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## SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

THE RT. REV. SAMUEL FALLOWS, D. D., Chicago.

H. W. THOMAS, D. D., Chicago.

PROF. DAVID SWING, Chicago.

GEORGE C. LORIMER, D. D., LL. D., Chicago.

THE RT. REV. A. CLEVELAND COXE, D. D., LL. D.,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

PROF. JAMES D. BUTLER, LL. D., Madison, Wis.

R. W. SHUFELDT, M. D., Med. Corps, U. S. Army.  
Memb. A. O. U., Memb. Am. Soc. Nat., Memb. Scientif.  
Socs. of Washington, Cor. Memb. Soc. Ital. di Antropologia,  
Etnologia e Psicologia Comp. Florence,  
Italy, etc.

H. G. M. MURRAY-AYNSLEY,  
Gt. Brampton, near Hereford, England.

A. REEVES JACKSON, A. M., M. D.,  
President College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, Ill.

A. E. SMALL, A. M., M. D.,  
President of Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago, Ill.

HENRY M. LYMAN, A. M., M. D.,  
Prof. of Diseases of the Nervous System, Rush Medical  
College, Chicago, Ill.

D. R. BROWER, M. D.,  
Prof. Nervous Diseases, Woman's Medical College, Chicago.

N. B. DELAMATER, A. M., M. D.,  
Prof. Mental and Nervous Diseases, Chicago Homœopathic  
Medical College, Chicago, Ill.

EDGAR READING, M. D.,  
Prof. Diseases of the Nervous System and Respiratory  
Organs, Bennett Medical College, Chicago, Ill.

OSCAR A. KING, M. D.,  
Prof. of Diseases of the Nervous System, and of the Minc.  
College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, Ill.

ELLIOTT COUES, A. M., M. D., Ph. D.,  
Prof. of Anatomy, Nat. Medical College, Member Nat. Acad.  
emy of Sciences of the U. S. of A., Washington, D. C.

PROF. C. V. RILEY,  
Div. of Entomology, U. S. Dept. of Agr., Washington, D. C.  
S. B. BUCKMASTER, M. D.,  
Supt. Wis. State Hos. for the Insane, Mendota, Wis.

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When MIND IN NATURE was commenced, two years ago, there were numerous questionings as to what it would prove to be. Some said it was merely a "wild-cat" scheme to attract notoriety; others, that it was only for the ventilation of the visionary ideas of those bordering on crankness.

Thanks to our contributors, we have shown that the subjects discussed, which heretofore have not been considered worthy of admission into the society of thinkers, can be treated in such manner as to command the attention of those who have hitherto ignored them; and our little journal has established a reputation of which the manager is justly proud.

But there are numerous expenses connected with a publication which can not be met by referring to the literary reputation. The printer is more interested in its financial basis. MIND IN NATURE has not received the financial support it merited, and of which it is worthy. It was not started with the expectation of making money out of it, but those interested do not feel justified in doing all the work, and paying the printer also; it will therefore be discontinued from, and after this issue.

A few numbers of volume 2nd will be bound in same style as Volume 1st, and sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.25, or both volumes for \$2.25.

*LANGUAGE FORMING.*

## I. LANCASTER

A very interesting paper on modern languages, read before the Philosophical Society of Chicago, by Prof. Bartholf, brought to mind almost forgotten researches in that direction made many years ago by myself, during hours of country recreation in southern Maryland.

It was just before the first inauguration of Lincoln that I found it convenient to visit for the summer some distant relations, members of a waning stock that had come over in Lord Baltimore's time, and who finally succeeded in placing in my possession, through the laws of inheritance, some "furlongs of barren heath," from which all vestige of fertility had vanished under successive crops of tobacco. The time spent there was full of interest. I was a northerner, and had been sitting under the ministration of Owen Lovejoy, a Congregational pastor of freesoil proclivities in a western town, and my life had been passed in a region where nothing was finished, and where slavery was held to be a crime.

My ancestors had been slaveholders in a mild way, and some glamor of tradition investing the institution with a sort of romance, tenanted my memory, preventing feeling from becoming extreme, when I suddenly found myself in a locality where everything was completed long ago, where no new idea on any subject had been found for a generation, where slavery was felt to be the acme of virtue, and abolitionism a deadly evil.

The land had been originally fertile, as the still timbered portion, and the cultivated fields, which had been kept free from tobacco, proved. It was fenced in small fields by chestnut rails in the old worm fence pattern. There were many deep ravines penetrating the interior from tide water, which were covered with trees and undergrowth, and abounding in springs of delightfully clear, pure water. It was the land of fruits and vegetables. The old fences were covered out of sight, in the summer, with blackberry, raspberry and gooseberry vines. Here and there, scattered at random, were enormous cherry, pear and plum trees, so old that the people had forgotten their origin. Persimmons abounded on every hand, and anything that was planted, such as melons and vegetables, flourished in perfection.

The most profitable industry was breeding slaves, the population being too great, and the plantations too small to make slave labor the most remunerative. But an able bodied negro, either male or female of suitable age, was worth in cash from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars, and many a wornout remnant of family, consisting of a widow or elderly maiden, was supported by the periodical sale of an hereditary servant.

In wandering about the vicinity, I stumbled on a cabin which was a sort of negro baby farm, on the brink of a ravine, in the edge of the woods. It was early in a July morning that I rapped on the board roof without stepping from the path, when there issued from a cloth covered door a progeny of about a score of "little nigs," in the vernacular, all the way from one to seven years of age, of both sexes, and as stark naked as our first parents before the figleaf episode. Out they came, followed by Aunt Chloe, their old foster mother. She had heard of me, and I was informed that she had been my mother's nurse, half a century before. That fatal weakness of the negro character, the idolatry of clan-ship, at once showed itself, and I was her young master. She was a pattern of fidelity to an idea, which, however barren, may have sustained her spirits during her long life of unrewarded toil.

Were these her children?

Oh no. They were her grandchildren and great grandchildren, and Sally's and Polly's children, and she cared for them, as their mothers had no time to do so, being in the tobacco fields. She was too old to work; "clar worn out. Good for jes nothin' but to take care of dese yere chillen." The "chillen" were ranged around in a semicircle with open mouths and eyes, with spindle shanks and huge feet, their black, glossy skins shining, and their woolly heads in constant motion; a brood of human animals being reared for profit on the most economical plan. They broke up into squads as curiosity became satisfied, and began to laugh, and gabble, and gesticulate among themselves in animated fashion. Presently one of them scamp-ered into the cabin and procured a calabash, with which it went up a cherry tree in a twinkling, followed by the larger ones of the group, and the vessel was soon filled. They realized the conception of a tree full of baboons that I had read of.

The best looking and most graceful child timidly presented the fruit, while the others clustered around the tree in dead silence. The gift was a success, the returning ambassador was received with every expression of satisfaction, and the usual chatter was at once resumed. I inquired of Aunt Chloe what language the children spoke. The question nonplussed her. "Dey don't speak no langwige. Dey jes gabble."

What are their names?

"Dey aint got no names. Dey is a bad lot. Dat saplin's Sally Peckum's gal, dat chunk's Nancy Slocum's brat, dese yere's no count trash."

They are bad, you say. Do they lie and steal?

"Yah, yah, dey don't know what trut is, bless yer. Dey don't know what stealin' is needer, but I's learn em dat. Dey has got to fin dat out or dere'l be troub'l."

How do you discover the thief among so many?

"Don't scover 'im, don't want to scover 'im. I jes knocks de head off'n de fus one I kin reach when dey is up to any of dere stealin'."

Here was a curiosity. The entire group was treated as a unit, individuals not being recognized. They evidently had some way of communicating ideas, and if one could manage it the process of primitive language development might be studied by proxy. I obtained permission of Aunt Chloe to wander about the place, choosing a seat wherever I wished to read, and look at the scenery, the children getting what fruit I wanted, and an investigation into the process of language making went on through the summer.

Three things are required to enable one to unravel a new subject. He must be interested. He must have abundant patience, and plenty of time at his command. Thus equipped he can master anything. At the end of the season, neither interest nor patience was wanting, but my time was up, and the task still incomplete; but the following was what I found.

The children thrown upon themselves for companionship, had developed what might be called a language in its rudimentary form. That is, being a rudimentary group themselves, the language they originated fitted their wants, and, so far as I could judge, as well relatively as more complex forms do more complex groups.

Almost their entire vocabulary related to something eatable, and the subjoined list will convey an idea of the whole.

Dewberries. A grunt and falling prone.

Blackberries. Ah-ah-ah, broad a, and distressed face.

Raspberries. Ooish, with pleased countenance.

Gooseberries. Pick.

Cherries. Floop.

Plums. Floo oop.

Peaches. A long nasal m-m-m, with mouth closed, imitating a common ejaculation.

Pears. Pum.

Watermelon. Kuk, kuk, kuk indefinitely and emphatically.

Muskmelons. The same, with less emphasis.

Small melons, such as nutmegs and mangoes. La, la, la, broad a.

Persimmons. Puckered mouth and spitting.

Spring of water. Rolling R, with quick motion of the lower jaw.

Humblebee. Oome, oome, with rubbing the face.

Wasp. Ah-ah-ah, broad a, and hand rubbing.

To run, get out, go. Hi, hi.

An object was located by tapping the arm with the fingers of the opposite hand. For instance, the first spring was a tap near the shoulder. The next, another tap nearer the elbow, and so on to the hand. If the spring was located in a ravine bending to the left, the right arm was used, if to the right, the left arm, the speaker fronting the locality. Fruit trees were located in the same way.

All of this seemed very simple indeed when once ascertained, but to get at it was something of a task. To coerce the youngsters was impossible, and if they got a notion that they were observed, silence was the rule, and I even detected an evident determination to mislead. I could never induce them to talk to me, but after their lingo was learned I could talk to them and be accurately obeyed. It was required to study them unawares, and the summer was employed in getting out of them what I was able to find. At first, my own state of mind was an impediment in consequence of preconceived notions about intuitions and the like, which barred progress, and I was prevented from getting at the somewhat ridiculous simplicity of

the matter, for the reason that I had misjudged the case. The children were brim full of hilarity, and at the same time likely to be victims of spasms of terror. Everything interested and amused, or else terrified them. The sensations of taste were developed to a high degree, and they had great capacity of attention to any specified matter. Sugar plums filled them with ecstasy, and they devoured fruits with never-ending relish. They were completely different from the white children of the Florida "cracker," who did not know what candy was, and rolled in the sand as worthless sweet morsels highly prized by these dusky fellows. They would gabble by the hour, all talking at once, until something would come up which excited general attention, when they would strictly attend to what a single one had to say. They never got angry, or fought with each other in a malicious way, nor treasured up hatred. Their minds were full of vivid memories of what they had experienced, and these ideas were communicated with the greatest ease and clearness.

For some time I despaired of ever getting a start in their vocabulary. They talked in an entirely unknown tongue, and I got to lying in wait for them and observing them when alone, and not aware of my presence, and was soon rewarded. The first word I got meant dewberry, which grew on vines along the ground. A little fellow was gathering them in an open field near a tree which hid me from sight. I noticed that when the picking was going on the child was prone on the ground cramming the berries into its mouth as fast as they could be picked. When the vine was exhausted it arose to its feet, and on finding another, gave a little jump, and came down on its stomach with a loud grunt. This was repeated several times. A companion approached, popped up, and came down as the other, with a grunt. Then they both laughed, got up, and came down grunting. The exercise seemed to amuse them exceedingly, for they kept up an incessant laughing over it. I had a clue to the mystery, for this grunting tumble was clearly recognizable in the babble of the crowd. It meant dewberries. The discovery of raspberries was soon followed. Their sweet flavor tickled the palate exceedingly, and ooish, ooish, an ejaculation of pure delight was constantly made. Cherry, was the sound made in spitting out

the stone. Plums the same, the larger stone causing more prolonged sounds. The pears were on high trees, and the dropping fruit made a thud on the sod which was at once imitated. Watermelon was difficult, but patience had its reward. In putting a knife into one a little over ripe the rind cracked open before it with a noise which gave the name. The small melons could be carried by the little fellows who came from the truck patch with them in a jog trot with a la, la, la, la. Blackberry was a stumbling block for a long time on account of the distressed voice and countenance. These berries were plentiful, and opportunities for witnessing the children in contact with them often occurred, but nothing which could connect the thing with the expression. It was towards the last of the season that I saw a child rapidly retreat from a bush with a cry of anguish, dancing and gesticulating, and rubbing its hands. The others quickly gathered round in commiseration, and a general hand rubbing took place. I advanced from the shelter of a hedge to examine the bush, expecting to find large thorns, but saw nothing unusual excepting very fine berries hidden away beneath the leaves. Pushing away the vines I introduced my hand to the large and delicious clusters in total ignorance of the atrocious pests there housed. A sharp pricking sensation on the back of the hand ensued, which was attributed to the spurs of the vines, but no change of position helping the matter, I withdrew the afflicted member with three paper nest wasps sticking to it, and the pain which ensued was harrowing. I went through all the pantomime appropriate to the occasion, and when I recovered some composure the young savages were amused spectators of my antics. They talked blackberries with shrieks of laughter for the balance of the day. I afterwards found that any particularly nice lot of these berries were guarded by those sharp pests.

But what connection had "pik" with gooseberries? One already in possession of the word might associate it with the spines on the fruit, but I was searching for origins. In this case the children did not coin the word. One day I happened to ask Aunt Chloe about the child which had given me the cherries. It seems that its mother, a young girl, had offended her mistress in fruit canning time, and her master had threatened to sell her to a trader,

then in the neighborhood, if she did not produce a bucketful of gooseberries before the sun set; Aunt Chloe proceeding, "Dat was a burnin' shame, a sin an a shame. Purl busted in de door wid her bucket in her han', an' her eyes jes' a blazin', an ses, Aunt Chloe, Massa Josh swear to God I's going to de chain gang if dat bucket don't come plum full afore dat sun go down, an its mighty near dere now! I tell you we made a brake for de berries, chillen an all. I jes' shout 'pik,' chillen, 'pik,' hard as I could yell, an yer outer see de fire fly from dat gal's fingers as dem berries went in dat bucket. De sun near tetch de trees when she started on de half mile run for de plantation wid de bucket pilin' up."

"She was not sold then?"

"Yes, she was, dat war de sin of it. Dem berries jes jolted down till dey didn't fill by jes a handful, an poor Purl went to de gang."

"That was bad. How much did she sell for?"

"More as two tousand dollas. She was jes de pink of de hole lot, she was. An Massa Josh buy de young missus a new pianny wid dem bery dollas!"

And that was how the young rabble got their name for gooseberries.

The word hi, hi, they took from the warning flung at them when engaged in acts of trespass, and indicated any sort of movement.

The process of word coining was very well shown in the following illustration. I had provided several cheap paper boxes containing sweet condiments, by way of keeping on good terms with my subjects. They would huddle around when a box was opened by one of the larger girls, who by general consent took the lead in any enterprise, with all eyes fixed upon it. To discover how promptly a word would be coined for an entirely new object, a jumping-jack of as hideous appearance as could be found was substituted instead of the usual contents, and when the appalling figure sprang from its seat a totally unexpected apparition met their view. They dispersed as promptly as if it were an exploding bomb, and much in the same order, with a howl of terror, and disappearance into the cabin without loss of time. Aunt Chloe appeared upon the scene and exhibited symptoms of panic which I soon allayed, when she heartily laughed at "dem fool chillun." Taking possession of the effigy,

I hid nearby, and waited for the brats to reappear. One by one, they come out with many a timid halt, and stood about in expectation that something evil might happen. A child at length found a stick and began to set it on end, while the rest drew about. Calling hi, hi, and giving the stick a slight toss, the entire group shrieked, laughed, and tumbled over, and fled into the cabin, and the same performance continued through the day. The jack was named hi, hi, whoop.

It would have been interesting to continue these experiments with this group of children, and some plans were half formed for isolating them for a few years more completely than they then were, but the difficulty in controlling the time factor prevented. Enough had, however, been discovered to convince me that language origin and development is a very simple thing indeed, provided the start be made with children of language using parents. Given an animal that had already progressed by ancestral inheritances to the point of possessing a nervous apparatus capable of transferring modes of motion into the six impressions of sensation, the two impressions of pleasure and pain, and the three relations, forming the content of a human mind, and the making of a language is as easy as making a feast of berries. With these children the original sensations opened a wide, clean cut path for subsequent motion to travel upon, so that the ideas, or in other words the memories of the sensation were extremely vivid, and the sound or gesture associated with it, at once called up in the minds of each the corresponding idea. No philosopher ever had clearer ideas than these young Africans. The subject matter was not complex, but on the other hand quite simple, yet it filled the purposes of their existence completely.

It is obvious that the larger the group the more nearly will the language correspond to the idea, for the child that succeeded in getting the right utterance would fix the word, being followed by the rest. So far as I could judge none of those children were aware that they had words or gestures especially applicable to any object.

A light heart lives long.—*Love's Labor's Lost.*

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—*Emerson.*

## LANGUAGE OF MONKEYS.

In the way of language monkeys manifest their passions, emotions, desires and fears by cries and gestures, emphasized by significant accents, which vary with the species. Monkeys and children, together with savage and uneducated people of civilized nations, manifest an inclination to mimic the gestures and motions of all persons whom they see. We think that this trait is especially prominent in monkeys, but thousands of instances might be cited to show that mankind, old and young, shares it with them. The attitude and sagacity of monkeys are so human that some savages believe that it is out of maliciousness that they do not talk. In fact, a monkey might pass for a dumb man, because he does not articulate the consonants clearly, as we do; but not all men have this power of articulation in an equal degree. We have stammerers by birth and by habit. Some savage tribes have a scanty alphabet complicated by clicks and nasal and guttural sounds that can not be imagined till they are heard. All monkeys have voices, and many of them have very strong ones. Excepting the solitary and taciturn orang-outang, the species which live in troops are chatters, and keep up a great hubbub. The principal tones of their noisy and rapid language, with the frequent repetitions of the same sounds, may also be found in the languages of the most savage peoples. They are, for the most part, complex, guttural, and harsh articulations, with few variations. But the alphabets of some of the African and Melanesian nations are not much richer. In both it is generally the labials which are wanting. Laughter is not wholly peculiar to men, for some monkeys have a noisy and expansive laugh analogous to ours. Cook has stated that the natives of the New Hebrides express their joy by a kind of guttural whistle, analogous to the jerky, rattling laugh of some monkeys. Monkeys are also capable of showing sorrow and weeping, and it is possible to follow on their faces the equivalents of the physiological changes which in man answer to the expression of his various emotions. Among these are the drawing back of the corners of the mouth and the contraction of the lower eyelid, which constitute the monkey's smile, and the depression of the eyebrow and forehead in anger.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

## THE LAW OF LAWS.

*The Law of Laws. The Overshadowing Power of God.* A synopsis of a new philosophy. Published at the Remedial Institute and School of Instruction, Quincy, Ill. The preface of this remarkable book speaks of learned theologians and philologists, who have critically analyzed and compared every word and letter in the original scriptures, "and yet never caught a glimpse of the real significance of those root etymologies which, in this work, are shown to reveal the same orderly method of creation in the domain of *mind* that geology unfolds in the realm of matter." Those interested in the mental science of to-day, will find this suggestive book render them valuable aid.

Lives, made beautiful and sweet,  
By self-devotion and by self-restraint.  
—*Giotto's Tower.*

## PSYCHOMETRIC EXPERIENCES.

H. G. M. MURRAY-AYNSLEY.

Some regard the science of psychical research as treading upon dangerous ground, are they not confounding the *unknown* with the *unknowable*? The former expression may be held to apply to things which, though not of daily, or of common occurrence, yet, like comets or meteors, follow certain natural laws, whereas the *unknowable* or the supernatural is hid from mortal ken and sight.

There are those persons who can walk by faith alone, whilst others, like St. Thomas, need ocular demonstration that there is a power above us, and a world beyond the grave. The veil of the unseen world is sometimes drawn aside for us, in dreams, most commonly; but occasionally a waking prescience comes to us and tells us things which it is *impossible* we should know in the ordinary course of events. If we were to question our circle of friends or general acquaintances, we should probably find many who have had such experiences in their own persons, or who could relate them of their friends. This subject is a novel one to some, because till recently those who had felt them, hesitated to speak of them even to relations and intimate friends, but now that the ice is once broken, and it is acknowledged that spiritual manifestations and second sight are within the bounds of possibility, we hear of numerous cases. One of the most ordinary forms is, that at the moment of death, a dying person appears to a dear friend or relation, or within a house or a room which they formerly inhabited.

We may not unreasonably gather from passages in the New Testament, that spirits did appear to men in those days, why then should similar phenomena be impossible now? If then, communication with the spirits of the departed has been, and is sometimes permitted at the present time to some on this earth, does it seem more unlikely that Psychometric or soul-measuring intercourse should establish itself, even between persons at a distance from, and unknown to each other? Kindred minds and thoughts may beat in unison, and the invisible cord of sympathy bind them, so that the one may feel the individuality and know the physical condition of the other.

The *how* we know not—but it does take place, almost involuntarily on the one side,

and without knowledge on the other side, that such a connection exists between themselves and a perfect stranger.

It has been stated that the French nation are infinitely more susceptible to mesmeric influences than we English people.

The citizens of the United States appear to possess a much more highly strung nervous organization than ourselves — Americans were also the first to recognize and draw attention to the new science of Psychometry. Certain of the natives of India, both Hindus and Mahommedans, have for untold generations practiced at will a species of waking hypnotism; they attain to a complete state of mental abstraction, and when in this condition, all their bodily functions appear to be suspended, they neither eat, drink, see, hear or feel. (On two occasions the writer has seen men in this state.)

The following legend\* would appear to show that the natives of India are not unacquainted with mesmerism, and also recognize a kind of thought transference. "There is a well with steps leading down to it, near a Mahommedan *fagér's takiyd* (shrine or cell) at Nurmahal in the Jalandhar district — Panjab — India, which is much revered by Mahommedans and Hindus. The *fagér* who formerly lived there is said to have taken a great liking to a Hindu boy who used to visit him. The boy's relatives went on a pilgrimage to the Ganges leaving him behind, though he would have liked to have gone with them. The *fagér* saw that he was vexed at being left behind and promised to show him something that would please him as much as if he had gone thither. So he took the lad down the steps leading to the well, and put him to sleep. The boy then saw in a vision the Ganges at Hurdwár, and pilgrims coming and going, and among them his own friends. On the return of these latter, they began to enquire when the lad had come back, as they had met him at *Hurdwár* after all, whereon the boy told them what had happened.

"This well is still known as Gangá, and is supposed in some way to partake of the sanctity of the river Ganges"

This legend has an obvious resemblance to the idea that dying persons appear to people or at places at a distance, it proves how wide-spread is the belief that a person on their death bed, who has a strong desire

to see some friend or visit some spot once again, is projected thither in some mysterious manner, whether objectively or subjectively we can not tell.

It has been for many years a puzzle to all, by what means, during the Indian mutiny of 1857, the natives managed to convey news from one place to another. Intelligence was received by them more rapidly than our swiftest *ddk*, (or post) runners or mounted men could take it. No pains were spared to ascertain how this was done, in order to circumvent their machinations. A suggestion has been recently thrown out that it was done by a system of thought transference. This is not improbable, for it is an undoubted fact, that in some things Asiatics are in advance of us, and what we deem new discoveries, as for example, the ordinary (not the electric) telephone was known to them, and used by them for generations as a means of communication. An instance of this came under the observation of the writer when in India, at a time when the telephone was first beginning to be spoken of in England.

In order that my readers may understand how I came to be interested in the subject of Psychometry, and was led (through the courtesy of persons unknown to me except by letters) to join in the following experiments, it is necessary here to state, that for many years past I have been aware that I possessed at times a power which was completely apart from my ordinary self; I could not define it, or give it a name, but I knew that when very anxious about a friend's state of health or some other subject, I had frequently asked myself questions and received replies out of my inner consciousness as it were, and that when an answer came (which was not invariably the case) it was always correct.

About Christmas, 1885, I sent an article to the manager of MIND IN NATURE headed "Mind and Will Cures versus Faith Cures," which afterwards appeared in the April number of that journal. That gentleman sent me a letter dated January 19, in which was the following passage: "Pardon me for asking what may be an impertinent question, but I wish to know if your health is uniformly good—I will explain why when I receive your reply."

In another letter dated April 24, he says: "Have you read 'Psychometry' published recently by Professor Buchanan of Boston?"

\*Related in "Panjab Notes and Queries," Vol. 16, ii.

I have been experimenting with a private Psychometer, she has often startled me with information of which she was unable to tell me the source, saying *it was her impression*. I have handed her letters from persons entire strangers to her, which after holding a few moments in her hand would make vivid mental impressions, and enable her sometimes to describe the person, but more often the mental condition of the person. I handed her one of yours, enclosed in a plain envelope. In a few moments she became over-powered with a desire to sleep, although it was early in the evening, and this was so strong, she was not able entirely to shake off the condition, and had to retire an hour earlier than usual. She then desired to know, who and what you were, said you were either an invalid, or a person of strong mesmeric power. You will understand from this why I asked you the previous questions in regard to yourself.

On receipt of your reply to mine of Jan. 19, without letting the Psychometer (whom we will call Mrs. N.) know that I had had a letter from you, I enclosed this in another envelope and handed it to her. In a very few moments she was again in the same condition as when she held your former letter. The Psychometer merely holds the letter in her hand, she professes herself not always able to obtain impressions; many of them she described as cold and chilly, others warm etc.; the sensation being the same to her as though she held the hand of the person instead of merely a letter from them, she says that the individuality of a person is in the letter."

It will easily be imagined that this communication was a startling one to me, though the enquiries made in the letter of Jan. 19, had in some measure prepared me for it; still at first it was difficult to realize the possibility that a letter sent several thousand miles across the ocean, and of which the writer, the hand-writing, and its substance were unknown to the percipient, should influence her in that manner.

With the view of testing the powers claimed by this American lady, I put myself in direct communication with her. In a letter dated June 19, 1886, she tells me that she found out quite accidentally that she could read character by holding a closed letter carelessly in her hand; a friend once handed her a letter and requested her to read it. As an interesting conversation was going on she delayed opening it, but she speedily felt a chilly trembling sensation,

and then, without any conscious effort on her part, she began to describe the peculiar temperament of the writer, herself amazed at what she felt and saw in her mind's eye (for she did not read the letter with her visual organs). She goes on to say, "it makes no difference what the letter contains, it is the individuality of the person that comes to me. I never know the contents of the letter, nor do my impressions relate to it, but only to the character or condition of the writer."

Mrs. N. also related that on another occasion her daughter having received a letter from a young friend at a distance, who was personally unknown to her mother, requested this latter to hold it, and see what impression she could obtain from it. The elder lady did so, and at once began to feel, as she expressed it, almost disabled, and compelled to recline in an invalid chair; she began to suffer both in mind and body, became almost hysterical, it was sometime before she returned to her normal state. This letter was merely a note the young lady had written to decline an invitation to visit them.

Some months later Mrs. N. met the writer of the letter, and then learned for the first time that the young lady was in very bad health, and had been compelled for some months to use an invalid chair. This was apparently not a case of simple thought transference from the daughter to the mother, for though the former knew that her friend was in poor health, she was not aware how grave her malady had been (hip disease).

The same Psychometer goes on to say "that any letters or papers in the hand-writing of the writer of this article affect her when holding them in her hands. At first she begins to feel light as air, and is very happy, then there comes a wave of light in billows rolling in swift succession, each wave edged with a pink or a rosy tint". (she tells me she remains perfectly conscious always.) "Then she begins to feel so easy, sleepy and overcome with a desire to sleep that she has had on such occasions to give up an evening with books and retire to rest; all the while not knowing who had written, or the contents of the papers." She adds, "My greatest impressions have been with persons, and not with letters. I think I have made about a dozen experiments with letters, the writers of them being unknown to me like yourself."



In another place Mrs. N. says, "I have never attended a seance, and have kept clear of professional spiritualists, and whilst I have never seen spirits, I have seen symbolic lights, the dark room will be illumined so that I can see the pictures on the walls, and everything in the room. I have often been conscious of an invisible presence."

Mrs. N.'s account of her feelings and her experiments was intensely interesting to me, nevertheless I was desirous to have some additional proofs of her Psychometric powers, and to this end, about the end of July, I prepared and sent to America, under cover, to the manager of MIND IN NATURE, some small envelopes of *thick* paper, each containing a scrap of the handwriting of persons known to me. The envelopes were numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4, and closely fastened.

I received a letter from him dated Sept 22d, giving an account of the result of the experiment he had made with them, through another American lady—a Mrs. P.—who mentioned to him one day that she had been making trials of her Psychometric powers. The envelopes were given to Mrs. P. in the following order—3, 4, 2, 1. To use his words, "She sat in a room beneath a lighted gas jet, no one being present except her husband and the manager, who wrote down her impressions as she spoke them. Mrs. P. was all the time in her normal state—no trance or clairvoyant condition. She held each envelope in her hand fastened as I received them, her hand resting upon her lap."

I will now proceed to give a faithful transcription of these papers, accompanied by my own remarks on the accuracy or mistakes in the delineations of character made by Mrs. P.

No. 3. "By this envelope I come in contact with a woman of sunny nature, who has had clouds in her life, but whose buoyancy of spirit surmounts all obstacles—a woman of rare executive ability. A brilliant conversationalist, though not any great depth of learning—one whose endurance for pleasure is inexhaustible, fond of the luxuries of life, though not depressed if she does not attain them. I find a weakness in I *think* the *right* leg; it seems like a lameness. I come so closely en rapport with the lady that she seems to say—that is sufficient. She does not wish to be lauded."

Observations on No. 3. Were Mrs. P. a most perfect judge of human character, and did she know No. 3 intimately, she

could not have given a more accurate description of this lady than the above; it is exact in every particular, except perhaps the weakness in the leg, but of this I can not speak positively.

Of No. 4 Mrs. P. says: "This brings me in contact with a large, dark man, about whom there is something which leads me to think him a physician. He is profound in his reasoning, and often misses a point which would be gained through simplicity. He would not like to be termed an assuming man, nevertheless he is quite conscious of his own ability. He is versed in languages, of great dignity of character, and not at all domestic. If this latter point were left to himself, he would refute the statement, but his wife would coincide. He is not affectionate. His intellectuality predominates over spiritual and physical nature."

Observations on No. 4. This envelope contained a small unimportant piece of the handwriting of a man, *dark* but *short*—a man who has made his mark in the literary world. He writes and studies much, and when sitting, appears much taller than he really is. The rest of the description is very just.

Concerning No. 2 Mrs. P. says: "I can not get anything from this envelope—either the nature of the person is blank to me, or the envelope contains only a piece of blank paper."

This same envelope was some time afterwards given to Mrs. N. She says of it:

"I find no warmth in it—feels as though my hands were in water—can not get anything from it."

Observations on No. 2. The writer of the fragment enclosed in No. 2 has been known to me for many years. It describes the individual exactly—a cold, heartless being.

Of No. 1 Mrs. P. says: "The impression which comes to me by holding this envelope, is of a younger person than either of the others, and I think a woman, partially an invalid, certainly not strong, inclined to be irresolute, is not self-reliant, is of a childlike and clinging nature. One so sensitive as she could be crushed by a word. She is like a tropical plant, requires much sunlight and warmth in her social and domestic life to enable her to live. She has the same gift I am now trying to demonstrate. Superabundance of patience, but very strong when driven to assert herself, not from choice, but only in self defense."

Observations on No. 1. In some respects we have here the most interesting of the experiments made by Mrs. P., for it illustrates a point alluded to by Dr. Buchanan in his work on Psychometry, viz. : that a piece of paper written upon by one person, and kept for a time in the pocket of another, acquires the individuality of the latter, instead of retaining that of the one who wrote upon it ; a thing which seemed so incredible that I resolved to test it in the following manner :

In this envelope I placed a scrap of paper on which were a few lines written by a gentleman, but which had been kept some two or three weeks in the pocket of a lady to whom the letter had been sent.

Mrs. P. was mistaken in saying that the character was that of a younger person than any of the preceding ones ; the reverse is the case. But in every other particular, as far as I am able to judge, she has exactly described the lady who received and carried the letter about with her for some time.

In the month of October I made one more experiment. I sent a lock of hair (cut from the head of a little girl of five years old) to Mrs. P., under the same conditions and through the same channel as before. This child's state of health and bodily development has caused her relatives much anxiety.

In a letter dated Nov. 23, I received Mrs. P.'s report in this case. She has not been so successful in this as in the former ones. She does not seem to have seized the identity of this child. She describes this little girl's character as that of a person whose intellect is fully developed ; but her observations on the physical condition of this subject would appear to be valuable. She speaks of irritation at the base of the brain and down the spine, both highly possible, as this little girl has not grown in height since she was two years old, and her limbs are too weak to bear the weight of her body, which is large in proportion to her age and much distended, which fact she seems also to have realized, as she hints at torpidity of the liver.

It would appear to be true from these experiments that some persons possess the gift of Psychometry or soul-measuring ; many more, perhaps, have it also, though they are unconscious of it. One of its most important and obvious uses may be to serve to counteract the materialistic spirit of our day, and lead our thoughts from Nature to Nature's God.

## TELEPATHY.

PROF. JAMES D. BUTLER, LL.D.

*Far-feeling*, which is the English of the Greek telepathy, is a new word in both languages, yet it describes an experience wide as the world, and as ancient as the earliest evolution of "sensitives." The first article I remember headed *Telepathy* appeared in *The Nation* on October 23rd, 1884—an article which gave some account of the Society for Psychical Research in English Cambridge, and showed the real demand for such an association.

In the very first number of MIND IN NATURE, and among its first pages, a paper of mine, entitled "Presentiments," gave some leaves out of my own experiences in the telepathic line, though I had not yet learned the word telepathy—truth's stranger than fiction.

One of my telepathic marvels was in substance this : On the third of August, 1869, having with one companion accomplished the then rare feat of climbing to the top of Liberty Cap, one of the giants which hem in the Yosemite, we lost our way in descending as soon as we reached the base of the precipitous rock, and that at sunset, and three hours' tramp from shelter.

At that crisis, however, in the very opportunity of opportunity, a sure guide to our uncertain steps appeared in that wilderness. This pilot, as needful and as welcome as Virgil to Dante, wandering in the jaws of the Inferno, was a man who had once been a scholar of mine in the East, and whom I supposed to be then living hundreds of miles further south. In truth, however, he had been sometime herding sheep in a valley collateral to the Yosemite, but a day's march from where he found me. He knew that I had thought of a tour to California, but had not heard that I had actually journeyed to the Pacific slope at all. But, the night before, he was thinking of me, his teacher long ago and far away, and it was borne in on his mind that I might not be far away, perhaps even in the Yosemite. So strong was this impression that, the next morning, he went down into the valley in quest of me. He there read my name in Hutchings' Record-Book of Arrivals, learned where I had gone, followed on and on till night-fall brought our glad reunion.

I allude to this telepathic freak because it has features of resemblance to another in

the career of Pompey, a marvel which is set forth as follows in his life by Plutarch:

After his defeat at Pharsalia, Pompey fled seaward, and at the mouth of the Peneine, getting on board a fishing smack, and rowing near the shore seeking means of crossing the Ægean into Asia, "he chanced to spy a large merchant ship lying off, just ready to set sail, the master of which was a Roman citizen named Peticus, who, though he was not familiarly acquainted with Pompey, yet knew him well by sight. Now it happened that this Peticus dreamed, the night before, that he saw Pompey, not like the man he had often seen him, but in a humble and dejected condition, and in that posture discoursing with him. He was then telling his dream to the people on board, as men do when at leisure, and especially dreams of that consequence, when of a sudden one of the mariners told him he saw a river-boat with oars putting off from shore, and that some of the men there shook their garments and held out their hands with signs to take them in. Thereupon Peticus, looking attentively, at once recognised Pompey, just as he appeared in his dream, and, smiting his hand on his head, ordered the mariners to let down the ship's boat [or to let the boat come alongside], he himself waving his hand and calling Pompey by name."

Let MIND IN NATURE gather and garner up all such specimens of telepathy in the past. They can not fail to quicken observation among the "sensitives" of the present and the future.

### *THE UNCONSCIOUS SELF.*

J. E. COE.

May 11, 1881, while sitting in my office and carrying out an experiment that I had often tried before, namely, trying to prove to my own satisfaction that if several persons together by placing their hands on a table, could cause it to move, one person under favorable circumstances might make a smaller object move. I had first tried to make a ruler move, but without success. I then, to continue my experiments, placed telegraph insulators under the legs of my chair. I also got a pane of glass, and on this I placed a sheet of paper, then taking a lead pencil in hand I awaited developments. I closed my eyes and let the pencil rest, my arm free from the table for

some time, then my pencil started and I knew it was writing something, but I didn't try to think what. I opened my eyes in a moment and saw that I had written my name, and was in the act of drawing a scroll about it. My name was written as I had never before written it, and the scroll was unlike anything I had ever attempted. My feelings were very strange, after waiting a few moments, I wrote the following question: "Is this Spiritualism?" The answer instantly written was "Yes." I sat and thought a short time and then wrote, "Is this electricity?" and my pencil wrote, "Yes." If I had not then asked the second question, I would without doubt have been from that time a Spiritualist. As it was I satisfied myself that my hand acted automatically as my thoughts directed. At first my hand would not write except on glass; shortly I could write anywhere, but I could never after write without anticipating what I was going to write. This simple experiment has explained many phenomena to me, some of which I have been able to demonstrate. I will recite one instance: I immediately thought of the Witch Hazel wand, and shortly after while taking a walk I cut an elm wand with which to experiment. In going home I passed over a bridge, there was water beneath me, and the wand worked; when I reached home, I told my sisters that I had a wand with which one could tell where there was water, and asked them to try it over the cistern. It turned in their hands and indicated water away from the cistern; it would not work with them. Long before I had tried the experiment of holding a wand in my hands, after having seen it turn in the hands of another party, but it would not move. Now it moves whenever I wish. I can now understand how a man might write a book and think it inspired; his hand moves off without any apparent effort on his part. I can understand how the Quakers can wait for the spirit to move them to pray. I can understand how the artist with an ideal picture in his mind can paint as though under inspiration. I can understand how a man, brooding over his real or fancied wrongs, might have his hand commit a crime, at which a moment later his soul would revolt. I can understand why a person looking from a dizzy height might plunge to sudden death without a previous thought of suicide. While many things have been explained to me, there are many

things which are the more mysterious. For instance, I one day lay down on my bed to try an experiment. I lay there and wished that my right arm lying at my side would rise up straight above me, I lay and waited, soon I felt my arm begin to move, and then it commenced to slowly swing in a circle, a short distance from the bed, faster and faster went my arm, all the time circling and gradual rising until it was straight above me. Why did my arm swing in circles? Holding my hand above I would wish my hand to fall and stop at some certain angle, it would fall until the angle was reached, and there stop and remain for some little time, with as little weight and as little sensation, as though it was a shadow of an arm.

It seems to me as though there are two different forces in our body that can act either concertedly or separately. Ordinarily they act separately. It is in the men of genius and those who learn the art of concentration that they act together. But even we ordinary mortals in our minutes of terror or anger may have them combine, and then our strength is doubled.

#### WHAT SHALL WE SAY OF THESE THINGS?

The following statement, given just as related by the lady mentioned, is but one of a series of similar incidents in her life.

It is not a fair argument for another to say that these things are untrue because they have never happened in his experience, and if science refuses to acknowledge them because such are not the common experiences of all, it may be as Prof. Coues recently said, "That those who are now called respectively 'scientists' and 'cranks,' are likely to change places, with great benefit to humanity at large."

The twelve-year-old son of a lady who was the widow of a noted physician, met with an accident which disabled him. By a fall he injured his hip in such a manner that, notwithstanding the attendance and treatment of the leading physician in the city where they resided, the boy remained lame, and could not walk without crutches.

The physician quieted the mother's fears with the assurance that her boy would outgrow the difficulty, that there was no fracture in any part of the hip, and no permanent injury of any kind. When the boy stood with his crutches, the leg would

swing helplessly to one side, and after months of treatment his condition remained unchanged.

One day the mother went to answer a ring at the door, and found standing there a lady who was an entire stranger to her. The lady introduced herself, and explained that she was on her way to the East, but before arriving at this city had been impressed so strongly to stop there that she had yielded to the impression. She was a medium, and accustomed to follow her impressions. After leaving the train at the station, and while wondering what she should do there, as she was an absolute stranger to the place and the people, she was farther impressed to go a certain street and number without delay. She went with the result above stated. She did not know what was required of her, but almost immediately after having been invited into the house, was controlled by the widow's husband. He explained that he had impressed the medium to come there, so that he could explain to his wife the cause of his son's lameness, and direct her what to do in the matter. He said that the attending physician was entirely mistaken in his diagnosis, and explained the real cause of the difficulty. He said that this physician had not and would not find it; described the condition of the hip and leg perfectly, and told her to send for another physician whom he named, saying that he could impress him so that he would find the real trouble, but he could do nothing with the one who had been attending the boy. She followed the directions given her by the medium, and upon the arrival of the other physician, told him that she was dissatisfied with her son's condition, and without saying a word of what had happened, asked him to make a thorough examination of the case. His diagnosis agreed perfectly with what her husband had said to her through the medium, and she gave the case into his hands, with the result that in a comparatively short time her son was perfectly restored. That the medium who came to them was an absolute stranger to them all, was proven without difficulty. The widow was an old resident of the place, which was not so large that she could not know of nearly every one who lived there. The second physician she knew well also, and knew that there was not, and could not be any collusion between him and the medium. The latter proceeded immediately on her journey.

## THE LAW OF OCCULT FORCES.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

*(Concluded from page 176.)*

Mental telegraphing is an established fact, of which almost any one may become convinced by patient investigation and a little practice. To my vision there is no more necessity for the spiritual agency of a third party in unconscious unintentional mental telegraphy than in my writing this article for the press. As all minds are the same in kind, only varying in degree, in proportion, in strength and intensity of activities; so when a magnetic current becomes established between two or more minds, in proportion to the perfectness of that connection, as in a galvanic battery, these minds become the possessor of the thoughts and conditions of all these other minds, by a process of transference not wholly understood or fully explainable, but as well known as any other fact. For instance, a magnetizer desires his subject to believe that which he himself knows to be false, and in obedience to his will he so believes and acts accordingly, his own mind being negatived and under full control of the operator. In this state the sensations of the magnetizer are all conveyed to the subject, and if his person be touched, or he tastes anything, the touch or taste is at once communicated to the subject, and he experiences it the same as if he himself had been the recipient; while oftentimes if he be touched, and that severely, almost to torture, he pays no heed to it any more than if dead, so completely has his sensation been neutralized and transferred to another. This is a case where will power is *intentionally* exerted by one mind over another, but will be perceived accountable by the same laws as independent telegraphy with certain modifications. But without the least design, an inactive, positive mind, often controls a negative mind, changing its whole purpose, without the knowledge of either, through an involuntary, unconscious projection of a passive condition of the more positive mind, as a fire communicates its warmth through its inherent properties, and persons are warmed because they are within the circumference of its heat.

All persons themselves impart—as a rose emits fragrance, a lily a lily perfume, an onion an onion odor, so of other matter, physical, and of mind, idea or thought; and all unconsciously, even as is the insensible

perspiration from their own bodies emitted; and negative, impressible human systems receive these projected influences without any knowledge as to their existence, or the change unconsciously wrought in themselves in consequence of this impartation and reception.

A lecturer, to my knowledge, entirely unacquainted with the audience addressed, so affected one of her hearers, that she arose in an entranced, unconscious state and walked through the hall and took a place upon the platform by her side. The speaker had never seen her before, and therefore had no intention of moving her from her seat, or magnetically influencing any one, magnetism not being the subject of her discourse, and she never having, in a series of lectures, thus affected any one before; therefore she was ignorant of her power to do so till the fact revealed itself. This was a case of self unconscious magnetism, not requiring a design or knowledge on the part of any one and explainable on the principle laid down above, of unintentional unconscious impartation and reception; and yet the fact was seized upon as a proof of spirit control; for if the *speaker* did not *intend* to magnetize the lady, some other *intelligence* must have designed it; therefore a disembodied spirit must have performed the work; using the lecturer as a magnet for that purpose.

That she became a magnet, through the transmission of her ideas to the brain of the young lady, I do not doubt, and that the mind was thus forced to act upon the body in obedience to the attraction and draw her to the stand, is evident, but there appears to me no more necessity for the intervention of a disembodied spirit, than when the lodestone attracts an object.

The fact that the phenomena itself in some instances claims to be of spiritual origin is no proof that it is so, since it has affirmed itself, through different mediums and through the same medium at different times, to be *every other cause*, not excepting the dog Towzer and the evil one himself. Various reflections from various minds, contrasting in their belief, account for these discrepancies, for when they fall on the mind of the medium they produce an impression as if true, and when various conflicting views at the same time are mixing from several minds, their shadow on the mirror of the mind of the medium is nothing but a hodge-podge of inconsistencies.

I am well aware that these explanations, which of necessity have been brief, will not be received by the spiritual theorists, neither will the scientific world admit the premises without proof of their truthfulness—a proof positive to myself, but which can never become such to them, or to the world, until science shall demonstrate the laws by which this phenomena takes place. Then let me urge upon the scientists—first, the importance of assuring themselves of the existence of the facts, and secondly, attempting to discover their cause. When they have well done this, they will have exploded more supernatural fallacies than they ever dreamed existing in the beliefs and practices of an enlightened people, and open to science a field of exploration hitherto unknown, and of the utmost importance to the world.

#### POWER OF IMAGINATION.

There can be little doubt that much of the distress resulting from abstinence from an accustomed stimulant, whatever it be, is due to imagination, and in some cases victims of the habit have cured themselves by the exertion simply of a strong determination to take no more. In a large number of cases, however, the indulgence has produced a complete paralysis of will-power, and then some method of judicious medical treatment is necessary, although even then success does not always follow. An account of an ingenious mode of effecting the cure of a long-indulged opium habit is given in the *Medical World* by Dr. R. H. Dalton. The patient was first allowed for a week to take her usual quantity of morphine in the form of a mixture containing also five drops of nux vomica and one-quarter grain quinine in each dose, and colored with tincture of lavender. Then for twenty weeks the amount of morphine was lessened every seven days by one-twentieth, and at the same time, the tincture increased by one drop and the quinine by one-quarter grain at each change, until the morphine was left entirely out. In the meantime, however, the quinine was not augmented after the ninth week, but ten drops of elixir of vitriol added to each dose taken afterwards. The diminution of morphine was minute and gradual, and, the taste being the same, the patient was unable to detect any change whatever during the four months' treatment. As soon as Dr. Dalton became satisfied that the habit was entirely in the mind, he announced that she had not taken a particle of morphine for two weeks. As soon as she understood this the spell was broken, and she wanted no more morphine, her health had become very much improved, and her gratitude seemed unbounded. Dr. Dalton thinks that if recourse to stimulants be prevented during the curing of the opium habit any physician may succeed with this plan.—*British and Colonial Druggist.*

No legacy so rich as honesty.—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

#### MENTAL MUTATIONS.

I have suppressed the names of the parties and their residence, in the following article, through a feeling of delicacy and a fear of offending their relatives, and for the same reason would like to have it published without my name attached. The facts were exactly as I have stated them, and were no secret in the neighborhood where they lived. Should any scientific society or gentleman desire to make a thorough examination of the phenomena exhibited, the manager of MIND IN NATURE will furnish my name and address, and I will cheerfully do all in my power to aid them in confirming my statements and to elicit additional data.

I was for thirty years intimately acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. ———, who resided in one of our Western cities. They were, when I first knew them, past the middle age, living in comfortable circumstances, and childless. Besides farming on a limited scale, Mr. ——— was doing no business of any importance. In his early life he had followed the trade of a stone-mason. He was one of the mildest-mannered men in the world, with a manly firmness, and possessed a fair allowance of general intelligence with only a common school education. He always bore the character of a highly moral man, whose integrity no influence could weaken, or temptation corrupt.

His wife, born in Virginia, was his junior by many years, a woman whose education had been neglected in her youth, but blessed with a clear head and a large stock of common sense. Industry, frugality, and impetuosity were leading traits in her character. Outspoken and sharp in her language, without malevolence, and ever earnest in the cause of right and truth, she left her impress upon the circle in which she moved by her practical intelligence and morality, her sympathy with the sick and suffering and her promptness to relieve them, and was prominent for her activity in church work. If she had one fault more conspicuous than another, it was her independence of spirit, that led her frequently to express her irascibility too freely, and to "come down" upon those who opposed her with too much bitterness of speech. Notwithstanding this unpopular trait she was a true friend and counselor to those who attained to her high standard of integrity and

social excellence. In the words of Mr. Edmund Sparkler, there was "no nonsense about her," and her own household were not always exempt from her biting sarcasm and frankness of expression.

Many years after my acquaintance with these worthy people began, the husband was attacked by partial paralysis of the brain, that weakened his mental faculties and kept him confined to the house for several years. Subsequently, as old age approached, he rallied, regaining many of his faculties, and manifesting an improved degree of thought and feeling, but he never recovered his original strength of mind, and his physical faculties were permanently impaired.

A little later in life a most surprising change came over his character. Instead of the mildness of manner and speech that distinguished him in his normal condition, he began to display considerable impetuosity and impatience of contradiction, became loud and bitter in his denunciation of those who offended him, and suspicious of those in whom he once had the utmost confidence. In addition to all this, he gave utterance to a profanity that he had not previously practiced, and which he would once have rebuked in others.

Shortly before he reached his ninetieth year he bought a city lot and planned and completed a large and handsome business building on one of the principal streets, personally superintending the minutest details of its construction. In all particulars it was a most substantial and attractive edifice; and in it he lived and ended his days.

Some time after he had become a victim to dementia, his wife was attacked with a general decay of her physical powers and a weakness of intellect that reduced her, not to idiocy, but to a sublime indifference to all those things which had formerly interested her in social and domestic affairs. Her native energy, sarcasm, bitterness of speech and freedom of denunciation, died out of her, and she became the most docile of women, gentle and tender to all around her. In her normal condition she was social and genial with her friends, but after the change in her intellect she was never known to laugh.

Painful as the situation of herself and her husband had become, one could hardly repress a smile when noting the singular changes that had overtaken them. She, the impetuous, had become a lamb; he, the

mild and gentle one, was now the imperious, exacting and profane tyrant, lording it over her who had so often brought him into subjection by her tongue.

Of course those around them understood that this double mutation was the result of disease and decay, and not the expression of any natural deformity of intellect that had been suppressed throughout their long and useful lives.

A similar case came to my knowledge previous to the one recorded above. A Mr. J——, moving in the humbler walks of life, living in a small village where I once resided—a man with whom I was well acquainted—a man of excellent character, an earnest, devoted Christian, and widely known in the vicinity, as he advanced in years became demented, profane, abusive and obscene in his language—the very antipodes of himself. Who can explain these mutations.

#### *DREAM OF A GOLDEN AGE.*

The French Association for the Advancement of Science, which met recently at Nancy, has had under consideration a theory advanced by one M. Felix Hement. M. Hement claims that a revolution in methods of education must take place by the assistance of mesmerism. Classes of youth may be placed in a hypnotic condition by passes, and then while in a condition of restful sleep ideas of education may be transferred to their minds by an educated operator. The tedious processes of study by repetition are to be done away. Efforts to fix ideas in youthful minds, which in the past have been so laborious, will now be a pleasant and restful process. It will be like filling a lad's pockets with half-pence while he dreams. Certainly this must follow when mesmerism becomes an exact science, and we know perfectly the laws which control the transference of thought by sympathy and magnetic influence of a strong mind on crowds.

It is possible that in the next ten years we may see the wonderful phenomenon of an ignorant man lying down to rest and rising in an hour stuffed with a liberal education, as a turkey is prepared for Thanksgiving. The conical head inured to a six-inch hat will be expanded to a demand for a lordly 7¾. The facial expression which would suggest a brass collar and a chain for the neck, in an hour's time will wear a Byronic or Poe-like look, suggestive of spring poetry and unpaid board bills.

The suggestion of M. Hement is the entering wedge which shall effect such radical changes in human conditions. Kindergartens, object lessons, and the modern improvements in teaching are very slow and imperfect in comparison with this new French idea. But, as Franklin, in luring lightning from the clouds, set in motion a long train of greater ideas, as the telegraph, the lightning-rod man, and the telephone, not to speak of magnetic belts and liver-pads, so now we see a long train of humane reformatory ideas clustered like the tail of a comet behind Hement's suggestion.

If a man may saturate himself with knowledge as a sponge is filled with water, and then place himself in the midst of an absorbent but ignorant group and give knowledge as the cow gives milk, why may not virtue be also thus transmitted? Stupendous thought! Prisons would then truly become reformatory institutions. The criminal properly hypnotized and laid out on a settee, and some virtuous mesmerizer would proceed to fill him up with virtuous inspirations. The astonished man would arise, ready for any good work, eager to get out into the world to do good. Any man who felt his moral tone lowered could call in some virtuous neighbor and ask him to load him up.

A man would, of course, be particular as to whom he got to mesmerize him, as people are careful as to the source whence the virus is obtained in inoculation for small-pox. A man would feel bad if he was deceived in his mesmerizer, and should find himself under a strong inclination to clean out a bank and get to Montreal before the winter carnival commenced.

Government itself would favor the idea and every new Board of Aldermen in New York City as soon as sworn into office would be arranged in classes and carefully hypnotized, after which some good Republican would be called in and mesmeric floods of virtue be poured into their receptive minds. Self-protection is the first law of Nature, and the people would demand this process. Members of Congress starting for Washington would show certificates proving that they had been properly mesmerized and were not subject to malaria. Aqueduct contractors properly prepared would do perfect jobs. Bank cashiers and presidents of insurance companies could be made to bubble over with virtue and Canada would be relegated to bears and toboggan slides.

There are flaws in almost all diamonds and weak spots in all theories. The question arises, would the mesmerizer himself be exhausted by pumping others full of knowledge? Would he be like a wrung-out sponge after he had imparted virtue to his necessitous neighbors, and in his depleted state run off with his neighbor's cook-stove or grindstone. This query had better be answered before we commence the system. If education and virtue are perennial springs we are safe. If they may be exhausted then our system is only transference of virtue, and the operator should be suppressed when pumped out, or we may have many startling breakdowns of virtue to record.

How characters could be rounded out under this system. The slugger would not only be brave, but we could make him a gentleman. The dude would not only be sweet—he could be made intelligent. Something of this kind must be inaugurated to bring in the golden age we all anticipate. Advertisements will read in our papers, "Pure Boston culture imparted at \$1 a sitting." In Washington, placards will be hung out reading, "Jeffersonian simplicity and Jacksonian honesty imparted at nominal rates." "Patriotism inducted on the first floor, third room back."

Boards of directors of railroads after a few passes—not railroad passes—will declare larger dividends. Mining corporations will not sink so many assessments when they sink a shaft. Oil monopolies will not have to grease so many palms to get franchises. On the whole, we are inclined to enshrine the name of Hement with those of Stephenson, Morse, and Edison, even though his idea is not practical, for its

suggestiveness is so vast that it shows the possibilities of the race, if not its probabilities. A Tom Ochiltree or Richelieu Robinson could pour out eloquence like a Henry or Webster, and when empty be sent back to be filled like patent egg crates. But we leave the almost unbroken wilderness of suggestion for some more poetic mind. We live in an age of improvement.—*Albany Journal*.

#### "HOW THE BLIND DREAM."

In the dreams of most persons, a mental vision is vividly produced during sleep, in which they perceive their friends moving about and conversing as in the ordinary real business of life. Now it is very obvious that such a dream can not occur to a blind man. A blind boy dreamed of his brother who was dead. He knew him by his voice, and he also knew he was in the fields with him, for he felt himself treading upon the grass and smelling the fresh air. His idea of a field could not possibly reach much beyond this. Another man dreamed he was in his workshop; he knew this by sitting on a box, and by the tools which were in it. A blind tramp said when he dreamed it was just the same as when he was awake; he dreamed of hearing and touching. Mr. B. G. Johns, in *The National Review*, mentions the case of a man who dreamed of a ghost. This suggests a question of very great interest. Do the blind believe in ghosts, and if so, in what manner do they come, and how are they recognized? A ghost is an apparition or ethereal being, generally resembling some person known in the flesh; it can not, however, be felt, for it is transparent; a bullet may pass through it, and if sitting in a chair, it does not prevent another person occupying the seat at the same time. It is therefore generally admitted with Herbert Spencer that touch is the only reliable sense as a test of reality, is the one indeed into which the others may be reduced. When Macbeth could only see the dagger but could not feel it, he called it a dagger of the mind. How then can a blind man believe in a ghost known only by hearing and touch? It seems to us a contradiction, yet Mr. Johns has a ghost story. A blind man dreamed he went to a house, where he met a comrade who had been sent to prison, and he thus described his dream: "I heard a voice at the door, and I said, 'Bless me, if that ain't John,' and I took him by the sleeve, it was his shirt-sleeve I felt, and I was half afraid of him, and surprised he was out weeks before his time. Then (in my dream) I dreamt he tried to frighten me, and make me believe he was a ghost, by pushing me down sideways, etc.; after that I waked and heard no more." This is a very curious account of the blind man's state of mind; he recognized his friend, but the latter behaved in so strange a way as to make the blind man believe he was a ghost. The pushing him down sideways, however, does not suggest a spiritual being to an ordinary mind. It would be a matter of great interest if Mr. Johns, or other persons coming in contact with the blind, would make further investigations into the subject of ghosts as conceived by the blind. The well-established ghost, clothed in white and quite impalpable, can scarcely have place in the blind man's imagination.—*Braun*.

Attempt the end and never stand to doubt.—*Herrick*.