the fun of being goaded and “*banderilleroed*,” and attempts to leap the *tablas*, the cry of *Bravo, toro ! Viva, toro !* is changed into yells of execration. He is beaten with sticks and generally anathematized, in the course of which all sorts of unkind things are said about his mother and his female relations. Eventually the order goes forth that he must die, and he is accordingly unceremoniously stabbed in the spine, and amidst a running fire of curses the unfortunate *cabestro*, i.e. tame ox, as he is dubbed, is ignominiously dragged out by the gaily ornamented mules.

Pity the
poor
horses

How a
bad bull
fares

With a good bull the audience is exceedingly particular as to how it receives its death-blow, which is dealt by the *espada* after the *picadores* and the *toreros* have had their innings. Punctilious in most things, the Spaniards are never more scrupulously so than in this matter, for by the rules of the ring the bull must stand in a certain position when the *espada* drives his sword into its spine. It often takes some time to get the bull to stand in the position required, and the assembly, if kept waiting too long, loudly signify their impatience, whilst the *espada* would be roundly imprecated if he, desirous of bringing affairs to a close, made his thrust prior to the attainment of the position demanded.

A first-class *matador*³ is the hero of the people, being far more popular than the most fatherly monarch or the wisest minister, men throw them their purses, and women surrender them their hearts. He is generally illiterate, although the celebrated Mazzatini is, I believe, an educated man, and, outside of his profession, densely ignorant, frequently handsome, yet brutal, vulgar and grossly sensual, yet he is the people's idol, whom not even Mother Church could dethrone if she tried her hardest.

³ The *Matadores* are of the lowest caste, being principally butchers, and they have always been looked upon as persons without any claim whatever to the "purity of blood" which the well-born alone possess, but *nous avons changé tout cela*, for only the other day a court of honour sitting at the Velos Club in Madrid decided that a *matador* could issue and accept challenges to fight duels in order to clear his honour.

These *Matadores* amass large fortunes, although they idle half the year, and, whilst authors, painters, musicians and literary folk generally experience a difficulty in keeping body and soul together, these artistic butchers live a life of splendid profligacy with the incense of public adoration all around them

A bull-
fighter's
wealth

All thinking men in Spain must deplore the fact that whilst music and the drama and literature positively starves, these brutalizing exhibitions have such a deep root in the public fancy. It has been said that a man would readily sacrifice his honour and a woman her virtue in order to be able to purchase a ticket for a bull-fight

It is, I think, only a Spaniard who can really enjoy a bull-fight, which appeals with such irresistible force to all that is evil in him. Beneath the glaring sun, and with the blood of dying bullocks and tortured horses staining the sand of the arena, he finds himself in his proper element, and the passionate cruel nature of the Arab reigns triumphant

The Anglo-Saxon stranger, whilst he may be momentarily carried away by the multitude's enthusiasm, and feel something of its admiration for the agility and skill displayed by the *toreros*, can never get the sight of the horse's quivering entrails out of his eyes, and the bull's piteous bellow out of his ears. The picturesqueness of the scene, with the balconies crowded with lovely women fan in hand and gracefully ar-

ranged *mantillas* covering the jet-like blackness of their hair, the men in their Roman cloaks, the dignified and stately grandees in the Presidential box, and the medley of colour and rags of the seething populace below are almost entirely lost upon him. His better nature revolts not only at the honors of the ring, but at the heartlessness with which the people receive those honors. In his love of fair-play his whole sympathy is with the *toro*, and not the *torero*, and he almost finds himself wishing that the bull will get an opportunity of getting even with his tormentors. The Spaniard has no sense of fair-play: it is blood he wants, blood he has paid his money to see, and he entirely fails to understand that there is any sort of cruelty or unfairness in the manner in which the details are carried out, and the inherent ferocity within him is gratified.

But it must not be forgotten that Spaniards are as indifferent to human as to animal sufferings, and that in no country in Europe is a man's life set so little store by as in Spain.

The want of fair-play which is so apparent at the arena, and at the theatre, is characteristic of the lower-class Spaniards in all things: if a rival or an enemy is to be stabbed, the stabbing is almost sure to be done in the back. "Why face the man and run the risk of being killed yourself when you can without danger do it effectively from behind?" the stabber would argue, and the public would be with him to a man.

One's
sympathy
for the
bull

The way a
Spaniard
stabs

“The language, costume, habits, and local character of the nation,” says Ford, in his celebrated handbook to Spain, “vary no less than the climate and productions of the soil” This is no doubt true, but all the Spaniards in the matter of untrustworthiness as well as of dilatoriness, to which I have already referred, are very much alike There are of course exceptions, and you mark their names in red In Catalonia you find a people hard-working and intelligent although exceedingly grasping and suspicious They differ entirely from the swarthy, indolent Andaluz, both as regards moral character and business capacity They are better read than any other people of Spain, and they are liberal patrons of music and the Drama The Catalans are given to travel, and consequently know something of other countries Being so close to France, they are very French in many of their ways, especially in the matter of thrift Enterprising and possessed of big ideas, the Catalans have practically freed themselves of the narrow bigotry which weighs so heavily upon their more superstitious countrymen. Barcelona is a city of which the Catalans may be justly proud, it is far richer than Madrid, and although only the capital of a province, it is worthy of being the capital of a kingdom

The Catalans are keen men of business, and know how to strike a bargain, and there are instances, I am assured, where they have been known to fulfil a disadvantageous contract—

when the agreement has been in writing, but whether they would have done so had there been no written agreement, I do not pretend to say

The Catalans speak a language of their own, although the educated folk perfectly understand "Castillano"

The Valen-
cians

Their next-door neighbours, the Valencians, are people of a different stamp. Valencia is the home of decayed nobles and decaying palaces, it is neither enterprising nor industrious, is very antiquated in its ideas, and an abject slave to superstition. The people in society are kindly and hospitable, and although they seldom ask you to their houses, they strive to make you perfectly at home at their clubs. The middle-class Valencian is cunning and deceitful, and no sensible man would think of trusting him very far.

The lower classes are gay and pleasure-loving, but are said to be cruel and vindictive. Valencia—the city—is an interesting place and would be more so if the massive bridges, of which it is so exceedingly proud, spanned water instead of mud and refuse.⁴

⁴ Apropos of Spanish rivers, the volume of water in the principal ones has undoubtedly considerably diminished since the Moorish period, and still continues to diminish, so that some of them which were navigable are so no longer. Some of the rivers have quitted their channels during a period of flood, and massive bridges span from bank to bank, to show you where the river had been, whilst on the spot where there should be a bridge there is none. The country people frequently use the

It has been said that Europe commences only at the Pyrenees, a statement which is more caustic than correct, for there is little of the Arab element in what geographers call the Cantabrian portion of the Peninsula, which includes the Basque provinces, the Asturias, Galicia, and portions of Catalonia, Aragon and Navarre, where the people, who are for the most part industrious, frugal, and brave, are white enough to satisfy the most fastidious. On the other hand, I think one would be fully justified in saying that Africa did not end at the Straits of Gibraltar, for throughout all Andalusia the trail of the Arab is distinctly visible. It is to Andalusia, to Seville, Cordova, Malaga, Cadiz, and Granada, and to the many other cities of interest, that the tourist wends his way, so that the travelled Englishman will be more familiar with the character of the Andalusians than that of the people of any other province in Spain. Who, in fact, does not know or read of Andalusia, the land of mirth and music, of women and wine, of Moorish ruins and monuments, of mother Church, of dark-frocked priest and gay-tuniced matador, of proud grandee and

The trail
of the
Arab

bed of a river, which is generally as dry as a bone in summer, as a high-road, and as a waterway in the flush season, the luxury of a separate highway being in many parts unknown. The artificial canal system is wholly inadequate for the country's requirements, and in the Valencian district the system of irrigation is that of the Moors, the latter-day Spaniard being too indolent or too impoverished to either improve or repair it.

when the agreement has been in writing, but whether they would have done so had there been no written agreement, I do not pretend to say

The Catalans speak a language of their own, although the educated folk perfectly understand "Castillano"

The Valen-
cians

Their next-door neighbours, the Valencians, are people of a different stamp. Valencia is the home of decayed nobles and decaying palaces, it is neither enterprising nor industrious, is very antiquated in its ideas, and an abject slave to superstition. The people in society are kindly and hospitable, and although they seldom ask you to their houses, they strive to make you perfectly at home at their clubs. The middle-class Valencian is cunning and deceitful, and no sensible man would think of trusting him very far.

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servile beggar, the land of the orange and the fig, the melon and the grape, who does not know blight, light-hearted, improvident Andalusia?

What need is there indeed of any description? What strikes the visitor on making the round of the Peninsula is the jealousy and distrust one province appears to have of another. There is little national feeling in Spain, each man's heart being in his own province, which in reality is *his* country. "La Patria" with a Spaniard is a mere figure of speech, and although he is never weary of extolling the beauties of *his* España, which of course is the first and only country under the sun,⁵ I question very much whether even in a time of common danger, Andalucians and Catalans, Valencians and Gallicians, Castilians and Biscayans would put their backs together and forget ancient rivalries or private interests for the general good.

Although the railway has done much to bring the people of the various provinces together, they still politically and socially have little in common with each other. In another generation the petty jealousies and the ancient distrust of one another may be gotten over, but, as it is, the Spains, although bound together in union, are far from being a united family.

Politically speaking, the Basque Provinces and

⁵ A well-known Spanish proverb says '*Quien dice España, dice todo*'—"Whoever says Spain, says everything."

the northern portions of Spain generally are still loyal to the Carlist idea. Catalonia is supposed to be the nursery of Republicanism, whilst Andalusia undoubtedly favours the ex-Queen Isabella II. The Queen Regent's cause would appear to be strongest in the empire provinces of New and Old Castile, but her wisdom and many virtues have considerably impressed the long-headed Catalans, and they for the moment seem to be content—that is, as content as a naturally politically discontented people can be—with the present form of government.

In a country where, as the proverb says, nothing is certain except death, the present is no guide to the future, and one can only hope but cannot tell what the future of Spain will be. In this land of *Mañana* mistakes, unpunctualities, political corruption and a thousand other things that we in sober England would not tolerate for a moment, are accepted as a matter of course.

Everything is upside down in Spain to-day is to-morrow, and to-morrow is—well, goodness knows when. Grown-up men with the gravity of sphinxes often act like children. With both sexes impulse and accident are invariably the motive powers which guide their actions.

A Spaniard is made up of contraries, and as a matter of fact his “yes” means “no,” and consequently he feels aggrieved when he is reproached by a stranger who has taken him at his word.

A Spaniard is a good-enough fellow when

you know him, but you have got to know him first, and the fault that we all make is judging him from a European instead of from an Eastern standpoint. For, although he may wear a Paris-made hat instead of a turban, he is more frequently than not a thorough-going Oriental, having all the Oriental's hatred of being hurried with not a little of his stiff-necked prejudices and unreasoning fatalism.

I have tried to view the Spaniards as they are, and, without looking at them through rose-coloured spectacles, have endeavoured to be just and impartial in all that I have written. Some people will probably be found to disagree with me, having viewed them otherwise, but one can only judge people by one's own experience and opportunities of observation, and this is what I have done.

The future
of Spain.

Emancipated from the serfdom of superstition, and rid of her old-fashioned prejudices, there should be a considerable future for Spain, which is naturally a remarkably rich country by no means fully developed. Nature has been most lavish of her gifts both in the matter of soil and climate, but ever since the expulsion of the Moors, the natives have, by their indolence and systematic neglect, done all that within them lay to counteract Nature's influence.

But a new era is, I firmly believe, dawning upon Spain, and under the influence of foreign enterprise there is every possibility of the country's further development. Bilbao and

Barcelona are marvellous examples of what the foreigner has brought—our has caused to be brought—about, for the native is keen enough in following the lead where wealth is the prize. All he wants is to be shown how to proceed, and he will follow quickly enough, but he is, as a rule, too timorous on the one hand and too conservative on the other to take the original risk called for by any fresh enterprise.

Historians tell us that during Spain's occupancy by the Romans and the Moors, no one was idle, and nothing was left undeveloped, in the peaceful invasion of the Briton, the Teuton, and the Gaul, history promises to repeat itself, the future making up for the four centuries of culpable neglect.

Spain has shown no greater improvement than the effective way in which she has put down lawlessness, the interior now being as safe for travel as any other European country, despite the fact that Prince Albert Victor was, a few months back, prevented from going from Gibraltar to Seville overland, on account of the alleged unsafeness of the road, but it may be that what is safe for ordinary travellers, is the reverse for princes of the blood royal.

The terrible Spanish banditti have entirely disappeared, and, if the country continues to be firmly governed, they are not likely to reappear.

But although the "*Ladron en grande*," as he is grandiloquently called, is a being of the past,

Official
corruption

minor robbers, especially amongst the official classes, are only too numerous. Every *empleado* feels himself perfectly justified in defrauding the government, for, as he will explain, he is wretchedly and often irregularly paid, and the example set him by his chief is not conducive to honesty. Corruption and jobbery are almost as prevalent in official circles in Spain as in Russia and the East.

Until quite recently this official corruption was so universal that the guilt of the offence was not admitted, but so loud has the public outcry become, that the government have been forced to take steps towards eradicating the evil, especially in connection with the postal department. There is no certainty about the delivery of ordinary letters in Spain, but this uncertainty is considerably increased in the matter of registered letters containing money. In fact so serious have the peculations become, that inquiries have been instigated with the result that many prominent post-office employés have been proved to have been connected with a systematic scheme of robbery and fraud.

Train
robbers

Even registered luggage is by no means safe, for the train conductor—who is only too often a "*ratero*" at heart—has a fine scent for packages containing valuables.

About a year back, Viscount Newport, whilst travelling with Lord Rowton and Lord Claude Hamilton from Seville to Madrid, had his despatch box cut open, and some diamond studs,

valued at 100*l*, extracted therefrom, whilst I, who was a passenger by the same train, lost an antique silver-mounted stick, a gift of the High Priest of the Parsees in Poona

Lord Newport has not yet, I believe, recovered his studs, in spite of the efforts of our energetic ambassador, whilst my stick, needless to say, has not been returned to its rightful owner, although the police assured me in all seriousness at the time that I would undoubtedly receive it *mañana*⁶

⁶ The *Standard* of June 11th, 1888, gives the following account of the pillaging of the Duchess of Edinburgh's luggage. It will thus be seen that the *vatero* is not a respecter of persons, and that he robs an Imperial Highness, a noble lord, or a poor thought-reader with equal impartiality —

“Late to-night, *El Resumen*, one of the Madrid newspapers, published a telegram stating that between Granada and Cordova the luggage of the Duchess of Edinburgh was robbed. In the train the thieves opened, without breaking the fastenings, a portmanteau, from which they took a pair of diamond earrings, and a medallion inlaid with brilliants. The luggage belonging to the servants was also opened and rifled. The robbers have not been discovered.”

CHAPTER VII

The Portuguese and Spaniards contrasted

ALTHOUGH inhabitants of the same peninsula—and in parts there is a difficulty in telling where Spain ends and Portugal begins—the Portuguese are quite a different race from the Spaniards. The difference is not only in the language, the physique, and national costume, but in the general characteristics of the two peoples. The Portuguese are far more pushing and business-like than the Spaniards, and they altogether lack their neighbours' quiet dignity. They have neither the Spaniard's faith, nor his superstitions, neither his inborn conservatism, nor his love of procrastination, but, at the same time, they are rarely his equals in good manners. A Spaniard is formally polite, a Portuguese is not, a Spaniard says much and will probably mean nothing, whilst a Portuguese who may probably mean much will not take the trouble to say anything. A Spaniard's promise generally ends in smoke, whilst that of a Portuguese can invariably be relied upon. With a Spaniard the Portuguese are always *canaille*, whilst with the Portuguese the Spaniard is a mere idle dreamer, nothing more.

For thought-reading purposes I prefer the Spaniard to the Portuguese, for whilst the former is harder to move and more sluggish in his thoughts, the latter is often too sceptical to be fair, and too self-opinionated to be convinced, but in business-matters the Portuguese is far more trustworthy than the Spaniard.

I made but one contact whilst I was in Portugal, and that was carried out strictly to the letter.

The Portuguese women, whilst by no means the equals of the Spanish women in regard to grace and good looks, are, as a general thing, intellectually their superiors. But Lisbon society is not so interesting as that of Madrid, and there is even less entertaining done in the Portuguese than in the Spanish capital.

The King, who lives at the *Paço d' Ajuda*, some two or three miles outside the city, is a frequent visitor to the Opera House, where, as in Madrid, society most does congregate.

On the 15th of February of last year, I, at the request of his Majesty, visited the palace, where I was received with marked consideration.

I was first presented to the king, who shook me warmly by the hand, and, after some minutes' conversation, took me into his private apartments, and presented me to the queen and the Don Alfonso.

The king is one of the most scholarly monarchs I have met, and certainly the best The King of Portugal

linguist. He speaks English, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, and I think Swedish fluently, and he has translated Shakespeare into Portuguese. The queen does not speak English, and the conversation with her Majesty was carried on in French, but the Crown Prince, the Crown Princess, and the Don Alfredo, all speak English perfectly.

The king is a most lovable man, and the two hours I spent with him are amongst the most enjoyable within my recollection. His Majesty was full of information, and he kindly showed me many things of interest in his apartments, which were strewn with souvenirs of illustrious personages, relieving himself of many interesting and frequently amusing anecdotes the while. His Majesty is a good *raconteur*, and his dry way of telling a story is most effective.

His Majesty is a great smoker, and he is scarcely ever without a cigar in his mouth. He is a great reader, too, and the amount of literature he devours in a day is something appalling; but it is just this that makes him one of the best read and best informed monarchs in Europe.

A kinder-hearted man, nor one more anxious to do at all times the right thing, than Don Luis never sat upon a throne. With no showy gifts and of modest appearance, he, with his sterling good qualities, has managed to endear himself to his democratic subjects, whilst those about him,

knowing his personal worth, love him as but few monarchs in this prosaic nineteenth century have ever been loved

The Queen is a woman of strong individuality, and her influence is felt far beyond the Court circles. Her Majesty's manner is in direct contrast to that of the king's, being somewhat cold and reserved. Of an inquiring mind, her Majesty is an excellent listener, and she followed with interest my explanation of the theory of thought-reading, whilst the experiments I had the honour of performing excited her earnest attention. At first I did not find her Majesty a good "subject," but that was because she set her will against mine—and the will of her Majesty, the Queen of Portugal, is not a thing lightly overcome—but eventually, when her Majesty found that the conditions of success entailed her thinking with me and not against me, I got on with her exceedingly well.

The most striking experiment consisted in finding an unnamed object thought of by her Majesty, which object turned out to be a portrait of her brother, the Prince Amadeus. The portrait was in a drawer, and to get at it I had firstly to unlock the drawer, and then to select the particular portrait thought of from out of a packet of other photographs. It was but the work of a few moments, and the quickness with which I performed the experiment was entirely owing to her Majesty's perfect concentration of thought.

Her Majesty is very unemotional and altogether undemonstrative, and whilst the people about the court were most excited over the experiment, her Majesty was as calm and collected as if nothing whatever had happened

"*C'est extraordinaire,*" she remarked casually turning to the king, and said no more

The king, for fixedness of purpose and downright straightforward thinking, ranks as one of my best "subjects" With him I did not have a single hitch, although in the course of the afternoon I tried some very complicated experiments

The one that interested his Majesty most was the discovery of a name and date upon which he had concentrated his thought The name was *Maria*, and the date 1855, and I, holding his Majesty by the hand, wrote them down on a piece of paper without the slightest hesitation

The Portuguese
Premier

Just as I was taking my leave of their Majesties, the Prime Minister, Sr José Luciano de Castro, came in for an audience with the king, and his Majesty asked me if I would try my hand at reading his thoughts, the thoughts of Senhor Castro, according to his political opponents being extremely difficult to read

The Premier made up his mind, and I commenced operations

I made a dash across the room and then suddenly paused, feeling that my subject did not wish me to proceed any further Then we

pirovettted round a chair, I having the impression that I was to take hold of it, and lift it up whilst the Premier was apparently doing all in his power to prevent my doing so. And so we slid about the floor in a state of wearisome uncertainty, the thoughts of my subject going to the chair, and his hand restraining me from taking it up. Presently in the midst of our gyrations I heard the rustle of a dress, and the movement of feet away from where we were, and in another moment I had seized the chair and was brandishing it above our heads.

In a
dilemma

This was my "subject's" thought, and his hesitation arose from the fact that after thinking of the chair, he saw the Queen move towards it as if to sit down, and under the circumstances he was naturally anxious not to disturb it, and it was only when her Majesty moved away from the chair that he allowed me to carry out his original intention.

The Premier is an exceedingly shrewd and well-informed man, but unlike his two daughters, who are excellent linguists, he does not speak English.

The Disentailment Act has ruined many of the old Portuguese families, and their historic chateaux are either crumbling to pieces in the hands of those who have inherited them, or are passing into the possession of the *Nobles Riches*.

The most interesting of these chateaux, still retaining all the features of its ancient grandeur,

The
Marquis
Fronteira
at Bene-
fica

is *Benefica*, the seat of the Marquis Fronteira, a few miles outside the capital. The Marquis, who at one time was in the British Navy, has the appearance of an English country gentleman, and he speaks English like an Englishman.

It is a lovely place this *Benefica*, with its terraces and gardens, its fish-ponds and shrubberies, its statues and statuettes, moss-covered and stained by the hand of Time, with the fountains playing in the cool of the evening, and the soft notes of the nightingales coming on the thyme-laden air from the groves beyond.

Standing on the balcony in the midst of this earthly paradise with its aspect of old-worldism, one forgets all the cares and troubles of these bustling days and is in fancy carried back to the period of Portugal's greatness. The gardens are filling with gallant folk, great nobles, and lovely women, brave soldiers tanned by Eastern suns, and weather-beaten sailors with an eagle look in their intrepid dark eyes. On the terrace walks an Archbishop in deep converse with a Minister of State, and behind them comes a handsome grand dame, her train held up by a negro page. Indian-mounted jewels sparkle and flash in the sunlight, and the air is full of the intoxicating perfumes of the east.

A dream of
the past

An ape from the top of his pole is tearing open an orange, and scattering the golden peel on the grass beneath. White turbanned Indians

with bootless feet are gliding here and there with chocolate and rare confections, whilst the sound of music strikes the ear

And so I was picturing the past when a hand fell heavily on my shoulder, and the cheery voice of the Marquis said,—

“Well, chevalier, what are you dreaming of—the past? Ah, we all dream here”

The music ceased, the knights and dames, soldiers and courtiers, with their silks and satins and richly bejewelled persons, disappeared in a flash, and I was brought back to the reality of the present.

“Dreams,” continued the Marquis, “they are about all that are left to us. The old families in their remembrance of the past forget the present, and give no thought to the future whilst their houses tumble about their ears and new people come and take their place. When the property descended from father to son we could at least keep our houses together, but now that the property has to be divided up, not one of the family is in himself wealthy enough to keep up the family seat, and as a rule it either falls into decay or passes into the hands of others”

With regard to Benefica the case is different, for the Marquis of Fronteira being a rich man without children, he can keep up his estate as it should be kept up

Much of Lisbon society is composed of new blood, and people hold titles which were unknown a century ago, whilst many of the hold-

ers of old titles have acquired them by marriage and not by descent

Portu-
guese
names.

The Portuguese glory in exceedingly long names, for in addition to those which their godfathers and godmothers give them, they levy contributions on the names of their ancestors on both the maternal and paternal sides, and not infrequently when they marry tack on a portion of their wives' patronymics on to their own. This is slightly bewildering to a foreigner, and he not only has a tendency to considerably mix people up, but to forget the very name of a person before he is half through with it. Everybody in Portugal likes to be addressed by his full name and title, and no ordinary envelope is large enough to contain a proper description of the most commonplace individual, whilst that of a person of position demands an envelope of magnificent dimensions.

There is a lot of the colonial element in Lisbon, and the wealth of the city seems chiefly to be in the hands of those who have made their "pile" beyond the seas.

The theatres in Portugal are not so fine as those in Spain, although the Lisbon opera-house is a handsome and spacious building, which, by-the-by, was completely filled when I gave my experiments therein.

Portu-
guese
money

The gold currency in Portugal is the English sovereign, and it was, after the heavy loss in exchange on the Spanish *pesetas*, particularly gratifying to receive one's takings in pounds

stealing instead of in paper money. Everything in Portugal is reckoned by *réis*, about 4000 *réis* being equal to the pound sterling. When a foreigner, not knowing the value of Portuguese money, sees the total of his first day's hotel bill in *réis*, he invariably takes a fright, and wonders how anybody under a millionaire can afford to stay in hotels in Portugal, and it is with a sigh of relief that he discovers how infinitesimally small is the actual value of even a whole handful of *réis*.

Living in Portugal—that is in hotels—is a trifle cheaper than in Spain, but the bill of fare is on the whole better in Spain than in Portugal, whilst in the former country they provide local-grown wine at the dinner-table free of charge, but in the latter no such privilege is extended to the guests.

Railway travelling in Spain is slow enough, but in Portugal it is slower still, and I pity the man or woman with nerves, who has to travel much across country in Portugal. I once made the journey from Oporto to Seville. I forget how many hours, days, weeks, or even months it took us, but I know it seemed like making a complete circuit of the world, whilst no professional fasting man could have looked thinner than I did when I arrived at Seville, for outside of a few oranges, a handful of pea-nuts, and an occasional basin of greasy soup, it was impossible to get anything on the journey.

There is a story told of a farmer in one of the

Western States of America, who made a claim of \$200 against a local railway company on the ground that their trains were so slow, that on going through his corn-fields they shaded his corn to that extent of damage. Whether the man was successful in his suit, I quite forget, but I should think that every wine-grower in Spain or Portugal, through whose vineyard the accommodation trains run, would have an excellent cause for action against the railway companies on the above-mentioned ground.

Lent in
Portugal
and Spain

The Portuguese do not observe Lent so rigidly as the Spaniards, it being extremely difficult to get people to attend theatres or places of amusement in Spain during the Lenten period, whilst one of the largest and certainly the most enthusiastic and intelligent audiences I had in Portugal was at the University town of Coimbra a few days after the Carnival.

I shall never forget the honor excited amongst all good Catholics in Barcelona by the announcement that a bull-fight would take place in that city on the last Sunday in Lent. The priests said such a thing had never occurred before, and they called upon the authorities to stop the proposed fight, failing this, they contented themselves with prophesying all kinds of evil. Ill would come to the man who promoted it, ill to those who took part in it and those who attended it, and never, I think, did the good men pray more heartily for rain than on that occasion.

Well, the day came, and it rained in torrents, and the hearts of all good Catholics rejoiced, whilst the unfortunate individual who speculated on the chance of its being fine lost heavily, and the *toros* and the *toreros* had to return from whence they came. Whether the *impresario* took warning by the result and became a better Christian, or whether he lapsed further into infidelity, I am unable to say.

In both Spain and Portugal the priests generally viewed me with suspicion, and, to the best of my belief, not one attended any of my public representations. But in Toledo, when I was being shown over the cathedral, the Dean expressed a great wish that I would give him and his co-priests, who were by virtue of their office prevented from attending my séance in the theatre, a private exhibition in the cathedral.

I am an
object of
suspicion.

The idea was a novel one, but I saw no reason why I should not fall in with it, and we accordingly adjourned to the sacristy.

The dean offered himself as a subject, and a very good one he proved to be. His thoughts were centred upon the nail in the feet of a bleeding Christ suspended on the wall, and this I at once indicated to the surprise—and I might almost say the consternation—of those present, some of whom I caught muttering something which sounded very like a prayer.

In return for what I did, the dean personally showed me some of the cathedral's choicest

treasures, and we finally parted on excellent terms, he, a highly intelligent and cultured man, understanding the true character of my experiments

But he was an exception to the general run of priests, and I was frequently reminded what might have been my lot had I lived in Spain in the days of the Inquisition. Many people firmly believed that if not exactly in league with the Evil One, the art I dabbled in was as closely allied to the Black Art as it well could be.

Once, in fact, a Portuguese priest took me seriously to task for my alleged association with Beelzebub, and in vigorous language he drew a gloomy picture of what for a certainty would be my fate when my earthly course was run if I did not abandon my present evil course.

A strange
dream

His words made a strong impression upon me, and, when I went to bed, set me dreaming. I dreamt I was somewhere down below, where I didn't exactly know, but somewhere where it was damp and dark and altogether depressing. Presently from out of the gloom there came a figure of gigantic proportions. He had fiery red eyes, a huge head surmounted by a sharply pointed pair of horns, an immense mouth set with jagged teeth, which he gnashed from time to time, and a nose like a vulture's beak. His stature was immense, and he towered over me several feet, his arms hung loosely by his side, and the fingers of his hands were shaped like

the talons of a bird His feet were cloven, and he made a dreadful clatter as he strode towards me , but what most impressed me was his tail It was forked, and several feet long, and kept angrily swishing from side to side What that tail might have been in repose I don't know , but in anger it was the most terrifying thing I ever saw

The figure, which completely realized my childish ideas of the typical Devil, signified by gestures that I should read his thoughts.

I begged to be excused, but he would accept no refusal , and I felt myself irresistibly drawn towards him Never shall I forget the sardonic leer on that figure's face as I prepared to do his bidding, whilst I positively shudder whenever I think of the thrill that ran through me when he placed his tail in my hand , for he did not give me his hand, but his tail to read his thoughts through.

When I first took hold of it, it was cold and clammy, but as I put it to my forehead it burnt as with a searing-iron I tried to release it, to cast it from me and run, but the tail seemed to cling to me, or I to it, like a needle to a magnet, whilst my legs were powerless to act

Presently the figure made a move, and I found myself following it with eyes wide open, full of wondering horror Our pace was slow at first, but it eventually became more rapid , and the ground we traversed grew more uneven The course

In which I
descend to
the nether-
most pit

we took was a downward one, ever down, and we sprang from rock to rock, and from ledge to ledge where foothold there appeared none, and passed into gloomy cañons from which phosphorescent eyes seemed to stare upon us as we went flying by.

When would the chase end—where?

I grew faint with fear, and my legs moved as if numbed, but the forked tail burnt like fire in my hand.

Presently we stopped, and entered a passage darker and danker than any we had yet gone through, out of the darkness strange sounds issued, and weird forms flitted past us. I tried to close my eyes and shut out the sight, but they remained wide open. Would it never end?

Gradually it grew lighter, and in the distance I could distinguish what appeared to be the entrance to an immense cavern. This we entered, and the semi-darkness at once changed into dazzling light.

This brightness was worse than all the darkness, for the horrors of the place were only too vividly revealed thereby. I will not attempt to describe what I saw, and the reader can imagine what I felt or what he would feel under the circumstances.

I have tried hard to forget the scene, but it has burnt itself on my memory, never, I fear, to be effaced.

I remember only too well the huge fire

glowing with a brightness of a thousand furnaces, that burnt in the centre of the cavern, and the gibbering forms, neither man nor animal, which acted as stokers

It was to this fire that we were going. How terribly hot it was even yards away! Yet we drew to it closer and closer, and I felt that it was the figure's intention to draw me into the midst of that terrible furnace. Yes, this was his thought.

I remember trying to pray, whilst my companion mocked me, and dragged me closer towards the glowing mass.

I was powerless, there was no grip to my feet, no nerve to my arm, and I felt myself being swung in the air over the fire and flames. I writhed, gave a shriek, and fell.

Slowly I awoke, and was conscious that all was not right. Dimly I could make out that some one was knocking—were they the nails being driven into my coffin? No, the knocks appeared to be at the door of my bedroom, but there was such a buzzing in my ears that nothing seemed very clear. Finally I got to the stage when I opened my eyes, and then I found myself lying on the floor holding on to the disrupted bell-pull with the morning sun streaming full in my face, whilst outside sounded Jose's musical voice,—

“Hot water, zare”

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the Autumn of 1886 I visited Egypt, where I remained several weeks, during which period I made the acquaintance of many of the most notable personages in that country

The Khedive as I read him

The Khedive at once received me in special audience,¹ and his reception of me was exceedingly flattering

"I never thought," said his Highness on greeting me, "that it would be my good fortune to see you here, but strange to say I have been dreaming about you for the past three nights, and we Mohammedans believe that what we dream about three times in succession is bound to come true, and," he added with a frank smile, "in this case you see it has"

His Highness then conversed upon general matters, and I was surprised to find how exceedingly well informed he really was. He speaks English and French fluently, his manner is most engaging. He has an honest, open countenance free from any trace of Eastern guile. Extremely

¹ The presentation was made by my friend Baron Malortie, to whom—and I may add, Dr Schweinfurth—I am indebted for many kindnesses whilst in Egypt

sensitive, he is easily impressed, and his kindness of heart runs the risk of being mistaken for weakness of character. He is a thoughtful, painstaking man, and those who speak of him as being weak and irresolute, know absolutely nothing of him. He, it is true, is not a man of particularly strong character, but at the same time he possesses a considerable determination of purpose, and, above all, he is strictly honourable in all his dealings.

His Highness honestly strives to do his duty, and his task, beset as he is by numerous intrigues, is by no means an easy one, whilst his loyalty to us is altogether unquestionable.

His loyalty
and
straight-
forward-
ness

His Highness, I must confess, most favourably impressed me. Instead of the amiable but weak ruler I had come prepared to see, I found an intelligent, well-informed man, thoroughly *au courant* with public affairs at home and abroad, and with an air of quiet dignity about him that at once commanded respect, whilst in some experiments I performed with him I had an opportunity of testing his powers of concentration.

His Highness proved to be an excellent subject, and it was with him that I first essayed the feat of writing out words thought of in Oriental characters.

His
powers of
concentration

The words selected by the Khedive were *Assis* and *Abbas*, both of which I wrote down without the slightest hesitation, and, as the *Egyptian Gazette* in chronicling the occurrence said, they were written in a "bold hand in faultless Arabic."

At the time I did not understand a single word of Arabic, and had never attempted to read or write in that language.

A model
husband
and a
model
father

The Khedive is quite a model husband, and an equally model father, bringing up his children with becoming simplicity. He drinks nothing stronger than water, and smokes not at all, although he provides his visitors with excellent cigarettes. These he gives the favoured ones with his own hand, whilst the servants pass round aromatic coffee in gorgeously bejewelled cups, shaped like egg-cups. The coffee drunk the interview comes to an end, the Khedive claps his hand, and an attendant appears. You slightly bow over his Highness's hand—given you infarewell—and then make for the door. At the door you turn, and with your right hand on your heart and your left upon your brow, make a deep salaam, and then, moving backward, take your exit.

I saw his Highness several times during my stay in Cairo, and, on my leaving for India, he did me the honour of making me the bearer of a congratulatory message to the Viceroy. Lord Dufferin holds the Khedive in high esteem, and he was much pleased at His Highness's kind thought.

An experi-
ment with
Baker
Pasha.

Whilst in Cairo I frequently met Baker Pasha, whom I had previously known in England, and a few nights before I left for Bombay, he got me to do an experiment in thought-reading with him. We had been dining with Sir Edgar Vin-

cent, and after dinner Baker said, "I have been asked to hide a pin outside, do you think you could find it?"

"Go and hide it," I replied, "and we'll see"

He hid it and returned

I took him and went out in the chill night air, followed by the other guests, and watched with wondering eyes by a few natives who happened to be abroad. The course lay down one of the avenues, and finally I stopped at a tree. The pin was stuck in the tree, but so high up that I had to climb to reach it.

I shall never forget Baker's enthusiasm when I went blindfolded up that tree and came down again bringing the pin with me.

Of all the men I met in Egypt Nubar Pasha formed the most complete study. I have seen him in his sympathetic, and in his angry moods, in his thoughtful moments, and in his abstracted ones, yet I never could quite make him out. He is, I think, the most changeable man I ever came across, and I found the task of distinguishing the real Nubar from the Nubar of the moment an exceedingly difficult one.

Nubar was looking very aged when I last saw him, and he was complaining of being out of health. He is a hard-working man, with very little time for idling. Of his genius there can be no doubt, whilst no one will deny his statesman-like qualities, not even perhaps his enemies, of whom he has many.

Nubar is too arrogant and domineering to be

a popular man, whilst the fact of his being an Armenian and a Christian serves to add to his unpopularity, but where he is not loved he is feared, and fear with the Eastern is frequently a more potent factor than love²

Nubar is the least superstitious of the pashas, many of whom would make signs behind their backs against the evil eye whenever they saw me coming

A pasha is not an ideal subject for thought-reading, for, as a general thing, he is much too fat to exert himself, and if the experiment is of any length, he invariably gets puffed and played out before you are half through with it

1. 1. 1. as
"subjects"

Here is an instance in point. One afternoon I was taking coffee with a certain notable pasha, when the subject of thought-reading came up. "Could you find a pin," said the pasha, "if I hid it in the garden below?" (We were sitting on a verandah overlooking the garden.)

I expressed my willingness to try, and whilst he hid the pin, I retired with some of his friends into an inner room in the palace.

He was a long time hiding it, but eventually we were informed that all was ready.

We returned to the verandah, and the pasha and I made a start.

² Just as this chapter is being passed for press there comes the news that at last the all powerful Nubar has fallen from his high estate, and that Rias Pasha, who is a scholar and a gentleman, has been appointed Premier in his stead.

Tortoises are not credited with having much speed, but the pace of that pasha was considerably slower than that of any tortoise I ever saw, and it struck me that at the rate we were going it would be night before we arrived at the place where the pin was

I tried to expedite matters by making a dash, but it only made things worse, for besides ^{It is the} _{pace that} ^{tells} nearly jerking the pasha off his legs, I so upset him generally that he paused to recover himself. How long it was he paused before he recovered himself I really don't know, but it seemed about an hour, and I began to calculate the days instead of the hours before I could come up with that pin.

Eventually we made another start, and this time we went in the wrong direction, and I dragged the pasha over the flower-beds and through the shrubs before we got on to the right track again. By this time the pasha, whose only idea of exercise was to walk round his billiard-table, was completely exhausted, and he sank heavily upon a seat. He was very quiet as if in deep thought, but presently he began to snore, and I knew that he, Eastern-like, had decided to solve the difficulty by sleeping over it.

I nudged him and reminded him that the pin had to be found, to which he returned answer that some one else had better find it, for he had had quite enough of it.

His decision was final, and nothing else

remained but to take some one else who knew where the pin was, and try and succeed with him I selected a younger and a thinner man, and at once went to the place where the pin was

“Thought-reading is for the young and not for the old,” said the pasha, who viewed the whole thing as a sort of out-door exercise, “unless you thought-readers hide the pins yourselves and find them yourselves, for my part I’ve had enough dragging about to last me for a lifetime,” and he leant back with a sigh that was half a groan

This chapter must necessarily be short, as I am including a detailed account of my impressions of Egypt and the Egyptians in a new work to be entirely devoted to the East. In this work I shall endeavour to throw some light upon the mysteries of the Magi, and to furnish a complete exposition of Indian juggling and so-called Oriental occultism

CHAPTER IX

AFTER my association with the Khedive, my interest in his opponent Arabi was considerably heightened, and on my arrival in Ceylon I took an early opportunity of making the exile's acquaintance. We became very friendly, and one day he invited me to breakfast with him.

Previous to entering the breakfast-room a fez-capped servant, armed with ewer and basin, met us on the threshold, and he, in true oriental fashion, poured water over our hands. This done, we took our seats at the table, Arabi at the head. I was placed on his right, whilst Yakoub Sami (ex sub-Minister of War) sat on his left. General Ali Fehmi and the pasha's son, who from time to time acted as interpreter, were also present.

The breakfast was truly a wondrous affair. All the dishes were Egyptian, and served as in Egypt. The quantity of the viands was alarming, but the quality of them led me on from dish to dish, not one being left untasted. First there came a sort of Egyptian curry—a species of stewed beef spiced in a peculiar way. This was followed by a dish of meat-stuffed vegetables—

At breakfast with Arabi

a little hot, it is true, but otherwise most savory. After this a huge dish of vermicelli made the round of the table, it was crisply baked, and covered with a thick coat of sugar. This tempting sweet-stuff appeared to be a favourite dish of the exiles, and they helped themselves plentifully to it. Your Oriental has an amazingly "sweet tooth." There came next pieces of chicken embedded in a thick white sauce, upon the surface of which were strewn little chips of fried onions. A sour following a sweet is all very well in some cases, but I must confess I fought somewhat shy of the white sauce with its onion accompaniment. The last dish but one was a green slippery mish-mash, something like spinach, with the flavour of linseed. This dish was made from a vegetable grown in Arabi's own garden, the seeds of which he had brought with him, together with other seeds for culinary purposes, from Egypt. Arabi is nothing unless he is thoroughly Egyptian in all things—even unto his daily food. We wound up with rice, balls of which the exile from time to time adroitly slipped into the mouth of a feminine mite who stood at his knee. This was the sloe-eyed, curly-headed daughter born to Arabi whilst out here, and she was the only member of the fair sex I was permitted to see during my visit, the women of the family being strictly *perdu*.

Arabi, I would add, possesses a prodigious appetite, which seems to be in no way affected by his forced exile. He eats in approved Eastern

fashion, i.e. with thumb and finger, and the mountains of bread that he disposes of would be the despair of Dr Schwenninger (who cured Bismarck of his obesity), who puts bread down as an item of food to be specially avoided by the obese

Breakfast over, we went through the process of washing hands once more, and then we adjourned to the verandah. Here was brought us aromatic coffee, served in delicate egg-shaped cups, the gift of a friend in Constantinople. We sipped our coffee and puffed away at our Egyptian cigarettes, talking the while of the weather and of other light topics. The house occupied by Arabi is very pleasantly situated in Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo. It is a decided improvement upon the one he occupied when he first arrived out here¹. And it is also in every way superior to his old barrack-like house in Abdin Street in Cairo. Elizabeth House is the name of the exile's present abode, it stands back in a large garden, in which bloom and flourish all sorts of tropical plants and trees. In this compound there has been erected, amidst a circle of flowering shrubs, a spacious summer-house, roofed with the broad leaves of the cocoanut palm. This cool retreat—Arabi's favourite resort when the sun is down—is shut off from the vulgar gaze by a hedge of bright-red shoe-flowers.

¹ Arabi left Suez on the 27th December, 1882, and arrived at Colombo on the 10th January, 1883, he has consequently been in exile upwards of five years

Arabi is an early riser, and is out of bed with the rising of the sun. He is not very fond of walking—but then what Eastern is?—but he daily takes a stroll in his garden, which for fragrance and shade surpasses anything that Cairo can boast of. During the day he reads a great deal, actively pursuing his study of English—a perfect knowledge of which *'انگلیز'* it is his ambition to acquire. At present he has not much command of the language, but his accent is good, and he is naturally very proud of the progress he has made, for when he arrived in Ceylon he could, I believe, scarcely speak a word of English.

Upon politics Arabi showed a strong disinclination to converse, and I certainly did not feel justified in questioning him with respect to such matters.

“What can I know of the situation in Egypt?” he said, “why will people ask *me*? The English Government must know best what to do. (This was in 1886) They alone can know whether it would be best to employ Turkish troops in the Soudan. I can know nothing now; all I can do is to think of what might be, and,” he added with a smile, “even my thoughts are not my own when you are by.”

I hastened, however, to reassure him as to this, pointing out that all private thoughts were sacred with me, and, by way of showing him how far my powers actually extended in this

duction, I performed one or two experiments with him

The thing that seemed to interest Arabi most of all things connected with the outside world was the present and future position of King Theebaw. He seemed surprised when I told him that no one was permitted to see the ex-ruler of Burmah (who was then a captive in Madras), when so much freedom in this direction was accorded himself by the English Government. Roughly speaking he was of opinion that if he, who had but struck a blow for liberty at the popular will, was deprived of his liberty, a monarch who had been guilty of so many wanton massacres and inexcusable atrocities ought in justice to be deprived of more than this.

Arabi's
opinion of
Theebaw

Arabi intellectually is far the Khedive's inferior, and he was not a particularly good subject for thought-reading, but I, on the whole, was fairly successful with him.

One experiment in particular deserves chronicling.

An experi-
ment with
Arabi

Arabi had read in the native Egyptian papers particulars of my experiments with the Khedive, and he was anxious for me to write out a word that he might think of.

This I agreed to, and Arabi having thought of his word, I endeavoured to write it upon one of the whitewashed pillars of his verandah.

I succeeded, however, in making nothing more than a few unintelligible scrawls.

"You are thinking of the word in English," I said

"Yes," replied Arabi, "I think of the word in English very well "

"But think of it in Arabic "

This Arabi very reluctantly did (for he was very proud of his knowledge of English), and I at once wrote out the word in Arabic characters

It was Jesus

"Now," I said, "show me how you write the word in English " He did so, and the writing bore a striking resemblance to my previous scrawlings. "Now write it in Arabic " This he did, and his handwriting closely resembled that which I had just traced out on the pillar.

"As yet," I remarked, "you think much better in your native tongue than in English "

But this Arabi would not have at all , and in proof of his assertion he produced his dictionary (to which he would frequently refer when he was at a loss for a word), and showed me the word Jesus in Latin and Arabic characters side by side I explained that I did not doubt his familiarity with the word in both languages, but that I could not write what he could not himself form , but only that which he himself could write.

Arabi, I am afraid, was but half satisfied, and he to this day, I daresay, wonders why I wrote out a word in Arabic when he was so anxious

to prove that he could think of it just as well in English.

On the whole Arabi appears to be fairly content (save that he does not think his allowance sufficient for his increasing family), and the complaints he had to make were almost solely levelled against the weather and the mosquitoes.

"It is always warm here," he said over and over again in his broken English—"no change, never cold in winter as in Cairo, and the mosquitoes are much more troublesome," and he pointed with unfeigned disgust to several punctures which appeared just above the tattoo marks on his left fore-arm. I certainly had up to this been under the impression that a real Egyptian mosquito was a wretch unequalled for its low cunning and general bloodthirstiness, but it would appear that either I have been mistaken, or that Arabi's patriotic feelings have led him astray in thus setting up excuses on behalf of one of the plagues of Egypt.

Psychologically considered, Arabi Pasha is not a very difficult problem. He is neither very bright nor very dull. He does not possess a subtle intellect, and he would not shine in finesse. He, however, gives one the impression of being honest and straightforward, slow to think, but tenacious of an idea. Swift to anger, but quick to forgive. He possesses apparently but little knowledge of the world, knows nothing of statecraft, and is, above all things, the opposite of dodgy. With an Oriental dodginess is a

Arabi
psycho-
logically
considered

virtue, and it is quite refreshing to see that Arabi is by nature frank and truthful. In manner he is a little brusque, and his natural reserve might at first sight be taken for sullenness. There is a certain dignity about him, however, and his fine stalwart presence is such as to at once command respect. Whilst he would, I venture to think, be quite out of his element as a conductor of State affairs, I know of no one who could better take the popular fancy in Egypt than Arabi. In almost any country, however, he would probably be a leader of men—always of the people, yet commanding them; and one can well understand how the fellaheen, whilst looking upon him as one of themselves, came to regard him as the true exponent of liberty, and the rightful redresser of the people's wrongs.

Arabi's
expecta-
tion of the
future

Arabi, I believe, expects much of the Radical party in England, amongst whom Mr. Henry Labouchere is the one he appears to hold in the greatest admiration, and he begged of me to convey his hearty greetings to the senior member for Northampton.

Alas! Arabi, your expectations, I fear, will not be realized. You may, whilst sitting on the verandah, dreamily watching the smoke of your cigar curl and wind amongst the luxuriant foliage that surrounds you, think that your exile is but temporary, and that the time will not be long before you are called upon to assume what many people think to be your proper place in

connection with Egyptian affairs , but you will, I think, find that each succeeding government, whether Radical or Constitutional, will probably feel that the interests of Egypt will be best served by your remaining where you are

This may be unjust, but it, under the circumstances, is probably the wisest course to pursue, for the presence of Arabi in Egypt would not fail to be in the end productive of mischief , and it would be better for Arabi, instead of buoying himself up with the idea that his exile is but temporary, to make up his mind that he has come to Ceylon to stay

CHAPTER X

I AM often asked which nationality provides the best "subjects," and this is, I need hardly say, not an easy question to answer

I have found good "subjects" amongst all the civilized nations, and occasionally amongst the uncivilized, but the more intelligent and intellectual a people are, the greater number of good "subjects" do they produce

About nationalities In an audience composed equally of English, French, Germans, Russians, Italians, Austrians, Spaniards, Hungarians, and Americans, I should, I think, have the greatest number of successes with the Germans, and with the Hungarians the least, whilst with an audience composed of Turks, Tartars, Chinese, Maories, Hindoos, Negroes, and Red Indians, success would mainly depend upon the individual intelligence of the person I experimented with. For whilst human nature, ethically considered, is very much alike all the world over, it, viewed from a psychological stand-point, bristles with contrasts

The white man, however much he may physically resemble another white man, does not always think like his fellow; and the same

may be said of the black, the yellow, or the red man, and although two persons may arrive simultaneously at the same conclusion, each person in doing so will probably have pursued a different mental path

Alike, yet
how un-
like

In my experiments this is often strikingly exemplified; one man will have his way of giving me the indication of the direction of a hidden pin and another another, the method of expression seldom being alike, although the pins may be hid in precisely the same spot

The pompous man takes his time over his experiment, refusing to be hurried either mentally or physically, whilst the nervous man, as I have already pointed out in another chapter, trembles at everything he approaches. The sly man thinks how, without breaking his word, he can best throw you off the scent, and the sceptic how to keep himself passive

The pom-
pous man

Then there are the listless folk, who think it a "deuced bore, dontcherknow," that they should be asked to think of anything, and the indifferent, limp kind of creatures, who seem to tumble to pieces at every jerk you give them

The listless
man

There is also the impetuous young man, who knocks over sundry chairs and ornaments in his anxiety to reach the goal, and the jolly man, who thinks it an awful lark this thought-reading, and, without a single sensible idea in his empty noddle, imagines he looks "awfully wise" as he winks knowingly at his friends during his peregrinations about the room

The jolly
man

The
"clever
chap"

The fussy man, who is not at all satisfied with the way you are going about your work, and who stops every moment to tell you so, is another familiar character, and so is the "clever chap," who knows how everything is done, and who wants, in consequence, to tell you where the thing is, because he "wouldn't spoil a trick for the world" The "clever chap" is a thought-reader's *bite-noire*, he is invariably completely ignorant of the subject, but he imagines he knows it "down to the ground," and the airs he gives himself in consequence are most ridiculous The "clever chap" is sure to be a bit of an amateur conjuror, and as such frequently gives his friends a few worn-out card-tricks which he calls "thought-reading," and having no knowledge whatever of the scientific aspects of the real thought-reading, puts all experiments one does down as "fakes," which he of course knows how to do, but who "wouldn't give the thing away for the world"

The fair sex in their way offer equally striking contrasts

"The
strong-
minded"
female

There is the hysterical young lady, who is afraid you are going to mesmerize her directly you take her hand, and who is apt to break down in the midst of an experiment, the dashing young lady, who makes the experiment an opportunity for showing off, the strong-minded female, who will lead you a pretty dance all over the place, or she'll know the reason why, with her "Read my thoughts, indeed? I'd like to see the man who could do *that*"

Then there are the giggling, giddy creatures, who haven't the remotest idea what concentration of thought means, and the fussy dames of an uncertain age whose one idea is how they are looking in the men's eyes

With respect to women as "subjects," it is quite an error to imagine that I achieve success more readily with women than with men. On the contrary, I find women as a general thing too nervous and highly strung to make "good subjects." It is all very well if the experiment be a simple one, and does not take long to carry out, but if it be at all intricate—especially if performed in a public audience—one runs the risk of failure unless the lady be a person of exceptional concentration of thought and determination of purpose. For not only are women unable to bear the strain of continued mental concentration, but they soon get nervous and flurried (that is, when they don't giggle and smirk), when things are not going all right, and with the natural perversity of their sex they begin to think of every object, that is every hat or bonnet in the room, instead of the object originally thought of, whilst some such notions as these find place in their thoughts—"How very absurd Miss Smith looks in that hat!" "Miss Brown is beginning to look quite old." "There is Mr. Robinson looking at me, I believe he's laughing at me, no wonder, for I'm sure I look ridiculous marching up and down here—in front of those horrid Jones girls, too!"

Women as
subjects

And the experiment terminates abruptly

There are of course countless exceptions to the rule , and I have at different times performed some remarkably interesting experiments with women, my best subject being the Queen Regent of Spain

A galaxy
of "good
subjects

In the world of rank and fashion parades before my memory a long array of those with whom I have successfully experimented, foremost among them being the Queen of Portugal, the Crown Princess of Austria, several Austrian Archduchesses and Russian Grand Duchesses, the Princess Hohenlohe, the Princess Metternich, the Comtesse de Paris, the Infantas Isabel and Eulalia, the Countess Taafe, the Countess Andrassy, the Countess of Derby, the Lady Jersey, the Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Reay, the Baroness Henry de Worms, Madame Lucca, &c , &c , &c , and behind them are grouped the Imperial, royal and noble folk whose thoughts I have read by deputy, or with whom I have had but indifferent success

Madame
Adam and
Madame de
Novikoff

Amongst literary women with whom I have experimented I consider Madame Edmond Adam and Madame de Novikoff to be the two best "subjects" They are alike, yet wholly unlike , both are clever, fascinating women, capable of great concentration of thought and fixedness of purpose , but there the similarity ends The Frenchwoman is quick, sympathetic and impulsive , the Russian calm, subtle and reflective , yet with either I should be equally successful in any experiment that I might try

With Miss Braddon I did not have any great success, on the whole, she was a disappointing "subject" Instead of finding her a woman of the marked determination that I had been led to expect from her writings, she seemed to be exceedingly distraught, and I think I should be right in saying that I had greater difficulty with her than with any other woman of note

Were I to enumerate the various experiments I have performed with distinguished women—when one experiment is so much like another—I should certainly run the risk of becoming wearisome to the reader, and this, above all things, I am anxious to avoid

Although as a general thing women do not "pan out" well as "subjects" for thought-reading, they, in their natural nervousness, make excellent "subjects" for what is called "willing"—the phase of experiment in which they are what is termed "willed" to do certain things desired by the person or persons who have hold of them

The general method is for a lady to stand in the middle of the room, for two so-called "willers"—either ladies or gentlemen, but chiefly the former—to place their hands upon her body (principally round the waist or on the shoulders), and to "will" her to find a certain object or to do a certain thing they have determined upon. In due course the lady moves off in the direction desired by the "operators," and frequently interprets their wishes to the letter.

How it is
done

But there is no thought-reading about this sort of thing, for the subject simply obeys the muscular pressure unconsciously or consciously exercised upon her by those who have hold of her. In nine cases out of ten she is simply pushed to the spot—or, if she be an unwilling subject, directed there—where the object selected is, and when she is there, she has only to exercise a little common sense to know what the thing is. If it be a candlestick, she is pushed or dragged to, and she feels a downward pressure in the direction of that object, she must be singularly obtuse if she does not take it up, and if, when she has taken it up, she is “willed” to go to where there is a match-box or a bundle of spills she would be denser still if she did not proceed to light the candle, or, having lit it, to blow it out if she receives muscular indications to that effect.

“How could she know she had to blow out the candle?” I have heard credulous folk say, after witnessing, open-mouthed, the termination of such an experiment. “It is quite certain no one told her to do so.”

“That may be so,” I have replied, “but in such matters one does not need to be told by word of mouth what to do, signs are quite as good as words.”

“What, do you mean to say that those who had hold of her signed for her to do so? Really this is monstrous.”

Further ex-
planation

“Pardon me, I don’t mean to infer that they

did it consciously, but that they did it unconsciously they believe they can 'will' a person to do a certain thing, and when they have hold of the subject, the expression of their will takes the form of muscular indications in direction of the object thought of. The lady goes in that direction, takes up the object which is a candle, this done, the 'willers,' who have determined that she shall light the candle, give further muscular indications of what their intentions are. These she follows out, and having lit the candle, she is desired to blow it out. she, I agree with you, is not told to do so in words, but when a person's face is brought level with the flame of a candle from the point of view of those who are holding her, she must be either very obstinate or very stupid if she does not blow it out."

But your out-and-out believer in "willing" refuses to accept any such explanation, preferring to believe that one person's will is exercised over another in some inexplicable way, wholly independent of any muscular indications. Some people even go so far as to say that I do not understand my own experiments, the theory that I have advanced affording a wholly inadequate explanation of some of the things I have performed. This, I cannot help thinking, is somewhat ridiculous, for I certainly should be the best judge of what I myself perform.

The reply of the "true believer"

In the following and concluding chapter, I have given a brief explanation of the *modus*

operands of thought-reading, and I can only hope that much of the mystery which has surrounded experiments of this kind will for once and all be dispelled thereby

Those who
make the
best "sub-
jects"

"Who make the best 'subjects'?" is another question I am frequently asked, to which I can only reply that whilst some persons actually are more suitable for experiments of this kind than others, every intelligent, thoughtful man who will act up to the conditions imposed upon him, is sure to be a "good subject," and that with such folk, I, in nine cases out of ten should be successful. It may also be safely said that the higher one goes, the more certain the chances of success, for small-minded people do not hesitate to trick and lie in their desire to be considered smarter than the "operator," whilst the truly great in thought and position, having once undertaken to observe the conditions, never stoop to such pettiness.

Taking all in all, I have found the best "subjects" among statesmen, diplomatists, mathematicians, literary men, and all those engaged in active brain-work. Whilst, at different times, I have been brought in contact with almost every statesman and diplomatist of note, and have successfully experimented with the majority of those I have met, there are still some with whom I have not had an opportunity of trying my hand. Prince Bismarck, for instance, I have as yet been unable to do more than observe, but I am in hopes of eventually having an opportu-

nity of seeing how the great statesman thinks His Highness, I know, is interested in my work, but on each occasion I was in Berlin, the pressure upon his time prevented him from giving the time necessary for a careful investigation of my experiments, and Prince Bismarck is not the man to do things by halves. The Princess Bismarck, Count William, and the Count and Countess Rantzau (Count Herbert was away from Berlin), however, assisted at some of my *séances*, and I found Count William an excellent "subject"

The Princess struck me as being an exceedingly amiable, kind-hearted woman, and her frankness, general unassumingness, and the absence of all "side," impressed me much. "Side" is peculiarly English, and you seldom meet with it on the continent. The Frenchman may be priggish, the Russian bearish, the Italian vain, the Spaniard formal, and the German stiff, but the "stand off, I don't know you and don't want to know you" air is the sort of thing only met with in this country.

Prince Bismarck is always depicted as a stern, unbendable man of 'blood and iron,' fierce in his passions and relentless in his hatreds, but the gentler side of his character appears to have been overlooked by his critics. He struck me as being first of all a man of indomitable will, as instanced in the knitted brows, the determinedness of the lips, and the steely, steadfast look of the eyes, but this I took to be the outer man,

the steel casket encasing the jewel, for there is an inner Bismarck, wholly distinct from that outer Bismarck which the world sees and forms its judgment upon

The outer
and inner
Bismarck

The inner Bismarck is a creature of profound human sympathies and of almost shrinking sensitiveness, just, truthful, honest and loyal, but how far the outer man controls the inner one, I—at present at least—am unable to say

Bismarck has been censured for the relentlessness with which he is said to hate, but I must confess that I admire a good hater, and I do not hold in any great esteem the man who turns the other cheek to the smiter

The implacable hater, who neither forgives nor forgets, and whose enmity is at once straightforward and apparent, has at least strength of character, and is worth a million of the 'say-nothing-to-nobody' sort of folk, who whilst with true Christian humility are offering the unsmitten cheek, are inwardly praying that at some future time they may be fully revenged upon you

If a man with *malice prepense* does me an injury, I, instead of praying for that man or requesting him to do me another injury, am, I fear, sufficiently human to desire the eye for the eye, and the tooth for the tooth. I have no liking for the man who hates to-day, and makes it up to-morrow, only to hate again the day after

• Another person I hold in but little esteem is The all-round popular man, the all-round popular man. For no man can be popular with every one unless he is one of two things, either a most unmitigated humbug, or a man with absolutely no will of his own. No truly great man can possibly be universally popular, for to do this you must be continually holding the candle to the devil, or for ever saying yes to everybody's yes, and no to his no, and directly you venture to say no to another man's yes, you, as a general thing, at once lose with him whatever popularity you may have possessed. To be on good terms with the world, you must agree with it in everything, for there is nothing that a man—next to your knowing more than he does—dislikes so much as to find any one in disagreement with him. If a man moves out of the rut of commonplace, and ventures to make his own pace, he is at once considered odd, whilst to be outspoken with respect to the shams and frivolities with which life is surrounded is the surest thing in the world to make himself enemies. For society hates to be told of its frivolities, or to be reminded of its shams, and holds dear none but those who call its follies wisdom, and who turn the blind eye to its hypocrisies.

It, therefore, invariably happens that the person of whom every one has a good word to say—the person whom “you are sure to like” will be altogether disappointing, whilst the alleged disagreeable man—who is sure to have something

striking about him, or he would not be called disagreeable—will, in nine cases out of ten, turn out to be just the opposite. The bulk of mankind are not only exceedingly commonplace, but they have no power of discernment, and they see in the man who is precisely in accord with them in all things, and who has not sufficient strength of character to be otherwise, everything that is charming and agreeable, whilst the man who, by virtue of his independence, happens to upset any one of their cherished commonplace convictions, is certain to be unpopular.

and the
unpopular
man

But my experience has taught me that the strictly popular man will never put himself out of the way to do anything for you, whilst the, in the world's eyes, unpopular man will invariably do whatever you in reason may require of him. For the simple reason that the former is, as a rule, a coward and a snob at heart, and is fearful of helping you lest he might jeopardize his popularity—and there is nothing that society resents so much as this doing something for another—whilst the latter, who is almost sure to be a man of sterling worth, doesn't care a snap of the fingers what other people think, but acts upon his own judgment.

Now and again, of course, you come across a man who is naturally disagreeable, and who deserves all that is said of him, whilst there are others who have their right side and their wrong side, and you have to be careful how you take them. It is, however, as a rule, your

own fault if you do not get on with them. But the world—which never admits itself to be in the wrong—will, of course, assert that it is the man's fault because he is out of joint with it, for it is for him to be like the rest of the world, and not for the rest of the world to be making allowance for his peculiarities. Clearly a man has no right to be different from the majority of mankind, and so rank a heresy as individuality ought to be discountenanced in the strongest possible manner.

Yet, see what a grand figure Bismarck, with his marked individuality, presents! The cold, calculating man of blood and iron, pitiless in his hate and despotic in thought and deed, if you will, but still the arbiter of peace or war, and the centre-piece upon which the eyes of the whole world are riveted, and at his feet I, for one, am proud to sit and admire.

Since Gortchakoff died, Bismarck has had no rival worthy of his steel, for between the great Russian and his successor there is a broad gulf.

It was not my good fortune to meet Prince Gortchakoff, but I have had the honour of meeting M. de Giers, who, although he has none of Gortchakoff's greatness, is a remarkable man in many ways. In manner he is quiet and reserved, and he has a nervous way of pacing up and down the room whilst he is conversing with you. His features are of the Semitic type, whilst his eyes are of extraordinary size,

not full staring orbs, but soft and shy like a gazelle's. It is a face that once seen is not likely to be forgotten.

M de Giers is a hard-working, plodding man, patient under rebuffs, and with a quiet persistency that causes, in the end, many seemingly impossible things to become possible, but his best friend would not, I think, say he was a man of great parts. He is useful, but he is not powerful, and whilst at heart a man of peace, it is little that he could do to stay the dogs of war if the real power behind the throne had determined upon their being loosed.

The chief
of M de
Giers

M de Giers does not create a policy, but simply prepares to order, he is the figure that works, but other hands pull the strings.

Just now, Russia's policy, as declared at St Petersburg, is "peace and good-will to all mankind," and M de Giers is the man for the moment. But, in the event of war, the reins of government would, I doubt not, pass into firmer hands.

I say in the event of war, for these piping days of peace are believe me, not going to last for ever.

It is just possible that, after all, Russia may mean well, but I, for one, am no great believer in Russia's peaceful professions. If Russia can get to Constantinople, she will, and the same may be said of India, and the protection of our Eastern dependency does not lie in Russia's disinterested avowals, but in our readiness and

strength to resist attack When Russia is most peaceful she is most dangerous , and when she is most profuse in her protestations that her intentions are strictly honourable, one does not require to be a thought-reader to tell that she in reality is actuated by quite a different policy.

When Russia is most peaceful she is most dangerous

I am far from being a Russophobe, for, in spite of its hateful bureaucracy, there is much in Russia that I like and admire , but that does not prevent my distrusting that country's foreign policy It is only natural that Russia should want all she can get , but it behoves us to see that she doesn't get what we want, or what we have already got Were I a Russian, the foreign policy that Russia adopts would doubtless commend itself to me , but being an Englishman, it doesn't

General Ignatieff, of whom I have already related my impressions, is, without doubt, one of the ablest diplomatists in Russia , and he appears to have stepped in front of the veteran diplomat, Count Peter Schouvaloff, the at one time Ambassador in London Count Peter, during the reign of the late Tzar, was all-powerful, so much so that his power was said to be greater even than that of the Tzar, and he went by the name of Peter IV , but he has of late fallen somewhat from his high estate, and his influence in Russia at the present moment is relatively small He, unlike his brother, the present Ambassador at Berlin, is not a *persona*

Count Peter Schouvaloff

grata with the Emperor, who with all his natural kindness and generous instincts, is a man of strong prejudices and of a somewhat unforgiving nature, and his Majesty does not forget certain events which occurred years ago when Count Peter was head of the Third Section, and he was simply his father's second son, with no apparent prospect of succeeding to the throne

Peter Schouvaloff is a kindly, courteous gentleman, a thorough man of the world, and much courted by society. As a thought-reading subject, I found him somewhat distant, and not easy to read, but, at the same time, thoroughly honest. Both he and his brother were exceedingly attentive to me when I was in St Petersburg, and I am indebted to them for many little kindnesses. Count Paul, the most hospitable of men, seemed to be quite disappointed when, on leaving for Warsaw, I called to say good-bye, and there was nothing more that he could do for me.

Count Paul
Schouva-
loff

“You have come to say good-bye?” he said, in his frank, cheery way, “but what, *mon ami*, does this good-bye mean? We, in Russia, do not understand the word. We understand *au revoir*, but for one who has been with us so short a time to come and say good-bye, that is a thing we don't understand. But if it must be—and I see it must—well ‘good-bye’ and good luck, and remember us to General and Madame Gourko,” and pressing some letters of

introduction upon me, with a hearty shake of the hand, we parted

Of all the diplomatists with whom I have experimented, Count Julius Andrassy gave me the most trouble. Talleyrand has told us that language was given to man to disguise his thoughts, and I certainly know of no man who runs Ignatieff so close in the ability to make words seive as a cloak to hide his intentions as Andrassy. His Excellency is a limp, placid man, with an air of the most perfect *nonchalance*, and I found it practically impossible to pierce his natural listlessness, and it seemed to be a matter of complete indifference to him whether I succeeded or failed in the experiment I was trying.

Count Andrassy is a most astute politician, whom Prince Bismarck holds in the highest regard, I can vouch for the fact that no one is better able to keep his thoughts to himself than he. Count Andrassy is always the diplomat, and, in order to find what the actual man was like, one would have to scratch pretty deep, whilst the extraordinary control that he has over his muscles enables him to avoid giving, unless he is so disposed, any indication in that direction.

Although not quite so bad as Alexandre Dumas—who, among distinguished men, I look upon as my worst "subject"—Count Andrassy was a very bad "subject"—in fact one of the worst.

The celebrated Frenchman had a deep interest

in thought-reading, and, although he undoubtedly did his best to act up to the conditions, I experienced the greatest difficulty in getting at his thoughts

M Alex-
andre
Dumas,

M Dumas is singularly unemotional, and it is not easy to understand how so hard and matter-of-fact a man can so skilfully portray the emotions of others. I had, from his writings, expected to have met in M Dumas a warm-hearted man, full of fire and enthusiasm, and I must confess to have been somewhat taken aback when I discovered how cold and unsympathetic, almost unto gloominess, he, in reality, was. He prides himself on his will-power and power of self-control, and he would probably consider any emotional display on his part as being little short of a crime.

An experi-
ment with
M Dumas,

Difficult, however, as M Dumas was, I eventually succeeded with him. The experiment consisted of finding an article which he had hid somewhere in his daughter's house, where I was spending the evening, and I never had such a chase after a thing before. Upstairs and downstairs we went, now fast, and now slow, whirling this way and that way, until I became completely exhausted. But still my "subject" gave no indication of the whereabouts of the article thought of, remaining, as from the first, in passive antagonism. Not a muscle of his body twitched, nor did his pulse throb one beat faster the whole time, and were it not for the fact that the hand I grasped was of

flesh and blood, I certainly might have thought that I was operating with an automaton

How it was I got on the right tack at last, I cannot say, but I did so, and finally found the object. Perhaps M. Dumas relaxed his will somewhat, or had become wearied with the continued junketing about the room, and wished it over, anyhow, I suddenly received an indication to go in a certain direction, and, following it up, I came to a cabinet in an adjoining room, before which we paused. Even then M. Dumas seemed in antagonism to me, and I had the greatest difficulty in getting him to think of the exact place in that cabinet where the object was. This he did with what appeared to me, standing there blindfolded with his hand in mine, some reluctance, but I received a sufficiently correct impression to make for one of the drawers, which I pulled out. In this drawer was a packet, and, taking it up, I said, "This is the thing."

To which M. Dumas made no reply.

This puzzled me, for I was certain that unless my "subject" had been purposely leading me astray, the packet was the object thought of.

"This is the thing," I repeated, taking off my blindfold.

"Well!" was the simple rejoinder, as he eyed me coldly, I might almost say sternly.

"Well, if that is all, my task is done," I said, laying the packet on the table.

"But it is not all," replied M. Dumas without moving a muscle

"All right," I said, somewhat disheartened, "I must try again then, for I am determined to succeed with you." So I blindfolded myself again, and re-took M. Dumas by the hand, but his thoughts still went to the uninteresting brown paper parcel, which I took up and turned over, fumbled at the string tied round it, and at last, from sheer desperation rather than inspiration, to open the cover

"I feel," I said, "that you want this thing to stay with me, for whenever I put it down your thoughts go to it, as if you wish it picked up again, and, when I pick it up, your thoughts, as it were, come to a standstill."

but in the
end un-
successful

"You are quite right," he replied, "it is meant for you—that is the experiment."

"Meant for me?" I said to myself, "what on earth is it?" And, pulling off the cover, I saw a copy of "*La Dame aux Camélias*," and in it was written, "*À M. Cumberland, hommage de l'auteur, Alexandre Dumas*"

"I never thought you would be able to find it," he said, "for I am not what you would term a *bon sujet*," and, at the recollection of the difficulty I had had with him, he smiled. It was a cold, wintry, cheerless sort of smile, but still it was the first I had seen upon his face during the whole evening.

In spite, however, of his unsympathetic exterior and repellant manner, Alexandre

Dumas is at heart by no means unkindly, and the test which he had arranged for me showed the kindly bent of his thoughts, whilst his natural self-willedness put every obstacle in my way of carrying the experiment to a successful conclusion. It appears that had I not found the book by reading his thoughts, the author had intended placing it in my hands on leaving.

A kindly thought and a strong will

M. Dumas, I should add, goes to bed at an early hour,¹ and immediately upon the conclusion of the experiment, he returned to his sanctum, where he invited me to join him, and smoke a cigar. This I was afterwards informed was a very great honour.

A great honour

Amongst English diplomatists, I have found some excellent "subjects," and it would be difficult to say which was the best, but if there was one with whom I was more rapidly successful than another, it was Sir Edward Malet, our ambassador at Berlin.

Sir Edward Malet

Sir Edward is one of the most sympathetic men I know, and the *beau-ideal* subject for thought-reading. As a diplomatist he is a success, because he is not for ever

¹ His daily life is, according to what one hears, a model of regularity. In summer he rises at six, and in winter at seven. On rising, he drinks a glass of milk, and at noon he takes his breakfast, a plain, simple meal. His dinner-hour is seven, and by ten he is generally in bed. His work is therefore done in the daytime. This is not as it used to be, but as it is now, for Alexandre Dumas is beginning to feel old.

attempting to over-reach those with whom he has diplomatic relations, and thus avoids roughing up those with whom it is imperative he should get on smoothly. Diplomats have their weak sides like other folk, and there is nothing they resent so much as another's persistent attempts to get the better of them, and it not infrequently happens that the sharp, shrewd man who distrusts every one, and gives himself away to no one, makes the most unsuccessful diplomatist, for to be successful in diplomacy, one must have a certain measure of popularity, and you would-be Machiavelli invariably manages to make himself generally unpopular. The first thing a diplomatist should be is a gentleman, the second, an honest man, and the third, firm and (as far as possible) truthful in all his dealings.

The duties
of a diplo-
matist

In these days a diplomatist has little else to do beyond maintaining the dignity of the country he represents, and making himself socially agreeable, and this art Sir Edward Malet thoroughly understands.

Our One
Man idea

In England we are not much given to hero-worship, but we are apparently great believers in the One Man idea, causing us to look upon Lord Wolseley as our only general, Mr Gladstone (up to very recently) as our only statesman, and Lord Dufferin as our only diplomatist. How far popular opinion has been correct with regard to the two first-named, I, in my inexperience of such matters, must leave it to

others to say, but with respect to Lord Dufferin, numerous opportunities have been afforded me of forming an independent opinion upon the work done by him, and, in the result, I am not inclined to question the decision which the British public has arrived at

Lord Dufferin is remarkable not only for his ability but for his popularity, and he is about the only man of note I can think of who comes up to all the good things that are said of him. Brilliant in conversation and fascinating in manner, he charms all with whom he comes in contact, and no man living knows better how to retain a friend or to convert a foe. His tact is something extraordinary, and no one ever heard of his making a *faux pas*.

Your all-round amiable man is, as a rule, either weak or lacking in dignity, but Lord Dufferin is neither, and he manages to blend dignity with amiability with the greatest possible success. Lord Dufferin's motto is that politeness is a salve that heals many wounds, and no one who has the faintest claims to his recognition remains unnoticed. This has been singularly exemplified in his dealings with the natives, who have been treated during his viceroyalty with a consideration hitherto unknown. Lord Dufferin has not made the mistake of considering one class of the community only—and that the noisiest and most unworthy—but he has done his best to consider all classes, making distinctions where distinctions were necessary,

at the same time taking due precautions against wounding the susceptibilities of any one. He has, it is true, not pandered to that section of the community which manages to find so many sympathizers amongst the sentimentalists in this country, who know no more about India and Indian affairs than the man in the moon, but in cementing the friendship of the various native princes, he has done a thousand times better. Lord Dufferin is far-seeing enough to know that in time of danger, those who now cry out most would serve us the least, and that the true support would come from those who have swords in their hands and armies at their backs.

The policy
of Lord
Ripon

It is not for me to criticize Lord Ripon's policy, but this much I can say, that whatever may be the outcome of it in the future, it has in the present been productive of nothing but discontent, and one hears more disloyalty uttered to-day than at any time since the mutiny.

The voice
of the Ben-
gali Baboo

It is simply ridiculous because a number of Baboo agitators air their vanity or spleen in the public press, and on the platform, to imagine there is any real national movement on foot in India in the direction of what is termed constitutionalism. There is a good deal of talk in this country just now about the "just aspirations of the Indian people," but who and what are the "Indian people" no one seems to be very clear, and public opinion runs the risk of being led astray in the clamour that is being raised.

• The British public knows less of India than of any of our dependencies, and the fact that Bengal is not all India, and that the Bengalis have no more right to speak for India than the Secessionist Province of Nova Scotia to speak for the whole of Canada, seems to be entirely overlooked, even by those who ought to know better

The Bengali Baboo, with his silk hat and patent leather shoes, to be seen in London drawing-rooms and on the electioneering stage, no more represents Indian native opinion than a converted redskin, similarly attired, could be said to represent the various tribes of North America. The Baboo simply represents a class—the most disloyal and objectionable class in all India. There is nothing in common between him and the Mahommedans, the Sikhs, the Mahiattas, and the Rajpúts, who view him alike with hatred and contempt, and were it not for our presence in India, would make short work of him and his class. Sir Lepel Griffin, one of the ablest of Anglo-Indian officials, as well as perhaps the most fearless, is all for keeping the Baboo in his place, for there is no knowing to what this constant preaching of sedition may tend. In a speech to the natives of Central India the other day, Sir Lepel, referring to the Baboos, whose clamour was just then at its loudest, said “You are their superiors in ability, in strength, and in courage, they are only your superiors in noise and volu-

Sir Lepel
Griffin on
Fetters.

bility If they should be your leaders, it would be an army of lions commanded by grasshoppers”

The evolu-
tion of the
Baboo

How true this is any one who has had any acquaintance with the Bengalis will know The East India Company found the Bengalis the “willing and humble slaves of any strong master,” and as such they remained as long as they were under the Company’s rule But immediately India passed out of the hands of the Company into those of her Majesty’s Government, all this was changed, and the Bengalis, from being the cringing servants of the past, became the Government’s favoured protégés, and to-day they aim at being the Government’s masters This is a sorry return for all the paternal care that has been bestowed upon them, but gratitude is the last thing that concerns a Bengali He forgets that he owes his independence, his improved condition, and all the education that he boasts so much of to British rule, and, like the viper that has been warmed in the philanthropist’s bosom, turns round and rends his benefactor

Those who have encouraged the latter developments of Babooism have much to answer for, and it will probably take years to undo—if ever it is undone—the mischief that has been wrought, for, emboldened by the absence of all apparent risk, and encouraged by the sentimentalists at home, the agitators have gone on preaching sedition until to-day the discontent is no longer

confined to Bengal, but has spread to other provinces, whilst the loyal races of India, the "army of lions," as Sir Lepel Griffin would put it, wonder how such a thing could be. Holding as they do the Bengalis in such sovereign contempt, they naturally resent the statement that the voice of Babooism is the true voice of native India. But whilst a jackass brays a lion is silent, and we over here know nothing of what the bone and sinew of India as distinct from the flabby, loquacious agitators who never fail to make themselves heard, really think.

Ask the Nizam of Hyderabad, the most powerful prince in India, the Maharajahs of Gwalior, Indore and Mysore, the Maharajahs, Rajahs, and Thakores of Rajputana and Kattivar, or any of the warlike chiefs of Northern India, what they think of the Bengalis, and if the voice of the Baboo is the voice of India. I asked this over and over again, and the answer was always in the negative, whilst one great prince to whom I put the question pointed to his sword and said, "That would be our answer had we a free hand."

There are doubtless many anomalies still existing in connection with our rule in India, but Babooism—which is entirely self-seeking, aims at the upsetting of our rule rather than the remedying of abuses—is not a movement calculated to do much in the matter of reform.

A true sympathizer with genuine native sen-

The Baboos and Lord Dufferin

timent, Lord Dufferin does not hold with Babooism, and I am not surprised to hear that the Baboo agitators have taken exception to a memorial to his Excellency on the ground that he has "failed to carry out the policy of Lord Ripon" The memorial takes, I believe, the form of a statue of Lord Dufferin and a portrait of Lady Dufferin, and it is, I suppose, specially hurtful to these malcontents, that the memory of the present viceroy shall be so perpetuated when—beyond the highly coloured prints posted up in the Calcutta or Bombay bazaars of (so runs the Baboo English explaining the daub) "His Honoured Enormity, Lord Ripon"—there is nothing of the "People's Friend" in the way of art upon which they can feast their eyes

The good work done by Lord and Lady Dufferin

Respecting Lord Dufferin's policy in connection with Burmah, and the general policy of his administrator, it is not for me to express an opinion, my task being simply to touch upon matters which came under my personal observation whilst in India, and so far as I could judge, Lord Dufferin appeared to have won the admiration and respect of every thinking person in India, and to have aroused in quarters where most desired a feeling of loyalty towards the Crown, whilst Lady Dufferin's generous efforts to improve the condition of the women of India will be known to every reader of current literature

The Baboo's swagge

With respect to the Baboo, it is strange that no visitor to India who sees much of him has a

good word to say for him. His arrogance and swaggering insolence impress you unfavourably at first sight, and he is an animal that does not improve on acquaintance, indeed, the more you know of him the more you dislike him, and you eventually come to the conclusion that nothing short of a good sound kicking will ever teach him politeness, and the most Christian of men who have much to do with him are often sorely tempted to commit an assault.

I have, I fear, not a very great stock of ^{I am} patience, and on one occasion a Baboo ticket-seller at one of the stations so completely ex-^{tempted}hausted the little I possess, that I was sorely tempted to "forget myself." But with a supreme effort (for which I take great pride to myself, the provocation being great), I restrained myself, and simply told him he was a donkey.

Never shall I forget the look upon that man's face when that awful word left my lips. Horror, hatred, and disgust quickly followed each other, and, as I watched him, I wondered if so mild a form of opprobrium could so deeply move him, what would have been the effect of something more emphatic?

"I—I, donkey!" he stammered, as if he could not believe his own ears. ^{A B! 15,}
^{indigna-}
^{tion}

He a donkey, a full-fledged Baboo, who had probably taken his degree at the Calcutta University, and who could not only recite "Paradise Lost" from memory, but probably write original verse—he a donkey!

Well, it certainly was a terrible epithet to make use of to so distinguished a man, but, as I have already said, the provocation was great. He had kept me waiting fiddling with my ticket, which, in spite of all his erudition, he appeared to be unable to make head or tail of, whilst the train, already late, was on the point of going without me.

“You called me a donkey, did you not?” he said, as soon as he could find sufficient breath to get out the phrase.

“I certainly did, but as it appears to have hurt your feelings, I won’t repeat it, although your stupidity bids fair to make me lose my train.”

He muttered something to himself, and then turned his attention to the tickets, which he eventually mastered and returned to me with the remark that if Lord Ripon had been at Calcutta, I wouldn’t have dared to have made use of such a word; and that as it was he had a good mind to report me.

Tremble
ye at Lord
Ripon’s
name

Poor man! he thought I was an official, and the encouragement which he and his had received under the previous administration had so mounted his head that as he sat half asleep in his ticket-box where I came to disturb him, he was probably dreaming of the high post he would hold when the native element took its proper place in government of the country. Hence the tears.

But the story has a sequel.

The Baboo unbudened his vexed soul to a friend of mine, and asked his advice upon the matter

My friend, who is a bit of a wag, assured him that he had misunderstood me, and that instead of being offended, he in fact ought to be rejoiced.

There were, he pointed out, two words precisely similar in sound, one was "donkey," and the other "*donkee*," and that whilst to call a man the former was anything but polite, the latter was an especial term of endearment.

A term of
endear-
ment

The Baboo replied that he was not aware of this, and that he only knew of the one word.

This my friend explained came of his not knowing any European language but English, "*donkee*" being a foreign word

"I have just left the Baboo," wrote my friend to me some time after, "he was busy poring over sundry foreign dictionaries in the hope of finding the especial term of endearment. He has been at it some days, but as yet success has not rewarded his efforts. But he is still hopeful."

The inhabitants of the native states,² whilst lacking the Baboos' "superior education," are their superiors in everything else, and their allegiance is not a mere lip-loyalty, but one that, when the time comes for putting it to the test, will not, I believe, be found wanting.

The foremost in loyalty towards the British

² In my new work on the East, I purpose dealing exhaustively with the Indian Native States and their rulers

The Nizam
of Hyderabad

rule is undoubtedly the Nizam of Hyderabad, the greatest of the feudatories. He is about three-and twenty years of age, and is the son of the Nizam Afzal-ud-Daula, who so firmly stood by us during the Mutiny.

His full title, which runs as follows, takes a lot of remembering. His Highness Sipah-Salar Muzaffar-ul-Mumalik Rustam-i-Dauran Aristu-e-Zaman Mir Mahbub Ali Khan Bahadur Fatheh Jang Nizam-ud-Daula Nizam-ul-Mulk Asaf Jah.

The founder of the present dynasty was one Chin Kılıch Khan, whose father had been a favourite officer of Aurungzeb. He was an able man of conspicuous courage, and he rapidly rose in the favour of the Emperor, and whilst comparatively young was made Viceroy of the Deccan. There he exercised such undisputed power that he eventually excited the jealousy of the Emperor, who gave orders for his assassination. The task of carrying out the plot was entrusted to Mobariz Khan, the local Governor of Hyderabad, who, however, failed in the attempt. The revolt he instigated was suppressed, and he himself was slain.

The Nizam, who was a humorist, if of a somewhat grim kind, wrote to the Emperor congratulating him on the successful suppression of the revolt, sending him at the same time the head of the "traitor" Mobariz.

This was in 1724, and henceforth Chin Kılıch Khan, who assumed the title of Nizam-ul-

Mulk conducted himself as an independent prince

The present Nizam has none of his great ancestor's warlike qualities, but he is an intelligent young prince of some ability, with a decided will of his own

As a boy, he was exceedingly delicate, and spent much of his time with his mother, Wadid-u-Nisa, Begam, and his grandmother, Dilwar-u-Nisa, Begam, who did their best to spoil him. He has outgrown somewhat the weakness of his youth, but he does not look particularly robust. Small in stature, he, however, bears himself with marked dignity, and gives you at once the impression that he is fully conscious of the fact that he is the First Prince in India³. He is passionately fond of horse-racing, and is a liberal patron of the local races.

We stayed some weeks in Hyderabad as guests of Sir Salar Jung, the then Prime Minister, and frequently came across the Nizam, who went out of his way to show us attention.

On one occasion his Highness gave a dinner in my honour, at which all the principal nobles of his court were present.

In the East, time is no object, and the dinner did not take place till fully an hour after the appointed time. The guests had arrived, but there was no host, and, pending his arrival, we

³ The area of the Nizam's dominions, including the assigned districts of the Bejars, exceeds by more than 10,000 square miles that of Great Britain, with a population of about 11,000,000.

wandered about the palace. Presently cries were heard in the gardens beyond, and, looking out, I saw the flickering of torches in the distance. The sounds came nearer, mingled with the sharp clatter of horses' feet. Then came a rush of servants bearing flaming torches, and, amidst a flood of light, his Highness' carriage dashed up to the entrance-hall. The officials made a deep obeisance as the Nizam entered, and made way for him on all sides.

Singling me out, his Highness bade me follow him, and, with much courtesy, he conducted me to the dining-hall, where he sat me on his right.

Then ensued a curious scene. Every guest before he took his seat had to catch the Nizam's eye, and to make sundry salaams, and the sight of so many hands moving up and down like the flapping of birds' wings was an exceedingly novel one.

I was the only European present, and amidst the flash of jewels and brilliant uniforms, my plain evening dress seemed sombre in the extreme.

At this dinner every one, including the Nizam, drank water, but by my side were placed the choicest wines, for although Mussulmen do not, or are not supposed to, partake of strong drinks, they, unlike the fanatics in this country, do not object to wine or spirit-drinking in others. In fact the native mind believes that the European requires spirits with every meal, and I have, whilst a guest of the various native

princes, been struck with the persistency with which either brandy or whisky has been produced from the early breakfast to the late dinner. But when a native acquires a taste for spirits, he is as immoderate in its uses as any Red Indian, and the favourite drink of a Maharajah of my acquaintance was an equal mixture of champagne and brandy. This Maharajah, needless to say, was not always quite the thing.

A Maha-
rajah's
idea of a
good
drink

The Nizam, who speaks English fluently, conversed with considerable intelligence upon current matters, and seemed especially anxious to know something about Russia, which country I had recently visited. He ridiculed the idea of there being any native sympathy with Russia, and he assured me that he would be willing to place his army and the resources of his state at the disposal of the British Government in case India were threatened.

The
Nizam's
loyalty

"We," he said, "may not have all we want under British rule, but we are undoubtedly better off than we should be under that of Russia. England respects our religion, and allows us our liberty, but if India were to pass into the hands of Russia, we should have neither, and on religious grounds, at least, we Mussulmen would resist to the death an invasion by Russia."

His Highness was most emphatic in his manner, and I have every reason to believe that he was perfectly sincere.

I took occasion the next day to speak with Sir Saïar Jung upon the matter, and his Excel-

The Prim
Minister's
confirma-
tion

lency, who is deeply loyal to us, assured me that the facts were as stated by his Highness, and that his Highness longed for an opportunity of proving his loyalty

This was months before anything was heard of what has been called the Nizam's offer, and it seives to prove what, irrespective of the jugglery that has been practised in connection with the proposed subsidy, his Highness' intentions with regard to the matter really were

The Nizam's proposal created an admirable impression throughout India, and it was followed up by substantial offers from almost all the other native princes⁴

⁴ The *Ameer*, in an able article on the defence of India, analyzes and discusses the various offers of money and troops made by certain feudatory princes to the Government. The total amount of money offered reaches 1,03,80,000 rupees, including Hyderabad 60,00,000 rupees, Cashmere 10,00,000 rupees, Jodhpore 10,00,000 rupees, Bhuitpore 8,00,000 rupees, Kota 6,00,000 rupees, Kapurthala 5,00,000 rupees, Nabha 4,00,000 rupees, and Maler Kotla 80,000 rupees. These princes offer troops in addition. Of the other princes, the ruler of Mysore expresses a wish to raise and maintain a suitable military force, trained by British officers, the ruler of Patiala offers troops whenever required, the ruler of Bhawalpore a contingent of troops and money aid, proportioned to his resources, the ruler of Tonk the services of himself, his family, his troops, and the whole resources of his State, the ruler of Alwar money and troops whenever required, the ruler of Rampore to defray the expense incurred in raising and maintaining a native infantry regiment in every war, together with all the resources of his State, the ruler of Mandi the services of himself and the resources of his State, the rulers of Suket and Mantes the like, the ruler of Loharu the services of himself, his brothers, his property, and a caravan of fifty camels, and the ruler of Chamba land for cantonments

- Lord Dufferin, who at the time was much blamed for not accepting the offer out-right, and was even accused of damping native ardour, saw, with his usual acumen, that there was something behind the proposal which had not come out, and he postponed accepting it, pending further inquiries. The result of these inquiries has not, at the time I write, been made public, but sufficient has already been discovered to warrant the action taken by Lord Dufferin in the first instance.

The foresight of Lord Dufferin

The originator of the proposal appears to have been one Abdul Huk, whose name has of late been figuring in connection with certain railway and mining concessions, which are to occupy the attention of a select Committee appointed by the House of Commons.

Abdul Huk

I do not like to throw stones at a man when he is down, but the Sirdar did not impress me favourably, and the conclusions I formed regarding him were at the time pretty well known in Hyderabad. He formed one of the deputations appointed by the Nizam to attend her Majesty's Jubilee celebrations, and it, to me, seemed strange that a man with such a record should have obtained that coveted position.

I do not aim at being a prophet, but the day before Abdul's downfall I was lunching with an ex-Cabinet Minister, and the conversation turned upon India, and I gave my host a description of the state of affairs existing at Hyderabad, in which I included my impressions of the then all-

powerful Sirdar, whose speedy downfall I ventured to predict. The next day, like a bolt from out of a clear sky, came a telegram announcing the Sirdar's suspension.

Abdul Huk, who had all the swagger and volubility of a Bengali baboo, was a great favourite with London Society, whom he feasted with great lavishness during his recent visit. How uncomfortable some of the high and mighty folk must feel at the thought of how the money which paid for the sumptuous repasts he provided for them was obtained. *O tempora ! O mores !*

The
Nizam as a
subject

As a subject for thought-reading, the Nizam was not quite so good as some of the other princes⁵ with whom I experimented, he was too nervous and impetuous for any sustained concentration of thought, but I managed to do one or two very interesting experiments with him. But with Sir Salar Jung, who, when he likes to exert himself, is a man of considerable concentration of thought, I had some very remarkable successes, and he was undoubtedly the best "subject" I experimented with during my stay in India. Sir Salar is a fairly able, honest man, but he is woefully lazy, and were it not for his love of idling, he would, I have no doubt, play an important part in Indian politics. Yet Sir Salar is well-

Sir Salar
Jung

⁵ The Maharajah of Mysore, a very intelligent man, and the Thakore of Bhaonagar (probably the most enlightened ruler in India) were two of my best subjects.

informed, and his recent visit to England served (if such a thing were possible) to strengthen his hold for us. At present he is in the shade, but to-morrow may see him once more in power, who knows? Hyderabad is a hot-bed of intrigue, and one day one party has the upper hand, and the next day another, and so on and so on until the onlooker is bewildered as to which is which. Hyderabad Residency is considered the blue ribbon of Indian diplomacy, and the Resident there certainly has no sinecure.

One of the most competent and painstaking Mehdi Ali ministers of the Nizam's is Mehdi Ali, who is, I understand, shortly to visit this country in connection with what is called the "Hyderabad-Deccan affair." He is a man not only thoroughly conversant with all matters relating to his own State, but he is well acquainted with Indian affairs generally. In so corrupt a State as Hyderabad, where it is difficult to find the one honest man, it is gratifying to know that Mehdi Ali is of undoubted probity, and that his loyalty is altogether unquestionable. In India it invariably happens that the more corrupt a native is the more disloyal he is, and I cannot help thinking that Abdul Huk, in spite of his numerous friends in England, would not have proved the paragon of loyalty that he was supposed to be.

The most superstitious of the Indian native princes is the Maharajah of Cashmere, and I

The
Maharajah
of Cash-
mere

shall never forget the expression of awe with which he regarded me when I succeeded in reading his thoughts

His Highness thought of a word in *Digra* (a Cashmerian hill *patois*)—a language of which, needless to say, I knew absolutely nothing, yet I experienced no difficulty in writing the word on the wall of his palace in *Digra* characters. His Highness was very anxious to secure my services for his State, and he seemed to be quite disappointed when he found that I was altogether unable to accept the post which he was desirous of conferring upon me. It appears that he had little or no faith in his advisers, and his great object in retaining me was that I might be able to read their thoughts, and tell him when they lied, and if they were becoming unduly rich at his expense.

A shawl
sent
from his
Highness

His Highness sent my wife a shawl (worth about 200*l*) as a souvenir, which, after many vicissitudes, finally reached us, for each official, through whose hands it passed, appeared to have acquired an unaccountable affection for it, and it was solely owing to the energetic action of Sir Oliver St. John (whom I have to thank for many little kindnesses whilst in India), then Resident at Cashmere, that the shawl ever arrived at its destination.

The Indian princes, whilst making much of me whenever I visited their States, were in some cases inclined to look upon me with something akin to awe. Several of them thought me

supernaturally endowed, whilst many a peccant minister would shut up his thoughts, as it were, whenever he met me, or avoid me whenever he saw me coming

In time of trouble I could, I think, turn my influence in some of these Native States to good account

As in Europe so in the East, people were constantly asking me if I could apply thought-reading to the detection of crime, especially in the matter of unravelling murder mysteries, and on one occasion a Rajah got me to re-enact, with him, as "subject," the details of a murder which he had seen committed, which I did (with the exception, of course, of the actual killing of the person selected as the victim) to his Highness's complete satisfaction, who made me a present of the dagger, an antique weapon of great beauty, with which the experiment was performed

Re-enact-
ing a mu-
der

I really do not see why thought-reading could not, in some cases, be applied to the detection of crime, although the results so obtained could not be accepted as evidence in a Court of Justice

The possi-
bility of
ap-
plying
thought-
reading to
the detec-
tion of
crime

We will say, *par exemple*, that a murder has been committed, a dagger having been used for the purpose, and that this dagger has been found, suspicion resting upon a man who is assumed to be its owner

He is, we will say, arrested, but nothing definite can be proved against him Justice

halts. Then might be the time for calling in a thought-reader. Such a person would naturally be better able to tell whether the 'suspect' had used the knife than an ordinary observer, for very few men if confronted with the evidence of their crime could help in some measure betraying themselves. This would not refer to habitual criminals, who are better able to control their emotions. Most murderers, are, however, emotional beings, who momentarily allow their passions to get the better of them. The fear of detection, although they may remain undiscovered, is seldom absent from them, and what their tongue has not the courage to say their beating pulses unconsciously confess, whenever the remembrance of the crime they have committed becomes the dominant idea in their minds. No thought-reader operating, as I do, through the action of other people's nervous systems, could divine what a man did not wish to tell, but under the combined influence of fear and expectancy very few men would be able to physically retain their secret.

I have, as a matter of fact, actually put these views to a practical proof, for, in addition to having operated with imaginary criminals, I have successfully tried my hand with genuine ones.

Criminal lawyers are, as a rule, excellent judges of character, but I cannot help thinking that were they to practise thought-reading they

would be even better able than they now are to interpret a witness's facial or nervous indications

As "subjects," lawyers are on the whole better than what might be expected, but they are too much given to stopping in the middle of an experiment for the purposes of arguing the question. Then they are frequently extremely dodgy, and one sometimes feels in their hands like a witness undergoing a cross-examination whom they feel it their professional duty to trip up at every opportunity

Amongst lawyers I have met, Sir Henry James and Sir Edward Clarke seemed to me to be the two best "subjects," although they, physiologically speaking, are as wide apart as the poles—Sir Henry being calm, reflective, and in his air of intense respectability, somewhat stand-offish, whilst Sir Edward is sharp and quick, with a come-into-my-palour kind of manner about him that is very tempting. Sir Charles Russell is a man of quite a different stamp to either, he is neither a good "subject" nor a sympathetic one, and although he has no lack of mental concentration he is far too great a believer in himself to allow any one to get at his thoughts and I trust Sir Charles will excuse me if I put him at the bottom of the list of "legal subjects"

•Musicians, as a class, are not good—I mean for thought-reading, and those who are eminent amongst them seem to be altogether

unable to concentrate their thoughts upon commonplace everyday things Place a musician at a piano and ask him to think of a tune, and the thought-reader, who may not know a single note, will have no difficulty in getting at his thoughts, but ask a musician to think of a pin, a man, anything—save a pretty woman—and his thoughts are *en l'air* immediately, and it is with the greatest difficulty you can get him to concentrate his mind upon the object selected

Gounod In an experiment with Gounod, I had no end of trouble, for the celebrated composer could not or would not let the object selected be the dominant idea in his mind, and his abstract look as we wandered about the room in search of it was a subject worthy of an artist's brush.

Rubinstein Rubinstein, on the other hand, appears to me to be a man of considerable concentration of thought and fixedness of purpose, whilst he is fully as sympathetic as the composer of *Faust*

A batch of artistic "subjects" With artists, thought-readers have a far better chance than with musicians For artists, as a rule, not only possess greater concentration, but they do not object to ordinary things having a place in their thoughts Munkacsy, it is true, I found somewhat erratic, but Angeli, Camp-hausen, Begas, Franz Lebach and W B Richmond proved admirable "subjects"

Cleigymen, for experiments in the drawing-

room, are absolutely perfect, but in public, especially where the tests are of an intricate character, they are apt to become nervous and forgetful. This of course militates against the success of the test, and, ^{by "sub-} _j ^{ect"} in their natural conscientiousness, commence to reproach themselves for their own shortcomings, thus rendering the experiment all the more difficult of accomplishment.

Medicine provides some sterling "subjects" ^{Medical} _{men as} ^{"sub-} _{ject"} But the ordinary practitioner, whilst professing to obey the conditions laid down, is much too apt, during the progress of an experiment, to test his theories, and there is scarcely a doctor born who has not theories upon some subject or other. This would not matter so much in private, but where a public audience is concerned such interference, which will be sure to delay and maybe spoil an experiment, is altogether unfair. I am of course referring to cases where the "operator" says, "I cannot clairvoyantly read your thoughts, neither can I succeed with you unless you desire it. The success of the experiment as much depends upon your powers of concentration as it does upon my powers of perception. All I want you to do is to firmly and honestly fix your whole thoughts upon the object you have selected, and not in any way to endeavour to lead me astray. Remain passive throughout, but do not purposely exercise any contraction of the muscles or endeavour to prevent my going to any place or in any

direction I choose. If you do so, I cannot possibly succeed, for the thought which would dictate such action to you would become the dominant one, and not the object you have selected. You can, if you choose, easily lead me astray, but for the time being I want you to place yourself entirely in my hands."

In locating pains, imaginary or real, either in his own body or that of another, medical men are much better to operate with than any other class of persons.

I am somewhat inclined to think that this sleight of touch called thought-reading is not altogether without the sphere of practical medicine, and that a doctor who was an expert "thought-reader" might find his attainments in this direction of no little use in diagnosing complaints, being thereby, as it were, able to feel with his patient instead of having, as in ordinary cases, to be content with the patient's verbal statement of his or her symptoms.

M Coque-
lin and
Mr J L
Toole

Amongst members of the dramatic profession I found M Coquelin my best "subject" and Mr Toole my worst. It seems at first sight incredible that one of the dearest and most genial men in the world should be a "bad subject," but so it is, and I explain it from the fact that Mr Toole, having no great belief in thought-reading, looked upon my experiments as a mild species of hanky-panky, that were not intended to be taken seriously.

It is years ago since I tried my hand with the

famous comedian, and it is possible if I experimented with him to-day I might have better success than I did then, but I have thought it best to let the remembrance of the original *séance* remain undisturbed

I shall never forget how I dragged the genial actor about the room, to the intense amusement of poor George Loveday and others who were present, without getting the least indication of his thought

An experiment with Mr Toole

Presently my "subject" paused, and in a sepulchral tone asked how long I expected to be

"Why?" I asked

"Because, if it's all the same to you, I think I would like to sit down a bit whilst you hunt around by yourself"

I could not help laughing, but I explained to him that I was unable to read his thoughts without contact, and that, if he wished me to carry out the experiment, he must come with me

"Here goes then," he said, rising with a subdued groan from his chair, and we recommenced our peregrinations around the room

But the second search was no more successful than the first, and the hand of my "subject" lay listless in mine and his feet dragged falteringly after me as we made the round of the room for the twentieth time, but indication of the object selected there was none

"Do you mind stopping another minute?" he

eventually asked "Do, there's a good fellow, for I can't keep this sort of thing up much longer without a drink"

"That, I expect, was the object of your thought the whole time," I said with a laugh

The comedian's opinion of thought-reading

"That's quite right," he replied, "but I don't think much of your thought-reading all the same, and every time you passed my glass I thought to myself what a couple of fools we are, you for not being able to tell what a man's thoughts would be fixed upon at this time in the morning, and I for allowing you to drag me round the room with the whisky getting cold and the bar closed"

Mr S B Bancroft

Mr S B Bancroft was another actor who gave me considerable trouble. I never in fact experimented with a man who seemed so unwilling to unbend. It was with Mr Bancroft that I first performed the imaginary murder test, which he seemed to imagine should be carried out on high comedy principles, and he did the deed with the most perfect *nonchalance*, to the disappointment, I fear, of the audience, who had expected something of a far more tragic character

Signor Rossi

With Signor Rossi, with whom I afterwards performed a precisely similar experiment, I was not only far more successful, but the affair was carried out with far greater dramatic effect. The famous tragedian selected some one in the audience (during my absence from the room) as an imaginary rival, and having invited him on

the platform proceeded to despatch him. This done, he placed the body in a basket, wiped the imaginary blood-stains from off the knife, and coolly lit a cigarette—the whole forming, so it was said, one of the finest pieces of acting ever seen in Berlin.

On my return to the stage I re-enacted the scene in every detail, fetched the man up, stabbed him, gloated over him, picked him up, and replaced him in the basket, wiped the knife, and then sat down and lit a cigarette.

I also performed a "murther-experiment" with Mr W S Gilbert, who, with grim humour, selected a well-known Oxford Don (who had never been on the stage of a theatre—and probably never inside one even—before in his life) as his victim. He stabbed the Don most viciously in a part not generally selected by murderers (but then Mr Gilbert must be different from any other man), and, judging from the manner in which that learned, grave and reverend signor wriggled on his chair, the prodding must, I fear, have been something more than merely imaginary.

Mr Gilbert was an extraordinarily good "subject"—the best so far amongst the authois—and I was agreeably surprised to find a man whom the whole world looks upon as an uncompromising cynic, so extremely sympathetic. Mr Gilbert is a hard-headed, steel-nerved man, quick to think, and prompt to act, and everything he did was done thoroughly.

Gilbert
and Sull-
van

He affords a very striking contrast to Sir Arthur Sullivan, who, so far as I have had an opportunity of judging, seems to be exceedingly highly-strung and emotional. In the production of effects Gilbert appears to be as necessary to Sullivan as flint to steel, or as brimstone to treacle.

Mr Joseph
Chamber-
lain

Of the leaders of politics in this country no one has more favourably impressed me than Mr Chamberlain.

Whilst without an atom of Mr Gladstone's personal magnetism or his charm of manner, his sound common sense, quickness of perception and ready grasp of facts attract and rivet you in a remarkable degree.

Mr Chamberlain is the typical "long-headed" man—the man who reads the future by the signs of the present and the tracings of the past. He is neither a visionary nor a sentimentalist, but a man of business, and everything he undertakes is carried out on strict business principles. He is not a hard man, neither is he a particularly sympathetic one, holding, I daresay, that an excess of sympathy is calculated to interfere with one's good judgment. But he is above all a just man, and he would, I daresay, be disposed to give even the devil his due if his Satanic majesty made good his case.

As I read
him

Do unto all men, as they do unto you, is Mr Chamberlain's motto, and such a thing, even under the most tempting circumstances, as turning the other cheek to the smiter never enters

his head, and it is just this straightforward manliness, this ability to give as good as he gets without flinching, that has made him popular with a people, who, above all things, admire pluck.

Mr Chamberlain is a clever man, and he knows it, and, what is more, he does not fail to let others know it also. A man is a fool to hide his own light under a bushel, and Mr Chamberlain is not the man to be guilty of any such folly. He knows full well that the world is apt to judge you at the estimate you put upon yourself, and it is not for a moment likely that he, fully conscious of his own worth, is going to quote himself at a price below his true market-value. This is not conceit, but sound common sense.

There is nobody more anxious to learn, or quicker at learning, than Mr Chamberlain, and it is perfectly astonishing the amount of information that he manages to acquire.

Mr Chamberlain is, above all things, a progressive man, and he very properly holds that the events of to-day may have rendered untenable the situation of yesterday, and that to continue to stick to a policy which, under these altered conditions of affairs should be abandoned simply because you at some time or other thought it worth adopting, is most impolitic, or, as he would say, most unbusiness like.

Mr Chamberlain is undoubtedly the man of the future, and, at the risk of failing as a prophet, The man of the future

I venture to predict that, sooner or later, he will reach the goal for which he is striving, for a man with his ability, his perseverance and business-like capacities, does not recognize the word fail. He will never make an ideal Premier, and he lacks the necessary personal magnetism to become a great popular favourite, but he will undoubtedly command the public's confidence and respect, and, in return, they (to use his own phraseology) will get good value for their money.

The "subject" about whom the public evince the greatest curiosity is undoubtedly Mr. Henry Labouchere.

Mr. Henry
Labouchere

"How on earth did you manage to succeed with Mr. Labouchere?" will ask some. "What sort of a man is he?" will ask others, whilst not a few will turn livid with rage at the very mention of his name.

Some people have an idea that the senior member for Northampton is a man half satyr, half Puck, whose every thought is evil, and who does mischief for the mere love of it, utterly regardless of the injury he may work.

A much
misunder-
stood man

Mr. Labouchere is a much misunderstood man, for which he himself, however, is in a great measure responsible, for he is utterly regardless of what conclusions people may come to with regard to him, and, to put it plainly, he has a decided objection to being understood. Nothing pleases him so much as the idea that he is considered in the light of a "bogey," and that his

Boo' strikes consternation in society's ranks. But in reality he is the most genuinely charitable and kindest-hearted man imaginable, and his horns, hoofs, and forked tail exist but in the imagination of those who have reason to fear him.

I am quite certain that Mr Labouchere would not knowingly wrong any one, and that in case he had done any one an unintentional injury he would be the first to make the *amende honorable*.

He has a genuine hatred of all shams, and is, as a rule, thoroughly in earnest when he is attacking them, although nine people out of ten elect to misunderstand his motives. He, like Bismarck, is a good hater, and pursues a foe to the bitter end, but he has never been known to hit a man when he is down. He is, moreover, A man of his word a man of his word, and whatever Henry Labouchere says he will do, you may rest content will be done. Of how many men can one say this?

Middle-class respectability does not like Mr Labouchere because he outrages the "proprieties," whilst what is called society objects to him because he is "so terribly radical, don't-cherknow," but with the democracy he is a great favourite.

Middle-class respectability does not like a man who is, according to its light, not "strictly respectable," who does not always spell God with a big G, and who has even been known to give a garden party during Church hours.

Society, on the other hand, does not aim so much at respectability as respect, and any one who is wanting in "proper respect" for the Queen, the constitution, and all that sort of thing, has no place in society's good books

Apropos of religion, a delightful story (which may or may not be true), is told of Mr Labouchere and the Nonconformist parsons of Northampton, which, if not precisely new, is certainly worth repeating

A good
story

The Nonconformist parsons of Northampton—so the story runs—became a short time back exceedingly dubious as to Mr Labouchere's religious convictions, and, anxious to have their fears set at rest, they wrote to the senior member upon the subject. Mr Labouchere at once invited them to lunch with him, and up they came. They were a serious, grave lot of guests, for their minds were much troubled concerning their member, whom they had determined not to vote for again, unless he convinced them of the genuineness of his religious belief, for, as they argued, it was quite bad enough to have one atheist representing the town, and that if Mr. Labouchere did not pass through the ordeal satisfactorily it would be better to select for the next election a man whose religious principles were beyond question.

The guests took their seats at the luncheon-table with many inward misgivings as to the propriety of eating meat that had not been blessed, but to their surprise Mr Labouchere himself proposed that grace should be said

“I beg your pardon,” he said in that calm, cool manner of his which is so very telling, “it is customary, I think, to say grace” Immediately every one rose from his seat, horrified at the idea that he had been caught napping

“Thanks,” said their host, “perhaps you (indicating a reverend brother of great piety) will officiate”

The prayer was duly offered up, and the lunch began, but no one seemed anxious to commence the cross-examination, whilst Mr Labouchere, who is a perfect host and a delightful *raconteur*, kept them thoroughly lively and in the best of humours. He deftly led them from one country to another, relating many amusing incidents by the way, with the result that those who had come to wrestle and pray, in the end forgot the object of their visit. For, during the whole meal, not a word was mentioned of religion, and at its conclusion, when Mr Labouchere suggested that another of the parsons should return thanks, no one thought of questioning him upon the subject, and when they left their host—who, immediately lunch was over, had another engagement—all doubts were removed as to his supposed backslidings.

Whilst Mr Labouchere is much too candid, much too honest and outspoken to please the world at large, he is sincerely liked by those who know him well, for there is not a truer friend or a more interesting all-round entertaining man in London, and if I had to be cast on a

Mr Labouchere
as a friend

desert island with one man for company, Mr Laboucheie would certainly be the man I should choose, and I fancy that most of those who know him would, under such circumstances, choose with me

Mr Laboucheie is accused of being a cynic, and that he takes nothing in life *au sérieux*, but, believe me, he is neither so cynical nor so indifferent as the public imagines or he himself would have you imagine. There is no man who on occasion can be more in earnest than Mr. Laboucheie, and he is in reality far less cynical than many of those who pose as philanthopists

Mr Laboucheie as a "subject"

As a "subject," Mr Laboucheie was in no way disappointing. I found him a sceptic, and left him a believer. In the experiments I performed with him he at no time endeavoured to lead me astray, but gave himself up unreservedly to the conditions, with the result that I had no difficulty in succeeding with him

It is habitual with Mr Laboucheie to appear absolutely indifferent to everything that takes place around him, and although he outwardly appeared to be as unconcerned in what I was doing as any red Indian, I could feel by the expression of his hand—which, by the bye, is as soft as a woman's—that he was by no means so indifferent as he would have me believe

Mr Laboucheie at once frankly acknowledged that I had succeeded with him, and the next day he sent me the following letter, which speaks for itself —

“ 10, Queen Anne's Gate

“ DEAR MR CUMBERLAND,—

“ You yesterday succeeded in pointing out an article in this room which I had thought of Your explanation of thought-reading—so called—was very interesting I am glad that you are engaged in dispelling the nonsense which surrounded the experiments, and that you are proving that you can equal the mystic powers of the quacks who have hitherto made money out of fools, whilst, at the same time, you are able to give a natural and reasonable explanation of what you perform.

“ Yours truly,

“ H LABOUCHERE.”

Speaking of Red Indians, an experiment I had with Red Shirt, the Sioux chief, is, I think, worth recording The experiment took place in the Welcome Club at the American Exhibition, where a little luncheon had been arranged in my honour on my return from Spain, at which the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Ronald Gower, Mr Justin H McCarthy, Colonel Cody, and others were present

I firstly asked “ Red Shirt ” to select and then think of an object in the club, which he did, but this experiment was attended with but indifferent success, for “ Red Shirt ” was quite at a loss to know why he should be asked to think of a thing which had not the remotest interest for

Red Shirt,
the Red
Indian

him. A thing must be of more than passing interest to attract the sole attention of a savage whose thoughts do not range beyond the narrow circle encompassing the scenes of his every-day life, and unless he be asked to think of something which is of value to him personally, or is in some way associated with his method of living, a thought-reader will be unable to do very much with him.

This, from experience, I was already aware of, and it consequently struck me that if I were to induce "Red Shirt" to think of some one whom he (in imagination of course) would like to scalp, I should probably be able to carry out such an experiment.

A scalping
experi-
ment with
Red Shirt

"Red Shirt" readily assented, and taking a silver fruit-knife, lent me by Mr Whitley, I made the round of the room in search of the man whom the Sioux chief wished to relieve of his scalp. I speedily found him, and without hesitation selected the exact "scalp lock" "Red Shirt" had in his mind. I twisted the fingers of my left hand round this lock, and with the right hand brandishing the fruit-knife I proceeded to describe the circle as if in the act of scalping. But this failed to satisfy my "subject," who was far too much in earnest to have it done that way.

His hand
tightened
on mine,

His hand tightened on mine, his pulse beating in time with his rapid breathing, and, if I had not held the knife in my own hand, I verily believe he would have scalped the man outright. I

made a dumb-show of doing the scalping, and then let go of my "subject's" hand, for fear his feelings might, in the excitement, get the better of him,

When I looked at "Red Shirt's" face, it presented a curious study of surprise and disappointment, surprise that I should have taken so much trouble for nothing, and disappointment that the selected scalp was not dangling at his girdle. He did not, however, say anything,⁶ but took quite a deep pull at a fascinating "long drink" which stood by his side before he recovered from his disappointment

Whilst upon the American Exhibition, a few words with respect to Mr J R Whitley, its promoter and director-general, will not be out of place, especially as the notion of experimenting with "Red Shirt" originated with him

With Mr Whitley the successful organizer of national exhibitions I have nothing to do, my view of him being from a purely psychological standpoint, and he is a psychological study of considerable interest. Firstly, he is the only Englishman I know who can convey his

⁶ The North American Indians steel themselves against exhibiting the slightest indication of their thoughts, and it is exceedingly difficult to startle them, although you may catch them altogether unawares. I have seen an Indian steal behind another and fire a gun suddenly in the air, without causing the one behind whom he fired to do more than merely turn his head. Nothing appears to surprise them, and Indians who have been brought from the open wilds to a populous city, have evinced not the slightest surprise at the change

thoughts in three foreign languages as well as in his mother-tongue. Secondly, he possesses the ability to concentrate his thoughts upon a current matter to the absolute exclusion of everything else to a degree that I have rarely, if ever, seen equalled, and, thirdly, there is no man of my acquaintance (with the single exception of Sir John A. Macdonald, the Canadian Premier) who so thoroughly understands human nature.

Apropos of savages, it is not only a difficult task reading their thoughts, but it occasionally is a dangerous one.

An experiment with a converted cannibal

As an instance in point I once asked a converted cannibal, with whom I thought I would like to try an experiment, to hide an object in the bush. The only thing he had about him was a knife, which, in accordance with my suggestion, he hid. But on taking him by the hand I felt that his thoughts were a good deal too concentrated upon me, and that his intentions were not strictly honourable. I begged of him to turn his attention towards the knife (which, however, I fear he only thought of in connection with me, and not once as a hidden object), but all in vain, and I was forced to the conclusion that the dominant idea in that old savage's mind was how I should taste cold or made up in a pie.

The experiment, needless to say, was speedily abandoned.

I have not only experimented with almost all sorts and conditions of men, but I once

tried my hand at reading the thoughts of a monkey

The thoughts of a monkey.

I gave the monkey an orange and then had it taken from him and hid with his knowledge in a corner of the room, I being out of the room at the time

On returning, I took hold of the monkey, who at once "indicated" the direction of the orange, and in the space of a few seconds, I had discovered it

Talking of monkeys, reminds me of an experiment I performed with the late Colonel Fred Burnaby. At a charity *séance*, given by me some years ago in Exeter Hall, with the late Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair, Colonel Burnaby was one of the "subjects." He and another member of the audience were asked to each hide a pin during my absence from the room

I returned on being summoned, and, taking the other "subject," at once discovered where he had hid his pin, but with Colonel Burnaby the case was different.

An experiment with the late Colonel Burnaby.

Immediately I took him by the hand, I felt that his thoughts, curiously enough, were concentrated upon me, and not upon any part of the room where the pin might have been put, and when I commenced to move, it was always in a circle. Round and round I went like a cat or a monkey after its tail, taking my "subject" with me, until I paused from sheer exhaustion

"I know it is somewhere here," I said, putting my hand behind me, "but the exact spot I really cannot say"

"Quite so," replied Colonel Burnaby. "It is in your own coat, and you can't reach it. I put it there when you were searching for the other pin. It wasn't perhaps quite fair, but I thought it would make an interesting test, and you have certainly succeeded in doing what I thought you would never be able to do, and I congratulate you"

A test of this kind had never happened to me before, and curiously enough it has never occurred since, although, on the other hand, people who have been given pins to hide in a room, will secrete them about their own person, and, what is more, sometimes forget where they have put them. This forgetfulness is a common thing with my "subjects," and frequently leads to difficulties in a mixed audience, where people do not understand why a man should forget in the first instance, and why, having forgotten, I should not myself be able to put him right.

An cut-
door test
with Mr
Grant
Allen

A very striking instance of this kind occurred in connection with an experiment performed with Mr Grant Allen, the novelist, who was one of the "subjects" at the *séance* given some years ago in the editorial rooms of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Mr Allen hid, unknown to me, in a house in Northumberland Street, the piece of bread

received by Mr Greenwood in his rôle of the Amateur Casual, which historic piece of bread⁷ he asked me to find.

We started from the *Pall Mall Gazette* office, and finally arrived at a house in Northumberland Street. I went to the door and gave a loud rat-a-tat-tat, which brought out a lady of uncertain age and uncertain temper.

A curious mistake

"What do you want?" asked the lady, who was puzzled to understand what a blindfolded man, holding another man by the hand and surrounded by a mob of small boys, wanted at her house.

"Why, he wants to go in, can't you see?" shouted out some one.

"I can see well enough," shrieked the lady, and slam went the door in our faces.

I asked Mr Grant Allen what it all meant, and if he hadn't mistaken the house in which was the object he had selected.

Such indeed was the fact, in the hurry and confusion my subject had mistaken the house we stopped at for the one (which was next door) in which the piece of bread really was.

It did not take me long, however, to go to the next house, mount the stairs, enter a room,

⁷ I was not informed at the time that it was this piece of bread that was thought of, being simply asked to find an object upon which Mr Grant Allen had concentrated his thoughts.

lift up a lid of a lounge, and lay hands upon the object thought of

Mr W. T
Stead.

A word with regard to Mr W T Stead, the able editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who arranged this *séance*. Mr Stead is another of the world's misunderstood men. Mr Stead, first of all, is a showman—the, in fact, Barnum of Journalism—and although his “walk up” may not always be in good taste, he himself is a firm believer in the religious and moral aspects of his show. Mr Stead's “sensations” do not entirely spring from commercial motives, as some people imagine, but they frequently have a much higher origin, for Mr. Stead is an enthusiast, and because the world is out of joint he, with Quixotic persistency, feels that he is the person to set it right. Like Don Quixote, he has a firm belief in himself, and his mission, and instead of being the shallow sentimentalist that some people picture him, he is sincerely—I might almost say terribly—in earnest.

For my part, I believe him to be perfectly honest—that is as honest as a man with a circulation to keep up can possibly be—and however much one may question the results of some of his crusades, it is scarcely just to be perpetually questioning his motives.

In the course of these pages I have instanced many of the good, bad, and indifferent “subjects,” and, by way of conclusion, the reader will, I daresay, be not unwilling to know whom I consider to be—so far as my experience has

gone—the best “subjects” according to nationality

Here they are —

- The best English “subject,” H R H THE PRINCE OF WALES
- The best German “subject,” H M THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM
- The best French “subject,” M COQUELIN
- The best Russian “subject,” H I H THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL
- The best Austrian “subject,” H I H THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH
- The best Hungarian “subject,” PROFESSOR VAMBERY
- The best Italian “subject,” THE CHEVALIER NIGRA
- The best Spanish “subject,” THE DUKE DE ALBA
- The best Portuguese “subject,” H M THE KING OF PORTUGAL
- The best Greek “subject,” THE GREEK MINISTER AT BELGIAN
- The best American “subject,” THE LATE HENRY WARD BEECHER
- The best Eastern “subject,” H H THE KHEDIVE
- The best Mongolian “subject,” CHINGIS KHAN
- The best “savage” “subject,” H M THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS
- And the best of all, H E. FIELD-MARSHAL VON MOLTKE

CHAPTER XI

The use of
thought-
reading

WHILST in the East people appear to be convinced that my experiments are the result of some mysterious power, which it is not for them to fathom, one, in western countries, is met on all sides by the question, "What is the use of this thought-reading after all? What is there in it beyond a striking and peculiar form of amusement?"

Well, if in this very *blasé* age one has produced something calculated to amuse the world, one, I take it, will have done not a little towards earning recognition, and no one will, I think, deny that thought-reading, so called, has afforded endless amusement (to say the very least) to hundreds of thousands of both sexes

I have, however, during my association with thought-reading, tried my best to invest the experiments with scientific interest, and it is gratifying to know that my efforts have not been altogether in vain.

I wish it also to be expressly understood that, in spite of all temptations, I have at no time taken a fee for private representations

I have frequently been offered enormous sums

to give experiments in the houses of the rich and great, but I have always unhesitatingly declined

The largest amount ever offered me for a single *séance* was 10,000 francs, and Prince Constantine Radziwill, who married a daughter of Edmond Blanc, made the bid. He wished me to give my first *séance* in Paris at his palace, and was willing to pay to that extent for it

The offer was made through a friend of the prince's, a young Italian, Signor B——, and I shall never forget the look of surprise—I might almost say disgust—that came into his eye, when I somewhat curtly refused it

“What, do you want more than ten thousand francs?” he said. “I daresay his Highness might give it, but—”

“Ten thousand francs is already a very large amount,” I broke in, “and you think I ought to be satisfied. But, my young friend, it would be all the same if his Highness had offered ten francs, I do not take fees for private representations, no matter what amount is offered. Give my compliments to Prince Radziwill, and thank him for his offer, and inform him that I am not a hack to be engaged to run about his palace at so much per hour.”

“Ah!” said the young Italian, with a shake of the head, “if I had your wondrous gift, I should make as much out of it as I possibly could, and ten thousand francs are not to be picked up so easily every day.”

“That may be, but I am perfectly satisfied with what my public *sci'ances* produce. It is true they may not bring me in quite so much as you are prepared to offer, but I have the advantage at least of being independent”

Signor B—— could not, however, see it, but then money was scarce with him. Poor fellow, he is now no more, and his want of money brought about his death.

It happened in this way. He was a great gambler, and one day he found himself unable to pay his gambling debts incurred at a certain club, which he was in the habit of frequenting. But, at the eleventh hour, a friend offered to help him out of his difficulties, and handed him the money with which to wipe off his indebtedness.

With the money in his pocket, B—— started for the club, gladness in his heart, and a song on his lips, but on the way, he found his passage barred by a crowd, and he had to make a considerable *détour* to avoid it, and by the time he reached his destination, it was much later than he anticipated.

He enters the club with the smile still upon his handsome face, his hand grasping the notes which are to keep his honour intact. But his attention is arrested by something that has just been stuck up. In an instant the smile leaves his face, the tune dies on his lips, and he stands there with blanched cheeks and stiffed heart, reading what is written thereon.

He sees that he is too late, for he has already been posted

Who cannot sympathize with him in that moment of his shame? And who will be found to judge him harshly for what follows?

"Too late to live, but not to die," he muttered and, going into another room, he shot himself

Poor B——, he was a man possessed of great physical but of very little moral courage. He had already fought more than one duel in his native land before coming to Paris, whither he came to challenge Rochefort for an alleged insult to the king of Italy, but the editor of the *Intarsigant* declined to cross swords with him, and he, so he told me, felt ashamed to return to Italy. His relations—he came, I believe, of a noble family—did their best to induce him to leave Paris, but without avail. With all his bravery, he was as emotional as a woman, and, like all such characters, was easily influenced.

I saw a good deal of him when I was in Paris, we being located at the same hotel, and I shall never forget the eagerness with which he asked me, on more than one occasion, if I could foretell his future. He was impressed with the notion that he would not live to the age of thirty, and he based his views upon a statement made by a gipsy who, a short time before, had told his fortune.

A gipsy's warning

"I do not fear death," he would say to me, "but how shall I die?" On the battle-field, I

hope" And he volunteered to accompany the expedition despatched to the relief of General Gordon, but his services, it appears, were not accepted

One did not need to be a gipsy to draw the lines of his future, for, although of course I did not tell him so, I felt assured that he would either be killed in a duel or die by his own hand. Indeed, the moment I heard of his death, I seemed to know as if by instinct how he died

It was in Barcelona that I first heard of it. I was entering the dining-room of the hotel, when I was greeted by some one whose face seemed familiar

"Don't you remember me?" he said, "I met you with B—— at the Hôtel Continental, in Paris"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "perfectly, and how is B——?"

"Oh!" (with a touch of sadness in his face), "he's dead"

"Dead!" I said, "surely he hasn't shot himself?"

"Yes, he has!" and he proceeded to give me the particulars of his death

Fate

B—— was a great believer in Luck, and Luck was certainly against him the night he put an end to his existence. He ordinarily spent much of his loose cash in carriage hire, but the night when a cab would have saved him, he, strange to say, trusted to his legs.

“It happened as it was written,” will say the believers in Fate, “and no man can any more evade his destiny, than the sun can change its course”

With respect to Prince Radziwill, his Highness at once called to apologize for having made the offer, and we soon became on friendly terms, and, before I left Paris, he and the princess gave a grand reception in our honour, when I had great pleasure in presenting some of my experiments. But the story of the 10,000 francs got into the newspapers, and from that day people ceased to pester me to give *séances* in their houses, whilst I rose considerably in ‘society’s’ estimation

For what is called society loves to patronize, and, as a matter of course, hates to be patronized, and it goes without saying that it will never receive as an equal any one whom it can possibly hire

I might, it is true, at this moment be a much richer man than I am, had I accepted such engagements as society has to offer, but I certainly should not have received anything like the attention I have, nor should I be occupying to-day the position of which I feel I have some right to be proud

I have been received with much cordiality at the principal courts of both Europe and the East, monarchs welcoming me as an honoured guest, who would, in all probability, have declined to have received me at all had I sought to appear

before them in the capacity of a hired entertainer

Monarchs
as "sub-
jects"

I mention *before* them because my experiments have not been performed, like certain other exhibitions, before imperial and royal personages, but actually *with* them, and I have found an emperor or a king just as willing to hide a pin or think of a number as the most ordinary individuals. Indeed my experience has been that the more exalted a personage is the more obliging he is, he at least is never fearful of looking undignified, whilst your *parvenu* is always in agonies when you are experimenting with him, lest he may be made to appear less dignified than he imagines his position demands.

I could quote many instances of how certain illustrious men and women who would have treated me with but scant courtesy could I have been hired for their amusement, have gone out of their way to show me attention when they knew that their gold had no charms for me.

For example, the night I arrived in St Petersburg, a message came through the telephone from the Oldenburg Palace to my hotel, asking if I were in, and, on an answer being given in the affirmative, I was requested to attend at the palace the following evening to give a *séance*, and, at the same time, it was asked what my terms would be. My secretary at once replied that I had no terms, and that

I am
asked my
"terms,"

there must be some mistake in making a proposition which was anything but agreeable to me. There was a long pause, and then came a message that his Imperial Highness, Prince Alexander of Oldenburg, would do himself the pleasure of sending his secretary to wait upon me in the morning.

In the morning the secretary came, and was profuse in his apologies. There had, he said, been a most unfortunate mistake, which his Imperial Highness sincerely regretted, and he was requested to ask me if I would sup at the Oldenburg Palace one night in the following week, when the Grand Duke Alexis and other members of the Imperial Family would be present.

and not
having
any, am
asked to
supper

I readily consented, and I spent a most enjoyable evening—I say evening, but it was early morning before I found myself sleighing back to my hotel.

The supper was an interesting affair. There were three round tables in the supper-room, placed some distance apart from each other. At the head table sat the members of the Imperial Family, at the middle table those next in rank, and at the end one the officers of the household and others.

Supping
with
dukes

My host did me the honour of placing me at the head table, sandwiched between a brother and a cousin of the Tzar.

"It was a most sumptuous repast, such as one would find nowhere out of Russia, but, alas!

the Grand Duke Alexis was not hungry that night, and I was, and dish after dish flitted past his Imperial Highness, and the rest round the table untasted and untouched, and presently I began to feel as I always imagined Don Quixote's trusty squire must have felt at his state feast. I, however, fared better than the half-starved Sancho, for I did get a little of something, if not of everything, but just as I was making myself acquainted with some peculiarly Russian dish, the Grand Duke rose to his feet, and every one rose with him. He made his way into the salon adjoining, and we followed, whilst the tables, with their burthen of dainties, were wheeled back as if by magic into the recesses from which they had been drawn, and when I looked again, there was no sign of them whatever, nor the slightest indication of there having been a supper laid in the room at all.

Could I have been dreaming? No, there were the Grand Dukes and the Imperial Highnesses of both sexes and the rest of the company, whilst the flavour of the champagne was still in my mouth, and the fumes of the last dish in my nostrils.

No, it was not a dream,—only, in the sharpness of my appetite, I regretted the reality did not last somewhat longer.

The great meal with a certain section of society in Russia is supper, and many Russians do not go to bed till the average-ising Englishman is getting up. St. Petersburg society

revels and makes merry when that of other capitals is sleeping comfortably between the sheets. There is no other capital in Europe like St Petersburg during the season for sparkling gaiety, for varied pleasure, and for unstinted hospitality, and there is no class of people in the world so thoroughly amusing and all-round entertaining as the well-bred Russians.

By this time, however, it is pretty well known that I am not to be hired, and with the exception of an occasional American millionaire, no one ventures to offer me a fee for a private representation in his house.

With the American, who has made his "pile," there is nothing that money cannot obtain, and he is invariably surprised beyond measure when he finds any one superior to the blandishments of his wealth.

I must confess to having no great liking for the *Nouveaux Riches*, and it is, to my mind, anything but an edifying sight to see people who really ought to know better following slavishly in the wake of the gilded chariots of the "Railway Princes," "Silver Kings," and "Golden Emperors," as they flaunt it in Society's high-ways.

Divested of their wealth, these folk, who, as a rule, are the most uninteresting people imaginable, would make no figure on the world's stage; and those who worship them in wealth to-day, would, for a certainty, cut them in poverty to-morrow. This wealth-worship is

not a very pleasing sign of the times, and it is painful to see society tolerating in a Cræsus what, coming from a poorer man, it would turn from in disgust

Needless to say I have received many handsome offers—not always delicately made—from these “monarchs,” but their dollars have had no charms for me. Once, however, at the earnest request of an English friend of mine, Lord D——, I accepted an invitation to attend a soirée given by one of these financial giants, but it was on the distinct understanding that I should not be asked to give any experiments. But I had not been in the house more than a few minutes, when the hostess opened fire upon me. I escaped to an adjoining room, but was speedily followed and cornered, and all the heavy artillery in the shape of numerous lovely women was brought up to bombard me. They coaxed and pleaded, sapped and mined, and, needless to say, I fell, for I’ve not a very hard heart, believe me. I gave a few experiments, and at the first opportunity slipped away unseen.

The next morning there came the sweetest thing in notes, telling me how much the fair hostess was indebted to me for my obligingness, and begging my acceptance of an accompanying souvenir. The souvenir was contained in a handsome box, bearing the name of a famous jeweller in the Rue de la Paix. I opened the box, and found therein a glittering match-box.

A monarch
of finance

His “little
present”

But, alas! all is not gold that glitters, and the souvenir, I discovered, was merely silver gilt, of neither interest nor artistic beauty. I quite forget how much these trifling articles cost a dozen, but I can unhesitatingly say that the cost of one could not have been a very severe strain upon a millionaire's pocket.

On another occasion, in Paris, I was induced by some literary friends to give some of my experiments in the house of an exceedingly wealthy old lady of an æsthetic turn of mind. The old lady was beside herself with excitement over the experiments, and she thanked me so warmly that I felt quite embarrassed. On leaving, she asked for my London address, which I gave her. She wrote to that address asking if I was still there, as she wished to despatch me a souvenir. I wrote, saying that I should be pleased to receive it, adding that I was remaining in town during the season. But no souvenir came, and some weeks having elapsed, I, thinking it might have gone astray, knowing what odd notions foreigners have of how parcels should be addressed to English folk, I wrote to that effect. She replied that she had despatched the souvenir by a friend, it being too important to send by *voiture*, but that her friend had been unable to find my house. Would I give her my address for the next month? I gave it her in Brussels, I think. The weeks ran into months, but still nothing came, but one day I heard that a mysterious package from Paris had been follow-

The
history of
a souvenir

ing me through almost every country in Europe, and finally it came up with me at Amsterdam. I went to the Customs' Office, wondering what the package could contain, and from whom it could come, for, to tell the truth, I had by that time quite forgotten all about the old lady and her present. At the Customs' office I found a picture addressed to me, insured for a considerable amount with very heavy charges to pay. I was not permitted to see the picture before paying the charges, and, when I did pay them, I bitterly repented my rashness, for the wretched thing was a mere chromo drawing, worth, I should think, about twopence a square foot. I am afraid that my thoughts as I drove back in my carriage to the hotel, did not take the form of blessings upon the sender who turned out to be the rich old lady aforesaid.

I pay the
paper, as
well as
since the
time

But this is not quite so bad as an affair which occurred in connection with a club in a certain town in southern Spain. I had abandoned a lucrative engagement in order to give a *siéance* to the members of the club,¹ for which I neither asked nor expected payment, but it was an open secret that the members intended making me a present as a remembrance of the occasion. The present was to consist of an article of

¹ The principal clubs in Spain have large saloons, in which semi-public entertainments are given, at which the greatest *artistes* appear. There are very few public halls in Spain, and it is often more advantageous for an *artiste* to give his representations in these *cercles* than in the theatres.

Spanish manufacture, together with a purse After the *séance*, we sat down to a most sumptuous repast, and a most enjoyable evening was spent

The next morning, just as I was leaving for Madrid, the souvenir was handed to me, accompanied by an illuminated address, in which I, "Sir Estuardo" (*sic*), was begged to remember the givers, but there was no purse. Said the deputation to my secretary after they had retired: "The committee had thought it better to lay out the money subscribed in a supper, which they sincerely hoped the Señor had enjoyed. It had been to them a most memorable evening, &c, &c." So I had to dance and pay the pipe too.

There is nothing more annoying to a public man—be he singer, actor, musician, or thought-Society and artists reader, to be invited as a guest to a person's house, and, when there, to be expected to "oblige." The story about the great violinist who was invited by a Jew financier to dinner, with the request that he would be sure to bring his fiddle with him, and who replied that personally he would be glad to accept the invitation, but that his fiddle was not in the habit of dining out, will doubtless be familiar to most of my readers, whilst who has not heard of Sothen's realistic rendering of the drunken scene in David Garrick, as a protest against the bad taste of his hosts in asking him to do something for their amusement? But the story about Meissonier

is amongst the best of this kind, and will, I think, be tolerably new to most people

Mr. ...
and his
dinner

Meissonier, after dining with a wealthy banquier, was much pressed by that worthy to make a little sketch in his daughter's birthday-book. The idea was not agreeable to him, and he very naturally resented it, but finding his excuses unavailing, he, in sheer desperation, took his pencil and made the desired sketch, adding, with grim humour at the foot of it, "*J'ai payé mon dîner*"

I do not, of course, vouch for the accuracy of the above anecdote (for things do not always occur as related), but simply give it as it was told to me. Some artistes of a more practical turn of mind have "obliged" as required, but have struck consternation into the hearts of their hosts by sending in an exceedingly stiff bill the next morning, which, for very shame, they could not refuse to pay.

An imposition upon
one's good
nature,

For my own part, I have at different times suffered much annoyance at the hands of titled and other snobs, to whose houses I have been invited, and the following is a very fair sample of how one's good-nature may be imposed upon. A few months back, in Madrid, the Duchess B—— asked us to her palace one evening to meet Señor Canovas, the Premier, and half-a-dozen other notables. But when we arrived, I found to my surprise every room thronged with people, many of whom I neither knew nor cared two straws about. It was my

intention when I accepted the invitation to have tried my hand at reading the thoughts of both Señor Sagasta and his great political opponent, but I had a strong disinclination to be made an exhibition of, for the people, whose curiosity must be considered as some excuse for their bad manners, flocked round me like a holiday crowd round the lions at feeding-time, clamouring for some experiments. I felt I had been got there under false pretences, and I strongly resented the bad taste of all concerned. It is true that the guests were not so much to blame, for, as it was afterwards explained, they had been invited with the idea that they would see me perform. I declined, however, to do anything of the kind, and was in the act of withdrawing from a scene which was highly distasteful to me, when the duchess begged for a few moments' private conversation, previous to my carrying my intentions into effect. Such an act she assured me would place her in a terrible predicament, she had invited many distinguished people to meet us, under the impression that I would not mind giving a few exhibitions of my powers, and my refusal would be fraught with most unpleasant consequences to her. But I am grieved to say that her distress did not touch me as it should have done, for I felt deeply annoyed, and reminded her of her promise to limit the number of invitations to the persons agreed upon, which promise, having been broken, relieved me from undertaking what otherwise I should have been

only too happy to have done I will give her Grace credit for feeling extremely sorry for her mistake, and I believe she would have given worlds to have undone what she had done, but, all the same, it occurred to me that it was a case where a lesson was needed, so at the risk of being thought bearish, I informed her that my resolve was unalterable

The way
out of the
dilemma

Then came those with whom I was acquainted, and tried their persuasive powers upon me, and finally, as I was stealing away, the Duke de Alba called me on one side, and showed me a way out of the dilemma

“You are giving a *séance* to-morrow for the poor,” said the Duke, “why not utilize the occasion as an advertisement for the charity? You give some experiments, and we will make the people here take tickets for to-morrow’s *séance*”

“But will they?”

“Oh, yes, they can’t very well refuse”

“They may promise in the moment to do so,” I replied, “but you, my dear Duke, know what mere promises amount to”

“Quite so,” he added “But we must have something more substantial than mere promises to go upon H—— (referring to a mutual friend) has brought some tickets with him, and so soon as the experiments are over, we will go amongst the people and sell them”

The
Duke’s
plan,

The Duke’s plan had a fascination for me, for in it I saw the prospect of not only benefiting

the poor, but paying myself off on my tormentors, and I accordingly fell in with it

“Señor Cumberland has kindly consented to give some experiments,” said the Duke, amidst great applause, in which the hostess beamed and nodded her head in a manner that expressed her great satisfaction at being relieved from a most awkward situation.

“But it is to be expected”—and the Duke’s clear voice sounded through the palace—“that every one here will, in consideration of his kindness, take tickets for the representation which he gives to-morrow on behalf of the poor”

The applause when his Grace concluded was not, I regret to say, either as spontaneous or as hearty as that at the commencement, and I noticed that much of the eagerness that the Duke’s first words excited died out of the eyes of those who heard

I gave some experiments, commencing with Señor Canovas, whom I found to be an excellent subject, and at their conclusion the fun began. Tickets were given to the Duchess to dispose of, whilst the Duke and Duchess de Alba and others cornered every one they could get at. But many refused to be cornered, and swept by the ticket-sellers with a far-away look in their eyes that is noticeable in a debtor when he sees a pressing creditor drawing near, whilst many of those to whom the tickets were offered were exceedingly prolific in excuses for not taking them. Some suddenly remembered previous ^{and how it worked}

engagements, others begged to be excused on account of indisposition or a recent death in the family, whilst not a few preferred to get their tickets at the doors, which preference, sad to say, did not materially add to the receipts. On the whole, however, we did not do so badly, and I was thereby enabled to considerably increase my donation to the poor, and relieve a good deal of distress, for which I received the hearty thanks of the Civil Governor, through whose agency the money was distributed.

In my time I have been the means of obtaining large sums of money for charities, amounting in the aggregate to several thousand pounds, and I hope to be of still further assistance to the cause of charity, but I must confess that, on the whole, giving representations of this character is a somewhat thankless task, and I have, through the lethargy and carelessness of those most interested, not infrequently found myself burdened with heavy liabilities, in addition to giving all my labour for nothing.

It also occasionally happens that those whom you most benefit are the least grateful.

“Some-
what
rough”

As an instance in point, I gave a representation in Melbourne in aid of a highly-deserving local hospital, which netted a considerable sum of money thereby. The promoters of this meeting, however, were anything but prompt in acknowledging the services I had rendered the charity, and to this day I have never received the money I actually paid out of pocket in con-

nection therewith This, considering that I not only gave my services free, but devoted much valuable time to the affair, besides being made ill through giving the *séance* under exceedingly trying conditions, is, I am free to confess, somewhat rough

But other charities for which I worked whilst in Australia proved more grateful, and their thankfulness amply atoned for the brusqueness of the one in question

I once gave a *séance* in Russia in aid of the *Croix Rouge*, but I did not even get so much as an acknowledgment of the money (close upon a thousand roubles) I handed the President of that Society, but, as I have explained elsewhere, the ways of Official Russia are such as no outsider can understand

Not worth
acknow-
ledging

With respect to the *Croix Rouge*, when I was in Brussels I intimated my intention of giving a special *séance* in aid of the poor, and I was at once besieged by the representatives of the various charitable societies, amongst them by two officials of the Red Cross In return for my assistance, these gentlemen at once offered to give me the decoration of the order, and they brought the brevet duly signed, together with the insignia (a gorgeous affair of considerable magnitude), which, however, I declined with thanks They seemed both surprised and hurt at this, but, finding me obdurate about the matter, they, with commendable promptness, agreed to co-operate with a rival committee, at

whose disposal I had decided to place my services.

Acknowledged
with
thanks

The *séance* I eventually gave was a great success, and my services were recognized by the receipt of a flattering testimonial and the huge silver medal of the "*Association pour Secourir les Pauvres Honteux, sous le Patronage du Roi*"

But of all the assistance I have at different times rendered charitable and other institutions, none, I think, has been more warmly appreciated than my efforts to further the cause of Lady Dufferin's "Fund for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India," and the following graceful letter of acknowledgment speaks for itself —

"Government House, Calcutta

"DEAR MR CUMBERLAND,—I am extremely obliged to you for your very handsome donation to my Fund I shall immediately inscribe you upon my list of Life Members We also enjoyed the evening in the Town Hall very much, and were greatly interested in seeing the exhibition of your powers there Thanking you again for the substantial aid you have given me,

"I remain, yours truly,

"HARRIET DUFFERIN"

In addition to the representations given specially in aid of the poor, I have during my public career succeeded in winning quite a budget of bank-notes for various local charities from people

sceptical as to my ability to read the numbers of the said notes

There is nothing in connection with thought-reading that the average Englishman is so sceptical about as the power of a thought-reader to tell the figures on a bank-note, whilst, in reality, with a good "subject," it is an experiment as easy of accomplishment as any other test. But in virtue, I suppose, of the various challenges which have been made in connection with this particular form of experiment, the public has come to view bank-note reading as a thing outside the possibilities of genuine thought-reading, and there is scarcely a town in England where some one could not be found ready to wager against its being done.

"If you can read the number of this note," I have had people say, jumping up in the audience and flourishing bank-notes concealed in envelopes, "you can have it."

"Thanks, but I have no desire to deprive you of your bank-notes," I have invariably replied, "but if you find their presence burdensome to you and wish to be relieved of them, why not hand them over to some local charity, which would probably make a far better use of them than I should? If you, therefore, like me to try an experiment under the condition that if I tell the number of the note you give it to a charity, I am willing to proceed, but I must refuse in any case to accept any bank-note for myself."

This proposal has invariably been agreeable to the challenger, and I do not remember a case where, the conditions having been duly observed, I have failed

A notable
instance

One of the most remarkable cases of this character occurred at Sheffield, some five years ago. Two well-known professional men at Nottingham had a dispute about the genuineness of thought-reading, and one said that it was not possible for me to read the number of a bank-note that he had in his pocket. This statement, the other, who had been the chairman at one of my meetings in Nottingham, took exception to, and the result was a wager of £5 a side. I was at the time in Sheffield, and a friend was deputed by the disputants to wait upon me and submit the terms of the wager.

I agreed to try the experiment at one of my public representations in Sheffield, on the condition that the money, if I succeeded, should be given to the Sheffield Infirmary. This was agreed to, and the experiment came off in the large Cutlers' Hall, with the Master Cutler in the chair. The challenger was given his choice of any representative gentleman in the audience with whom the experiment should be performed, and he chose some one who was an absolute stranger to me. The "subject," the challenger, and the chairman adjourned to a private room, where the challenger produced a note in a sealed envelope which he, by way of making sure against its being got at, at once stitched to the

coat of the "subject," after he had made him acquainted with the number of the note. They then returned to the platform, and, taking the "subject" by the hand, I, without much difficulty, succeeded, amidst intense excitement, in placing the correct number on a black-board.

The note, to which I added £5 out of my own pocket, was duly handed over to the Infirmary, and so terminated a test which had excited a profound interest throughout the neighbourhood.

The number of figures on a bank note—with the exception of a Bank of England note, which has never more nor less than five figures—varies considerably, and in foreign countries one frequently comes across notes with a painfully long string of them. This is perplexing to the ordinary "subject," who experiences great difficulty in remembering in sequence a long array of figures. He is apt to forget them or misplace them, and the result is most unsatisfactory to the person who is trying to read his thoughts. A thought-reader cannot tell what a "subject" does not know, and he can only put down what is passing through his "subject's" mind at the time, and if the "subject" thinks of a 5 when it should be a 4, down goes the 5 and not the 4.

About the figures on bank-notes

I have had many amusing instances of man's perplexedness in this direction, of which an affair with a note in an out-of-the-way town in the States is the most prominent in my recollection.

They
upon
with the
note,

Some one had provided a note at one of my representations, the figures upon which were so numerous, that the chairman suggested that he and the committee-man who was to act as the "subject," should adjourn to another room and thoroughly master the number. This they did, but they were gone such a long time, that the audience became somewhat impatient, whilst the owner of the note showed unmistakable anxiety as to its safety. Noticing his anxiety, I suggested that he should go and look after his property. He at once acted upon the suggestion and disappeared. The minutes went by, and he did not return, and eventually I became myself anxious, so, asking the audience to excuse me for a moment, I went in search of the missing men. After searching for them through the dressing-rooms in vain, I finally found them comfortably located round the theatre-bar discussing Bourbon whisky.

"Hullo, Professor" (with an American every public man is 'Professor'), said the chairman, "come and chip in, there is just a quarter left. What's it to be, a cocktail or a——"

"Nothing, thanks," I broke in. "I came to see where you had got to, the people are getting impatient, and I want to get the experiment over. Where's the bank-note?"

"Bank-note?" and he gave a deep chuckle, winking slyly at the bar-tender the while. "Why, Professor, that's just the trouble. We've all been trying our level best to cypher out that

number, and it's beat us every time. It'd take a pretty level-headed mathematician to remember one half the number, let alone the whole of it, and so we decided to peter it out in whiskies and get rid of the darned thing. It'll give Eddie (the bar-tender), something to puzzle over when business is slack. Here, Eddie, give me three cigars—that is, if you won't join us, Professor," and he threw the remaining twenty-five cent piece on the counter, and munching some roasted coffee-berries, he, followed by his companions, made his way back to the platform.

The first person with whom I read the number of a bank-note was Baron Henry de Worms, and Sir Joseph Ellis, then Lord Mayor of London, provided the note. This experiment took place in the house of the Baroness Henry de Worms, then Mrs Sarah Phillips, who was one of the first leaders of fashion to take an interest in the subject of thought-reading. I was on the point of leaving for America, and in order to give the *séance* I had to abandon a farewell public representation arranged for the same evening. I mention this by way of instancing the fine feeling displayed by my hostess in connection with the matter. I am, as the world goes, a wretchedly poor man, but at that time I was even poorer than I now am, and could not very well afford to lose an engagement. Mrs Phillips knew that I did not take fees for private representations, and she was at the same time

and
"peter"
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The n. ,
"subject"
with whom
I read the
number of
a bank-
note

aware that (although the *séance* she had arranged might in the end be of greater service to me, as well as being in every way more agreeable) I had given up another engagement in order to be with her that evening. But she managed to solve the difficulty with that tact and delicacy for which she is justly famous. As I was saying good-night to Baron de Worms, who was promising to send me a letter acknowledging my success with him, Miss Phillips came up and said with considerable warmth "Every one is delighted with your experiments, and you have made many converts. Permit me to subscribe my name to your list of believers," handing me at the same time an envelope, which at the moment I took to contain a testimonial of some sort or other.

True
gentility,

On returning to my hotel I opened it, and found it contained a note of thanks accompanied by a cheque for the amount that I should have made out of the public representation I had abandoned.

This I consider to be an act of true gentility, and in this age of unthinking snobbishness is, I think, worthy of being recorded.

Baron
Henry de
Worms

Baron Henry de Worms proved himself to be an excellent "subject," for he is a man of marked determination and concentration of thought.

As a politician he will, I am inclined to think, play an important rôle in the immediate future, for he not only has push, perseverance, and pluck, but he has, in addition, great natural

abilities A brilliant linguist, he knows as much about foreign politics as any man in the house ; and I feel disposed to prophesy that, with his party in power, he will eventually become the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs The Baron has succeeded in captivating Prince Bismarck , and I happen to know that the Chancellor has a great belief in him—which is saying a good deal

Since the above-mentioned *séance*, thought-reading experiments of one sort and another have been performed in almost every drawing-room in London , and to-day so-called thought-readers can be hired for an evening's entertainment with a group of marionettes, or a string band Thought-reading experiments, if they possess any interest at all, have a scientific interest, and they cannot be produced to order like a waltz or a cabbage from out of a hat , yet one sees these latter-day thought-readers ^{Latter day} careering ^{thought-} around London drawing-rooms in search of ^{rills,} pins, or other hidden objects, at the whim of any one who may feel desirous of commanding them When a man takes a fee for his evening's work, he, as a matter of course, has to give his fee's worth , and he would be wanting in respect did he not obey the wishes—which in reality are the commands—of his hirer

Now, as I have already said, thought-reading experiments cannot be or ought not to be produced to order , and to be ordered to perform an experiment with some one with whom failure is

inevitable, should be most galling to any one with a legitimate turn for thought-reading. But the hired entertainers who hunt for pins in London drawing-rooms, have, I fear, but little pride in their art, and society, which looks upon such folks as no more to them than the powdered flunkies in the hall, treats them with but scant courtesy. But this, alas! is not all, these entertainers not only permit themselves to be at the beck and call of every one present, but they eke out an evening's entertainment by adding musical oddities and conjuring tricks to their *répertoire* of thought-reading illustrations. So that society, which seldom takes the trouble to sift the wheat from the chaff, invariably gets hopelessly confused as to which is the thought-reading and which the conjuring, and it not infrequently happens that a man gets applauded as a thought-reader for dexterously changing a half-crown into a penny, and condemned as a conjuror when by his process of thought-reading he correctly indicates an object thought of. After-dinner guests have neither the time nor the inclination to give such matters serious consideration, and it is all one to them whether the so-called thought-reader dances a jig, reads the number of a bank-note, or conjures with a pink-eyed rabbit. They want to be amused, nothing more.

There is, of course, no copyright in thought-reading, and any one who has the memory, gift of perception, and sufficient hard cash to

and their
antic

buy a blindfold is at liberty to try his hand , but all the same, it is exceedingly hard that so interesting a subject should be so seriously lowered in the public estimation by the antics of its latter-day professors, who do not confine their engagements to drawing-rooms, but from time to time appear at garden-parties in company of Aunt Sally men, round-about, and peripatetic niggers

What
thought-
reading
has been
brought to

I have, in fact, an advertisement before me, cut from a leading newspaper in the west of England, in which I see that a "thought-reader and drawing-room entertainer" is to appear at a public entertainment, side by side with Punch and Judy, Aunt Sallies, may-pole dancers, &c , &c

Fancy a thought-reader waiting behind the may-pole to do his "turn" immediately after the "three-shies a-penny" folk had exhausted their stock of loose coppers, or the bringing down of the curtain upon the domestic tragedy of Punch and Judy.

After this, what next? Well, it would not surprise me to see some of these so-called thought-readers in slack times allying themselves with the Italian organ-grinder and his monkey, the blind man and his dog, or the "happy family" man and his fortune-telling canaries. With a good pitch such a combination would probably take very well for a time, and the thought-reader would, maybe, find his share of the profits fully equal to the fee he was in

The last
stage of all

the habit of receiving for rushing about blindfolded in crowded drawing-rooms during the season

The wretched travesties of my experiments have, it must be confessed, served to lower the subject of thought-reading in the eyes of the general public, whilst at the same time they have done me incalculable harm, for those who have witnessed only the imitations, which are frequently no more like the genuine article than an artichoke is like a moss-rose, have been too disappointed, and in some cases too disgusted, to think the matter worthy of any further consideration

As like the
genuine
article
is an
artichoke
is like a
moss-rose

Whilst, however, thought-reading is no longer the craze that it was a few years back, there is still a very great interest in the subject, and I find people ever ready to witness my experiments, and to hear what I have to say with regard to the *modus operandi*

There is, I suppose, no subject whatsoever about which there are so many diverse opinions as this said thought-reading. Some people curtly dismiss it as mere trickery, others attribute it to "spirit influence," some explain it on the principle of magnetism, others on the basis of mesmerism, telepathy, or "brain-waves," whilst but a very few understand how the experiments are actually performed

The *modus operandi* of thought-reading

The basis of experiment is the same in every case, whether it be the finding of a pin, the reading of the number of a bank-note, or the

reproduction of an imaginary murder scene, and the indication of the thought is conveyed to me by the thinker through the action of his physical system. For let it be clearly understood that I at no time get any so-called "mental picture" of what is passing in the mind of my "subject," and all this talk about "mental-picture reading" is so much idle rubbish.

I take a person by the hand (the left or the right, it does not particularly matter which, although it is, as a rule, easier to work with the left than the right), and ask him to think of an object, he does so, letting the object selected be the dominant idea in his mind, the result being a physical indication of the direction of the object, which, being followed up, finally leads to the object itself.

In my experiments I am always blindfolded, in order that my attention may not be distracted by light or movement, but all the same I am perfectly wide-awake to receive impressions. In working them out I try, whenever possible, to take the initiative, in preference to following my subject's lead. This way is certainly more difficult than the other, but, at the same time, it is far more effective.

It is very seldom that I fail in my experiments, for, given an honest man who is able to concentrate his thoughts, success is certain. It is practically impossible for a man to concentrate his thoughts upon a certain article in such a manner that that becomes the sole idea in his

Why I am
blind-
folded

mind, without, whilst in contact with the operator, betraying a muscular tension in its direction

Reading
thoughts
without
physical
contact

It is not given to any thought-reader to read the thoughts of another, save on the principle of physical interpretation, despite the assertions of the Psychical Society to the contrary. It is true that members of this profoundly learned society and other mystically-inclined folk claim to be able to read thoughts without such physical contact, but the reader may take my word for it that, in the main, it is sheer fudge. For the stories one hears of the extraordinary results achieved in this direction are often unconsciously or wilfully exaggerated, whilst the results are very seldom, if ever, achieved under the conditions which are claimed for them.

I have come across much of this sort of thing, but I have not yet seen an instance of reading thoughts without contact which could not be satisfactorily explained on the basis of guess-work, unconscious suggestion, or wilful trickery. If, instead of bothering their heads as to how the brain-waves pass from the subject to the operator, investigators of this sort of thing were to more closely observe the conditions under which the experiments are brought about, they would doubtless find quite enough outside suggestion and indication to account for much of what takes place.

Percep-
tion of
touch

Thought-reading, as far as I am concerned, is simply the perception of touch, and nothing more, and I do not believe that one man can

look into the mind of another and see by "mental-picture reading" what is going on therein, any more than he can see through a stone wall or into the middle of next week

It is true that, in addition to being able to get at a person's thoughts by means of unconscious muscular tensions, one can frequently read another's intentions in a general way by watching the facial expressions or by noting and interpreting the bodily expressions. But all this is mere body-reading, although such interpreters of other people's thoughts and intentions frequently mistake a natural keenness of perception for some uncanny gift, and, if encouraged in their delusions, will in due course arrive at the stage when they will see in their mind's eye "auras," and feel "strange magnetic currents" running through them.

With some people the gift of character-reading is strongly marked, yet even the most proficient frequently get taken in, whilst it often happens that the most trustworthy folk, merely on account of not being sympathetic to the character-readers, or for some other trifling cause, may be altogether misjudged.

Lord Beaconsfield was a keen judge of character, yet he from time to time made mistakes, and his original impressions of people with whom he came in contact frequently underwent considerable change.

First impressions are, as a general thing, correct; but much depends upon the condition one

is in both to receive and to give impressions, for many a man has ruined his reputation for politeness whilst suffering from dyspepsia, and many a woman her character for amiability whilst labouring under the evil effects of tight-lacing or the wearing of tight boots

Very few people worth studying at all are two days alike, and the more sensitive and emotional they are the more readily they become influenced by surroundings and circumstances, so that it repeatedly happens that you form of some worthy person, whom you for the first time come across in unfavourable moments, an altogether incorrect impression, and as you may neither have the opportunity of falling in with him again, nor the desire to further consider him, the conclusion first arrived at, unjust as it may be, remains unchanged

Yet there is a good deal to be said in favour of first impressions, which, as I have already stated, are on the whole correct. There is about these "first impressions" a something which, although practically undefinable, is frequently irresistible. With some people you are at once *en rapport*, whilst others jar upon you like the striking of a note out of tune. Some, you feel, might influence you for good and others for bad, and *vice versa*. Some you at once feel a child-like confidence in, whilst others fill you with deep distrust, and so on *ad infinitum*

About
thus in
general,

The facial expression is not always the true index to the mind, and one may be repeatedly

led astray by accepting it as such. I have known people lie with a glibness that was most convincing who could maintain an appearance of the most perfect sincerity. It is not through watching the facial expressions that such people are found out, but by noting the bodily indications. My theory is that every habitual liar, no matter how accomplished, is liable to betray himself by some physical peculiarity or other. It is not natural to man to lie—that is deliberately and wilfully—and the novice is liable to be at once discovered, be it in the shiftiness of the eye, the nervous twitching of the mouth, or the deep flush of shame and confusion which mantles his cheeks, but with the habitual liar it is quite another matter. He knows that ninety-nine people out of a hundred scrutinize another's face when they wish to be convinced of his truthfulness, and they steel themselves accordingly, the face of a liar being as inscrutable as that of the proverbial sphinx. There are still, I suppose, believers in the honest, manly, 'good old truth, who feel convinced that a man cannot look you in the face and tell you a lie, but, bless their dear, trustful hearts, this is just what your habitual liar does, and with his tongue in his cheek the while.

But lying being a weakness, it is bound to betray itself somehow or other, and I can assure my readers that men who whilst lying could look the keenest person in the face without flinching, have been known to otherwise give

themselves away in the most unmistakable manner. It may have been in the twitching of the fingers, the nervous tapping of the foot, the thrusting of a thumb or a finger in the waistcoat pocket, or any other such bodily movement, but that action, whatever it may have been, was the one that provided the index to his thoughts. Such movement, moreover, would be habitual with him, and peculiar only to the moment when he was lying.

Very few, I take it, are so thoroughly lost to all sense of shame without feeling some sort of compunction at wilful lying, and whilst the liar is steeling his face against betrayal, he is unconsciously betraying himself in other directions.

As an instance in point —

and one in particular.

I once knew a man, whom Mark Twain would perhaps have designated as the "prettiest liar in creation." He altogether falsified the adage about a liar not being able to look you straight in the face, for he would, whilst grossly lying, look at you in the most direct manner, in fact so straight was his gaze that you invariably would lower your eyes before his, as if you in reality were the sinner, and not he.

He tried his hand with me, and momentarily took me in, for I could not conceive it possible that a man could lie so glibly and yet maintain such an air of perfect, unblushing innocence.

The next time I fell in with him was on an occasion when it was to his advantage to lie,

and that he was equal to the occasion goes without saying. Yet all the while his expression was ingenuousness itself. I, however, noticed, that whilst a smile wreathed his lips, and his light blue eyes danced in playful innocence, there was a suspicious nervous action of the fingers of the left hand as he grasped his watch-chain. To give the man credit, he never lied purposelessly, and only upon matters affecting his own interests, but when the purpose was there, there was no limit to where he thought himself justified in throwing the hatchet. On another occasion I had some business to discuss with him very much to his advantage, and I noticed him involuntarily stretch out his thumb to hook in his watch-chain preparatory to launching forth. Suddenly he paused, blushed and stammered, and in his confusion he actually told the truth.

On looking down where his hand had gone, I saw that he had come out without his watch-chain.

Naturally truthful men experience much greater difficulty than do habitual liars in controlling their feelings. That is to say, they much more readily give themselves away by some physical indication or other, in many instances the indications being so transparent that a child could run and read them.

It may or may not be an advantage for a man to be able to judge of another man's sincerity offhand, but I believe that I can, Lyng will out

diately I shake a man by the hand, tell what his true feelings are with regard to me. A man may wreath his face with smiles when he receives me, but if they do not correctly express his thoughts, there will be almost sure to be a bodily something about him that will betray him. A man may retain an idea to himself against all the thought-readers and clairvoyantes in the world, but he cannot retain a feeling. Some people do not, of course, attempt to hide their feelings, and their expressions of annoyance or dislike are so clearly marked as to be intelligible to the very dullest. Others do try to hide their feelings under a mask, but their emotions often get the better of them, and in the twitching and constant shifting of the mask one can see readily what is hid beneath.

Mr Gladstone, of all the notable men I have met, is about the least able to mask his emotions, skilful though he is in cloaking his thoughts.

With respect to so-called thought-reading without contact, the frequency with which a similar idea will strike two people at precisely the same moment is puzzling to most folks, but one, I think, may take it that in most cases the idea expressed has been led up to by conversation, or is simply the result of two persons of a similar way of thinking arriving simultaneously at a conclusion about a thing which each, unconscious to the other, has in the moment noted. But there is no thought-read-

ing about this sort of thing. Neither could in all probability have told the other what he was thinking about. Each one simply expressed his own thoughts, and not the thoughts of the other.

“Talk of the Devil and his imp will appear,” is a proverb which if not exactly carried out to the letter is strangely exemplified in a modified sense, for it is perfectly astonishing how frequently it happens that a person you may speak or think about, suddenly puts in an appearance. I have never been able to quite satisfy myself concerning this matter, although coincidence doubtless covers the whole ground. But for my own part I can safely say that the idea which has suddenly struck me whilst out walking that I should meet or see so-and-so, has in most cases been completely realized, although perhaps the person in question may have been the last person in the world I should have expected to have seen.

A case in point. A few days back I was wending my way towards Fleet Street, my mind occupied concerning a certain contract which was in dispute, and which I might have to consult my solicitor (Mr Theodore Lumley) about. I was picturing myself laying my case before my solicitor when the idea flashed across me that I should meet him. I looked up suddenly, and lo! a few yards ahead of me, was Mr. Lumley. I explained to him what had occurred; and he replied, “It is very odd, I have just left the

Law Courts, where I had expected to have been occupied for two days, but the case upon which I was engaged has come to a sudden termination, and until a few moments ago I had no idea I should be turning my steps homeward "

The Spiritualists will, of course, say that I was for the moment "*clairvoyant*," whilst the Psychical Research folk will doubtless see in it an indisputable instance of "brain waves" passing between Mr Lumley and myself, whilst the Theosophists will, I suppose, be equally certain that my friend despatched his "astral body" to notify me of his approach, my "astral body" the meanwhile journeying to the Law Courts to bring him along immediately upon the conclusion of the case

The whole thing, of course, was a mere coincidence, but, all the same, coincidences are frequently as curious as they are apparently inexplicable

There is with most folk a hankering after the supernatural in some form or other, and many people are quite disappointed when a thing which they fondly imagine could only be explained away supernaturally proves to be explicable upon a natural basis. It behoves every one, however, to exhaust the natural before rushing to the supernatural for the true explanation of what may appear to be for the moment incapable of elucidation, and it may be at once acceded that any one who claims to be able to produce or perform things contrary to the laws

Just exhaust the natural

of nature is either self-deceived or is guilty of wilful false-pretence. Nature's mantle is quite ample enough to cover all so-called occult phenomena, and the person has yet to be born, be he Spirit-medium, Theosophist or Thought-reader, who can produce manifestations which are not explicable on a perfectly natural basis.

The gift of what is termed thought-reading, but which more properly speaking is, as I have pointed out, merely body-reading, is not of course confined to myself, for there are doubtless thousands of people in the world who possess in a greater or lesser degree the necessary qualifications. Nine-tenths of the people do not, and, maybe, never will know it, and a large proportion of the remaining tenth, whilst being conscious of the fact, would in all probability not take the trouble to develop the faculty. The number, therefore, of people left from which thought-readers might be evolved is exceeding small, and the world could count on the fingers of one hand the names of those thought-readers with whom it is familiar.

Whilst many people are able to do certain experiments remarkably well in the family circle, where every one is friendly disposed, but very few of these find themselves able to face critical public audiences. Thought-reading is exceedingly exhausting work, and one suffers a certain loss of vitality in producing the experiments, and a continuous practice of them is in most cases likely to be injurious. A man must

The gift of
thought-
reading

Who pos-
sess it

The wear
and tear of
thought-
reading

have a fairly good physique to be able to stand for long the wear and tear of thought-reading. Some amateur operators—especially emotional young women—have played sad havoc with their nerves through following up the subject, whilst from time to time one hears of the complete break-down of would-be professional performers.

For my part, I have not only ceased to make further investigations in connection with the subject, but I have practically given up experimenting altogether, not so much on the ground that my health was affected thereby, as that other matters of greater moment have occupied my thoughts and my time. Although professionally I do not expect to again appear in this country, I shall at any time be glad to give my services for charitable purposes²

Adieu

I have not yet, however, finished my wanderings, and in due course of time I hope to submit to the public some further "thoughts," including my impressions of the countries I shall have visited and the people I shall have met since the present work passed into the printers' hands. Meanwhile, Adieu!

² Any communications addressed to me to care of my publishers (Messrs Sampson Low and Co), with reference to this matter will receive my prompt consideration.

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