

THE TRUE STORY.

Of the Escape of Gen. John Morgan from the Ohio Penitentiary.

CONFESSION OF SAM MILLER.

The Convict who Aided in the Escape Made to the Editor of 'The Globe' and for the First Time Made Public.

The raid of General John Morgan and his army through southern Ohio, and the subsequent capture of the famous band, and their imprisonment in the Ohio penitentiary, has made the most remarkable pages, perhaps, in our Civil War History. General Morgan and six of his most favored captains, escaped from the prison some time during the night of November 27, 1863. To say that everything was confusion and excitement, when, on the morning of November 28th, the startling discovery was made that the noted general had made good his escape with six of his confederates, is not putting it half strong enough.

How the air passage was discovered through which Morgan and his men made their escape has always been a mystery to everybody. Who told them how the cell block was constructed? For the first time in the history of this celebrated escape the real facts have come to light, and the true solution has been arrived at. S. D. Miller, a boy convict, is the individual who furnished the Confederate officers the case knives with which they removed the cement from the floors of their cells, thus admitting them to the air chamber or tunnel running under the cells to the miller stockade of the great prison.

SPRINGFIELD, O., May 6, 1901. Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of inquiry, enclosing confession of Samuel D. Miller, a former prisoner in the institution, I desire to state that I have every reason to believe in its absolute correctness.

The air chamber tunnel was explored under my orders and supervision, and the case knives furnished the Rebel officers were found covered with rust and the iron nails, which were used to fasten the cement, were found for purposes other than the authentication of Miller's statement, which was not known at that time.

When Governor David Tod wrote the letter of inquiry asking a full investigation of the occurrence, he little thought that a prisoner, a mere boy at that time, had given the Confederate officers just what they wished, above all things, the very key to their unpleasant situation. Neither had Governor Tod the faintest idea of how the prisoners had received the valued information when he wrote his letter to Warden Merion, after searching and through investigation had been made by two State officers and the penitentiary officials.

Here is a copy of the Governor's autograph letter which has never been published before:

GOVERNORS TOD'S LETTER. STATE OF OHIO, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, COLUMBUS, Dec. 11, 1863.

N. MERION, Warden of Penitentiary. Dear Sir: Deeply chagrined and mortified as I was to hear of the escape of John Morgan and six other Confederate prisoners, I am glad to know from the report of Messrs. Wright and Hoffman, just handed to me, that there is not the slightest evidence to be found of fraud or corruption on the part of any of the officers, either civil or military, concerned in their custody, nor on the part of any individual citizens, without or within the prison, but that the sole reason for their escape is to be found in the misunderstanding between General Morgan and yourself as to which of you should, after the 31st of November, be responsible for and have the care of the inspection of the prison cells. To avoid danger of a like occurrence I have now to request that you take upon yourself the entire charge and responsibility of the safe keeping of the prisoners. That you, and you alone, select and employ all guards and other assistants which you may deem necessary for a faithful and vigilant discharge of this duty.

You are at liberty to make requisition upon me for everything necessary to enable you to comply with this request and it shall be promptly furnished, and have furnished Colonel Wallace, the new commander of this post, with a copy of this letter of instructions, and ordered him to conform his action thereto. Respectfully yours, DAVID TOD, Governor.

Miller's confession, in his own words, is substantially as follows: MILLER'S STATEMENT. "For the first time in thirty-eight years, except to the members of my own family, who have well kept the secret, I will now tell the true story of the escape of General John Morgan from the Ohio penitentiary, and my part therein. I want it distinctly understood that I then did not know or realize what I was doing when I gave them the only tools they had to make their escape with. I was then only a boy, and what I did was in a spirit of adventure, and for the purpose of breaking the terrible monotony of prison life, as it was then. It was not because I favored the South, for I did not, but simply because that time, as I was, prisoners in the Ohio penitentiary, and General John H. Morgan and over sixty of his officers—had forgotten the exact number—arrived here as prisoners of war on the 30th day of July, 1863. They were locked in the second and third ranges on the south side of east hall. The Toy Shop Company was locked in the first range, now called first B. I was employed in the toy shop and my work was to paint birds and flowers on baby carriages. A. M. Donig and Dr. Ide were the contractors.

The prison officers and guards had charge of them for a month or two when they were turned over to the care of soldiers, who afterwards guarded them. Besides the sentries who were on the outside of the stockade that enclosed them, they put a soldier in each guard house with the wall guard.

At first Morgan and his men were allowed a great many privileges inside their stockade. They were out of their

cells all day, and were not locked up until we were in the evening. But when the soldiers took them in charge the most of their privileges were taken away. The Warden, Captain Merion, and the commanding officer receiving instructions from General Burnside to allow no one to visit them, to allow no clothing whatever, except needed underclothing. No newspapers were allowed, and all their letters were to be examined.

They were very anxious to obtain news of the war, and did everything they could to obtain news. But they were closely watched, and there was only one way in which they could—by running a great risk, talk to the State prisoners on the north side of the block.

When this cell block was built the architect intended to improve the ventilation in the cells by having an air chamber running under the lower cells, the length of the block; from this air chamber there was a hole running up to the top of the block. This chamber ran up to the point where the corners of four cells met, two cells on the south and two on the north side. From this center hole there was an opening to each cell. This hole was made small enough to prevent an ordinary sized hand from entering it. Through this hole the prisoners could talk to each other, but it had to be done in a whisper, for it was certain and severe punishment to be caught at it.

I was here a prisoner when this cell block was built, and saw just how these things were arranged, and I concluded that if I could get my hand up to the first turn I could get a wire over to the opposite side. I was but a boy and had a very small hand, and with a little turning and twisting I succeeded, and after fishing around my wire entered the hole leading to Capt. B. E. Roberts cell, No. 9. He drew the wire over and to this was attached a thread, which we left in the hole. I then prepared a bag or sack from old cloth, about six inches long and in an elliptic shape, the ends being gathered together and wound so as to make the ends come to a point, each end having a wire running in it to hook a strong cord. The white thread that was left in the hole at the time was broken off, and I could get my hand into it and pull it out, and to each end was attached the bobbin of a sewing machine. When either of us wished to call the attention of the other, we would pull the thread gently up and down, and the noise of the bobbin would always keep the other man in mind. I always kept the sack in my possession, for fear it might be found if left with Captain Roberts, as they were searched quite often.

We corresponded every night, and I received notes and letters from Colonel Basil Duke, General Morgan, Captain Perkins, Hines, Taylor, Colonel Dick Morgan, Major Bullitt, and several others, and I was assured by them that there was not another man on our side corresponding with them in this way, for none could get their hand into the hole. They were very anxious to get newspapers, and gave me the money to get them. I got them through the drayman for De night & Ide's contract, by paying him well. But it was the next thing to death to have even a piece of newspaper found on us there.

One evening I received a note "by telegraph," as we named our way of corresponding, from Colonel Basil Duke, in which he asked me if I could draw a plan of the prison, and, in particular, of the cell block we occupied. He asked me about the air holes in our cells, and where they started from, if under the cells or just from the lower range up. I drew a sketch of the prison yard as it then was, and also explained to him all about the air chambers under the cell block, telling him I was here when they were dug, and saw just how they were arranged. I sent this and a note the next night, and in a few days received a note of thanks from him.

Captain Roberts wrote me one evening that his companions, as well as himself, would like to see what kind of a looking boy I was, and asked if I could manage to get where they could get a look at me. No prisoner was allowed to go on that side of the block. All the prisoners who occupied the cells above them were put into other cells. But I thought of a plan. Morgan and his officers would go to the dining room for their meals immediately after the prisoners had all left it. On account of my being only a boy, and the youngest prisoner in here, I was allowed a great many privileges. So I wrote him that next day while they were eating dinner I would come to the dining room and I would have a paddle painted red with the word "pass" on it, and a bottle, as I would make the excuse that I wanted some vinegar. I did so, and that night I received a note stating that the men were all favorably impressed with my appearance.

About the 1st of November my mother came to visit me, and I, of course, told my friends on the outside of it, and sent over what I could to Captain Roberts of the "good things" she brought me. They asked me if I could slip some letters to her, and if she would mail them. My mother was going to be there for three or four days, and they allowed me to see her every day during that time, so I told him to have letters ready the next day, and I would come to the dining room and I would have a paddle painted red with the word "pass" on it, and a bottle, as I would make the excuse that I wanted some vinegar. I did so, and that night I received a note stating that the men were all favorably impressed with my appearance.

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The next night I received over our "telegraph" route three packages, twenty-one letters in all, addressed to people in Tennessee and Virginia. I can only remember one address, which was to Miss Emma Oats, Monticello, Wayne County, Va.

These letters I did up in as small a package as possible, and when my mother came that afternoon I slipped them into her muff as I sat by her side in the guard room. For in those days the guard room had no bars to separate us from our friends. I told mother to mail part of them in Crestline, part in Mansfield, and the rest in Wooster. In a week or so after I received word through Captain Roberts that every letter safely reached its place of destination.

Shortly after this they asked if I could procure some knives for them, such as we used at the table only sharpened to a point. They explained that before they left the table every knife and fork was taken up, to prevent any of them secreting one and taking it to their cells. There was no such rules with us, and every day I carried one or two to the shop, and being alone in my room where I ornamented the bodies of baby carriages, I would knock the handle off and drive the shank of the knife in the edge of my work table, file it to a point, then put the handle on and pass it over at night. I sent over fourteen in this manner, and no doubt would have kept on until all of them would have been supplied with a knife, but the men who had them in charge made an unexpected search one day, and Major Bullitt was so unfortunate as to have one found on him. This happened near dinner time, and after dinner the officers turned everything upside down in the cells and thoroughly searched their persons in their endeavor to find more knives. But they found none, for the knives could not be secreted in a safe place they took with them when they went to dinner and dropped them in the sawdust on the dining-room floor. Major Bullitt was placed in the dun-

geon to make him tell where he got the knife. Those were anxious days for us all, and in particular for me, but I was assured by the men that Major Bullitt would never tell. They kept him in the "hole" for forty days, and then carried him to the hospital to save his life. But he never told or hinted as to how he came by the knife. I think the Major was in the "hole" when Morgan escaped.

A few days afterwards they evened me to send over two or three knives just as they were, but to get the longest ones I could. I did so, and these were the tools they used to dig their tunnel. But I knew nothing about their plans, as I did not ask, but I when, on the morning of November 28th, 1863, I heard of the escape, I understood for what purpose the knives were used.

That evening I got a message from Captain Roberts, who told me of the fuss they had when it was discovered that he had had his men escape. Said he in his note: "Merion, the vigilante, came rushing down to their quarters and ran to cell 35, on the second range, revolver in hand, and looking in saw Colonel Dick Morgan, and thinking that was the general, went back, saying, 'I don't give a damn if they all had got away so Morgan is left.'"

Then we commenced to sing such songs as 'Lock Your Stable Door Morgan is Around,' and 'Look Out Morgan is Coming,' for that was the general, and we discovered the change made by General and Colonel Dick. But they soon found out the fact that General Morgan was gone. Then our feathers went up, and theirs went down. We have been locked up in our cells ever since, and the general is marching up and down each range all the time. We will have to be very careful for a few days until the 'Yanks' get over their soreness.

For three or four days we did not use our "telegraph," when one evening Captain Roberts gave me the signal that there was a message. I sent over the mail bag and it soon came back with notes from Captain Perkins and Captain Roberts. Captain Perkins was sick and asked me if I could get him some medicine. Captain Roberts wanted to know if I could get my mother to come and visit me if they gave me money to pay her expenses. They wished to send some more letters out, and had no way to do it but by me. I could get my mother's own taken out and mailed by the drayman for our contract, but I was afraid to risk any of their letters with him. I had the drayman bring me in some apples the next day, and also mail a letter to my mother, telling her to come here immediately. She came the next day, and I was ready for her with several letters my friends had written. Captain Roberts instructed me to be careful of them, and if there was the least chance of being discovered to burn them. But I got them to my mother all right, and she sent me \$60 of my money, as I was then making over a dollar a day overtime.

The evening that I gave Captain Roberts the message that the letters were safely on the way, he wrote a long letter on the love of his child. One part of it I will never forget; it was as follows: "Oh, you can measure the depth of a mother's love; like the boughs of a tree that are ever extended to receive the weary of wing, so are the arms of a loving mother ever extended to welcome to her heart her child. No matter if he has broken all laws—human and divine—he is still her boy, and her mother heart goes out in welcome to him."

Some time in the month of December of the year 1863, an unexpected change was made, or rather, two changes, for about this time Colonel Basil Duke was taken to the old Illinois State prison at Alton, that prison having been turned into a military prison. The authorities considering him a man of great intelligence and ability, General Morgan having been nothing more than the workman to carry out Colonel Duke's plans. They also said that Colonel Duke being removed from the cell block there would be no more well laid plans for escape.

Shortly after Colonel Duke was taken away all the others were placed in the west hall. The prisoners there having been brought from that hall and locked up in the east and middle halls. In the west hall Morgan's men had it all to themselves, and after this I saw them no more.

S. D. Miller was sent to the Ohio penitentiary in 1859, from Cleveland, on the charge of kidnapping. He was sent up for seven years and was in the penitentiary under the name of S. D. Monty. He is now residing at Lancaster, Ohio, and quite recently forwarded to the writer, in pursuance of a promise and agreement, the foregoing confession, which there is hardly the slightest doubt is the true story in every particular of the celebrated escape of the no less celebrated Confederate partisan, General John Morgan, from the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary, on that eventful night in 1863.—Editor of Globe.

MARVELOUS PERFORMANCES

Of Inanimate Things According to General and Accepted Spoken and Printed Expression.

The wind whistles and roars, the waters roar and snows fly, the thunders roar, the waves leaping, the willows roar, rills and cascades sing and dance, the fields smile, vines creep, rats pour, fields flash, the horse laughs, and clocks have hands. In melancholy mood the tempest moans, zephyrs sigh, brooks murmur, the mountains frown and sometimes look blue. There are hundreds of people who have seen a watch spring, a rope walk, and a horse fly. Others testify to the fact that they heard a mill dam, a cod fish bawl, saw an oyster fry, a match box, a cat fish, a peach blow, a gun sling, a stone fence, a cane break, a bank run, a shoe shop, a plank walk, a gum ball, the Pacific slope, and a uniform smile.

We have ourselves seen a sword fish, and hogs skin boots, and in Florida we saw the alligator hide shoes, a tree bark and bellows as it commenced to leave, holding on to its trunk, which an excited landlord was endeavoring to keep for board. And only a few days ago some little boys up near the capitol were watching buds shoot, a cabstand, a house on fire, an orange peel, and while at Atlantic City last summer one little fellow saw the ocean swell, the surfs play, the tide go out, the sea gulls cry, and a chimney smoke.

"The new Washington," says an English writer in the London Spectator, "is clean and beautiful. It is doubtful whether any such delightful residential street as Massachusetts avenue is to be found in the globe. American domestic architecture is as successful as public architecture is expensive and often bad, but in these Washington avenues it is carried to the height of comfort and beauty. The green, well watered, fenceless lawns, the grouping of gables and oriels, the pretty porches and the exquisite trees and flowers combine to give a delightful series of pictures. There is not the ostentation of New York or Chicago, but there is more charm."

MERRY BELLS.

How they are Made Now and in Ye Olden Times.

PURITY OF TONE OBTAINED.

The American Improvement in Hanging—The Antiquity of Bells, and the Largest one in the World in Moscow, Russia.

An incident, trivial in its nature, but one that is not seen every day, occurred on the Avenue recently, and put the writer in the way of obtaining an interesting interview. A circus vehicle passed along the street on which was mounted a large and long and tubular instrument of which attracted much attention. "Well made bells," remarked a bystander, turning to the writer.

"Yes, as far as my knowledge of such articles extends," was the reply. "Do you know anything about bells and their manufacture?"

"Well, I ought to know something about such matters, as I was connected with one of the largest bell foundries in the country for many years. Can you tell when the introduction of bells dates from?"

"No, sir; nor can anyone. Antiquarians have bothered their brains for years about the antiquity of bells, but to no purpose. Their explorations among the ruins of the most ancient and thrown no light upon the matter, and we must, therefore, accept the fact that bells have existed since time immemorial. The history of bells is not without romantic interest, and has been productive of much literature."

"What country are they supposed to have first been produced in?" asked the writer.

"Nothing very clear is known on that point. Bells of gold are mentioned in Exodus XXVIII. They were first used by the Romans to summon people to the public baths, and by degrees passed into use for religious purposes. Their use was known in Oriental countries long before Europe. In fact, I believe it was in the seventh century that they were introduced into England. Several very ancient bells are in existence in Ireland. On one at Belfast appears the date 1091, and is ornamented with gold and silver filigree work and other fine carvings. As they have for ages been used to summon soldiers to arms and citizens to assemblies, bells have played an important part in historical events, and many a black and bloody chapter in the world's history has been rung in and out by them. In days of old, when knights were bold, the bells of a conquered people were always seized by the conquering forces and melted down for military purposes. On the other hand, it was a custom, when a city was to be sold, to cast the bells into the cannon of the soldiery and melt them to supply bells for the uses of the town. The chief bell of a church was considered the property of the citizens. The influence of bells upon architecture is worth remembering, and is owing to their existence and uses we have all the towers and steeples which serve to break the monotony of space the world over."

"The bells of ancient make, how do they compare with those made nowadays in workman-ship, etc.?"

"Some of the most ancient bells now extant are made of thin plates of iron riveted together. There is a great art in bell founding, as the quality of a bell depends upon the casting and the fitness and mixture of the metals, upon the exact proportions of the composite parts of the bell. An expert can readily see, upon examining the ancient specimens, that the early bell founders were not understood thoroughly in the mixing of metals and proportions, which constitute a bell perfect in tone. I believe it is generally conceded by bell founders that perfection in the art was pretty nearly arrived at in the sixteenth century. After that time the art has been experiences extending over centuries the bell of that period may be generally considered as finished types of successful bell founding."

"What is bell metal composed of?"

"It is a mixture of copper and tin, in proportions of about four to one. Steel has also been used; in some cases with success, the tone being almost equal to the best bell metal. Experiments have been made with glass, and while the bell is made of this material were fine sounding, their quality was ruined by their extreme liability to crack."

"Describe the operation of bell founding?"

"Well, the process is very interesting, and I'll detail it as near as possible. A bell is made first. This is the mold for the casting of the bell proper. A kind of wooden compass, called a crook, the legs of which are respectively curved to the shape of the inside and outside of the bell, is pivoted on a stake. A brickwork is built round this structure, a fire is lighted inside. The outside is covered with layers of soft clay and hair mixed. This is called the core. The core is covered well with grease, and the false clay bell, the outlines of which are defined by the legs of the compass, is finished. After being covered with another layer of clay the baking process goes on and after the requisite degree of hardness is obtained, the mold is ready for the metal. By the way, small bells are made in Italy of baked earth. Bells are made by method known only to the people of certain parts of that country, and have a remarkably sweet tone."

"What are they used for?"

"Oh, they are simply toy bells. In this country lead and zinc are used in the metal for the smaller kind of bells. But to return to founding. The time for cooling off takes several days or weeks, according to the size of the bell. It is there any operation of finishing, as with other castings."

"Not as if, if properly cast, the bell should require no touching up, as it should be left in its maiden state, as it is termed. Now, a perfect bell, when struck, gives out one note, and any person with a knowledge of music can distinguish what it is. With the consent, as it is called, is distinctly heard then the bell is true. This keynote may be altered by cutting the inner rim, or by filing the inside of the bell must be paid to the hammer; if too heavy, a crack in the bell will follow; if too light, the tone will not be properly drawn out."

"What kind of bells are you speaking of now?"

"Of course, many customs attach to the ringing of bells in European countries which do not exist here?"

"Oh, yes, a great many. On the continent of Europe bells have attained a strong prominence from the uses and ceremonials with which they have for ages been associated. In many parts, when a new bell is to be hung it is christened with much ceremony, and from the existence of old legends and traditions, they are supposed to be endowed with the power of driving away evil spirits and dispersing storms. You have, of course, seen the expression to cause with bell, to be on parade. This alludes to an old form of magic of ancient times, in which the bell was used to drive out evil spirits. A very old custom—that of tolling the passing bell at a burial, so that those who heard it might pray for the soul of the deceased—still prevails throughout England. In no other country has carillon machinery been so perfected as in England."

"What is a carillon?"

"Carillon is the name given to a chime of bells played by clockwork. They are placed in the towers of all the public buildings of the principal English cities and set to play a different tune each day of the month. You can imagine how enlightening the effect is."

"Has the custom extended to this country?"

"Well, there are a few churches in eastern cities which have chimes, but not many. Why, almost every church in England has a chime of bells, and a carillon tower is a common sight. Sabbath morn, is most pleasing to listen to the church bells ring. Bell ringing by ropes is a popular art among the English people. Regular associations of bell ringers exist. It requires much experience to become a bell ringer, and comes of set face, place between the companies of bell ringers of different towns."

"Do you know anything of the knack of handling the ropes?"

"I have been in company with Englishmen who were, and learned something about it. The first half pull drops the bell, the second 'sets' it, the next swings it to the bar, then swings down and up to the other side, the rope striking as it ascends. The terms used by the ringers to denote the different changes are 'hunting,' 'dancing,' 'snapping,' 'plain bob,' 'triple bob,' 'bob major,' and numerous others I don't remember."

"How many bells are there in the carillon?"

"The old carillon used to consist of four, but eight are now used. That number makes the most perfect peal. They are tuned in the major scale, and consist of eight sounds with seven intervals, two semitones and five whole tones. While speaking of public bell ringing in England I forgot to mention, as an instance of its popularity over there, that the people raise money by subscription for peals to be rung from their church steeples on certain days in commemoration of some event of national or local rejoicing. In many cases the peals are rung in obedience to the will of some prominent citizen deceased, who has bequeathed a sum of money for that purpose."

"Which is the largest bell in the world?"

"The one at Moscow, Russia. An inscription shows that it was cast in the seventeenth century. It weighs 40,000 pounds. The people call it 'Tsar Kolokol,' which, translated, means the king of bells, and on festival days they ring the bell, considering it an act of devotion."

"Are there any bells of large size in this country?"

"Very few. The largest ever cast here was the alarm fire bell for New York City. Its weight is 23,000 pounds. There is one in the cathedral at Montreal, Canada, weighing 29,000 pounds. Those used in the different large cities as fire alarms are usually of about 10,000 pounds weight."

"Diving bells?"

"Diving bells!" exclaimed the talker upon tintinnabulation in reply to an inquiry of the writer's, "why, diving bells come no more within the scope of bell founding proper than taking a photograph does."

"Then you do not attach any significance to dreams if they are but uncontrolled thoughts of the brain?"

"On the contrary, I attach great significance to dreams, though I have no good reason outside of my own experience to do so. There are few important events of ordinary every day life that are not foreshadowed by these nightly visitors. Mind, I do not say that the events are exactly portrayed to me in advance of their coming, but that in their general features they are detailed, so that when they come they recall my dream so vividly that I can see the connection between the dream and the event. I rarely dream of what I have thinking been of on retiring. Very few people do, I think, and the reason to me is plain. The will during the day confines the thought to certain subjects, and as soon as the will loses control over the thought they naturally seek any other subject that those upon which they have been exercised for so many hours."

"I have dreamed of persons and things of which I have not thought for months, and perhaps the next day some trifling thing would call my attention to them, and then slowly but surely I would recall my dream of the night before, which I had been perhaps all the morning trying to remember. Sometimes, as in this case, the dream is so faint as to require the one furnished by the event to make me remember it, and sometimes the dream is so suggestive of the event that I look forward to it as something that I am sure will happen."

"I dreamed the other night of being in a battle again with my old regiment in the Army of the Potomac, but among all the faces that surrounded me, I could pick out but one that was familiar to me, and that one belonged to a man whom I had not seen since my first march, and had heard of incidentally seven years ago as being located in some of the Western territories. The next day I was called to see a family on North Capitol street professionally. It was a new family I had called on and, in my custom under such circumstances, I attempted to get acquainted with them, and entered into general conversation for that purpose. The conversation finally drifted around to army life, and I casually mentioned the regiment to which I had belonged, and which I might mention was not raised either in or about my former home. No sooner had I mentioned it than the lady of the house spoke up and said: 'Why, that is the regiment to which my son-in-law belonged, John L—, and whom I had dreamed a few hours before, and a name that I had not heard uttered for nearly 20 years at least. Why did I dream of him among all my companions of the war? Oh, dreaming of him, why was I called the very next day to treat one of his relatives, I do not know, but I do know I have met with hundreds of like instances in my experience. I am not naturally superstitious and can not believe in supernatural agencies. I am sometimes, though, impelled to believe that our lives are controlled by the dictates of our will, by our relations and subtle monitors, and that our dreams are the result of a more subtle reasoning power that we possess in our normal condition of wakefulness.'"

"Now, I will give you my theory. We speak of going to sleep as resting the mind and body. Now, what function of the body and of the mind actually rest during the hours devoted to sleep? Just one of each. Doesn't the circulation of the blood continue through the night just the same as in the day? The lungs perform the same operation as in wakefulness; the liver goes on with its secretions and the stomach produce digestion just the same. You hear a loud noise and you dream of an earthquake; a light is flashed before your eyes and you dream of seeing a configuration. This proves that the nerves do not rest, but are constantly carrying distorted sensations to the brain. No single organ of the body rests with perhaps the exception of the muscles, which are relaxed to some extent. Every other organ, and every other function is just as busily engaged during sleep as in the hours of wakefulness."

It is just the same with the mind. Every organ of the brain, every function of the mind, is just as busy during sleep just as it is when the person is awake just as mental activity is continuous from birth to death, though the operations of the mind are not always recorded upon the tablets of memory. Why is it, then, that sleep refreshes both the body and mind? Simply because the will, the agent that directs all the functions of both the body and mind, does rest and is refreshed during the hours of slumber. The organs of the body or mind do not rest; they are mere mechanisms that may wear out but will never become weary. Its directing agency, the will power that becomes tired and must have rest. It is said, and said truthfully, that a change of work is as good as a rest, and why? Simply because the will, which has been intensely employed in one direction so long, is relieved by the change. Set yourself down to write a long article upon some subject. Your will directs your energies in one channel; it calls upon your memory, your imagination, and your powers of logic to do their utmost in collecting facts, fancies and arguments to be used in the construction of the article, until you say those functions are exhausted and your pencil drops from your weary hand. Your brain is weary, you say, and needs rest. You lay aside the article, finished, and converse with your friends or read some light literature, and the weariness will wear off to an extent. Why? You think as many thoughts per minute as you did while writing the article, perhaps, but you are not tired by them. The fact is, your brain was not tired before, but your will power, because of the intense application to your subject, was exhausted. That is exactly what occurs during your waking hours. Your will power becomes exhausted and is rested and refreshed by sleep."

"What has all this to do with dreams?"

"Just this: Mental activity continues during sleep, but thought is beyond the control of the will, and wanders whithersoever it chooses. No matter how deep the sleep is the thoughts go on just the same, but it is only when the person is semi-conscious that the memory makes a record of the mental impressions, and it is for this reason that dreams are fragments and that either the beginning or the end of the series of event may be lost to the recollection of the sleeper. Dreaming, then, is a constant operation, and is only a continuation of the waking thought rendered free from control by the unconsciousness of the will power, which is resting and recruiting itself in slumber."

"Then you do not attach any significance to dreams if they are but uncontrolled thoughts of the brain?"

"On the contrary, I attach great significance to dreams, though I have no good reason outside of my own experience to do so. There are few important events of ordinary every day life that are not foreshadowed by these nightly visitors. Mind, I do not say that the events are exactly portrayed to me in advance of their coming, but that in their general features they are detailed, so that when they come they recall my dream so vividly that I can see the connection between the dream and the event. I rarely dream of what I have thinking been of on retiring. Very few people do, I think, and the reason to me is plain. The will during the day confines the thought to certain subjects, and as soon as the will loses control over the thought they naturally seek any other subject that those upon which they have been exercised for so many hours."

"I have dreamed of persons and things of which I have not thought for months, and perhaps the next day some trifling thing would call my attention to them, and then slowly but surely I would recall my dream of the night before, which I had been perhaps all the morning trying to remember. Sometimes, as in this case, the dream is so faint as to require the one furnished by the event to make me remember it, and sometimes the dream is so suggestive of the event that I look forward to it as something that I am sure will happen."

"I dreamed the other night of being in a battle again with my old regiment in the Army of the Potomac, but among all the faces that surrounded me, I could pick out but one that was familiar to me, and that one belonged to a man whom I had not seen since my first march, and had heard of incidentally seven years ago as being located in some of the Western territories. The next day I was called to see a family on North Capitol street professionally. It was a new family I had called on and, in my custom under such circumstances, I attempted to get acquainted with them, and entered into general conversation for that purpose. The conversation finally drifted around to army life, and I casually mentioned the regiment to which I had belonged, and which I might mention was not raised either in or about my former home. No sooner had I mentioned it than the lady of the house spoke up and said: 'Why, that is the regiment to which my son-in-law belonged, John L—, and whom I had dreamed a few hours before, and a name that I had not heard uttered for nearly 20 years at least. Why did I dream of him among all my companions of the war? Oh, dreaming of him, why was I called the very next day to treat one of his relatives, I do not know, but I do know I have met with hundreds of like instances in my experience. I am not naturally superstitious and can not believe in supernatural agencies. I am sometimes, though, impelled to believe that our lives are controlled by the dictates of our will, by our relations and subtle monitors, and that our dreams are the result of a more subtle reasoning power that we possess in our normal condition of wakefulness.'"

"Now, I will give you my theory. We speak of going to sleep as resting the mind and body. Now, what function of the body and of the mind actually rest during the hours devoted to sleep? Just one of each. Doesn't the circulation of the blood continue through the night just the same as in the day? The lungs perform the same operation as in wakefulness; the liver goes on with its secretions and the stomach produce digestion just the same. You hear a loud noise and you dream of an earthquake; a light is flashed before your eyes and you dream of seeing a configuration. This proves that the nerves do not rest, but are constantly carrying distorted sensations to the brain. No single organ of the body rests with perhaps the exception of the muscles, which are relaxed to some extent. Every other organ, and every other function is just as busily engaged during sleep as in the hours of wakefulness."

It is just the same with the mind. Every organ of the brain, every function of the mind, is just as busy during sleep just as it is when the person is awake just as mental activity is continuous from birth to death, though the operations of the mind are not always recorded upon the tablets of memory. Why is it, then, that sleep refreshes both the body and mind? Simply because the will, the agent that directs all the functions of both the body and mind, does rest and is refreshed during the hours of slumber. The organs of the body or mind do not rest; they are mere mechanisms that may wear out but will never become weary. Its directing agency, the will power that becomes tired and must have rest. It is said, and said truthfully, that a change of work is as good as a rest, and why? Simply because the will, which has been intensely employed in one direction so long, is relieved by the change. Set yourself down to write a long article upon some subject. Your will directs your energies in one channel; it calls upon your memory, your imagination, and your powers of logic to do their utmost in collecting facts, fancies and arguments to be used in the construction of the article, until you say those functions are exhausted and your pencil drops from your weary hand. Your brain is weary, you say, and needs rest. You lay aside the article, finished, and converse with your friends or read some light literature, and the weariness will wear off to an extent. Why? You think as many thoughts per minute as you did while writing the