THE HORACE GREELEY THAT I KNEW

BY THOMAS L. JAMES, Former Postmaster-General of the United States

ONE hundred years ago next Friday Horace Greeley was born. Forty-one years later, in the early autumn, I saw a little notice in a local newspaper of Hamilton, N. Y., announcing that Horace Greeley would address the citizens of Hamilton in support of the nomination of General Winfield Scott for President. That announcement appeared in the town's Whig newspaper. I was connected with its Democratic newspaper, but I venture to say that no Whig in Hamilton or round about was more greatly excited over the announcement that Horace Greeley, the editor of the New York Tribune, was to deliver a campaign speech at Hamilton than I. And the excitement was general; I remember seeing groups gathered daily around the billboard upon which had been pasted a notice to the effect that Greeley would address the citizens of Hamilton on a certain evening.

As the eventful evening drew near, the excitement became more and more lively, and all that day farmers were coming in not only to hear but to see Horace Greeley; the Weekly Tribune had a big circulation among them. We had been told queer stories of his personal appearance. I remember seeing one picture of him in which he was represented as going about in trousers tucked in his boot tops and with badly crushed hat upon his head; but his eyes appeared to be gleaming through his spectacles. That was the kind of man we expected to see.

The night of the meeting the hall was packed. I think there were as many Democrats as Whigs in the hall. A few minutes after eight o'clock Greeley came from a rear door upon the platform. For a minute or two the hall was perfectly silent. Everybody was so absorbed in at last beholding the great Horace that no one thought of applauding. But Greeley did not appear to mind that. He walked across the stage to a chair, which, I remember, was somewhat rickety, and having seated himself, awaited introduction.

We looked at his boots and discovered that the trousers were in their proper place, and that the boots themselves had been well blacked. He wore an old fashioned black coat and he had on a somewhat rumpled collar. We couldn't see whether there was a tie or not, because that beard of peculiar cut covered the place where the tie ought to be. But I did observe that his linen was snow-white and well cared for.

He passed his hand over his head, looked over the audience perfectly unconcerned, threw his coat—not the great white coat he was accustomed to wear, but a lighter coat, for it was early Fall—across the back of a chair, and after the introduction walked towards the front of the platform and emitted a greeting: "Fellow Citizens." In what I thought was the most peculiar kind of falsetto voice I had ever heard; it, however, was very clear. We could catch every word and Greeley hadn't spoken five minutes before he had that entire audience at his command. I remember thinking what beautiful English he used. I think he had a little memorandum in his left hand, but I didn't see him looking at it. The entire address seemed to be extemporaneous. He spoke, I should say, for about an hour. But his speech didn't do any good, for that county went strongly Democratic at the Presidential election.

After the speech Greeley shook hands with a few persons, and then he entered into conversation with the local Whig leader; he was, apparently, very anxious to learn what the relative strength of the two parties was in the county. That conference over he hurried away to catch a late train for Utica, and his speech speedily became a tradition in Hamilton. Several members of the Colgate College faculty heard him, and I remember seeing James W. Nye, who was afterward United States Senator from Nevada, but was then a practicing lawyer in Hamilton, very attentively listening to Greeley, and apparently closely studying the famous Whig editor.

Greeley at the Birth of a Party.

I did not see Horace Greeley again until the Fall of 1856. The Whig party was ended with the defeat of General Scott for the Presidency. Greeley had gained great additional reputation in Central New York by his early recognition of the fact that the Whig party was moribund; we had heard much about him as one of the organizers in New York State of the Republican party, of which his newspaper, the Tribune, was the recognized organ. I had myself quitted the Democratic party on the slavery issue, and become one of a number of young Democrats of Hamilton who were glad to share in the first Republican campaign. Fremont had been nominated for President. Already the popular campaign cry of "Fremont and Jessie," in recognition of the intellectual power of Mrs. Fremont, who, when the General married her, was Jessie Benton, was on every young Republican's lips.

The young Republican party was to hold a state convention at Syracuse, and we learned that Horace Greeley was to be a delegate to the convention, and would take an active part in it. I remember seeing a statement in a Syracuse newspaper that undoubtedly Horace Greeley would be made chairman of the committee on resolutions, so that he would draft the first resolutions for the Republican party of New York State.

Of course, we were all very anxious to visit Syracuse and take part as spectators or as delegates in the convention. It had been exactly four years since I had seen Greeley, but I had no sooner entered the hall at Syracuse than I recognized him, sitting with the New York delegation. And I may say that Horace Greeley always looked the same to me, so far as figure and face and general appearance were concerned, as he did upon the first occasion when I saw him in 1852. I took an affidavit from him 20 years later, and he did not look a day older than he did in 1852.

At Syracuse I speedily saw that Greeley was the central figure of the convention. It was understood that the convention would nominate John A. King for Governor, as it did. But what the delegates were particularly anxious to know was how Horace Greeley would write the principles of the new Republican party into the platform of the first Republican state convention of New York. I remember distinctly that after the committee on resolutions had been announced, with Horace Greeley as chairman, he rose from his place with the New York delegates and stood in the center aisle looking about him so that he might summon the members of the committee on resolutions. He seemed to be unconscious of the fact that every eye was upon him. He was neatly dressed, wore a frock coat, with long tails, and, if I remember correctly, carried a slouch white felt hat. I recall how bright his eyes were, how they gleamed behind his gold-bowed spectacles. His face had a sort of benign, kindly, paternal expression of good nature, but I don't remember to have seen him actually smile. However, his face suggested smiles, and he smiled with his eyes rather than with his lips.

After some delay, the cause for which I have forgotten—probably it was some organization proceedings—the committee upon resolutions was called upon to report. Greeley rose and mounted the platform. I can't think of any more appropriate description of the scene than that which is expressed by the saying "You could hear a pin drop."

Greeley advanced to the very end of the platform, unfolded his manuscript, and read the resolution. No one could have doubted that he wrote them. There was the same vigorous, sinewy English for which he was famous, and there was the same ringing note of sincerity and triumph in the resolution that characterized the editorial page of the Tribune. Greeley's reading of the committee's report was with his peculiar falsetto voice. I call it falsetto because there is no other term which could adequately describe that voice. And he made all his gestures by his modulations of tones.

We sat enthralled. But when he had finished, the convention became uproariously demonstrative. We knew that the principles of the Republican party had been so perfectly expressed and expounded by this master hand that in all probability they would be used as the keynote for Republican organization in every state—as, in fact, was the case.

Greeley as a Lecturer.

Some time after I had moved to New York City I learned that Greeley was to deliver a lecture on Franklin. Thurlow Weed had told me that Franklin was Greeley's ideal American. Franklin had been a printer, and Greeley began his career—as Thurlow Weed himself did, and as I did also—at the printer's case. Mr. Weed also told me that Greeley was always pleased when he saw references to himself as "Our Later Franklin." But it had never occurred to me that there was something about his personal appearance which suggested the familiar pictures of Franklin, until I saw him on the night of his lecture on Franklin. My present impression is that the lecture was delivered in Dr. Edwin H. Chapin's church. Greeley attended that church, and between that great Universalist pulpit orator and the editor of the Tribune a warm friendship had been established.

I was very anxious to hear Greeley deliver his lecture on Franklin, so I got a good seat, and was in my place perhaps 10 minutes before the lecture began. Greeley entered so quietly that I presume more than half the audience was unaware of his appearance before the little desk upon which he laid his manuscript. But was this the Horace Greeley whom I had seen delivering a stump speech for Winfield Scott, and reading the now traditional resolutions adopted by the first Republican state convention of New York? He was in evening dress; his linen was superbly starched, for it glistened; well fitting garments set off a muscular figure of a man a little above medium height, and for the first time I observed that Greeley was very graceful in every movement that he made. If he did sometimes wear coarse boots, it was apparent that that night he possessed a slender, small foot, and that his shoemaker had perfectly fitted him. He wore a black ribbon for a watch chain.

As he laid the manuscript of the lecture upon the table and paused for a moment to adjust his glasses, I observed a remarkable likeness in the contour of his head, in the peculiar wavy appearance of such scant hair as he had, and even in that characteristic tuft of whiskers which he permitted to grow just underneath his chin, to the familiar pictures of Ben Franklin.

He began the address very quietly, speaking in that very clear, penetrating, but almost falsetto voice. The first sentence of the lecture impressed me greatly. It was so rhythmic in its construction, and the English was so perfectly adapted to the thought, that I remember it occurred to me that I now knew one of the reasons why Horace Greeley had obtained and maintained his great leadership as an editor. The lecture, I should say, lasted for about an hour. It was a beautiful tribute to the character and achievements of Benjamin Franklin.

It was easy to see that Greeley had written that lecture out of his heart, that he sincerely admired Franklin, and, I thought, had modeled himself somewhat upon that great and practical American philosopher. I remember how gracefully Greeley, when he had finished, gathered up his manuscript, with what charm he acknowledged the applause of the audience, and then how quietly, inconspicuously, he withdrew.

Greeley's Eccentricities.

After I moved to New York I heard less about the eccentricities of personal dress and conduct of Greeley than we had been accustomed to hear in the towns of Central New York. I do recall seeing him crossing Broadway when the descriptions widely circulated perfectly fitted him, except that his trousers were not tucked into his boots. It was cold weather; he wore the famous white hat and the equally famous great white overcoat, and its pockets were bulging with newspapers. I observed that he was very alert in dodging in and out among the omnibuses, of which there were great numbers upon lower Broadway at that time. I caught just a glimpse of him, but I saw that familiar, cheery, kindly expression upon his face, and I understood then better than I had when I saw him at Hamilton or Syracuse, how he became a notable figure by reason of his eccentricities of person.

But some incidents which I have associated with my various meetings with Horace Greeley sometimes cause me to doubt whether he was quite as eccentric as, according to common repute, he appeared to be, or whether there was a little method, something of studied eccentricity, a little artificial posing, in his manner. For instance, I happened to be at Albany, N. Y.—I should say it was about the mid-year of the Civil war—and I ran across Greeley in the old Delavan House. He was plainly waiting for some one, for he snugly fitted himself into one of the great armchairs which used to fringe the corridors of the hotel and apparently went instantly to sleep.

Some of his friends who saw him thus slumbering negotiated with the bootblack. The boy put his box in front of Mr. Greeley, carefully lifted one leg and balanced it across his knee and then deftly polished one of the traditional Greeley boots—I think Mr. Greeley always wore boots. Having finished with the right boot the boy, with the same care, applied himself to polishing the left boot. Then he placed Mr. Greeley's foot carefully upon the floor and started to back away, when, with his eyes still seemingly closed in slumber, Mr. Greeley thrust a hand into a vest pocket, fingered there for a moment, drew forth a piece of fractional currency—at that time we had no silver coin and all the small currency was in paper—and thrust out the money towards the greatly surprised boy, who gasped, seized the money and fled.

I have heard others say that when Mr. Greeley appeared to slumber—it used to be said of him that he had a peculiar habit of going to sleep at every opportunity—he was really only drowsing, and that even when his eyelids were two-thirds closed, he could see almost everything that was going on about him.

Upon the first occasion that I attended services at Dr. Chapin's church I saw Horace Greeley pass down the aisle with reverent step and quiet, and take his place in his pew, which was a little beyond the center of the church on the main aisle.

No one could have been more devotional in attitude than Mr. Greeley appeared to be. He displayed no eccentricities of dress; he followed the conventional custom of that time, wearing a black frock coat. He took part in the preliminary exercises, but after the sermon was begun I happened to look in the direction of his pew and I saw him gradually sinking, as it were, into that kind of physical collapse which indicates preparation for slumber. In a moment or two he was apparently sound asleep. Nobody appeared to heed him; it seemed to me that this was the customary thing for Mr. Greeley to do. But I observed that as soon as the sermon was ended, Mr. Greeley was very wide awake, and after the services were over many persons stopped in the aisle to greet him, among them the Cary sisters, Alice and Phoebe, then in the height of their renown as poets. It was under Greeley's friendship and patronage that the sisters attained their literary fame.

It was very evident to me the next day that Mr. Greeley had not slept so soundly in church as to be deaf to everything about him, for upon the editorial page of the Tribune I read a concise and yet very complete summary of Dr. Chapin's sermon, Greeley having used it as the text for an editorial.

Why Greeley Left Home.

Upon one occasion I was returning to New York upon the Harlem Railroad. At Chappaqua, Mr. Greeley got on. I was a little surprised, because I knew that it was his custom to go to his farm at Chappaqua every Saturday and stay until Monday morning, though sometimes he returned to the city Sunday night. It was at Chappaqua that he had the experience which he embodied in the book he published, entitled: "What I Know of Farming." And here let me digress a little to tell a story which was current at the time the book was published. One of his friends said to him:

"Greeley, I have been reading your book through, and I have made up my mind that what you know about farming is d——d little."

"You haven't got it right," Greeley drawled. "It isn't d——d little; it's nothing. But it takes a man about six years to learn that he doesn't know anything about farming."

Well, at Chappaqua, there boarded the train with Mr. Greeley a hotel keeper of that place, and he took a seat with him. Said he:

"Why, Mr. Greeley, it's only two hours ago that you got off the train, and told me that you had come up to have a mighty good time on your farm. You were going to chop down a tree and do a lot of other things. Now here you are on the train going back to New York, and I don't think you have unpacked your carpet bag. What's the matter?"

Greeley turned round and looked quizzically at me, and then leaning over towards his friend, the hotel keeper, said: "Well, I found things d—d unpleasant on the farm, and I thought I would go back to New York and run out there when the skies were a little clearer." Then he yanked—that's just the word for it, yanked—a newspaper out of his pocket, and apparently never took his eyes from it until he got to New York.

I then learned, and later was confirmed in the knowledge, that Mr. Greeley got almost all of his information from observation and from the reading of periodicals and newspapers. I have seen him go through a newspaper so rapidly that it seemed as though he could hardly have read a paragraph when in reality he had absorbed by a single glance of the eye the contents of an entire page.

I had a striking example of this ability at a time when at Mr. Greeley's request I called upon him at the old Tribune office. I was then Deputy Collector of Customs at New York. The Custom-House was always particularly anxious to serve Mr. Greeley in any way that he asked, and he never asked anything unreasonable. He was profuse in his thanks when we expedited the foreign mails, and if he was at the Tribune office when a steamer came in he would grab the foreign newspapers and disappear in his private office until he had absorbed all of them.

He sent one day to the Custom-House to know if an officer authorized to take a deposition or affidavit could be spared to come to the Tribune office, since he was anxious to make out the necessary papers in order to facilitate some Custom-House transaction—I have forgotten now what it was.

Within an hour after receiving this request I went to the office of the Tribune. I knew Mr. Sinclair, the publisher, very well, and when I told him what my business was he took me to Mr. Greeley's room. I was in hopes that I would see Greeley standing at the famous desk upon which it was known that he wrote almost all of his editorials; he wrote standing. I saw the desk when I entered the room, but Greeley was not before it. He was sitting at a table, and was, I think, looking over a letter.

I never shall forget his charm of manner as he greeted me. Instead of being uncouth, he had the grace and simplicity of a real gentleman. As he chatted with me I saw for the first time the remarkably intelligent look that was in his eyes. They were blue eyes, and I could see that when he was at all excited, they must have had the brilliant quality which so often distinguishes men who are of quick as well as of great intellect.

I then saw the man Greeley as he really was, civil and unaffected in manner, apparently not fastidious in dress, but very fastidious as to linen, which was of immaculate purity. And when I had taken his affidavit and was about to depart, with utmost courtesy he extended his hand and thanked me with sincere cordiality for the trouble I had taken in calling upon him to do him a service.

A Glimpse at Greeley, the Politician.

How different that experience was from a later one, when I saw an altogether different Greeley. My long-time friend, the late Colonel George Bliss, who was afterwards United States District Attorney in New York, and who, while serving upon the staff of E. D. Morgan, New York's great war Governor, had been brought into intimate relations with Horace Greeley, called with me one election night upon Greeley at the Tribune office. Colonel Bliss was a cousin of Samuel Bowles, the proprietor of the Springfield Republican. It was his habit upon election night to call at the Tribune office, get there a summary of the election results, and then send a brief dispatch about them to Mr. Bowles in Springfield.

That year there was an intensely exciting contest for the State Senatorship between Harry Genet, then a famous Tammany leader in Harlem, and a typical Tammany man, and Frank Maurice, who had been nominated by the opposition. For some reason that none of Greeley's friends understood, he always had a peculiar fondness for Harry Genet and supported him so far as he could.

The Genet-Maurice contest was the feature of that election. As we were going up the stairs of the old Tribune building, we met Greeley coming down. He showed instantly that he had been in the thick of an election night excitement in a newspaper office. I do not remember any special details, but I recall that his appearance was that of a man who was all mussed up.

Colonel Bliss stopped him, asked a few questions about election, and then added: "Who has won, Genet or Maurice?"

Thereupon Greeley piped out in his high-pitched voice to some one inside: "Have you got any news about Genet and Maurice?"

"Yes, Mr. Greeley," was the reply. "We have just got news that Maurice has beaten Genet."

"Harry Beaten!" exclaimed Greeley somewhat mournfully. "I didn't suppose they could do it. I don't feel very happy over it."

"Greeley," said Colonel Bliss, "you know how stanch your friends are in their loyalty to you; but there's one thing that tries their loyalty once in a while, for it seems to them that if any man is a particularly bad character in politics, and especially to be condemned, that man always turns out to be a particular friend of yours."

Greeley did not seem offended. He poked away for a minute at his throat whiskers, looked quizzically at Bliss and then beyond him, and then leaning over, as though to speak confidentially, said: "Well, George, it does look a little that way, don't it?" And with that sole explanation, he went on down stairs.

How Greeley Wrote His History of the Civil War.

I think it was in the early Summer of 1865, certainly within a few months after the close of the Civil War, that I saw a statement in a newspaper that Horace Greeley was to begin immediately the writing of a history of the war. How he could find time to do that was a question that instantly occurred to me. I knew that he was intensely interested in the work of reconstruction then about to begin. It was about that time, too, that he revealed his superb quality of moral courage—and no man possessed that quality to a higher degree than Greeley did—when he offered to become one of the bondsmen for Jefferson Davis, accused of treason. I remember, too, that the Tribune never appeared to me more vigorously conducted than at that time, and I heard of Mr. Greeley upon the lecture platform here and there. How, then, was he to find time to write a history of the war, especially as it was announced that the work would be completed within the course of a few months?

At that time I was living on the upper east side of New York, and while on my way down town at about noon one day, Mr. Greeley entered the horse car at Cooper Union. He was completely absorbed. He had one of those fits of absent-mindness, as they called it, but which was abstration of thought. He plainly had been hard at work, and for some hours before the regular meeting time of the editorial staff of the Tribune, which was held a little after the noon hour. I don't think he was conscious of anything but his thoughts from the time the horsecar left Cooper Union until it arrived in front of the Tribune office.

I made some inquiries and speedily had an explanation of Mr. Greeley's appearance that morning. He had received and accepted a proposition from a publishing firm to write a history of the war. In order that this firm might outdistance several rival publishers who were anxious to put out histories of the great conflict, one clause of the contract with Greeley required that his history be written as speedily as possible. The contract closed, Greeley, on the spot, perfected the plan by which he could rush the history to completion—a circumstance showing how swiftly his mind worked. He said that he would take a room in Cooper Union. The publishers were to employ assistants who were to provide him with maps, documents and other necessary material arranged in convenient form. Then he would go to this room at about 10 o'clock in the morning, take up the material which had been prepared for the day, assimilate it, and dictate to an amanuensis for two hours.

The amount of work Greeley did in this way was incredible. I was told that he never hesitated in dictating—indeed, his copy was turned out ahead of time. And after he had finished each day's task, he went to the Tribune office, and, I presume, stayed there until after midnight.

This circumstance, as well as some others, later on strongly confirmed me in the opinion that Mr. Greeley's complete prostration which preceded by three or four weeks his death after the Presidential election of 1872, was not due, as many presumed to be the case, to the great mental and physical strain which the Presidential campaign had brought upon him.

I occasionally saw Mr. Greeley after he was nominated for the Presidency in 1872. Once I saw him upon lower Broadway—I think he was on his way to the custom house. Many persons stopped to look at him. Two excited individuals pointed with their thumbs toward him, evidently saying: "That is Horace Greeley, the Liberal Republican candidate for President." But Greeley was wholly indifferent to the attention which he attracted. And in every aspect of him which I was permitted to have I never saw him when he appeared to be dominated by self-consciousness or by vanity, and he never possessed, at least when I saw him, the slightest evidence that he knew how to maintain a certain heavy and sham dignity.

About the time I saw Greeley in Broadway he was preparing for that wonderful campaign trip which he made. I remember how eagerly his addresses were read. Nothing like them had ever been heard in a Presidential canvass, and there were many conjectures as to whether Mr. Greeley spoke extemporaneously or whether he prepared those brief speeches. My own opinion is that he carefully thought them out, so that while they were not impromptu—that is, spoken on the spur of the moment—they were extemporaneous in the sense that they had not been written out or committed to memory. It is my recollection that I saw Mr. Greeley from a distance after his return from his campaign trip. I cannot fix the time or place, but I remember that he seemed to me then to be in as vigorous physical and mental condition as he was upon the evening 20 years earlier when I heard him deliver his campaign speech in support of General Scott for the Presidency.

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The election was over, Greeley was defeated, and I recall that all of his friends were rejoiced that he was again to assume the chair which he had occupied from the time the Tribune was founded until he was nominated for the Presidency. I recall, too, the appalling suspense over the mysterious and portentous disappearance of Horace Greeley. Where was he, what had become of him? It was a question that all who had known him, or who knew of him, were asking. Suddenly, he had passed into personal oblivion, and no man could tell how or where he had gone.

There began to be whispers that he sorrowed grievously over his defeat for the Presidency. I did not believe that to be possible, and I think none of those who knew Mr. Greeley well was of the opinion that his campaign and his defeat had broken him down. Then, one day, there came the authentic report that he had broken down completely—that he was practically unconscious, that his mind was gone, that in his semi-coherent moments he muttered something about the Tribune. A few days later we learned that he had passed away.

With some others I made diligent inquiry as to the cause of his death. And the truth was told us. It was as I had surmised. He had been too long an active force—one of the greatest forces—in the political life of the Nation not to understand fully how uncertain are the chances of political life. It was not political defeat that killed him. It was his discovery that his candidacy of the Liberal Republicans for the Presidency had cost him the loss of many thousand readers of the weekly and of the daily Tribune—and he was persuaded that at the call of a party he had wrecked his newspaper, which was the very apple of his eye and the center of his life.

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American Voice Is Jarring

Scientist Classes It Amongst Worst City Noises.

Interstate Medical Journal.

The American voice is not what it ought to be. The distinctive American voice has such irritating qualities that the combined effect of all other noises (on the nerves) dwindles into comparative insignificance.

We are now speaking of the American voice, which has a chromatic scale no other voice possesses, and so many irritating qualities that, were a nerve removed from the healthiest body and subjected to the pricking of its many stridencies, we are quite sure it would wriggle at once with an activity that could not be interpreted as aught but a mild protest. Now, can it be said that an occasional noise such as emanates from a motor car, a stretcar or from a factory whistle play the same havoc with our powers of resistance that is effected by the uninterrupted iteration a noise that follows us even into the sanctity of our homes? Surely the American voice as it falls upon our ears must make for so tight a clutch on our nerves that the combined effect of all other noises dwindles into comparative insignificance.

We have been told by those who seem to have the clairvoyance not only to see what is lacking in our daily existence, but what cure should be applied to our social ills, that recreation is but poorly understood by us. Now, while the writer of these lines knows only too well that recreation may mean one of many diversions—may mean, in fact, such diametrically opposite pastimes as athletic sport, travel, reading or theater going—let us for convenience's sake imagine an amiable American who prefers the complete relaxation which should come to him in the lecture room or the theater to efforts incident to the athletic field or to globe-trotting.

Let us allow him to go to his favorite haunts in search of the cure his tortured nerves demand—those nerves that unwittingly subjected themselves throughout the day to all the city noises, including the ubiquitous and omnipresent vocal harshness in street and business houses—and what alleviation of his perturbed condition is effected? Again he hears tones that soothe not, sounds that seem to issue from the top of the head after circuitous journeys through the narrowest of passages, and a vocalism that is so high pitched that all its nasalities act upon his sensitiveness as would pin pricks. Still ignorant of the reason why his spirits continue to be ruffled, he wanders homeward and the peace that comes to his tired brain during sleep is again rudely jarred the following day.

A picturesque overstatement these words of ours may be, but, even granting this, is not a slight exaggeration of a condition better than an apathetic attitude that takes but small notice of what might be an offending cause in the matter of our much-discussed nervousness? The scientific mind is only too often so thoroughly engaged with what this sort of mind should look for that the supposedly infinitesimal in the causation of disease is completely disregarded.

This has been repeatedly illustrated in the history of medicine and much to our later discomfort; a case in point being the scientific, stubborn front that we all assumed a few years ago when mental healing was first propounded. And yet today we have admitted it at least into the ante-room of that precious house of science, whose drawn curtains are sometimes too tightly drawn to admit the light of day. Hence the question arises, how can mental healing be beneficent in any of the complicated disturbances of nerves of which we read so much nowadays if the mind is not in a state of placidity?

And, furthermore, can it be admitted in all fairness that so obtrusive an element in our daily existence as is the American voice has the insignificance that one would think it had, as a contributor to our mental unrest, from the fact that our smiling toleration of it has left it outside the pale of adverse criticism?