

cross City Hall Square, and stop at a door with No. 19 over it in gilt numerals. I enter, thread dusty flights of stairs for four stories, and pause at last before a door labeled "Editorial Rooms," in dingy gilt letters on a black ground. Pushing open the door, I find myself in the midst of a knot of gentlemen, pass through, and tap at the door of an interior room with the knob of my walking-stick. The door opens and I am face to face with a tall and sad-faced gentleman, of quiet but kindly ways, who asks me to come in. After a conversation of possibly five minutes, consumed in questions on his part and answers on mine, the sad-faced gentleman takes me to an adjoining room and introduces me to a corpulent, falcon-faced gentleman, whom he styles the city editor, and who, in his turn, presents me to one of the knot in the outer room, with instructions to explain my duties for the evening. This done, I thread my way down stairs, and as I pass glance at the City Hall clock. *It is ten minutes past three.* It has passed like a flash—the dream—and I am sound asleep again.

Now, so curiously perverse is human nature that when I started down town in the afternoon—it must have been two o'clock—it did not occur to me to follow out my dream. I lounged down Broadway listlessly, and with mind curiously at rest, crossed City-Hall Square instinctively, passed the Hall of Records, and did not even recall the dream until I was at the door of No. 19—when came recognition. I entered, went up-stairs, recognizing even the dusty banisters, and at the remembered landing stopped in front of the door labeled "Editorial Rooms." It was the same. I pushed it open and entered, finding myself in the midst of a group of gentlemen every one of whom—from rubicund-visaged Dunn to sad-fated Watson—I had met the night before in dream-life. Crossing the room, I tapped at the inner door—one of three—with the top of my walking stick. The door opened, and there stood the sad-faced man—the late Isaac C. Pray. I was then presented to the falcon-faced city-editor—Mr. John Armstrong. There was no more vagueness about the recognition of either than there would have been had either been my own brother, instead of the perfect stranger he actually was. I was then presented to the subordinate—Mr. J. Edmund Burke. It is a curious fact that I was not at all impressed with these coincidences, but accepted them rather as matters of course than as events partaking of the phenomenal; and as I emerged from the building, with instructions to report at Union Square at seven o'clock, I did not glance at the dial with any intention of verifying my dream to the last circum-

stance, but merely to ascertain how long I had to rest—for I was weary beyond words—before reporting for further orders. *Nevertheless it was exactly ten minutes past three.*

I will adduce only one more case of this type, and one of no great importance in one aspect, but of peculiar significance in another. In October, 1872, I was one of the editors of the *Home Journal*. One night, in a flash of dream, the senior editor Mr. George Perry, called me to his desk for consultation upon a trifling question. As I dreamed it, it was a quarter past two by the clock just over my left shoulder, as I stood talking with him. The next day, at the hour and minute, that consultation occurred, and verified the dream to the minutest detail. Wholly without premeditation—for the dream had not even occurred to me from the hour I sat down at my desk, between ten and eleven in the morning, until it was abruptly recalled by the remark of Mr. Perry, "Fairfield, I'd like to talk with you a minute"—the exact words with which, as I had dreamed it, the conversation was commenced.

Certain peculiarities distinguishing them from ordinary dreaming have always accompanied these flashes of consciousness. 1. They are invariably instantaneous, preceded by nothing, followed by nothing—sudden islands of dream in a sea of sleep!—and consist, however complex in details, of one swift impression. 2. Apart from myself, I see myself doing this or that as a kind of double, whereas, in ordinary dreaming, there is no double consciousness. To be more explicit, in ordinary dreaming I am conscious of myself as taking part in this or that transaction, as pursued by ghouls, or taking a walk down Broadway and meeting an Egyptian pyramid at a particular corner; while in these rarer phenomena I, as a spectator, see myself doing a given act, conscious that the doer is a kind of double of mine—conscious of identity also, but still not identical.

In the spring of 1867, after many days of suffering with neuralgia in the right temple, I managed to get detailed from the home-staff for a few weeks, and was sent on a correspondent's commission to Connecticut, which practically enabled me to lounge a few days at the homestead in Stafford. I had left in occupancy of my rooms in town a young man in whom I took a friend's and a student's interest—an example of morbid psychological anatomy, and the victim of attacks of suicidal impulse. I was at home. At a quarter before seven, by the clock in the old east room, as I was pacing to and fro, I was smitten with a sudden spasm of numbness, lasting possibly a second, and succeeded by a rapid flash of vision. I saw the