

# NEW THOUGHT.

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## *The Animal That Builds a Fire.*

BY W. F. PECK.

There are many things in nature that are of the utmost importance to the well-being and comfort of mankind, but none, perhaps, after water and food, are so necessary, or could be so illy spared, as fire. Without fire there would be little, if any, progress in the world. The whole earth, outside the tropics, would become uninhabitable to the *genus homo*. Manufactories, forges, and nearly all the concomitants of civilization would be unknown. We should be compelled to eat our food in a state of nature, and rely principally upon the facilities nature has provided us for locomotion. We should be at the complete mercy of the elements and of a changing temperature. There would be no refuge from the stormy and frigid atmosphere, save a retreat to caves and holes in the ground; and, if we were caught by a sudden "nor' wester" at any considerable distance from our burrow, we should, in all probability, soon find ourselves in that land where, according to the preachers, fires are found in plenty and already lighted.

Indeed, it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the genial blaze in the economy of human life, and the animal that builds a fire is gifted with a knowledge that lifts him far above the ordinary animals, and



places him upon a pinnacle from which he can, figuratively speaking, view all the kingdoms of the earth.

The animal to which the art of building a fire is unknown, is subject to all the vicissitudes of heat and cold, of change of weather and climate, with no remedy except such as is furnished him ready made by nature, who benevolently converts the food he eats into fat, and thus heats and comforts him by the addition of a furnace to his internal economy.

The animal that builds a fire undoubtedly made his advent upon this planet hundreds of thousands of years ago. That he could at first produce a fire, we have many reasons to doubt, and none to believe. Indeed, there was but little, if any, necessity for the ability to be exercised, as the climate of the northern hemisphere where he doubtless originated, was tropical in its character at that time, and a fire would have been a superfluity.

But, in the climatic changes of a vast number of years, the solid north began to encroach upon a less "solid south" in the shape of vast fields of ice and snow moving slowly, but surely and irresistibly, bringing with them the frigid atmosphere of the polar zone, crushing out vegetation and countless species of animal life beneath their relentless tread.

It was then that our animal called into play the faculties of invention which he possessed, and learned to build a fire, and to this knowledge he owes the fact that, while whole species of the lower animals were completely blotted out and destroyed from off the face of the earth during the glacial period, he almost alone was preserved. It might be interesting to inquire by what process he arrived at this knowledge, and what was the *modus operandi* of building the first fire. As the mountains of



North America are largely volcanic in their origin, I incline to the belief that our animal simply kindled his fire from the lighted taper thrust up through these chimneys, or breathing holes, from the inexhaustible fountains and surging oceans of flame in the cavernous depths beneath. When remoteness from these sources of supply rendered resort to them impossible, his observing mind soon discovered that friction produces heat and fire. Hence we find the primitive races even in our day, produce fire by rubbing two dry sticks together.

Before matches were invented, the flint and steel were relied upon to kindle a fire, and so difficult was the process, that, in order to avoid rekindling, fires were not permitted to go out for months at a time, and if by accident the fire became extinguished, live coals were borrowed from a neighbor in order to start it again.

But it is not my design in this sketch to give a history of fire and its uses, but rather to offer some thoughts in regard to *man*, the only animal that builds a fire. I do not at this time care to discuss the question as to whether this animal was evolved from a lower order, or was a special creation. I mean simply to assert, from good and substantial evidence, that he has been an occupant of this sublunary sphere for a much longer time than has been generally believed, and when we look back to the comparatively short period of which we have any reliable history, and note the wonderful and extensive progress he has made, we may form a slight idea as to what his primitive condition must have been in the ages gone by. That he was but little above the brutes with whom he occupied the caves in the earth as dwelling places, the fossil remains that have come down to us through the long stretch of years, give most undoubted proof.



Devoid of the conveniences that assist him so materially in this age, to conquer the opposing forces of nature and procure him sustenance, he possessed instead, immense physical strength; he pursued and beat his prey to death with stones and clubs, and disputed with the lower animals possession of holes and caves in the ground as places of abode. His food was the flesh of the animals, eaten raw, roots, berries and nuts. That he was somewhat social and even domestic in his habits, we have every reason to believe. His language was very limited in extent and consisted mostly of nouns.

While the records of geology give us almost unquestionable knowledge as to his appearance, mode of living, etc., its pages have failed to record many things that would be exceedingly interesting to his descendants of to-day. For instance: our young ladies and young gentleman will naturally wonder how he conducted his courtship and marriages in those long gone days. How, with the poverty of his language did he manage to convey to his fair *inamorata*, a full realization of the warm affection that glowed within his hairy breast. They will wonder if, while setting in loving proximity to each other upon a mossy stone just without the primitive residence of the young woman's father, watching the moon shifting her shimmering rays through the foliage of the trees and whispering foolish words (that is, words that sound so foolish to an outsider, and yet are wisdom itself to the one in whose ear they are uttered); they will wonder, I say, if the voice of the maternal parent is heard breaking in disagreeable sharpness on the ears of the lovers in language something like this: "Mariar, come right in here or you'll take your death of cold; it's time honest folks was in bed and rogues on the way home." They will wonder if the old gent doesn't come staggering home



from a frolic in a neighboring cave where the lords of the primitive world were holding high carnival over a barbecued megatherium, mastodon, cave bear, or elephant, in celebration of some democratic, or aristocratic victory as the case might be, and swinging his knotted war club around his head, threatening to put an end to the existence of the young man (who belongs to the opposite party, by the way, and is politically obnoxious) if he does not make himself scarce, and promises to prepare his corpse for the undertaker if he is ever caught hanging around his mansion again.

One also wonders if the decrees of fashion were as inexorable and all powerful then, as now. Whether the fashionable young woman of the stone age was exercised as to how she should have her bran new bear skin dress made up; whether she should have it gored, cut *decollete* with street-sweeping attachment, or how. I say one naturally wonders if these were not some of the concomitants of pre-historic man. But I am prone to think that things may have been entirely and widely different.

Many indications point to the fact that in that early age, when the young male animal conceived the need of a help-mate, he took his trusty club, and hunting around until he found one that suited him, he just knocked her down and carried her off to his cave to keep it in order and rear his family. It is not by any means certain, either that he confined himself to one exploit of that kind, for, finding *one* a good thing, and concluding that more would be better, he doubtless populated his subterranean residence with females in number corresponding to his strength and prowess.

Whether this *striking* manner of conducting his courtship was calculated to gain him the affection of his captives, we are unable to determine; he certainly used pow-



erful arguments in prosecuting his suit, and perhaps it might be suggested to some of our young men whose eloquence and good looks have so far been unavailing in securing a wife, that he might provide himself with a good stout cudgel the next time he goes to see his *dulcina*, and if she still remains obstinate, he might try the virtue of the example set by his remote ancestor. The question as to the comparative merits of clubs and peppermint drops in courting might then be satisfactorily settled.

Unfortunately for the masculine lover of the pre-glacial period, he could not avail himself of the convincing logic found in gum drops, jujube paste and caramels, and so he was without this alternative. His love offering could not go beyond a bear-steak, surloin of cave lion, breast of *dinotherium*, or tenderloin of a young mastodon; and what young lady's poetic fancy could be tempted by such gross and material things as these? Clearly, his only alternative was the club.

We may boast, and with some reason, of having made many gigantic strides in the march of progress since then, but after all, it is a melancholy fact that the club, or some other form of brute strength of physical force, still dominates and governs the world. Through the long ages in which the animal was developing, this disposition was the most prominent. His knotted club was superseded by weapons of polished stone; they by spears and arrows with flint heads; they by implements of bronze; bronze by iron, and iron by steel. His cave was exchanged for huts of bark and skins; these for hovels of stone, and they for castles, fortresses and cities; he all the time retaining his characteristics, polished up a little, but the same in all important particulars.

Though man is a higher order of animal, yet he poss



esses all the characteristics of the lower animals epitomized in himself, and brings to his aid in this selfish warfare with the balance of his kind, all the instincts and passions that rule in the kingdom of the brute. Every species of animal has its peculiar characteristics, and every one of these characteristics is embodied as a whole in the animal that forms the subject of this sketch.

As the innumerable streams, brooks and rivers bearing with them in solution each its peculiar properties and ingredients, their waters, some hard, some soft, some salt, some fresh, some black, some white, some yellow, some green, blue or colorless, are finally merged into the mighty ocean absorbing and assimilating all their various properties, so the streams of animate existence, varied and distinct as they are, flow on until they merge and culminate in man; the grand reservoir of these elemental streams, the epitome of the universe.

Hence we find this higher animal partaking of, and manifesting in various ways, all the characteristics and qualities, good, bad, and indifferent, of the numerous tribes or species of which he is the culmination. But as the ocean is not uniform in its saltiness, temperature, color, etc., different portions partaking more of the character of the streams that empty into its particular locality, so we find individuals of the race differing widely from other individuals in regard to the peculiar characteristics of the lower animals. In other words some men resemble in character and appearance one animal, some another. The lion, tiger, wolf, hyena, fox, serpent, etc., etc., each has its representatives among mankind.

Have you ever studied the appearance and characteristics of the different human beings you have met, and observed the similarity they exhibit towards various animals? If you have not, it will pay you to do so.



You have before now observed a man who would answer to the following description: large boned, sometimes fleshy, sometimes not, heavy, lumbering, walks with a rolling movement; slow of speech as well as movement; intelligent, generally good-natured and harmless, but aggravated by continued abuse, either real or imaginary, and his anger flames like a volcano; his apparently unwieldy limbs become nerved with wonderful strength and marvellous activity, and woe to the luckless individual who comes within reach of his vengeance. Slow to anger, but when enraged, slow also to become appeased, he represents fully the unwieldy elephant, and may be called an elephant man.

Again, here is a man with much the same appearance, only not so intelligent and much more patient, moving still slower, indolent, sleepy, bearing with patience the burdens laid upon him, and the contumely, harsh words and even blows, without flinching or striking back. You will have to take sight by some stationary object in order to see that he moves at all, but he keeps steadily on until told to stop, nor moves an inch until he hears the word of command. He does not say much except to intimate in a mild way that he is hungry or thirsty. As for sleep, he will take that any time, lying down, or standing up wherever he may be. This man, in all essential respects, is an ox, superior to the bovine only in his ability to articulate words; he moves like the ox, works like the ox, aimlessly, simply because he is ordered to do so; eats like the ox, sleeps like the ox, and has but little higher aspirations than that beast.

Again we find a man exhibiting all the characteristics of the lion; a broad face, high brow, deep chest, heavy voice, muscles like iron bands. His mental characteristics are boldness of thought and action. Ordinarily



quiet and aggressive, when attacked, he becomes a powerful and dangerous foe.

Daniel Webster affords a good illustration of a lion man, with a powerful brain backed up by a powerful physique and a lion-like cast of countenance. In the many mental contests in which he engaged, he was very rarely the aggressor, but being attacked he rallied all his powers, and, figuratively speaking, fairly rent his opponents limb from limb, and scattering them to the winds.

Then again you have your human fox; cunning, shrewd, deceitful, unscrupulous. Such a man will rob a friend as quickly as a foe. Indeed, he has no friends, and knows not the meaning of the term. Look out for him. Keep your pockets tightly buttoned and teach your chickens to roost high.

Take another specimen, your human hyena; instead of feasting on the bodies of his victims, however, he will dig up their buried reputations and smack his lips and growl and snarl over his disgusting feast.

You have all met the human bull dog. Round head, low forehead, square jaws, protruding muzzle, hanging lips, course voice that sounds like a perpetual growl; constantly showing his teeth; always ready for a fight; you will always find him in character a counterpart of his appearance. Such a person precisely is the pugilist, John L. Sullivan.

But *dogs* vary quite as much in character, and more in appearance than man. The mastiff is one of the noblest of the dog kind, and you often find his counterpart in man. Broad shouldered, full forehead, large and intelligent eyes in which firmness and gentleness are blended; faithful, brave, sincere, you can always know where to find him.



The reptile world is also represented in the human family. The snake, crawling and degraded. The man who will hide himself in order to thrust the fangs into the unwary, represents the deadly *copperhead*, while the *rattlesnake*, equally poisonous, but sending forth its note of warning before striking, also finds its likeness among men.

If you desire an illustration of the boa constrictor, just look at some of the monopolists of the age. Vanderbilt, Gould, Keen, Sanford and hosts of others, enclosing within their fold one after another of the smaller operators and capitalists, crushing out life and vitality, and absorbing into their capacious maws everything within their reach, they represent fully the rapacity and voracity of these monster serpents.

Man is also an epitome of the feathered race. The *eagle*, mounting on powerful wing, cleaving the sky, with an eye that shrinks not from the blazing sun; the *vulture*, feeding on carrion and filth, each has its corresponding traits among men.

Take your stand some fine afternoon on one of your principal thoroughfares and watch the glitter and tinsel that pass for female loveliness. You may truly remark as you view the display, that women are fearfully and wonderfully made. You may despair of solving the mystery, but when you scan the gorgeous combination of hues and colors, when you look at the small heads and big trains, you at once recognize the pea-fowl with all its vanity, silliness and pride; a bird whose head is not larger than your thumb, but whose train spreads over yards of surface.

But in viewing man and his characteristics, we should recognize the fact that he does not usually resemble a single animal. On the contrary, it is seldom that you



will find an individual bearing all the marked characteristics of one animal; he is generally a combination of many different animals, both in appearance and characteristics. For instance, a man may have the boldness of a lion with the cruelty of the tiger and the craftiness of the fox. Or he may possess the bravery and faithfulness of the mastiff with the vanity of the peacock, and so on through the whole category. I have now in my mind's eye a person who is a cross between the *fox* and the *hog*.

The animal that builds a fire may pride himself on standing at the head of the animal kingdom, and his superiority is manifested in many ways. He gets up shooting matches, bull fights, rat baits, and hundreds of different modes of promoting the refined sport of killing innocent creatures. The *lower* animals never do these things not being sufficiently developed, of course. The animal that builds a fire enjoys the intense felicity of going on a spree and staggering home in the morning as drunk as a brute—I should say a man. The lower animal never does; he has not yet arrived at that blissful stage of development.

The human animal rolls and revels in lust; the *inferior* animal never does.

Above all, the superior animal enjoys the privileges of religion. The animal that builds a fire, also builds churches, and when his brother man refuses to worship in them he takes advantage of his acquired knowledge and builds a fire around his stubborn carcass and gives him a thorough roasting. Or, failing in this, he consoles himself with the reflection that the *cooking* is only deferred, that there is a country where the fire never goes out.

The lower animals have no churches, no religious quar-



rels; they murder no one for the sake of the blessed gospel, and consequently are far behind the animal that builds a fire.

Finally, our animal waxes great in politics. He glories in the excitement of primaries, wire pulling, conventions, state and national legislatures, president making, etc., etc. No other animal rises to the dignity of stuffing ballot boxes, and fraudulent returning boards. This is reserved for the lords of creation who struggle through life lying, stealing, quarreling, fighting, eating, drinking, swearing and praying until at last the flame, ignited at his birth, flickers and goes out, and a marble shaft, or a plain mound, pronounces the epitaph, and marks the last resting place of the ANIMAL THAT BUILDS A FIRE.

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### *What is Death?*

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BY M. A. CONGDON.

"There is no death; what seems so is transition."—Longfellow.

How hard it is for us to divorce our thoughts of passing away from this life, from the ideas of the grave and decay; of loss and separation. But looking at this inevitable occurrence in the life of every one from the standpoint of reason and of science, how the shadows speed away and the noontide sun shines full upon that event which to so many is the saddest part of existence. The search-lights of the nineteenth century have been turned strongly upon the great question of the hereafter, and the query, "shall our bodies rise again," has been, to all logical minds, set at rest forever. Except materialists, all people believe in continuity of life. As our caption declares what we call death is only a dissolving or severing of the ties binding the I, the ego to its physical abode, which is the body needed for this part of its



existence, belonging only to this sphere, this earthly condition. The triune nature of man gives him a condition and an intelligence adopted to each sphere of his existence. These natures, if we may term them such, are physical body, spirit body and soul, or mind, intelligence, or whatever you may please to call that which runs through all our senses and holds whatever is brought to it by our senses. This intelligence is the immortal part, that which can never cease to be. In the earthly condition it is co-existent with the physical body and when that body is worn out, or disease seizes it and stops its functions, the *ego* passes to its other sphere of action, where it inhabits its spirit body, impressing that body with the same individuality given the physical body here, minus the hindrances of physical infirmities or imperfections. There could be no use for a physical body beyond these earthly conditions; made up of gases with a little solid matter, the body, after dissolution, passes into its original component parts and is given again to other forms, in other conditions. The doctrine of transmigration might much more sensibly be applied to the particles of the human body than to the soul, for the body does pass to other forms, vegetable and mineral, while the soul retains its individuality in the spirit form of the mortal body. Why do resurrectionists call the body mortal when that means decay? Decay means disintegration, a separation of particles, an elimination of the thing decaying. Why not look at this question from the standpoint of reason and logically decide it as they would any other, let the body pass away entirely and look to the other side where the soul, the *ego* yet exists in a form adapted to its environments, needing no more the old body, worn with age or disease-ruined, in which it had lived its little earth life and which could be of no use to



it anywhere else. Give up this thought, this part of a fast disappearing creed and the association of our dear departed with the grave, and we leave more than half our sorrows behind us where it will never trouble us more. If we love our friends and the members of our families who have passed over, it is due them to remember them as they are, to seek to know them as they are, to ascertain by any means there may be, what their condition is. It is our duty to seek knowledge of the hereafter, seek for ourselves, individually not accepting as truth that which any man or any creed teaches. Each one for him or herself should be the rule. It is our privilege to think and study for ourselves, compare and sift; weigh and measure, and in this case certainly it is possible to prove; for not only is there knowledge behind us, but the intelligences on the other side ready to give when bread is asked. Our friends are not *dead*; they are living still, as much alive; aye, more so, than when with us in the body, for they are quickened into clearer comprehensions of life; life here and hereafter. They can help you; they can prove to you their continued existence and the possibilities of future development in knowledge and happiness. Grieve then no more over the departure of friends, but rejoice rather for them that they have laid down a cumbering body and have entered upon a state of living where none shall say "I am sick." Remember, too, that this newer life is a natural state too, just as much as life on this earth plane is natural. There are no mistakes in the universal economy of the great intelligence who formulated all his plans long before there was need of writing. "There is no death, what seems so is transition."



*Thoughts.*

BY ALLIE LINSLEY LYNCH.

Consistent with truth the assertion seems that every venture into future needs is but a calling down process of vituperation, and that to be popular one must be a coward or a numb-skull. We've been so often told that reason should be free, that one should follow reason's dictates, yet to do so brands man more than aught else can, for reason often leads to unpopular opinions, and to advocate these is to "cut off your head," so to speak. It is to defraud yourself of the good opinion of the many dullards and obtain the praise of the few who think as you do on the theme. I feel somewhat handicapped since I have learned that one of my "thoughts" in NEW THOUGHT had the tendency to shock a female reader. On the other hand, a good woman wrote: "Your last thoughts in NEW THOUGHT are the very best thoughts you have had. I so much want a friend to read the article. Can you not send her a copy? I will pay you when I come to visit you, soon."

Far be it from me to wish to set one thought afloat that could injure the morals—the true morals—of any person. I advocate no impurity or damning theory; for I only advanced ideas firmly based on a true, organic and natural law. Let me dwell on this farther and say: purity leads where purity will follow, and sense sees sense where needed. Freedom should be established in behalf of human advancement, in health and in happiness.

I have not wished to shock any modesty based on a true principle, not on silly ignorance of human laws; I have no wish to sever hearts and lives *united* in wedlock, nor lead one wife into shame, or man to beastliness. My



object is to advance men and women into such purity that they cannot live immodest lives, even where the law sanctions their living together. To me it seems basest morals, coarsest impurity for man and woman, who scarce tolerate each other, to live in the relationship of man and wife. Every woman should feel too modest to welcome to her sanctuary a man not every way in her confidence and esteem. Anything less than this attraction and attachment leaves her unworthy her own or another person's respect. Anything less than this cannot rightly come under the claim of love; anything less than this is a baseness I wash my hands free of, and abhor as much as the most pious prude can, who regards all sex-reform as useless and injurious to morals. Properly understood, there is only purity attendant upon this which I see as a needed reform work; and when I advocate freedom for love, I simply mean to imply that love—perfect trust in worth and mutual esteem of the highest order—*is free*; cannot be otherwise, even where law holds two lives bound unto each other. What is the body without the soul? Inert matter. What is wedlock without love? A misnomer; a most miserable failure and a wreckage, disastrous to two, or perhaps a dozen, and possibly dozens to follow these lives. Do you expect purity, health, brain, as a result to offspring born of these inharmonious conditions? As well expect figs of thistles and roses from mushrooms.

Consider what I advance, please, before you rush into violent hysteria and class me as immoral and injurious in this line of my writings. It is a little odd, but not the less a fact, that some of those who are living in a jangling, so-called married bondage are often the loudest in denouncing all advocates of sex-reform as on a footing with those who traffic in human forms. I can recall



several wives thus situated who have been startled and grieved, and to an extent estranged by my efforts in this line in behalf of similar cases to their own. It grows more and more shocking, despairing, to my sense of right and justice, each time I learn some new tale of sorrow arising out of a discordant bondage. I would not object to legalized unions if such were harmonious, they'd bless the offspring as much, I presume, as children born of harmony outside legal union; what I strongly object to, is their being held in bondage where they learn their ill-mating. No race can become grand and strong and pure, and be the offspring of an unequal in-harmonious parenthood. It is as impossible as that fruit should come to perfection on branches struck by lightning and splintered from the body of the tree. As in this law of nature, so in all natural laws; imperfect sap connection curtails growth.

These and many other thoughts present, from time to time, in connection with sex-reform, but how to bring the masses to see their beauty and truth, while they throw up their hands in horror, as to ward against a pestilence, is a question of momentous consideration.

Few avenues are open to the discussion of these important themes. Some of these few are impractical in ideas advanced, as well as calculated to do inestimable harm. There is, by some, a freedom advocated which I would flee as quickly as a good orthodox. We live and learn, learn most by reading and actual facts, and when it comes to the sexes thinking reform lies in pushing social freedom to the extent that one dare not enter a home of these believers, be that person man or woman, without being subject to insult from one or other of its occupants; when it comes to this, freedom is of the scums. Reform work requires a clean basis. What I am work-



ing for, please remember, is the establishment of sex unions, based only on soul attraction, and this well-formed before two rush into mateship, whether legalized or bound only by honor.

I'm not sure there's not as much harm done under cover of the grand words freedom and love, as is by those practicing fraudulent mediumship. Still, neither evil kills truth, and an army has refuse followers who give it bad repute, even when they carry victory. The strong and the true, persecuted often and for years unappreciated, have ever been the means of aiding humanity onward in intellectual growth. Let us, then, not grow weary, but bravely stem the currents to do battle for sex-reform. No other is so needed; it is the aid to all reforms.

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### *In Life's Eventide.*

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BY U. G. FIGLEY.

When the light of day is blended  
With the darkness of the night,  
Then the hours of toil are ended  
With the waning of the light.

So the sands of life are flowing  
Slowly through the glass of time;  
One by one we're daily going  
To another life sublime.

Life is made of light and shading  
From the morning to the close,  
When the gardener who his spading,  
Throws the earth upon his foes.

Death is the gardener, old and grim,  
And his foes are mortals all,  
And their bodies are food to him,  
And they come when he doth call.



When the day of life is ended  
In the darkness of the night,  
Our souls will be surely blended  
In the realms of endless light.  
  
In the realms of light superual,  
That blest Summerland above  
Where peace rules for, aye, eternal;  
Welcome, thou blest land of love!

*Defiance, O.*

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*Misconceptions in the Current Reform Literature.*

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BY E. BACH.

FRIEND HULL:—I shall have to take exception again to your article in the January number of NEW THOUGHT, "Dives and Lazarus, or the Rich and the Poor."

I will not dispute you that there are too many poor in the country, but will take issue with all of you reformers as to the cause of this poverty. You all seem to work on the supposition that poverty is the fault of those whom you call the rich, and that the poor are not to blame for their condition, but that the fault lies entirely with the rich.

My experience is, that there are not nearly as many riches as the world imagines, in the hands of the so-called rich. Practically, all the rich men are over-estimated as to their wealth. The probate courts of the land are graveyards of reputed fortunes, and rich men. Men who do business are reputed a good deal more wealthy than they really are.

There is a great deal of talk about the increased number of millionaires during the immediate past, but no one speaks of the lesser fortunes in the hands of the people all over the Union. Fifty years ago, five or ten thousand dollars was accounted a fortune among the masses. To-day this equivalent is from \$25,000 to



\$100,000, and let any man investigate and find the number of people who are worth from that sum up to a half million dollars, and he will find that a larger percentage have made moderate fortunes than the percentage who are millionaires, counting the number of each class. To the man who travels and has his eyes with him, and who can see below the surface, it is perfectly astonishing what a number of people there are who are worth below a million and down to, say \$25,000, and this is not a class which are called rich. This money has not been made by speculation, chicanery, or by any method to which the reform element objects; but it has been largely made by methods to which even you immaculate reformers do not object. The man who claims and reports that 40,000 families in this land own more than half the property of the U. S., is a subject for the insane asylum. The older men living now have seen the development of an empire in this country alone; the like of which the world has never produced. There has also come to us with the last forty years, a development of learning the secrets of nature, and utilizing these for the use of the race, which has done away with many of the ills, and much of the hard labor of life; and, naturally, the men who have been foremost in these discoveries and developments, have reaped advantages from it, but there is not a person living on the face of this globe who has not been benefited by this condition, and through such developments, the thing we call wealth has been materially increased, and those who have been intelligent, laborious, economical, persevering, have reaped the advantage of the condition.

Wealth has been forced onto people who did not start out for it, but they possessed qualities which brought this wealth, whether they wanted it or not. The same



conditions were open to all, and every one who cared for them. Brains are not confined to any particular individual, but there are comparatively few who possess the application which their brains make possible.

Permit me to show you what I object to in the most of the twaddle which is published as reform literature. I just perused a book called "Bread-winners and Bondholders." It is a standard work with the reform element, and many are the morals pointed from its pages. I will analyze one single statement in it to show that the information is not reliable, and it would not do to base future conditions on its teachings, because these lack one very important element: Truth. The writer in speaking of national banks and decrying them, makes the following statement: "*Starting with \$40,000.00 in gold, the banker got 100,000.00 in bonds, bearing 6 per cent interest in gold per annum. Then this interest, still flowing on, he drew from government \$90,000.00, which he loaned to the people at 10 per cent, thus producing \$9,000.00 a year. So the thrifty banker who started with \$40,000.00 in gold, is able to harvest \$15,000.00 a year interest or thirty-seven and a-half per cent.*" What a fairy story, and how easy to make 37½ per cent. But, as I said before, there is one important element lacking, and that is "Truth." The story is not true. It was written, either by a man who did not understand the conditions; or for purposes of his own, he wanted to misrepresent. The writer of that book has evidently never read the celebrated recipe for cooking a hare. It starts by saying: "first, catch your hare," but that does not seem to bother him. He assumes from the word go, that every banker, or every man who wanted to start a bank, kept any number of \$40,000.00 in gold in his breeches pockets, to be drawn on at his leisure. Wheth-



er they had such amounts lying around loose, does not bother him. Of course, it is presumed that the banker is a money loaner. If such is the case, the banker of 1860 and '61 loaned his money. Money loaners do not permit their money to rust in their safes. If this money was loaned during these years, it was loaned as gold, worth 100 cents on a dollar the world over. And this money was paid back to them when due. But how? When the war first started out no one had an idea that it would last so long. Volunteers were called for 90 days, and the country was confident the little trouble would be settled within that time. There was no money in the U. S. treasury, and some makeshift loans were made. No living man had any conception of the duration and cost of war, and people never thought of such a thing as premiums on gold to the extent to which gold went. People had no idea that the war would be extensive enough to tax the resources of the nation as it did. But in all the reform literature, they write as though this matter was premeditated, and that the bankers saved up their gold to buy greenbacks with, in order to buy bonds and bleed the poor through the means of the national banking system, when such things could not be thought of. Gold was only at a premium of 2.05 at the end of January 1862, and a little over 3 per cent when the first greenback bill was passed, February 25th, '62. But from and after that date greenbacks were legal tenders, and all debts were paid in such, and not in gold.

Another fact needs to be considered, and that is that there were only about \$135,000,000 in specie in the north at the beginning of the war, scattered among 22,000,000 people. But that does not prevent our writer from assuming that every banker had his pocket full of gold. How reasonable this is the reader may de-



cide for himself. This is mistake number one. Mistake number two is: That the banker bought \$100,000.00 worth of bonds for \$40,000.00 in gold. Mr. Ingersoll says that a lie has the most vitality of anything extant. You may bury it solemnly, deeply in the earth, and think you are rid of it; but the first thing you know, it seems to have resurrected itself, and meets you as strong and lively as ever. Such is the report sent out by the reformers, and used on every occasion, that the greenbacks was worth only 40 cents in gold during the war. You find this mistake hurled at you from the platform; the reform editorial is filled with it, and the pages of their books and circulars are honeycombed with this assertion. Now, what are the facts? What was the greenback worth during the war? There were just two months during the whole of the war when greenbacks would bring only 40 cents or less. During July, 1864, the greenback brought 38.7 and during August, same year, 39.4 in gold, and those were the only two months. The 40 cents misrepresentation is used on every occasion, when, as a matter of fact, taking the 40 months of the war, from January '62 to April 30, '65, when the war ended, the average amount which the greenback was worth in gold was  $70\frac{7}{8}$  cents instead of 40 cents as continually stated. Another fact in this connection is that the great bulk of the national banks were started after the war, and when gold was comparatively low. I have not the room to go into details.

Mistake number three is, that "The banker got \$90,000.00 in bank notes and loaned them out." The facts are that the possible 90 per cent was never issued during the existence of the national banks. I have not the space to quote each year by itself, but the amount of circulation taken out during the first five years of the



existence of the national banks, and when the circulation should have been the most profitable, was an average of  $69\frac{1}{2}$  per cent; during the first ten years it was 66 per cent and lately it is only 21.40 per cent instead of the authorized and stated 90 per cent.

Another mistatement is the fact that (as stated by the reform people) the national banking law was class legislation. I do not see where they can get any authority for this statement. The law provides that any five or more people can organize such an institution, and the shares are put at \$100.00. The law asks no question as to whether such organizations are started by the nabobs of the commercial emporiums of the country, or by the hod carriers of the same place.

All the law asks is to have so much money paid in, and it does not care who pays it in, as long as the law is complied with. The minimum capital is \$50,000.00 but such can be made up in \$100.00 shares, and the \$100.00 can be made up by 100 men putting in a dollar apiece, and it is hard to understand where the class legislation part comes in. They might as well say that the protection which a man extends to a ship, and the property right it gives the owner in it, was class legislation, because the poor man cannot own a ship.

There is nothing in this country which is more diffused among all kinds of people than the shares of the national bank. According to the last statement available these shares were divided as follows: 141,685 people or corporations, owned shares to the extent of 10 or less—that is \$1000.00 or under; 81,522 people or corporations owned shares to the extent of over 10 and under 50, or to the extent of \$1,000.00 to \$5,000.00; 27,434 people or corporations owned shares to the extent of 500 to 3,000, or from \$5,000.00 to \$30,000.00 and only



1717 people or corporations owned over 3000 shares, or over \$30,000.00. Religious, charitable and educational institutions owned 72,320 shares. Savings banks, loan and trust companies, as well as insurance companies, owned 572,510 shares and natural persons owned 5,426,279 shares. The shares of these banks are largely owned by the resident business men, farmers and others, who have saved up some money, or who need accommodations. In the smaller places throughout the country the men who run these banks have but a limited number of shares, and are simply hired to handle the surplus money of the community, so it may be available for business and other purposes. All classes are stockholders in them.

There is an idea that the banks of this country are owned by the bankers, when, in fact, the great majority of the banks are the property of, and are run by the residents of the vicinity, and the banker who runs the bank is simply the custodian of their funds. The loans of the national banks of the U. S. were, January 18th, \$2,143,124,863.42, all the money of the people, borrowed by themselves. The national banking system of the U. S. has proven the best financial system which the world has ever seen, and is the admiration of the financial world.

Friends, let us stop this nonsense; let us look at questions fairly and squarely, and let us introduce reforms which will reform. When we start on wrong premises we get wrong conclusions and bad results. You can never raise the poor above their condition by pulling down the so-called rich. Let us begin at the bottom and build up. The first great necessity for the poor is education.

There are some among the reformers who are so unreasonable as to talk about rebellion by the lower classes



in order to get their rights. What rights, please, is it that they have not, and that they need to get? All twaddle aside, the poor of this country have the same right as the rich. They have the right of suffrage, and the vote of the poor man counts just as much as the vote of the rich. The man who denies this is not worth listening to. The poor have the balance of power, if not the actual majority. Any wrong condition can be righted through the ballot and needs no bullet. The man who stands on a platform and talks about rebellion ought to be rotten-egged off instant. Any paper which advocates rebellion ought not to be tolerated. This talk about rebellion is a disgrace to the nation. Who will fight, please? The so-called reformers have the ballot, and they have scarcely a corporal's guard of voters, and where twenty votes, there would not be one to fight. If any trouble should ever arise; if fighting should be done, it would be done by the *canaille*, who would fight for plunder, and the laboring men and the intelligent masses of the poor, would fight as quickly as anyone to put this rebellion down.

But permit me to say something to the reformer. Your rostrum resounds with denunciations of the rich. Your papers use the word "plutocrat" so often, that no doubt you have it stereotyped in quantities for ready use, but I have never seen a word in print, neither have I heard it in speeches, where the real failings of these so much pitied and downtrodden poor were properly presented. There are to-day saloons enough in New York and its environments to take in about \$150,000,000.00 a year. The same places of Chicago take in somewhere from \$75,000,000.00 to \$100,000,000.00 annually; every city, village and hamlet in the land is in the same condition, and it is not an exaggeration when I say that from



\$800,000,000.00 to 1,200,000,000.00 of the hard earned dollars of the poorer classes are handed over the counters of the bar rooms of this country, to the detriment of the one who does this drinking, and the suffering and evil results of their families. I have no statistics, but I think it is safe to say that from \$100,000,000.00 to \$300,000,000.00 of this hard earned money goes for that nasty weed "tobacco," a useless expenditure for the filthy stuff. Do not say now that I slander the poor. What I say is true. It is the lower classes who support these places. Withdraw their custom; let them reform, and we should not need any license law, because the occupation of the saloon would be gone when the lower classes cease their patronage. The rich, (so-called) the business man, cannot patronize the saloon long, and remain a business man.

Now my reform friends, let us co-operate, and try to begin the reform at the bottom. Let the national banks alone for awhile. Jay Gould has gone to where there will be no partiality for the millionaire. Let us try to get down to the bottom. Let us try to elevate the poorer classes. Let us find first what they really and truly need. We will find that the greatest need they have is true education. Let them educate themselves in all directions. Let them shun the smoke-laden saloon, and eschew the nasty weed. Let them spend their evenings at home, and make themselves the equal of those who are rich, in intellectual development. The intelligent man cannot be enslaved. He will find means to liberate himself. Let every American citizen study the needs of our government. I have said, and am ready to prove it, that there is scarcely one in 5,000 of our population who casts a vote, who can follow that ballot in spirit and see what the results of that vote will be. Intelligence



is the corner stone on which human society must be built before conditions can be improved. Let the masses throw overboard all preconceptions and superstitions. Let them throw overboard all political and religious assumptions, unless they are proven and found correct. Let the poor cease to be dupes to every scallawag who can talk sweet to them, but let them raise themselves to a condition where they shall be the peer of any one. Thousands upon thousands have done this, and those who have not done so, can also do it.

*Aberdeen, South Dakota.*

REMARKS, BY THE EDITOR.

It is not my design to go into a general reply to the foregoing. At present I have neither the time or space for that. While I differ in opinion on many points made in this paper, I personally know the author to be an honest man, and a man who has thought and read and studied a great deal on many subjects. Indeed, he is regarded wherever he is known as a kind of walking encyclopedia. But I am convinced that there are "shields," only one side of which he has seen. Of course, his article has but little bearing on anything in my "Dives and Lazarus" article. In that paper I said little on the greenback, banking or bond question; but I presume Bro. B's. intention was to "sit down on" what he calls the whole "reform movement."

He quotes from "Bread-winners and Bond-holders," but even Bro. Bach will not deny that the statement he calls "a fairy story," could have been true, as he acknowledges there were two months when the bonds went down below forty per cent. Now if these bankers were the ones who run them down to that price, that would be the time when they would be likely to buy them. That was the time when some of them did buy them.



Then Mr. King had a right to use that part of the "fairy story" as an illustration. The possibilities, at least, were in the system.

Somebody did "catch the hare;" some one had the "\$40,000, in gold, in his breeches pocket," or elsewhere, and that somebody was the very fellow who was interested in putting "market value," into the bill creating the bonds, so he could, for two months at least, out of forty, run the bonds down so that less than forty dollars in gold would purchase a hundred dollar untaxed bond.

It may be true that at the beginning of the war, no one thought of the premium on gold going up as it did. They nevertheless had a law passed which sent it up. They caused a law to be passed putting a sting in the back of the greenback, and an other clause, which compelled the government to sell the bonds at the lowest point to which they could run them in the market. It was this, and not the war, that put premium on gold.

They also had a law passed making the interest on the bonds payable in coin; and another making the principal payable in coin, and still another demonetizing silver. The incubation of these laws all begin at the same time, and was carried on under the same management. They were what put the premium on gold. I fully believe this matter was "premeditated."

That Mr. King was not wholly wrong in the amount the bankers could make out of this operation could be proved by several facts. I will submit a few samples. The *Boston Journal* would hardly be accused, even by Mr. Bach, of "twaddle," whatever that word may mean. In speaking of the First National Bank, of Concord, N. H., it said:

"The First National Bank of Concord is, in proportion to the capital, the richest institution of the kind in the state. It has a capital of



\$150,000, and on the second day of October its surplus fund and undivided profits amounted to over \$87,000. In this statement there are quite a number of margins in favor of the bank, not counted, including a low estimate of the value of its buildings, the premiums on various classes of bonds, and a claim of nearly \$12,000 against a firm in Fisherville, which is undoubtedly good for half that amount. Since its incorporation, the bank has never paid less than ten per cent. annual dividends, and sometimes the figures have been higher than that. When the Storr's defalcation occurred in the National Savings Bank there was raised the question of liability on the part of the First National Bank, as Storrs was the treasurer of one and the cashier of the other. In order to avoid any litigation, the National Bank voted \$10,000 towards making up the deficiency in the savings institution. Notwithstanding all these outgoes, if the First National Bank should close up to-day it would have a surplus to divide among its stockholders of more than \$100,000. The stock of this bank has sold as high as \$157 a share."

W. R. English, once candidate for vice-president of the United States, was fourteen years president of the First National Bank of Indianapolis. In his retiring speech he said:

"I congratulate the officers and stockholders of our enterprise. The bank has been in operation fourteen years under my control, with a capital stock of \$500,000. In the meantime it has voluntarily returned \$500,000 of its capital stock back to its stockholders, besides paying them in dividends \$1,196,250, part of which was in gold, and I now turn it over to you with its capital unimpaired and \$327,000 of the undivided earnings on hand. To this may be added the premiums of the United States bonds, at present prices, amounting to \$36,000, besides quite an amount for lost or destroyed bills."

According to this statement, this bank, which began with only five hundred thousand dollars, besides returning every dollar of the original investment to the stockholders, had a clear profit of one million four hundred and twenty-three thousand and fifty dollars. The one who can read a few such reports as the above and not feel like getting off some of what Mr. Bach calls "twaddle," it seems to me, justly deserves his poverty.

Hon. S. S. Marshall, of Ill., said in congress in 1874:



"An association of gentlemen, in an eastern state, raised \$300,000 in currency. They went to the office of the Register of the Treasury and exchanged their currency for \$300,000 in six per cent. gold bearing bonds. They went to the office of the Comptroller of the Currency, in the same building, organized a national bank, deposited their \$300,000 in bonds and received for their bank \$270,000 in national currency. They had let the government have \$30,000 in currency more than they received for banking purposes, and had on deposit \$300,000, on which they received as interest from the government \$18,000 in gold, and exempt from taxation.

This was pretty good financiering for these bankers to receive \$18,000 a year in gold on the \$30,000 in currency which they had thus loaned to the government. But this is not the whole story. They had their bank made a public depository. They soon discovered that there was scarcely ever less than \$1,000,000 of government money deposited within their vaults. They did not like to see this vast sum lie idle. They, therefore, took \$1,000,000 of this government money and bought \$1,000,000 of five twenty bonds with it. In other words, they loaned \$1,000,000 of the government's own money to the government, and deposited the bonds received in the vaults of their bank, on which they received from the same government \$60,000 a year in gold as interest. Thus, for the \$30,000 in currency which they originally loaned the government, they received annually in all, \$78,000 in gold."

Yes, Mr. Marshall was right; this was "good financiering." I call it a swindle, an out-an-out steal; made possible, encouraged and perpetrated by our law-makers. And, those men who get off what Mr. B. calls "twaddle" see and know it, and would like to have such men as Bro. B. see and bring their great talent to bear in an effort to stop it.

Mr. B. further says: "but from and after the date (Feb. 25, 1862) greenbacks were legal tender, and all debts were paid in such, and not in gold."

Bro. B. is an authority on statistics, and, generally correct, but this is a mistake. Greenbacks never were a legal tender to the bondholder, or on the public debt. Please note the contract printed on the back of every greenback.



Yes, the National Banking Act is class legislation, Bro. B. to the contrary, notwithstanding. None but bondholders can go into it. If I own bonds I can get the government to take care of them for me and issue ninety per cent of their value to me as money to issue to my neighbors on interest, and my bonds at the same time escape taxation. But the government will not take my printing office, or either of Bro. B's. farms at ninety per cent of their value; it will not relieve his lumberyard from taxation and at the same time allow him to have its profits and issue money on it. Thus, the government discriminates in favor of the bondholders.

"The National Banking system is the best financial system in the world," says Bro. B. That is true; it is the best system for those engaged in it, but friend B. is a business man, and I will guarantee that he could get up a system in twenty-four hours that would not rob the people as that has done. When the government, instead of the banks, issues the money to the people, it will save its interest on the bonds, and the people will have a cheaper and a better money.

I would like to join Bro. B. in stopping "this nonsense," but the rich must "come down." You can never build up a successful heaven in any corner of hell. Hell must first be put out—extinguished. There is a limited amount of wealth in the world, and while one has more than his share, someone must fail to get his share. When the law gives me the advantage of Bro. Bach, I can rob him, and so long as he votes and works against himself, and for me, so long is he assisting in his own destruction.

I will put Bro. B's. talk about "rotten egging" somebody off the platform along with that other "twaddle" about "rebellion." I expect to live to see a rebellion,



but it will be one gotten up by the millionaires as once before one was instituted by the slave holders; and, as Bro. B. assisted in putting that other rebellion down, so he will be likely to lead an army against the new rebellion—the rebellion of the robbers against the wealth producers.

I join Bro. Bach in his denunciation of the saloons, and will do all I can to stop workingmen from patronizing them. I believe they are a means of keeping thousands of honest men poor. But, my Bro., are you not too sweeping—to universal in your denunciation? I am a poor man; it is a constant struggle to keep the wolf from my door. When I am told that I spend my money and time in the saloons, it hurts; I drink water, and do not go to the saloons for it either. There are millionaires who spend more in one day for rum and tobacco than I would spend in a thousand years. It hurts me to be told that I am classed with the Lazaruses, because of excessive use of rum and tobacco, when I never use either, and when I know that some of the Diveses, "who fare sumptuously every day," waste enough at one of their big dinners, such as I described in a former article, to supply myself and family a whole year. There are thousands of honest workingmen and women who "touch not, taste not and handle not" these unclean things; it is hardly fair to tell them that their extravagance and indolence has kept them from being millionaires.

I hope Bro. B. will tell us in his next how a poor man, who supports a wife and a family of from five to eight children, by digging in the streets for a dollar a day, and who cannot always get work even at that price, can raise himself "to be the peer" of those who "toil not, neither do they spin," and yet, their income amounts to millions every year. The fact is, the tide of wealth



must be turned into different channels, before the poor, hard working Lazaruses can be anything more than "mudsills," slaves, burden bearers, doomed by our institutions to toil all their lives, and then to drop their bodies into pauper graves.

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### *The Wonderful Silence.*

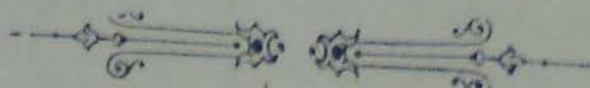
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BY MATTIE E. HULL.

Oft I wait in the Wonderful Silence,  
I listen to beautiful words  
That have never on mortal lips trembled,  
'Till the deep of my being is stirred.  
And sweet faces look out from the silence  
That came for long years but in dreams  
With forms like the twilight's soft shadows,  
That bend over shimmering streams.

Yes, I have a blest shrine in the silence,  
I lay there my hopes and my fears;  
They are counted by beautiful angels  
Who turn into jewels my tears.  
And such holy and loving responses  
That fall to this poor life of mine,  
From the spirits, I meet in the silence  
When I touch that beautiful shrine.

There are times when it seems that the curtains  
Are screening the beautiful light,  
And the star-beams are ever so distant,  
When I stand under the blue vault at night;  
But I reach to the Wonderful Silence,  
I put out a hope and a prayer  
And I find in my "trysting place" ever  
The Angels—*my* angels are there.





***Determined Not to Have It So.***

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BY W. D. RICHNER.

The facts are in the air; the subtle influence of Spiritualistic literature continues its sinuous encroachments on the theological mind. Spirit philosophy as expressed by its phenomena is taking possession of the parsonage and the very air surrounding and breathing through the church.

Rev. Dr. Wm. Downey, P. H. D., is the latest divine we hear of hereabouts as having been afflicted in this late fashion. His subject for a recent Sunday night's discourse, announced in the city journals, was: "do the departed continue to be interested in earth." This the theme drawn from the text: "Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race set before us," etc. Enumerating the ancient Patriarchs, prophets, poets and seers as among the interested on-lookers of the christian race, like the immense concourse or spectators in the Roman amphitheatre at the Olympic races, the preacher exclaimed: "But these are all dead, you say. *They are living to-day.*" He emphasized. A cloud of these looking on at the great struggle of those seeking after God. Two worlds are looking on—the world of men and the world of spirits.

Do the departed forget they were here?

*We* go away to other scenes, but our affections linger around the old homestead, and a home-sick feeling comes over us to visit there again. Shall the going out of this life, with all our faculties, not remember the place from whence we came, and be interested in it. Not only love to think of here, but love to come here.



Oh, shall not the spirit be interested in the place of so dear a portion?

“We say our friends have gone to Heaven. Heaven is a state, a condition, and may be very near—and if interested in earth, is it not possible they are interested in some one person especially. There is that within the soul which will seek its own. You may put distance between physical bodies, but you cannot put distance between souls.”

“Can the mother forget her child? Can the faithful husband forget the loving wife? Ah, can we suppose those who have gone from earth are not interested much where the loved of their hearts are?

I believe the old preachers gone on are as much interested in souls being converted, as when in the mortal. I do not read anywhere that spirits are debarred from holding all that is taking place.

Wherefore being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses; I am in good company. I love to think my mother is now beholding me; I love the thought that my father is still beholding me. But you will say, “Is not this Spiritualism? No, never.”

“E’en now do we join hands with those gone before.” was one of the Wesleyian hymns sung on this occasion with considerable spirit and I think with some understanding, also, notwithstanding the preacher’s unnecessary denial of being a Spiritualist. The fact is he not only found himself in good mediumistic company here, but placed himself also in company with an unfair prominent preacher who has committed himself quite as fully to the basic fact of Spiritualism, Rev. T. Dewit Talmage. But as I have intimated before this, these cowardly creatures lacking the courage of conviction, are not the first unwilling



mediums determined not to have it just this way. In the same chapter from which the preacher took his text, is contain an intimation that not only human bipeds, but even the brutes are media for spirit expression. "The dumb ass speaking forbade the madness of the prophet."

Baalam, though generally a fairly good Spirit Seer, failed in this instance to see the angel in the way, which the beast quite clearly discerned, and reproved the cruelty of his unjust master. The evident lack of candor of our American clergy with some noble exceptions, compels the charge of cowardice. Slaves, to ecclesiasticism and creed, and mayhap money greed—the fear of losing cast with the popular side, makes confirmed moral cowards. of them. Self-willed they appear determined in spite of surrounding evidence not to have it so. This reluctance, with the educated, to admit the simple truths of Spiritualism has always been, still it is sad and regretful.

The people are hungering for the hope and consolation which the intelligent conception of Spiritual phenomena and philosophy is sure to impart, yet the preacher continues to tamper with these sacred verities, and mock the heart yearnings of the people.

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### *Reflections of an old Spiritualist.*

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BY MATTIE E. HULL.

Never had I had more faith in the co-operation of spirit friends than now, nor have I lost hope that eventually the right will come uppermost, but I am more and more convinced that even the most intelligent spirits must have proper conditions and perfect co-operation on the part of those who seek their companionship.

In my extended acquaintance with Spiritualists and their methods, I am frequently led to inquire, why we



should assume so different an attitude toward our friends unseen, than towards those who are seen?

For instance, to more fully express my meaning, I will draw an illustration. Supposing the reader has taken up his abode away from the old home. His business enterprises have been failures; the people among whom his lines have been cast have misunderstood him; disappointment has been the result of every effort, and he is determined to go back to those who will understand his situation—to those who know how he has struggled and failed, hoped against hope, until he has grown weak in discouragement, and unfit to bear the burdens longer. He returns to the old home; no sorrow can be buried so deeply that love's searching eye cannot detect it, and in all probability, when the mother looks on the face, furrowed by care-lines, she would say: "My child, what has been your trouble? what your experience? I know you need me; tell me all and I will comfort you as best I can." How grateful would the man-grown child be for those words; how quickly it would arouse the old confidence, and as trustingly as he turned to her when a little boy, to be consoled with tender caresses and kisses, so trustingly would he turn to her, as a sad, disappointed man. What comforters our mothers were in our childhood; what blessings in later years; did we not too often forget the little tendernesses and tokens of confidence in our friction with the world.

We will suppose in this case that perfect confidences are exchanged. The tide of a new life surges into the soul of the one who has sought sympathy in the old home; he is touched with a new inspiration, a wonderful courage possesses the soul. He enters again the scenes of active life, engages in its conflicts, takes up its duties and perhaps succeeds beyond his anticipations. Sup-



posing instead of giving her his confidence, he had said when she asked for it, "I did not seek you to tell you my affairs, but I want your advice," how unreasonable he would have been.

Supposing, however, instead of the mother being in earth life, and in the old home, she went away years since to spirit life, and had been able on certain occasions to identify herself, and send a message over the Spiritual, magnetic waves to her son. Now he is in trouble, he remembers how she counseled him in the past, when in the form, how since then she has proven her identity as a spirit and assured him of her continuous love and watchfulness, he goes to a sensitive for the purpose of receiving such advice as he may need. In a state of terrible mental depression, he goes into the presence of a finely developed medium. The latter might say, feeling a wave of love and sympathy surging in upon her from the spirit side of life, "Have you not a mother in spirit? Some one impresses me to say, 'my child, you are under the shadows, what is the nature of your troubles? I want to help you.'" In a majority of cases the answer would be thus: "I did not come to tell you my troubles, if you are a medium, you can tell me what I want to know, and if there is a spirit that would address me as 'my child,' you can tell who that spirit is."

It would naturally seem that a medium who could transmit a communication from a mother to a child, might give a "test" to prove the identity of that mother. Such is not always the case. In many instances, a spirit, through the sensitiveness of a medium, may be able to come in contact with, and fully discern the psychological condition of an earth-friend and describe it with remarkable clearness; may even give details, connected with material surroundings and when the demand is made



for identity, fail to give it; not but that every spirit who returns desires to bless an earth-friend and would gladly give such tests, but when positive demands are made at the outset, it not unfrequently occurs, that a sensitive is thrown into positive condition, through a fear that she may fail and this fear often proves an insurmountable barrier between the sensitive and the person in quest of knowledge from the spirit world. If a person desiring the best results could be made to know that they are much more liable to obtain them, when they go to a medium in passivity of spirit, "to accept whatever came," conditions would be much more favorable for the presentation of tests. In fact, very much depends upon our attitude toward a medium and the spirit world.

There are those who are practicable in all their methods, except when they enter the domain of Spiritualism. For instance, there are times when people have occasion to employ attorneys to adjust business matters, give counsel, etc. When a person applies to such an one professionally, he is expected "to lay the whole case" before him, giving him every point. If the lawyer considers he has a good case, he will take it and do the best he can. Spiritualists are no exception. In this illustration, if, instead of consulting an attorney the party prefers to go to a medium—to get counsel from the spirit-side of life, he adopts a different course. The sensitive will probably get an impression as to the nature of the errand (or in other words sense the conditions) and likely say, "are you not in some business entanglement" and if the poor sensitive ventured to say, "do you want advice?" or "what is the nature of the trouble?" he or she would probably meet the following reply, "I came here in order to get something from you; it would be no *test* for me to tell the nature of my visit. If you cannot give



me what I want, I'll find some other medium." *How do I know?* I have been there. Right here two queries arise. Why is it that the "test" is almost universally considered of more importance than the subject matter received? And, just because we are soliciting co-operation of spirit friends should we place ourselves in so entirely a different attitude from the one assumed when we want similar co-operation with earthly friends?

Tests are always good, should ever be hailed as precious tokens from our loved ones but when we are driven to the wall in the searching out of a great truth, the solution of a problem, the settling of some important question, let us gladly accept assistance, no matter from whom it may come.

I love my arisen friends. I always had something like a reverence for my dear father, none the less since he went to spirit life. I am conscious of his presence, but if there are times when I thirst for a knowledge, beyond his power to give, as he employed teachers when on earth to instruct me, even so, I am satisfied that he as a spirit, is always rejoiced if some other intelligence can aid me in ascending the "Spiritual Alps." Nor can I, when through some medium, a kindly word is given, or a token, such as I most need to help me on in my life-journey find it in my soul at all times to say "who are you?" I want some test as to your identity.

*(To be continued.)*

### ***Hulled Kernels.***

BY MATTIE E. HULL.

Some one has written that "what we are, breathes through us at every pore." If this is true, the *real* person is never concealed to those who are capable of un-



derstanding the breath of human organism. lo! What a tale, could such interpreters unfold!

\* \* \*

Spiritualism in its highest aspect will enlighten a few, but how to reach the masses who have never been awakened to a consciousness that they have souls, will remain for years an unsolved problem.

\* \* \*

The birds twittering in the branches, unconcious of their strange life, little realize, while they sing because they must, that they are charming human ears. If we, as mortals, lived in eternal sunshine and song of the soul, we would shed light and music, consequently harmony around us, not from any sinister motives, but from the beautiful, as expressed from within, how much we might, all in our unconsciousness, gladden other souls.

\* \* \*

No person considers the education of a child but fairly begun, when it has learned the alphabet or can count ten. So in the education of Spiritualism; a knowledge of its science or philosophy is scarcely understood, when one is familiar only with its exoteric phenomena.

\* \* \*

Some souls may be likened to a single drop, others to a lake and a few to the boundless ocean. Consequently no thought stirs all alike any more than a sweet strain of music or a beautiful picture produces the same influence in all minds. As this is a fact, ought not some to be held, morally, more responsible than others, as far as vice and crime are concerned?





*EDITOR'S PORTFOLIA.*

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"LIGHT, LIGHT, MORE LIGHT."

Thus exclaimed the departing Goethe, but he was not more earnest than is the heart-broken little lady who writes the following:

"I have recently laid away the form of my only child. No mother was ever more buried up in a child than I was in mine. When he left me my light went out. Now that I have nothing to live for, my one over-shadowing desire is to go and live with my boy. I had already heard and known something of Spiritualism but, perhaps, never took as much interest in it as I ought until my mother and my son were removed from me.

I have heard of others seeing spirits, and I strain my eyes in the attempt to see, but fail. Why is this? If spirits can be seen, why should a broken-hearted mother be denied that pleasure? Again, I go to a medium and pay my money to hear from my child, and instead, I get, many times, senseless gibberish pretending to come from an Indian. Why do so many Indians come back? Why do Indians—strangers whom I neither know or care to know, manifest so much more interest in me than my mother does, who would willingly have died for me? or my boy—in whose place I would have willingly died? Why do these Indian and other spirits lie so? Why is it, that when my poor, famished heart asks for bread I am turned away with a stone?

Please answer some of these questions, and oblige one who believes that, whatever others may be, you, at least will endeavor to lead me to the truth."

REMARKS.

The above is a sample of thousands of unwritten, and many written letters. As a question can be asked



in a line that it will take pages to answer, it will not be expected that full and complete answers to all these honest questions can be made at this time. I will however, make a few remarks now, and if no one else answers these questions I will, in one or two months offer a few more thoughts on them.

Now I will say, that possibly the very longings expressed in this letter, are the labor pains which are to bring out the powers so earnestly desired. While I do not believe that the boy spoken of was removed on purpose to bring this state of affairs about, who knows but that event may be the very thing to develop in this questioner the state of things desired? Holland said:

"Hearts, like apples, are hard and sour,  
'Till crushed by pain's resistless power,  
And yield their juices rich and bland,  
To none but sorrow's heavy hand."

This great sorrow—the loss of mother and son, has evidently set the writer to seeking for that which she never sought before. Now why does she want this? is it an overwhelming desire to benefit the world, or is it mere personal gratification? If the latter, it must be classed with the lusts of the flesh. James said: "Ye ask and receive not, because you ask amiss that ye may consume it upon your lusts." That word, lust, signifies nothing more than desire.

The trouble with this good woman is she wants to see with her eyes, rather than with her understanding. Let her now change her course and seek for general spiritual enlightenment, rather than personal gratification, and I believe she will get it. Instead of praying to receive from the world of spirit let us pray for power to reach out and help others; in helping others we also receive help.

Don't say you have nothing to live for; you have much



to live for. You could not, if your mother and boy were both here, live for them. The poet says:

"I live for those who love me—  
For those who know me true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And the good that I can do."

There is work that you can do—a work that nothing in the world but your great sorrow could prepare you to do. In doing this work you will find what you seek.

But to the questions, why do so many Indian spirits come back, and why do spirits lie?

1. There may be many reasons why Indians return. Do not fail to understand that there are self-deceived people, who think they are mediums and are not, so there are in Spiritualism as in very other good thing, many frauds—base pretenders who for a dollar will play any game they can palm off as a spirit manifestation. Such people can get off gibberish and simulate the character of an ignorant Indian better than they could that of a Beecher or a Greeley or one of your personal friends. Were they to undertake to play in the name of some one of scholarship and refinement, their lack of either would soon give them away, and were they to assume to be a mother or a child, you might ask questions which would expose the trick. They can select some outrageous name and claim to be an Indian, and you cannot so readily detect the mistake.

2. I am not sure but magnetism goes in waves as sound, light and electricity do. If so, spirit magnetic waves are finer than those of persons yet in the flesh. The Indian being coarser than the Caucasian, his spirit magnetic waves may probably be just fine enough to blend with the magnetic waves of a majority in earth life; if so, the Indian can control more easily and more perfect-



ly than even our best friends. I do not believe every spirit can control every medium. I think there are hundreds of spirits who cannot control at all. The same law and the same power that enables a hypnotist to control a subject here, will enable him, as a spirit, to control mediums in the hereafter; and as everyone cannot be a hypnotist here, so every one cannot control after having passed to the spirit world.

3. Why do spirits lie? Why do people in earth-life lie? Death has not changed liars very much, but I do not believe spirits tell as many falsehoods as is supposed. There are false and fraudulent mediums; there are self-deceived persons who suppose themselves to be mediums; then there are imperfect controls. Besides all that, many sitters are so positive that they make their own communications; thoughts are things and the medium being sensitive catches the thoughts which come to him or her. If when one goes into the presence of a medium their thought is more positive than spirit thoughts the sensitive medium will take the thread of that thought rather than the spirit thought.

In conclusion, I would again urge all to give up this abnormal rushing after personal tests; instead, let us, each and all, strive earnestly to place ourselves more *en rapport* each day, with the world of *spirit*, not particularly of spirits—with the world of wisdom, of purity and of progress. Seek first this kingdom and all other necessary things will be added.

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“Life consists in the alternate process of learning and unlearning; but it is often wiser to unlearn than to learn.”—*E. H. Britten.*

“Fate is the friend of the good, the guide of the wise, the tyrant of the foolish and the enemy of the bad.”



*Our Book Table.*

THE SPIRITUAL ALPS AND HOW WE ASCEND THEM, or a few Thoughts on how to reach that Altitude, where spirit is supreme and all things are subject to it, by Moses Hull, author of many works on Spiritual, Religious and Progressive subjects. "Come up hither." Rev. iv: 1. Chicago: Moses Hull & Co., 29 Chicago Terrace, corner Crawford Ave. 1893.

As the articles which make the body of this work, all except about five pages, went through this magazine, but little need there be said about them. Spiritualism is rapidly coming to be recognized by the best and most thoughtful of its devotees, as being a religion—a life. At least it is something more than a show of *exoteric* phenomena. Many are now trying to get down into the depths of the philosophy of Spirituality; to all such this book will be a welcome guest, for while this book may not explore the vast fields of research in this direction, it certainly aims to take its readers on to a higher plane than many have yet reached.

If the writer of this book can see even a few of its readers making an earnest and continuous effort to obey the injunction quoted on its title page to "come up hither," he will feel rewarded for his labor. This is a work of 106 wide pages, neatly bound in cloth and paper and has a fine portrait of the author. It will be sent to any address bound in cloth for 50 cents, or in paper covers for 25 cents.

THE MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCES OF JOHN BROWN, THE MEDIUM OF THE ROCKIES. with an introduction by Prof. J. S. Loveland. Second edition. Chicago: Moses Hull & Co., 29 Chicago Terrace, corner Crawford Ave. 1893.

This book was first brought out by Moses Hull & Co., several years since, and at that time met with a kind reception and ready sale. The writer of this can testify that John Brown is, or was, one of the best mediums of the world, and he has related with strict fidelity to truth,



in this book, some of the most wonderful occult experiences the world has ever known. They can be relied on as having occurred as related. J. S. Loveland, the editor of this book, and the author of its introduction, has long lived a neighbor to Mr. Brown, and has personally investigated or known the most wonderful things in this book to be true. Not only does Mr. Loveland, but all of Mr. Brown's neighbors bear testimony to the truth of the narratives here related. Mr. Brown, though an octogenarian, is still in the form, in San Diego, Cal. He enjoys health and the society of friends unseen by ordinary mortals.

The book is worth ten times the 50 cents per copy asked for it. Address Moses Hull & Co.

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THE QUARANTINE RAISED, or Twenty Years Battle Against a Worker Ended.

"The mills of the Gods grind slow,  
But grind exceeding small;  
With patience stand they waiting,  
With exactness grind they all."

Chicago: Moses Hull & Co., 29 Chicago Terrace, Cor. Crawford Ave. 1893.

This pamphlet went through the February number of NEW THOUGHT. It was published by request, and afterward by request put into pamphlet form. It is a real gratification to see how eagerly our readers enjoyed it. If I felt at liberty to print some of the dozens of congratulatory letters received concerning it, they would convince them that the request to print the correspondence, of which this pamphlet is composed, was a real inspiration. Whether the congratulations of enthusiastic friends can be endured, as the slights and persecutions of enemies have, is a question. "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you."

This pamphlet will be sent to any address for 10 cents.