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or, The Crazy Ute Indian

**A Thrilling Narrative of Life in the Far West,
in which is included**

**A Veracious, Up-to-date History of Modern
Spiritualism, Showing the Age-old
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PRICE, FIFTY CENTS

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A Beautiful and Unique Work, without Parallel
in the Annals of Literature.

BY ROSS LYNDON (W. E. Eisele)
Poet of the Uintahs

*"Millions of Spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."
Milton, Paradise Lost.*

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W. E. EISELE

DEDICATION

To the Memory of my dear Mother

Who passed over on April 17, 1919, and whose loved form twice materialized for me within the week following. Altho her remembrance fills me with grief, I know that Death is only the Great Illusion, and that her blessed Spirit waits to welcome me in the Great Beyond when my Ramble of Life is done.

"With sincere and earnest men, Truth is always the first of considerations, and it is for such I write."

—THE AUTHOR.



W. E. EISELE.

I-NIP-E-GANT (I-nip-e-gant)

Or, The Crazy Ute Indian

Where the slopes of the Uintahs
Look southward to the Sun;
Where the sparkling, ice-cold Waters
Southward rippling run;
Where the Sego Lily blossoms
And adorns the Desert sand;
Where the Cowboy and the Indian
Roam at will in th' Valley Land,

Lies an Indian, broken-hearted,
Crazed by grief, the story goes.
Naked lies he in the Sage Brush,
And has lain for many snows:

Remorse has held him all these years,
Dwarfed his mind and numbed his brain;
Held him always chained and helpless,
'Mid the storms, and snow, and rain.

Crouching among the bowlders, half-hidden with sage-brush, near the foot-hills of the Uintah Range of mountains, in Uintah County, Utah, is one of the most wonderful, yet at the same time most pitiful, sights of the former Uintah Valley Indian Reservation. In fact, it is to be doubted if another such being ever existed for a similar period of time since the creation of the world.

Once strong, influential, brave and generous, he has now for more than twenty years lain, entirely nude, two miles north of the Uintah and Ouray Agency at White Rocks, Utah, his hair disheveled and matted and his skin as hard and thick as that of an alligator, impervious alike to the scorching summer sun and the icy blasts of winter, the temperature of the latter in the White Rocks latitude sometimes ranging from 30 to 35 degrees below zero. Heedless of the passage of time,

stonily indifferent to the seasons, poor I-nip-e-gant—or, as the name signifies, “the Crazy One,” his soul still lingering in a mortal tenement, continues to dream the dream out, his sole desire apparently being to live his life in peace after his own fashion, untroubled by the society of his kind.

No tent shelters him, no clothes cover him; no fire warms him, excepting it may be a few smoldering embers upon which he occasionally cooks a morsel of food provided by some pitying friend or distant relative.

As the story is told, I-nip-e-gant accidentally shot and killed his mother some twenty-five years ago. Deserting a once happy home, a loving sweetheart, and the playmates of his youth, he vowed to do penance for twenty years in this way for his unhappy deed, and surely penance he has done, never having spoken to any one since that time, nor showing any sign of intelligence other than that manifested by the lowest types of animal life, with the exception of the Adam-born predilection for “penukey”—the Ute term for money—which he never refuses when tendered him by visitors, although it is only the inherited tendency so deeply implanted in the race which causes his desire for money, he having no use for it.

Sympathizing visitors view him almost daily; the cameras snap him; the Indians reverence him, the white people pity him, but Inipegant sleeps on, an object lesson, as it were, picturing with dark derision the folly of human pride from which all humanity is suspended save by but a slender thread.

And now, in the twilight of age, oftentimes at night the quaking asps whisper to him recollections of the days of his careless youth, and he remembers the scenes of his childhood, its companions, cares and pleasures. If, in his days of romance he used to ramble of evenings with some dark-eyed, straight-limbed White River dusky maid, whom the ever-rolling wave of life dashed away from him forever, he will recall her voice, her eye, and her form. Bitterly he must reflect on the terrible disaster that fell on his riper manhood; and now that he has grown an old man and lived to see nearly all that owned his blood or

shared his affections, struck down to the earth like dead leaves in autumn—in such a night, he will call their dear shades around him, and wish himself a shadow.

Once his relatives thought to terminate his hapless existence by taking him many miles into the recesses of the mountains, there, in the deepest canon, securely binding him to a tree. Thus they left him alone, as they thought, to die. When they returned home on their horses, imagine their surprise and chagrin upon beholding that Iniegant had preceded them on foot, and was again squatting by the side of his smoldering fire in his rude wicky-up, in exactly the same spot he had occupied for years and years before.

Since that time he has been regarded as a supernatural being by his tribesmen, and his name—if ever spoken by Indians—is pronounced with trembling and awe.

INDIAN DANCES.

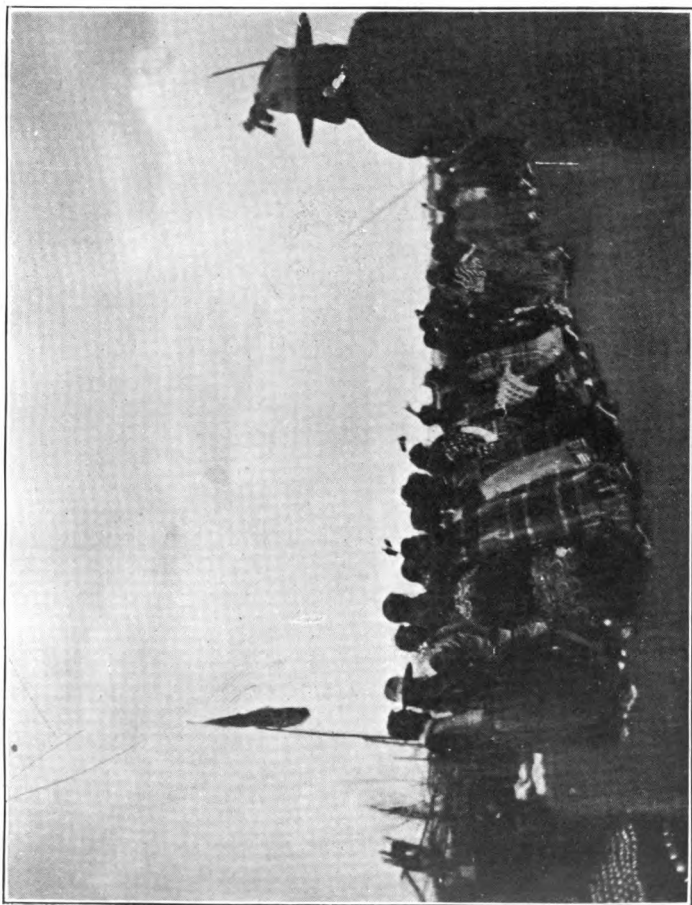
A number of years ago it was the fortune of the writer to spend the spring and summer months in the old Uintah Valley Indian Reservation, situated in the northeastern corner of the State of Utah. In this wild and picturesque region he had exceptional opportunities of studying at first hand the North American Indian and of noting his traditions, sign language, habits and mode of life while on his native heath, which in former years was the "stamping ground" of unnumbered herds of buffalo. Here, also, in the sun-kissed valley of the Uintah River, at an elevation above sea level of between 6,000 and 7,000 feet, he witnessed the annual games of the Reservation Indians, their dances and ceremonial rites, the latter symbolic of various phases of the old-time life of the roving red man; such as the Bear dance, Turkey dance, War dance and Sun dance, which have been indulged in by the Indian tribes of the Far West from time immemorial. He has since visited other Indian agencies, meeting and conversing with different tribesmen thru interpreters and by the medium of the aboriginal "sign" language, and has gleaned from his travels a num-

ber of interesting facts with reference to the Indian which have never before appeared in print.

Few persons are aware of the wonderful beauty of the native Indian country. To one who has traversed thoroughly that broad section of the North American continent lying west of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, what a host of memory pictures are evoked by the very words, "The Far West!" Here, indeed, has Nature spread her wild magnificence around; the limitless, ocean-like Great Plains, at first sight wild as an Indian's dream; the grand, majestic mountain ranges, where golden rivers rise amid peaks of eternal snow; the rugged canons, titanic chasms, and gorgeous Painted Desert—all afford many scenes of wild beauty, lonely grandeur and savage sublimity.

The panorama of mountain, plain and weed prairie, from the Uintah Agency, is one of marvelous beauty, as here the eye, aided by the thin, transparent atmosphere, ranges without difficulty for hundreds of miles in every direction. This so-called "weed prairie," as a recent writer has observed, is for many months of the year a natural wild flower garden, nearly every square foot of many areas being tinted with red, blue, white, purple and gold, displaying flowers of such exquisite beauty and delicate texture as to rival the rarest productions in the conservatories of our eastern cities.

The Indian Paint Brush, most striking of all wild prairie flowers, here lifts its scarlet banner in many a pictured parterre. It has been thus described: "The Paint Brush (*Castilleja miniata*) is the only Alpine wild flower which really rivals the scarlet geranium of our cultivated gardens, and no grander sight may be seen by travelers than where from timber-line, close to the edge of the eternal snows, down into the deep heart of the valleys, the slopes and steeps are clothed with a marvelous mantle of vermilion and gold. No words can describe the brilliant beauty of such a scene, far from uncommon at higher altitudes, where many species of *Castilleja* thrive abundantly. As the sunlight flames across these royal-robed hills, every blossom blooms and burns



BEAR DANCE: THREE STEPS FORWARD AND TWO STEPS BACK.
EACH SET DANCING FOR ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES.

with effulgent glory, and you may walk for miles across meadows and banks whereon Paint Brushes and Painted Cups (or "Flame flowers," as they are sometimes called) run riot in magnificent profusion. Every color and shade, from coral pink to cardinal, from canary tint to tangerine, is growing and blowing on either hand, with here and there a single snowy spike to emphasize the splendid configuration of color. Truly, these glorious flower spikes are like tongues of flame that run burning thru the herbage of the hillsides."

The Fox Glove, Tiger Lily, Sego Lily, Wild Rose, Blue Gentian, Columbine, Daisy and Primrose are also common to this region, there being upward of a thousand varieties, and blooming time lasting throughout the entire summer.

Through green-turfed sylvan islands flit the Canada jay, or "camp bird," the western bluebird, robin, song sparrow, meadow lark and humming bird, while in the mountain parks of quaking asp, cottonwood, Engelmann spruce and yellow pine, are to be found great numbers of blue grouse, deer, "snow-shoe" rabbits, and an occasional coyote or timber wolf. The wolf's wild howl in these primitive woods, together with the mournful note of the raven, brings the mind to reflect upon the ages of silence that must here have found no interruption, save from the voices of Nature and savage men. This sublime prairie wilderness was first penetrated by Jesuit missionaries of the Cross more than three centuries ago, to teach the Red Man the mystery of redemption, of a more than human love.

SQUAWS TAKE PART.

Squaws are permitted to take part with the warriors in the Bear dance, while in the Turkey dance, youth and old age of both sexes meet on common ground, even the children participating; both of these dances being made the occasion for a great deal of innocent fun and merry-making.

The Sun dance, formerly a fearful ordeal, which the young "bucks" who were ambitious to become warriors

had to undergo, is now short of nearly all of its old-time cruel, barbaric features, and has developed into a sort of "Marathon" contest, the Indian dancer who is able to hold out longer than any of his competitors winning the prize. As this dance lasts for four days and nights, and is continuous, except for a few hours of necessary sleep taken by the participants, who neither eat nor drink in the interim, it is no small test of endurance. The Indian, however, has long been noted for his powers of endurance of both fatigue and physical pain.

The Sun dance of the Sioux was to gain the favor of the Great Spirit, and commenced always at sundown. In years long past, it was the custom of the young bucks to inflict upon themselves the severest torture, in order to prove their fitness to rank as warriors of the tribe. The Indian dances of those days were of a character calculated to startle even the hardened trapper and frontiersman. The process was this: The Indian would gather up in one hand as much of the skin and flesh as he could grasp over the pectoral muscle (the large muscle on the side of the chest), and then transfix it with a knife, making an incision large enough to pass in a stout stick; to this stick was attached a rope with the other end fastened to the top of the "Totem Pole," which had been firmly set in the ground. When this was done the young buck would pull back until he tore out the stick through the skin and flesh; and if unable to accomplish this by a steady pull, he would forcibly throw himself backward, hoping by a sudden jerk to overcome the resistance of the tissues. In one instance a savage had transfixed the muscles so deeply as to be unable, without assistance, to tear it through, so he had his pony fastened to him and made to pull until he was liberated, when his conduct was applauded by the loudest shouts of his companions. After subjecting themselves to this ordeal, they ranked higher in the tribe and seemed very proud of their new honor.

FIGHT SHAM BATTLE.

Preceding the Sun dance a sham battle is usually fought, the assembled warriors being divided off into two

separate bands. At a given signal they charge down upon each other with deafening and hideous war whoops, simulating the greatest ferocity. Blank cartridges and real guns are now used by them to make the battle seem as realistic as possible. The painted Ute and tawny Sioux warriors, ancient enemies, each stark naked, except for breech-clout and eagle feather head-dress, rush at each other on their fleet ponies in supposed deadly combat. The sham battle, however, is soon at an end, and the warriors, in great good humor, talking and laughing, now act as an escort to the big Totem Pole, which is being hauled in by other Indians from the nearby mountains to the Sun dance wigwam or corral, and which, upon its arrival, is set up in the center with appropriate ceremonies. During the progress of the Sun dance all the participants worship the deity supposed to inhabit the Totem Pole. At its close each Indian dancer gives a pony to his best friend, who, in his turn, "makes medicine" over the dancer. Also, after the conclusion of the Sun dance none of the Indians will go near the corral in which the dance was held, believing it "bad medicine" to do so.

ISSUE DAY.

On issue day at the agency it is a common sight to see motley groups of braves and squaws, garbed in the usual blankets (red being, of course, the predominating color), gather on the greensward and engage in card games, fleeting the time carelessly away as in the Golden Age. With them the Mexican card game of "Monte" seems to rule favorite. The women as well as the men are inveterate gamblers, and it generally happens that a few hours' play suffices to reduce some of the less fortunate to absolute beggary. History shows that the love of gambling manifested by the Indians has been a passion keen even among the most ancient peoples, from the dwellers by the moaning strand of the Mediterranean, to the wandering Esquimaux tribes on the bleak shores of the silent Arctic Ocean.

FIRST SETTLEMENTS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

According to an old French historian, Central America seems to have cradled in its bosom the first representative of the American Race. It was there that man, thrown on the surface of the continent by some unknown action of the Eternal Energy, must have developed and lived for thousands of years, before venturing into the sad and chilly zones of the north and south. Falling like an acorn on fertile soil, he took root to bear fruit or send forth offshoots, which spread little by little until at last they extended to far distant points. Man had need of a cheerful sky, of a temperature that was always mild and of fruits that were ever ripe, around his birth-place; in a word, beneficent Nature had to be his nurse, and suckle him at her generous breasts. The Tropics alone could rear up this growing king. Here, too, it was, in these regions where life is agreeable and easy, that the arts, which for their development have so much need of leisure and prosperity, were destined to appear and flourish. It was to the banks of the Ganges, and afterwards to those of the Nile, that the arts of the world were at first confined; it was, therefore, between the Gulf of Mexico and the shores of the Pacific that American art ought naturally to have been born, and there it was born. It is claimed by some Indian historians that if we had anything like adequate records of the literature of vanished tribes such as the Cliff Dwellers, this pre-Homeric period would show that the art of the American Indian approached that of Greece, as instanced in "The Path of the Rainbow," an anthology of Indian songs and chants. Art is the child of repose and happiness; its country is Eden. Industry, which is a creation of modern society, is a product of the temperate or frigid zones; she is a daughter of need. Man required a brilliant sun, an inspiring sky, a nature full of attraction and prodigal of gifts before his mind, absorbed during long ages in contemplative adoration, could feel itself irresistibly urged to begin the work of imitation. This explains why, on the two continents, we find the first traces of art in the same geographical position. It follows, then, that

we inhabitants of these our prosaic countries of the temperate zone, are but emigrants from the torrid zone; tender shrubs, transplanted from their habitat, acclimated and highly improved even by the adaptive hand of necessity. Necessity! This is the wondrous fairy which has worked so many miracles of civilization! Which, powerfully seconded by toil, that grand creator and prolific god from whom we may ask and who can give us all things, and which has made us avail ourselves of the lessons and experiences of our ancestors, until we learned to soar above them. It was necessity which constrained us to seek and enabled us to discover the means of supporting our banishment from happier climes. Is it not perhaps the remembrance of the fertile and ever-blooming gardens where we first drew breath which may have given us the courage to make so many strenuous efforts to revive the delights of our paternal home? Why but to rival the banquets of the Eden of the Tropics do we gather about us all the fruits and all the flowers of the earth? Is it not but to revive in our hearts the image of our lost country that we deck our homes with everything that can recall it? Do not our real wants arise from our having quitted the palace which was intended for us and which was our birthplace? Under the Tropics, luxuries of every kind are the free gifts of Nature; there idleness begets not death, and not even listlessness. There, in some far distant time, our only occupation was to enjoy existence. Here we exist only on the condition of an incessant struggle, stubborn contest and sabre-toothed competition with our fellow-men, a struggle which grows ever more bitter with the advancing years. There we lived, as even now live the light-hearted inhabitants of the Isles of the Southern Ocean, dancing day and night under trees which gratuitously supplied us with endless food; there we spent our lives without care, without toil, and without suffering. We may, then, fairly presume that mankind was made for the tropical zone, because, whenever our good star by chance leads us there, we soon find ourselves—save when we have left behind us beings too dear to be quitted without pain—in our natural element, pleased to enjoy in a

charming and unwearying idleness the attractions of a voluptuous and ever-exhilarating climate; while, on the contrary, the inhabitant of that privileged soil, when transported to our gray and sullen climes, to our populous and bustling cities, their denizens inoculated with the unhappy restlessness pervading all classes of modern complex society, sighs incessantly for the sweet glories of his native skies, those dear shores where frost is unknown and verdure is perpetual.

With reference to the lack of success frequently complained of by Christian missionaries among the Indians, it is to be remarked that if after frequent association with the tribesmen, coming and going among the men, squaws and children freely so that they will cease to be shy, you have gained an Indian's confidence sufficiently to question him closely on the subject, you will find him outspoken in his contempt for the white man's "forked tongue," his ways and his beliefs. The writer regrets to state that he has found the Indian to be essentially a pagan, in common with many other savage tribes of prehistoric races. Should he ever profess conversion to Christianity, as do the members of the Papago tribe, it generally means no more than that he is not averse to adding another god to his pantheon. As an authority on this subject has truly remarked, in the religion of a purely hunting people, we cannot expect to find any but the simplest forms.

"The savage has peopled the world about him with a host of spirits. They occupy not only the air, but also every animate and inanimate object. According to his way of thinking, most of them are naturally unfriendly and are seeking by all possible means to injure him. Hence it is only natural that he should try to keep in their good graces, and thus ward off much of the harm which would otherwise come to him. . . . With primitive peoples, the ideas of motion and life are very intimately associated. They observe that when a man dies, the power of movement which he possessed during life ceases, and they reason that it has gone away with the spirit. Hence, it must have been the spirit which caused the motion. But there is movement also in a plant blown

by the wind, and in a flowing river; consequently these must have spirits as well. Gradually the primitive man gets the idea that all animate and inanimate objects have spirits. This is only one step removed from the belief that many of the spirits of the dead pass into the trees, rivers, and even stones. With these spirits of the dead about him on all sides, the savage trembles for his safety. His life being a continual struggle not only with nature but also with men, the ceremonial dances which have been mentioned were his means of overcoming the unfavorable forces in his own world. The rain-making ceremonies of the Hopi Indians have been called the greatest of our surviving religious dramas.

PERIOD OF FASTING BEGINS WITH PUBERTY.

Counseled by the elders of his tribe, the Indian boy of fourteen or fifteen goes to a secluded spot on hill or mountain, where he fasts rigidly for a period of three or four days in order that he may attain spiritual power, believing that while his mind is thus clarified the Great Mystery will yield to his desires and reveal to him what is to be his destiny through life—whether he is to strive to be a warrior, a chief, or a medicine man. Sitting alone by his little fire, with every sense keenly alert and old Mother Nature acting as medium, ere long he becomes clairaudient, and hears in the symphonies of the wind among the pines, or in some eerie voice of night an answer to the eternal question. While in this state he may become so exalted in spirit as to fall into a trance, from which he does not awake for many hours. Whatever animal—beast, bird, or fish—then appears to him, he takes as representing his guardian spirit. Small wonder it is that he becomes by nature secretive and superstitious.

Says Curtis: "The Nez Perce Indian began his preparation for spiritual training and wisdom almost in infancy. The child, either boy or girl, when less than ten years of age, was told by the father or mother that it was time to have spiritual power. 'This afternoon you must go to yonder mountain and fast; when you reach the place of fasting, build a fire and do not let it die as the sun goes down; sit on the rocks facing the sun, watch

while he goes from sight and look in that direction all night. When the dawn comes, go to the east and watch the sun return to his people. When he comes at noon, go to the south and sit there; when he travels low again, go to the west, where you sat first, and watch until he is gone. Then start for your home.' After some sacred object, such as an eagle feather, had been tied to the child's clothing, and a few parting words of instruction and encouragement had been given, the little suppliant was sent on its journey.

"What a picture of Indian character this affords! A mere infant, starting out alone into the fastnesses of the mountain wilds, to commune with the spirits of the Infinite; a tiny child, sitting through the night on a chill and lonely mountain top, reaching out its infant hands to God! On distant and near-by hills howl the coyote and the wolf; from out the darkness comes the wailing, half-human cry of the panther; through the foliage glare the blood-shot eyes of the lynx; in the valleys and on the mountain side prowl and stalk all manner of animals, yet alone by his little fire sits the child listening to the mysterious voices of the night."

Indian tribes generally believe in the existence of a Great Spirit and in the survival of the soul, but have scarcely any religious observances and no edifices for sacred purposes. The primitive Indians were nature worshipers, pure and simple; if, for instance, they wished for fine weather, they did not pray to the Creator, but to the weather itself.

Our pioneer histories tell us of the ever westward advance of the white man and of the driving of the Red man from his loved wilderness home towards the Pacific. Imagine the feelings of the tribesmen, turning for a last look at their deserted villages and the graves of their forefathers, stoically accepting the lot forced upon them by hard necessity. Is it a matter of surprise that the pangs suffered upon these occasions by the dispossessed and resentful savages stirred them to fierce resistance against the pale-faced invaders of their ancestral hunting grounds?

"What is Bannockburn to a savage? A plain, over

which the winds blow and the thistles gather. What to a Scotchman? A living, breathing host!' What to the Indian is the memory of that lone mountain that cast its long shadow over his boyhood, where the cloud slept and the eagle rested? The swift torrent that roared through his early years and wove its music into his very soul? The cozy wigwam of his father, where the winter cricket sang while the tempest roared without? A land of wildest romance, peopled by a thousand gods!

Helen Hunt Jackson, in a "Century of Dishonor," has the following:

"The history of the border man's connection with the Indians is a sickening record of murder, outrage, robbery and wrongs committed by the former, as the rule, and occasional savage outbreaks and unspeakably barbarous deeds of retaliation by the latter, as the exception. In our Indian wars, almost invariably, the first aggressions have been made by the white man."

Ernest Thompson Seton has said that the Indians are simply large children, and further, that no matter how reasonable your proposition, they take a long time to consider it and are subject to all kinds of mental revulsions. Admitting the truth of this statement, it may be urged in his favor that the Indian has some very sensible traits and customs which we would do well to adopt. Shortly after the birth of an Indian child, the mother places a leaf or other object over its mouth for the purpose of compelling it to breathe as nature intended, through the nose; the Indians thinking truly that nearly all diseases are communicated by mouth breathing. Again, they are great believers in the efficacy of thorough ventilation. It has often been the case, where a beneficent government has provided the Indian allottee with a comfortable log cabin, that he has deliberately gone to work and taken the roof off, installing his tepee in the center of the floor. Further, in the matter of politeness, an Indian never tries to stare a stranger out of countenance, this being a practice almost entirely monopolized by presumably civilized people in everyday walks of life. Another thing, the Indian knows that smell is the most enduring and long-lived of all our senses; "like a rush of fern leaves wafted from

years long past." So he generally carries on his person a small buckskin pouch containing his favorite perfume, which he has recourse to in times of great misfortune or depression of spirits.

NO BALD-HEADED INDIANS.

It has been the writer's observation that should you meet an Indian while traveling through his country and he does not happen to know you, he will never appear to recognize your presence or even to see you; nay, if you happen to be standing in his way and he is mounted, he will ride right over you! And lastly, who ever saw a bald-headed Indian? Even to extreme old age, both men and women retain their abundant, snaky locks, to the last nearly always the color of a raven's wing. This may be attributed to their practice of always going hatless, in summer as well as in winter, thus giving the sun, rain and wind a chance to promote the healthful growth of the hair, instead of weakening or utterly destroying it by heavy, close-fitting, perspiration-inducing headgear. Offer an Indian a hat, and the chances are that he will accept and wear it, but about the first thing he will do will be to tear the crown out, as he takes great pride in his scalp-lock, and has no wish to emulate his white brother in the matter of baldness.

BURIAL CUSTOMS.

(Contributed by "Uncle" Dick Wooton.)

It was the Ute custom to burn the bodies of their great men and their horses, bows and arrows, and sometimes one or more of their wives were burnt with them. Ute Indians other than chiefs and principal men were generally buried, but in a peculiar way. They did not dig graves for these common Indians, but would usually find a depression in some hillside or a hole under the rocks and in this they laid the body and covered it up with stones.

The Arapahoës, Cheyennes, Sioux and some other Indians used to leave their dead in trees. The dead warrior was wrapped in his blankets, and then in a buffalo robe with his weapons and ornaments, along with food and tobacco at his side. Then the body was fastened in the

branches of some large cottonwood or other tree and remained there until it fell to the earth, to be devoured by wolves and coyotes.

The Comanches left their dead in caves, and as a sign of grief, in addition to the wailings and lamentations common to all Indians, they cut off the manes and tails of their horses.

The Comanches differed from most other Indians in having a very vague idea of a supreme being. They worshiped the sun and the earth, but so far as I could ever see, these objects did not represent any kind of deity to them. Their idea of the future state was that it was a happy hunting ground where there would be plenty of buffalo and nobody but Comanches to kill them. They believed in evil spirits of various grades and kinds and always attributed a lack of rain or sunshine to the influence of some of these evil spirits.

The Navajos also believed in the existence of a God, but they gave him a name so long that no white man ever remembered it.

A few of these Indians believed that the souls of men pass at death into some of the lower animals, but the idea most generally prevalent among them was that when the Indian died his soul passed into the center of the earth and then by some means or other found its way into the place where there was nothing to mar the happiness of the good Indian's spirit. Those Navajos who believed in the transmigration of souls thought that every rattlesnake contained the spirit of a bad Indian and that there were spirits of bad men in coyotes also. The women they thought became fishes after death.

The Apaches were all strong believers in the transmigration doctrine and held more definite ideas about the form which the spirit was to assume after it passed out of the body of the Indian, or rather what body it would inhabit next. They believed that the body of a very mean Indian would find lodgment in a rattlesnake. Other spirits it was thought assumed the form of the owl, the eagle or the bear or that of some pure white bird; the particular form to be assumed being dependent upon the life the Indian whose soul was to take up its abode in

some other animal had lived. They held in superstitious reverence all animals which it was thought might contain good spirits, and I never knew of an Apache Indian killing a bear, an owl, an eagle or any kind of a white bird.

Their superstitions were carried to the extent of puffing the smoke in a certain direction or toward a certain object when they lighted their pipes in order to bring rain or fair weather, or to cause the wind to blow from a certain quarter, and often when starting out on a trip all their plans might be changed by the appearance of a snake in the pathway or the flight of a bird overhead.

The Nez Percés and Flat Heads had a queer belief which might be called a cross between the Roman Catholic and the Apache doctrine or idea of a future state. They thought that the spirits of all good Indians found their way at once to the Indian's heaven, while bad spirits had to go through a sort of purgatory to atone for their sins. While going through this state, the spirits inhabited the bodies of animals which were hunted and persecuted, and all beavers were looked upon as Indians who were doing penance for their bad deeds while on earth.

Regarding the mortuary customs of the oldtime Plains Indians (Arapahoe, Cheyenne, Piegan), it has been noted that upon the death of a tribesman the body was left lying in the lodge and the dwelling abandoned. In other instances a tree has been chosen as a place of sepulture, or if none were at hand the body was placed in a somewhat shallow grave, the top of a high hill or other commanding eminence being usually selected for this purpose and the place marked by a rude cairn of large stones. In still other instances the dead, after being duly washed and painted, would be placed in a blanket, a buffalo robe wrapped around it, then all bound together with strips of hide and placed upon a platform or scaffold built on the top of four poles planted in the ground, of sufficient height to prevent the prairie wolves from getting at the body; the dead would thus lie for years. The village, if near this site, was thereupon abandoned, Indians in general being very superstitious on this point and firmly believing that departed spirits have power to return to the place of their last earthly abode. No Indian dwelling ever remained

near an Indian grave. They also think that four days is required for the soul to reach the land of the dead. So a light burns on the grave nightly for four nights, that the disembodied may not get lost. During the early 70's, a party of emigrants travelling along the Old Oregon Trail in Wyoming, reported the finding of a burial scaffold containing the dessicated body of a man who in life had evidently been some great Indian chief, judging from the trappings which decorated the platform. His last fight over with the elements, his spirit had long since winged its flight to the Happy Hunting Grounds of his race.

The Indian's philosophy of life teaches him to suffer without complaint, to go unflinchingly into the future, to fight to the last breath for his own, and to die without a whimper. There was no murmuring at "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" by any member of the much-abused, long-suffering and little understood red Indian races. "Their very appellation is a misnomer, their history is one long story of mismanagement, of rights withheld, treaties broken and promises unfulfilled." Amid the solitudes of primeval forest and eternal snow, in the vast, illimitable, changing West, the rushing of great rivers, the wailing of the wind was their music. "The high-class Indian was brave, he was obedient to authority, he was kind, clean, and reverent, he was provident, hospitable, dignified, courteous, truthful and honest. He was the soul of honor. He lived a life of temperance and physical culture in order that he might perfect his body, and so he received a splendid physique. He was a wonderful hunter, a master of woodcraft, and a model for outdoor life in this country. He was heroic and picturesque all the time. He knew nothing concerning the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins, but he remembered the Creator all the days of his youth; he was, in truth, one of the finest types of men the world has ever known."

The old chiefs have seen the ox team, the pack mule and the sailing vessel give way to the lightning express. the steamship, the automobile and the aeroplane. "They have seen the settlements of the pale faces rapidly advancing, passing over the ocean-ward slopes of the mountains and the smoke of their cabins curling up in the western

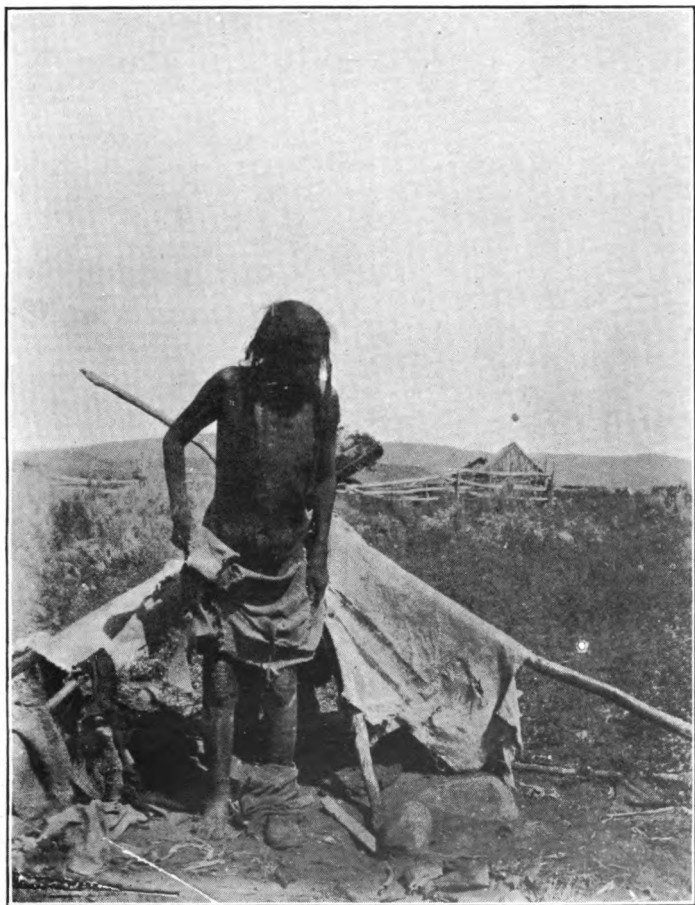
valleys. The red man vanishes before them. Civilization is his conqueror, and now the footsteps of millions of the new race press his grave and press the graves of his fathers."

Francis Leupp, Indian Commissioner for many years, has the following to say in his book of "The Indian and His Problems":

"To find the real Indian, we must go back into the wild country, where the white race has not penetrated. Here we find a man of fine physique, a model of hospitality, a kind parent, a genial companion, a staunch friend, and a faithful pledge keeper."

Thus the Indian is not to be judged by the degenerate specimens occasionally to be found loitering around the saloons of a frontier town, it being a well-known fact that long continued potations of "fire water" are more injurious in their effects on the constitution of an Indian than they are on that of the white man, hence the origin of the common expression heard in the West that the white man's civilization and whiskey have proved too strong a combination for poor "Lo." Of late years, however, through the activity of the Special Agents of the Indian Bureau, the illegal liquor traffic has been stamped out, and as a result Indian outbreaks have ceased, Indians generally all over the West have become peaceable and orderly and are now manifesting more good will towards their white neighbors near the various Reservations.

Also a great step has been taken in the reclaiming from savagery and barbarism of great numbers of the 300,000 Indians still surviving in the United States by methods of education, manual training and supervision, to the end that they may be made useful citizens. Many have already attained success and a competence for their declining years in the various lines of human endeavor suited to their capacities; particularly as hay and cattle ranchers, the marketing of native Indian ponies, for which there is always a strong demand; and in the arts of agriculture and husbandry. They are promised by the Indian Bureau that as long as they remain wards of the Government, it will care for their health and protect them in their personal and property rights.



INIPIGANT, THE "CRAZY INDIAN."

So much for a race that once called the broad prairies of our Continent their carpet, and the sky their roof.

(Note.—Since the above was written the author has learned that I-nip-e-gant, the “Crazy Indian,” “passed over” to the other side of life some time ago.)

CHAPTER II

MODERN SPIRITUALISM AND THE WORLD BEYOND THE INDIAN THE FIRST AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST

It is significant of the trend of modern thought on the subject of a future life that we find one of England's leading scientists, Sir Oliver Lodge, also Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, novelist, physician, psychologist and philosopher, have discarded the time-honored tenets of Christianity, to embrace the crude spiritualism of the untutored red man; both confidently predicting that the coming religion will bridge the gulf now separating the living from the dead.

At the present writing spiritualism is very much the fashion in London, that city said to be "medium mad," and battles royal are being waged over the craze. In Paris a number of prominent French scientists have recently founded an International Institute of Metaphysics, with a view to probing the mystery of death. The London Society for Psychical Research was organized in London in 1882 for the purpose of investigating all psychic phenomena and to disseminate knowledge concerning them. Its membership, though small, includes some of the most learned men in every portion of the globe. It has been the experience of the members that legitimate investigation of psychic phenomena has been greatly retarded by the number and variety of "fakes" infesting all the large cities, posing as "spirit" and "trance mediums," mesmerists, etc. About one person out of every three is supposed to possess psychic power, but few realize their powers in this direction or make any effort to develop them. Until about ten years ago, most of the members belonged to the telepathic or "thought transference" school. During the last few years, however, probably most of the members have turned to the spiritualistic school, which teaches that there is interaction between the minds of human beings and disembodied minds. One of the recent claimed results is the

actuality of "automatic writing," i. e., mechanical or sub-conscious writing, the result of some influence or direction other than the will. (Scientists explain these as generally involuntary or sub-conscious reproductions of forgotten impressions in the mind of the subject himself, or even in the minds of others.)

There is also the American Institute of Psychical Research, of which Prof. James H. Hyslop, noted scientist, is secretary.

In the modern popular sense, by Spiritualism is meant those who believe that the spirits of the dead can hold continuous communication with the living through their senses. (This doctrine is absolutely untrue, and evidence has been piled high during the past few years showing its impossibility.) According to "A Study of the Sects," this belief is as old as man; for hardly a tribe of savages or a stage of human history has been found in which there has not been a belief in the presence of the souls of the departed and in their action upon the living. Some have claimed that this was the beginning of religion; that is, of any belief in the supernatural; others, that the belief in a future life probably arose from the re-appearance of the dead in the dreams of the living. Instances of alleged communication are found throughout sacred and secular history.

Spiritualism gained its most powerful stimulus from the experiences of Margaret and Kate Fox, children of twelve and nine years of age, at Hydeville, Wayne County, N. Y. (New York has thus a heavy account to settle with the rest of the states, having been the birth-place not only of modern Spiritualism, but also of its twin delusion, Mormonism.) Hearing strange rappings, they established by them communication with alleged spirits, by whose aid the skeleton of a murdered man was found in their home. Afterwards the two girls went about the country giving exhibitions of the strange phenomena, and arousing great excitement. (It may be well to state at this point that the sisters were afterwards detected in fraud, to which they confessed, the rappings before referred to having been traced to natural causes and "spirits" having nothing to do with the manifestations.)

In 1850 Daniel Douglas Home appeared with mysterious powers, which attracted great attention in Europe as well as in this country. Since then great numbers of "mediums" have sprung up, who have done many different kinds of strange things by the aid, as they claimed, of "spirits." In 1875 Messrs. Crookes and Varley, well-known English men of science, and later the still more celebrated Alfred Wallace Russell, proclaimed their belief in spiritual manifestations. In one form or another, Spiritualism has a very large following; but due partly to the fact that it must be a private and not a public affair, as ordinary religious worship is, and partly to the reluctance of many to confess their belief, no estimate of the number of its adherents can be made, though probably it is very large. It cannot be said that the confessed believers are commonly from the more intelligent classes. The world of science is almost solidly arrayed against them, though it has generally refused to investigate.

As yet, spiritualists are not organized, rarely even in congregations, have no authoritative creed, and differ more or less in their beliefs. There is, beyond doubt, a large number of impostors, who play upon the credulity of the ignorant for selfish purposes; "petty larcenists," as they may be called, guilty of heartless deceit in the appeal they make to the most sacred of human emotions. There are also on record cases of genuine mediums who have commercialized their gift. These facts are admitted and deplored by spiritualists, as well as by others. Viewed from the medical standpoint, all genuine "mediums," or clairvoyants, are necessarily cataleptics; an additional cause for caution in our acceptance as "gospel truth" of any "spiritual" or mediumistic communications.

The members of this sect believe that our spirits, when they leave our bodies, do not undergo any essential change. Their characters and tendencies remain the same; and there is, therefore, among them the same variety of goodness and wickedness, wisdom and ignorance, as when they were in the flesh. They are not separated, nor is their condition fixed. Progress is open to them under the new influences, as well as under the continued influence of the better spirits; and the occupa-

tions and duties entrusted to them in the "spirit-land" correspond to their fitness for them. But they retain their interest in the affairs of earth, and seek to take part in them, especially in those of the persons whom they knew in the body. The good spirits wish them well, and try to warn, console, advise and guide them. The evil spirits maliciously misinform, misdirect and corrupt them, if they can.

There is a state called "sensitiveness," in which it is possible for mortals to perceive the presence of the spirits, and to communicate with them. It is, as it were, a new sense—the heritage of all, yet manifested only at rare intervals by favored individuals. It is a faculty pertaining to the spiritual nature, and is acute in proportion as that spiritual nature dominates the physical senses. It is variable in the same individual; is often the result of drugs, of fatigue, of sleep, and may be induced or intensified by hypnotism or mesmerism. It may have all degrees of acuteness, from impressibility scarcely distinguishable from the individual's own thoughts to the purest independent clairvoyance. Those who are "sensitive" to an unusual degree are called "mediums," as having an intermediate relation between the dead and the living.

The character of the spirits thus communicating will vary, partly according to the personal character of the medium, and partly according to his or her sensitiveness. Spirits, out of the body as in it, seek their like. The evil spirits are also fond of playing tricks. Others are innocently roguish. Not all communications, therefore, are valuable, any more than all words of mortals. The closeness of relationship with the spirits has also increased with the increasing sensitiveness of the mediums, which grows, like any other endowment, by cultivation and practice. Beginning with crude forms, as rappings and table-tippings, it has gone on through writing, the direct touch, speech, clairvoyance (clear seeing) clairaudience (clear hearing), "materialization," or the assumption of human and other physical forms, to the seeming presence of the dead in their former shape, in broad daylight, and in every respect as real as when in

the flesh, yet with added powers of appearance and disappearance which belong only to incorporeal beings. Spiritualists believe that only the development of sensitiveness is needed to make the spirit world capable of immense service to mankind, bringing ever higher classes of beings to its aid.

The difficulty with spiritualism is that, like all miracles, visions, etc., it rests upon individual testimony. If a fact at all, it is a fact usually of individual experience. But all scientific investigation of human testimony has shown that it is never so unreliable as when dealing with the alleged supernatural. So far from the senses being trustworthy ("seeing is believing," etc.), they are at times, especially when strange things are expected or feared, exceedingly treacherous. The history of religion shows this. In such circumstances, it is not the senses which give information to the mind, but the mind which dictates to the senses what they shall see, feel, etc. The more ignorant and uncritical the age, the more abundant are its "miracles"; and the same may be said of the mind. However well informed and critical on other points, if inexperienced in dealing with the "supernatural," it is utterly untrustworthy; and thus it often happens that the most intellectual and sceptical are most easily deceived and self-deceived.

This consideration must be added to the universally admitted mass of imposture and gross delusion which has grown up about the fabric of spiritualism. The honesty of no man is necessarily impugned by doubting that he has seen or heard what he is firmly convinced he has. But the influence of "spiritual" influence has not been established; and by the laws of evidence no such hypothesis is admissible until all natural causes, such as strange powers of the human mind, have been definitely set aside. Such facts belong to the realm of mystery.

As to the direct value of spiritualism, the most ardent believer must admit that it is rather hoped for from future developments than realized from anything yet attained. It has added nothing reliable as to the future world.

To a large extent, the present furore over spiritualism is a result of the tragedies of the Great War.

"The old gray world is weary of the struggle and the strife,
The shell-torn fields of battle and the waste of human life;
And she trembles to her center at the bugle's brassy blare,
She shudders when the thunder of the cannon fills the air."

During the past year some of our popular dailies have contributed to the movement by printing several columns dealing with alleged "spirit" communications in their Sunday editions. "Ghost stories" these might be called, but so cleverly are these narratives told, and so well authenticated are they made to appear that many thousands of people have undoubtedly been converted to a belief in them, arrant nonsense as most of the stuff is. In this way, immoralities have been stimulated and great harm has been done the mind. It is not uncommon to see that spiritualism so inflames the imagination as to dull interest in the affairs of this world, and leads to a restless and useless idleness, for which nothing but a feverish curiosity as to the uncanny phenomena of the "seance" room with its "spirit guides," tamborines, cymbals and guitars, seems to have any attractions. Indeed, present-day spiritualistic authors pretend to chart off the celestial realms that surround the earth into seven great or general "spheres" or zones, and there are supposed to be as high as twenty "planes" of spiritual life. "The vast majority of people, when they leave their physical bodies, do not go far away; in fact, they have to live in the first sphere until fitted for promotion. In that first zone, the inhabitants are just common folks, and know no more about God, and Jesus Christ, life and spirit, than do people still in the physical form; but there are schools there, and in due time all spirits progress and go to higher levels of activity and wisdom." (This is indeed consoling.—The Author.)

Many of our eminent psychologists have recently sounded a note of warning with reference to the spreading broadcast among the masses of such spiritualistic propaganda as the foregoing, as tending to the "animism"

of savage tribes. If the craze continues, we may confidently expect that the "voodooism" prevalent among the ignorant negro population of our southern states, and also of the West Indies, will be taken up and popularized by our society folk.

Science tells us that there exists in the body both a vitality and a mind; also something which is neither, but which passes out at the moment of death. Substantial proofs of this are so abundant that it would not be impossible to collect together over one hundred thousand instances of the departing soul having made its passage felt or its form seen in the early hours of its flight.

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH.

It is claimed by Sir Arthur that the body is permeated with bound ether, even to the smallest tissue, and even if this body disappeared, there would still remain a mould of it, standing in the place of the physical body, but exactly like it. This body was indestructible. At death this etheric body, this spiritual facsimile of the other, passed over. It disengaged itself until it found itself looking at its own body. This is the last word of science with respect to the change which actually takes place in our poor mortality at the moment of dissolution. Conditions in the other world were remarkably like our own, raised to a higher sphere; more beautiful, ethereal and infinitely more happy. It was a rest cure after the trials of this life. Here man knew his worst, there man knew his best. It was a life of congenial work, which gave opportunity for the inherent capacities of man. Also there was family life, where only those in sympathy drew together. "Spiritualists know that this is not a dream."

A word as to the "Crystal Gazers." Believing as they do that the Unseen World is very near to us, where dwell our loved ones who still love us and who wish to know if life is immortal and that the end does not come with death, it would be cruel indeed to deprive them of this solace, which visualizes for them dear faces that have long since vanished. Truly, 'tis a world of illusions—and delusions. It has been well observed that life to the

truly sensitive person is not worth living, except for the sake of the dreams that occasionally visit it. Far away on some Suwanee River of our youth the magnolia and jasmine still bloom, the wild rose still climbs the zigzag fence, and the "cinnamon seed and sandy bottom" still nourish the persimmon and the yellow yam.

It is a melancholy reflection that the human mind is particularly liable to the inroads of religious delusion. We see this well exemplified in the religious history of the United States, in the great number of sects, cults and creeds that have had their rise in this "land of the free" during the past few decades—Mormonism, Spiritualism, Dowieism, Christian Science, "Holy Jumpers," "Holy Rollers," "Sun Worshipers," etc. With reference to the former, it may safely be asserted that all ancient revelations are stained with imposture. Hence, if it were so difficult to dispute the genuineness of a revelation promulgated in the nineteenth century, it could not be a matter of surprise that the impostures of Moses and of Christ passed for truths in remote and ignorant ages.

According to Maskylene, the celebrated magician, there are five factors in the basis of modern spiritualism, viz., hypnotism, telepathy, chance, deception and self-delusion. One or all of these five factors, he claims, can easily account for all of its alleged marvels. The common characteristic of the great mass of people is their love of mystery—of something they cannot explain; also the wish to believe in the supernatural, especially in some evidence of life after death.

Another thing to be noted is the "mutt" character of the audience almost invariably found in the "seance" chamber. There you will find the various types of the curiosity seeker, the "clinging vine," the idiot who wishes her fortune told, as well as the juvenile-minded man actuated by the same desire. On such individuals, the trivial, valueless and silly character of nearly all the spiritistic communications (some of the latter bordering on the farcical, as when such worthies as George Washington, Lincoln, and Shakespeare condescend to allow the "spirit guides" to introduce them to the assemblage, which frequently happens), has no effect, except

but to increase their child-like wonder and delight. Here the thought suggests itself that if we have really been listening to "spirit" voices at such seances, they must come from poor, wind-swept shadows, blown from life's shaken tree, devoid of intelligence. As one writer put it in a recent magazine article on the subject:

" . . . The endless record of fraud and exposure in which the whole history of spiritualism has been involved. . . . It might reasonably be expected that we should receive wonderful revelations from these dwellers in spirit-land, but instead all we get is fraud, rot and rubbish. . . . The literal-minded spiritualists, like Sir Oliver Lodge, members of the great credulous crowd, profoundly gulled by their own prejudices, obsessed by the thought that to them has been given a new religion, revelation and spiritual insight not vouchsafed to the common herd of humanity."

"Man is a more self-contained creature than he knows. His heaven and hell—they are within him. The mystery and marvels that confound him are contained within the cells of his own brain."—Jerome.

Says Rupert Hughes, in "The Case against Spiritualism":

"Every medium has been caught in frauds and blunders under any real severity of conditions. . . . Ghosts have never done one good thing for the living world. Materialized spirits have told us only contradictory, stupid and illiterate fatuities about the world beyond the grave. . . . The ouija board is a permissible toy for those who have nothing better to play with of a rainy afternoon, but it is a dangerous weapon for those who take it seriously. There is not a court in the land that would hang a dog or award an acre of land on the sort of evidence which spiritualists use to demonstrate the immortality of the soul. Most of the believers have neither pretensions to science nor indeed patience with it, but a few men of eminence have been found to lend their names to the shabby cause; also a very small number of scientists have entered the crusade with great ardor, and the general public is blinded to the fact that they are only the paltry exceptions to the rule; the immense majority

of scientists regard spiritualism as a superstition so often exploded and so monotonously sterile as to be beneath contempt or consideration. Why should the hosts of the departed talk to us only through cheats and swindlers? Why do they refuse all the accurate, honorable and faithful antennae that science throws out to them? If they can move a table, why not a telephone or telegraph instrument without contact? A ghost that could tip a table could surely tap a telegraph instrument or the keys of a typewriter. Spiritualists stubbornly believe in an alleged magnetic fluid which can only be accumulated by forming a circle of clasped hands, thus generating a pretended force which exists only in dark rooms; a force which scientists cannot find. . . . Sir Arthur also believes in the notorious Eusapia Pallidino, who, before her death, was convicted of fraud at least one hundred times; while D. D. Home, before referred to, was nothing but a deceptive juggler, whose career typifies the career of all the rest of the so-called mediums. They outrage the laws of human reason, excite or shackle criticism before they make their demonstrations, publish claims of accomplishments that are contrary not only to their own daily lives, but to all human experience. And at the end of it, when they die, they leave the world with only wasted time and cheated hopes for its pains."

Thus spiritualism, when put to the "acid test" of cold logic and human experience, has not a peg left to stand upon, yet its *leading, genuine claims* are *true*. The trouble is with its *deductions*. The occurrences that it ascribes to spirits, such as rappings, table-tippings, etc., are simply operations of the law known among scientists as "psychic electricity," as has been conclusively shown.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE HEREAFTER, SO FAR AS OUR PRESENT KNOWLEDGE EXTENDS.

Amid this wrangling of sects, if any man cares to know where the writer stands, he is welcome to the information. Firmly believing that modern Spiritualism has failed to stand the "acid test," the writer, although like Joan of Arc, has "heard the voices" and has wit-

nessed a number of undoubted materializations, subscribes to the doctrines of the Ralston Psychic Society of Washington, D. C., the following extracts being from the book of that society.

"Genuine materializations exist as a fact in nature, proving there must be some force in the world as yet unknown. It should be noted as a constant fact that manifestations of the passing soul seldom occur by the aid of mediums. The genuine clairvoyant possesses an acute subconscious faculty. On the pages of her mental book are written an endless number of impressions that respond to the wish of others through a state of utter chaos. There is nothing to preclude the theory that her subconscious mind unearths after death facts that were present in the brains of those who lived when she knew them. . . . The reports from the mystic realm have all been incoherent, unsatisfactory, and more or less silly; leaving the certainty that the brain of the medium is responsible for the communication. Dreams are the work of the subconscious faculty, yet no dream can be taken as an evidence of spirit life. Some of the facts that have been established are as follows:

1. The spirit of the person who has recently died does, in fact, leave the body.
2. It takes passage at once.
3. It may linger about its old haunts or be delayed in transit in other places, but never more than a day or two. (It has been the experience of the writer that manifestations may occur as late as a week afterward.)
4. It journeys in a westerly direction.
5. It appears only to those who are related or otherwise dear to it in association or friendship.
6. It rarely speaks or makes a sound, although there are claimed instances of the use of words.
7. It is seen but briefly, rarely more than a second of time being the duration of its visit.
8. Its purpose seems to be a desire to see some one that it has loved in life, and then to pass on.
9. The deduction can be safely drawn that the departing spirit does, in fact, come into the presence of those it has loved in life, and sees them, while in most cases it is not seen.
10. When seen by a living person, the latter is undoubtedly acutely developed in the subconscious faculty.
- 11.

It may be assumed that the soul visits in a relatively small space of time many places where it has lived and many persons whom it has known.

When spirits are supposed to hold communication with the living, it is done through the agency of mediums; and here the subconscious faculties of the mediums are employed, if they are genuine. (About one in a thousand is reliable.) But no medium professes to know what occurs during the trance. The natural voice speaks, and natural agencies write or otherwise carry on the communication. This is a translation of the psychic into the ordinary, with the mind of the medium a blank, although that mind receives the messages. Never has there been an instance of a dead person impressing a living being, except under the laws of the passage of the soul. All impressions after death must come from the vitality which has left the body, and that is the immortal part of it.

It may be here stated that skeptics who are connected with the various psychical societies have been converted absolutely to the belief in the fact that there is a spirit in the human body, which separates from it at the moment of death and takes its journey over the world and out into space, *never again to return. But the dead, after the spirit has freed itself from the body and its environments, are forever helpless so far as any communication with the living is concerned.* This view is in accord with all the highest forms of religion throughout the earth. On the other hand, the believer in spiritualism, or the continuous power of the dead to communicate with the living, is regarded as the enemy of the church and the adherent to a false religion.

The dead depart for one of two purposes: Either to take flight from this earth and all its scenes, or else to pass again through the experiences of earthly existence.

After death there is no individual life except in the psychic world, unseen life being either demon or psychic. To the demon fund belong the souls of suicides, criminals and insane persons which are earth-bound; by which is meant that they cannot leave this planet for some time

if they are destined for worlds beyond; dissolving into their funds so slowly that weeks, months and years are occupied in their procrastinations. (This would seem to be proved by the fact that one of the foremost of English women mediums has confessed it to be her experience that in about nine cases out of ten she has failed to get in touch with the spirit she sought; thronging about her in its stead would come evil, mischievous and earth-bound spirits for the express purpose, apparently, of annoying and misleading her.—The Author.)

Another law is that it is impossible for the soul in the psychic world to communicate with human beings. Earth is a thing of the past. There must be no knowledge of it. Loved ones who fail to get free in one generation are returned to the demon fund to be re-melted and re-molded. They may secure freedom in their next coming on earth. If they do, although they lose their identity in the interim, it is restored in the final journey to heaven, and they know and are known there.

But it would be a source of constant grief to know of earth after once being free from it. All demon existence is wiped out, just as the wet sponge rubs the sum off the blackboard. Further knowledge of this vale of tears, of this abode of hatred, of this hell, would open up the wounds of a lifetime of suffering here, and make heaven a place not wholly free from hell.

The freed soul, leaving the body behind, mounts up to the heavens for its place again among the higher beings. It lives regardless of substance. It is in the ether. It moves by the aid of the ether. It knows no law of gravity, and is not bound to earth. It is drawn by the power of universal magnetism to the world that is to become its first abode beyond.

Death, then, is a process of life, a veritable transition, and the existence which ceases in this world is continued, without a break, in the next. As has been said, death is but a continuation of life, and when man dies he only passes from one world to another.

Premonitions also afford solid evidence that some power has knowledge of events that are about to occur; presumably some agency in heaven is interested in human

affairs and seeks to protect its favorites on earth. This power must be psychic."

Thus, thanks to the patient labors of many scientific investigators in the realm of psychical research, the age-old mystery of death has at last been cleared up, and the rays of living light are beginning to stream in on the Great Darkness, where have vanished the mighty generations of the past.

The Ralston Psychic Society, through one hundred assistants, covering a period of nearly thirty years, has investigated in the most thorough manner more than 7,000 cases of pre-mortem compacts, or agreements between closest friends to send information of spirit life after death, but in not a single instance has there been a verified case of the appearance of the spirit to the eyes of a living person. While abundant evidence is at hand to show the appearance of the soul in its flight for a day or two after death, all evidence soon ceases; and never, in all the long years that follow, does the psychic being manifest itself to those who remain on earth. "*The rest is silence.*"

The patient philosopher, tracing the course of the world's religions back through countless centuries in the shudders of history to their source in the thickets of superstition, must be finally convinced not only of the nothingness of creeds, but also of the nothingness of life. Hence the transcendent importance to every thinking man and woman of what is to be our fate after death. As the noted DeQuincy finely observed:

"Warrior and priest, infant and maiden, seer and patriarch—all must walk those mighty galleries alone. Even the little child has a dread whispering consciousness that no kind nurse will be permitted to lead it by the hand when the end comes."

Quoting from a recent magazine article: "Two great powers now stand in the midst of the world's ruins—the Church of Rome, and Free Masonry.

"The aborigines scattered over the earth are not rising from savagery or barbarism, but represent the pitiful and deteriorated remnants of past great races of men. Some of them, as the American Indian, are far

more spiritual, and hence more civilized, than those rising barbarians of plunder and rapine, who made a business of wiping the aborigines from off the face of the earth in the process of clearing lands to satisfy their gluttony of possession. Take the false order of modern society: it originated in plunder, developed into money-bags, and, finally, became a cold, heartless and soulless intellect. Just now it is wrecked by a war hatched from greeds and selfishness, raised and made inevitable by the order and forces of a so-called civilization. If ever aroused and re-inspired, the yellow man comes forth in his hidden strength, in his reorganized millions, overpowering, slaying, burning, possessing, we can only bow our heads and say, 'These are the instruments of God's wrath. We brought this on ourselves. All this we did to the Red Man. The fate of Babylon and of bloody Rome is ours. We wrote our own doom, as did they.'"

WEST COLFAX SCHEME OF SALVATION PROVING A FAILURE.

What is the attitude of the writer towards Christianity? The reader will pardon the following quotation from "A History of Religions":

"As one looks back over the long extent of acrimonious debate, passionate judgments, intolerance, cruelty and vice which mark the course of the stream of Christianity, one is tempted to say that of all religions this is the most inhumane, least divine."

The historian Ranke declared that the number of human beings destroyed by it surpassed ten millions. What is the New Testament but the record and exposition of an impossible supernatural religion? The personality and influence of Jesus Christ, alleged God and man, son of a Judean peasant, yet son of God; put to death on the cross, yet one of the Trinity in heaven—this grotesque conception with its forged doctrines of the trinity and vicarious atonement, must be consigned ere long to the limbo of impossible beliefs. A century hence, it will be regarded but as a fairy tale of the world's youth. "It is indeed cause for profound sorrow to see millions of honest-minded, deluded people worship-

ping as 'God's holy, inerrant word' a collection of Jewish and pagan writings that have been altered, added to and changed a hundred times—a book which, according to the ablest scholars in the Christian church, so-called, contains many positive self-contradictions, as well as additions and shameless forgeries." Old faiths are crumbling; formal religion (of whom illogical, Chinese-minded women are now the chief supporters) has hopelessly broken down under the strain of the Great War. All religions, it would seem, have served their purpose. 'Compounded of fables more or less absurd, and of ethics more or less wholesome, in their obscure origins they were intended to be explanations of natural phenomena with which today we are better acquainted.' What, for instance, must be thought of the law of repentance, which teaches that though a man commit a thousand sins, if he repents it will not be worse with him: he shall be forgiven; therefore, he will continue to sin. So men who have been demons and fiends while on earth, who have led diabolical lives, who have defied the laws by committing the most devilish crimes in the name of lust or greed, then such men could take their chances until they were caught, after which all they need do is to repent and be launched upon a career of eternal bliss. The great French poet, Leconte de Lisle, has, therefore, put the Bible reverently aside, and in looking back through the dreams from which it came and into the visions which it has evoked, he has murmured with the sadness of the tender-hearted:

"O dream, O vain desires, useless wishes,
This will not be, now, or ever."

In conclusion, hear Edgar E. Saltus, America's greatest stylist:

"There is no help there, nor is there any elsewhere. The Orient is asleep in the ashes of her gods. The star of Ormuzd has burned out in the skies. On the banks of her sacred seas, Greece, hushed for evermore, rests on the divine limbs of her white immortals. In the sepulchre of the pale Nazarene, humanity guards its last divinity.

Every promise is unfulfilled. There is no light save perchance in death. One torture more, one more throb of the heart, and after it—nothing. The grave opens, a little flesh falls in, and the weeds of forgetfulness which soon hide the tomb, grow eternally above its vanities. And still the voice of the living, of the just and of the unjust, of kings, of felons and of beasts, will be raised unsilenced, until humanity, unsatisfied as before and yet impatient for the peace which life has disturbed, is tossed at last, with its shattered globe and forgotten gods, to fertilize the furrows of space where worlds ferment.

“On this vista the curtain may be drawn. Neither poet nor seer can look beyond. Nature, who is unconscious in her immorality, entrancing in her beauty, savage in her cruelty, imperial in her prodigality, and appalling in her convulsions, is not only deaf, but dumb. There is no answer to any appeal. The best we can do, the best that has ever been done, is to recognize the implacability of the laws that rule the universe, and contemplate as calmly as we can the nothingness from which we are come and into which we shall all disappear. The one consolation that we hold, though it is one which may be illusory, too, consists in the belief that when death comes, fear and hope are at an end. Then wonder ceases; the insoluble no longer perplexes; space is lost; the infinite is blank; the farce is done.”

1.

Frown not, O churchman, that these simple sons
Of Adam reck not of thy cult's decree;
Ye worship both th' Unknown, as the legend runs:
Equal your fate, whene'er the hour shall be,
Th' Eternal Master calls each to that shore
Where life and fretting passions waste the heart no
more.

2.

Christ, Moses, Buddha, Joe Smith, or Mohammed—
 Who tells the truth? Their votaries can't agree,
 Save that each separate sceptic shall be damned;
 Thou pitiest me—alas, I envy thee,
 Thou bold discoverers in an unknown sea
 Of happy isles, and happier tenants there;
 Still dream of Paradise, thou know'st not where,
 But lov'st too well to bid thine erring brother share.

3.

The painted Sioux, in eagle plumes arrayed,
 Scouring on pony fleet the boundless plain;
 The tawny Ute, in breach-clout, scarlet plaid,
 Now meet in mimic battle; but the train
 No longer dreads the ambushed foeman's blast:
 The vengeful warwhoop shrill, the red foray are past.

4.

O Vanishing Race, dishonored by our guile!
 Go view the Capital, our Continent's pride,
 In its beauty symbol of a century's toil;
 See in th' Museum home life typified
 Of once great Tribes; but now whose fleeting breath
 Of life is doomed by some sirocco wind of Death!

5.

My Tale is done—
 The boding Night Winds moan
 With eerie sound at th' casement; to Nox tell
 Their ancient rune. The Riddle of th' Unknown
 In us, about, beyond—Enigma fell,
 Which has defied Champollions of the past,
 As 'twill our future Seers, *they* may reveal!
 Speak, Messengers of Aeolus!—and close
 I listen. No reply. Then—Adios!

The End.

—Ross Lyndon (W. E. E.), Poet of the Uintahs.