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NORDHOFF'S "COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES."

The Strange People of the New World.

One of the most interesting books published since the opening of the year is Mr. Charles Nordhoff's "Communistic Societies of the United States. "From personal visit and observation; including detailed accounts of the Economists, Zoarites, "Shakers, the Amana, Oneida, Bethel, Aurora, "Icarian and other Societies, their religious creeds, "social practices, numbers, industries and present condition." The work is suitably illustrated and printed from large type on good paper, making a readable and not unwieldy volume of about 440 pages. Harper & Brothers are the publishers. Nothing in Mr. Nordhoff's book is taken for granted, his statements being, as the title suggests, the result of special personal acquaintance and research among the societies described, the author having in pursuit of his facts "travelled from Maine in the North-east to Kentucky in the South and Oregon in the West." Maps show the geographical location of the several Communities described, and on every point we have ample illustration and explanation of the modes of living, forms of thought and incidents of character of bodies of people who imagine they are living up to the example of the early Christians who "had all things in common."

"The Inspirationists of Amana," or "The Amana Community," or the "True Inspiration Congregations," as they prefer to be called, form a communistic society in Iowa, 74 miles from Davenport. They are Germans, numbering about 1,450 members, residing in seven villages and owning about 25,000 acres of land. They live by agriculture and by their woollen factories and are quite prosperous and their fund free from debt. Among the numbers who belonged to their society were some who contributed from two to twenty thousand dollars to the common fund, and one who paid in as high as between fifty and sixty thousand dollars. They have their own grist mills, saw mill, tannery, stores, etc. The people live in families, but eat and pray together, there being in each town or village at irregular intervals houses larger than the rest which are either cook-houses or prayer-houses. The sexes sit at separate tables and the children by themselves. In their schools, at which children are kept from the age of six to thirteen, the boys as well as girls are required to learn to knit gloves, stockings, wristlets, etc., in addition to the simple elementary instruction in the "three R's" and constant drill in the Bible and the Catechism. Females are compelled to dress in the very simplest manner, no ornamentation being permitted. In fact, the sex is not highly esteemed by these people, who think it highly dangerous to the Christian's peace of mind. One of their most esteemed writers advises men "to fly from intercourse with women, as a very highly dangerous magnet and magical fire." While the married state has the countenance and sanction of the society and its elders, matrimony is not regarded as a meritorious act, being calculated to make people not more, but rather less, spiritually minded. The present head of the community is an elderly woman, Barbara Landmann. For clothing, each adult male is allowed from forty to one hundred dollars a year, according as his position and labor necessitate more or less, each adult female twenty-five to thirty dollars, and each child five to ten dollars. They have no libraries, the Bible and their "inspired" records being their only books. They claim that God inspires their leaders, as he inspired the Disciples of old, their "inspiration" having some resemblance to Brigham Young's "revelation." The "inspired" utterances of leaders such as Barbara Landmann, are carefully written down and published in yearly volumes. These people bear an excellent reputation for frugality, industry and integrity.

The Harmony Society of Economy, Pa., is located on the Ohio not far from Pittsburg. The town is laid out with broad streets with neat brick side-walks; the houses are substantially built of brick, each building being ornamented in front with trained vines. The society, which was founded by George Rapp in 1805, is not increasing in numbers, the population of Harmony including only about 110 persons, none of whom are under 40 years of age. It, too, is of German origin. When the founders established themselves here they intended to establish a community of goods; at present each family retains its own property, but under their articles of association they, nevertheless, are bound together by common interests. In 1805, they encouraged marriage, but in 1807 they were "persuaded in their own minds that it was best to cease to live in the married state." Many young people then withdrew from the society; the remainder adhered to what they believed to be the will of God, and no more children were born in Harmony,—which partially accounts for the falling off of their population which at present does not number one seventh of its strength seventy years ago. They believe the coming of Christ is near at hand, and to be in constant readiness for the Saviour's re-appearance is the sole aim of their life. Being comfortably off as regards this world's goods, they have invested in coal mines, oil wells, cutlery factories, etc., near at hand.

The Zoarites, or "Society of Separationists" at Zoar, are a communistic society located in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, about half-way between Cleveland and Pittsburgh. They founded their village in 1817, have factories and mills, and have become quite wealthy. They originated in Wurtemburg. They prohibited marriage until 1828 or 1830, when they broke down this rule, but they still maintain that the celibate state is preferable. In conversation they use the Quaker "thou." All disputes are settled by arbitration. Marriage is formed without the aid of the civil authority or the clergy. Up to 1845, children were permitted to remain with their parents until three years old, when they were placed in large houses and brought up under the care of persons specially appointed for the purpose, nor did they ever again come under the control of their parents; but this singular custom was finally abandoned as inconvenient. In their religious ceremonies they avoid forms, singing and reading forming the staple of their Sunday observances. They have no "clergyman."

The Shakers have villages at Mount Lebanon, Watervliet and Groveland, in New York State; Alfred and New Gloucester, in Maine; Canterbury and Enfield, N. H.; Enfield, Conn.; Harvard, Shirley, Tyringham and Hancock, Mass.; Union Village, North Union, Watervliet and Whitewater, in Ohio; South Union and Pleasant Hill, in Kentucky. They have, altogether, eighteen Societies, or fifty-eight "communities," including 2,415 souls, and owning about 100,000 acres of real estate. They are celibates and spiritualists, have agriculture as the base of their industry, dress alike, are eminently practical, industrious, peaceable, etc. They assert that the second appearance of Christ on earth has been, and that they are the only true Church, "in which revelation, spiritualism, celibacy, oral confession, community, non-resistance, peace, the gift of healing miracles, physical health, and separation from the world are the foundations of the new heavens." They maintain that Christ's first appearance on earth was in the body of Jesus, his second appearance in the body of Ann Lee, or "Mother Ann," who organized their "Millenial Church." One hundred and forty pages of Mr. Nordhoff's volume are devoted to the Shakers, of whom, however, most of our readers know something already.

"The Perfectionists" of Oneida and Wallingford, in Madison County, New York, are of American origin. The founder was John Humphrey Noyes, of Brattleboro, Vermont, who still lives and leads them. They were established in Putney, Vt., but their views, more particularly with reference to the relations of the sexes, covered them with odium, and they were mobbed and driven out of the place in 1847 or '48, and established themselves in New York State. A characteristic feature of their Society is that not merely property but persons should be in common; that there is no marriage; or, rather, that "complex marriage takes the place of simple;" that the same spirit which abolished exclusiveness in regard to money would abolish, if circumstances allowed full scope to it, exclusiveness in regard to women and children. Mr. Nordhoff remarks that it is "an extraordinary evidence of the capacity of mankind for various and extreme religious beliefs, that many men have brought their wives and young daughters into the Oneida Community." The Perfectionists profess to aim at a sinless life. They hold that intercourse with God may proceed so far as to destroy selfishness in the heart and so make an end of sin. They have no preaching, baptism or the Lord's Supper, regard every day as a Sabbath, avoid all set forms, never pray aloud, but read the Bible and quote it freely. Noyes and others are stated to have raised the sick by the exercise of prayer. An essay by their founder, on "Scientific Propagation," reveals a frightful system of social morals and the utter repudiation of the marriage laws of the State of New York. No other of the Communistic Societies of the United States has reached the point which indicates Oneida and Wallingford as the plague spots of the United States, Utah not excepted.

Of the other Communistic bodies described by Mr. Nordhoff we have not space to treat, though ever so briefly. To "Colonies not Communistic," such as Vineland, we may refer again. The author's "Comparative View" of the operations and aims of the bodies, of whom he has given such interesting details, is worthy of careful perusal, as a cautious, just estimate of the value of this peculiar style of life, or, rather, a clear statement from which the reader may form his own estimate and draw his own conclusions. The great merit of the book is found in the fact that the author brings vividly before our very eyes the men and women, the habits and society, the morals and religion of bodies of people who are at least "peculiar," who are distant from us, and of whom we learn through the pages of this book far more than one in ten thousand of his readers could ever hope to learn for themselves, even if they were to make pilgrimages to the localities described.

A HOTEL IN HARMONY.

[From Nordhoff's "Communistic Societies of the United States."]

The hotel is one of the largest houses in the place; it is of two stories, with spacious bed-chambers, high ceilings, roomy fire-places, large halls, and a really fine dining room, all scrupulously clean. It was once, before the days of railroads, a favorite stopping-place on one of the main stage routes out of Pittsburgh; in the well-built stable and barns opposite there was room for twenty or thirty horses; the dining room would seat a hundred people; and here during many years was a favorite winter as well as summer resort for Pittsburghers, and an important source of income to the Economists.

When I for the first time entered the sitting-room on a chilly December morning, the venerable but active landlord was dusting chairs and tables, and looked up in some amazement at the intrusion of a traveler. "I can stay here, I suppose," said I, by way of introduction; and was answered: "That depends upon how long you want to stay. We don't take people to board here." My assurance that I meant to remain but two or three days, and that I had been recommended by Mr. Henrici, the head of the society, secured me a room; and the warning, as I went out for a walk, that I must be in at half-past eleven, promptly, to dine; and by half-past four for supper, because other people had to eat after me, and ought not to be kept waiting by reason of my carelessness. "For which reason," added the landlord, "it would be well for you to come in and be at hand a quarter of an hour before the times I have mentioned." When I had dined and supped and slept, I saw what a loss to Pittsburghers was the closing of the Economy hotel; for the Harmonists live well, and are substantial eaters in their German fashion. Nor was any ceremony omitted because of the fewness of guests; and old Joseph, the butler and head-waiter, who, as he told me, came to serve here fifty years ago, and is now seventy-eight years old, attended upon my meals arrayed in a scrupulously white apron, ordered the lass who was his subordinate, and occasionally condescended to laugh at my jokes, as befitted his place, with as much precision and dignity as when, thirty or forty years ago, he used to serve a houseful of hungry travelers.

Later in the afternoon I discovered the meaning of my landlord's warnings as to punctuality, as well as the real use of the "Economy Hotel." As I sat before the fire in my own room after supper, I heard the door-bell ring with a frequency as though an uncommon number of travelers were applying for lodgings; and going down into the sitting-room about seven o'clock, I discovered there an extraordinary collection of persons ranged around the fire, and toasting their more or less dilapidated boots. These were men in all degrees of raggedness; men with one eye, or lame, or crippled—tramps, in fact, beggars for supper and a night's lodging. They sat there to the number of twenty, half naked many of them, and not a bit ashamed; with carpet-bags or without; with clean or dirty faces and clothes as it might happen; but all hungry, as I presently saw, when a table was drawn out, about which they gathered, giving their names to be taken down on a register, while to them came a Harmonist brother with a huge tray full of tins filled with coffee, and another with a still bigger tray of bread.

Thereupon these wanderers fell to, and having eaten as much bread and coffee as they could hold, they were consigned to a house a few doors away, peeping in at whose windows by and by, I saw a large, cheerful coal fire, and beds for the whole company.

"You see, after you have eaten, the table must be cleared, and then *we* eat; and then come these people, who have also to be fed, so that, unless we hurry, the women are belated with their work," explained the landlord of this curious inn to me.

"Is this, then, a constant occurrence?" I asked in some amazement; and was told that they feed here daily from fifteen to twenty-five such tramps, asking no questions except that the person shall not have been a regular beggar from the society. A constant provision of coffee and bread is made for them, and the house set apart for their lodging has bed accommodations for twenty men. They are expected to wash at the stable next morning, and thereupon receive a breakfast of bread, meat, and coffee, and are suffered to go on their way. Occasionally the very destitute, if they seem to be deserving, receive also clothing.

"But are you not often imposed upon?" I asked.

"Yes, probably; but it is better to give to a dozen worthless ones than to refuse one deserving man the cup and loaf which we give," was the reply.

The tramps themselves took this benevolence apparently as a matter of course. They were quiet enough; some of them looked like decent men out of work, as indeed all professed to be going somewhere in search of employment. But many of them had the air of confirmed loafers, and some I should not have liked to meet alone on the road after dark.

— The Nelson trophy was sold in London the other day in the collection of China and other objects belonging to the late Mr. W. Joy, of Cheam. The trophy is chiefly made up of the eighty-four guineas which were in Nelson's purse at the time he was mortally wounded at Trafalgar. The guineas are soldered together in the form of a pyramid, and at each angle there is a small figure in metal gilt supporting it, the whole being a kind of cenotaph about twelve inches high, with a sarcophagus beneath the pyramid, the base bearing the inscription referring to the event. The trophy was put up with a bid of ninety guineas, and sold for £123.

MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS.

The Mysterious Stranger is generally a German, a Pole or a Hungarian. He is always well educated, is on a secret mission and has a sad look. If not an officer of the German Government, or an exile for his political opinions, he is a Count travelling *incog* for the improvement of his mind and only waiting the opportunity of conferring some wonderful and lasting benefit on an undeserving world. We have had him recently in New Brunswick. He was of German-French extraction. He was a son of the Duchesse de Berri, and though actually born under the tropical sun of India and doomed to wander in all climes, he had not given up all hope of reaching the Throne of France. He had sounded the depths of Philosophy, and confessed to a weakness for the study of Natural Science, yet had filled the post of hostler in rural abodes and was willing, for a moderate stipend, to make himself useful in any calling. He had a scheme, which, if properly developed, would have enriched New Brunswick beyond all other countries on the face of the earth and made our small, obscure Province the envy of the nations. He had bred and interbred, crossed and re-crossed, silkworms, until he had obtained a worm which thrived better on the alder bushes of our Province than on any other food! This worm was adapted to the climate, was easily manipulated and would turn the miserable, worthless "alders" that abound in every section of the Province into the means of promoting an immigration of silk-makers, establishing a new and lucrative industry, and enriching the whole population of the country to an extent that would be positively dazzling; so that what we had been accustomed to regard as the most thoroughly mean and contemptible of all the products of our soil would become a perfect mine of wealth and luxury. The Mysterious One communicated his magnificent conceptions and intentions to the Government of this Province, through the office of the Provincial Secretary, but it was the misfortune of our Province that at this critical moment in her history, her Government was in most incompetent hands and a negligent Secretary named Fraser did not deign to reply to the splendid proposition, and millions of wealth have been for ever lost to the Province! The Mysterious Stranger, who had studied our laws and institutions, our industries and resources, with such care; who had joined every secret society and moved in a great variety of "circles," all with the expectation of living among and enriching New Brunswickers, has, doubtless, carried his silk-worms and his genius to more sympathetic quarters and a more enterprising, appreciative people. The Count Angostien, son of the Duchesse de Berri, has, by this date, shaken from his shoes the dust of the streets of the city of St. John; and the Howe Road and the Loch Lomond road knew him no more for ever. The Count was only one of a number of mysterious people whom Providence has sent our way. We have had within a few years visitors who were even greater enigmas, not merely to the public at large but to themselves, than even the heir to royalty above referred to. The Count sought to accomplish a great good for us but was thwarted by a do-nothing Government; these, we are glad to be able to state, have accomplished very much. We have had POMEROY, of Maine, for instance, who goes to sleep he knows not how; describes diseases of which he has had no previous acquaintance; administers prescriptions without having studied medicine; and, strangest of all, has really succeeded in greatly alleviating the ills that flesh is heir to. Then we have had HAYDEN, also from the border State,—from that delightful retreat known as Eastport,—who cures by the touch, whose fingers dispel your Rheumatism or your Erysipelas—whose very presence or the wave of whose hand turns the cripple into the whole man, drives away pain and draws down blessings on the head of the Yankee benefactor. These are surely men of Mystery, men who ought to be dissected that the secret of their power and influence over their fellow beings may be discovered,—men who, if their power for harm were as great as their power for good is said to be, would need to be hung for the safety of the State,—assuming that they would remain hung and dead to all mundane things. Then there is ARNOLD, the great German doctor, the favorite of the Army, reputed the beloved of the German Government, though the enemy of James E. Whittaker and Bartholemew Murray, City Marshal of St. John; the "benevolent" doctor, who gives away pills to the poor, and doses, free of expense, those who do not choose to remunerate him, the Government of Germany honoring all drafts therefor and causing the lips of Canada's poverty to invoke blessings on the head of Bismarck! And then we have the originator of the French Medicated Pastilles, safe antidotes to German boluses and purgatives,—the man who deliberately proposes to slaughter the "fifty thousand people who reside about the mouth of the St. John," by pouring into that great mouth Fifty Thousand Boxes of French "Pastilles." Where these Mysterious Strangers originated who shall tell, or what their ulterior designs on this poor Province? Are they Princes, or only Fenians, in disguise? Are they Jesuits? Or are they what they proclaim themselves? And if so, why such an irruption of genius, benevolence and physic at the present moment? Is our constitution in such a horrid state that it can't be saved without the assistance of all these foreign doctors? Or are we all about to give up the ghost, and are these gentlemen sent to see us decently laid out? We can understand why the son of the Duchesse de Berri should wish to do a great act that would send his name down to posterity illuminated with a halo of glory, but why the medical men have descended upon us in such force, unless it be to hold a *post mortem*, is past finding out.

If, however, it is any consolation to our readers, we feel justified in extending the assurance that other countries have also had their mysterious people of whom the world was not worthy, and who resembled rather the Count Angostien than the medical ravens that have gathered around the carcass of suffering New Brunswick. We take the following from a recent number of the New York *Tribune*:—

CLOSE OF A SINGULAR CAREER.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

SIR: The wife of Dr. May Burton of Virginia died in this city on April 6, after a lingering illness of nearly two years. Born, educated, and married in the South, she was accustomed to all the luxuries, indulgences, and refinements which usually fell to the lot of wealthy Virginians twenty years ago. Everything went with the "Lost Cause," and Mrs. Burton come to New York and made for herself a home by means of her pen. She always wrote with peculiar ease; but often her best productions were brought out without mental or physical effort of her own. She simply prepared pencils and paper, became passive, and wrote, having only a dim consciousness, and frequently none at all, of what was being produced. She had no talent for drawing or painting; in fact she could hardly draw a face or even a leaf which could be recognized as such. Soon after coming to New York she began to see faces upon paper before her and to sketch them with great rapidity and exactness. At length she was impelled to get colors and all the materials for painting in oil, though she had never seen that kind of painting done and had not the slightest idea how to prepare or mix the colors so as to produce desired tints, nor how to apply them to produce desired effects. At a single sitting in a darkened room she produced a head of considerable merit. Others followed at intervals until her room presented the appearance of a unique picture gallery.

About the same time another uncultivated faculty developed itself, namely, the power of referring to past events in the lives of those who were in her presence. The knowledge of past events so conveyed was frequently most remarkable and was circumstantially correct, even rivalling in this respect the reports which we have of Jung-Stilling and Zschokke. Whatever she did, her personal character and love of truth were guarantees against intentional deception, and her excellent intellect, cultivation and knowledge of affairs were more than usual guarantees against self-deception. As was natural to one of her peculiar powers and temperament, she looked with favor upon the general subject of Spiritualism, and believed that when cleared of its chaff and tares there would be found a kernel of truth which would aid in cheering and developing the human race.

New York, April, 1875. A. Z.

A MYSTERIOUS POLE.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post.]

There died recently in a hospital at Covington, Ky., a native of Poland who, on admission, gave his name as Sobiesky. After death there were found in his possession valuable manuscripts on English accentuation, and a recommendation of the bearer as a teacher, from President Porter, of Yale College. A letter published in the Cincinnati *Gazette* from Mr. Warren Kiefer, of Springfield, Ohio, sheds further light upon the history and character of the mysterious personage. Mr. Kiefer says: "The unfortunate man whose name appears above was in many respects a most remarkable personage, and deserves more than a passing notice. His life in America was shrouded in mystery. He was undoubtedly a Pole of very high rank, as stated by President Noah Porter, of Yale College. President Porter was his principal friend and patron, and should know more of him than any other person on this continent. Professor J. B. Weston, of Antioch College, also knew him well. He was generally very reticent about his life, but under certain circumstances and when under certain moods he would speak somewhat mysteriously of his own life and history. He was an opium eater, and when known here and at Yellow Spring, Ohio, was not a dissipated man. He was a great linguist, and was employed by the Merriams in revising Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—last edition. He specially devoted himself to giving the root or derivation of words. He did not allow the publishers to acknowledge his services upon the great work by publishing his name in connection with it. Several small works of his on philology and kindred subjects have been published, I have reason to believe, in the name of another. He belonged to an ancient family of Poland, and claimed that, in case the dismemberment of that country had not taken place, he would have been its hereditary ruler. He never gave a connected history of his early life. From him I gathered, during a few months of personal intimacy in 1859, that he had been educated in the best institutions of learning on the continent of Europe, and with a view to his rank. He was also an educated soldier. He claimed to have been long a political prisoner in close confinement in a Russian dungeon, for an attempt to raise a revolt in Poland, and from thence was sent to Siberia as an exile. The Russian government relented towards him so far as to release him from exile, on condition that he would expatriate himself forever from his native land and from the continent of Europe, he to receive a stipulated pension from Russia so long as he refrained from any intrigue with his countrymen against Russia. I have reason to believe that he received a liberal pension from Russia, paid through the Russian Minister at Washington, up to about the year 1860, when, from some undiscovered act of his, it was cut off, since which time he has probably had no other means of support in this country, save what he earned as an instructor. He always seemed to dread any public notoriety and lived *incognito*. He assumed to fear that his movements were under surveillance by Russian spies. Against Russia he nursed a mortal hate. He left here about fifteen years ago, calling upon me at 2 o'clock in the morning to say good-bye, and, with no further explanation, disappeared. I heard nothing of him until within a year past, when he again appeared, like an apparition, at my office. He seemed poor and dispirited, but gave little account of himself. He had probably, as appeared from his statements, been to Poland in disguise; but I have reason to believe he had been at the South during the late war, teaching, and as a military instructor. He constantly claimed as an excuse for his use of opium to be a great sufferer from wounds received in battle. His carriage was erect, and his air and bearing was that of a foreigner of distinction, and in manner he was dignified and reserved. He generally, when he wrote his name at all, wrote it M. F. J. Sobiesky. These were not the full initials of his name, nor has President Porter in his recent letter concerning him given his name in full. He once wrote it for me thus: Maximilian Frederic Francis Feodor Otho Milo Johannes Sobiesky. He was probably about sixty-five years of age when he died. It is hardly possible that he died from natural causes or from injuries resulting from intoxication. He often predicted his own assassination."

WAITING TO ENTER INTO THE NEW JERUSALEM.

The Number of Rooms Allotted to Each Person.

Fervor of the Second Adventists.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

As the time approaches when the Adventists expect to see Christ descending from the clond, their faith becomes stronger, their joys more intense. One of the hymns in their "Advent Minstrel" runs:

We have passed the coast of Babylon, and the Medo-Persian line,
We have left the coast of Grecia far behind;
We've been sailing down the Roman shore for eighteen hundred years,
And our chart declares the port we soon shall find.

As according to this chart they make port Monday night, they are full of exultation. Although now confined to narrow quarters, and living on short commons, for they disposed of everything, leaving barely enough food to last to Monday, they are happy in the expectation of glorious accommodations in the New Jerusalem. Their leader, Thurman, in his paper, *The Time Appointed*, makes the following estimate of

THE ROOM THEY WILL HAVE:

St. John says: "And I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." (Rev., xxi., 2.) "And the city lieth four square, and the length is as large as the breadth; and he measured the city with the reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length, and the breadth and the height of it are equal." (Rev., xxi., 16.) If leaving one half for those golden streets, which are as "transparent glass," we divide the remaining portion of the city into rooms 32 feet square and the same in height, it would contain 30 quadrillions, 321 trillions, 843 billions, and 750 millions of rooms.

If we allow but twenty-five years to a generation, and could suppose that during each generation there had lived 1,200-600,000 persons, we would have only 288,144,000,000. Therefore, if every person that has ever lived on the earth should be saved, there will be more than room enough for each one to have 105,261 rooms. Then Christ has well said, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

They estimate that as only the truly good receive immortality, the actual room will greatly exceed the above. They have

SACRIFICED EVERYTHING.

In their meeting yesterday, one man said he had six little children looking to him for support, but that he had disposed of all his effects, and his only trust for succor was on the coming of the Lord, and on being safely housed in the New Jerusalem. Thus it is with peculiar zeal and emotion they sing with a realizing sense of their meaning the ardent longings of the ancient hymn:

For thee, oh, dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

THE EXCITEMENT

was wrought up to an extraordinary pitch, and the physical manifestations sometimes approached the violence that makes camp-meeting revival scenes. Between seventy and eighty were present, about equally divided between the sexes, and all in an ecstatic mood. As usual in such delusions, they hug to their hearts the virtue of persistence in credulity, or faith, as they style it, and quotations from the Bible on the subject are numerous. As one of them read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews describing the nature of faith, he was continually interrupted by shouts of "Glory," "Amen," and the assembly attained to such exaltation of feeling that hysterical symptoms were manifested,—laughter, tears, rocking to and fro, and spasmodic gesticulations. There is something touching in their enthusiasm. One old man, speaking of the sacrifices they had made in relinquishing their employment and disposing of their effects, reads:

Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Sell all that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the Heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth.—Luke xii., 32, 37.

Commenting on this, he said the outside world jeered at them just as it did at Noah in the days of the flood when he was building his ark of safety, but they were sustained in sweet comfort, resting upon the never failing promises of God. Sometimes doubts assailed, but they were the whisperings of Satan, and at the cry of "Help, Lord!" they vanished. But a few more hours and Jesus would come to them.

Then his own hand would wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And faints, and groans, and griefs, and tears,
Should cease eternally.

AN OLD, WHITE-HAIRED WOMAN,

who seemed to be one of the foremost in zealousness, continually interjected exclamations with hysteric volubility, such as "Oh, blessed, sweet Jesus! a few more hours and He will come! Oh, the happiness of looking for Jesus! Glory! Glory!" She made a short address, expressing her great wonder at the indifference of the world. If they only knew what was coming they would come like doves flying to their cote when the eagles were abroad. Several girls stood up, and, in the religious phraseology picked up from their elders, gave expression to their feelings. There were some curious manifestations of the morbid condition of feeling produced by minute and prolonged introspection. Thus one, commenting on St. Paul's injunction, "Pray without ceasing," said that sometimes when praying his poor old leg would begin to trouble him, and he would think sometimes that maybe he didn't love God enough, or such things would not enter his head.

The tone of the meeting was, however, joyous in the extreme, and one of the speakers told the simple truth when he said that, if the world believed them to be under a delusion, they were happy in their delusion.

THE VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS

came in for rap because of their indifference to the great event. The old lady before referred to sung a hymn about the Ship of Zion, in which God was Captain and Jesus Chief Mate. In it she made mention of some sailing on other ships, and being wrecked on sand-bars. One of the brethren immediately took up the comparison, and made the ships wrecked on sand-bars refer to the various denominational religious conveyances. He held that the description of the Church of Laodicea in Scripture was meant for the Church of the present day:

I know thy works, thou art neither cold nor hot. So, then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire that thou mayst be rich; and white raiment that thou mayst be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve that thou mayst see.

He thought that the modern Church, wrapped up in pelf and formalism, or else ignoring God's truth, for the practice of sentimentality, filled out the description. It needed the Adventist eye-salve very badly, in order to foresee the coming of Christ.

ELDER THURMAN

made a spirited address, in which he threw down the gage to the Young Men's Christian Association and the churches generally. He said that the Adventist belief in regard to the second coming of Christ was held by the churches, but the difference was that the Adventists realized their belief, while with the latter it was a mere profession. The churches believed the Word of God, so did the Adventists. The churches believed in salvation by faith, so did the Adventists. Why, then, put your fingers in your ears and cry, "Fanatics! fanatics!" If the churches knew them to be wrong, let them come forward and show them where they are wrong, and they will thank them. They had searched the Word of God with [illegible] patience and carefulness, and they found that every prophetic date pointed to the 19th of April. If Tom Paine himself were present, he could not but be convinced by the strength of the testimony. If it should be a failure, it would be the greatest miracle under the canopy of heaven—no less a miracle than that God had deliberately arranged His word in order to deceive the people. But oh, there could be no mistake. Monday night they would see Jesus coming in the clouds, (shouts of "Glory.")

In the afternoon they went out to the city limits on the North Side at Fullerton Avenue, and

BAPTIZED FOUR CONVERTS

in the lake in their peculiar fashion, consisting of three complete immersions, face downward. This is done in imitation of the practice of the early Christians as described by Tertullian, one of the first of the patristic writers, as follows:

When we are going to enter the water, but a little before, in the presence of the congregation and under the hand of the President, we solemnly profess that we disown the devil and his pomp and his angels; hereupon we are thrice immersed, making a somewhat ampler pledge than the Lord has appointed in the gospel.

They met yesterday morning at 110 North Desplaines Street, close by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway tracks. The second story room in which they met is occupied as a carpenter shop in front, no partition intervening. But there was a cessation of work while the seances were going on. The exercises consisted of singing and prayer after the fashion of such devotional meetings in other Christian denominations.

Yesterday was a cold day, and the persons baptized shivered not a little. But the zeal of these Adventists stick at nothing. In Rhode Island they broke the ice of a pond in January, in order to immerse. Elder Thurman has had a great deal of trouble about infant baptism, which he opposes and condemns. In Listowell, Ont., in January last, a sister was moved by the spirit of prophecy, and commanded that all the infants should be baptized. Thereupon helpless, frightened, screaming infants were nearly strangled to death by being plunged three times completely under water. A mania of prophecy threatened to break out among the women, and Elder Thurman had to make vigorous use of St. Paul's injunction against women speaking in the churches, in order to suppress it.

Yesterday evening exercises were again held in Stanley's Hall, No. 619 West Lake Street, Elder Thurman lecturing on the prophecies and answering questions put to him. He is a man whose honesty and faith are unquestionable, and his thorough knowledge of the Scriptures and all history pertinent thereto, makes him a well-equipped disputant, so that if any of the clergy or the Y. M. C. A. should enter the lists they should go well prepared. Public meetings will be held this afternoon at 3, and this evening at 7½, at Stanley Hall, and Mr. Thurman will answer any questions asked him.

THE SECRET OF THE SOCIAL QUEENS.—I have often wondered at the singular influence possesesed by some women; and I have always found that they were women who looked up to themselves—not necessarily brilliant persons, nor necessarily witty, but original (of course, a person is original who takes great pains to form his or her own convictions); and then, as most women are very sympathetic, this combination of originality and sympathy makes them the most charming companions—more charming, of course, than men of the like self-respecting nature, because such men may not be sympathetic, whereas the women are nearly sure to be so. You may depend upon it that Cleopatra not only sympathized with Anthony, but had ideas and views of her own which greatly interested and attracted him. And so with the great ladies in France who ruled certain sections of society. You may take it for granted that they were women who looked up to themselves. We have had fewer of such women in England—that is, ostensibly; but you will find that in most circles, even in remote country places, there are women of the kind I mean, who have immense power in the form of influence.—"Social Pressure," by Sir Arthur Helps.

A PARIS REPORTER'S NOTE-BOOK.

The deuce. Eight o'clock already, and I am still sleeping in the delights of Capua! Quick! Out of bed, lazy bones! Do you forget what is due to your newspaper?

There is no doubt of it; here you are in the brotherhood of our men of letters. Here it is in black and white on your visiting card:

DURANDIN,
Homme de Lettres.

Journalist! I am a journalist, like Armand Carrel, like—

In the first place I have to write a paragraph about the fire last night. I must make haste! (*He seats himself at the table.*)

Strange! Inspiration doesn't seem to come while one is fasting. Anyhow, the subject is a poor one. Not a single victim. At one time I thought I had stumbled on a piece of genuine good luck. I was assured that a child, shut up in a room, had been burned alive. I had already prepared such a description!—

There was especially a phrase about "those little calcined remains." Not at all; it was a dog. For a while I had the idea of permitting the description to remain anyhow. But then the other fellows are there watching you. They would not have failed to expose the trick the next morning.

The devil take the fire! I don't feel quite up to the mark just at present. And now to breakfast.

Waiter! bring me all the papers. Here is this rascal Baruchet who has again cut an assassination from under my feet. But how does that creature do to be so lucky? Crimes happen only for him.

And what an assassination! A woman cut into pieces by her husband!

Had I been the first to take it to my paper, my chief editor might have raised my salary.

But all is not lost. Baruchet did not finish his work. He did not have the pieces shown him! I must not fail to see them, or I shall lose my reputation.

What do you say, waiter? The beefsteak that I called for? I haven't time——

And the sack! If I can only make a sketch of the sack in which the victim was tied, I will crush Baruchet.

Driver! Rue de la Roguette. You shall have a good *pourboire* if you hurry.

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Impossible! The Commissary of Police was adamant. In vain did I implore him. In vain assure him that he held my future in his hands. Formerly my predecessors had only to stoop to pick up items. Ah, had I but lived in the time of the Troppmann affair!

In these days one may hear of a few trifling murder cases. To make anything presentable out of them prodigies of imagination are necessary.

But I have an idea. The Rue de la Roguette in very near the cemetery of Pere la Chaise. Perhaps I may find there some sensational burial. I'll go and see at any rate.

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Decidedly there is no chance!

On my way, I asked at the prison in which are confined those condemned to death whether there was not some interesting subject in one of the cells. Nothing!

Here is the keeper of the cemetery, and now to question him.

"Pardon, sir; can you tell me whether there is any death of note to-day?"

"Here is the list."

"Thank you for the opportunity of glancing over it. I am a journalist, connected with the *Furet*. Here is the Countess de Brossac. Pshaw! About fifteen lines on the genealogy of the family will do for her. An Austrian banker—a general on the retired list—that is all rot! Have you observed, Mr. Keeper, how rare the Academicians are becoming? Formerly you buried them in numbers. By the way, an Academician is an excellent thing. You, who are not in the newspaper profession, understand the value of an Academician—the resources he offers—but I must beg pardon for detaining you. Sorry to have disturbed you for nothing."

And above all to have disturbed myself.

Well, at any rate I don't propose to lose my time altogether. I'll jot down that a woman crazy from love, who insisted on being buried alive, was taken in custody before the tomb of Heloise and Abelard. Not a bad invention this—it is sure to go the rounds.

Always provided that the animal Baruchet does not deny that the arrest never took place. He is capable of everything.

Two o'clock, as I live.

* * * * * * * *

Two o'clock, and I have only my crazy woman, and she has no existence.

Suppose I go to the Morgue? That's a good idea!

Driver, to the Morgue!

Sapristi! I forgot all about the marriage of our celebrated musician Bernardon with the little Irma, an actress of the Varieties, a union in which all Paris is interested. This is what comes of trusting to one's memory.

Perhaps I may still have time to reach the place and obtain a few names.

Driver, to the Mayor's office of the Ninth Arrondissement!

Just in time. Seven minutes more and I would have missed them.

To begin with, the bride's toilette—is it faille or taffeta? That is important to know. Well, it can't be helped, I must question that old lady. "Madam, can you tell me whether that dress is of faille or taffeta?"

"What! you impudent fellow!"

"I, Madame? I swear to you that——"

And the groom? Holds himself well, but with a somewhat constrained air. Let us take a note or two:

"The defunct appeared"—come—I am writing nonsense. I thought I was at a funeral.

At all events I have made out to get forty lines. But there is nothing in the way of incident. Nothing, for instance, like what happened at the marriage of the Comte de X——, whose mistress made a scene with him at the church. Now, that is what I call a model of a marriage ceremony.

Three o'clock! Driver, to the Morgue!

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A deplorable lay out. Only two cases of drowning, and those of the fourth class. I put down one of them to the account of disappointed love, which will please the fancy of the lady readers of the paper.

I'll go by the way of the market. This is the feast-day of the king of the pumpkins. The public always reads about such things with a new pleasure and as if it read of them for the first time. But what am I saying? How stupid I am, to be sure! I wrote the article eight days ago. I had forgotten all about it.

Ha, here is the first chestnut vender at his stand on the curbstone. What new thing can be said on this subject? Let me see. A young member of the Jockey Club disguising himself as a seller of chestnuts in order to deceive a watchful husband and so daily to see the woman of his dreams pass in and out of the door in front of which he has installed himself? No, of all the stupid stories!——

Now to try the Prefecture of Police, where perhaps some bold theft may reward me. If this sort of thing continues I won't earn even my carriage hire to-day. I will dismiss the vehicle.

If somebody would only throw himself in the water while I am on the bridge! But all these passers-by have a deplorably calm look about them.

Nothing on the books of the Prefecture. At the most, nothing but two or three insignificant forgeries. Fine material, indeed, for inspiration!

But what means that crowd over there? Is fortune about to smile on me? A young girl who has just been run over by an omnibus—thanks, *Mon Dieu!*

Ah, Baruchet won't rob me of *this* item. I say, let me pass, will you!

Here goes for my note-book: "Angelic face" (not strictly true, but sheds an air of poetry over the thing.) "Dressed elegantly."

Now her address must be found out—far from stupid this, as a pretext to search her. "In her pockets were found a Russia-leather portemonaie containing seventeen francs, twenty-five centimes, a handkerchief marked J. M., a small cake of rouge." I hope I may be thought exact in my description Poor Baruchet!

Ah, this happy chance has somewhat comforted me!

Hallo! Mr. Messenger of the Bourse, you seem to be in a hurry! Anything new?

Impossible! Bouchardin, the famous speculator, just blown out his brains? Ah, thanks! I fly to the scene.

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A sou given to a servant enabled me to penetrate into Bouchardin's lodgings. What a triumph!

Come, let everything be done systematically. First, I must describe the furniture, each article separately, and in each separate room. To begin with, I must attend to the apartment in which he put an end to his days.

A fireplace in which some papers have been burned. A clock made of pebbles representing a grotto—rather bad taste—Aubusson carpet,—is it indeed Aubusson? Yes, on a corner of the table lies a half-smoked cigar. Bed with posts and white hangings. The body of the suicide is stretched on it on the left side. Suppose I sketch the scene.

He has a pair of gray trousers from—I'd like to turn him over and find out the tailor. Too late! they are coming to affix the seals to his papers and trunks. Anyhow I have quite enough already to supply me with material for a good column and a half. Now I can go to dinner in peace.

When I shall have rounded off my account with one or two flying rumors regarding a ballet dancer of the Palais Royal, I think all will have been said that could be said.

What an ass I am! I forgot to ask his valet-de-chambre what he had eaten for breakfast.

Ah, the public has no idea of the difficulties that one meets in a literary career and of the qualifications that are necessary to make a writer!—*Translated for the World.*

PERSONAL.

—The Chicago *Times* reports that Gen. Fremont will soon take up his permanent residence at Virginia City, Nevada.

—*Col.* Jefferson Davis and *Capt.* Ulysses S. Grant are invited to a re-union of the officers of the Mexican war in Austin, Texas, on the 8th of May.

—The last letter ever written by Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson is in the possession of the Southern Historical Society. It was addressed to Gen. Lee under date of May 2, 1863, and reads as follows: "General: The enemy has made a stand at Chancellor's, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack. I trust that an ever-kind Providence will bless us with success."

— When Rachel presented herself at the Theatre Francais, after passing two or three years at the Conservatoire, she first applied to Provost, another comedian of this theatre. "You are not made for the stage," said he; "you had better go on the boulevards and sell bouquets." When she reached Samson there was some encouragement. "If I had your organ," said he, "I would work miracles." "Then put your genius into my voice," returned she; "be my master." Later, when she was the favorite tragedienne of Paris, at the close of one of her brilliant victories, she carried an armful of flowers from the stage and deposited them in the lap of Provost, saying: "Won't you buy some? You recollect you advised me to sell them." "Come," answered the comedian, "forget the advice, and embrace the false prophet."

— Sydney Branson, a young man of great promise, died in England the other day from injuries received while playing football. The rector of Wasing, near Reading, writes to the London *Times* about the young man's death: "I have too much reason to speak with bitterness of this game of football, against which I had warned him only the week before. He was the last remaining hope of my old age, and he was about to be married to my only child, who is now in a most critical state from the misery caused by this terrible event. I am sure if the mothers of England could have watched by that dying boy's side, and witnessed the agonizing pangs, the fearful tortures arising from the internal wounds, and the misery of parting with those now desolate ones, to whom he was everything in life, they would, with one voice, as they think of their own children, cry aloud against this most pernicious game."

— Mr. Edward Hayward Budd, who died in England the other day at the age of 90, was for years a famous cricketer, and in the early part of this century was considered the best amateur in Great Britain. One of the best fielders and bowlers of his day, he was certainly the hardest hitter, and performed many a wonderful feat, including a hit out of Lord's old ground, where Dorset Square now stands, in a Surrey and England match, in 1808; and a forward drive for nine, fairly fielded and run out, on Woolwich Common. He first played at Lord's in September, 1802, was chosen in gentlemen players in 1806, and continued the game for fully fifty years, playing well to the last, and ready to take any place in the field. He and John Jackson, the celebrated pugilistic tutor of Lord Byron, were reckoned to be, about the time of Waterloo, the two best made men in England, and he stood up to the fastest bowling of his day without any further defence than an extra pair of stockings rolled down so as to protect his ankles from being severely hit. Few men have ever been so distinguished for prowess in athletic sports, and very few have lived a healthier and happier life.

THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER is cleverly satirized in the new radical novel, "The Rainbow Creed." He figures in the book as the Rev. Progressive Bungle, and is thus described by the author:—"This was essentially a man of his times, a sort of theological Disraeli, who, with the most finished jugglery of tongue, could conciliate all sides of the church with a breath, and compel them to echo his praises as the greatest light of the age, the most brilliant specimen of humility extant. He was the leader-in-chief and grand master of the great Independent Spirit Navigation Denomination, being the admiral of six squadrons of humble vessels. He was a Calvinist, a Unitarian, a Liberal Christian, a Universalist, a Republican, and a Phrenologist. Nor did he neglect agriculture and the fine arts. There is no word in the dictionary or elsewhere more adequate to express his theological merit than