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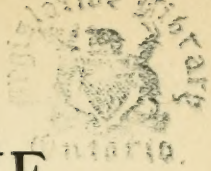
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PEOPLE I HAVE READ

BY

STUART CUMBERLAND *N*

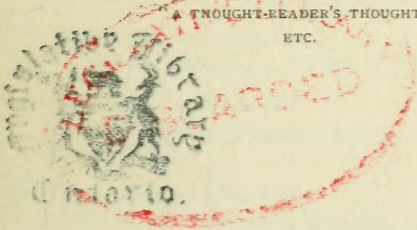
AUTHOR OF

"THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN"

"WHAT I THINK OF SOUTH AFRICA"

"THOUGHT-READER'S THOUGHTS"

ETC.



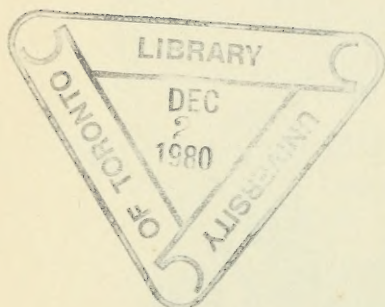
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PEOPLE I HAVE READ

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

IT is some time since I have given any public representations of my thought-reading experiments. But I do not suppose a day passes without my applying my art to the reading of someone or other. The study of human nature is an exceedingly fascinating one, and I have been afforded exceptional opportunities of studying mankind individually and collectively.

I have visited many courts and travelled in many lands and have, from time to time, been brought in close contact with the world's rulers and those who have made their mark in the world's history. With a great number of them I have performed actual experiments, whilst others I have read without the direct application of any experiments at all.

Upon the correctness of my reading in connection with the various people herein dealt with, I am prepared to take my stand. It is only too possible that

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I have made mistakes, and that exception may be taken to some of my criticisms ; but, whatever exception may be taken, my criticisms, such as they are, have been honestly arrived at.

With respect to thought-reading itself, I have been asked whether I assume a power which no one else possesses? Not a bit of it! Very many people possess a similar power, and might very well accomplish results like those I have myself accomplished.

There is nothing occult, nothing very much out of the way, in experiments of this kind. Briefly, it all amounts to the possession of a fineness of touch—the ability to receive and interpret the *physical* indications which are conveyed by a “subject” in the course of the experiment. It is practically impossible for anyone to concentrate his thoughts entirely upon a given object or idea without giving some physical indication of that thought. This indication, whilst conscious to the operator, is invariably unconscious on the part of the “subject.”

Thought itself is immaterial, and cannot be laid hold of or interpreted without some outward physical betrayal. The reason why I am blindfolded whilst experimenting is in order that I may not be distracted by objects and movements around me. I have read people without being blindfolded, and without actual contact, but it has been an interpretation of physical expressions all the same—the movement of the hand, the foot, the twitching of a

Introduction

lip, the look in an eye, the act of respiration, and so on. Any or all of these have gone towards indicating to me what object the "subject" had in his mind.

It goes without saying that no one can have two dominant ideas in his mind at one time; and if a man who has elected to think of an object says to himself, "I am not going to let him read my thoughts," *that* becomes the dominant idea and *not* the object in question. There are many such men in the world.

It is one thing, I would add, to experiment privately, and quite another to give public representations, where the audience have not only to be convinced, but, in addition, have to be given their money's worth. I am the only Englishman who has given public demonstrations, of no matter what kind, in every European and Eastern capital, and over and over again in the various large towns of Great Britain, the Continent, and the lands beyond the seas.

The gods have been good to me in endowing me with a singularly retentive memory. It has enabled me to go through life without the necessity of taking notes or of keeping a diary. A mental picture of almost every person of note and everything important I have seen is, as it were, burnt in my memory, and will be faithfully recorded in the following pages.

CHAPTER II

MONARCHS AS SUBJECTS

King Edward VII.—Queen Alexandra—Alexander III.—Dowager
Tzaritza—Nicholas II.—Tzaritza.

King Edward VII.

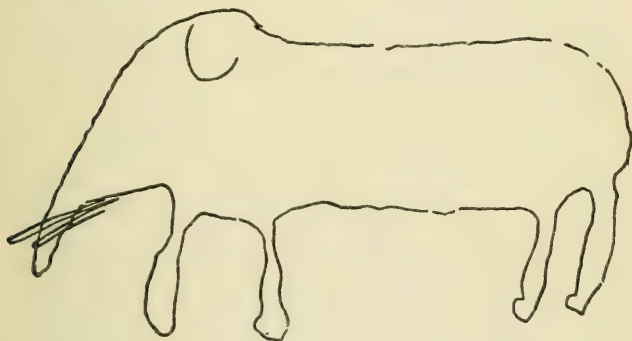
THE first opportunity I had of experimenting with His Majesty, then Prince of Wales, was at Waddesdon, where I had the honour of being included amongst Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's house-party. One night after dinner, during the course of some experiments, His Majesty suggested quite a new test to me. It was to draw on a piece of paper the outline of a picture that he, at that time, had in his mind. I confessed that I had never tried the experiment before, and that not only was I not an artist, but that I really couldn't draw at all. His Majesty smilingly replied he was afraid that he too was nothing of an artist, but that he would do the thinking if I would do the interpreting of his thought.

A piece of paper was fastened to the music stand of the piano, and, blindfolded, I took His Majesty by the hand, and with a piece of pencil in my right hand commenced the drawing. I knew my "subject" from

King Edward VII.

other experiments was an excellent one, and novel though the test was, I felt confident of success. The drawing, as a matter of course, would be bad—it would be mine—but the idea, which was His Majesty's, would, I was sure, be more or less correctly divined.

The experiment took but a few moments, and, when I had finished, everyone laughed uncontrolledly, no one being more amused than His Majesty. I undid my blindfold, and a weird figure met my gaze. Here it is:—



At first sight it looks uncommonly like a species of pig; one of those crude drawings with which the North American Indians are wont to ornament their wigwams. But a closer scrutiny will satisfy the most fastidious critic that the drawing is intended to represent an elephant.

It was an elephant that His Majesty had thought of, and it was my idea of an elephant that I had

People I Have Read

endeavoured to portray. Many times since have I, without being incommoded with a blindfold, endeavoured to improve upon the original; but, alas for my reputation as an artist, I have not succeeded.

It will be obvious that the animal in question is minus its tail. This is accounted for by the fact that His Majesty had thought of an elephant without a tail—one that had been shot in Ceylon. Had I added a tail, or what, with my pencil, would have done duty for one, I should not then have been correctly interpreting His Majesty's thoughts. So putting the crudity of outline, for which I solely am responsible, aside, the animal was depicted on the paper exactly as thought of.

His Majesty as a King we, loyal Britishers, all know to be a model. As a "subject" I found him perfect. He possesses great concentration of thought and marked determination of will. He, moreover, in the experiments I have been permitted to make with him, has been scrupulously fair; indeed, most anxious for them to succeed. One can more readily understand the workings of a man's mind by such experiments, and they afforded me an insight into His Majesty's method of thinking that no superficial observation, no matter how close or frequent, could ever have given me. His Majesty has a personal magnetism beyond that of any other living ruler. He attracts everyone, and his great personal popularity can readily be understood. His Majesty

King Edward VII.

is a remarkably shrewd judge of character, and reads human nature like an open book. A born diplomatist, backed up by untiring energy and great firmness of will, he, as the whole world knows, has achieved diplomatic results that have made strongly for peace and the permanent goodwill of nations. His Majesty King Edward VII., beloved by his people, and having the regard and respect of the various peoples of the Continent, is to-day personally the most powerful monarch in Europe for all that is good.



Some time after the drawing test with the King I did a similar experiment at Munich with Franz von Lenbach, the world-famous portrait painter.

Professor von Lenbach, it appears, had thought of the profile of a Greek lady.

In the second figure will be seen my drawing,

People I Have Read

made whilst blindfolded, of what I interpreted to be my subject's idea. In the first figure will be seen the profile Professor von Lenbach afterwards drew underneath to show the audience what shape his thoughts actually took.

It will be admitted that, allowing for my faulty drawing, I have fairly outlined on the paper what was really in his mind.

Queen Alexandra

Although the Queen had previously honoured me by attending my public representations, it was not until my visit to Castle Bernstorff, near Copenhagen, that I had the honour of experimenting with Her Majesty personally. It was on the occasion of the golden wedding festivities of their Majesties the King and Queen of Denmark. The gathering in remembrance of the historic entertainment once provided by Napoleon has been called "an audience of kings." But the difference between the two audiences lies in the fact that while the exalted personages who composed Napoleon's audience were, willy-nilly, only witnesses of the entertainment provided by the Conqueror, the royalties who formed my audience took an active part in the impromptu programme. In a word, the experiments I presented were performed *with*, and not before them.

Amongst those forming this audience were I.M. the Emperor Alexander III. and the Tsaritsa, the

Queen Alexandra

King and Queen of Denmark, Queen Alexandra (then Princess of Wales), the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, Prince George of Greece, and the present Tzar's youngest brother, the Grand Duke Michael.

I found Queen Alexandra a truly admirable "subject," and full of highly interesting suggestions. It was Her Majesty's suggestion that I should try and find something thought of in another part of the castle. Her Majesty communicated her thoughts to Prince George of Greece. I took H.R.H. out of the room, and rushed upstairs into a room and picked up a photo in a frame standing on a dressing-table. I returned with it to the room and presented it to Her Majesty. It was what she had thought of, viz. the photograph of the late Prince Edward of Wales. I was to fetch it, and then present it to her. Her Majesty warmly congratulated me on the success of the experiment. Other tests performed with Her Majesty were equally successful.

Queen Alexandra has an unequalled charm of manner that goes straight to the heart of everyone. She is so gentle, so kindly, so thoughtful, so thoroughly sincere, that the devotion she so readily and so lastingly inspires can be at once understood. There is nothing of importance that Her Majesty does not take an interest in, and her interest is never merely superficial. She always tries to get to the

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bottom of things, and in consequence her general knowledge of things is very great. Her Majesty is most charitable, and her heart is easily moved. She loves to do good, and is never so happy as when making others happy. Like the King, her memory is remarkable, and she never forgets a face.

The Tsar Alexander III.

His Majesty was not a particularly good subject, although I succeeded with him perfectly, notably in the test of writing out in Russian characters a Russian word thought of by him. I may say that I do not know Russian. His Majesty was physically the strongest monarch in Europe, and he also was a man of certain determination of character, but he lacked great concentration of thought. I fancy it worried him not a little to have to think deeply over anything. He was mentally as well as physically restless.

Yet his mind once made up, there was no altering it. He was stubbornness personified. He was a brave man, yet the shadow of sudden death embittered his life. It did not instil him with fear—he was incapable of that—but it caused him to develop religious mania. When the religious fit was on him he was gloomy, morose, and almost unbearable. He would shut himself up alone, and be practically unapproachable, no matter how urgent State affairs requiring his personal attention might be. Then the

Tsar Alexander III.

fit would pass away, and he would become his old self, and attack his arrears of work with an energy impossible in a man of weaker physique. The Tsar was a just man, and detested lies or double-dealing. He was once on the point of going to war with Germany, on account of what he had been led to believe had been double dealing on Bismarck's part. It was only after a complete explanation that he was satisfied, and a rupture averted.

Tsar Alexander III. was not a statesman, and knew next to nothing of statecraft as it is understood at other European courts; but he was for Russia a born ruler; he would have made short work of those who attempted to usurp his authority or dictate a policy to him. He would be his own dictator. It could not be said that the Russian people loved him; they did not understand him well enough for that, but they knew him to be a strong, determined ruler, without anything of the lamentable indecision and weakness of the son that was to follow him. He therefore was held in profound respect, not unmixed with fear, throughout Russia.

But by his immediate entourage Alexander III. was really loved. They knew his strength and his failings, and they had reason to be satisfied with his warm appreciation and never-failing reward of devotion and merit.

He was a most devoted husband, and a fond, if somewhat strict, father. He loved nothing better

People I Have Read

than to romp with his younger children. I have seen him at Bernstorff wheeling them about in a wheelbarrow, to their huge delight.

His Majesty delighted to exhibit his strength, and he could readily equal the most striking feats of the most famous professional strong men. He could bend the points of a horse-shoe together with one hand, tear a pack of cards in half after the fashion of the famous conjurer Hermann, and lift a pony with the ease of a Sandow.

I have every reason to believe that it was an internal strain brought about by over-physical exertion that caused his death. Rumour has put it down to poison secretly administered, but rumour never lied so glibly as in this matter.

Long before his death His Majesty suffered terribly, but he did not complain, and when the physicians were called in it was too late.

The Tsar was somewhat of a fatalist, and personally he scorned the various precautions that were taken by those around him for his safety. If he must die, he must, and there was an end of it, was his way of thinking, and if he had had his own way he would have ridden in public in Russia without a single detective in attendance. But in this matter his way was not that of the Russian police. He was the Tsar, the very State itself, and it was necessary he be protected, whether he wished it or even knew of it.

Tsar Alexander III.

At Bernstorff, where the Tsar felt so completely at home in the bosom of his wife's family, where he could live the simple, quiet life he most loved, he fancied that he was more or less free from officious police surveillance. But it was not so. On the evening of the invitation to Bernstorff a royal carriage had been sent to the hotel to take my wife, my relative, Miss Phyllis Bentley, and myself to the castle. On our arrival in the courtyard we found the carriage surrounded by members of the detective force told off to guard the Tsar. We were politely asked to dismount, and during our stay in an ante-room were subjected to a mental search by an exceedingly amiable but singularly hawk-eyed gentleman of the force, whilst his subordinates made a vigorous and complete search of the carriage from which we had dismounted. Luckily no *agent provocateur* had concealed bombs or other weapons of destruction in the vehicle. The Tsar, of course, was quite unaware of what had happened. He also presumably was unaware that the censor had forbidden the entrance into Russia of a work of mine which he had in his room, and in which I was afterwards informed he was interested. His Majesty read but little; he much preferred to be read to. The Tsaritzza, who is an omnivorous reader, selected such books and papers as she thought would interest him. She had great influence over him, as had our Queen Alexandra. At those delightful family reunions at

People I Have Read

Bernstorff much in connection with European affairs, which were a closed book to His Majesty whilst in Russia, was made clear to him. I believe that more than one petition was sent to Queen Alexandra (then Princess of Wales) whilst at Bernstorff, praying her to use her influence with the Tsar to ameliorate the conditions of the Jews, or to procure the redress of this or that wrong. Needless to say, all that was possible without undue interference was done in this direction. The Tsar, for a Russian, was not a particularly good linguist. He disliked German and spoke English somewhat imperfectly. French was his favourite language; indeed, he had a great liking for everything French. This being so, the alliance between Russia and France became all the easier.

The Dowager-Tsaritza

I have had the honour of making several thought-reading experiments with Her Majesty, and quite successfully too, she being an excellent "subject."

Her Majesty is a well-read and intellectual woman. Her influence with her husband was very great. Since his death she has interested herself even more deeply in affairs of State. At one time her son practically did nothing without first consulting her. She was indeed the power behind the throne. But *nous avons changé tout cela* in these later days; and to-day one may consider her as the power outside the throne, for the Tsar Nicholas II. and the

The Dowager-Tsaritza

Dowager-Tsaritza in matters political do not now see exactly eye to eye together.

With the Imperial family and the ruling classes generally the Dowager-Empress has, if anything, increased her popularity of late. Certainly her power and influence have materially increased. It is said she is ambitious and loves power. It may be so. My opinion is that she is inclined to be somewhat masterful. She is very firm and decisive, and has, from the date of her marriage till now, had everything very much her own way.¹

Her Majesty, whilst a very charming, graceful woman, does not very closely resemble Queen Alexandra, who has so much of her mother's winsomeness and beauty. The Dowager-Empress is, in fact, far more like her younger sister Tyra, Duchess of Cumberland. The likeness does not, however, go further than that of face and figure. Her Majesty's mind is more vigorous, more commanding, than that of the Duchess. Many sorrows have come to the Dowager-Empress, sorrows far beyond those that befall the ordinary mortal. Her husband was taken from her in his prime; then came the tragically sudden death of her second son, and now fears are entertained for the health of her youngest son the Grand Duke Michael, who as a lad was the most robust of all the family.

¹ This was written months before the part played by the Dowager Empress, in connection with Russian politics, became the subject of so much public comment.—S. C.

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The Tsar Nicholas II.

His Majesty is as intellectually active as his father was sluggish.

Alexander III. thought but little, but he was a man of purpose, of action. His son thinks a good deal, but he is practically purposeless; one might almost add even nerveless. When he displays moments of passing strength, of real purpose, one may take it that such strength, such purpose, are inspired by his wife.

His Majesty has a jerky mind, a mind full of indecisions. As a "subject" for thought-reading experiments he lacks the necessary mental grip to carry out anything of an exceptionally complex character. He is naturally changeable, and is easily changed by others. He is by nature kind-hearted, gentle, and really well-meaning. He has always done his best according to his lights; and is genuinely affected when he discovers that the efforts of his well-meaningness are misunderstood, and the results therefrom are either nil or the opposite to what he had intended.

Whilst Alexander III. ruled and was obeyed, Nicholas II. does not rule in the sense that his father did, neither is he obeyed in the same way.

But, although His Majesty lacks that imposing physique, that dogged, rugged determination one associates with the Tsar of all the Russias, he has, at

The Tsar Nicholas II.

times, not a little of the Romanoff spirit. At those times he puts his foot down, and says, "I am the Tsar, and will be obeyed!" But, alas! this foot is quickly taken up again, and then returns the old indecision, the old policy of vacillation and want of determination.

The Tsar Nicholas II. is, for a Romanoff, singularly emotional. His temperament, in fact, is almost feminine. Like a woman, he is guided by his emotions, which are readily played upon. In the hands of a strong mind he would be as wax; but the moulding of one strong mind would, with a given opportunity, be subject to material alterations at the hands of another. Those about him, who practically do all the ruling, know it only too well; and the different shapes into which his thoughts and his policies are moulded by stronger men than himself are as bewildering as they are pathetic.

Truly the Tsar Nicholas II. is the most pathetic figure amongst latter-day monarchs. He is loved by his wife and adored by his children, for he is the perfection of husband and father. His immediate entourage, appreciating his many excellent qualities and his high sense of justice, are deeply attached to him. He has just those qualities which inspire affection amongst those who immediately serve him, without commanding their reverence. This reverence is left to the common people, with whom every Tsar is their "Little Father," the mundane repre-

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sentative of their spiritual God. For him their reverence is profound, and they believe that he is peace-loving and would, if he truly had the power, rule his people gently and for the good of all.

But it is just these amiable weaknesses, which endear a ruler to his personal attendants and the populace generally, that are resented by the Russian ruling classes. In no country do the members of the ruling family play anything like the part they do in Russia. There they are all powerful, and combined, far more powerful even than the Tsar himself, but the power they exercise, with their reactionary instincts, is not good either for their own country or for the general peace.

A far more commanding, more powerful figure in connection with Russia's internal and external policy than that of the Tsar is His Majesty's uncle, the Grand Duke Alexis, to whom I refer at length later on.

¹As Lord High Admiral of the Russian Navy, the Grand Duke Alexis had not a little to do with the Russian policy in the days preceding the war with Japan. The strength of Alexeieff has all along been due to the support of the Grand Duke Alexis. His Imperial Highness is a stubborn, hard man, notwithstanding his reputation for gallantry and good living.

¹ Since this was written H. I. Highness has resigned his post, but, whilst shorn of much of his power officially, he has still an important voice in the councils of the Empire.—S. C.

The Tsar Nicholas II.

He is not, I fancy, troubled with many political scruples ; and, as he has no greater love for England and the English than had Alexander III., the power he exercises cannot be hoped to favour our interests or study our susceptibilities. But then, neither Germany nor the Germans can be said to be greater favourites with him.

His brother, the Grand Duke Vladimir, of whom I also speak more fully, possesses a power which, if not so aggressive as that of the Grand Duke Alexis, is almost as great, is a man of a different stamp.

It is generally admitted that the Tsar did not want war, but that he was forced into it by the War Party. At the same time, it must be stated that, in addition to having all the Kaiser's dread of the Yellow Peril, His Majesty loves neither Japan nor the Japanese, and has never forgotten the murderous attack made upon him whilst travelling in that country. He, at the same time, has never forgotten his cousin, Prince George of Greece, to whom he owed his life. Prince George, by-the-by, has always treasured the stick with which he smote the Tsar's assailant. When I was at Athens it formed one of the most interesting curios at the Royal Palace. There it should still be, unless His Royal Highness has taken it with him to Crete. Prince George is a man of gigantic proportions and enormous strength, and one blow was sufficient to place the murderous

People I Have Read

Jap hors de combat. The Tsar Alexander III. had a great personal liking for Prince George ; the two had many a trial of strength together. It was a moot point which was the stronger of the two.

Tsar Nicholas II. has never sought to emulate either his father or his cousin in this direction.¹

The Tsaritsa

I first had the honour of meeting Her Majesty at Darmstadt, when her father, the Grand Duke, presented me to her. As a girl, she was very sweet and simple, and gave promise of the grace and beauty that were to follow.

To-day, if not the happiest, the Tsaritsa is one of the most beautiful of royal consorts. She is very intellectual, and has many talents. She is very religious, and altogether superlatively good, and was, with her virtues and her temperament, born several centuries too late. Born in the Middle Ages, she would probably have preferred a cloister to a throne, and would finally have been canonised.

She has the face of a saint, a face that seems out of place in the midst of the political intrigues and worldly unrest of St. Petersburg. Her husband simply worships her, and, with all the strength that he possesses, endeavours to be guided by her.

¹ This sketch of the Tsar and Tsaritsa was written at the commencement of the Russo-Japanese War. Events will have proved the correctness of my reading of His Majesty.—S. C.

The Tsaritsa

She is a true helpmate and devoted mother. Her children are brought up very strictly and at the same time most simply, for all the world like English children of the better class. The Tsaritsa is very English in thought and tastes: too much to suit certain other members of the Imperial Family. With the people she is not popular. Whilst fully recognising her goodness, she is too cold, too "brainy," to suit the casual Russian character. Besides, she is a foreigner, and of the blood of the two races they least like—English and German.

As a girl the Tzaritsa had a dislike, almost amounting to a dread, of Russia and the Russians. She was well aware of the unhappiness of the marriage of her elder sister with the Grand Duke Sergius. Little did she imagine at that time that she would become the consort of the future Tsar of all the Russias.

CHAPTER III

MONARCHS AS SUBJECTS

King of Denmark—King of Sweden and Norway—King of Greece
—King of Roumania.

The King of Denmark

TRULY, King Christian is the "Father of his People." He is so simple, so kindly, so fatherly, that his subjects look upon him almost as a near and dear relation to whom they look for guidance, and to whom they give unquestioning obedience. I have seen His Majesty in his castle, in the public highways of his capital, and in the watering-places of Germany. He has always been the same: kindly, thoughtful, unaffected. I first had the honour of meeting His Majesty at Wiesbaden, which is his favourite watering-place.

There he mixes freely with the people, taking the waters, and listening to the band in the Kurhaus Gardens. There he is never mobbed; even the curious, pushing Americans are restrained in respect as he moves quietly about—a slight, silent, commanding figure, accompanied perhaps by but a single attendant. It is the same everywhere; he is greeted

The King of Denmark

with profound respect, but never, as is the case with some other royalties, does he suffer inconvenience from the crowd.

Later on, after the meeting at Wiesbaden, I was honoured by King Christian with the invitation to Bernstorff. Nothing could have been more gracious than the reception of myself and my family by the King and Queen. Previous to the experiments which followed, His Majesty kindly asked me in which language I preferred to speak. I naturally decided upon my mother tongue. "Then," said the King, "we must all speak English," and, with the exception of an occasional lapse into French on the part of the Tsar, who much preferred French to English, English was spoken by everyone present.

It would not be correct to say that King Christian is a great monarch, but he certainly is a very wise one. He is a natural diplomatist, a smoother-over of the rough sides of life, a disentangler of tangles. How often have members, not only of his own, but also of other royal families, gone to him for advice! And how excellent the advice he has always given! He possesses a remarkably level mind and even temperament. He is always just, always impartial.

He is the world's ideal arbitrator, a veritable Hague Tribunal in himself. The idea of the Hague Tribunal originated with King Christian, and not with the Tsar Nicholas II. It had often been talked over at these family gatherings at Bernstorff, before

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the Tsar's Rescript was made public. A singularly lovable man is King Christian, and the love and veneration in which he is held in the country, so wisely and ably ruled, is well known.

The King of Sweden and Norway

I have performed many interesting and curious experiments with many European and Eastern potentates, but the experience I had with King Oscar of Sweden and Norway was altogether unique.

At a public representation in Stockholm the audience did not take kindly to either English, French, or German, and I, not knowing Swedish, had to fall back on a Swedish interpreter. This gentleman got a stage fright, and made a hash of things generally. This so enraged the King, who several times audibly interrupted with "That's not right," or "That's not what he says," that at last he rose from his seat and said, "Let me do it for you." And so, for the first time in my life, I had a king for an interpreter.

And how admirably he did it! His Majesty is not only a scholar and a *littérateur* of great ability, but he is an able scientist also; and he fairly revelled in turning my scientific phrases into Swedish. At the same time he furnished a scientific disquisition upon the experiments in question worthy of a university professor. He understood his subject so



For the first time in my life I had a king for an interpreter.

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The King of Sweden and Norway

thoroughly that my position was almost that of one of the audience instead of entertainer. But this was not all.

On one occasion during the evening I had a very stupid "subject" to experiment with. Either he could not or would not concentrate his thoughts; frankly, I think it was the former. The more stupid the people are, the more clever they think themselves; and the more vain a man is, the more does he like to show himself off in public. The stupidity of this particular man was monumental, whilst his vanity was overwhelming. He annoyed the audience and irritated the King. At last His Majesty's patience was exhausted. He rose from his seat, and said sternly to the man, "Do you call this concentrating your thoughts?" There was instantly tremendous applause, which developed into a frown when His Majesty offered to take the man's place as my "subject."

Instantly I succeeded in writing down the figures the King, in place of the discarded subject, thought of. His Majesty was an excellent subject: clear and concentrated.

I had every reason to be grateful to His Majesty for his kindly and spontaneous assistance. Without his interpretation I really don't know how I should have got through the performance.

King Oscar is one of the brainiest, one of the most advanced monarchs. His tastes and habits

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are quite simple, and he detests pomp and show of any kind. He has been a splendid, kindly figure of a man, and to-day bears the weight of his years well. He is a man of great determination of character, and insists upon having his own way. His instincts are more democratic than autocratic, but he rules firmly all the same. In weaker hands the many vexed internal questions might have caused disruption—maybe civil war. [Twelve months after this was written and in type has come the dissolution of the union with Norway. The action of King Oscar was such as to minimise the possibilities of a war between Sweden and Norway.]

The King of Greece

Another exceedingly quiet, unostentatious monarch is King George of Greece. In his plain tastes and unaffectedness he takes after his father, the King of Denmark. Like his father, he goes freely amongst the people, with or without a mounted escort, or unattended on foot, as the fancy may strike him. His Majesty is an excellent linguist and a good conversationalist. As a subject for thought-reading he is interesting, but a somewhat cynical turn to his mind tends to give the onlooker the impression that he is quite as good at the game as you yourself are—if not better. Indeed, the King and several members of his family have repeatedly reproduced some of my experiments. But I have many duplica-

The King of Greece

tors in imperial or royal circles the world over. His Majesty is very shrewd, very careful, and an excellent man of business. He grows the best wine in Greece, and the royal vineyards are very profitable.

The following is an instance of his extreme carefulness. One night, at a reception at the Crown Prince's Palace at Athens, I was asked to give one of my thought-reading experiments with the Crown Prince, who is a really clever artist. As a "subject," a piece of paper was produced; then, after a hunt, some tin-tacks, but there was no hammer. This, the Crown Prince, after some search, found in another room.

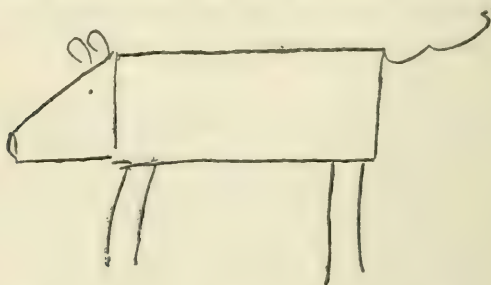
The King, with whom I had previously experimented, watched the preliminaries with some curiosity and not, as was apparent, without some anxiety. The question he was evidently mentally asking was, "Where are they going to put up that piece of paper?" The large folding-doors were beautifully enamelled and resplendent with gold moulding; the walls of the room had also been but newly painted and decorated. To hammer that bit of paper to either door or wall was a bit too much for His Majesty.

But the Crown Prince had made up his mind where it was to go. It just fitted in one of the enamelled panels of the door. But before he could drive in the first tin-tack the King arose and

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suggested it wasn't wise to damage the door. His Royal Highness replied that it didn't matter, and that the holes made by the nails could easily be filled up. So without more ado, the Crown Prince, whilst I held up the paper, drove a tin-tack in each corner.

The experiment with the Crown Princess was very successful. It appeared that Her Royal Highness wished to set a test similar in character to that performed with her uncle, King Edward VII. His Majesty's elephant, in my unskilful hands, turned



out something like a pig. The Crown Princess, in the result, it was demonstrated, had thought of a *bond-fide* pig—not one of the fat porker species, but a simple toy pig that a child could recognise. It will be observed that H.R.H. did not omit to think of a tail. Indeed, the tail, in my opinion, is the finest part of the drawing.

The King, in his free-and-easy manner, and in his plain common sense, suits the Greeks admirably.

The King of Greece

He is just the ruler they under existing circumstances require. The Crown Prince, although not of the great proportions of his brother Prince George, is physically a fine specimen of a man. He is a keen soldier, and has already proved himself an able commander in the field. He is a close student of current politics, and is a great reader. He is by nature serious, almost solemn. The ordinary frivolities of life in no way interest him. His thoughts are chiefly centred upon the welfare of the kingdom he will one day be called upon to rule. Perhaps he is a trifle too grave, too much of a disciplinarian for his years altogether to suit the volatile Greeks. But amongst all classes he is greatly respected, and in the fulness of time should make a wise and just king.

I found him most kind, most courteous; indeed, I have a pleasant recollection of the kindly attention I received from the King and Queen and every member of the Royal Family during my stay in Athens. Just a few words with respect to other members of the Greek Royal Family—Prince George and Prince Nicholas. The former, the idol of the populace, is a big-hearted, athletic man, who takes, as I have intimated, a pride in showing off his enormous strength. He is a born fighter and a capable sailor. His chances during the war with Turkey were but few; but whilst in command of Greece's toy fleet he was dying to distinguish himself. At one time it was thought he might take service with Russia.

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The late Tsar was very fond of him, and the present Tsar is deeply attached to him. But in the end, through the instrumentality of Russia, he was made Governor-General of Crete. The Cretans find him a firm ruler. He is a man who hates cant, and has no sympathy with political agitators. Political agitation is a profession in Crete ; but the professional agitators—or national reformers, as they choose to call themselves—will receive little encouragement at the hands of Prince George.

Prince Nicholas is cast in a totally different mould. He is small of stature, almost effeminate. His manners are singularly gentle for a man, but he is very clever, and has only just missed being a genius. He writes plays and poetry, both of which show much originality and considerable merit. The art of war has no attraction for him : he is interested only in the Muses.

Amongst royal folk, Prince Nicholas, by-the-by, is undoubtedly one of my most skilful imitators in the matter of thought-reading. He has achieved some very striking successes.

The King of Roumania

Of medium size, but of military bearing and much natural dignity, His Majesty King Charles is every inch a king. He is a grave, thoughtful man, and has had many troubles. He and his Queen have been out of touch for many years. The sympathies

The King of Roumania

of the people are with him, and not, as is generally supposed over here, with "Carmen Sylva."

One cannot picture two temperaments more diverse. The King, serious, hard, and essentially matter-of-fact. The Queen, full of poetic fancies, altogether sentimental, and most emotional. Then it has been a great blow to His Majesty that there is no son to succeed him. His nephew, the Crown Prince, does not altogether please him, neither does he altogether please the people, he is too uncertain, and lacks real strength of character.

The Crown Princess, on the other hand, is much beloved in Roumania. She came to Bucharest a mere child bride, and in her sweetness and simplicity immediately won the hearts of everyone.

The King is a born ruler, and although his task has not been an easy one, he has ruled with wisdom and firmness. His Majesty is all for the efficiency of the army; and the time may come when that efficiency will be put to the test. From what I have seen of the Roumanian army, I do not think it will be found wanting when the time arrives.

My invitation to the Palace was for the afternoon. It was a widely attended reception, everyone of importance in the capital, together with his wife, his sisters, cousins, and aunts being present.

The assembly presented a curious appearance. All the men who had uniforms wore them, whilst those who had not wore evening dress, with such decora-

People I Have Read

tions as they might possess. The ladies were in afternoon attire, and wore hats or bonnets, as the case might be. The experiments I performed with the King were just those generally associated with my *modus operandi*. I found His Majesty an excellent subject.

But with the Crown Prince a special test was devised. The Crown Princess whispered a wish to her husband, and, blindfolded, I took H.R.H. by the hand. We ran up the grand staircase, and then down a corridor into a room. There I found the object of the Crown Princess's thoughts. It was a portrait of Her Royal Highness, taken before her marriage. Before leaving Bucharest, the King did me the honour of conferring upon me the Commandership of the Crown of Roumania.

CHAPTER IV

MONARCHS AS SUBJECTS

Emperor William I.—William II.—The Hapsburgs.

The Emperor William I.

ONE of the most memorable events in my career was my meeting with the German Emperor William I. The Empress being absent from Berlin, the meeting, instead of taking place at the Palace, was at the Palace of the Kaiser's great personal friend, Prince Anton Radziwill. The aged Emperor was keenly interested in my work, and kindly volunteered himself as a "subject." He wished to think of something I had to write on a blackboard. The blackboard was at the far end of the room, and I suggested that I should have it brought close to where His Majesty was seated. But the Kaiser smilingly declined, and taking my arm, for owing to the weakness of one of his legs he had some difficulty in rising, we walked to the blackboard together. There I was blindfolded, and His Majesty giving me his hand, the experiment commenced.

I had no difficulty whatever in arriving at the

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Kaiser's thoughts. I promptly chalked on the board the figures 6 and 1, with an apostrophe before the 6, so—

'61

It was in this way that His Majesty had thought it out. The figures, he said, represented his coronation year as King of Prussia—1861. But in connection with this experiment something exceedingly curious occurred. Beneath the "'61" I wrote the figure 4. I knew His Majesty must have had that figure in his mind or I should not have written it, although it apparently had no connection with the figures above.

I accordingly asked the Kaiser what it represented.

"Still more wonderful," he replied. And he explained that in a previous experiment with Prince Hatzfeldt, late Ambassador at the Court of St. James, the number of a banknote I had read was mostly composed of 4's, which had struck him as being very curious. He must therefore, he added, have unconsciously thought of a 4.

His Majesty remained, for him, till a very late hour, long past his usual time for retiring to bed. This was distinct evidence of his interest in the subject. On leaving he warmly thanked me and

The Emperor William I.

congratulated me on my success, adding, with a shake of his finger at his favourite aide-de-camp, "I shall have Lehndorff scolding me, I am afraid, for being out so late."

A truly wonderful man was the late Kaiser. At his great age he displayed remarkable concentration of thought, whilst his bodily strength was very considerable. There was no mental wavering with him. On the contrary, there was great mental decision, whilst the hand that grasped mine had the grip of a vice. Till the last the Emperor's eyesight remained good. They were wonderful eyes; in colour a bright light blue, displaying great keenness and penetration. They were kindly too, and at times sparkled with humour.

His Majesty was an excellent judge of character, and knew how to choose those best suited for his and his country's purposes. He seldom, if ever, made a mistake. He was true to those who served him, just as those who served him gave him unswerving loyalty.

He was not great intellectually, but he was great in many ways. His mind was simple but noble. He was incapable of a petty thought or a mean action. He walked in the path of straightness the whole of his long life. He was above all other monarchs of modern times the true Father of his People. The King of Denmark came next. And how his people worshipped him! And how great was the national

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sorrow when he died! But his spirit—that spirit of intense love for country, that spirit of unflinching courage and unswerving uprightness—lives with the German people to-day. His grandson freely invokes it: it is the one appeal that never fails.

The Emperor William II.

I have never had the honour of experimenting with the present Emperor. I regret very much the lack of occasion, for I certainly think he would prove a highly interesting "subject." The Kaiser William II. is undoubtedly a man of striking ability—a man of action as well as of thought. He is mentally impatient and physically restless, but he has, without doubt, great strength of mind and character. His faults are open to the most casual observer. There is absolutely nothing secretive about him. He is impetuous, masterful, whimsical; and he knows it, and does not deny it. He is conscious also of his virtues, of which he has many. The Kaiser neither underrates nor overrates himself. He knows himself as he is, and is furious at being thought what he is not. He is very sensitive, and resents criticism from others. It is enough for him to criticise himself; and, believe me, he does not spare himself. He is capable of great affection, and is steadfast in his real friendships. But whilst he is a good lover, he is also a good hater. He has scarcely ever been known to forgive those who have offended

The Emperor William II.

him, and he never accepts excuses from those who fail him.

His very strength is his weakness. He cannot, in the stiffness of his character, unbend or, in his sternness, relent. He is a perfect slave to duty, and can neither understand nor tolerate slackness in others. His proper period might have been the age of chivalry, but he has his distinct place in this prosaic twentieth century of ours. He is a ruler who rules, a thinker whose thoughts make an impression far beyond the confines of his own kingdom. The head of the largest and best-organised army in the world, and of a powerful navy, he is the real arbiter of peace or war in Europe.

He is conscious of his power and what is expected of him by the German nation. With him the national motto, "*Deutschland über alles*," is his watchword, his fetish. Other nations think that because he puts the interest and welfare of his own country first, he must be inimical to themselves. This is absurd. All of us, except those slack-baked political weaklings called Little Englanders, put our own country before Germany or before any other country in the world. Then what is sauce for the German goose is equally sauce for the British gander. We are pleased to mistrust Germany and to misunderstand the Kaiser. More's the pity. The Germans are our natural allies, and the Kaiser is inclined personally to be our friend.

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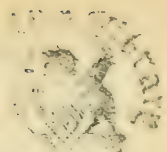
We are always suspicious of those we do not understand, and as we do not understand the Kaiser we are suspicious of him. Could anything be more unjust?

The Kaiser has not in our eyes those singularly lovable traits which we recognise in his father and his grandfather, but he has a more striking individuality than either of them. He, in his ambitions, in his tireless energy and commanding spirit, more closely resembles Frederick the Great than any other member of the Hohenzollern family. But his character is nobility itself as compared with that of Frederick. Prussia's great king was capable of many meannesses; William II. is incapable of any. Frederick was a politician and a soldier; he also had a weakness for writing. He was, it may safely be assumed, more proud of his literary effusions than of his strategy. His twentieth-century successor directs affairs political and dabbles in literature and art. He is also a keen soldier, and given chances similar to those existing in Frederick the Great's time, might equally have distinguished himself.

Those who mistrust the Kaiser are probably unjust; those who underrate him, distinctly foolish.

The Hapsburgs

I have never yet been afforded an opportunity of reading the thoughts of the venerable Emperor of



The Hapsburgs

Austria-Hungary. But I have experimented with several members of the Hapsburg family. One of my most interesting "subjects" was the late Crown Prince Rudolph. The Crown Prince and Princess did me the honour of inviting me to the Hofburg on my first visit to Vienna.

I may mention just one of the many experiments I then gave, as it presents some peculiar features. His Imperial Highness wished me to find something upon which his mind was fixed—something somewhere in the Castle.

It was evident by the Crown Prince's indecision that he was not certain where the object really was. We traversed many corridors, finally descending into the lower regions—parts where neither His Imperial Highness nor the Crown Princess, who accompanied us, had been before. At last we reached the kitchen, and there, reclining comfortably before a fire, was the subject of the Crown Prince's thoughts. It was his favourite dog, a large, black, shaggy creature, which, at the commencement of the march, was not in its usual place.

The Crown Prince Rudolph possessed many charms and not a few virtues. He was a deeply read man, and spoke almost every European language with the exception of English. He was most popular with all classes, and the nation's one hope when the aged Emperor should be taken to his fathers.

His marriage with the Princess Stephanie of

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Belgium was not a happy one. Incompatibility of temperament again. Only this time it was the man who was the dreamer, who had the artistic instincts, and the woman who was, if intensely human, somewhat too matter-of-fact and prosaic for his peculiar temperament. Then came the awful tragedy which so cruelly hit the Emperor and Empress, dashed a nation's hopes, and shocked the whole world.

CHAPTER V

MONARCHS AS SUBJECTS

Queen-Mother of Spain—King of Spain—King of Portugal.

The Queen-Mother of Spain

WHEN I was in Madrid, King Alfonso had not come to the throne, and his mother, Queen Christina, was the Regent. She is one of the ablest women in Europe and one of the bravest—a woman less brave and of less determination of character would not, beset as she was on all sides by enemies and conflicting political parties, have been able to maintain her position during her son's long minority. I have seldom met a woman with such a will, such force of purpose. She readily made up her mind; and, when once made up, nothing could shake her determination. In an experiment I performed with Her Majesty at the Palacio Real I had a striking instance of her power of mental concentration and determination of purpose. Queen Christina was curious to know if I could divine the intentions of a murderer. I replied that under given conditions I thought it quite possible. "Well," said Her

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Majesty, "I will imagine I wish to kill someone. Who is it, and how do I propose to do the deed?"

Blindfolded, I took the Queen by the hand, seized an antique paper-knife, and dashed across the room to a sofa where a lady of court was reclining. In an instant I felt that my "subject" wished to clutch the lady by the throat with her left hand, whilst the knife was to be driven straight into her heart. It was exactly as Her Majesty had thought it out. She was very pleased with the success of the experiment, which was witnessed by the Countess de Paris, the Don Antonio de Montpensier, his wife the Infanta Eulalia, and her elder sister, the Infanta Isabella. I have frequently performed similar experiments with great actors and actresses, but not one has ever put more dramatic force, or, for the moment, so fully lived the part, than the Queen Regent of Spain.

Truly, she is a woman of action as well as thought. When I arrived in Seville the ex-Queen Isabella invited me to the Alcazar. There I gave with Her Majesty some thought-reading illustrations. She was not so decisive a "subject" as Queen Christina. She was also in indifferent health, and the least physical exertion appeared to tire her. Whilst Queen Christina has read almost every book of note published and can readily converse in several languages, including English, the late Queen Isabella had read but very little, and could speak but Spanish and

The King of Spain

French. Her Majesty cordially hated brainy women and blue-stockings; her ideal woman was one all heart and human charms.

The King of Spain

My first presentation to King Alfonso was when he was a baby "mewling and puking in his nurse's arms." This was at the Palace in Madrid, where I had the honour of being invited by the Queen Regent.

At that time His Majesty had but one thought—milk! To have interpreted that thought—so apparent was it—one need not have been a thought-reader.

Never, within my knowledge, was there a baby so carefully guarded or so completely idolised. But then it must be remembered that he was a baby of babies, an heir of heirs in the world of royalty. His advent made all the difference to the fortunes of the reigning house. Just as the Russian people had prayed for the birth of a Tsarevitch and would have thought that the curse of God had descended upon the Little Father and his wife if another girl had been born, so nineteen years and a few months ago had the entire populace of Spain prayed that the "Foreign Woman" would give the nation a future king. It would have gone hard with Queen Christina if it had been a girl. Indeed, her position as Queen Regent would have been untenable. She would

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have had to leave Spain, which would, without doubt, have been torn by civil war. Some would have looked to the return of the deposed Isabella, some to the Carlist Pretender, whilst others would have been actively in favour of a Republic or have sullenly submitted to the nomination of a brand new ruler by a foreign power. But the event, so eagerly awaited throughout the Peninsula, gave the Spanish people a king. It killed the Carlist pretensions and quashed the rising aspirations of the Republicans.

As a baby, King Alfonso was weakly. He weighed less than the average of babies of his age. He seemed all head and eyes. It was a well-shaped and what the Americans would term a "brainy" head ; but the eyes were singularly mournful. They looked as if they much resented his being brought into this world of trouble at all. How little the owner of those reproachful eyes knew at that time how much his coming into the world meant to his mother, his family, and his people ! Grave fears were everywhere expressed that he could not survive his babyhood. Over-zealousness, over-anxiety, and over-care sometimes kill, and the little ruler to be was the subject of all three. But happily he survived, and, though he throve but slowly, he safely passed through the varying stages of babyhood.

The education and training of the King were chiefly the care of his mother—that mother whom

The King of Spain

he idolises ; that strong-minded, noble-natured woman whom, despite her foreign birth, the Spanish people have grown to admire and respect.

Queen Christina devoted every hour of her life to her son's training, and his character has greatly been moulded by her. She was exceedingly strict, however ; too strict, in fact, to altogether please either his aunt, Eulalia (the spoilt child of her mother, Queen Isabella), or even the other sterner aunt, the Infanta Isabella. These two aunts, and in fact everyone around him, did their best to spoil the young King, and the strictness of the watchful mother was all the more salutary.

As a youth King Alfonso was wayward, impetuous, and not altogether tractable. His mother was the only one who had absolute influence over him. His entourage, dyed through and through with court traditions and Spanish punctiliousness, did much to make him the more usual royal machine ; but the Queen Regent wished her son to be human, and, at times, Spanish court traditions suffered a severe shock in consequence of the attitude she adopted.

In his youth King Alfonso had many tutors, and he was literally crammed with knowledge. So much work was he set to do that even the Infanta Isabella, the "blue-socking of the family," complained of his strength being overtaxed. To which Queen Christina would reply : " You cannot learn too much

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when you are young, for later you have no time, except to forget what you have learnt."

King Alfonso has acquired a knowledge of several languages, but his English has always been just a little quaint, with an accent closely resembling that of his mother.

In his youth King Alfonso loved playing at soldiers, although to-day the military instinct is not a particularly marked feature with him. He took also a great interest in mechanical toys, especially in a miniature railway which had been bought for him. To-day he is more interested than ever in mechanics, and is especially attached to motors; motoring has a fascination for him.

The days of his youth spent in Madrid were one long record of work and training, and he welcomed the time when he could go to St. Sebastian to play and dream. Seated on that rocky eminence, which we finally wrested from the French, he, with the waters of the Bay of Biscay rolling and waving at his feet, would sit and dream—of what? Of when he could be King; indeed, of what he would do for Spain when he was King.

Long before the time of his accession really came, young Alfonso aspired to be King indeed. His mother often chided him over his impatience.

"Art thou tired of thy mother's rule? Canst thou do better than thy mother?" she would ask. And he would go to her and kiss her, and say, "No,

The King of Spain

mother, no; but I do so want to be King": and the Queen Regent would reply, "Time, there is time; and all in good time thou shalt have thy wish."

And the time came—at the early age of sixteen—when he actually ascended the throne of his father.

And, as a ruler, how has he shaped? how will he shape? He is still so young, and it is all too early to express any definite opinion upon the latter point. One thing one can say with certainty is that no monarch ever ascended a throne with a firmer determination to be a king and to do his best for his country and his people.

He is highly intelligent and most liberal-minded. He is all for the progress of Spain and the development of its great natural resources.

He possesses much of the spirit, determination, and brain power of the Queen-Mother, whom I consider to be one of the most capable as well as the strongest-minded woman amongst European royalties.

In features, too, he closely resembles this remarkable woman, who during his minority so ably circumvented those many political difficulties by which she was beset, and which would undoubtedly have overwhelmed a ruler with less tact, courage, and fixedness of purpose.

King Alfonso has much of this tact and ability to please; and his courage and *sang-froid* were unmistakably demonstrated on the occasion of that

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recent abominable outrage in Paris. There is a simplicity, an ingenuousness about King Alfonso that one does not generally associate with Spanish monarchs. But then he is a true son of his mother. He has inherited from her those personal charms of heart and manner that inspire love and win popularity. And there is so much that is otherwise good and well-meaning in him that he cannot fail to make a really popular king, and the real ability that he possesses should go far towards making him a ruler capable beyond what Spain has known for many a long year.

King of Portugal

Whilst in Lisbon I was through a domestic occurrence unfortunately prevented from meeting personally the present King and Queen of Portugal, although I was honoured by the late King and Queen with an invitation to the Paco d'Ajuda. They were both excellent "subjects" for my experiments. The King, who was once in the British Navy, spoke English like an Englishman. The Queen, however, knew no English. Don Luis was a very charming man, and told most amusing stories. Altogether I spent a most delightful time at the royal Palace, and carried away pleasant recollections of their Majesties' kindness and hospitality. His Majesty, I may add, made me a knight of the Order of Christ. The present King, Don Carlos, has

The King of Portugal

much of his father's charm of manner, and not a little of his diplomatic ability and sound common sense. He, from a purely physical standpoint, is a much quieter man than his father. He is, in fact, one of the tallest, and certainly the bulkiest monarch in Europe. He is the soul of good nature, and is dear to the hearts of his subjects, who are somewhat difficult to please. Despite his great bulk, His Majesty is fond of sport, and is a splendid shot with rifle, gun, or duelling pistol. It is his sunny nature, on the laugh-and-grow-fat principle, as they say in Portugal, that accounts for the measurement round his waist. The Queen at the time of her marriage was one of the most beautiful of European princesses. She is still beautiful; and how she is loved in the country of her adoption on account of the sweetness of her nature and her true charitableness!

CHAPTER VI

MONARCHS AS SUBJECTS

Sultan of Turkey—The Khedive—King of Wurtemberg—King of the Sandwich Isles.

The Sultan of Turkey

ALTHOUGH His Majesty, Abdul Hamid, has honoured me with his hospitality, and I am the recipient of one of his orders of high class, I am afraid I do not stand high in his favour. It is my misfortune and not my fault. It all came about in this way: arrangements were made through my ambassador for me to visit Yildiz Kiosk and give His Majesty some illustrations of my art.

But at the last moment a very naughty soothsayer, for reasons best known to himself, impressed the Sultan with the belief that I was the veritable wise man of the West who was to work his personal ill and bring about the fall of his empire. The picture this amiable romancer drew was flattering enough to my vanity, but at the first blush it gave me but a poor idea of His Majesty's mental calibre. It was afterwards explained to me, however, in quarters most capable of knowing, that the Sultan, in spite of his superstitious belief, could not allow his thoughts to be read. If, as a matter of fact,

The Sultan of Turkey

I read his thoughts in one or two simple experiments, where was it to end? What was to prevent my divining other thoughts—political, and such like? How could he know that I did not want to tap his most secret ideas in connection with the Armenian question and his relations with Russia, and give the whole show away to my ambassador?

Again, how would his subjects take it when it became known that he had become subject to my will, to my powers of divination? He, Sultan of Turkey, the Commander of the Faithful, turned mentally inside out by a cursed ambition! No, it was impossible. Whilst fear predominated, curiosity had a strong place with His Majesty. One day he thought he might like to witness just one experiment, the next that he would see me in the Bosphorus first. In the end, although I never received a definite refusal, I did not actually experiment with His Majesty. The experiments were done by deputy, and I had to study the Sultan without, as with other monarchs, the personal application of the thought-reading art. I daresay if I had possessed more patience I might now be able to state from actual demonstration what sort of "subject" His Majesty really is. Again, if I had given the master of the wardrobe, who arranges all entertainments at the Palace, sufficient "backsheesh," I might have been experimenting with the Sultan within a week of my arrival at Constantinople.

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I have often wondered how much it would have required to have caused that worthy to have told his august master that, instead of being the veritable wise man, I was a simple, harmless Western idiot who was influenced by great minds, such as the Sultan alone possessed. That, in fact, he, with his great mind, could make me do things where, in the West, I had been able to make others do them for me. But I did not try to tempt the gentleman. My intention was, at every other court I had visited, to decline payment for my experiments. For I wish it to be clearly understood that I had never accepted any monetary gift whatever for any one such representation. So at whatever price the virtue of the high court functionary in question was purchasable must remain a mystery. I having no commission upon a fee to offer, did not draw upon my banking account to ascertain it. The Sultan's taste in the matter of entertainments is not exactly high class. He dearly loves conjuring, and has a weakness for jugglers. He has been known to give £1,000 for a single entertainment. Acting does not amuse him, and classical music bores him. Yet he has musical taste, and is a creditable performer on the fiddle. With the exception of one or two Teutonic pianists, introduced by the German ambassador to the Sublime Porte, the Sultan has not seen much of Western artistic talent. On one occasion Sarah Bernhardt and her company were

The Sultan of Turkey

to give a representation at Yildiz Kiosk. But at the last moment the arrangements fell through. Again that worthy master of the wardrobe.

I must confess that Abdul Hamid interests me vastly. His personality is most striking, and once seen is never forgotten. In fact, that sallow face, with the large, gloomy, untrustful eyes, that bent, care-worn form, and those thin hands, with the nervous twitching movements, positively haunt me.

Within his sphere Abdul Hamid is the most powerful, the most autocratic of monarchs. Yet he—not even excepting the present Tsar, who has his consoling family life—is the most unhappy. He is a bundle of nerves, and as timid as a hare. Yet, although from a nervous physical standpoint he may truly be said to be all to pieces, he has great powers of physical endurance, whilst mentally he is anything but weak. Indeed, few men either in the East or the West have keener or more active intellects. He works far harder than any other ruler. He is the State, and everything of importance must go through his own hands. He works till late, and frequently summons his secretaries at all hours of the night to transact business.

If any cable or other news of account arrives at Yildiz Kiosk, at no matter what hour, it must at once be communicated to him, sleeping or waking. The official in charge who failed him would run the risk of instant degradation. I have known

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intimately more than one highly placed official in immediate attendance on His Majesty, and I know to the full the exacting nature of their duties. Everything of first importance in Western publications is at once translated for His Majesty, who employs most trusted and able linguists.

The Sultan himself understands many languages, but he will converse direct with the Corps Diplomatique in Turkish only. When any diplomatist in audience with him is unable to converse in Turkish, then must the conversation be carried on through the medium of an interpreter. Needless to say, the effect is not precisely the same as direct communication. But it is generally conceded by the ambassadors of the Great Powers in Constantinople that His Majesty understands pretty well what they say in their own tongue before the interpretation is made. He certainly knows what they mean if they in any way give outward expressions to their thoughts, for he is a good reader of faces, which he closely watches during an audience. According to our European standard, Abdul Hamid is certainly not a particularly enlightened monarch. But is it fair to judge him by the European standard? He is an Eastern, and he rules as an Eastern, and hard is the task that is set him. He has to play in the great games of international politics a lone hand; for where has he a disinterested friend amongst the great nations of the earth? He is the ablest

The Khedive

diplomatist amongst modern rulers, and he uses his diplomatic abilities to the utmost to safeguard his own position and to uphold what he considers the best interests of the State.

His way may not be nice, his methods not exactly commendable on the score of humanity ; but bear in mind the fact that he is an Eastern potentate, and the extreme difficulty of his position.

It is not for me to discuss here the political problems of the near East, but to understand the man one must understand the situation in which he is placed. He may be cruel and tyrannical ; but it is the regulation cruelty and tyranny of the Eastern. Another ruler, given similar conditions, would probably have been still more cruel and tyrannical and have done far worse. Abdul Hamid, I feel convinced, is, according to his lights, well-meaning ; but, alas for his well-meaningness, he is surrounded by tremendous difficulties and the times are against him.

The Khedive

I have had the honour of being received by, and of experimenting with, two khedives at the Abdin Palace, at Cairo—His Highness Tewfik Pasha, and his son, Abbas II., the present Khedive.

As an instance of the present Khedive's decided will, in the course of an experiment I was performing with one of his ministers it was evident that the "subject" was not concentrating his thoughts in the

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manner required. The worthy minister was a bit too clever, and was doing his best to dodge me. At last, unable to contain himself, the Khedive arose from his gilded chair, where he had been sitting all alone in state, and hurried across the room. Said he with marked scorn in his voice to the now fawning minister: "You call yourself a thinker! You don't know how to think. I will show you. Now retire." I then took His Highness by the hand and at once wrote out in Arabic characters the very word the previous "subject" had undertaken to think of. In further proof of his power of concentration and my ability to read his thoughts His Highness then thought of various sentences in different languages, all of which I correctly wrote out.

The late Khedive was a kindly, well-meaning man, of no great ability, but of excellent intentions. He was very fond of the English and looked up to Lord Cromer. When I left Cairo on my way to India His Highness made me the bearer of a special message to Lord Dufferin, congratulating him on his appointment as Viceroy of India. So for a little while I was in the service (unpaid) of the Khedive. In Egypt I have the rank of Bey.

The present Khedive differs very much from his father. He has none of Tewfik Pasha's nervous temperament and indecision of purpose. He is a man of decided will and strong character. He is highly educated, and speaks many languages fluently.

The Khedive

There was a time when he was thought to be in conflict with Lord Cromer. I was in Egypt at the time, and the statements which found currency over here were either false or grossly exaggerated. His Highness would probably like a little freer hand, as he feels he is a born ruler, and that with his natural ability and acquired talents he would rule to the satisfaction and welfare of all concerned. But it is an error to think that he chafes at the existing order of things, and that he is antagonistic to the English occupation.

Abbas Pasha is all for the development and prosperity of Egypt. He has a weakness for model-farming, and is very domesticated. He is judged even by European models an excellent husband and father. I have every reason to remember His Highness's many kindnesses to me whilst I was in Egypt, and he certainly was by far the best "subject" I had found amongst Eastern princes. Very few Europeans possess his concentration of thought, and fewer still could do as he did—think of words in seven different characters with sufficient distinctness to enable me to write them down, each word in its own character.

The King of Wurtemberg

The present King is a strong man and is said to be the only one of the southern rulers to have the grit to stand up to the Emperor William. His

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predecessor was a weakling. He fell a victim to the wiles of an American spirit medium. Great was the scandal caused thereby. If this Yankee adventurer, who had been raised to high office, had not been exposed and finally expelled the kingdom, His Majesty would probably have been deposed by his indignant people. The present King has no belief in "spirits" or spirit mediums. His Majesty has done me the honour of making me a knight of the Order of Frederick.

The King of the Sandwich Isles

The experiment I performed with His Majesty was performed under peculiar circumstances. It was early morning, and his dusky Majesty was only partly dressed. To see him capering round the room with one sock on and t'other off, whilst I was searching for something he had hidden, was distinctly funny.

The object the King had thought of was a cheap and highly coloured lithographic portrait of the Kaiser William I. hanging on the wall. His Majesty seemed dumbfounded at my success, whilst the serving-girl, who had been busy putting on the King's socks when I arrived, looked as if she would have a fit. It is possible she regretted that the days of permissible cannibalism were over and that she could not serve me up forthwith as "long pig" for palace consumption.

CHAPTER VII

MONARCHS AS SUBJECTS

Some Indian Princes

I VISITED most of the native courts in India, and was invariably received with marked courtesy and kindness. Some of the princes were excellent "subjects," whilst others were exceedingly bad. Some were disappointed that I did not possess supernatural powers, and not a few were firm in the belief that my powers were far greater than those I laid claim to. With the latter I had some difficulty, as they were afraid I should discover more about themselves and their ways than they thought was desirable. The present Gaikwar of Baroda, and the Nizam of Hyderabad, and the Maharajah of Mysore were amongst my best "subjects."

I had the opportunity whilst in India of being permanently attached as a kind of favourite soothsayer to more than one native court; but the soothsaying business not being in my line, I declined each offer with thanks.

A strange, weird land is this native India—a land of superstition, intrigue, and bribery. Every prince,

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every dewan—in fact, everyone in authority—thinks you have your price; with them it is only a question of how much and in what shape or manner you prefer to take that much.

On more than one occasion have I had presents in cash or otherwise left in my tent or in my apartments by seekers after my favour with Powers that Were. Well I remember a big bag full of new rupees being left in my tent by order of a minister who was desirous of my putting in a good word for him and his government of the State with the authorities at Calcutta. I had this bag returned. The same day a bigger one was left in my tent. This also was returned. Then came a third bag, containing about twice the number of rupees of the first one. It likewise was returned. Then came the minister himself. After a good deal of beating about the bush, I was finally asked to state my price. Was it beyond his means? The worthy man seemed astounded when I told him that I had no price. A man who had influence and had no price was of no use to him, and the sooner he left the State the better it would be for his health. This intense interest in my welfare was strikingly exemplified the next day by my being provided with a fiery and untamed Arab mare to follow a deer hunt with cheetah. The mare, after performing a series of buck jumps that would have done credit to the wildest of Buffalo Bill's bronchos, wound up by bolting with me. The desire that my

Some Indian Princes

neck might be broken was not gratified, but I got a shaking up of the nerves that it took a long time to recover from.

In those days I was young and innocent, but some years of close association with mining finance has materially changed my views as to the reception that should be accorded bags of money left by large-hearted though designing Indian ministers.

On one occasion an Indian prince, whose thoughts I had read, presented me with a state necklace set with precious stones. Later on, on having this necklace valued in Delhi, I found that the original gems had been removed and imitation stones put in their place. This led to inquiries and further discoveries in connection with the state jewels. Many of them had been tampered with, and it was proved that the dewan was the guilty party. He bolted, but was caught and brought back, tried, and sent into retirement for a number of years. During his incarceration he had great experience of manipulating stones of a larger and commoner order. Just as the Tsar Nicholas II. kept a spirit medium, named Philippe, about him to advise him as to domestic affairs and affairs of State, so do these Eastern potentates keep their wizards and fortune-tellers. Like Philippe, who gained his august master's favour by prophesying that the Tsaritsa would give birth to an heir, the Eastern wizard seeks to creep into the favour of his lord by indulging in similar prophecies. Philippe

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made a bad shot the first time, and it goes without saying that his Eastern confrères make from time to time similar miscalculations, but they ever have an excuse ready. Sometimes they suffer for their little mistake, and other fortune-tellers take their place; but the game goes on all the same, and will do so to the end of time. There is no destroying the Oriental belief in professional mystics. For my part I do not think much of Indian mystics or of the mysteries they perform. I have given this a close study, and, frankly, I found them on the whole exceedingly disappointing. But this and other matters appertaining to mysticism is for another book.

It goes without saying that I was in great request amongst Indian notables as a diviner of the future, especially in connection with the telling of the sex of the child that was shortly to be presented to this or that highness by a favourite wife.

On one occasion a very rich notable, fully convinced that I possessed occult powers, offered me a very considerable sum—cash down—if I could assure him that his favourite wife would provide him with an heir. The lady, of course, I was not allowed to see, but I was handed a jewelled ornament that she constantly wore, and which, in his opinion, would be sufficient to place me *en rapport* with her.

I at once told him that prophecies of this kind were not in my direction. He did not believe me,

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and doubled the reward. On my finally convincing him that I was in earnest he left in high displeasure. I, of course, fell considerably in his estimation, and he contented himself with securing the desired prophecy from a native astrologer for one-tenth of the sum offered me. Now the odd thing about the whole business was that the lady, in due course, did present her lord with an heir, and the event was celebrated by great rejoicings. The native astrologer, as was right of him, thought no end of himself, and but very little of me, which also, under the circumstances, was quite understandable. Now if any Indian or other Oriental potentates are seeking for similar prophecies from me, I would request them to hurry up. Times in the City are anything but good, and, as I have said, my views since my close association with financial matters have undergone considerable change in this and other directions. Terms cash—in advance, and no liability for failure.

Before closing my experiences of Indian princes I would refer to an incident that happened at the court of Mysore. The Maharajah, a very intelligent and highly educated prince, but most superstitious, presented me with a ring set with diamonds. The diamonds were formed like a rose, each stone representing a petal with a brilliant for a heart in the centre.

On the ring being placed on my finger I was informed there was a legend associated with it. This

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is the gist of it: If one of the petals falls out the wearer will lose someone dear to him, and with the disappearance of each petal will he suffer a similar loss. If the centre stone is lost, then his own life will be forfeit. By a strange coincidence two of the petals have disappeared on different occasions, and on each occasion I have lost someone dear to me. The centre stone is so far intact, so, in accordance with the legend, I am able to relate the incident to the world.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RUSSIAN GRAND DUKES, ETC.

Grand Duke Vladimir—Grand Duke Alexis—Grand Duke Michael—
Other Grand Dukes.

THE Russian celebrities here dealt with have loomed large in the public eye ; many erroneous impressions have been formed of them. Since the appearance of these notes in the original form in *Pearson's Magazine* much has happened in Russia, and much more will happen, before it is all over. With the exception of the Grand Duke Sergius, who has been assassinated, the personages I have sketched still hold the stage for good or evil. But events in Russia have brought them and Russian politics into such immediate prominence that it has been deemed advisable to include them in the present chapter.

The Grand Duke Vladimir

Of all the members of the Russian Imperial Family, the Grand Duke Vladimir took the greatest interest in my work. He was, perhaps, the only one who approached my experiments scientifically. He has a distinct scientific turn of mind, and is always endeavouring to get at the bottom of things.

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Of all the Romanoffs he is the most intellectual, the most cultured. His manners are charming, and his personality is certainly fascinating. For a Grand Duke he was considered quite liberal and progressive. But he was always known to be a man of determination; and it was not difficult to see that beneath the soft silken glove lay, ready to grip, the hand of iron. That he would act as he did on that terrible Sunday in St. Petersburg was what might have been expected. Such prompt, decisive action was characteristic of the man. By nature he is neither brutal nor tyrannical. He acted, I feel sure, from a sense of duty, as he himself saw it, as the one and only way to meet the situation. He is a close student of history, and has even been of opinion that the French Revolution might have been avoided by prompt use on the part of the authorities of powder and shot. Yet this Grand Duke, by nature humane and possessing many really excellent qualities, will, for doing what he considered to be his duty, have a place in history as the most bloodthirsty and relentless of latter-day Romanoffs. To-day, with the Yellow Press, he is Vladimir the Red, Vladimir the Assassin, Vladimir the Bloody, and January 22nd, 1905, is dubbed St. Vladimir's Day.¹

¹ It is now affirmed that the Grand Duke Vladimir did not issue the order to fire upon the mob. His intention was merely to overawe with armed force, and I am assured that he sent an aide-de-camp with an order that there was to be no firing. This order was disobeyed.—S. C.

The Grand Duke Alexis

There are those who attribute to the Grand Duke Vladimir the desire to possess the supreme power at any cost. These, in my opinion, do his Imperial Highness a grave injustice. He is not likely to be a traitor to his oath, and will loyally support his nephew, weakling though he be. Between the Grand Duke Vladimir and the throne there are, however, only two lives—the Tsar's infant son and the Tsar's brother, the Grand Duke Michael, who is in his twenty-seventh year. The state of the latter's health is not at all satisfactory, whilst the infant Tsarevitch is not a strong child, and may not grow up to manhood.

The Grand Duke Alexis

Whilst his elder brother, Vladimir, bears a striking likeness to his father Alexander II., the Grand Duke Alexis, both mentally and physically, very closely resembles his brother, Alexander III. But, at the same time, he possesses but few of the late Tsar's virtues. He has a rough, dominating personality, without any great brain power. But he is popular with his caste, and has wielded immense power during the past few years. He had more to do with bringing about the war in the Far East than the rest of the grand dukes put together. The war, as I pointed out at its outbreak, was the war of Alexis, and not that of the Tsar. The Tsar, to put it plainly, is mortally afraid of him. In the days

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gone by the Grand Duke Alexis was in his turn afraid of his brother, Alexander III. The Grand Duke on more than one occasion was severely taken to task by the late Tsar, and was even threatened with banishment for a while. But with the accession of Nicholas II. the Grand Duke Alexis became all-powerful—in fact the dominating influence in the affairs of the empire.

I have had the honour of performing many experiments with the Grand Duke Alexis, who, whilst not so intellectual a "subject" as the Grand Duke Vladimir, was from my point of view quite a satisfactory one. He is an impetuous, impatient man, but his mind works slowly. Yet, his mind once made up, there is no altering it. He is a reactionary of the reactionaries, and the idea that the Russian people desire such a thing as a constitution must strike him dumb with astonishment.

He is a rough, burly bear, good-natured and kind-hearted in his way, but a sworn foe to political progress—one might almost say progress of any kind. He would order the guns to fire without the slightest hesitation, and would shrug his shoulders with supreme indifference at any charge of wanton brutality as an outcome of the shooting.

As that fiend in human shape, Ivan the Terrible, was the most popular Tsar known in Russian history, one must not be at all surprised that the Grand Duke Alexis, hard, brutal, and thorough-

The Grand Duke Michael

going reactionary though he be, is one of the best liked generally among the grand dukes. But then it must be remembered that the Russians are mostly Asiatics by origin and in temperament, and that they have a weakness for despotic treatment, when the despot possesses a striking presence and determination of purpose. To the existing régime the Grand Duke Alexis is a tower of strength. There is no shilly-shallying with him. He knows what he wants, and he sees that he gets it. But he certainly is in the way of progress, and his morals are—well, peculiar.

The Grand Duke Michael

The Grand Duke Michael, the only surviving brother of the Tsar, was, until the advent of the little Grand Duke, the Tsarevitch and Heir-Presumptive to the Russian throne. He is a well-read, simple, kindly young man, who has taken but little part in connection with State affairs, principally on account of his health. He has, however, quite recently come somewhat prominently to the front. He was the Tsar's representative at the wedding of the German Crown Prince, and I know on excellent authority that he was, on his return to St. Petersburg, the bearer of important messages from the Kaiser to the Tsar. These messages were the preliminaries which led up to the much-discussed meeting between the two monarchs in the Baltic.

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If the Grand Duke Michael recovers his health, and actively interests himself in affairs of State, he should, with his honest, straightforward nature, be a power for good.

As a youth, when I had opportunities of closely studying His Imperial Highness, he seemed particularly strong and robust, and the physical weakness which followed on his arriving at man's estate was a great surprise and disappointment. In the matter of physical strength and determination of purpose it was believed that he would closely resemble his father Alexander III.

Some other Grand Dukes

In consequence of the recent happenings in Russia, the feeling in several European countries, and in England in particular, is dead against grand dukes as a whole. Their entire elimination is, in fact, strongly advocated in certain quarters. Well, there are grand dukes and grand dukes. Some are good, some bad, and some beneath contempt.

I have met, studied, and experimented with many of these grand dukes; but there is no necessity to deal with them separately in these pages. Human nature is much akin all the world over; and just as much as one ordinary man is very like another ordinary man, so is one ordinary grand duke very like another grand duke. But of all the members of the Russian Imperial Family, the one who made the most

Other Grand Dukes

favourable impression upon me was the Grand Duke Michael, the great-uncle to the Tsar. During the reign of the Tsar Alexander III. he had great power, and his power was for good. His influence during the present reign has not been so great; but then he is an old man, being seventy-three. A really bad grand duke is the Grand Duke Sergius. He is hated by everyone, and loved by no one, except maybe by the Tsar, who, after all, may fear him more than love him.¹

One of the first palaces I had the honour of being invited to in St. Petersburg was that of the Grand Duke Michael, and there I experimented with my host and a great number of grand dukes and duchesses. At this reception a funny thing happened.

One of the young grand dukes, who was anxious for me to take him as a "subject," explained there was something that occupied his entire thought, something that no one present knew anything about—at least, he believed not. What was it? I took him by the hand, and, without the slightest hesitation, wrote on a blackboard with a piece of chalk the word

"MARIE."

Never shall I forget the look on that young man's face. It was a study in expressions, of which the

¹ Since this was written the Grand Duke Sergius has been assassinated in Moscow.—S. C.

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dominant features were surprise and indignation. "Is that right?" asked several people. For answer my subject hurriedly rubbed out the word and turned away. Later on he said to me: "Why did you write the word?" "Because you thought of it." "But I didn't think you could do it. And now everyone knows all about it. It is very embarrassing for her and for me," he concluded, with a show of personal resentment which under the circumstances was absurd.

It was at the Grand Duke Michael's that I met General Trepoff. He was not then the important person he has since become. At that time he was just a dashing officer of the Guards, very popular, and a great favourite with the fair sex. He had every promise of being pushed in his career by certain exalted people who took an interest in him, but no one ever dreamt of his occupying the important position in the State to which he has recently been appointed. This post, with additional powers, is in a way a revival of the long since abolished head of the all-dreaded Third Section. Of this Third Section and its last head, Count Peter Schuvaloff, I speak in another chapter.

CHAPTER IX

SOME STATESMEN—AND OTHERS

Mr. Gladstone—Mr. Chamberlain.

IN the natural order of things, those who come up for consideration next to the titular rulers of countries are their statesmen and politicians. It is they who count in the making or marring of a country's welfare. It is, therefore, I take it, about the world's statesmen and politicians that my readers will be chiefly interested to hear. It has been my good fortune to meet most of them, and I have, with the strictest impartiality, set down the result of my reading of them.

It will be observed that several of my "subjects" are no longer alive, but the memory of many of them can never die, and the results of their statesmanship are as much a question of the present and the future as of the immediate past, when I had the honour of meeting them. In this age of thinking but for the day, when the live dog is of more interest than the dead lion, I may be asked why I have not included a few more living lions amongst my list of "subjects."

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It goes without saying that I have not met everybody and that there are many great minds I have not read. In the days to come I hope to rectify the omission, but in glancing hurriedly over the world of politics I must say that I see no new live lions who roar like the old ones with whom I have dealt in this chapter.

There is a dearth of new men—not only in politics, but in all walks of life—who, according to the public estimate, mentally tower above the heads of their fellows.

It is an age of talk and not of do. It is easier to babble and carp than formulate a policy and carry it out. This mouthing of carping mediocrity is enough to make politicians of the past turn in their graves. But the worst of it is, the yapping live dogs think themselves in every way superior to the dead lions. And an indifferent public tolerates them, and an accommodating Press gives them just the advertisement they require.

Mr. Gladstone

I have given my experiments publicly and privately in many strange and out-of-the-way places. Halls of the colleges of the great Universities, royal theatres, a church, a temple, the ball-room of an embassy, the ruins of a castle, and the salon of a famous newspaper has been placed at my disposal. I have experimented privately with an

Mr. Gladstone

archbishop in his palace, a bishop in an ancient cathedral, with monks in a monastery, with mullahs in a mosque, with royalties in their palaces, with savages in their wigwams, with criminals in a prison, and so on, and so on. But the one event of which I feel most proud was my representation in the House of Commons. The historic *séance* took place in the smoking-room, and leaders and representatives of all parties were present. From time to time the House is treated to "scenes" and occasional dramatic outbursts which serve to enliven the proceedings. But, in every case, a member is the actor and his fellow-members the willing or the unwilling, the sympathetic or the unsympathetic, audience, as the case may be. On such occasions the audience is seldom unanimous in its assent or dissent, and, in a few particular instances, encores are neither called for nor desired.

In the matter of my representation it was the first instance of a stranger giving a "show" in the House; and it will probably be the last. This is somewhat to be regretted, as a series of "shows" by well-known entertainers would do much to relieve the monotony of parliamentary existence.

My principal subject at the *séance*, which, I would add, was arranged by Mr. Henry Labouchere, was the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, then Prime Minister. Mr. Gladstone approached the question of thought-reading with that spirit of inquiry, that

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attitude of half-doubt, half-sympathy, so peculiar to him. He was afraid he would not make a good "subject," but he was anxious to be experimented with, and would certainly do his best.

As a matter of fact I found him to be an extraordinarily good "subject"; but in one particular test something occurred which strikingly exemplified the man's changeability of thought and readiness to furnish a plausible explanation of that change.

Mr. Gladstone had undertaken to think of some figures, and it was my task to correctly write them down exactly in their proper order. The number, of course, was not given.

Immediately I wrote down a 3, which Mr. Gladstone said was correct. This was followed by a 6, which also was correct. Then I, getting that figure from my "subject," began writing a 5; but at this moment I found Mr. Gladstone had changed his mind, and was thinking of a 6. I at once paused and begged of him to concentrate his thoughts entirely on the exact figure he had decided upon. He did so, and I unhesitatingly turned the 5 into a 6. These figures, it happened, formed the total numbers thought of by Mr. Gladstone, and he warmly congratulated me on my success.

But I naturally desired to know why Mr. Gladstone had at first thought of a 5 as the third and concluding figure and had afterwards changed it to a 6.

Mr. Gladstone

He explained it in this way :—

“I had at first thought of 365, the number of days in the year, but when you had got the 3 and the 6, I thought that you might by sequence guess the remaining figure. But,” he added, “I suddenly remembered it was leap year, and that there were three hundred and sixty-six days in the year, instead of three hundred and sixty-five, so I accordingly changed the numbers to 366, and, marvellous to relate, you correctly divined both my first and my second thought.”

How very like Mr. Gladstone this was to have the second figure ready to supply the place of the first one, in case it should be found out!

After the *séance*, Mr. Gladstone went into a lengthy and learned discussion with several members of his Cabinet and members of the Opposition upon the doctrine of probability as applied to such experiments. According to his calculation, it was several millions to one against my guessing the figures as he had thought of them, including the change of the 5 to a 6.

In all my travels I have never met a man quite like Mr. Gladstone. He was certainly a being apart. His voice and manner were singularly caressing, and had the softness, the nervous sympathy of a woman's. He was a man of deep thought, of great learning, but of much mental uncertainty. He not only sought to know too much, but he never, I fear,

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mastered any one subject to his complete satisfaction. In his desire to be fair all round he became confused, perplexed, and not confident even of his own conclusions. His emotions and mental uncertainties prevented him from being a strong man—a man of determination of grip. But his power and fascination over people were remarkable. No one could be brought into contact with him without feeling something of this fascination. It was the charm, the will-subduing power of the mesmerist, and I unhesitatingly say that Mr. Gladstone was the most natural mesmerist I have ever met. I believe he too was conscious of this mesmeric power, and thus he did not fail to exercise it as occasions required.

Mr. Gladstone was physically as well as mentally emotional. He spoke with his body as well as with his mind. There was a physical movement, a physical expression with every thought, and, bundle of nerves that he was, his bodily intensity matched that of his mind.

Without believing in the occult, he had certainly a hankering after it. He could not make up his mind as to what was real, and what was false. He would have liked to believe in the higher plains of modern spiritualism, of the alleged phenomena of the Eastern adepts, but he had his doubts. But what plain of thought was there about which he had not his doubts?

Mr. Gladstone

He was, with all his philosophical questioning, somewhat superstitious and highly nervous. He did me the honour of reading more than one of my books. But a particularly weird thing of mine, called *A Fatal Affinity*, exercised him considerably. He read it at one sitting, and, I have it on authority, never afterwards went to sleep without first looking under the bed.

Mr. Chamberlain

The other great Commoner of modern political life, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, is mentally and physically cast in an entirely different mould from that of Mr. Gladstone. There is nothing of the visionary about Mr. Chamberlain. He has his dreams, but they are of a practical nature, and capable of practical realisation. Some eighteen years ago I wrote of Mr. Chamberlain as follows:—

“There is nobody more anxious to learn or who is 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

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he would say, most unbusinesslike. Mr. Chamberlain is undoubtedly the man of the future, and at the risk of failing as a prophet I venture to predict that, sooner or later, he will reach the goal for which he is striving."

I think my present readers will agree that I not only at that time read Mr. Chamberlain correctly, but that I have not failed as a prophet.

Since then I have been brought a good deal in contact with Mr. Chamberlain, especially in connection with political matters; and my admiration for and belief in the man have sensibly increased.

As a "subject" Mr. Chamberlain was exceedingly good. He possessed quick concentration of thought and fixedness of purpose. But the following incident will show how a trifling thing will interfere with a man's concentration, even when it is so great as that possessed by the ex-Colonial Secretary.

I had been lunching with Mr. Chamberlain at Prince's Gardens, and, after lunch, I was trying my first experiment with him. During a somewhat more complicated one than the others I found my "subject's" thoughts suddenly halt, as it were, and then run in a direction which could have no possible connection with the test in question. His thoughts, apparently against his will, kept straying to the mantelshelf. The mental grip, the unwavering decisiveness, which had been so strikingly displayed in the previous experiments, were lacking. I begged



"I haven't finished my smoke, and I really cannot concentrate my thoughts without it."

[To face p. 88]



Mr. Chamberlain

of him to concentrate his thoughts entirely upon the test in question.

"It's no good," he said, "my thoughts keep going to my pipe. I haven't finished my smoke, and I really cannot concentrate my thoughts without it."

The pipe was on the mantelshelf. Mr. Chamberlain took it up, placed it in his mouth, and the experiment was immediately carried to a successful conclusion.

Mr. Chamberlain is an inveterate smoker, and he makes some of his best speeches with a cigar in his hand. He can, as a public after-dinner speaker, keep the ash of a cigar on longer than any other speaker I have seen. But Mr. Chamberlain prefers, of all smokes, a pipe. His deepest thinking is done in association with his briar.

Mr. Chamberlain has always had a peculiar fascination for me, and my analysis of his character is naturally sympathetic, but, at the same time, is, I feel convinced, accurate.

No statesman of to-day has been the subject of greater misrepresentation, or has had his motives more vigorously impugned both at home and abroad: at home by a political nation that is unable to understand him; abroad by the people, who, without troubling to understand him, fear him. His fervent patriotism and his fearless outspokenness have also much to do with Continental feeling concerning him.

People I Have Read

True it is that Mr. Chamberlain, above all British statesmen, possesses the genius and the energy that change the fate of empires. He has not the vivid imagination of a Gladstone, or the picturesque charms of a Beaconsfield, but his extraordinary mental vigour and thoroughness of purpose attract and retain an admiration that more flashy or emotional attributes fail to accomplish. It has been said that Mr. Chamberlain is too cold to feel; too calculating to be troubled with emotions. This is absurd, as Mr. Chamberlain is exceedingly sensitive, and feels very keenly; and I take it no public man wears, as it were, his emotions so openly on his sleeve as he does. On a public platform no more expressive face is ever seen. Every passing emotion is clearly portrayed.

Who can forget the curl of the lip, denoting scorn, the uplifting of the eyebrows, signifying astonishment, or that faint, chilly smile at the corners of the mouth mockingly laughing an opponent out of court? And then the shrug of the shoulders, implying a world of contempt for those who come under his verbal lash.

But, let it be understood that Mr. Chamberlain from his seat in the House of Commons, or speaking from a public platform, where he invariably gives full physical emphasis to his words and thoughts, is not the Mr. Chamberlain of the study or of the official office.

Mr. Chamberlain

Privately, and in his official capacity, those physical expressions so familiar to the public are perfectly kept in check. For there is in reality no expressive sentimentality about Mr. Chamberlain, and no man has his emotions more completely under control.

The frigidity of manner and sphinx-like inscrutability of face have bewildered and chagrined not a few who, for their diplomatic advantage, have sought to arrive at what might be passing in his mind. On such occasions he has been quite unreadable. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain possesses a keen intuition, and is an admirable reader of the thoughts and purposes of others. He seldom makes a mistake in reading a man or his motives. Much of his success is due to this knowledge of human nature.

It is astonishing how much Mr. Chamberlain really knows, not only of mankind in particular, but of things in general. His knowledge is not of a nebulous, philosophical character, but displays great practical completeness and an unerring grip of facts. His thirst for knowledge is insatiable; and few men of modern times possess his great application and diligence in examining the authorities, or approach him in pursuit of information.

So thorough is he in these directions, so marked is his genius, and so striking is his personality, that he could, I feel convinced, have succeeded in any profession or calling he might have chosen. Especi-

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ally at the Bar would he, I fancy, have been a great success. In saying this I have in mind his skilful examination of certain witnesses before the South African Inquiry. It was a masterly exhibition.

Now, having mastered all the facts appertaining to a very great subject, the greatest perhaps that has engaged his calmest attention, Mr. Chamberlain with complete confidence has placed these facts before the public. As he reads the individuals, so does he read the public, and in this matter he feels that he has read the great mass of the people aright. So much do I believe in him that I here venture upon a further prophecy. It is to the effect that Mr. Chamberlain's reading is correct, and that though it may not be to-day or to-morrow, the time will come when the people, both here and beyond the seas, will, as he anticipates, be with him.

With this, I for the time being have said all that I have to say concerning the greatest of living British statesmen and one of my best "subjects."

CHAPTER X

SOME STATESMEN—AND OTHERS

Duke of Argyll—Lord Curzon—Lord Cromer.

The Duke of Argyll

APROPOS of the affairs of empire, I have closely studied and read a great number of our colonial statesmen and those viceroys and governors-general who have been appointed by successive Imperial Governments to rule over the colonies and dependencies. They include, amongst many others, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Loch, Lord Northcote, Earl Grey, Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lord Milner, Lord Cromer, Mr. Alfred Deakin, Mr. Richard Seddon. My first experiment with a Governor-General was with the Duke of Argyll, then the Marquis of Lorne. It was whilst I was a guest at Rideau Hall, Ottawa. It was no ordinary test—indeed, it was one of the first of finding objects at a distance I had attempted.

His Excellency's thought was fixed on an object

People I Have Read

outside the Governor's house, the character and whereabouts of which he alone was cognisant.

Blindfolded as I was, and consequently unable to see what I had found, the object, when I touched on it, and declared it to be the Governor-General's thought, gave me something approaching a shock. The object was alive, and it resented my sudden intrusion. It was a tamed moose, a pet of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, who used to drive it in a sleigh. Before I left the stable, the animal and I were on somewhat better terms; but it looked at me with an inquiring look in its large lustrous eyes as much as to say, "What have I done to deserve this?"

The Duke of Argyll was one of the most popular governor-generals Canada has ever had. He is a deep-thinking, extensively read man; and it is much to be regretted that the country has not had further use of his great abilities. He has not the flashy gifts, the self-advertising propensities of certain other empire politicians I wot of; he is modest and the least self-assertive. But he was one of the first amongst the prominent public men to believe in the potentialities of a Greater Britain, and he has done much for the cause, which he has thoroughly at heart. The Duke has a most sympathetic personality. He is simple in manner and in tastes.

Lord Curzon

Lord Curzon

That Lord Dufferin was the most popular of modern Indian viceroys is beyond question. He, as the Americans would say, more completely "filled the bill" than any other man. With the political native element Lord Ripon gained a certain popularity which culminated at public festivals in gaudy pictorial representations of himself being hung up in the bazaar, bearing the soul-moving legend: "His Honoured Enormity Lord Ripon, the Great One."

Lord Curzon, the present Viceroy, has nothing of Lord Dufferin's *savoir faire* or magnetic personality, but so far as the native element is concerned, he has not a little of Lord Ripon's political sentimentalism. Lord Curzon is doubtless a great man with a singularly lofty mind, and everyone is expected to apply to him a mental measurement similar to that which he applies to himself. His mind, in fact, is so lofty, and his general characteristics so awe-inspiring, that there is nothing left for the poor, humble thought-reader but to sit at his feet in speechless adoration. In this world my experiments have been confined to mere mortals; but when I join the celestials I may have arrived at a pitch of confidence which would better enable me to read the celestial mind of a Lord Curzon.

If, therefore, I to-day set the Viceroy of India

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entirely apart from the other great ones of the earth with whom I have been brought in contact, it is due to his overwhelming superiority. We all get dazzled by the sun at times; Lord Curzon commenced life with the firm conviction that he was a Heaven-sent genius. To-day he has satisfied himself that he is a born ruler. To-morrow he may have arrived at the gratifying conclusion that he is a ruler by divine right. In such case one of the European principalities periodically in search of a prince might approach him with due humility with an offer of the vacant crown.

But what a loss to us and empire this would entail!

NOTE.—This was written a year or so before the recent conflict of ideas between the Viceroy and Lord Kitchener concerning the Indian Army. The attitude assumed by Lord Curzon is precisely what might have been expected of him. It is sad, from His Excellency's standpoint, that Lord Kitchener has so much strength of character and so little sense of hero-worship.

Lord Cromer

Lord Cromer, too, is a great man with a great mind; but he is cast in a purely human mould. He has some weaknesses with his strength, and will readily himself admit that he has made mistakes. I have known Lord Cromer under two Khedives, and am personally cognisant of his strength of character and determination of purpose as applied

Lord Cromer

to the moulding of each of their Highnesses and the direction of public affairs.

Tewfik Pasha was of an entirely different temperament to that of his son Abbas. The late Khedive was always content to be ruled; but the present one had at the beginning ideas of his own about ruling. He was young and impetuous and not easily led. Then he surrounded himself with favourites and advisers who were averse to British paramountcy. They brought him in conflict with both Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener. The former, who better understood His Highness's character and made due allowance for his natural high-spiritedness and independent disposition, soon established better relations between himself and the Khedive. But the more militant Sirdar was not so readily mollified; however, eventually he and His Highness understood each other exceedingly well. In another chapter, containing my impression of Lord Kitchener, I shall have a few words more to say on this matter.

Lord Cromer was strong enough to get rid of the Khedive's unsatisfactory advisers, and this without the further cleavage that at the time was anticipated.

Never has a man from time to time had so difficult a part to play as Lord Cromer; and I do not know of any other man who could have so thoroughly overcome these difficulties.

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Lord Cromer is less of a diplomatist than an administrator. The tortuous ways of diplomacy do not appeal to him. He is all for the short cut to the object in view, to the purpose to be attained. He does not himself indulge in the customary taradiddles of diplomacy, but he knows how to weigh and appraise them with others. He reads men like an open book ; but is himself, behind those coloured glasses he invariably wears, absolutely unreadable. As a "subject" he was excellent ; but I never read the real man until one day I had a somewhat lengthy interview with him when he was not wearing his blue glasses. That much had been hidden behind that impenetrable screen of coloured glass was clear to me. The brusqueness, the seeming hardness of the man, were but an outward assumption. I had got to think that by the firmness of his hand grip and the control ever displayed over the features that were visible, he was as far from emotion as a bronze statue. But there was a kindliness in his eyes, a singular speakingness which the exigencies of high diplomacy would on occasion require him to hide.

Lord Cromer is well versed in foreign politics, and thoroughly understands the Oriental character. At one time there was much talk about making him British Ambassador at Constantinople. He would not have suited the post, and the post would not have suited him. His will is too pronounced, his

Lord Cromer

impatience too great. He and the Sultan would have come into conflict within a week, for the shilly-shallying ways of Abdul Hamid would be most distasteful to Lord Cromer. As a very great diplomatist at Constantinople said to me, when the rumour of the proposed appointment was current, "If Lord Cromer is appointed there will be war within the year." It might not have come to this; but from what I know of both the Sultan and Lord Cromer, his lordship, unless he had been able to have his own way, which would not have been the way of Abdul Hamid, would have asked to be relieved of his post.

That in politics a strong man should succeed a strong man is an altogether sound proposition; and one can well understand Mr. Balfour's desire to, in the first place, secure Lord Cromer as successor to Mr. Chamberlain, and, failing him, Lord Milner.

As Colonial Secretary, Lord Cromer would have brought strength to the Government. But the colonials require a lot of understanding, and I am not at all certain that Lord Cromer's temperament would altogether have been in accord with the colonial temperament. And how could Egypt have spared him? Even with all the great and good work he has already accomplished it cannot be said that his task is anything like completed. And who could take the reins from his firm, determined hands?

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Who wear his mantle befittingly? Lord Milner—perhaps! I know of no other.

No, the land of the Pharaohs is the place for Lord Cromer. And is not this silent, powerful, far-seeing "Man with the White Hat" virtually ruler of Egypt?

CHAPTER XI

SOME STATESMEN—AND OTHERS

Sir Wilfrid Laurier—Lord Milner—Richard Seddon
—The Hon. Alfred Deakin.

Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier

I THINK the late Sir John A. Macdonald was one of the greatest British statesmen of the past fifty years. Under his regime Canada, which had been asleep, awoke, and commenced to show the great promise of to-day. Sir John, a Canadian Scot, was in appearance strikingly like Disraeli, an Anglo-Jew. The likeness did not end with the facial resemblance. Their diplomacy, their knowledge of mankind, their robust patriotism, were much akin. I had as a very young man met Lord Beaconsfield, but I had not the opportunity of experimenting with him. My interest, therefore, in experimenting with his mental and physical counterpart a few years later was all the keener. And what a thinker he was! To-day, with the younger generation of Canadians, Sir John A. Macdonald is but a memory; but as the Canadians say, there was only one Sir John, and it is too much for Canada to expect another.

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His present successor, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, differs materially from him, both in temperament and policy. Although, curious to relate, Sir Wilfrid, who some years ago was wholly unlike the great Conservative leader, has acquired a curious facial resemblance to him. This may be accounted for by the fact that he wishes to look like Sir John, and that he is always endeavouring to think as he believes Sir John would have thought. Some Canadians go further than this, and say that, Liberal though he is, he has no policy beyond that he imagines might have been the policy of the Conservative Sir John. Whatever the cause of the phenomenon, the curious physical resemblance is there.

I first knew Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Canada years ago, when he was merely an ordinary member of the then important Liberal Opposition. Then there seemed not the remotest possibility of his ever being the head of a Government and of gaining a political reputation which is world-wide. In those days he was, however, eloquent beyond compare, and his eloquence earned for him the sobriquet of "Laurier the Silver-tongue." He was looked upon as an erratic genius, without the necessary mental ballast or steadfastness of purpose for successful statesmanship. But never had I, up to the time of meeting him, found a colonial politician with such a distinct understanding of my experiments or who, as a

Sir Wilfrid Laurier

"subject," so thoroughly entered into them. Frankly, I found him a bundle of nerves, of tell-tale emotions. In everything he did with me he displayed an impetuosity and an impatience for a successful conclusion which were in distinct contrast with the calm and deeper thinking of Sir John A. Macdonald. But even in ordinary conversation Sir Wilfrid was exceptionally forcible, and he took no trouble whatever to conceal his emotions. His manner was singularly caressing, almost mesmeric. He charmed everyone with whom he came in contact, and the beauty of his voice was practically irresistible. But whilst everyone prophesied a great future for him at the Bar, the opinion was unhesitatingly expressed that he was too much of a visionary, too full of words, and too scant of deeds to succeed in Parliament. He was a charming man, a brilliant speaker, but on the whole an unpractical genius, was the unanimous verdict. For my part I thought there were great possibilities for a man with such natural gifts. There was considerable sympathy between us, and I watched his career with considerable interest. But I was wholly unprepared for the extraordinary change in him when we next met. He was then Canadian Premier. Gone was his vivacity, and almost entirely absent was the old-time personal magnetism, to which was due so much of his previous charm. He was quiet almost to dullness, reserved almost to stiffness. This was at the com-

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mencement of our meeting, but before he left London he had thawed somewhat, and at his public speeches, of which I heard many, he still showed that he had not lost all his old fire or power of oratory. But there was a vast difference between Laurier the Premier and Laurier the simple member of the Dominion Parliament. It was then I noticed his approaching facial likeness to Sir John Macdonald and his imitations—unconscious maybe—of his method of physical expression. On his last visit to England this likeness had become more accentuated, but the man himself had undergone yet another change. He had become, apparently, more accustomed to his great position and the high imperial honours that had been conferred upon him. He was easier, less stiff and stilted, and altogether a good deal more of his old self. His political opponents in Canada have laid it down that Sir Wilfrid has had a bad attack of "swelled head," but admit that he is now well on his way to recovery. But it is well known that Canadian rival politicians have a bad habit of saying nasty things of each other, and consequently the diagnosis of his political opponents must not be lightly accepted. In my opinion, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not only the greatest statesman Canada possesses, but he is to-day far greater than either minister or ex-minister of any other colony. He certainly thinks imperially, and, at the proper time, could be prepared to put, on behalf of

Lord Milner

Canada, his thoughts into action. But one must not forget that though a British subject, Sir Wilfrid by birth and descent is a French Canadian. He speaks French and English with equal force and eloquence, but he, I take it, almost always thinks in French. Whilst an ardent patriot, he has a great weakness for France. Germany and the Germans he dislikes, and he is a severe critic of the Kaiser and his assumed policy. The two British statesmen who have excited his warmest admiration are the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

Sir Wilfrid, I would add by way of conclusion, lacks two qualities which make for real greatness in a statesman—unswerving firmness and unruffled patience. But he is a man of culture, of brains, of statesmanship, and he has done well for the land of his birth. "My beloved country," as he puts it, "which comes first of all."

Lord Milner

Lord Milner is one of our most thoughtful, one of the most progressive of colonial governors. He thoroughly understands colonial sentiment, and has the manners, the natural sympathies that count so much with the colonials. As a "subject" for thought-reading he is excellent. He is a thinker, concentrated, alert, decisive. South Africa, we know, is the "graveyard of reputations," but Lord Milner has not, despite the carping of his Little Englander

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critics and the underground intrigues of the local malcontents, lost his reputation in South Africa. On the contrary, he has enhanced it. It is only those who are thoroughly conversant with South African affairs who know the excellent work Lord Milner has done under most trying conditions, and beset by difficulties which very few, under similar circumstances, would have been able to overcome. But Lord Milner is a man of exceptional parts. He has patience, and he has courage. His diplomacy is tactful, but firm. In it he strikingly exemplifies the iron hand beneath the silken glove. Lord Milner enjoys alike the confidence of his Government and the people he governs. He has all along been the one man for South Africa. To say who would have done as well, or who could fittingly succeed him, would be well-nigh impossible.

There is a great future for Lord Milner. What will be his next sphere of usefulness to the empire? The Colonial Secretaryship, the Viceroyalty of India? One thing, he did not leave South Africa until his allotted task out there was completed, and wherever he goes, the same thoughtfulness, the same progressiveness, the same determination—masterfulness, if you like—may safely be expected of him.

The Earl of Aberdeen

Lord Aberdeen did very well during his Governor-Generalship of Canada. But his term of office was

Mr. Richard Seddon

not marked by anything striking. It is not, however, in Lord Aberdeen's nature to do anything striking. He is content to go through life quietly, sedately, without the faintest flickering of ambition to politically set the Thames on fire. He is a good man, and sincerely religious. He has high ideals, and personally lives up to them; but for others they are somewhat too chimerical for everyday wear. Outside those particular subjects which are his hobby Lord Aberdeen does not think very deeply. He is an interesting "subject," but does not display any particularly striking mental characteristics. In fact I found that Lady Aberdeen had more will-power and a greater concentration of thought. She has a more practical mind than that of her husband. But both are full of human sympathy, kind-hearted, and most hospitable.

Mr. Richard Seddon and the Hon. Alfred Deakin

There is only one Richard Seddon, and he is unique. With the outward appearance of a prosperous alderman and the fluent if ill-digested language of a trades-union orator, he has truly a heroic mind. It is impossible for him to think otherwise than imperially, for is he not one of the chief people of the empire? He is a strong, vigorous-minded man, without the faintest knowledge of the game of diplomacy. But his mental vigour and rough force of character are attractive.

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It is impossible to help liking the man. He is so fresh, so free from cant, so altogether frank and John-Bullish. Frequently have I found him in his rough outspokenness making a more vivid impression upon an audience than those possessing greater brain power and a far more subtle eloquence. As a "subject" for thought-reading—well, the merest tyro at the art could read him. He cannot keep a single thought to himself. It must come out, either through the medium of the tongue or through some other unmistakable physical expression. In his time Mr. Seddon has done excellent work, both for the colony of New Zealand, of which he has been so long Premier, and the empire. There is still more work to be done; and he will do it.

The Hon. Alfred Deakin, the ex-Commonwealth Premier,¹ has only lately commenced to think imperially. In his younger days his thoughts were that of a native Australian, *i.e.* Australia for the Australians. But his visit to London and his association with Mr. Chamberlain changed all this. He began to think that a politician born in Australia has duties to empire beyond those due to the country of his birth. I knew Mr. Deakin in his early political days, and I have frequently met him in recent times, and I welcomed the increased breadth of political thought. For in those earlier days Mr. Deakin did not make an altogether favourable impression on those who

¹ Mr. Deakin has been elected Premier for the second time.

The Hon. Alfred Deakin

were advocates of Imperial Federation. But he was younger then, and somewhat spoiled by local admiration. He had the gift the Australians so much admire—the gift of speech. He was one of the best platform speakers in Australia, and was a highly successful lawyer. As a “subject” for my experiments I found him all right. But, of course, he knew more about thought-reading than I did myself; and I’ll be bound was convinced that he could do all, if not more than I could myself. But what subject was there that Mr. Deakin did not know more about than anybody else? And who was there in any branch of life that he could not equal or excel? But it has been just this belief in self, this irrepressible push, that has got him on. To-day he has discarded much of the cocksureness, the aggressive knowingness of his youth, and we find him a man of considerable strength and power and one of whom Australia as a whole has much reason to be proud.

CHAPTER XII

SOME STATESMEN—AND OTHERS

Cecil Rhodes—Paul Kruger—Dr. Leyds.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes

I SAW a good deal of Mr. Cecil Rhodes in both South Africa and England, and when he died I lost one of my best friends. He was a singular man—a man of striking contraries. One moment he would be all animation and force, and the next silent and irresponsive. At dinner, at Groot Schaur, in the midst of an illuminative argument he would suddenly rise and without a word leave the room, and his guest would see no more of him that evening. His character was forceful, commanding, and he was impatient of opposition. I have seldom met a man who made up his mind so quickly, and who so quickly set his thoughts in action. He was impulsive, and acted much upon his impulses. But this vigorous man of action, this ambitious, powerful statesman with a fixed purpose, was, with it all, a dreamer, and occasionally his thoughts would be found wandering, as it were, in the clouds. A striking instance of this was afforded by an experiment I performed with

Mr. Cecil Rhodes

him. We were at his office in Cape Town (he was then Premier of Cape Colony) talking of, amongst other things, the politics and future of South Africa, when Mr. Rhodes remarked that he supposed that I would like to try and read his mind in my own way.

“Go ahead, then,” he said in his sudden, abrupt way. “I am ready.” I first tried him with an easy experiment, and was very successful. I then took a sheet of paper and pinned it on the wall, and blindfolded, commenced with the pencil I held to trace thereon the idea that Mr. Rhodes wished to convey. I found it was a sentence of some kind that my “subject” had in his mind. I got as far as “All Bri——” when the impression I got from him was to write down several unintelligible hieroglyphics. I could get no further, and I stopped. He was apparently in dreamland.

“Is that right?” I asked.

“Oh yes,” he replied, suddenly becoming alert. “I thought of ‘All British.’”

“But,” I added, “I have not finished the sentence. Some other idea came into your mind at this point”—and I indicated the hieroglyphics. “What do they mean?”

“That’s odd,” he said, with that well-known little laugh of his. “I thought you had finished the sentence, and I was thinking of Thebes and the hieroglyphics on the pillars there.”

“But,” I asked, somewhat astonished, “how came you to think of Thebes in connection with the test?”

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“Oh, that was natural enough,” he replied. “We shall have an all-British route from the Cape to Cairo one day. And,” he added, with marked emphasis, “all South Africa will be British one of these days.”

This was some time before the ill-starred Raid; and the premature attempt that failed to make South Africa all British came sooner than I at that moment anticipated.

That war with the Transvaal had to come was certain, and some of my readers will remember how accurately in my writings I anticipated events.

Mr. Rhodes was a man who had no sympathy with failure; and he seldom gave a man another chance who had once failed in connection with any of his enterprises. He would make but little or no allowance for the cause of the failure. It was enough that the man had failed. If the cause of failure had been something quite outside the man's control, even then it would not be found sufficient reason for excuse. The man was unlucky, and Mr. Rhodes had all the old Rothschilds' aversion to associating himself with anyone unlucky. The failure of Dr. Jameson hurt him beyond description. But then he loved Dr. Jim—as everyone who knows him does—and, although he condemned his premature action, he forgave him, and on his dying bed he begged of his friend to carry on his work and his policy in South Africa. Thus it came about that

Mr. Cecil Rhodes

Dr. Jameson re-entered political life, and to-day is Premier of Cape Colony.

Mr. Rhodes expected implicit obedience from his followers, political and financial; and he was apt to get exceedingly wrath on discovering that the advice he had given had not been followed.

I remember on bidding him good-bye at Cape Town his asking me if I had any Chartered shares, and on my replying in the negative bidding me on my arrival in London to "pick up all the Chartered" I could get hold of. But it so happened that, almost immediately on my return to London, I was called away to the Continent, where I remained some months. Before leaving I omitted to "pick up" any shares, which then stood at £1 15s. During my absence they rose to £8. I next saw Mr. Rhodes on his arrival from South Africa to attend the sittings of the South Africa Inquiry. It was at the Burlington Hotel, and I was the first to be received, as I wished to show him the proof-sheets of certain chapters of a book on South Africa I was publishing within the next few days.

The first thing he said, putting a half-wiped hand on my shoulder, as he stood with his coat off before the wash-handstand in his bedroom, was, "Well, you did well out of Chartered?"

I couldn't tell him that I hadn't made a farthing out of them, for well I knew that not only would he not forgive me for not following his advice, but that

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he would never again give me a tip. And Mr. Rhodes's tips were worth a good deal to a man in those days.

"It was twenty-five thousand you made, wasn't it?" he continued.

"Not so much as that," I replied.

"Oh, I thought you would have made quite that. I meant you to."

With the belief that I had acted on his advice in this particular instance, and at the same time to do me a good turn, Mr. Rhodes, at a later period, gave me a further tip, which I duly followed, and made money over.

It is only those who intimately knew him who knew really how kind-hearted he was, and how willingly he did his friends good turns. He cared little for self, and upon his personal tastes spent next to nothing. He loved to make money like the smallest operator, and he was a hard man at a financial deal; but the money he amassed was to further his great empire schemes. He hated to be thought a money-grubber. And well I remember his remark to me after the historic meeting with Mr. Chamberlain just before the commencement of the Inquiry. "He now knows that I am not the sordid money-grubber people have tried to make out; and that whatever my faults may be, I care more for the empire than for myself."

President Kruger

Mr. Rhodes was a glutton for work ; and for such a worker with such great ambitions there is a singular pathos in his last words : “ So much to do ; so little done.”

President Kruger

No two men could mentally or otherwise be more unlike than were Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his quiet rival, President Kruger. Cecil Rhodes was an educated, cultured man, a man of initiative, of advanced ideas. Paul Kruger was ignorant, grossly superstitious, and altogether uncultured. Yet both were men of determined characters and highly tenacious of an idea. Mr. Rhodes thought straight and spoke straight. President Kruger preferred more tortuous methods of thinking and acting. But with the chief characteristics of the two men, now gone to their rest, my readers will be more or less familiar ; it will not be necessary for me to dilate further thereon.

As a man enough is known of Paul Kruger. As a “ subject ” this is how he struck me :—

Man of but little concentration of thought, of no actual conception of the nature of the experiments I perform. Cunning and elementary superstition constantly struggled in his mind for mastery. In his cunning he thought how he could “ do me ” ; in his superstition how I might find him out. I well understand how the Sultan of Turkey, influenced by

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his soothsayers, was unwilling to personally become a "subject" for my experiments; but, frankly, I never could quite understand President Kruger's superstitious dread of me. When he gave me his hand it was limp, nerveless, and quaking. Instantly he withdrew it with a grunt. That grunt meant, "No you don't; I'm not going to give myself away to you."

Then he sat down, and I looked at him. Under my look his eyes fell. He had a habit of sitting with his mouth open; but facing me he shut his mouth tight and opened it only to take his pipe.

President Kruger, by the by, smoked incessantly. And so we sat for a considerable time; the President silent with eyes averted and I wonderingly expectant as to the next step. All efforts to draw His Honour into conversation were unsuccessful. He replied in monosyllables and always through closed teeth. Eventually exhausted patience got the better of any curiosity I might have had to further test the President as a "subject," and I took my leave. Never was a man so glad to get rid of an unwelcome visitor. He positively beamed as he wished me good-bye, and actually grunted a few words expressive of the pleasure he felt in knowing me. As I left his house he stood on the step watching me go away with a mingled look of cunning and apprehension. On the one hand he was patting himself on the back at the precautions he had taken to prevent his thoughts

President Kruger

being read ; on the other he was fearful lest the precautions had not been sufficient and that I had divined more than he had intended.

Whenever the President afterwards met me, although he greeted me with such warmth and politeness as he possessed, the same look always came over his face. I know he was glad when finally I left Pretoria, and I know also that he was angry at giving me his photograph bearing his signature, when he was told that I could read his intentions through the photograph equally as well as through him direct. The reason he closed his mouth when I looked at him was owing to his belief that I could better see into his brain when it was open. And as he informed one of his intimates, he was not going to let me read his secret thoughts and plans and give them away to Cecil Rhodes.

A very queer man was President Kruger, and a very much overrated one into the bargain. Circumstances gave him prominence, and his natural stupidity, obstinacy, and arrogance wrought his downfall. Just as Mr. Rhodes thought so little of himself, President Kruger thought far too much of himself. Unlike his rival, he was a confirmed money-grubber, and had the keenest possible eye to the main chance.

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Dr. Leyds

The real brains of the late Transvaal Republic was undoubtedly Dr. Leyds, the Macchiavelli of South Africa. He served his adopted country with much ability, and for a time with no little success. He was mainly the instigator of the policy that led to the rupture with this country; and it was almost entirely owing to his machinations that the Continental press and public were influenced against us. He almost succeeded in entangling us with other powers, but we were spared this culminating point of his diplomatic wiles. As a man Dr. Leyds is charming. He is well educated, an excellent linguist, and with polished manners. With his many attainments he always seemed socially and politically a fish out of water amongst the unlettered, uncouth members at Pretoria. Jealous as the Boers were of the influence of the Uitlander, I never could understand how Dr. Leyds, by birth a Batavian and practically a stranger from Holland, acquired the power he did. Yet Paul Kruger, who generally listened to no man and invariably had his own way with every member of his executive, was strangely influenced and ruled by his State Secretary, Dr. Leyds. In addition to the possession of charming manners, which were more likely to be antagonistic than sympathetic to Paul Kruger, Dr. Leyds, in my opinion, possesses certain mesmeric powers. It is therefore not impossible that he exercised those

Dr. Leyds

powers over the President to his undoing and over the people of the Continent to the extent of making them believe that everything British was black, whilst everything Boer was white.

Dr. Leyds is a thinker, and I found him an admirable "subject," as ready to have his thought read as President Kruger was unready. This I must, however, add was in his own house, amongst his own family and proved friends. But it was quite another thing in public. At a public representation in Pretoria I took Dr. Leyds as a "subject." The test was the reading of the numbers of a bank-note. I got the first two or three figures correctly at once, but the remainder were all wrong. At length I gave up Dr. Leyds and took another "subject," and succeeded immediately.

When I next saw the learned Doctor, I asked him why he wouldn't think of the remaining figures.

"Well, to tell you the truth," he said, with his most winning smile, "I thought the experiment had gone far enough. You see, it wouldn't have done to let the audience see how readily you could read my thoughts. You don't know how superstitious these Boers are."

"But you distinctly told the audience that you were honestly thinking of the remaining figures all you knew how."

"Quite so, and they believed me. But you have the satisfaction of knowing otherwise."

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The callous way in which he owned up to the little deception, and the look of sympathy which accompanied his words, tickled me vastly, and I laughed heartily.

Such is Dr. Leyds, ex-State Secretary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the late South African Republic, whom His Majesty's Government have declined to grant permission to return to South Africa.

CHAPTER XIII

SOME STATESMEN—AND OTHERS

Bismarck—Stambuloff.

Bismarck

I OFTEN met the late Prince Bismarck ; but on one occasion only did opportunity permit of my trying an agreed upon experiment with him. And this, unfortunately, was not carried to a conclusion. For at the very moment I had the great Chancellor by the hand and was starting to find the object he had mentally determined upon he was suddenly called away to attend the Emperor. The meeting had been arranged at the Bismarck Palace, in Berlin, by his son Count William Bismarck ; and he was as disappointed as myself at the interruption of the test. But I afterwards learnt that the object he had thought of was a pen lying on a desk, which, as I had told Count William, when the Prince was called away, was the object I had already actually decided upon as being in his father's mind. Although no further opportunity was offered me of giving practical experiments with Prince Bismarck, I performed many times with Count William ; and he was an admirable "subject." His father and he

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were both facially and physically exceedingly alike. When Count William was Regirüngs Präsident at Hanover, there were two busts at his official residence—one of the Prince and one of himself, representing each at the same age. It was practically impossible to tell which was the father and which the son. The story goes that on one important occasion the bust of Count William was decorated with a wreath intended for the Prince. With the likeness Count William inherited a good deal of the Prince's ability and not a little of his genius. But he was lazy and absolutely free from ambition. For years he acted as his father's private secretary, and was undoubtedly his favourite son. Count William was pro-English in tastes, in habit, and in his political sympathies. But he introduced me to a drink which he assured me was quite English, but which—and this was twenty years ago—up till then I had never tasted in England. It consisted of champagne and stout equally mixed. Since then I have taken for the good of my health—or otherwise—much mixed champagne and stout in different parts of the world. Prince Bismarck's favourite daily drink was old beer, which he drank out of old silver tankards.

Apropos of doubles, apart from strong family likenesses such as existed between Prince Bismarck and his younger son, every man is said to have his physical counterpart in the world. My double is no

Prince Bismarck

less a person than the Duke of Argyll. Although the Duke is a good many years my senior, we have repeatedly been mistaken for each other. When I was in Canada during his Governor-Generalship I repeatedly received salutes which were obviously intended for His Excellency. In certain exalted circles I am known as "The Double."

Some years ago the Duke (then the Marquis of Lorne) and I were on the Reception Committee of one of the International Exhibitions at Earl's Court, and on our way after lunch to take our seats on the platform at the opening ceremony, both having forgotten our tickets, we found our passage barred by an extra vigilant policeman.

Said I, in answer to the constable who refused to let the Marquis pass, "It's the Marquis of Lorne."

"Oh, indeed," was his scornful rejoinder. "Likely, isn't it? *You'll* be saying you're the Marquis next, or his brother," and he ran his eye critically over both of us. The next moment an official came, and the constable was convinced of Lord Lorne's bona fides.

Some time after this Lord Lorne, in the course of a letter to me, related an odd thing that had happened to him at reception the evening before.

"A man," he wrote, "came up to me and said, 'What on earth do you mean by cutting me all the evening?' I replied that I had not the honour of his acquaintance. 'That be hanged for a tale,' said he. 'Why, I've known you for years. You are Stuart

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Cumberland.' I am afraid," concluded the Marquis, "your friend drew somewhat upon his imagination as to the number of years he had known you."

Stambuloff

The only real statesman of recent years Bulgaria has produced was Stambuloff; and he was assassinated by his fellow-countrymen. The Bulgarian statesman rightly deserved the title of the Bismarck of the Balkans. He was a man of iron will and marked initiative. As a "subject" he was peculiar. At first he did not at all understand the nature of my experiments, and thought it was his place to set his will against mine. But a better understanding of them brought out his powers of mental concentration, and I made several interesting tests with him, including, strangely enough, the reproduction of an imaginary assassination scene.

As I was leaving him Stambuloff said to me in his curt, peremptory way, "How much?" "How much what?" I asked. "Oh, how much have I to give you for this?" I explained that I did not take money for such experiments, but that the honour, etc. He looked at me with evident surprise. "It's not the way of the world," he added, "to do anything for nothing. Well, if you won't take money, how about a concession?" And he suggested that I might have for the asking the concession to light and drain Sofia. I am sorry now I did not accept his suggestion.

CHAPTER XIV

SOME LIGHTS OF DIPLOMACY

Li Hung Chang—Prince Hohenlohe—Paul Schuvaloff—General Ignatieff—M. Cambon—Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

Li Hung Chang

LI HUNG CHANG was an exceedingly wily old gentleman, but at times was the essence of bland obligingness. For my experiments I found him, in fact, too obliging. I had to find something he had thought of, and on taking him by the hand, he whispered that it was the button on his coat that was the object of his thought. Now this was not thought-reading, and I felt annoyed. But Li Hung Chang pointed openly to the button in question, and blandly declared that that was the object he had determined upon, which *I* had discovered. Now what was to be done with such a "subject"? Absolutely nothing. I am sure his intentions were excellent, and that his one desire was to save me trouble. But his peculiar ideas as to "playing the game" were none the less embarrassing.

I look upon the Chinese as the worst "subjects" for thought-reading amongst the nations of the

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earth. Their thoughts never run straight like those of Europeans. If you manage to catch hold of the head of a thought, the tail of it invariably wriggles out of your grasp. They are singularly unemotional, and as a general rule give but little or no physical indication of their thoughts. The only time when I saw a high Chinese official excited was when I was searching for a pin hidden by Prince Furstenberg in the Wilhelm Platz, Berlin. Then the Chinese Minister, who was one of the committee, ran through the streets after me, accompanied by his wife, at a rate of speed never before attempted. The interest and excitement displayed by these distinguished celebrities made the good Berliners, used to witness a more staid progress through their streets, wonder exceedingly.

Prince Hohenlohe

Another distinguished man, who was greater as a diplomat than as a statesman, was Prince Hohenlohe, who after being German Ambassador at Paris, Statthalter of Alsace-Lorraine, succeeded Prince Bismarck as Imperial Chancellor. He was an odd-looking little man of great brain-power. I met him on many occasions, and I reckon him as one of my very best "subjects" amongst the diplomatists. Astute diplomatist though he was, there was nothing crooked about his diplomacy. He was highly respected by the French, who knew him to be a man



He whispered that it was the button on his coat that was the object of his thought.

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Counts Peter and Paul Schuvaloff

of his word, whilst the Foreign Chancelleries of London and St. Petersburg were thoroughly convinced that as Imperial Chancellor his policy was a straightforward one.

Counts Peter and Paul Schuvaloff

At the time of the Russo-Turkish War the most prominent diplomatist in London was Count Peter Schuvaloff, the Russian Ambassador. The Salisbury-Schuvaloff Secret Treaty is a matter of history. I was in those days too young to be reading either Lord Salisbury's or Count Schuvaloff's thoughts. But later on, in St. Petersburg, I performed my experiments with Count Peter. For a man who has been head of the all-dreaded Third Section he seemed singularly amiable and good-natured. But this outward show of good nature was one of his chief attributes of success. During the grave international crisis preceding the summoning of the Berlin Congress, Count Schuvaloff moved freely in London society. He was always supposed to be a bit fuddled, and many a little secret was let fall in his presence which it was assumed his Excellency could neither hear nor understand. But Count Schuvaloff had remarkably keen eyes and quick ears, and he heard much that it was not at all desirable he should hear. He kept up his part to the last, even unto, it is said, the colouring of his nose and the assumption of a gait associated with fuddledom. He was a good

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“subject” for my experiments, but he did not display that mental grip, that general decisiveness, that Russia associated with his rule as head of the Third Section, which gave him entrée at all times to the Tsar, and practically absolute power of life or death. A curious story was told me in St. Petersburg, illustrative of his promptness and astuteness whilst holding this high office.

One day he drove to the bank to draw out a large sum of money, when the director expressed his surprise at seeing him back so soon and with the demand for a further big sum. Schuvaloff, who had not been himself previously to the bank that day, knew at once that a swindler had been personating him. At that time, and indeed right throughout his life, he had the reputation of being absent-minded, although in reality no man could be more wide awake, and without giving the director a hint of his suspicions, he excused his second appearance on the ground of absent-mindedness. “But,” he said, “which way did I go when I left?” The direction was pointed out to him, and jumping into his carriage, accompanied by his escort, he sped quickly away. To the first member of the police he met he put the query, “When did you last see me?” “Ten minutes ago, your Excellency.” “Correct. And which way did I go?” “In that direction, your Excellency.” “Good!” and away drove Schuvaloff. The same questions were repeated until the great minister ran

Count Paul Schuvaloff

his double down in a low quarter of St. Petersburg. The carriage in which he had been driving was the exact counterpart of that used by Schuvaloff, and when his Excellency gained the room where the man was, it was discovered that his disguise was so perfect that it was practically impossible to distinguish the genuine from the false.

“Excellent!” said Schuvaloff, contemplating the man who found escape hopeless. “So soon as you have got out of my clothes and got into your own, you will receive a free passage to Siberia.” Then taking the money which had been drawn out of the bank in his hand, his Excellency departed, and his double that night was on his way to Siberia.

Count Paul Schuvaloff was wholly unlike his elder brother Peter. His original profession was that of arms, but he gave up his high position in the army and became Ambassador at Berlin. He later on succeeded General Gourko as Governor-General of Poland. His Excellency and I were very good friends, and it afforded him considerable delight when he could reproduce some of my own experiments. He always said, “I have far greater success with women ‘subjects’ than with men. Indeed, my young friend, I think I am more successful with women than you are.” Frankly I think he was, for there was a magnetic charm about Count Paul Schuvaloff that women found almost irresistible, a charm which but few men possess.

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General Ignatieff

I also met on several occasions in St. Petersburg the author of the famous San Stefano Treaty, but I experimented with him but once. That once was quite enough. Although I succeeded with him he was disposed to say he had thought of something else, and flatly denied that he had been to the spot where I at first took him, and where he had placed the hidden object originally. When it was pointed out to him by a lady that he had said what was not true, he smiled that peculiar oily smile of his and replied to her with much meaning, "What a memory you have—what a *dangerous memory!*" In Russia, General Ignatieff is known as the "Father of Lies." He is, it is said, proud of the title. He certainly on more than one grave occasion has proved his desire to live up to it.

M. Cambon

Of latter-day diplomatists M. Paul Cambon, French Ambassador at the Court of St. James, has no equal. I first met his Excellency at the British Legation in Madrid. At that time M. Cambon was the only representative of the Great Powers holding the rank of Ambassador. It was not till later that the Legations of the Powers were raised to the rank of Embassies. Some years afterwards I again met M. Cambon, when French Ambassador at Constanti-

M. Cambon

noble, and later on here in London, so I have had ample opportunities of studying him under varying conditions. M. Cambon has been a "subject" of mine, and I have experienced no difficulty in correctly interpreting the tests he has set me. His interest in my work has not been limited to the saloons of Embassies, as he has always attended any public representations I may have given in the capital to which he was attached. M. Cambon is an exceedingly far-seeing man, and like the late Lord Dufferin, possesses the manner that charms. Unlike the majority of his official countrymen, there is nothing narrow about his diplomacy. He may see with the eyes of France, and speak with the tongue of France, but, for a Frenchman, he has astonishingly wide international sympathies. He knows that there are other countries in the world besides France, and other languages besides French. And he has set himself the task to understand these other countries, and acquire a knowledge of their languages. In this way he has been not only popular, but a distinct success at every diplomatic post he has held. French interests have ever been safeguarded by him, and in his hands have materially advanced. France has every right to be proud of Paul Cambon, and we Britishers may congratulate ourselves on his appointment here, which has done so much to bring about the existing *entente cordiale*. M. Cambon, with age, has lost most of that hardness which was associated with his early

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diplomatic days. To-day no one could have a more benign fatherly appearance. Indeed, his poor compatriots in this country, in memory of his many acts of charity, affectionately refer to him as Père Cambon.

With the death of Lord Dufferin the most eminent of our diplomatists disappeared. He was a man apart, and to-day we have no one like him. Of those retired from active service, I should place Sir Edward Malet in the front rank. Also, amongst diplomatists, he was one of my most satisfactory "subjects." Sir Arthur Nicholson, who has been translated from the Legation at Tangier to the Embassy at Madrid, is an exceptionally able man, and there is a great future before him; with him also I have successfully experimented.

The Marquis of Dufferin and Lord Loch

I knew both these noblemen intimately, and I saw much of the former whilst Viceroy of India, and again at two of his ambassadorial posts. The latter I met frequently whilst Governor of Victoria, and later on whilst Governor of the Cape. Years afterwards I was brought a good deal in contact with both of them in the City, when they were jointly connected with a certain ill-starred Finance Corporation. As "subjects" for my experiments they differed materially. Lord Dufferin in connection therewith was anxious to do the right thing by you; Lord Loch to do the right thing by himself.

The Marquis of Dufferin

That is to say, the former was willing to have his thoughts read, whilst the latter was unwilling. Lord Loch, in his assumption of mental superiority, was of opinion that no one either could or should read his thoughts but himself.

There was never any question as to Lord Dufferin's mental superiority, but from a purely business standpoint Lord Loch certainly excelled. Lord Dufferin was not a business man. With all his knowledge of the world, with all his diplomatic astuteness, he was, as Mr. Rhodes would put it, a mere child in matters of finance. The sadness of it! Now Lord Loch was an admirable man of business. He was hard where his colleague was sympathetic, inquiring where Lord Dufferin was complacent, and sceptical where he, with his warm, generous nature, was all too confiding. Much of these superior mental airs of his official days were knocked out of Lord Loch by his association with the City; and I am sure that if Lord Loch, with his business knowledge and hard common sense, had not retired, there would have been no collapse of the Finance Corporation in question, with its accompanying tragedy.

CHAPTER XV

SOME LIGHTS OF DIPLOMACY

Marquis of Lansdowne—Prince Metternich—Lord Lytton.

The Marquis of Lansdowne

I HAVE a weakness for Lord Lansdowne, not merely because he is a good and sympathetic "subject," but because he has that ability, that thoroughness, that always appeals to one. He may not have been a success at the War Office—but what man could have been under the then prevailing conditions? But he was a distinct success both in Canada and in India. As Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India Lord Lansdowne displayed marked ability; and his entire efforts were devoted to the progress and well-being of those countries. But his *forte* lies neither in the ruling of colonies or dependencies, nor in administration work, but in diplomacy. At the time of his appointment I prophesied success for him at the Foreign Office, and my prophecy has been fulfilled. To him chiefly we owe the Anglo-Japanese Treaty and the Anglo-French Agreement, to say nothing of the agreements with Germany and other countries. Not a bad record so far.

The Marquis of Lansdowne

Lord Lansdowne is a born diplomat. He possesses the *suaviter in modo* par excellence, and he has with it a good deal of the *fortiter in re*. He is a little man, and not at all striking-looking; but a few minutes in his company reveals the fact that he is no ordinary man. He is exceedingly well read and an excellent linguist. But his knowledge is not mere book knowledge: it extends to a closer acquaintance with things in general and human nature in particular. His thirst for knowledge is great, and he takes the utmost trouble to get at the bottom of things. The Canadians and the people of India were astonished at how much he already knew of the affairs of the country he was sent out to govern. Lord Lansdowne is nothing if not thorough.

In manner he is very quiet, somewhat reserved. He does not possess an atom of personal magnetism; the impression he makes upon you is through the intellect, for that he is what the Americans call "brainy" is at once evident. The calm, deliberate way he views things, weighs them, and expresses his convictions concerning them, leaves but little room for enthusiasm. He has no particular hobby and no distinctive weakness. He is an all-round clever man, painstaking and safe. To my mind he is an ideal Foreign Secretary. He never allows himself to be sufficiently put out to show temper, and he is never too busy to remember to be courteous. He possesses one of those delightfully

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equable natures that please so many and ruffle so few. In a word, he is a charming, well-bred man of the world, with mental attainments, experience, and knowledge possessed by but few. He may not be what the world calls great, but of a verity he is a diplomatist of the first rank. It would be all to the Empire's good if, no matter which party was in power, the Marquis of Lansdowne could be retained as permanent Foreign Secretary.

Prince Metternich

Of the courtly old school of ambassadors, Prince Metternich, who was Austrian Ambassador to France during the regime of Napoleon III., formed the most striking example I have met. Prince Metternich, at whose palace I made, as it were, my first public appearance in Vienna, did not strike me as being a particularly brilliant man. He was very courtly, very charming, and all that, but, according to my thinking, not exactly the man to be entrusted with the affairs of a great nation in a time of crisis. He was, I also found, very easy to read. The Princess Metternich was a mental horse of quite another colour. She had grip and determination as great as that possessed by any man. She, in fact, thought like a man and—well, almost looked like one. In saying this I know I shall not displease the Princess Metternich, who from time to time, at special fêtes which she has organised, has appeared to her

Lord Lytton

complete satisfaction, and that of the illustrious assembly, in male attire. Napoleon III. considered her to be by far the strongest-minded woman seen at his court, just as he considered the Comtesse de Pourtalès, another of my "subjects," the most beautiful.

In height the Princess Hohenlohe considerably overshadowed her distinguished husband, and she also had, I found, a somewhat masculine turn of mind; but the Princess Metternich was so altogether more dominating physically, as well as mentally, than her husband, that, in the very order of things, one could not help thinking they ought to have changed places. As a woman, Princess Metternich, by all the stretches of poetical fancy imaginable, could never have been called handsome. The best definition that comes to my mind would be, vigorous and manly.

Lord Lytton

It was in Paris, at the Embassy, where I first met Lord Lytton, then our Ambassador to France. As his Excellency, like his father, had a sort of hankering after the occult, my experiments interested him exceedingly, and I found him a very good "subject." But on one occasion an exceedingly funny thing happened. It was after dinner, and Lord Lytton wanted me to try a particular experiment with him. I was just commencing when I saw his Excellency's eyes close, and a moment later he lay back in his

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chair and was fast asleep. After a little while Lady Lytton gently awoke him, and reminded him of my presence and the unfulfilled test. "Bless my soul!" muttered his Excellency starting up, "isn't it finished? I must have dreamt it." Lord Lytton, one of the most delightful of hosts and the most interesting of *raconteurs*, had a habit of going to sleep in the midst of telling the most entertaining story. How entertaining those stories could be, and how the ears of some of the elect would have tingled if they had heard them! Once in India, when Viceroy, his lordship, who was noted for his *esprit*, quite unconsciously put his foot in it. A lady who was sitting next to him at dinner asked his Excellency if whilst at Eton he had made the acquaintance of any of the Birches. "Oh yes," replied the Viceroy, "I knew more than one birch intimately. I knew them for my sins; and the remembrance is not altogether agreeable." Up went the lady's back. "I am afraid, your Excellency," she replied in her stiffest manner, "that you have forgotten that I was a Birch, and that I had several relatives of the same name at Eton at the time you probably were there." "Pardon me," answered Lord Lytton, "but I was thinking of some other birches—but," and with that winning smile of his, "I never felt so much inclined to kiss the rod as now." Was the lady mollified? Not a bit of it. Dear worthy person, she felt herself greatly offended.

CHAPTER XVI

SOME MINISTERS OF PEACE, AND PROFESSORS OF WAR

Archbishop of Canterbury—The Chief Rabbi—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon
—A Spanish Bishop—A Descendant of Mahomet—Rev. Dr.
Parker—Moltke—Earl Roberts—Lord Kitchener—General Kuro-
patkin—General Gourko—General Boulanger—Mr. St. John
Brodrick—Col. Fred Burnaby—Prince Henry of Battenberg.

IN this and the following chapters I deal with all manner of men: those who have achieved real greatness; those who, according to the world's estimate, have acquired celebrity or notoriety; and those who, without having arrived at either greatness or celebrity, have in their various ways loomed large in the public eye.

Before my memory pass in rapid succession the faces and remembered characteristics of these people with whom I have been brought into contact.

They form a highly interesting if strangely varied throng. Among them are great divines and lawyers, famous soldiers and diplomatists, celebrated authors and musicians, prominent actors and singers, and several leading magnates of finance. The question is, with whom shall I commence? Place to the

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clergy! Be it so, and there is all the more reason for it, because it was with a well-known divine, Dr. Bickersteth, then Dean of Lichfield, with whom I made my first really important experiment in thought-reading. I was staying at the Deanery, and one morning, after breakfast, I essayed the task of reading the Dean's thoughts. I interpreted them correctly by pointing out that the object mentally selected by him was a bust of Lady Augusta Stanley.

The Archbishop of Canterbury

It was many years ago that I first had the honour of meeting the present Archbishop of Canterbury. It was at breakfast at Lambeth Palace, during the reign of Archbishop Tait. His Grace, who has a singularly clear and liberal mind, was evidently interested in my work, which he approached from a purely scientific standpoint. But the experiment which I fancy most interested him was the reproduction of the test illustrative of the passing of matter through matter, which, according to Professor Zöllner, of Leipsic, proved the existence of a fourth dimension of space. His Grace was the subject for the test. He was blindfolded, and a handkerchief twisted and tied at the ends in a knot to form a ring was placed on his head. His hands were placed on his knees, and mine covered them—that is, apparently covered them, for by a dexterous

The Archbishop of Canterbury

movement one of my hands was released and the ring lifted from his head and slipped over my arm. Dexterously replacing my hand, my "subject" grasped my two hands, and the ring ran on his arm. When the blindfold was taken off, his Grace expressed the unhesitating conviction that neither of my hands had left his for a single moment. And he was altogether puzzled as to how the ring came on his arm. He laughed heartily when I showed him how it was done. The test is, of course, always performed by the elect in a dark room, and the hand that removes the ring from the head of the sitter is that of an astral form. So easy is it, when the eye cannot see, to produce false sensorial impressions that during the thousands of times I have performed this experiment never once have I found anyone who could tell when I withdrew my hand and when I replaced it. To the mystically inclined I can understand the impression conveyed by the experiment performed in a dark room by an avowed adept. Professor Zöllner explained it to his own satisfaction by the existence of a further dimension of space, and many learned but credulous men all over the world accepted his explanation until I reproduced the test under precisely the same conditions, in the manner described.

Archbishop Davidson has a most enlightened practical mind. He saw things exceedingly clearly, and is strikingly free from bigotry. In these advanced

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days he admirably suits the times. Possessed of a charming personality, and with wide sympathies, his great popularity is readily understood.

The Chief Rabbi

I first met Dr. Adler when a guest of Sir J. Sebag Montefiore, at East Cliff, near Broadstairs, when Church and Stage met in friendly union in the persons of Archbishop Benson and Sir Henry Irving. I then had no occasion to perform actual experiments with either the Chief Rabbi or any other of the notables there assembled, but I mentally formed conclusions of those present, which subsequent meeting proved on the whole to be correct.

I have found Dr. Adler to be an excellent "subject." He is a man of great learning, of profound thought. But what strikes me most about him is his high sense of justice, his spirit of tolerance, and his tender human sympathies. I can understand anyone going to him for advice, for guidance. The penitent would receive forgiveness, the doubtful consolation. With all his deep learning, Dr. Adler is, in the best sense of the term, a man of the world, and he has a keen sense of humour. As an instance of this, he wrote some Hebrew words for a little book of mine called *The Rabbi's Spell*. But when the book was published it was found that the 'spell,' in Hebrew, was printed backwards. Dr. Adler, in a letter, drew my attention to the error, slyly

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon

adding, "As the devil reads the Scripture backwards, it will serve doubtless to entrap the devil of your story."

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon

I had but one interview with Mr. Spurgeon. It was at the Tabernacle, where he had made the appointment one Sunday after service. On going upstairs I was met with the greatest cordiality.

"Let me see," said Mr. Spurgeon, beaming kindly at me, "you're the young man who wishes to be an evangelist?" Now if there was one thing in the world I, at this time, had not the remotest desire to be, it was an evangelist.

I explained to Mr. Spurgeon that he had made a slight mistake.

"Dear me," he replied, "I thought it was someone else. Of course, you're a thought-reader." I bowed. "I have no time now to have my thoughts read; besides, what thoughts can I have that the world does not already know? I am very pleased to know you, very pleased, and"—with another illuming beam—"you don't wish to be an evangelist—no? What a pity! Well, good-bye." He shook me affectionately by the hand, smiled still further upon me, and bowed me out. Now what was there in my youthful appearance—for it was in the days of my youth, be it understood—that caused Mr. Spurgeon to repine that I was not going to be an evangelist?

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I have often since wondered whether evangelism would have paid better than thought-reading. Perhaps Mr. Spurgeon was right and I was wrong, for at the time I was convinced that, however eminent he might be as a divine, he was an exceedingly bad reader of character. It is truly sad to think that, after all, I may have mistaken my vocation.

A Spanish Bishop

I have had as my "subjects" many leading lights of the Roman Catholic Church, including two papal nuncios, two archbishops, several bishops, and that at one time brilliant clerical-diplomat, Monsignor Capel, but space forbids my giving a detailed account of the experiments or of the people read. But my little *séance* with a famous bishop in the Cathedral at Toledo is worth describing. Monsignor did not believe I could read his thoughts, and he fortified this conviction by vigorously crossing himself before he gave me his hand. But I led him straight up to his thought—the nailed foot of a marble Christ. The look of consternation in his face was pitiful. This was followed by a look of intense hatred, which was ridiculous. He pointed a finger at me, and muttered something, which doubtless included the admonition to avaunt without further notice. But I didn't avaunt. I just stood where I was. Then amidst further mumblings in monkish Latin he sprinkled me with holy water. But as I

A Descendant of Mahomet

neither shrunk up nor turned into a black cat, he seemed bewildered. In this bewilderment I left him. His language concerning me afterwards was, I learnt, vigorous and condemnatory. I was a limb of Satan, whom mankind ought to shun. I am sure the worthy bishop deeply deplored that the days of the Inquisition were at an end ; and it can have been no consolation to him to know that I was not one penny the worse for his curses. Indeed I pursued my evil course with the utmost complacency.

A Descendant of Mahomet

This reminds me of an experiment which many years after this event I performed with a very great sheikh in Cairo. I was taken to this learned man, who is a descendant of the Prophet, by a Prince of the Druses. He received me with marked consideration, and readily agreed to become a "subject." He is famous throughout Egypt and Turkey for his learning, his great piety, and as a thinker I felt sure he would be a good "subject." In the first experiment I was not disappointed. But, later on, came an instance where my "subject" was bent upon tripping me up. He sent his friend the Druse and myself out of the room, stating that he was hiding something that he wished me to find. On my return, blindfolded, I took his hand. It lay limp in mine ; all the previous firm grip had gone out of it. His mind, apparently, was a blank. I urged him to con-

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concentrate his thoughts upon the object and the place where it was hidden. He assured me he was doing so. Round and round the room we wandered aimlessly. Never before had I encountered anyone who could so completely make his mind a blank. But, in spite of his paramount idea not to give me any indication of his thought, I felt that he was undesirous of my going near a book which lay closed upon a table. That book I determined was connected with the test. By sheer physical force I dragged the sheikh to it. Still he kept perfectly calm. But, on passing my hand over it, I felt just a momentary resistance on his part. At once I opened the book. Then I felt him breathe heavily, and the frigid calm gave way to nervous expectancy. I passed my hand over the open page to the left, and quickly withdrew a tiny pin that had been stuck therein. The pin was the object he had hidden, and the hiding-place was the Koran.

The pin had, I afterwards discovered, been stuck in a verse having reference to evil prophets and their works. The sheikh, in selecting the hiding-place, had been convinced that it would cause me to fail. The sacred book was to act as a talisman against my evil powers. That it did not considerably perturb the learned descendant of Mahomet. It did not in consequence strike him that my power was not evil. On the contrary, I fear he became assured that my power for evil was even greater than he had

Count Moltke

originally anticipated. The experiment caused quite a flutter in Egypt, but the Sultan forbade all mention of it, not only in the Turkish press, but in every paper published in Constantinople.

The Rev. Dr. Parker

The only occasion when Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, acted a part on the stage of a London playhouse was when he formed one of my committee at one of my representations at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Dr. Parker proved an excellent "subject," and he threw into the reproduction of an imaginary murder scene a dramatic force that a professional tragedian might well have envied. To my mind Dr. Parker did not seem at all out of place on the stage. He had all those little telling facial movements, those expressive gestures, that are associated with acting. He had humour as well as dramatic force, and the Church's gain was the Stage's loss.

Many other eminent divines have I read, including the late Ward Beecher. From the Church I pass on to the Army.

Moltke

Of all my "subjects," I should unhesitatingly set down the late Field-Marshal Count Moltke as being incomparably the best. He was a truly wonderful man, so concentrated, so absolutely accurate, so entirely unemotional. His hand was as cold as his

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heart was popularly supposed to be. His thoughts moved with mechanical precision. His face colourless, and as if composed of parchment rather than flesh and blood, gave not the slightest indication of his thoughts. His eyes were cold, scrutinising, and unreadable. To have loved such a man might have been difficult, but not to have admired him, to have felt the influence of his transcendent genius, would have been impossible. It is strange that a man so serious, so cold, so free from ordinary human emotions, should have possessed such an irresistible magnetic attraction for others. I put it down to the fascination of a supreme intellect. On no other grounds can I account for it. Bismarck, the accepted incarnation of blood and iron, was, in fact, singularly emotional, and from time to time his emotions ran away with him. Well I remember Sir W. B. Richmond, on his return to London from painting Bismarck's portrait, asking me what features of the great Chancellor's character had most impressed me. My answer fitted in exactly with the conclusion he had himself arrived at, viz. extreme sensitiveness.

Now Moltke was as foreign to sensitiveness as a figure hewn out of marble. His feelings, his sympathies, his likes and dislikes, his calculations and decisions, were of the mind. His heart was a mere necessary bodily attribute, but it influenced him in nothing. Altogether a remarkable, strange man, whose like may never again be seen.

Lord Kitchener

Earl Roberts

It has always been my regret not to have had the opportunity of actually experimenting with Lord Roberts. I have met him, and I have studied him; and, when it was determined to send him to South Africa, I, in writing about him, ventured upon a prophecy as to the outcome of his leadership which was amply fulfilled. What most struck me about his lordship is his eyes. So clear, so penetrating, so thoughtful. They are eyes that afford a complete index to his mind. As a soldier he has, I fancy, been somewhat handicapped by the possession of too big a heart. But who with such kindly eyes could be anything but big-hearted and full of gentle sympathies?

Lord Kitchener

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum is a highly interesting if exceedingly complex study. To know him thoroughly one must read him in his various moods. The generally accepted opinion of him is erroneous. The public has come to look upon him as a cold, hard man, as free from sentiment as a Moltke and as sternly exacting as a Frederick the Great. But Lord Kitchener of Khartoum is not a mere military calculating machine: he is very human, and possesses keen human sympathies. In spite of his well-known sternness and insistence on thoroughness in others,

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he possesses a distinctly genial side, and when that side is uppermost, the strict disciplinarian, the hard, matter-of-fact soldier, is altogether submerged.

I have had the good fortune to meet him when this side has been uppermost. It was on such an occasion when I first experimented with him. How thoroughly, how completely, and with what good nature he entered into the experiment! He was ready to do anything, and the audience (it was in Cairo) thoroughly appreciated his willing and effective co-operation. In the matter of concentration of thought I could not wish for a better "subject." There was not one slip, one moment's hesitation in the experiments I performed with him. He has a hand-grip like a vice and a mental determination that never falters.

Lord Kitchener is proud of his physical strength and bodily activity. The lifting experiment he tried with Miss Phyllis Bentley at one of my representations was, therefore, all the more interesting. But he had no more success than had the giant Tsar Alexander III., and with a hearty laugh he good-naturedly acknowledged his defeat. Lord Kitchener, like the late Tsar, is greatly interested in mechanics, and he was much astounded that a fragile young lady with her knowledge of the mechanical laws applying to the "Diversion of Force" could so easily nullify the great physical strength he put to the test.



In an experiment with Lord Kitchener he thought of a man whom he wished to be killed in a certain way. I at once found out the victim, and proceeded to throttle him, which was the death Lord Kitchener had chosen.

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Lord Kitchener

When the other side of Lord Kitchener is uppermost, he is said to be silent almost to moroseness, and stern and exacting almost to the point of injustice. This is not so. He has those moods of reserve, of "aloneness," as it were, that were peculiar to Mr. Cecil Rhodes. He, like Mr. Rhodes, has no sympathy with failure. And his views of the fair sex are not unlike those possessed by the great empire-builder. I see great affinity between the characters of the two men. Mr. Rhodes, with all his strength of character and hard matter-of-factness, was singularly sensitive. Lord Kitchener is equally sensitive. His sensitiveness was touched to the core by the opinion expressed by the Khedive on the efficiency of the Egyptian army when he was Sirdar. It was really hardly worth making a fuss about, but the back of the Sirdar was up more than it had ever been before; and it took a lot of smoothing down. But the *amende honorable* having been made, he promptly forgot the whole incident. Lord Kitchener is not the man to bear malice. He is a severe critic of inefficiency, and, under him, slackness has perpetually to mind its P's and Q's. Even the complacent blunderers associated with the War Office would speedily have cause to tremble in their shoes were he—as one day he may be—Secretary of State for War.

I should sum up Lord Kitchener in one word—
Thorough!

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General Kuropatkin

Whilst I, unfortunately, have never had the opportunity of meeting any one of the distinguished Japanese generals engaged in the present war, I have met several of the leaders on the Russian side.

When I met General Kuropatkin, he had not then arrived at the prominence he afterwards achieved. He was, it is true, looked upon as a useful, promising soldier, with a special knowledge of Asiatic warfare; but the "Saviour of his Country" stage came later. Frankly, Kuropatkin did not make a particularly favourable impression upon me. He has not a striking personality, and his manner is brusque and unsympathetic. I did not perform with him one of my military experiments, but I obtained sufficient insight into his mental characteristics to decide that he was not a great thinker. He is a slow, heavy thinker, tenacious of an idea when once arrived at, but taking an uncommonly long time to arrive at a conclusion. He struck me as being singularly obstinate and pig-headed, with the pig-headedness of a Buller, in fact. Whatever is mentally great in him does not disclose itself to the keenest observer. He is a hard man, and without an atom of sentiment. He is a strict disciplinarian, and rules both officers and men with a rod of iron. He asks no advice and accepts none. He has the greatest belief



I once experimented with General Kuropatkin, who thought of the scar of an old wound, which I at once located.

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General Gourko

in himself, and would find it impossible to admit that he could make mistakes. Such mistakes as may be made are, with him, due to his subordinates or to circumstances over which he has no control. He is not a modest man; indeed, he is much given to boasting. It is not the boasting of an empty boaster, but that of a forceful commander with the highest opinion of himself. Mentally he is a Slav of the Slavs, without anything of that outward veneer which gives a certain charm to the Muscovite character in high places. A man so mentally constituted may be the "master of tactics" and may, as the Russians fondly hope, prove the "saviour of the country," but we shall see. For my part I have my doubts.¹

General Gourko

Another great Russian commander, General Gourko, strongly reminds me of General Kuropatkin. He had much of the present Russian Commander-in-Chief's stubbornness and doggedness of purpose. But, as a soldier, Gourko had more initiative, more dash than Kuropatkin. Mentally considered, they should be put on a par. Gourko was brusque, harsh, and wholly unsympathetic. So is Kuropatkin. The hero of the Shipka Pass was brutal, and his exploits earned for him the name of "The Butcher." Given

¹ This was written a good while ago, and was in type long before the disasters attending his generalship led to his recall.—S. C.

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similar advantages over a foe, Kuropatkin, with a like temperament, might run him very close in a clear claim to that title.

I performed a military experiment with General Gourko at the Palace at Warsaw, at the time he was Governor of Poland. The experiment, which consisted in carrying out an imaginary plan of attack, culminating in the capture of an all-important position thought of by the General, was quite successful.

General Gourko, in military matters, could concentrate his thoughts, but there his concentration stopped. He made perhaps the worst, and certainly the most unpopular Governor known to Poland for many years.

I would add that my experiment with General Gourko was so successful that the censor would neither permit an account of it to be published in Russia nor allow any mention of it to be cabled abroad. According to the conviction of the highly intelligent censor, I, knowing General Gourko's mind so well, might in time of war interpret his plans and betray them to the enemy. I wonder it has not been suggested to Russia that I, knowing General Kuropatkin's mind equally well, have not already interpreted his plans and betrayed them to the Japanese.

General Boulanger

General Boulanger

An experiment I performed with the late General Boulanger caused at the time a great sensation. At that period he was at the height of his popularity. President Carnot and his ministry positively trembled for their positions. Any moment might have seen the overthrow of the existing form of government. I journeyed to Paris expressly to see *le brav' général* and to read his thoughts. It was with the greatest difficulty I succeeded in getting through the enormous crowd that besieged his offices off the Champs Elysées and in obtaining the arranged interview with him, for his popularity was really extraordinary. Nothing in the nature of an experiment took place at this interview, but a meeting was arranged for the next evening at Count Dillon's villa. There the important experiment in question took place. General Boulanger, having in mind the test I had so successfully executed with Count Molke, desired to try with me an experiment of a similar character. A map of Europe hung on the wall. Before this we stood. Boulanger, the thinker, I, the interpreter of his thoughts. The idea was an imaginary invasion of another country by France, with Boulanger at the head of it. The start was from Paris, and with a pencil in my hand, I traced on the map, step by step, the route to be taken. It went in the direction of Germany, over the frontier, culminating at

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Stuttgart. The route I traced Boulanger admitted was exactly as he had thought it out, and that the capital of Wurtemberg was his objective. The news of this illustration of my art was cabled everywhere, and gave rise to much comment, especially in Germany. In Government circles in Paris it brought about something approaching consternation. The people who had come to look upon *le brav' général* as the one man who could give them their then desired revenge howled with delight. Boulanger felt more satisfied with himself than ever. But he had not reckoned with M. Constans, the one of whom, he said to me, with a contemptuous snap of his fingers, "That man? He has no existence in my thoughts." It is an old story how Boulanger, that fatal night before he fled, first would and then wouldn't make that bold stroke for power, and how M. Constans the next day took advantage of his indecision and determined to arrest him. And Boulanger fled to Brussels, and his day was over. Was he a good "subject"? Oh yes; but he certainly gave me the impression of being a man of indecision—a waverer, lacking real mental grip. But be it understood, that Boulanger, in leaving Paris, was not afraid of Constans. It was a woman who feared for him, a woman whose influence over him was paramount, and over whose grave later on he shot himself in that Brussels country, who influenced him to fly. Had it not been for this woman, no man can tell what might

Mr. St. John Brodrick

not have happened. There was every possibility of his overthrowing the Republic, and of either establishing himself as Dictator or of bringing in the Orleans regime. He was not a strong man, and could never have been a great one; but he completely filled the bill in the eyes of the French people, and he certainly had personal charms that compensated in a measure for his want of will. I saw very much of Boulanger whilst in exile, and it was only too painfully evident what a weakling he had become under the influence of this woman, and how absolutely hopeless his future was.

Mr. St. John Brodrick

Without wishing to do the slightest injustice to Mr. St. John Brodrick, I must confess that I have experienced considerable difficulty in deciding in which category to place him. He being a Cabinet minister, I had at first thought of including him in the chapter devoted to statesmen, but a sense of proportion weighed with me against such inclusion. He is a veritable bit of blue china for which there is no fitting shelf in this work. But at length I have, in order to meet the difficulty, decided to include him in the Army list. I am perfectly aware that public opinion is inclined to the belief that his occupancy of the War Office was not altogether a success; but, against this, one, in justice, must take into consideration his attendance at the German manœuvres in a

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military capacity. There he was certainly a picturesque success. And did he not receive a decoration? But, alas! I have not read the thoughts of Mr. Brodrick when the military fit was on him. I have simply read him as plain Mr. Brodrick, and this was some years ago in America. The experiment was a simple one also, but it, I fancy, simple though it was, somewhat exercised his powers of concentration. But it is only fair to say that at that time Mr. Brodrick was considerably disturbed at the Americans not being able to quite place the "hon." before his name. He had every right to be disturbed at their gross stupidity, in not knowing the difference between an honourable by birth and one, as in the States, derived from office. Fancy anyone thinking *his* honourable akin to that common or garden product pushing showmen like P. T. Barnum and Buffalo Bill were entitled to put before their names!

Colonel Fred Burnaby

One of the most perplexing tasks ever set me was that which originated in the fertile brain of the late Colonel Fred Burnaby. It was at a meeting at which the venerable Earl Shaftesbury presided. Colonel Burnaby as my "subject" was asked to hide a pin when I was out of the room. On my return, blindfolded, I took my "subject" by the hand, with the intention to take him to the place where the pin was

Prince Henry of Battenberg

hidden. But we never moved from the spot. Round and round we went—I like a cat after its tail. When almost exhausted in my pursuit of a shadow, I stopped and released his hand. I had an inspiration. I put my hand behind me, and drew the pin from *out of my own coat-tail*, where it had been placed. Lord Shaftesbury, in congratulating me on my success, said the test was not only very hard, but was unfair. But I explained that it was quite fair, only somewhat bewildering. Indeed, I welcomed it as a new idea.

Prince Henry of Battenberg

I have also put the late Prince Henry of Battenberg in the Army list, because, although he earned no great distinction as a soldier, he commenced life in the profession of arms, and, unfortunately, ended his career all too soon whilst actually on active service.

I knew Prince Henry in Berlin before his marriage. He was one of my most striking and picturesque "subjects." He, however, believed I had powers which I neither possessed nor laid claim to possess. For instance, he was for a time convinced I was a mascot, and he frequently asked me to stand by him whilst he was playing baccarat in order to bring him luck. I am afraid, however, my standing by him did not bring him particularly good luck. But, as someone told him when luck on one such occasion had been against him: "You will have to

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increase your stakes to get the mascot to work; a mascot never smiles on small punters." And Prince Henry was known to be the smallest punter at the club, where high stakes were universal.

One night at this club, when Prince Henry had left the table, a very distinguished member said to me, "There's someone in this room I have in mind to kill and rob. Who is it?"

I took this distinguished person by the hand and dashed across the room. I seized hold of Prince Henry, and in dumb show stabbed him and cut his throat. Then, according to supposition, being dead, his body was to be secreted somewhere. The place mentally determined upon by my "subject" where the body was to be hid was under the baccarat table. So under the table went Prince Henry. Then the robbing part had to be done. But after searching minutely through every pocket I did not find a single coin.

"Cleared out," said the Prince.

"As I thought," replied my "subject": and everyone laughed. I may add that Prince Henry vigorously resisted being placed beneath the table, and in the struggle a gorgeous smoking-jacket he was wearing got torn up the back.

Prince Henry in the days when I knew him best was one of the handsomest men I think I have ever met. His manners, too, were very fascinating. His after success in life did not spoil him in the least.

CHAPTER XVII

SOME MAGNATES OF FINANCE

Vanderbilt—Jay Gould—Carnegie—Barney Barnato—
The Rothschilds.

THIS is an age of money-worship ; and according to the extent of their worldly wealth do the possessors of money receive the homage of the multitude.

These magnates of finance rule the West End as well as the City, and some even aspire to rule the world. They live in palaces built on a larger and more costly scale than those of kings ; their yearly incomes exceed the total revenues of many kingdoms, whilst their personal staff of servants and assistants in point of numbers and remuneration exceeds that deemed adequate for the running of a first-class state. They spread money broadcast, neither generously nor thoughtlessly, but of a set purpose. They seek bold advertisement, and generally get it. They could do much more with their wealth, but they, as a rule, do only what pleases them. The crumbs of largess they distribute amongst the crowd will, they know, with due manipulation, return to their own pockets increased to

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the size of full quartern loaves. I am far from being one to join in the cheap cry against millionaires and their wealth. Both have their uses ; but that is no reason why either should be worshipped. And yet the daily doings of a millionaire appear to have more interest for the multitude than the doings of a ruler. His person attracts more attention and his personal belongings excite greater curiosity. Why? Because, as I have said, it is an age of money-worship. The worshippers like to be as near as possible to the magnates possessing it, to bask in the dazzling sunshine of their great riches, and get as much of it for themselves as they possibly can. And outside of the possession of this wealth what are these financial magnates as a rule? Intellectual? Scarcely! Personally attractive? Certainly questionable! Generous? H'm! And yet it is the fashion to toady to them. Nice fashion certainly. I have been brought in close contact with many of these great men, and after the closest possible study of them and their methods, what has in many cases puzzled one is how they acquired their wealth. Mentally some have appeared to me to be wholly inferior to recognised financial failures, whilst others have, so far as I could gather, possessed no special qualities which would ensure the success they had arrived at. In the race for wealth the palm is not always gained by either the swiftest or the cleverest. There is luck in that as in other things. And whilst

Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt

I know millionaires who are mentally gifted far beyond the ordinary run of mankind, and who possess those virtues and qualities which would ensure them success in any walk of life they had chosen to follow, the majority of them have struck me as being exceedingly lucky.

Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt

The first real live millionaire I had the honour of shaking hands with was the late W. H. Vanderbilt.

At that time he was a king of something or other. In America all millionaires are kings—of pork or beans, of wheat or cattle, of iron or coffee; and yes, now I remember, Vanderbilt was a railway king. He was not much to look at certainly, and his attitude as he lay back in his chair on the verandah at the hotel at Saratoga was not particularly elegant. But still he was King Vanderbilt; and he had his obsequious courtiers around him.

Thus he greeted me: "Was out when you called. Got your card and the letter. Do you know anything about trottin' horses? No? Anything about rails? No? Then I guess you ain't no good to me." After a pause: "Want to read my thoughts, do you? Well, what am I thinking of now?"

I ventured to remark that he might be thinking of inviting me to join him in a drink, as the weather was exceedingly thirsty.

"Wrong first time, young man," he replied,

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generously expectorating between the rungs of a chair opposite. "Say, Boss"—and he turned to Boss Kelly, the then all-powerful head of the Tammany Ring—"I'm not in the chair this round."

"Well," said I, "I never read you as being at all likely to stand me or anyone anything. Why, you never even thought of offering me a chair. Now," I added, "I can read Mr. Kelly's mind like an open book. It's running the whole while on the bar over there, and he's just going to take me there right with him."

"That's so," replied the bulky good-natured Irishman; "you have read me at once. Come right along. Say, Van," he added to the Railway King, as he took my arm to lead the way, "you're not in this deal." I had several interesting talks with Boss Kelly afterwards, but to Mr. Vanderbilt I never spoke again.

Mr. Jay Gould

Mr. Jay Gould had a little more refinement, a little more outward polish than Mr. Vanderbilt; but he was what the Americans call a "hard case." He had the most saturnine-looking countenance of any man I ever saw; and he was, I should imagine, utterly devoid of human sympathy. Said he to me, "I have got something else better to do than let you go foolin' around with my mind. What thoughts I have I prefer to keep to myself. They might at

Mr. Carnegie

times be pretty useful to you ; but they are more useful to me. Ain't got time to say more. Good evening !” And he was off. Mr. Gould died worth many millions ; but it cannot be said that his departure from the scenes of his unscrupulous activity caused a solitary pang of regret.

Mr. Carnegie

Mr. Carnegie, the best known and one of the greatest of latter-day American millionaires, is a man of an entirely different stamp. He has more claims to refinement both of mind and manners. He is a strong man, if somewhat hard and unsympathetic. He may not have been a philanthropist in the making of his millions, but is, I take it, actuated by a spirit of genuine philanthropy in the spending of them. He has done much good with his money, and promises to do still more. I have seldom met a man with a keener intellect or more fixedness of purpose. He is a man of many parts, and with his general knowledge, his strength of character, and great wealth, might have attained a high position in the directing of the world's political affairs. So far he has done something more than merely making money—and keeping it. Whilst to be nothing more than a mere millionaire may appear all sufficient to those who do not possess millions, I personally cannot conceive a more unenviable position. Every man should have in him

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something higher than the instinct to make money. I have heard a great deal about Mr. Carnegie's indifference in connection with individual distress and the absolute silence he applies to all personal applications for advice or help no matter how deserving; but excuse can readily be found for him in the countless calls daily made upon him in this direction. He might, however, instruct his secretaries to be a little more discriminating—and courteous.

I had a very curious and at the same time interesting experience with Mr. Carnegie as a "subject." He had, he said, a pain which he wished me to locate. I took him by the hand, and asked him to think intently of the exact place where he felt the pain. He assured me he couldn't help thinking of it. But after going entirely over him, from the crown of his head to a corn on his foot, I received the impression that he had a pain in every part of his body. This I told him.

"I guess not," was his reply. "You've been over the exact spot more than once; and lumbago isn't a pain you can forget in a hurry."

"Quite so," I rejoined. "But that was by no means the only place where you gave me the impression you had a pain. Are you sure you have no pain in the hand I have been holding?"

"Why, now you mention it, I certainly have. The middle finger is aching no end."

And so it was; wherever his hand went there

Mr. Barney Barnato

went the pain. And it was only when I stopped passing it over his body that I felt that the pain upon which his mind was unconsciously concentrated was in the hand I held.

Mr. Barney Barnato

The late Mr. Barney Barnato was a psychological curiosity. Though possessing but little education, he was crammed full of initiative and original ideas. He was positively bubbling over with high animal spirits, and formed one of the most amusing companions it would be possible to imagine. As to his financial methods I have nothing to say here ; all I need say is that personally I lost nothing by his ventures for the simple reason that I did not take a hand in them. I saw a good deal of the little man, and I feel sure he liked me ; his personal liking for me was in fact too great to allow of my being let in where others equally familiar with him dropped their money. As a "subject" Barney was utterly hopeless. He had about as much mental concentration as a blow-fly. His thoughts jumped from one thing to another with marvellous rapidity.

He did once, however, try to concentrate his thoughts so that I could perform an experiment with him. But it was of no avail. It was one morning before breakfast, at Spencer House ; and round and round that room we went without anything being done. Barney presented a strange figure. He had, as was

People I Have Read

frequent with him, come down in his pyjamas, over which he had slipped his trousers. The braces were loose and trailed behind him. During his perambulations round the room one of his slippers came off, and his trailing braces caught hold of things.

"Fine exercise before breakfast," broke in Barney after the second walk round the table.

"Don't talk, Barney," I said, "but think."

"I am thinking all the time," he replied.

"How can you think of the object you have selected if your eyes and thoughts are fixed on me and what I am doing?"

"That's just it. How do I know, if I fix my whole thoughts on the thing, you won't 'nick' something when my eyes are turned away? And," he added, "the silver things belong to Lord Spencer."

Poor Barney! his own standard of others was not very high, and his belief in human virtues anything but profound. With him, everyone who came to see him wanted—as he euphemistically put it—to "nick" something, money or shares.

Never was a modern millionaire surrounded by such a hungry and motley crowd. His wealth attracted hangers on, as the jam-pot attracts flies. But he knew human nature from attic to cellar, and he took the exact measure of those who hung on his smiles or looked for his tips. Great wealth did not bring him happiness, and for some time before his sad end he was moody and depressed.

The Rothschilds

The Rothschilds

I have experimented with several of the Rothschilds in different parts of Europe, in Vienna, in Frankfort, in France, and in England; and I did not find one bad "subject" amongst them. On the contrary, the Rothschilds have not only taken a great interest in my work, but they have shown me many kindnesses and much hospitality. Here is an instance of the kindly thoughtfulness of one of the family—the Baron Nathaniel of Vienna. He had given me a specially designed cigarette-case, which some time afterwards was stolen whilst I was in Breslau. An account of the theft appeared in the papers, and must have come under the Baron's notice, for to my surprise a few weeks later I received from him an exact duplicate of the lost cigarette-case, with the hope that I would have better luck with it than I had with the other one. I have, I may mention, this duplicate by me still.

Whilst on the Riviera the Baroness Alphonse invited a number of distinguished people to meet me at her charming villa at Cannes. After the reception she asked me if I would meet her at Monte Carlo the next day, and act as her mascot. I readily consented, and was handed a purse containing a considerable quantity of gold and notes. Luck was with me in my operations, and I broke the bank. But beyond the kudos attached to breaking the bank, I myself made nothing out of the trans-

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action. But the event, with many elaborated additions, was duly cabled to London, Paris, and New York. When I returned to London I found dozens of letters awaiting me—all asking for loans. It was astonishing how many people stopped me to congratulate me on my success—and to borrow a bit. Eventually I had to publish a letter explaining that my being a successful mascot had not brought me a single franc, and that requests upon my purse had decided me to renounce mascotism for ever.

Apropos of my acting as mascot to the Baroness Rothschild, the Baroness presented me with a turquoise and diamond pin, which, oddly enough, seemed to bring me bad luck every time I wore it. So impressed was I eventually with the ill-luck associated with this pin that for years I have given up wearing it. Do I believe in luck? In a measure, certainly! The founder of the House of Rothschild was himself a firm believer in luck, and his adage was, "Never have anything to do with an unlucky man, for if he cannot do any good for himself, how can you expect him to be of any good to you?"

There is sound sense in this. Every man has his Jonah. I have mine, and for years I have been hoping against hope that he would considerably elect to jump overboard and relieve my barque of his depressing weight. When he does so, I wish the whale who affords him hospitable reception every possible good luck. He will certainly need it.

CHAPTER XVIII

CELEBRITIES IN GENERAL

Gounod—Rubinstein—Alexandre Dumas—Wagner—Sullivan—O. W. Holmes—Hall Caine—W. S. Gilbert—Andrew Lang—Authors—Artists—Actors—Toole—Bancroft—Irving—Tree.

I KNOW absolutely nothing about music. Like Trilby, before Svengali put her under his mesmeric influence, I am what I suppose would be termed "tone-deaf." I can with an effort distinguish one note from another; but it would, I fancy, take a surgical operation of a most drastic character to make me appreciate music in the manner I am assured it should be appreciated. I can, it is true, listen to music without being either interested in it or affected by it. This ability to listen places me a notch above such out-and-out haters of music as, for instance, the late Mr. Beresford Hope. To Mr. Beresford Hope music in all its forms was an abomination. When he attended receptions, and there was music on, his hostess led him away to a quiet corner where he could go to sleep undisturbed by either piano or singer. On one occasion I found

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myself sitting in a quiet corner beside him. Said he—

“ You don't like music, I suppose ? ”

“ Frankly, I don't understand it,” I replied.

“ Understand it! What is there to understand about it ? ” he growled. “ There's only two kinds of music—one is loud and bumpy, and they call it ‘ God Save the Queen ’: the other isn't loud and bumpy, and it isn't ‘ God Save the Queen ’; with this he put a handkerchief over his face—and snored.

Musicians are not like ordinary men—they are beings apart; and so they should be read and judged.

Gounod

The first musician of note with whom I experimented was M. Gounod; and what a “ subject ” he was! He was apparently unable to concentrate his thoughts for two seconds together. When he should have been fixing his entire attention upon the object selected, he was humming a tune or turning up his eyes to the ceiling. Outside of cloudland Gounod had no thoughts; and yet he was sufficiently human to love the adulation of the multitude. Frankly, with all his exalted thoughts, I thought him a bit of a *poseur*.

After some difficulty I found the pin that had been hid in his own coat-tail; but during the progress of the experiment the elevation of his thoughts

Siegfried Wagner

would certainly have led one to believe that he had stuck the pin in a rainbow instead of in so mundane an object as the tail of a dress coat.

Rubinstein

Rubinstein, too, was a dreamer ; but he was more practical, more a man of the world. I did with him what was considered a very remarkable thing. As I have said, I know nothing of music, and hardly know the difference between the white notes and black notes of a piano. And yet, so good a "subject" was Rubinstein that I actually with my own hand struck the keys and produced—crudely, of course—the tune he had thought of. It was, I may add, an original tune, one he had mentally composed on the spur of the moment.

Siegfried Wagner

I never had the opportunity of meeting the great Wagner, but I have met and have experimented with his son, who has not a little of his father's ability, and who himself has got his own place on the ladder of fame.

At Bayreuth I performed an experiment with Siegfried Wagner which aroused very considerable interest. He thought of a bar of music—his own composition—and I wrote it out on a blackboard exactly as he had thought of it.

People I Have Read

Sir Arthur Sullivan

Sir Arthur Sullivan was the only one of the great composers I have met whose thoughts and interests were not entirely wrapped up in music. He was an all-round man of the world, a delightful companion, a sincere friend. His interest in my work was very considerable, and he proved himself to be an excellent "subject" for my experiments. This interest was shared by his colleague, Mr. W. S. Gilbert; and it culminated in their placing the Savoy Theatre at my disposal for the purpose of my public representations. Once Sir Arthur came to my help in a very curious way. I had gone to Smith's Bank at Monte Carlo to cash a cheque; but the manager, who professed to have no "knowledge" of me, desired to know if there was anyone in Monte Carlo who knew me, and to whom I could refer. I was nettled, and inclined to be sarcastic. Said I, "I am afraid you won't have heard of the people I know."

"Perhaps I may," he replied; "who are they?"

"Well," I said, "to begin with, there is the Princess Radziwill, who, although presumably you are not aware of it, has a very big interest in the Casino. Then there are the Paris Rothschilds; but of course you can never have heard of the Rothschilds. And there is a man coming across the square who has quite a European reputation; but it goes without saying that you have never even heard of him."

Alexandre Dumas

The man was Sir Arthur Sullivan. By this time the people in the bank had become amused, and the manager angry. He blurted out that he knew all the people I had mentioned intimately, and that Sir Arthur Sullivan was a personal friend of his. At that moment Sir Arthur entered the bank and greeted me very warmly. I explained the situation to him, and in his frank, impetuous way he turned to his friend the manager and said, "Not know Cumberland! What, my dear fellow, have you been doing with yourself all these years?" "Of course, Sir Arthur," hurriedly broke in the manager, "I shall be only too pleased," etc.; and I had no difficulty in getting what money I required from Smith's Bank from that moment.

Alexandre Dumas

A cold, hard man was Alexandre Dumas *filis*; and not at all an easy subject to read. I was therefore all the more satisfied when I did succeed with him. I have by me at this moment a tangible proof of this success. The experiment with M. Dumas consisted of finding something he had hid. It turned out to be a copy of his book, *La Dame aux Camélias*. On the front page he had written: "*A M. Cumberland, hommage de l'auteur, Alexandre Dumas.*"

I have often wondered if I had not succeeded in reading the author's thoughts whether I should have had the book. Frankly, considering how difficult

People I Have Read

he made the test, and how previously convinced he was I could not read his thoughts, I think not.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Another very hard, critical "subject" was Oliver Wendell Holmes, and I am convinced that, according to him, such success as I had with him was due more to his powers as a thinker than mine as a reader. In his bewildering mental superiority he much reminded me of Professor Jowett.

Professor Holmes's contemporary, J. G. Whittier, was a "subject" of an entirely different character. He placed no reserve on his thoughts, and took an almost childish delight in the success of the experiments I performed with him.

Mr. Hall Caine

In some things Mr. Hall Caine strongly reminds me of Mr. Whittier. There is the same simplicity of tastes, the same moral tinge of old-time Puritanism, and the same striving after practically impossible ideals. But here the similarity ends. Mr. Caine is a man of far greater mental vigour, of more striking personality, and of far more vivid imagination.

As a "subject" Mr. Hall Caine is, I should say off-hand, the most intense I have ever experimented with. His intensity is so great that it would, I fancy, be possible to do almost any experiment with him. As, when writing, he becomes entirely absorbed in



*Like an arrow from a bow straight went his thoughts in the direction
of the fin, and his body with them.*

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Mr. Hall Caine

his work to the absolute exclusion of his surroundings, so, in my experiments with him, did he entirely lose himself, to the exclusion of everything else,

This mental absorption is precisely what a thought-reader requires on the part of his subject; but, in the case of Mr. Hall Caine, it on one occasion had its disadvantages. This was when Mr. Caine, in the course of my representation at the Haymarket Theatre, hid a pin in the body of the theatre. As usual, I was blindfolded, he was not. No sooner had I got him by the hand than, like an arrow from a bow, straight went his thoughts in the direction of the pin, and his body with them.

To put it plainly, he, in the fervour of his concentration, desired to take the physical as well as the mental lead. In the wild rush I nearly came to grief, and my shins, to their discomfort, more than once came in contact with seats and other impedimenta.

The audience were all the time, doubtless, wondering how much of me would remain intact by the time I got to the place where the pin was hid. But I got there without serious mishap; and immediately drew out the pin from its hiding-place. On my return to the stage there was considerable applause from the audience, but to this applause Mr. Caine was, apparently, absolutely indifferent.

By this time all the fire had gone out of him, and he resumed his seat a silent, contemplative figure,

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absorbed in thoughts entirely outside of the performance in which he had taken so active and interesting a part.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert

Another excellent "subject" amongst authors is Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Practical, determined, cynical, analytical, as the whole world thinks him, he knows how to concentrate his thoughts. He, to my mind, is, in fact, one of the most striking instances of the hard-headed thinker, giving readable physical indications of his thoughts when entirely concentrated upon a given object or idea. My first experiment with Mr. Gilbert was at a private reception of mine at the Hotel Victoria, when I sought by a series of practical demonstrations to prove the possibility of applying thought-reading to the detection of crime.

Mr. Gilbert took upon himself the rôle of an up-to-date assassin. The victim he selected was a well-known professor, and his idea was to seize the unfortunate victim by his foot and prod him with a knife in his heel. This I did exactly as had been thought of by Mr. Gilbert; but the onslaught was so sudden and unexpected that the helpless victim went over on being seized, and his heel had to be prodded whilst he was frantically wriggling on the sofa.

"Why the heel?" I afterwards asked Mr. Gilbert.

"Oh, that's clear enough," was the reply. "There doesn't appear to be a single part of our friend's

Mr. W. S. Gilbert

anatomy from which one could draw blood ; but, like Achilles, I thought he might be vulnerable in his heel."

On another occasion, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, I wanted an artist for a drawing experiment, and there wasn't one on the stage. I had quite forgotten that Mr. Gilbert was clever alike with pencil and pen, and I turned to him and said—

"Can you draw?"

"Can I draw? Well, once I was a draw, but——"

The rest was lost amidst the roar of the audience. This gave me an idea, and I turned to Mr. Gilbert and said—

"For the purpose of an experiment think of an amount that you would like to draw out of a bank—it need not be your own bank or your own money—and then think of some quiet spot in the world where you would like to retire for the rest of your days with the money."

"I can draw well enough for that," was his reply; and the test commenced. I told him the amount was £5,000,000 and that the nice quiet place he had mentally chosen to retire to was the Seychelle Islands.

"Quite right," he replied. "That's the place, but now I come to think of it, with that £5,000,000 I should have been a welcome addition to the Gilbert Group."

People I Have Read

Mr. Andrew Lang

I don't exactly know why, but I was exceptionally pleased over my success with Mr. Andrew Lang. I had got to look upon him as a bad, if not an actually impossible, "subject."

To this conclusion his views upon things in general, and out-of-the-way things in particular, had materially helped. I thought I should find him cold, suspicious, and altogether too sceptical to give his thoughts a fair chance of being read. But whilst wearing an outward air of irritating cynicism, which, by the by, marks a much warmer nature than the world imagines, he gave his time frankly and freely up to the test to be performed with him.

The experiment was at one of my meetings at St. Andrews, and there was considerable interest amongst the audience, from don to student, in seeing "Our Andrew's" thoughts read. Mr. Lang, I would add, has a hand as soft as a woman's, but it is as limp and nerveless as that of Mr. Henry Labouchere's. But as with Mr. Labouchere, I managed to get the limp hand to convey sufficient expression to be intelligible for my purpose.

Some other Authors

It is impossible to detail all the tests I have performed with other well-known authors; indeed, to recapitulate them would, from their very sameness,

Some Artists

become wearisome. I remember that Mr. Robert Barr showed remarkable ingenuity in the tests that he set me, and that he was a good "subject." I also remember that Miss Braddon gave me much difficulty. There was, however, no difficulty with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Pinero, Mr. Haddon Chambers, Mr. Richard Whiteing, or Mr. Christie Murray. My readings of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Sir A. Conan Doyle, and Miss Marie Corelli are as yet incomplete. They are for another time. Of author-journalists, I should say Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. W. T. Stead were amongst my best "subjects."

Some Artists

Although I am not an artist, and know next to nothing of art, I have had some very famous artists as my "subjects." I have, amongst many others, successfully experimented with that amiable courtier, Professor Angeli, who has painted more portraits of members of our Royal Family than any other painter; with Professor Franz von Lenbach, perhaps the most powerful portrait painter of the century; with Mr. Orchardson; the late Mr. Goodall, the æsthetic Sir W. B. Richmond; and with the one and only Whistler. In all experiments appertaining to drawing they have afforded me all the concentration and ability necessary to obtain success, which, with less competent "subjects," would certainly have resulted in failure.

People I Have Read

Some Actors

Are actors good "subjects"? Yes and no. Good when they think, and otherwise when they act. By this I mean when they concentrate their thoughts upon themselves instead of upon the object or idea upon which, for the purposes of the experiment, their thoughts should be concentrated. With some actors there is always the temptation to pose when they come forward as a "subject" before an audience. The old Adam in them which is so used to popular applause cannot resist the temptation to gain the appreciation of the audience at the expense of the thought-reader. This is particularly noticeable with French actors. But I have found amongst actors "subjects" of the greatest mental concentration, of the highest intelligence, and of the strictest fairness.

Mr. John Toole

The worst "subject" I ever had was my old friend Johnny Toole. I tried him but once, and that was enough. It was at an hotel in the provinces. I asked him to think of something, and we wandered aimlessly about the room until he sat down exhausted in his chair and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Is it likely to take long?" he asked in dry sepulchral tones. "That depends upon you," I replied. "Oh, does it? Then I think I will ring the bell *myself* and order the drinks. We shall get 'em then before the bar closes."

Sir Squire Bancroft

His idea, I may add, was for me to ring the bell for drinks.

Toole would never believe in thought-reading. He didn't understand it, and didn't want to. With him it has ever been a clever bit of "spoof." Whenever I afterwards met him, and the moment for the appearance of refreshments arrived, he would say: "Don't, old chap, trouble to run me round the room to find the bell I'm thinking of; I'll just ring it myself. We can get all the drinks we want without your little hanky-panky, and in half the time."

Sir Squire Bancroft

In Squire Bancroft I found a difficult "subject" of another order. The experiments interested him, but the particular one I performed with him was just a little out of his line. He had to commit an imaginary murder, but his idea was for it to be executed on high comedy principles. Now, a purely comic murder, with a low comedian as the murderer, would be funny, but a murder committed in the milk-and-water spirit of Robertsonian comedy could be neither funny nor dramatic. And the experiment in question, though successful, certainly failed in dramatic effect.

Sir Henry Irving

I cannot for the moment bring to mind any particularly striking experiment I have performed with

People I Have Read

Sir Henry Irving. All I know is that I should unhesitatingly set him down as the most earnest, the most thoughtful, and the most distinctive amongst actors I have known. He possesses not only a striking, but a singularly fascinating personality. There is something mesmeric about this fascination—something that strongly reminds one of Mr. Gladstone.

But this outward magnetic touch is not the only thing that reminds me of the great politician. He has much of Mr. Gladstone's thirst for knowledge, and not a little of his close acquaintance with things in general. It is astonishing how much Sir Henry really knows, and his conclusions upon almost any subject show the extent of his knowledge and the soundness of his judgment. Sir Henry is an admirable *raconteur*, and he has a memory like a vice. In his breadth of thought, his marked personality, and intense human sympathies, he is truly a being apart.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree

My most interesting, and, I might almost say, the most sympathetic "subject" amongst actors is Mr. Beerbohm Tree. I have read Mr. Tree's thoughts on many occasions, and on no two occasions have I found them alike. His versatility of mind is as great as his versatility of characterisation. He can, as it were, change his thoughts to suit the character



I succeeded in one rather difficult test—which consisted in solving, whilst blindfolded, a difficult problem—with the late Herr Schmidt, certainly one of the greatest among modern chess-players.

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Mr. Beerbohm Tree

he is for the moment assuming. So there has always been an extra interest in experimenting with him. It has been like reading the thoughts of, say, a dozen distinct personalities instead of having merely read the thoughts of Mr. Tree alone.

In everything Mr. Tree does he discloses originality. He may be original unto disappointment; but to court success by copying others would with him be an impossibility, whilst his one ambition is not to copy even himself.

As an instance of this, once I performed a murder experiment with him in the character of Captain Swift. The victim was despatched with one blow. The body was turned over as if to be sure of death; then with a shrug of the shoulders as if to say, "It is done; well, it had to be, and can't be helped," the tragedy was complete. But a similar test, in the character of Svengali, was wholly different in its working out. I had to approach the victim selected and stare at him as if to mesmerise him, my subject's hand in mine making passes before the victim's eyes. Then I took a scarf and passed it round his throat in the act of *slowly* strangling him. There was no hurry in Svengali-Tree's method of strangling his victim. The strangling finished, I had to stand contemplating the body, my "subject" giving forth an unearthly chuckle, which I did not attempt to reproduce. The contemplation finished, I had to kick the body, turn

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my back on it, again chuckle, and walk away. Omitting the chuckle, all this I did.

With a man of such mental versatility and ability to put his thoughts into action, much in the way of producing new and startling effects in the matter of thought-reading would be possible with Mr. Tree.

Amongst other actors and actresses I have found Salvini good, Rossi excellent, and Coquelin somewhat uncertain. Sarah Bernhardt is convinced I have occult powers, or that I read far more than I ought to read.

Julia Neilson and Marion Terry are amongst my best actress "subjects" on the English stage. Modjeska had, I found, almost a masculine mind.

I have more than once performed experiments with chess-players of more or less repute; I have found them to possess the power of concentration in a considerable degree—especially on matters connected with chess. I succeeded in one rather difficult test—which consisted in solving whilst blindfolded a difficult problem—with the late Herr Steinitz, certainly one of the greatest among modern chess-players.

CHAPTER XIX

SOME LAWYERS AND SCIENTISTS

Lord James of Hereford—Sir Edward Clarke—Lord Russell of Killowen—Rufus Isaacs—Sir Thomas Huxley—Professor Ray Lankester—Sir J. Crichton Browne—Sir T. Lauder Brunton—Professor Ferrier—Mr. Speaker.

I HAVE experimented with many eminent lawyers, some of whom have been good "subjects," whilst others have been found wanting in that concentration necessary to carry complete tests to a satisfactory conclusion. I should put Lord James of Hereford and Sir Edward Clarke as amongst my best "subjects," and class the late Lord Russell of Killowen as perhaps my worst "subject." Lord Russell was an exceedingly impatient, dogmatic man, with intervals of charming amiability. Whilst I frequently met him during these intervals, I only had the opportunity of experimenting with him when the impatient and dogmatic side was uppermost.

From my knowledge of Mr. Rufus Isaacs I am inclined to the belief that he would be an almost ideal "subject." I hope to include him in my future list of "People I Have Read."

People I Have Read

Some Scientists

I have ever been on excellent terms with the leaders of scientific thought. My experiments have run on all fours with scientific truth, and I have received much help and encouragement from great scientists the world over. Amongst those to take an early interest in my work were Sir Thomas Huxley, Professor Ray Lankester, Sir J. Crichton Browne, Sir T. Lauder Brunton, and Professor Ferrier. As "subjects" such men are the most critical and at the same time the most exacting. But it is an exactingness in the right direction, and the value of a test is naturally enhanced thereby.

Mr. Speaker

As I commenced my list of "subjects" with His Majesty the King, I conclude with a reference to the First Commoner—the Speaker of the House of Commons. Mr. Lowther was the chairman at one of my meetings in London. He made a good chairman, and an equally good "subject." At this particular meeting an odd thing happened.

I was about to read the number of a Bank of England note which had been entrusted to Mr. J. W. Lowther, when someone got up in the audience and desired to know who the gentleman who held the note was.

I replied: "Mr. J. W. Lowther, M.P."

Mr. Speaker

“Not much!” was the blunt reply, in a voice that rang through the hall. “That ain’t Jimmy Lowther any more than I am. I have known Jimmy Lowther for years, and you can’t take me in like that.”

I assured the sceptical individual that my chairman was Mr. Lowther, and that he was a member of Parliament.

“Tell that to the marines,” was the grunting rejoinder.

Then my chairman got up. Said he, “I am afraid you are mixing up matters. It is true there is another James Lowther, a member of Parliament—the gentleman presumably you have so intimately known for years—but all the same, I, too, am James Lowther; I also am a member of Parliament.”

Then someone whispered in the ear of the sceptic, and, with something approaching a smile, he blurted out: “I beg your pardon, sir, but I didn’t know there were two Jimmies in the House.”

CHAPTER XX

CONCLUSION

TO give an account of everyone of more or less importance in the world I have read would fill several volumes, and I should merely weary my readers. As it is, I have materially added to the number of "subjects," and have dealt with others at far greater length than in the form originally published in *Pearson's Magazine*.

So I have said my say on this point. But, by way of conclusion, there are two or three other points I wish to touch upon. The publication in *Pearson's Magazine* has brought me a mass of correspondence, and has placed me in touch, epistolary for the main part, with a number of positively bewildering eccentrics.

I cannot make it too public that my mission in life is not to find lost dogs with curly tails, however dear they may be to their distracted owners. I do not spot winners for races, nor pick out certainties on the Stock Exchange.

I do not propose to read the innermost thoughts of obnoxious mothers-in-law, nor furnish a remedy

Conclusion

for their obnoxiousness. Advice on the faithfulness or otherwise in the domestic circle is not in my line. The doubters must look elsewhere for confirmation or disproof of their doubts.

I cannot make the insane sane, nor the halt and lame well and whole. I am not a Christian scientist, nor even a revivalist. And yet, judging by the communications I have received, I am, amongst certain curious folk, expected to do every one of these things, and much more.

I would particularly draw the attention of my readers to the opening chapter in this book. There will be found all that is necessary to say about thought-reading. There is no mystery about it, and those who surround the subject with a mysticism of their own creation must find their own salvation.

In a word, I must ask my correspondents to permit me to be the best judge as to how I do my own experiments.

In this age of harsh materialism, when the god Gamble is the chief of all the gods, and the Rules of Bridge are the only accepted Ten Commandments with Smart Society, it makes one rub one's eyes in amazement to find so much superstition and unreasoning belief in mysticism about.

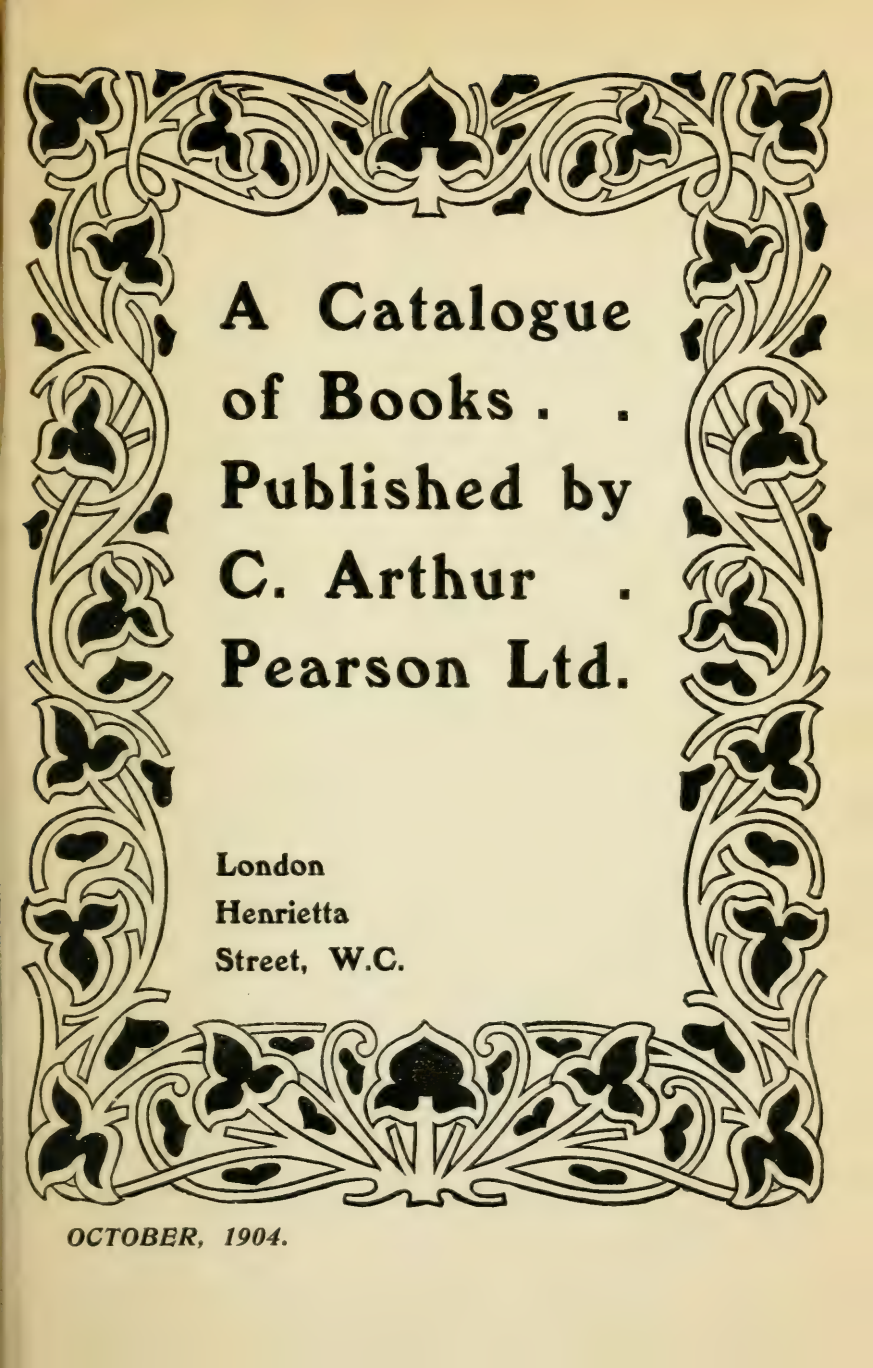
But it was ever so, and always will be. People have an innate hankering after the supernatural. To see in a sheet hanging on a hedge to dry a full-fledged ghost, or to discover in the noise made by a

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scuttling rat a family spook in clanking chains, is distinctly gratifying to this innate hankering. So long as this inner yearning exists, so long will ghosts walk, and the most ordinary occurrences, beyond immediate understanding, be attributed to supernatural agency.

But to surround my personality or the experiments I have performed with anything approaching supernaturalism is not to flatter me, but to do me a rank injustice.

I am a very ordinary man, who has demonstrated in a perfectly natural way certain things which have happened to interest the world as a whole. In setting forth some of these demonstrations, together with a frank opinion of those with whom the experiments have been demonstrated, I hope to interest those who do me the honour of reading these pages. Should this hope not be realised, the fault will be entirely my own.

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, featuring stylized leaves and flowers, framing the central text.

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