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THE Freethinkers' MAGAZINE.

H. L. GREEN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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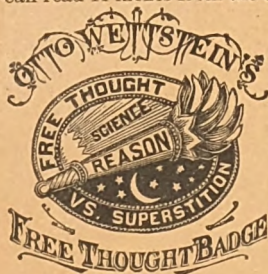
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Yours truly
Lucy N. Colman

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

JULY (E. M.) 290.

A CONSTRUCTIVE PHILOSOPHY.*

By J. J. McCABE.

A CONSTRUCTIVE philosophy, ample in itself to replace religion, must have in it those elements which will strike the sympathetic chord in the human heart, especially the heart of the poor. It matters not whether he be laborer, mechanic, or professional man, so that he be not in possession of wealth and social standing. To expect that, except in isolated cases, the man or woman in opulent circumstances, and holding a commanding position in society, would leave that cherished circle of friends and proclaim himself an advocate of any new doctrines, would be too much for the average American to believe. There is another sentiment directly connected with the former, which it may be necessary to satisfy, also. Many people seem to think that no great change can be brought about without the aid of some extraordinary hero,—some kind of a demigod. That it is possible to satisfy those sentiments in an honorable and praiseworthy manner, without resorting to trickery or any of the common devices utilized through mercenary motives to secure success for the sake of profit, let me call your attention to the manner in which such sentiments can, I think, be satisfied. You will all acknowledge that the erection of the monument to the memory of Giordano Bruno was a red-letter event in the history of intellectual emancipation.

And that the "unveiling" of that monument on the ninth of June last, called the attention of civilized men to the fact that the

* An address delivered before the Ingersoll Secular Society, Boston.

Freethinkers of the world were holding services commemorating the martyrdom of their most illustrious apostle. And that celebration called attention also to another most valuable fact, viz.: that Roman ecclesiasticism had lost its political power and influence in its own capital. Taking these things into consideration, the words of Professor Bovio, in his address on that occasion, will naturally suggest the possible propriety of starting our system with an appeal of sympathy for our martyred hero. As a preface for what will be said on this part of the subject, I will read the following selections from Professor Bovio's address:

"This inauguration ought to be celebrated by a people in silence, as a solemn act of religion. To-day, Rome inaugurates the religion of thought, the principles of another age. Those who have begun to count an age by this date are present. The nations assembled here are clearly aware that as the year 313 was fixed by imperial decree at Milan, as the era of the Christian religion, so this 9th of June is fixed in Rome, by the consent of free peoples, as the era of the religion of thought. Is it, then, a religion? And is this the age and this the place for such a thing? If between the dogmas of two revealed religions, Bruno offered himself up to an idea which fulfills in humanity the destiny of man, this is the religion of thought. On this spot he was burnt, and his ashes did not appease dogma; on this spot he rises again, and the religion of thought demands no vengeance. This faith has no prophets; it has thinkers. If it seeks a temple, it finds the universe; if it seeks an inviolable asylum, it finds the conscience of men. It has had its martyrs, it insists from this day on that reparation shall not be posthumous. Rome may make this proclamation: Here has been celebrated the Millenaries of the successive religions. Here, too, it is possible to fix the new Millenary, which shall replace the catholicity of one man by the catholicity of human thought. And this is the time forecast by Bruno.

"Many, indeed, many and ugly are the still prevailing hypocrisies; but their impotence against this living bronze determines the meaning of the memorable civil celebration. When we honor him here, we imply that a great part of him is here alive, and speaks to us in that philosophy of nature which is not merely a doctrine, but a destiny. No voice of hatred can issue from this monument. The last words of every great burnt-offering has been: Forgive them. At the sound of this appeal we mark no absentees, because there are no absences at epochal dates, and the nations that are here, and those that are not here, are equally represented. In Bruno's universe there are no excommunications; the human race enters it whole."

Now, my friends, I have no intention of suggesting that we

should pay divine honors to Bruno, or to any other man. We American Freethinkers have been honoring Thomas Paine, principally on account of his eminent service in the cause of Independence. The motives that actuate us are mostly of a patriotic nature, although we also acknowledge his great service in the cause of mental freedom. If we establish a new system of philosophy or religion, and in establishing it, desire to pay particular honor to any man, that man should be the one who would seem to be best entitled to the honor on account of his own merits. Patriotism might suggest that the candidate for this place of honor be chosen from among the great Freethought pioneers of France, England, Germany or America; but while we should always hold patriotism to be one of the most noble of natural sentiments, yet in the selection of a candidate for the honor proposed, national prejudice should give way to the demand of the greater sentiment, love of humanity.

The latest god which Rome, as an empire, adopted, was a hybrid, constructed, as you have seen, of mythological characters, and of particular parts of different individuals, nearly all of whom were humble Jewish peasants or plebians.

Bruno was really an extraordinary man in many respects. He was orator, poet, philosopher, and scientist. The gravest charge brought against him was that he taught publicly the true system of astronomy. In religion he was a Freethinker, and the first who went about from place to place teaching Freethought doctrines with the heroic spirit of a great master teacher. In fact, he was the first real embodiment of Æschylus' Prometheus, that has appeared in the world, and to whom those lines of that great poet can be truly said to apply:

"When shall these sufferings find their destined end?

But why that vain inquiry? my clear sight
Looks through the future; unforeseen no ill
Shall come on me; behooves me then to bear
Patient my destined fate, knowing how vain
To struggle with necessity's strong power.
But to complain, or not complain, alike
Is unavailable. For favors shown
To mortal man, I bear this weight of woe.
Hid in a hollow cave the fount of fire
I privately conveyed of every art
Productive, and the noblest gift to men.
And for this slight offence, woe! woe is me!
I bear these chains fixed to this savage rock."

War has its hero in the great magnanimous general. Law has its hero in the great legislator or political economist. Philosophy has its hero in the great intellectual and moral teacher. But the general must have a well-disciplined army; the legislator must have a party always ready to respond to his call in every political contingency; and the philosopher must have an organized following, or his doctrines and aspirations will be despised or laughed at by the many. No society has ever been organized for aggressive or humanitarian purposes, or for self-protection, which has not had a written constitution, containing a preamble showing its aims and objects; a constitution proper, showing its fundamental principles, and a code of laws for the government of its members when acting or speaking as members of such an association. Therefore, it is absurd to think that order will emanate from a continuation of guerilla warfare; that civil and social emancipation will come without united effort; or that a new religion will take the place of the old, which has no regularly defined principles and moral code.

There must be recognized authority, even if no claim can be set up in favor of divine appointment or succession; or no power can be granted to any one to enforce obedience to law. As an institution separate and apart from the State, as a moral and intellectual agent, our association can neither punish, nor ask for the punishment of any person. Such being the case, we can be successful only by possessing the ability to take advantage of existing circumstances. And one of the most potent of existing circumstances is a natural disposition on the part of the great mass of mankind to hero-worship. And also a natural disposition to sympathize with a meritorious person who has been unjustly tortured and punished. It seems to me that when the time comes for united action, that our Constitution might contain a clause declaring that the memory of Giordano Bruno, the great apostle and propagator of Freethought principles, is worthy of all the respect and honor that can be shown it, and that his persecution and death by order of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical power, should be treated by all teachers with words in keeping with the sublimity of the theme.

In order that you may understand what is meant by treating the martyrdom of Bruno with words in keeping with the sublimity of the theme, let me give you a brief example: Ladies and

gentlemen—there is an old maxim which teaches that “every tree is known by its fruit.” There is an old law which says, Thou shalt not bear false witness; thou shalt not lie. There is another which says, Thou shalt not kill. If the tree be known by its fruit, the man or institution that bears false witness against an innocent person, cannot be inspired by the author of truth. Nor can the man or institution that kills a person for telling the truth be the instrument of a just and merciful Father.

About three hundred years ago there lived a young man named Giordano Bruno, who, on account of his religious fervor, entered a monastery, and prayed, fasted, and solemnly meditated on the glories of heaven and the horrors of hell. He had a very susceptible mind and retentive memory. He studied theology, music, poetry, astronomy, and every great branch of learning. In time he became a noted writer, and as an orator few surpassed him in the age in which he lived. He was as good as he was great in intellectual ability and acquirements. Having discovered that the Church persecuted, tortured, and killed the teacher of truth, he knew that he had been imposed on in his youthful innocence and ignorance, so he left his convent cell, and sought for truth beneath the stars of heaven, through the fields and forests, on the banks of gurgling rivers, in the halls of universities, before the thrones of kings, and among the poor and humble. Recognizing the authority of no man to compel him to believe without evidence, he became a Freethinker. This man never violated any part of the moral code respected by all civilized men. Yet this virtuous and talented youth was declared an outlaw by the Roman Church officials, and imprisoned for over six years in a filthy dungeon. Finally he was taken out and given a mock trial by the dignitaries of the Church, who condemned him to be burnt alive at the stake. For what? For teaching that the earth is round, and that it revolved on its own axis around the sun. For teaching that no man was ever inspired by an infinite being to tell a lie. And for teaching that no omniscient power could ever have authorized anyone to command another to teach falsehood, on penalty of death in this world, and damnation in another.

Oh, my friends! as you value life, liberty, virtue, and happiness; as you value wisdom and intellectual power; as you value the self-sacrificing spirit that meets death calmly in order that

others may be benefited, how can you stand in the presence of this august example of all that is greatest in man and most lovable in woman, and drop no tears of compassion, and feel no pangs of regret for the life that flowed bravely out that you might enjoy liberty of thought, liberty of speech, and liberty to say that your soul is your own. When we contemplate this crime against humanity, committed by men who claim to be possessed of the wish and will of the Almighty; by men who claim to hold in their hands the keys of the kingdom of heaven,—when we contemplate this contradiction of every sane conception of truth, justice and mercy, we cannot fail to stamp the culpable propagators of such irrational and blasphemous doctrines as criminals under a fair interpretation of the laws of every civilized nation. But all useless, time-honored systems, no matter how vicious they may be, should be overthrown without malicious intent to any individual. Therefore, my friends, if you desire happiness for yourselves and your children; if you wish to participate in the work of regenerating the world; if you hope to die in peace, trusting manfully in the evidence revealed to your senses and intellectual powers, come out from under the yoke of superstition! lift from your minds the awful pall, the fearful heritage bequeathed to you by ages of "man's inhumanity to man," cast off the shackles with which the impostor has benumbed your brain, and stand forth a champion of true righteousness. This is the boon that Freethought offers to the world; these are the tides of gladness and joy!

I submit the thoughts briefly expressed in this appeal, not to be repeated, but to suggest to others who are better qualified, the idea which I am trying to develop. We should not allow our clerical brethren to hold the heart when they have lost the mind, by monopolizing the emotional element in man. In order to proceed according to my original plan of trying to demonstrate in a public lecture the manner in which a constructive philosophy, ample in itself to take the place of religion, can be devised by Freethinkers, we might suppose that a convention had just been in session, in the city of Boston, and in Paine Memorial Hall, if you please; a convention, consisting of delegates representing Freethought constituencies from every part of the civilized world. Then, suppose that this convention, after mature deliberation and discussion, declared the following result:

PREAMBLE AND DECLARATIONS OF THE UNIVERSAL FREE-THOUGHT ASSOCIATION.

We, the delegates of the Freethought people of the world, in General Convention assembled, in the city of Boston, do hereby declare and proclaim, that, having been duly selected to perform the task of devising a system of philosophy, which, it hoped, may take the place of Christian theology and all other theories of religion, most respectfully submit the following Declaration of Principles as a basis of union between all the elements of Freethought, with the firm belief that, if the sentiments contained in them should meet the approbation of the intelligent people of civilized nations, that peace, prosperity, fraternal feeling and happiness would abound, and that a new epoch would be entered upon, the most glorious in beneficial results that the earth has ever witnessed. Our object is not to destroy, but to construct :

Therefore, we protest against those accusations which might lead some to believe that we intended an iconoclastic destruction of literature, works of art, or any other kind of property. Our object is also to widen all the avenues to human happiness, and to encourage a full development of all the useful arts and sciences, peace and prosperity to mankind, and just compacts between nations. And to manifest to the world that we love the truth above all other sentiments, we pledge our support to the faltering courage of those great benefactors of the race whose minds have been overshadowed with ridicule and even death, for publishing facts demonstrated in nature's laboratory through the crucible of tireless investigation. As love cannot be cherished for anything that cannot be seen or made manifest to the understanding, we believe that the proper motives for generous action toward our neighbor should be self-love and love of mankind ; with the expectation of being rewarded during our life with a joyful conscience, and the hope that we may help to make the world better than we found it. Nor do we desire to deprive those who have been fitted by education and practice for the office of public teachers of the means of subsistence, but we would earnestly solicit them to abolish their irrational creeds, pretentious ceremonies, childish customs, and all other inventions and devices of priestcraft. It is the opinion of this Convention, that any system of philosophy, to be valuable, must provide for the reception of new truths and the correction of old errors. Therefore, hoping that the principles of progress may always continue to operate, we trust that every Freethinker will, on all occasions, accept a demonstrated fact, even though its acceptance might seem to destroy the salutary effect of our most cherished principles.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

1st. We affirm and declare that matter is indestructible, therefore it was not created by any supernatural being, but it always did and forever will exist, and that every atom in the universe is governed by immutable law, which seems to emanate from the constitutional properties of matter, and that this law is manifest in the force and energy displayed in natural phenomena, which are ever variable, but strictly complying with a ceaseless change of conditions continually in operation throughout the universe.

2d. We affirm and declare that man was not originally brought into existence by a mechanical process which implies that he was instantaneously made by an omnipotent fiat, perfect in mind and body; but that he is a natural product of the earth and the elements which surround it, connected by hereditary traits of disposition and physical structure with a long series of animal progenitors; and that he possesses no faculty of mind or body, no sentiment or aspiration, that is not possessed by other forms of life in a greater or less degree, and that he has arrived at his present condition of intelligence and ingenious surroundings, through gradual development from an originally feeble and savage state, and that the theory of evolution, as applied to man, is a sound and rational doctrine, demonstrated by sufficient evidence to render doubt on the subject destitute of any rational or logical foothold.

3d. We affirm and declare that no evidence exists tending to prove that any man, in any age of the world, ever received any *bona fide* intelligence from a supernatural being.

4th. We affirm and declare that no evidence exists tending to prove that any man or set of men, in any age of the world, ever received a commission from a higher authority than man himself to command obedience; and that all declarations to the contrary are mere impudent assumptions, based on the ignorance or stupidity of a large number of people who, on account of various circumstances, are incapable of knowing that they are the victims of imposition.

5th. We affirm and declare that, until such time as it has been demonstrated that man has gained intelligence from the inhabitants of any other world than our own, it is useless to speculate, and vicious to dogmatize on things beyond our limited power of action and knowledge, and that the maxim that the affairs of "one world at a time" is enough for us to look after, holds good.

6th. We affirm and declare that we are what we are, that we know what we know, that we believe what we believe, and that we do what we do, because it would have been impossible for us to be, to know, to believe, or to act otherwise, taking all the nec-

essary circumstances into consideration. Therefore, these facts should never be lost sight of in the administration of justice, in the discipline and reformation of the vicious or unfortunate, in our intercourse with our neighbor, and in our social and fireside relations.

7th. We affirm and declare that it is our duty to practice virtue, to deal honorably with all men, to avoid falsehood, theft, extortion, imposition, arrogance, incivility, anger, physical assault, murder, suicide, fornication, and all manner of sexual impurity and actions, not compatible with the legitimate use of the vital organs in the relations of man and wife. And to love, caress, and treat with kind forbearance our husbands and wives, and to support, educate and instruct our children in such a manner that they may be prepared at the age of manhood and womanhood to assume all the duties of citizenship intelligently, and to discharge all the obligations of civilized beings creditably to themselves.

8th. We affirm and declare that it ought to be the aim of every human being to be happy; and as happiness depends on health, comfortable surroundings and conditions, and the exercise of a rational temperance, in our diet, words and actions, it is the duty of all to aid those philanthropic projects which are purely secular in their object, and intended to encourage industry, honesty, and such intellectual and social enjoyments as may conduce to the production of true happiness and the preservation of life and health.

9th. We affirm and declare that all such words as devil, holy ghost, incarnation, and atonement of deities, hell, purgatory, angels, immaculate virgin mothers, miracles, transubstantiation, consubstantiation, supererogation, and all such words, terms and names, as have been derived from dreams, myths, personifications, and misconceptions of natural phenomena, and the inventions of priestcraft, have no place of honor or merit in the nomenclature of our philosophy.

10th. And as it is a distinctive mark in the character of all men and women who are actuated by noble impulses and exalted aspirations, to sympathize with the martyrs, and those who have suffered physical and mental torture on account of their religious opinions, and natural aspirations, therefore, we declare that the martyrs and unselfish heroes of all climes and ages should ever be regarded as the salt of the earth; the most fragrant blossoms on the great tree of humanity. And, as no blossom on that tree contains a germ so pure and holy as the blossom of Freethought, we declare that the memory of Giordano Bruno, the awakener of untrammelled thought and investigation, is worthy of all the praise and honor that is commendable and rational for one human being to pay to another, and that his persecution and death should

be treated by all teachers with sentiments appropriate to the sublimity of the theme, and that the intellectual genius, the dauntless bravery, the unflinching integrity, and the exalted virtues of the illustrious philosopher and martyr, should ever be glorified, in order that a desire to emulate his virtues may always be encouraged.

Although I do not imagine that these Ten Declarations are perfect and all-self-sufficient, yet I think you will agree that they are better than all the religious creeds and moral codes of the various denominations combined.

For our purpose they might answer as a nucleus around which could be gathered a concise list of maxims indisputable in their excellence of thought and expression. With a perfect organization throughout the world, Freethought would have its local societies in every village, town, and hamlet; an order of exercises, simple, but variable, so that they would be suitable to all existing conditions in every locality. This, also, might be made the work of a constitutional convention. The question now is, in attempting the work of the architect have we been successful? The material used has been furnished to us mostly by the Freethinkers of Europe and America. Some of it has come to us as a heritage from our ancestors; it has been tested in the crucible of ages of experience, and no dross remains to vitiate it. If the edifice is not lofty in size and gorgeous in decorations, and if the quality of the material has not been judiciously selected, it is only necessary to say, that the construction of a large and beautiful temple requires time, labor, judgment, and much patience. If we have only reared a foundation that cannot be destroyed, let us be thankful that the work of construction has begun. Nothing remains but to exhort you to continue the work we have commenced; proudly conscious of the grandeur of our cause; keeping in mind the result which must inevitably be achieved by steadfast perseverance, ever looking forward to the goal which the good and true of every age and every land toiled and hoped to reach, with honor, victory and joy!

WHAT WOULD FOLLOW ON THE EFFACEMENT
OF CHRISTIANITY?

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

(Continued.)

II.—RESULTS OF ITS DISAPPEARANCE.

THE reader has seen in the previous chapter what the authorized and accepted doctrines of Christianity really are. We have now to consider what the aspect of society would be without them.

One consequence of effacement of all these tenets, if it took place, would be, that all men would be delivered from this degradation of their reason, and the religious misery which should fill with ceaseless alarm and apprehension every heart capable of sensibility, and every understanding capable of reflection. Therefore, were the tenets of Christianity effaced, would humanity die and morality have no force in the world?

Christianity teaches the extraordinary doctrine that there are three Deities, each separate and independent, and yet these three are one, in an arithmetical sense, and that the one is three. This doctrine is put in terms explicit, uncompromising, unswerving, unequivocating, and belief in it is required under the penalty of "perishing everlastingly." This doctrine must be assented to despite its intellectual contradiction. No good can be done by retaining this tenet, and no harm could come by its effacement.

By teaching the sureness of a future life (which people do not feel sure about), mischief is done. This world has but secondary attention. Less effort is made to improve it, and less indignation is felt at injustice, from believing there will be ample time in which amends can be made in another world. Worse than this—insincerity of profession is promoted. If Christians were *sure* of future life, and believed in it, who would linger here when those we love and honor have gone before? Ere we reach the middle of our days, the joy of every heart lies in some tomb. If the Christian actually believed that the future was real, would he hang black plumes over the hearse, and speak of death as darkness? No! the cemeteries would be hung with joyful lights; the grave would be the gate of Paradise. Pestilence would not

unpeople the world like this giant Gladness. Everyone would find justifiable excuse for leaving this, for the happier world. All tenets which defy belief, and are contradicted by reason, had better not be.

The belief that prayer will bring material aid is treacherous, and has betrayed thousands to destruction, who might have saved themselves. Were this tenet effaced, it would be a means of inconceivable salvation to the human family.

There is, however, one cardinal doctrine which needs to be further dwelt upon, and that is the liability of the human race to eternal punishment. This fear is the foundation on which all Christianity (except Unitarianism) rests. This awful belief, if acted upon—with the sincerity that Christianity declares it should be held, and should be acted upon—would terminate all enjoyment, and all enterprise would cease in the world. No human persons would ever marry. No persons with any humanity in their hearts would take upon themselves the awful and brutal responsibility of probably increasing the number of the damned. The registrar of births would be the most fiendish officer conceivable. He would be practically the secretary of hell. The effacement of this tenet of perdition would make all the world sweeter and happier.

The only Christians who are exempted from the horrible anticipations of eternal torture, are Unitarians. Those reared in orthodoxy and who are converted to that faith are never entirely exempted from alarm. Old associations come back to converts, and the old terror they have known will at times re-visit them. Those who happily are born in the faith of the "Fatherhood" of God, have no idea of hell in their minds. They are not persons who have been delivered from these terrors,—they never had them. The only defense of the tenet of perdition is that it deters bad men from evil. There would be something in this, if it were true; but unfortunately the right men never are damned. There never was a despot, nor other scoundrel in high place, whom the Church has not dismissed at death in the "sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." Rascals have left this world with full Christian certificates, who will bring resurrection into contempt, or render it a source of alarm, should they be subjects of it.

It is true that great numbers of men and women do not be-

lieve in these doctrines, in their naked, obvious, and awful purport, they merely believe that they believe them, but so far as they are believed by sincere, benevolent, and trusting souls, they suffer all their lives consternation and gloom of mind. Therefore the effacement of these tenets would be an incalculable gain to humanity. It is difficult to conceive that anyone can doubt this, who considers the effect of these doctrines on the understanding and happiness of those whose belief is real, and who understand the meaning of the words in which orthodox Christianity expresses this amazing and awful tenet.

True, established and representative Christianity has another and a better side. It speaks of the love of God in sending his son to die in torture in this world, and of the splendid example of self-sacrifice in Christ, in submitting to a lingering and painful death. But not less is the heart of the intelligent and humane believer torn with fear, as he thinks what must be the character of the God who could only be appeased by the blood of his own child. What trembling soul can be inspired with the passion of love by the spectacle of the throne of God with the Devil—the minister of his vengeance—on his left hand, and with hell for his footstool? The better side of Christianity is overshadowed by its worse.

Happily the Church is not consistent with itself. Human nature is stronger than dogma, Catholic or Protestant. Christianity establishes institutions for giving education, which, though limited and mixed up with confusing theological doctrines—is, nevertheless, to a certain extent, and in some cases to a considerable extent—promotes human interest in the affairs of this life, and creates in the mind intellectual ambitions, which divert thought from the sombre enigmas of Christianity. The Churches contain numerous institutions of charity, the tendency of which is to improve the material condition of men. They now promote sanitary knowledge, which tends to the preservation of health, and therefore the Churches may be said, so far, to advance material welfare and enjoyment. They promote emigration, which increases the material advantages of the poorer classes, and places most of those who go out in a higher social position, which exempts them from the influence of the priest. Men under a new experience of life are obliged to think for themselves, and come at last to form a theory of life for themselves more reasonable, and therefore

more moral, than that in which they were trained by the Churches.

Many Christians, therefore, contend that if all the institutions of Christianity were suddenly effaced, the world would be at once very much worse by the loss of these charities and moral influences which the Church, in spite of its tenets, is obliged to maintain; for if it did not make some concessions to the human necessities of men, society could not be held together, and the Church itself would go down from the disability and incompetence which its own theological tenets would—were they alone enforced—bring about.

But the sudden and instantaneous effacement of Christianity, which many fear, is, we repeat, an impossibility. No system, either of politics, morality, or religion, can be suddenly effaced. The sword of Christian and political rulers has often been employed to efface systems of faith and freedom, repugnant to the holders of the sword, but without extirpating whole races of the heretical men, they have not succeeded in effacing heretical faiths, or modes of government. Established ideas of any kind enter into the minds of men; and it is only after the efforts of generations have been employed in suppressing the inherited ideas and tendencies of a race, that the effacement has been complete. This sudden effacement of tenets and institutions of men is practically impossible, and the supposition that it can be done is an illusion and needless dread. The effacement will only take place by time, by education, by training, and the slow creation of new influences and new institutions which replace the old.

But supposing, as many seem to think possible and impending, that the tenets of Christianity were disproved, and its teachings and institutions instantaneously effaced, what would follow? Certainly many valuable institutions would be lost for a time. But the loss would, ere long, be made up, and the institutions be replaced by better ones. The means of doing this would more largely exist than they do, had it not been that Christianity has done its best to prevent any means from accumulating. Christians having the main control in making laws, they have made laws and maintained them, which prevent persons, who hold what are called skeptical or secular views, from leaving money or founding charities which might establish new institutions on a more beneficent, useful and unfettered scale, than those of Christianity.

In the next, and concluding chapter, we shall show how Christianity sits on moral endeavor and suffocates it.

(To be continued)

THE GODS.*

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

(Concluded.)

THE civilization of man has increased just to the same extent that religious power has decreased. The intellectual advancement of man depends upon how often he can exchange an old superstition for a new truth. The Church never enabled a human being to make even one of these exchanges; on the contrary, all her power has been used to prevent them. In spite, however, of the Church, man found that some of his religious conceptions were wrong. By reading his bible, he found that the ideas of his God were more cruel and brutal than those of the most depraved savage. He also discovered that this holy book was filled with ignorance, and that it must have been written by persons wholly unacquainted with the nature of the phenomena by which we are surrounded; and, now and then, some man had the goodness and courage to speak his honest thoughts. In every age some thinker, some doubter, some investigator, some hater of hypocrisy, some despiser of sham, some brave lover of the right, has gladly, proudly and heroically braved the ignorant fury of superstition for the sake of man and truth. These divine men were generally torn in pieces by the worshipers of the gods. Socrates was poisoned because he lacked reverence for some of the deities. Christ was crucified by a religious rabble for the crime of blasphemy. Nothing is more gratifying to a religionist than to destroy his enemies at the command of God. Religious persecution springs from a due admixture of love towards God and hatred towards man.

The terrible religious wars that inundated the world with blood tended at least to bring all religion into disgrace and hatred. Thoughtful people began to question the divine origin of a religion that made its believers hold the rights of others in absolute contempt. A few began to compare Christianity with the religions of heathen people, and were forced to admit that the difference was hardly worth dying for. They also found that other nations were even happier and more prosperous than their own.

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They began to suspect that their religion, after all, was not of much real value.

For three hundred years the Christian world endeavored to rescue from the "Infidel" the empty sepulchre of Christ. For three hundred years the armies of the cross were baffled and beaten by the victorious hosts of an impudent impostor. This immense fact sowed the seeds of distrust throughout all Christendom, and millions began to lose confidence in a God who had been vanquished by Mohammed. The people also found that commerce made friends where religion made enemies, and that religious zeal was utterly incompatible with peace between nations or individuals. They discovered that those who loved the gods most, were apt to love men least; that the arrogance of universal forgiveness was amazing; that the most malicious had the effrontery to pray for their enemies, and that humility and tyranny were the fruit of the same tree.

For ages a deadly conflict has been waged between a few brave men and women of thought and genius upon the one side, and the great ignorant religious mass on the other. This is the war between Science and Faith. The few have appealed to reason, to honor, to law, to freedom, to the known, and to happiness here in this world. The many have appealed to prejudice, to fear, to miracle, to slavery, to the unknown, and to misery hereafter. The few have said, "Think!" The many have said, "Believe!"

The first doubt was the womb and cradle of progress, and from the first doubt, man has continued to advance. Men began to investigate, and the Church began to oppose. The astronomer scanned the heavens, while the Church branded his grand forehead with the word, "Infidel;" and now, not a glittering star in all the vast expanse bears a Christian name. In spite of all religion, the geologist penetrated the earth, read her history in books of stone, and found, hidden within her bosom, souvenirs of all the ages. Old ideas perished in the retort of the chemist, and useful truths took their places. One by one religious conceptions have been placed in the crucible of science, and thus far, nothing but dross has been found. A new world has been discovered by the microscope; everywhere has been found the infinite; in every direction man has investigated and explored, and nowhere, in earth or stars, has been found the footstep of any being superior to or independent of nature. Nowhere has been discovered the slightest evidence of any interference from without.

These are the sublime truths that enabled man to throw off the yoke of superstition. These are the splendid facts that snatched the sceptre of authority from the hands of priests.

In that vast cemetery, called the past, are most of the religions of men, and there, too, are nearly all their gods. The sacred temples of India were ruins long ago. Over column and cornice, over the painted and pictured walls, cling and creep the trailing vines. Brahma, the golden, with four heads and four arms; Vishnu, the sombre, the punisher of the wicked, with his three eyes, his crescent, and his necklace of skulls; Siva, the destroyer, red with seas of blood; Kali, the goddess; Draupadi, the white-armed, and Chrishna, the Christ, all passed away and left the thrones of heaven desolate. Along the banks of the sacred Nile, Isis no longer wandering weeps, searching for the dead Osiris. The shadow of Typhon's scowl falls no more upon the waves. The sun rises as of yore, and his golden beams still smite the lips of Memnon, but Memnon is as voiceless as the Sphinx. The sacred fanes are lost in desert sands; the dusty mummies are still waiting for the resurrection promised by their priests, and the old beliefs wrought in curiously sculptured stone, sleep in the mystery of a language lost and dead. Odin, the author of life and soul, Vili and Ve, and the mighty giant Ymir, strode long ago from the icy halls of the North; and Thor, with iron glove and glittering hammer, dashes mountains to the earth no more. Broken are the circles and cromlechs of the ancient Druids; fallen upon the summits of the hills, and covered with the centuries' moss, are the sacred cairns. The divine fires of Persia and of the Aztecs, have died out in the ashes of the past, and there is none to rekindle, and none to feed the holy flames. The harp of Orpheus is still; the drained cup of Bacchus has been thrown aside; Venus lies dead in stone, and her white bosom heaves no more with love. The streams still murmur, but no naiads bathe; the trees still wave, but in the forest aisles no dryads dance. The gods have flown from high Olympus. Not even the beautiful women can lure them back, and Danæ lies unnoticed, naked to the stars. Hushed forever are the thunders of Sinai; lost are the voices of the prophets, and the land once flowing with milk and honey, is but a desert waste. One by one, the myths have faded from the clouds; one by one, the phantom host has disappeared, and one by one, facts, truths and realities have taken their

places. The supernatural has almost gone, but the natural remains. The gods have fled, but man is here.

Nations, like individuals, have their periods of youth, of manhood and decay. Religions are the same. The same inexorable destiny awaits them all. The gods created by the nations must perish with their creators. They were created by men, and like men, they must pass away. The deities of one age are the by-words of the next. The religion of our day, and country, is no more exempt from the sneer of the future than the others have been. When India was supreme, Brahma sat upon the world's throne. When the sceptre passed to Egypt, Isis and Osiris received the homage of mankind. Greece, with her fierce valor swept to empire, and Zeus put on the purple of authority. The earth trembled with the tread of Rome's intrepid sons, and Jove grasped with mailed hand the thunderbolts of heaven. Rome fell, and Christians from her territory, with the red sword of war, carved out the ruling nations of the world, and now Christ sits upon the old throne. Who will be his successor?

Day by day, religious conceptions grow less and less intense. Day by day the old spirit dies out of book and creed. The burning enthusiasm, the quenchless zeal of the early Church, have gone, never, never to return. The ceremonies remain, but the ancient faith is fading out of the human heart. The worn-out arguments fail to convince, and denunciations that once blanched the faces of a race, excite in us only derision and disgust. As time rolls on, the miracles grow mean and small, and the evidences our fathers thought conclusive utterly fail to satisfy us. There is an "irrepressible conflict" between religion and science, and they cannot peaceably occupy the same brain nor the same world.

While utterly discarding all creeds, and denying the truth of all religions, there is neither in my heart nor upon my lips a sneer for the hopeful, loving and tender souls, who believe that from all this discord will result a perfect harmony; that every evil will in some mysterious way become a good, and that above and over all there is a being who, in some way, will reclaim and glorify every one of the children of men; but for those who heartlessly try to prove that salvation is almost impossible; that damnation is almost certain; that the highway of the universe leads to hell; who fill life with fear and death with horror; who curse the cra-

dle and mock the tomb, it is impossible to entertain other than feelings of pity, contempt and scorn.

Reason, Observation and Experience—the Holy Trinity of Science—have taught us that happiness is the only good; that the time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is to make others so. This is enough for us. In this belief we are content to live and die. If by any possibility the existence of a power superior to, and independent of, nature, shall be demonstrated, there will then be time enough to kneel. Until then, let us stand erect.

Notwithstanding the fact that infidels in all ages have battled for the rights of man, and have at all times been the fearless advocates of liberty and justice, we are constantly charged by the Church with tearing down without building again. The Church should by this time know that it is utterly impossible to rob men of their opinions. The history of religious persecution fully establishes the fact that the mind necessarily resists and defies every attempt to control it by violence. The mind necessarily clings to old ideas until prepared for the new. The moment we comprehend the truth, all erroneous ideas are of necessity cast aside.

A surgeon once called upon a poor cripple, and kindly offered to render him any assistance in his power. The surgeon began to discourse very learnedly upon the nature and origin of disease; of the curative properties of certain medicines; of the advantages of exercise, air and light, and of the various ways in which health and strength could be restored. These remarks were so full of good sense, and discovered so much profound thought and accurate knowledge, that the cripple, becoming thoroughly alarmed, cried out, "Do not, I pray you, take away my crutches. They are my only support, and without them I should be miserable indeed!" "I am not going," said the surgeon, "to take away your crutches. I am going to cure you, and then you will throw the crutches away yourself."

For the vagaries of the clouds the infidels propose to substitute the realities of earth; for superstition, the splendid demonstrations and achievements of science; and for theological tyranny, the chainless liberty of thought.

We do not say that we have discovered all; that our doctrines are the all in all of truth. We know of no end to the development of man. We cannot unravel the infinite complications of

matter and force. The history of one monad is as unknown as that of the universe; one drop of water is as wonderful as all the seas; one leaf, as all the forests; and one grain of sand, as all the stars.

We are not endeavoring to chain the future, but to free the present. We are not forging fetters for our children, but we are breaking those our fathers made for us. We are the advocates of inquiry, of investigation and thought. This, of itself, is an admission that we are not perfectly satisfied with all our conclusions. Philosophy has not the egotism of faith. While superstition builds walls and creates obstructions, science opens all the highways of thought. We do not pretend to have circumnavigated everything, and to have solved all difficulties, but we do believe that it is better to love men than to fear gods; that it is grander and nobler to think and investigate for ourselves than to repeat a creed. We are satisfied that there can be but little liberty on earth while men worship a tyrant in heaven. We do not expect to accomplish everything in our day; but we want to do what good we can, and to render all the service possible in the holy cause of human progress. We know that doing away with gods and supernatural persons and powers is not an end. It is a means to an end: the real end being the happiness of man.

Felling forests is not the end of agriculture. Driving pirates from the sea is not all there is of commerce.

We are laying the foundations of the grand temple of the future—not the temple of all the gods, but of all the people—wherein, with appropriate rites, will be celebrated the religion of Humanity. We are doing what little we can to hasten the coming of the day when society shall cease producing millionaires and mendicants—gorged indolence and famished industry—truth in rags, and superstition robed and crowned. We are looking for the time when the useful shall be the honorable; and when REASON, throned upon the world's brain, shall be the King of Kings, and God of Gods.

We desire here to call the *especial attention* of our many readers who have enjoyed the foregoing article on "THE GODS" to the advertisement of Col. Ingersoll's works in our advertising pages.—EDITOR.

CHANGING THE CREED.

BY S. H. PRESTON.

THE wonderful wand of progress has even touched petrificative Presbyterianism. Resuscitated by the spirit of the age, its dry bones rattle and rise up to remove the mildew from its creedal ceremonies. Long ago it was jolted from the lumbering vehicle of religious reform, and has since lain by the wayside while the world whirled by. It is now waking to ask what has happened. It is like the drunken man that tumbled from the top of the stage-coach.

"Hic, hello! tipped over? Anybody killed?"

"No," answered the driver.

"Then I wouldn't have—hic—got down," remarked the bruised inebriate. And Presbyterianism would have remained aboard, had it known that running out of the old rut would not have upset it.

Now it is ready to revise its creed, to dust some of the damnation from its ragged robes, rather than be relegated to the religious rubbish of the past. According to its theology, God manufactured the first pair of parents as propagators of total depravity; and though the first child born was a murderer, the generations have been growing worse ever since. The holiest man, the saintliest woman, the babe that breathes but once, are only fit for hell-fire fuel.

But rather than leave the halls of heaven desolate, with none to hold its golden harps, God in his good pleasure, and for his greater glory, chose a certain number of occupants from his sin-cursed children, before he created them, and without any reference to their character or conduct. They can be considered as chance citizens of the celestial court. Their enjoyment will chiefly consist in gazing at the ceaseless suffering of their less lucky relatives and friends, as they roll forever on the blazing billows of hell. A Presbyterian parson, who was asked if he could be happy in heaven, while his mother was in hell, answered that he guessed God knew what was best for his mother.

It turns out that the people of to-day do not take the same delight in these teachings, that did those of the good old theologic times, when they tore out the tongue of a man before

burning him, lest he say something against the religion of the gentlemen who burnt him. Folks no longer deem it their pious duty to pay pew-rent for the pleasure of listening to discourses on infant damnation.

The Church once had contrivances for cutting folks down, or stretching them out to fit the creed. It now fashions the creed to fit the folks. And so even the old unprogressive Presbyterians have resolved to revise theirs. Some have gone so far as to hold that an honest heathen, who has never heard the glad tidings of great joy, is not necessarily doomed to eternal torment.

This is a hopeful sign, and shows that the horrid standard of orthodoxy hoisted by Calvin, and which has withstood the storms of doctrinal dispute for some nine generations, will no longer be allowed to outrage the religious sentiments of mankind.

Presbyterianism must now change its cruel creed to one more merciful and beneficent, or become a corpse as a Christian body, and be buried beneath a pyramid of obloquy. Its next act of advancement will be to abolish the abominable creed altogether.

REMINISCENCES.

By LUCY N. COLMAN.

(Continued.)

WHILE in the vicinity of Honeoye with my colored friend, a gentleman who attended one of our meetings invited us to speak at his home, some fifteen miles from where we were then speaking. I said, "Yes, if you will provide us with a home in the place." He answered, "I will do so; and as there is no direct public conveyance, I will come with my carriage for you, and entertain you at my house." Accordingly, on the day appointed the gentleman presented himself, with horse and carriage, and we had a delightful drive over fifteen miles. When we arrived our host took us to his door, which was opened by a young lady whom he introduced to us as his niece. She paid us all needful attention, but I was surprised that the wife did not come in and bid us welcome; and following out our Yankee proclivities, I began to ask questions. The answers were such that I expected some kind of a storm.

At last tea was called, and the young lady escorted us to the dining-room, and, having seated us, took her seat at the head of

the table. Very soon a good-looking young woman came into the room, with a child a year old or thereabouts in her arms, and the young lady introduced us to her as her uncle's wife, our hostess. I said, "Are we not to have your company at the table?" She answered very emphatically, "No, I don't eat with niggers. If my husband were not the best man, and the best husband in the world, I would not have one in the house." (The husband was not in the house at the time.) "Oh!" I said, "I beg pardon; I supposed you sympathized with your husband." I put my hand tenderly upon the colored young woman, saying: "Never mind the insult; bear it as patiently as you can." When the hostess came into the room again, I said, "You will honor me by going to hear me speak to night, will you not?" "No, I'll stay at home with my baby!" "Can't you take your baby? It's a beautiful evening." I said to the husband, without being heard by the wife, "Get your wife to go to the meeting, and take the baby. Sit in a conspicuous place,—I want to sell that child from an auction-block." He succeeded, and sat with his wife and child directly in front of the pulpit, and I sold the baby. The picture must have been realistic, for as I struck it off to the highest bidder, the mother sobbed aloud. She was fully converted, and was glad to prove her conversion by eating with the lady in the morning, who was the nigger in the evening; and showed her regret for the unprovoked insult by little pleasant attentions, and even tender words. I never attended but one auction in my life, but I managed a mock one very well, being auctioneer and buyer also. That woman was from that day an Abolitionist, and the husband very happy for the change.

In Naples, Livingston county, I had an experience worthy of record. In this place lived a man, a Mr. Marks, who, besides being a roaring Methodist, was an active Abolitionist; and being rich for those times, a merchant and a general business man, was an acquisition of great worth to the cause of the slave. I wrote to him, asking him if he would get us up a series of meetings, and entertain me, with my colored co-laborer, at his home? He answered immediately, "Yes, come prepared to speak one week from Sunday next;" and so we went. On Sunday morning Mr. Marks said: "You will go to church, Mrs. Colman?" I said, "Excuse me, I do my own preaching." "No," he said, "I cannot excuse you. I have a purpose in your being seen at church." So with my friend with the colored skin I went to the church.

The building was new and quite fine,—a large audience, for the Methodists were very flourishing in that place. We listened to a sermon, about the average of Methodist sermons in those days. At its close, Mr. Marks went to the altar and said: "The audience will remember that last Sunday I gave notice that to-day, in this house, we would have two sisters with us, to speak for the slave, if there were no objections; but there have been objections. The sisters are here,—you see them." Two women, one a *black* one, were no small attraction in those days for a pulpit. You could hear a buzz of dissatisfaction to the objection. At length Mr. Marks said: "I own another church—the building next this is mine; and though it has been used for the last two years as an arsenal, you will find it nicely seated to-day; and in that the sisters will speak, commencing at two o'clock." Mr. Marks had taken his men from his store Saturday night, removed the guns, and with planks from his lumber-yard, had seated the entire floor. At this announcement there was a general shout of glory to God. Mr. Marks did not tell who had made the objections, but the little insignificant minister revealed himself by his crest-fallen look.

We had a great crowd. The minister came, but he could not stay. Miss Holland commenced the service by reading the parable of the man who fell among thieves. I invited the minister to pray, if he would like to do so; but as he did not respond, an illiterate old man performed the service, certainly in an earnest manner. I then read "Whittier's Sabbath Scene." We did not make the application,—it made itself, and the minister could not remain. I spoke every night that week, often more than two hours without rest, using no notes. I used myself completely up, had an attack of congestion of the brain, and was obliged to give up, for a time, public work.

About this time I made the acquaintance of Captain John Brown,—"*Ossawatimie Brown*," he was called then. I knew of his work in Kansas, and had made the acquaintance of his son, John Brown, Jr., the year previous, in Ohio. The atrocities committed on John Brown, Jr., proved the inhabitants of Missouri ("*Border Ruffians*," they were called at that time) to have been of the same human nature as the Russians of to-day, who delight in the sufferings which they inflict upon the Nihilists.

I do not know as it is necessary for me to say much of John

Brown. He is known as the man who precipitated the War of the Rebellion, by his raid into Virginia, and attacking and holding, for a few hours, the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. He was duly executed for treason, "but his soul went marching on," until a war broke out between the North and the South, which did not end until chattel slavery was abolished. I was intimately acquainted with Captain Brown, and seriously contemplated, at one time, going into the mountains of Virginia, and helping him to establish homes for the fugitives who should escape from slavery. But though in our hatred for slavery, and interest in the bondman, Captain Brown and I were well agreed, we differed entirely in our religious creed, he being the most thorough Calvinist I ever knew, and, added to his Calvinism, he was positively sure God had commissioned *him* to lead the American chattel slave out of bondage into freedom; and until that work was accomplished his own life was a special care of his God and could not be taken. I had long before that time given up all faith in special providences, and ceased to regard the Hebrew laws as binding upon me; and so, though Captain Brown continually repeated the words, "He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me," to me, to father, mother and child seemed my first duty, and I did not join him.

The evening previous to the starting of Captain Brown's followers from Rochester, I spent at the house of Mr. Frederick Douglass, and when ready for my walk home, Shields Green accompanied me. I said to him, while on our walk, "Do you know that by going with Captain Brown into a Southern State, you expose yourself to the gallows? That if you are taken you will surely be executed?" He answered, "Yes; I shall probably lose my life, but if my death will help to free my race, I am willing to die. I have suffered cruel blows from men who said they *owned* me. Death from the hands of the law for no offense, save for believing in liberty for myself and my race, would not be a degradation; but blows from an overseer's lash, crush into my soul." Brave and good man! Virginia hung him by the neck until he was dead; but no amount of persuasion, or threat, could draw from him the name or residence of any friend who had helped him on that fatal mission. My own name was in "the carpet bag," but Governor Wise wisely refrained from demanding that New York should give up citizens who had only abetted treason by words. Alas! that to-day *free speech* is treason.

The year following the execution of those persons engaged in the Harper's Ferry Massacre was one of continuous mobs. Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse and Albany, were perhaps the most noted. In all these cities the Republicans were in power, save in Albany. The Mayor of Albany was a Democrat, and he alone protected the meeting, by calling out the forces of the law. The Republicans seemed mad upon the subject of preserving the Union, no matter how low they should be required to stoop to their lords of the South; but when the South opened the war by firing upon Sumter, Republicans and Democrats alike awakened to their degradation.

My daughter had now reached her seventeenth year—1862—and I had begun to feel that she would be able to fulfill all my hopes. She was scholarly and something of a genius. Her talent for drawing was marked when quite a child; but her great desire was for the stage. I could not encourage her in that wish, with neither father nor brother to protect her, and entirely dependent upon my daily labor for a living, and realizing at least some of the difficulties attending the profession, I could only say, *No*. The New England Woman's Medical College was at that time in operation, and as my sister, Dr. A. F. Raymond, was at that time resident there, I concluded that to be the best opening within my means. The knowledge of anatomy and physiology would be valuable, should she ever use her pencil as a profession. She was accordingly admitted as a student at the fall term in 1862. In two weeks a telegram reached me, saying, "Come! Gertrude is very sick." I reached her twenty-four hours before her reason left her. She lived one week thereafter, and died. Parker Pillsbury and William Lloyd Garrison came to the college, and *tried* to say words of comfort. I was very anxious to reach home with the remains of the dear one, before death should have destroyed the natural look; and so my sister, Mrs Clark, of Springfield, who had been with us at the death-bed, made all preparations promptly as possible, and we (Mrs. Clark and myself) started with the corpse on the train for the west, which left Boston at 2 o'clock p. m. My heart was broken, and I thought I would gladly die, if I only could. What was there in life for me?

When we reached Chatham,—not the village, but a little way into the township,—in an instant we were thrown from our seats, and the car in which we were thrown over onto its side. The

crash was terrific, The first word I heard was from my sister, who said, "Lucy, if you are alive, speak." I answered, "Yes, and you are, as you can speak." I thought I wanted to die, but I did not, as I found myself trying to extricate myself from the broken seats and other timbers that held me down. The night was very dark; it was then ten o'clock, and we were some four miles from help. The engineer had gone down with his engine, many feet; not killed, but terribly hurt. Not one of all the number was dead, but the groans told of the suffering. We could not perceive our situation, but as we escaped from the car, we found we were on a ridge so steep that we put our hands into the gravel and pulled ourselves up onto the track. Our eyes having become accustomed to the darkness, we were able to move about with safety. Neither my sister nor myself were seriously hurt. We had no broken bones. The cause of the accident was the raising of one of the rails by some one or more persons, to wreck the train, as some companies of soldiers were expected to take that train at a station just east of Chatham. It was just a few days after General McClellan was relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and some people seemed ready to do any desperate act to gratify their revenge. The wreck remained on the track some four hours, when help was obtained, and we were transported on our way.

Among the passengers was a gentleman in the garb of a clergyman. His cravat was white, such as marked a minister in those days, whose conduct was so ludicrous that I have never forgotten it. As my sister and I made our escape from the car, we found some one was before us, and as soon as his (the gentleman's) eyes told him there were ladies near him, he said, "Ladies, are you hurt?" We answered, "Not much." And then came his assertion that he was not hurt: "Well, ladies, I am very happy to tell you I am not hurt. At first I thought I was; but I find I am not. But, ladies, did you see anything of my umbrella, as you came out?" What a question! we had dragged ourselves out of a car, turned upon its side, in the darkness, hardly knowing whether or not our limbs were left us; and that man, who could no doubt tell any one how to escape hell, was so frightened that his umbrella seemed "the one thing needful," and he required the help of two women to find it for him. After a time a little child, whose mother was among the wounded, became troubled and

frightened, and as I took her into my care I drew from my pocket some little crackers, and gave them to her and her sisters older, knowing that children are often reached through their appetites. The clergyman, observing it, said: "I left a paper of crackers in the car; if some one would go into the car and get them, the children could have some of them." If some one at the risk of life or limb, would go into that car and get a paper of crackers from out the *debris*, the children could have some of them. No wonder such people want to be helped into heaven by and through a Savior.

The services at the funeral were performed by Mr. Frederick Douglass. I did not wish for a minister, but a Universalist member, a friend of the family, made a few remarks. I do not know at all what was said. I only know that words seemed a mockery. I had no object in life, though my father and mother were with me and needed my care. I felt that one of my sisters could take my place, and I could give up life. By and by a call came from Washington, for a woman without prejudice, to take the place of Matron in the National Colored Orphan Asylum. This institution was founded by Senator Pomeroy's wife, of Kansas. There were a great many houseless, homeless children in and about Washington,—children from a few months to ten years of age. No one knew where their mothers were, and the fathers were, many of them, in the rebel army, as officers or soldiers. These children were of all shades of color; many of them with blue eyes and silver hair. Surely such had fathers destitute of prejudice against color, so far as the mothers of their children were concerned.

There were also in this institution several old women, from seventy to eighty years old. The institution had officers from, or in, all of the Northern States, and the donations from these states were what were relied upon to support it, though the government allowed them the use of a commodious house, with large grounds, in Georgetown, owned by a rebel, who fled to Richmond at the breaking out of the war. During the year that had passed since the opening of this asylum, there had been three or four women employed as matrons, who had been successively quarreled away by the resident teacher, a woman from Massachusetts, related to, and recommended by, some of the pronounced Liberals in and about Boston. I will not say this woman was the worst woman

who ever lived, because I have not seen all the bad women of my own time; but I have no hesitation in putting her at the head of all I have known, in selfish wickedness. A woman who will deliberately starve, and otherwise abuse, little children, who have no one to care for them, is a monstrosity that I do not wish to be acquainted with.

This teacher bore a name honored and beloved in Massachusetts, and because of her name the Liberals (I mean by Liberals, Unitarians, Agnostics, and the Republicans of Governor Andrew's stamp), were determined to defend her under all circumstances; and so, if a matron made any complaint of the teacher, instead of looking into the matter, the matron was summarily dismissed. Had I known of the condition of things, I could not have been persuaded to take the place; but having taken it, I determined to change its character, or break it up entirely.

I will not tire the reader with a very minute description of these children,—eighty in number, and not ten healthy ones in all, and not one free from the most disgusting parasites. The teacher had been matron a sufficient time to allow them all to become infested with vermin too bad to write about. The discipline was sustained by taking the food from the disobedient, and as there were always children who could not, if they would, conform to some of the rules, because of feebleness, so there was always hunger. One of the farmers whose land joined the asylum complained to me that he had not been able to keep food for his swine, only as he put it behind a lock, as these hungry children would devour the contents of his swill-barrel with eagerness. Mrs. Senator Pomeroy had died, and the woman who took her place was evidently afraid of Massachusetts.

My friend who had recommended me to the society thought if she could once get me into that institution, I would find it was not quite time for me to sit down and hug my own grief. Here were atrocities perpetrated daily upon the children of a race whom I had adopted and worked for in the best years of my life—abused under the name of Christian care, and as yet there was no help. I looked about me. I did not pray, but I used my authority as matron. I said, "You will be mistress of these children in the school-room, but out of the school-room you have no control. Never take away their food again. I will not allow it." She tried it, but found herself circumvented as and where

she least expected it. The grounds were covered with trees bearing the most delicious fruit—early apples, apricots, and, in time, peaches in the greatest abundance. This woman forbade these children to help themselves, though the fruit was wasting upon the ground. I said to them, "You must not climb the trees without permission from me, but eat all you wish from the ground." I sent for one of the army surgeons. His name I do not at this writing recall, but his picture is to be seen at the bedside of President Lincoln in the engraving of the death scene. At this day, more than twenty years since, my heart goes out in thankfulness to him for his kindness. He always came at my call. He told me how to destroy the parasites that were eating the life out of these children. He said the sickness was from want of food and care, encouraged me to do as seemed right, and with his help and counsel, after being there three months, the children were all well and clean, but I had broken down in health, and felt that I must give it all up; but I did not cease my work till that teacher was removed. It was a hard fight, with great odds against me,—the prominent Antislavery men in Congress, and the Unitarian minister, the Rev. William Henry Channing, then resident of Washington. Only Secretary Stanton and his assistant, Major Luddington, and the indefatigable woman, Jane Gray Swisshelm, had taken time to examine into the matter, and they were with me. Governor Andrew even sent his secretary all the way from Massachusetts to defend this wicked woman.

Mrs. Swisshelm finally announced, that unless the whole thing was thoroughly looked into, she would cause the arrest of the teacher for manslaughter; and as it could be easily proven, her (the teacher's) friends were glad to cease their opposition to the examination, and the private secretary went home, first advising that the teacher leave the institution. It took three months of hard labor, but the woman was removed.

After the removal Harriet Tubman was employed a month, to rid the asylum of the filth; but the children were sick and many of them died. Starvation and disgusting parasites had done their work. I think that the most charitable reason that can be given of, or for, that teacher's conduct, was that she was under the influence of alcohol, of which there was an abundance in the cellar of the building, in the shape of brandy, whisky, and wine. She was certainly crazed with something. I hope her friends

have learned enough of her to repent of their defense of her wickedness.

This was only one of the many cases where the poor colored people were used to profit some broken-down teacher or clergyman. Secretary Stanton told me that the trouble he had with the abuse of these "Contrabands," was almost equal to the war. The North had so many superannuated ministers to care for, that it seemed a Godsend to be able to send them where they would be able to obtain a salary for doing something that was worse than nothing. These colored people could pray and sing quite as well as their teachers. They needed no instruction in that line. The requirements of civilization were not so familiar to them, such as cleanliness, and prudence, sobriety and independence.

After leaving the asylum, I was appointed teacher of a colored school in Georgetown, by the New York Aid Society, but in a few days some other society claimed that as their ground, and so, leaving that particular school, I was made Superintendent of all the schools in the district, supported by the New York Aid Society, some eleven in number. I used to go to each one every week, and speak to them Sundays, in some one of their school-rooms. I tried to teach them that cleanliness was not only godliness, but that it was positively essential to godliness, and that shouting, praying and singing, would avail them nothing, while the day after all these noisy demonstrations they drank themselves drunk, quarreled with each other, stole and lied as they had learned to do in slavery. It was a hard lesson for some of them, but generations of the most debasing, abject slavery, is not productive of a high order of morals; and these people were only grown-up children. We expected altogether too much of them. I am astonished that we had so little trouble with them.

The American Tract Society early established itself, by their agents, among these people. This society was the most positive proslavery organization in this country. In all their leaflets, as well as their larger publications, they entirely ignored the slave. They sometimes re-published some of the English tracts, carefully excluding all reference to the sin of slaveholding, putting in its place the awful sin of dancing, card-playing, and theatrical exhibitions. One at this day can hardly realize how entirely subservient all classes were to the slave-power. I remember

a good liberal clergyman, who, for twenty years, in his own church, fought the rum power and conquered it, publishing a reading book for schools, in which he put one of Cowper's poems, in which occur these grand words against slaveholding:

"I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd—
No! dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him."

The South refused to buy the book, and the clergyman bent his knee to the slave power, published another edition, leaving out the objectionable poem.

This Tract Society now ignored its past, and made haste to prepare a room for religious services at Freedman's Village, where my friend Capt. Carse was Superintendent. These agents did not like me, nor my influence in the village, and they tried hard to shut me out. On the other hand Captain Carse thought my influence beneficial, and sometimes sent for me in a troublous time with some of the freed people. One day he said to me, "You ought to have a pass that shall be good for a month, instead of only one day. I will get you such a one." And so, going to the office, he asked Captain Brown for the pass. "How is that?" said the officer. "Here is a man who was just trying to persuade me to refuse Mrs. Colman a pass, never allowing her one for a day." Superintendent Carse looked up, and saw the resident agent of the American Tract Society, and thereupon ensued a scene. "By what authority do you presume to keep any one out of a district of which I am military commander, sir? Do you know that it is through my permission that you are there?" The monthly pass came, and these agents were obliged to endure my visits oftener than was agreeable to them. They vented their spite by refusing the use of their carriage to take me back and forth. The superintendent and wife always rode on horseback, a feat that was not agreeable to me; but there were plenty of colored people in Washington who owned carriages, and they were always glad to use them for my benefit.

Sojourner Truth, who was not allowed to enter the White House as an equal with other visitors, was living at the village at

that time, going among the people and teaching them to make the best use of the little the government gave them to live upon. I think here I will give my readers an account of the visit which I made with this remarkable colored woman to President Lincoln, for the purpose of introducing her to him. Sojourner Truth was a slave in the State of New York, freed by the State in 1817. She was then about forty-five years of age, and she lived till 1883. She never learned to read, but her intuition was wonderful. She was what the Spiritualists call mediumistic, but her "control" was God. She held almost hourly converse with, as she supposed, the God of the universe; asked his opinion about any contemplated business that she proposed to do, and went by his direction. She early came into the Antislavery work, and did valiant service as a lecturer. The first time that she visited Ohio she was nearly seventy years old, but she was quite as vigorous as a person of fifty. Some one of the friends of her race fitted her out with horse and buggy, and she traveled some weeks, getting up her own meetings. She said whenever she came to a place where two roads met, she laid the lines down and said, "God, you drive," and he always drove her to some good place, where she had a successful meeting. She paid her way, and her horse was well taken care of, but I think she did not convert to *real* abolitionism many on that trip. The people were curious to hear her talk and sing. Her voice was very fine, and she could sing well after she had passed her hundredth year. She was a great smoker till she was ninety years of age. Going among the freed people, and trying to teach them economy, she found it not best to take with her such a useless habit as smoking.

(*To be continued.*)

MRS. COLMAN'S interesting "Reminiscences" will run through two numbers more (August and September), when they will be published in beautiful book form, with an introduction by the late Amy Post and a sketch of the life of Amy Post by Mrs. Colman. The price of the book will be \$1.00.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

HYMN TO JOVE.

BY KLEANTHES, THE STOIC.

Translated by Thomas Davidson.

MOST glorious of all the Undying, many-named, girt round with awe !
Jove, author of Nature, applying to all things the rudder of law—
Hail ! Hail ! for it justly rejoices the races whose life is a span
To lift unto Thee their voices—the Author and Framers of Man.
For we are Thy sons ; Thou didst give us the symbols of speech at our birth,
Alone of the things that live, and mortal move upon earth.
Wherefore Thou shalt find me extolling and ever singing Thy praise ;
Since Thee the great Universe, rolling on its path 'round the world, obeys :—
Obeys Thee, wherever thou guidest, and gladly is bound in Thy bands,
So great is the power Thou confidest, with strong, invincible hands,
To Thy mighty, ministering servant, the bolt of the thunder that flies,
Two-edged, like a sword and fervent, that is living and never dies.
All nature, in fear and dismay, doth quake in the path of its stroke,
What time Thou preparest the way for the one Word Thy lips have spoke.
Which blends with lights smaller and greater, which pervadeth and thrilleth all
things,
So great is Thy power and Thy nature—in the Universe Highest of Kings !
On earth, of all deeds that are done, O God ! there is none without Thee.
In the holy æther not one, nor one on the face of the sea ;
Save the deeds that evil men, driven by their own blind folly, have planned.
But things that have grown uneven are made even again by Thy hand.
And things unseemly grow seemly, the unfriendly are friendly to Thee ;
For so good and evil supremely Thou hast blended in one by decree.
For all Thy decree is one ever—a word that endureth for aye,
Which mortals, rebellious, endeavor to flee from and shun to obey—
Ill-fated, that, worn with proneness for the lordship of goodly things,
Neither hear nor behold, in its Oneness, the law that divinity brings ;
Which men with reason obeying, might attain unto glorious life,
No longer aimlessly straying in the paths of ignoble strife.
There are men with a zeal unblest, that are wearied with pursuit of fame,
And men, with a baser quest, that are turned to lucre and shame.
There are men, too, that pamper and pleasure the flesh with delicate stings :
All these desire beyond measure to be other than all these things.
Great Jove, all-giver, dark-clouded, great Lord of the thunderbolt's breath !
Deliver the men that are shrouded in ignorance, dismal as death.

O Father! dispel from their souls the darkness, and grant them the light
 Of Reason, Thy stay, when the whole wide world Thou rulest with might,
 That we, being honored, may honor Thy name with the music of hymns,
 Extolling the deeds of the Donor, unceasing, as rightly be seems
 Mankind; for no worthier trust is awarded to God or to man
 Than forever to glory with justice in the law that endures and is One.

WOMAN IN CHRISTIAN AND HEATHEN COUNTRIES.

IN turning over the leaves of Colonel Ingersoll's "Prose Poems" on my library table, I found, opposite to his article on Woman, a paper on which was written, "In what lands are women looked up to, and considered men's equals—Heathen or Christian?" The hand-writing was that of a young lady, who had recently been on a visit at my house, and my answer to her question was as follows:

First, let me say of the author of the "Prose Poems," that it is, in my judgment, no extravagance to say that no man ever lived who had a higher appreciation of the character of woman, or who has uttered more generous sentiments, more eulogistic words, or more beautiful thoughts, or who has interested himself more, or done more in defense of every right of woman, than has this big-brained, big-hearted and justice-loving man, whom the Christian Church has traduced, slandered, maligned, and against whom she has fulminated the most terrible of her anathemas, because he dared to think differently from what the Church taught, and because he dared to give expression to his honest thoughts.

To ascertain the cause, or the reason, of the treatment of women in Christian lands, we go back to the inspiring cause, the authority therefor, viz.: the Christian text-book called the Holy Bible. Now, what does that teach? At the outset, I am embarrassed by the fact that, in the allusions in this book to the subject of your inquiry (regarding woman), my own sense of delicacy and fear to bring the blush of shame to your cheeks, prevents me from directing your attention to particular passages in the Bible; but I can say in general terms, it teaches that the husband shall be the ruler, and the wife the subject (Gen. iii: 16); that a father may sell his daughter; that he may sacrifice her to a mob; that he may murder her; that maternity is a crime; that divorce is the privilege of the husband only; that polygamy and the slavery of women is justifiable; that a man not only, may, but *shall*, "surely kill" his wife or daughter, if either endeavor to persuade him to "serve other gods;" and many other outrages in addition, which a respect for your sense of modesty forbids my even alluding to.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says: "In binding up the Jewish records with the New Testament, under the title of 'Holy Scriptures,' Christianity indorses the Jewish idea of womanhood."

On the subject of polygamy, Luther said: "I confess, for my part, that, if a man wishes to marry two or more wives, I cannot forbid him; nor is his con-

duct repugnant to Holy Scripture." And Mrs. Stanton says: "Many Protestant divines wrote in favor of polygamy."

And what do we find in the New Testament? Does it teach that women should be looked up to, and considered men's equals? Far from it. "In that book also," says Helen H. Gardener, "the words sister, mother, daughter, wife, are only names for degradation and dishonor." (I may here acknowledge my indebtedness to that gifted woman—Helen H. Gardener—and to that remarkable work of hers, "Men, Women, and Gods," for much of the information I am able to furnish on the subject of this communication.)

A few specimens only are necessary to show that the subjection of woman, and her inferiority to man, is inculcated in the New,—as well as the Old,—Testament:

"Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands." "Man is the glory of God—but woman is the glory of man." "As the Church is subject unto Christ, so let wives be to their husbands, in everything."

"They (women) are commanded to be under obedience." "Let woman learn in silence, with all subjection." "Ye wives be in subjection to your husbands." "If they (women) will learn anything, let them ask their husbands, at home."

Is it any wonder that women have been treated in the disgraceful manner that they have been in Christian countries, when authority is found for it in the book which is the Christian's idea of all that is right?

In contrast with Paul's instruction to women to ask their husbands if they want to know anything, Dr. Livingstone says that, "among the intelligent tribes of the Upper Gambia, respect for women is universally accorded. Many tribes are governed by a female chief. If you demand anything of a man, the demand is acceded to or rejected, in accordance with the decision of the wife, who is always consulted." So that there, if a man wants to learn anything, he asks his wife.

In Miss Amelia B. Edwards' lecture in this city, March 22, 1890, on the "Women of Ancient Egypt" (many centuries before the Christian era), she says that "from the earliest time of which we can catch a glimpse, the women of Egypt enjoyed a freedom and independence of which modern nations are only beginning to dream."

Mrs. Stanton says: "Through theological superstitions woman finds her most grievous bondage. The greatest barrier in the way of her elevation, is the perversion of the religious element of her nature. 'Thus saith the Lord,' has ever been a talisman by which tyrants have held the masses in subjection; and woman, in her unbounded faith, has ever been the surest victim. All scriptural lessons teaching the slavery of woman, are echoed and re-echoed in every pulpit."

Principal J. Donaldson, LL. D., of the great Scotch University of St. Andrews, in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, says: "It is a prevalent opinion that woman owes her present high position to Christianity. I used to believe in this opinion. But in the first three centuries I have not been able to see that Christianity had any favorable effect on the position of women, but, on the contrary, that it tended to lower their character, and contract the range of their activity."

The "fathers" of the Christian Church, drawing their inspiration, doubtless, from the writings of the Old and New Testaments, have given their opinion of woman, which, I submit, is not quite as flattering to her as the opinion of some who do not believe in the fathers.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore says: "The early Church fathers denounced women as noxious animals, necessary evils and domestic perils."

Lecky says: "Fierce invectives against the sex form a conspicuous and grotesque portion of the writings of the fathers."

Mrs. Stanton says that holy books and the priesthood teach that "woman is the author of sin, who (in collusion with the devil) effected the fall of man."

Gamble says that "in the fourth century holy men gravely argued the question, 'ought women to be called human beings?'"

But let the Christian fathers speak for themselves. Tertulian, in the following flattering manner, addresses woman: "You are the devil's gateway; the unsealer of the forbidden tree; the first deserter from the divine law. You are she who persuaded him whom the devil was not valiant enough to attack. You destroyed God's image—man."

Clement, of Alexandria, says: "It brings shame, to reflect of what nature woman is."

Gregory Thaumaturgus says: "One man among a thousand may be pure; a woman, never."

"Woman is the organ of the devil."—St. Bernard.

"Her voice is the hissing of the serpent."—St. Anthony.

"Woman is the instrument which the devil uses to get possession of our souls."—St. Cyprian.

"Woman is a scorpion."—St. Bonaventura.

"The gate of the devil, the road of iniquity."—St. Jerome.

"Woman is a daughter of falsehood, a sentinel of hell; the enemy of peace."—St. John Damascene.

"Of all wild beasts, the most dangerous is woman."—St. John Chrysostom.

"Woman has the poison of an asp, the malice of a dragon."—St. Gregory-the-Great!

Is it surprising, with such instructions from the fathers, that the children of the Christian Church should *not* "look up to women, and consider them men's equals?"

The following lines of Milton reflects the estimate of woman, which the teachings of Christianity had inculcated:

" Oh, why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With man, as angels, without feminine?"

It is not possible to find in "heathen lands" more revolting expressions than those indicating the estimate of woman, as held by the Christian Church, and so it is not surprising that ample proof can be adduced of the superior

regard in which woman was held, by what Christian people call Heathen, or Pagan people.

Lecky, in his "European Morals," says: "In the whole feudal (Christian) legislation, women were placed in a much lower legal position than in the Pagan empire. That generous public opinion, which in Pagan Rome had revolted against the injustice done to girls, totally disappeared."

Sir Henry Maine says: "No society, which preserves any tincture of Christian institutions, is ever likely to restore to married women the personal liberty conferred on them by the Roman law."

The cause of "Woman's Rights" was championed in Greece five centuries before Christ.

Principal Donaldson says: "The entire exclusion of women (by Christianity) from every sacred function, stands in striking contrast with both heathen and heretical practice." Again, speaking of the respect shown to women in ancient Rome, he says: "The same respect was accorded to women by many of the heretical Christians."

W. Matthieu Williams, F. R. A. S., F. C. S., in his narrative, "Through Norway with Ladies," asks the question: "Is it because their religion is superior to ours, that the Lapp women are better treated, and that their comparative status is higher?"

Helen H. Gardener says: "When the Pagan law recognized her (the wife) as the equal of her husband, the Church discarded that law."

Lecky says: "In the legends of early Rome we have ample evidence, both of the high moral estimate of women, and of their prominence in Roman life. The tragedies of Lucretia and of Virginia display a delicacy of honor and a sense of the supreme excellence of unsullied purity which no Christian nation can surpass."

Sir Henry Maine, in his "Ancient Law," says that "the inequality and oppression which related to women disappeared from Pagan laws," and adds, "The consequence was that the situation of the Roman female became one of great personal and proprietary independence; but Christianity tended somewhat, from the very first, to narrow this remarkable liberty." He further says that "the jurisconsults of the day contended for better laws for wives, but the Church prevailed in most instances, and established the most oppressive ones."

There is no more patent fact in history than that Christianity has exerted its influence in favor of inequality and injustice, with reference to woman.

Professor Draper, in his "Intellectual Development of Europe," gives certain facts as to the outrageous treatment of women by Christian men (the clergy included) which it would be exceedingly indelicate in me to repeat.

Moncure D. Conway says: "There is not a more cruel chapter in history, than that which records the arrest, by Christianity, of the natural growth of European civilization regarding women."

Neander, the Church historian, says: "Christianity diminishes the influence of woman."

Mrs. Matilda Joslyn Gage says: "It was not until the tenth century that a Christian wife of a Christian husband acquired the right of eating at the table

with him. For many hundred years the law bound over to servile labor all unmarried women between the ages of 11 and 40."

Lord Brougham says of the common law of England (in its application to women) that "it is a disgrace to any heathen nation."

Mrs. Livermore says: "The mediæval Church declared women unfit for instruction, and down to the Reformation the law proclaimed the wife her husband's creature and slave."

Herbert Spencer says: "Wives in England were bought from the fifth to the eleventh century, and as late as the seventeenth century, husbands of decent station were not ashamed to beat their wives. Gentlemen (!) arranged parties of pleasure for the purpose of seeing wretched women whipped at Bridewell. It was not till 1817, that the public whipping of women was abolished in England."

Where, I ask, do these Christian people get their warrant for their atrocious treatment of women, but from the Bible and from those in authority in the Church?

The late Rev. N. A. Staples, in writing to the Rev. Robert Collyer, said: "That is a real good point you make about woman's treatment in the Bible. I tell you it is a shameful book, in some of its chapters on that subject, and the time will come when it will be so regarded."

Martin Luther, Sir Matthew Hale, Richard Baxter, Cotton Mather, John Wesley, all contributed to the heartless, fiendish persecution of women as witches (not of men as wizards), because the "Word of God" said, "Thou shalt not permit a witch to live."

Buckle says: "The severe theology of Paganism despised the wretched superstition (the belief in witchcraft)."

Rev. Thomas C. Williams says: "I need not remind you of the moral enormities which have been defended by the supposed authority of the Bible; the burning of witches, the subjection of women," etc.

Not long ago, a firm believer in the complete subjection of women, Rev. Knox Little, said: "No crime which a husband can commit, can justify the wife's lack of obedience."

I suppose there is no nation in heathendom where there are so many wife-beaters, to-day, as in Christian England.

Not many years ago the daughter of a Christian minister to India, who had lived in India from her birth, was on a visit in New York, and meeting with a lady who had married an Englishman, inquired: "Does your husband beat you?" and on the lady replying, "No, why do you ask?" answered, "In India all Englishmen beat their wives."

In answering the question, "In what lands are women looked up to, and considered men's equals—Heathen or Christian?" I have simply given what facts I have collected relative thereto, and my authorities for those facts, and if they are found to differ from what has been supposed to exist, it is only the "truth of history" that has made them so to differ.

AGNOSTICUS.

NEW YORK, April 30, 1890.

BROWN STUDIES.

IT is impossible for the human mind to cognize or to grasp the ideas of space, eternity, infinity, or self-existence. We unconsciously put limitations—bounds, to everything. We say that space extends in all directions, without limit. We define eternity as duration without beginning or end. Of infinity and self-existence we have no conception, other than that conveyed to our minds by the term God. Still, we cannot imagine limitations to space or eternity. If we in thought set up a boundary for space, and a beginning or ending of eternity, we at once remember that there is something beyond these boundaries. We cannot conceive of unlimited space with boundaries, nor of eternity with a beginning and an end.

Many persons believe that thought is produced by the brain. We are taught that certain movements in the brain produce what we call ideas, or thoughts. If this be so, then we must regard these productions as consisting of material substance. The brain we know is composed of organized matter. If it produces thoughts, it must produce them out of something, for "out of nothing nothing comes." Is it possible that thoughts are produced from the substance or matter of the brain itself? Hardly; though we know that brain-tissue continually wastes and is re-produced. Certain kinds of food are said to be good for the brain; that is, they are adapted to replacing or building up brain-tissue, just as other kinds of food make bone, or muscle, or flesh, as the case may be. But we can hardly believe that thoughts are made out of the brain itself. The brain is a physical organ, through which mind acts, producing the phenomena, thought. It is simply an organization of matter peculiarly susceptible to mental impressions, just as a telegraph instrument is a mechanical arrangement of material parts, especially adapted to the operations of electrical currents, and by which intelligent results may be obtained.

Sleep is a condition with which we are all familiar, but which none of us understand. We drift from waking and consciousness into a state of complete obliviousness to our surroundings, and to our own existence, without being able to distinguish or to tell when we cross the line which separates between the two states. Passing time is a blank to the sleeper. All his senses are dormant. He is for the nonce in the Buddhist's heaven,—Nirvana. If the sleep be not sound, the mind, partially released from bodily dominion, wanders forth and vaguely cognizes transpiring scenes, and some other mind, perhaps, finding the lawful tenant of the sleeper's brain gone forth, enters the empty citadel and interrupts the sleeper's rest, with dreams of pleasure or of pain. Strange state! type of that other sleep, into which we all must sometime drift, when life and mind shall bid a last adieu to these tenements of clay, and leave them here to moulder back to earth again.

What a wonderful and mysterious power is that in nature, which gathers up the subtle sweet perfumes of earth and air, and stores them away in the beautiful flowers! Without fragrance, flowers would not delight us half so much as they do. They would lack that in them which corresponds to the mind, or the affections in man. They would seem like beautiful artificials rather than the real flowers of nature.

J. C. WATKINS.

TOO MUCH BIBLE.

Editor Freethinkers' Magazine :

It seems to me that Freethinkers lay too much stress on the foolish tales of the Bible ; they waste time trying to convince people that Jonah could not possibly swallow the whale, nor Jephtha blow the walls of a great city down with rams' horns. The leading Christians as a body don't believe these things any more than we do, but they have an idea that to keep men ignorant and superstitious is the only means of governing the masses and making them content with their lot, while they are living on the fat of the land and raking up their thousands, or millions, as the case may be, out of the labor of these same masses, that could not be kept down except by keeping them influenced by superstitious fears. They say, "Oh, we must have some religion or these men would run riot ; they could not be kept down ; or if they should by any means get far enough advanced in intelligence they would demand their full share of the profits of their labor ; then what would become of our large fortunes ? We could do nothing with them, not even bribe a Legislature, for all would be so well off they would spurn our offers, and would not be led by the nose, as we now lead them ; they would demand and command their rights." So they organize Churches and Y. M. C. A.'s to lull them to sleep while they are picking their pockets. They arouse their fears of punishment in another world, and hopes of reward if they obey their masters and willingly submit to be robbed of all that makes this life dear. Let us quit arguing over the foolish tales of the Bible and try to convince all that their interests, and, indeed, their real happiness, would be advanced by raising the standard of intelligence among the people, and let common sense rule, instead of superstition. Show them that ignorance is the mother of vice and superstition, the bane of all that is good and righteous : that the happiness of the whole people depends on the universality of knowledge. Let them see that their Church organizations are kept up to spread knowledge, instead of superstition ; then they would be on the road to the millennium, when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and a little child shall lead them.

J. DOWNES.

STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.

ORTHODOXY TAPERING OFF INTO AGNOSTICISM.

[From the New York Sun.]

DURING a debate in the New York Presbytery last Monday, concerning the policy of admitting newspaper reporters to its meetings, Professor Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, made these remarks :

"I am grieved over what was said of me in the *Sun* of Sunday. It is a specimen of the numerous misrepresentations of the press of this city. I don't consider the religious press much better than the secular. The conscience of an editor considers a thing once printed as final."

We should be no less grieved than Professor Briggs if the *Sun* had in any way misrepresented him ; and however it may be with other journals, we do not

consider a thing once printed as final, unless it is true. If it is not true, and if it has been printed in the *Sun*, we are indebted to any one who shows us its error and enables us to make the necessary correction.

But in the article to which Professor Briggs refers, there was no misrepresentation of him. We simply expressed the opinion that he is pursuing a course in theological criticism which leads logically to agnosticism. He seems to us to be applying tests of ordinary reason to the dogmas of religion; and these tests tend to the destruction of faith. Religion stands outside of the domain of reason, and theology is not susceptible of proof by the methods of common science. Their basis is in assumptions and dogmatic declarations, which must be taken on faith purely, for they cannot stand in the analytical fires of rationalistic criticism. The inspiration of the Bible and its authority as divine revelation, the fountain of theology, with the doctrines of the trinity, of the fall of man, and of redemption, cannot be so proved, but must be accepted with unquestioning faith.

Therefore, we say, that when Professor Briggs and the school of theologians of which he is a master, set out to subject the Bible and the dogmas of theology to criticism, after the modern German method, rationalistic rather than religious, they start on a road which leads straight to agnosticism, or the rejection of all faith at the dictate of reason. If they go on, they are sure to be lost in the morass of unbelief, for more and more, and further and further, they must apply the test of reason to beliefs and dogmas which cannot stand against such methods. Before they know of their loss their faith will have gone, and the spirit with which they approach the scriptures will be coldly scientific and not religious. So regarded, revelation passes away as a superstition, as a poetic dream. On the other hand, when full faith remains, holding reason as its submissive servant, it can believe all, and remove all the mountains that may be raised by skepticism and infidelity.

If we had said that Professor Briggs has abandoned orthodoxy and knowingly allied himself with agnosticism, we should have misrepresented him. But we did not say that. We said, and we now repeat it, that the effect of his teachings, and his methods of criticism, is to stimulate unbelief, whither he leads, not yet discerning the goal to which he is marching. Ingersoll and Huxley and the whole band of avowed agnostics and infidels are not doing so much to bring about the downfall of religious faith, as the majority of the delegates to the Presbyterian General Assembly at Saratoga to-day, are unwittingly doing by assailing the very foundation of faith with the weapons and strategy of mere human reason.

Why is it that the discussion arises at all? Is it not because faith is dying out among the Presbyterians, and they are searching about to find something upon which it can rest in its decrepitude? So agnosticism begins. It does not start in rancorous denial, after the manner of the infidelity of the past, but in cold criticism of the propositions and dogmas of theology, and its end is not violent rejection, but the quiet conclusion that the problem is insoluble by man, and that the result is unchangeable by belief or unbelief.

As to whether the proceedings of the New York Presbytery shall be public or private, that is its own affair. But we can assure the members that, whatever may be the deficiencies of summarized newspaper reports, the rumors arising about a secret discussion will cause them infinitely more trouble. If the newspapers report what goes on, it is because it is interesting to the public; and, being so, the public will satisfy their curiosity by less authentic means, if no other can be had. The way to escape misrepresentation is to let the reporters in.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE PRESBYTERIAN REVISION.

IN the discussions of the Presbyterian Assembly, which held its annual meeting at Saratoga last May, the leading topic, to which all others were subordinate, was the revision of the Confession of Faith, with the view of throwing out of it those articles which are so abhorrent to public sentiment, that, although they did not stand in the way of the Church's success for a hundred years, have become so unpopular now that the clergy wish them eliminated. These are the doctrines of election, reprobation, and infant damnation. That they are plainly taught in the New Testament, especially in the writings of Paul, no man of sense can doubt, when he reads the 9th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. This is not saying that all the other sects have no scripture warrant for their creeds; for, although they number, by actual count, more than a hundred in this country, and are all, more or less, antagonistic to each other, the Bible is such a compound of inconsistencies, positive contradictions, and interpolations, that each and every one of them can find in it abundant authority for its creed. Through the pen of the inspired Apostle, Paul, we are told that, for the purpose of making known the riches of his glory, out of the countless millions of the human family, born and unborn, God has, from all eternity, decreed a comparatively small number to be saved; and in order to make an exhibition to the universe of his power as a sovereign, he has doomed all the rest to undergo the agonies of hell-fire to all eternity. This doctrine of the Sovereignty of God means that, as creator of all things out of nothing, he does, and has an unquestionable right to do, with the universe, and all its parts, precisely what he pleases; and that our duty as his creatures, is to trust in his infinite perfections, that he will do with men, angels, and all other sensitive beings, exactly what is right, and for the promotion of his own glory.

The impeachment of this fundamental doctrine, and, of course, all the rest which logically grow out of it, amounts to a dethrone-

ment of God himself, a practical denial of the divine origin, and authority of the Scriptures which so clearly teach it, and an irreverent setting up of human reason, and human feeling, above both God and his Word. Whether the revisers see it or not, every other man does, that the ideas, which they wish to eliminate from the creed, emanate immediately from the Sovereignty of God, and permeate the whole Calvinistic theology, from beginning to end. Whoever, as a Christian, denies this *mother* doctrine, has loosed his bark from its moorings, and goes out upon an ocean of storms, without compass or chart. And after these objectionable doctrines are removed from the Confession, and from the Larger and Shorter Catechisms, what is left will resemble the mutilated remains of a man after a dynamite explosion, or, what the tragedy of Hamlet would be with the whole of the title role left out. We see this in the case of the Arminian creed, which, to save God from the charge of being the author of sin, if he foresees, and does not hinder it, makes the "Omniscient" commit the folly of blindfolding his own eyes, so that, he foresees only those events which are good, and ignores those which are evil. Its theology, therefore, is not a system, as Calvinism is, but a jumble of absurdities.

But the new philosophy of Evolution, which is spreading so fast all over this country and Europe, has cut up by the roots all these notions about God, the origin of the world, and of man; and the clergy who read, even the newspapers and magazines, have imperceptibly come under its enlightening influence. Their sermons, to please themselves, have ceased to be theological disquisitions, as they were sixty years ago, and have become mere attempts in literature and science. They have families to support, and their only source of revenue is in their vocation as preachers. They are not supported by invested funds, as the clergy are in England, and elsewhere, but by the voluntary contributions of the pew-holders. Should they come out boldly, as some of their brethren have, and announce their acceptance of the New Philosophy, they must, in hundreds of cases, face obloquy and starvation. They see that the educated classes have lost their taste and relish for church-going, and spend Sunday in riding abroad, or reading the newspapers at home. The revisers, like some medicine doctors, don't understand the difference between the symptoms of a disease and the cause of it, and fancy that if two or three of the

bugaboos of the Confession were retired from the creed, thousands of people, now uninterested, would then step in, and fill the vacant seats with devout listeners to an improved Gospel. It was these men who marshaled their forces at Saratoga; and 134 Presbyteries having sent up their votes for revision, against 68, located chiefly in the back-woods of Pennsylvania and the West, having expressed their opposition to any tinkering of the Confession, the majority took steps towards carrying out their plans. After a great deal of discussion, the Assembly, having voted for a revision, as part of this year's work, appointed a committee on the *method* of revision. It must be remembered that the cause of the dissatisfaction with the Confession, and of the determination to revise and amend it, and make it more popular, was the doctrine of reprobation, and damnation of infants, in the exercise of the divine sovereignty; and to secure this object this committee was appointed to suggest a plan of procedure. The committee duly reported, and in their resolutions recommended the appointment of a new committee of fifteen, "*to formulate to the Assembly of 1891 such alterations and amendments to the Confession of Faith, as in their judgments may be deemed desirable.*" But as 69 Presbyteries were opposed to revision, this committee on the *method* of reform, wound up their report by the following resolution:

"That this committee on revision" (to be appointed by the present Assembly, and report at the next meeting of the body in 1891) "be and hereby are instructed that they shall not propose any alterations or amendments, that will in any way impair the integrity of the Reformat, or Calvinistic system of doctrine taught in the Confession of Faith."

For the purpose of authentication we have italicised the resolutions, in order to prepare our readers for the astounding announcement, that this Janus-faced report was adopted *unanimously* by a rising vote, after which the doxology was sung with great gusto, and the moderator poured out his heart in a prayer of thanksgiving to God for the *unity* of the body as shown by its present action!

Did the world ever before see in a body of educated men, outside of a lunatic asylum, such a case of self-stultification? They voted *unanimously* for revising out of the creed the doctrine of adult reprobation and infant damnation, and they voted *unanimously* to retain these dogmas unmolested! The clerical mem-

bers, in advocating this action of the Assembly before their congregations during the current year, will appear before the circus of the world to exhibit, and explain the equestrian feat of riding two horses at the same time, each going in an opposite direction.

The New York *Sun*, in a late article which appears in our Literary Department, takes the correct view. All religious doctrines and revelations, from the very nature of the case, are incapable of proof, and must be accepted solely on human authority. Faith scorns the process of reasoning, and spits contemptuously on evidence. It glories in the achievement it has made of believing things impossible. It has a mouth capacious enough to take in, and swallow down with ease, both Jonah and the whale. A body of men called the Church, claiming to be the mouth-piece of God, makes and prescribes a creed, and then says: Believe, or, be damned. But the genius of the 19th century, which walks by *evidence*, and not by faith, asks: Who has given thee this authority? And as no proof is, or can be, forthcoming, that they have a commission from the Almighty, the acceptance of religious creeds is left to those who still retain by inheritance the credulity of the dark ages, when the Priest was omnipotent.

Dr. Briggs, who figures so prominently in the revolutionary proceedings of his church, deserves, as well as the rest of the revisers, the severest criticism of his conduct. When he was ordained as a Presbyterian minister, he took the prescribed oath, and swore in the presence of Almighty God, the searcher of all hearts, that he sincerely believed, and adopted, and at all hazards would preach, the doctrines of the Confession of Faith, as being the doctrines taught in the Bible. Before taking his chair in the Theological Seminary at New York, as an instructor of candidates for the ministry, he repeated those solemn vows. He is now one of the ring-leaders in revolt against the essential doctrines of that very Confession which he swore he believed, and would support. If he, and the rest of the revisers, prompted by the spirit of the times, had brought the Confession up to the test of reason and criticism, and were compelled to pronounce its doctrines to be untrue, and therefore of bad tendency in the world, why do they not quietly withdraw from the Church? Is it honest? is it honorable, in this day of scoundrelism in business and politics, to set such an example as they do before the business men of the

country? How can they consistently rebuke from the pulpit the bad morals, the tricks and frauds, the violations of the oaths of office, and the shameless perversion of funds, when they themselves are doing similar things? The unconverted world are looking on with amazement at the spectacle of thousands of the clergy, the sons of the Church, who eat her bread, and use the strength it imparts in disemboweling the Confession of Faith upon which she has stood, and prospered for a hundred years. These revisers, who understand what they are about, believe no more in the divine inspiration of the Bible than Col. Ingersoll does. They are secretly Infidels. Their hypocrisy is seen in saying that they wish to remove the objectionable doctrines from the Confession, so as to make it more consistent with the Bible, when they know in their hearts that, the whole creed being a system, and growing legitimately and logically out of the sovereignty of God, is as plainly taught in the Bible as human language could express it. These men are Presbyterians for revenue. If it were not for the millions of money attached to the pulpit, and church offices, in nearly all of which the preachers are the incumbents; if Infidelity were as fashionable as orthodoxy, the clergy who could make a living in other vocations, and who are up to the times in science and literature, would leave the Church, as speedily as rats leave a sinking ship. Think of a man who has any sensitiveness in his nature, and any consciousness of his rights as a human being, and any self-respect, going through the never-ending round of Church mummeries, which he secretly despises, preaching doctrines he does not, and cannot, believe, and appearing to both the world and the Church, to be what he is not,—all for the sake of his bread and butter! Make him independent in his circumstances, and swifter than an eagle's flight he would wing his way from the land of bondage, and seek a more congenial clime.

There are seasons and crises in human affairs when Time seems to be preparing civilization to take another step in the march of progress, and the present appears to be one of them. The whole intelligent creation seems to be groaning in bondage, waiting to be delivered from the burden of the old religious creeds and ceremonies, which nearly broke the backs of our fathers, and we greatly rejoice at the progress of Freethought, which means the downfall of superstition. But we cannot ap-

prove of dishonorable methods for attaining such grand ends. Therefore, we condemn the Jesuitism, and hypocrisy, of the revisers of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. But we must take things as they come, and may rejoice in consequences, the causes of which we cannot approve. Upon the evidence we have of the way in which the yeast of the New Philosophy is working in the minds of the intelligent classes everywhere, we have faith to believe that, in fifty years from now, the pulpit, and preachers in the Church edifices, will have given place to rostrums, and lecturers, where the great truths of Science, in all its departments, and elevating disquisitions in literature and the arts, will be heard by crowded and delighted audiences every Sunday. When that day comes, there will be no doleful jeremiades over empty pews, and the desecration of the Sabbath, for it will be the happiest, and most profitable, of all the days in the week.

THE FRESH AIR MISSION OF BUFFALO.

THIS we consider one of the best and most deserving of the support of the citizens of Western New York, of any of the philanthropic institutions. We hope every one of our readers of this section of the country, who can possibly do so, will render it some material aid. Last year we are glad to know through the labors of one of our subscribers, Miss Ella Townsend, a worthy and intelligent young lady of Salamanca, N. Y., a large number of children were entertained in that town and vicinity. We very gladly give place below to the following circular issued by the trustees of the association:

THE TRUSTEES' STATEMENT.

The noble work done by Miss Alice Moore and her associates the last two years is too familiar to most of the residents of Buffalo and its vicinity to require any lengthy explanation; but a brief statement of what has been done will serve as an example of what it is hoped will be accomplished this summer on a still more extended scale.

During the summer of 1889, three hundred and sixty children, twelve mothers and one grandmother, were sent into the country for a visit of two weeks each (which in some instances was lengthened, on account of sickness, to a stay of much longer duration), at a total expense of \$700.69. Of this number, two hundred and ninety-four children, six mothers and one grandmother, were received in country homes, and sixty-six children and six mothers, were entertained at the cottage in Clarence generously given by Mr. Daniel Rhodes. To those who have had an opportunity to observe the work of last year, nothing need be said of the incalculable benefit conferred upon the poor little denizens of the hot and smoky city streets by those two

weeks of country life ; of those who were without such an opportunity, it need only be asked to consider what two weeks of pure, fresh, country air, when supplemented by plenty of nourishing food—a quart of milk was the average amount consumed a day by each person—clean beds and healthful exercise, and when preceded by a thorough scrubbing, and in many cases by the gift of new clothing, mean to a city waif, pinched for want of food at the age when proper nourishment is most essential, choked by the dust of the streets, and smothered by the smoke that hangs like a pall over a part of our city. It would be easy to recount many of the pathetic incidents that touched the hearts of the workers last summer : to tell of the lad who died when he had been in the country just a month ; of the mothers who went with infants in their arms, and three, four, or even five children clinging to their skirts ; of the child who wanted just one more biscuit with butter on it ; of the little girl for whom one month in the country did more good, as the doctor said, than all the medicine he had given ; of the sick boy, picked up in the street while looking for work, and sent out only to return and die in the hospital ; but the benefits of this charity are so evident, its appeal to the heart of every person in the community is so strong, that when it is considered that the expense for each person sent last year, for the two weeks, averaged only one dollar and eighty-nine cents, it ceases to be a wonder that so many were sent, and one is almost surprised that any were left who ought to have gone.

In anticipation of an extended work in this and the succeeding summers, the Society has become incorporated under the name of "The Fresh Air Mission of Buffalo." It is now proposed to acquire a suitable place in the country, healthfully situated and easy of access from Buffalo, to which can be sent the children and mothers for whom it is difficult to find places in country homes. No trouble is anticipated in distributing a large number of children among the country residents of this and the neighboring counties, but special accommodations are necessary for that class of children to which the advantages that this charity seeks to give are most valuable,—the sick. The Clarence cottage has been offered to the Society for this summer, and other generous proposals have been made ; but the need of permanent quarters is strongly felt by the members of the Board of Trustees, and an effort is now being made to raise the sum of five thousand dollars, which it is thought will purchase a sufficient quantity of land, and buy or erect a suitable building for the permanent use of the association. It is proposed to place a trained nurse in charge of the new cottage, which will accommodate from twenty to thirty children and mothers, and to have a resident and a visiting physician.

Through the more perfect organization now enjoyed by the Fresh Air Mission, and the coöperation of a greater number of workers, it is hoped to accomplish much more this year than has been done hitherto, both in raising funds and in securing places for children in the country. The interest in the work is so general and so wide-spread that it is hoped to raise a considerable amount by the membership fees of one dollar. Blank applications for membership will be widely distributed, and it is hoped that the annual dues alone will amount to a much larger sum than the entire amount raised last year. The life membership fees of twenty-five dollars are also counted upon, but it is earnestly hoped that the people who realize the good that this charity is doing, and are able to give more than the membership fee, will not content themselves with becoming members, or even life members of the association, but will be as generous as this charity deserves, and as their means will afford. All subscriptions and membership fees should be sent to Mrs. Herman Mynter, Chairman of the Committee on Subscriptions, 195 Franklin Street, or may be left for her at the Bank of Buffalo, 234 Main Street, or the office of the Charity Organization Society, 10 Court Street.

THE ONE HUNDRED SECURITY LIST.

		First Payment.	Second Payment.
1	J. J. McCabe, Albany, N. Y.....	\$5.00	\$5.00
2	Lydia R. Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.....	5.00
3	F. E. Mende, Philadelphia, Pa.....	5.00
4	J. T. Whitmore, Cleveland, O. (increased to \$10.00).....	10.00	5.00
5	J. Burrows, Gibson, Pa.....	5.00
6	G. E. Swan, M. D., Beaver Dam, Wis.....	5.00	5.00
7	Nathan L. Perkins, Bangor, Me.....	5.00	5.00
8	E. F. King, Millston, Wis.....	5.00
9	Robert L. Cox, Buffalo, N. Y.....	5.00
10	Capt. C. E. Garner, Green Cove Springs, Fla.....	5.00
11	Orren H. Warner, Cummington, Mass.....	5.00
12	Dr. T. B. Englehart, Buffalo, N. Y.....	5.00	5.00
13	W. J. Carpenter, Bridgeport, W. Va.....	5.00	5.00
14	John Wolf, Mt. Morris, Ill.....	5.00
15	Dr. D. B. Wiggins, Buffalo, N. Y.....	5.00
16	" <i>Candide et Constante</i> ," Ind.....	5.00
17	R. B. Westbrook, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.....	5.00
18	A. B. Bradford, Enon Valley, Pa.....	5.00
19	A. Schell, Knight's Ferry, Cal.....	25.00 in full.
20	A. Schell, Knight's Ferry, Cal.....	25.00 in full.
21	Almund Owen, Milwaukee, Wis.....	5.00	5.00
22	George Whitecomb, Buffalo, N. Y.....	5.00
23	Mrs. Christ Schofield, San Jose, Cal.....	5.00	5.00
24	Ralph Helm, Syracuse, N. Y.....	5.00	5.00
25	Joseph Sedgbeer, Painesville, O.....	5.00
26	R. W. Jones, Waukesha, Wis.....	5.00
27	John Riffin, Los Angeles, Cal.....	5.00
28	M. C. Jenkins, Staples, Minn.....	5.00
29	D. Priestly, Milwaukee, Oregon.....	5.00	5.00
30	Drs. Anna L. Cowan, East Randolph, N. Y.....	5.00
31	D. Dreamer, Milwaukee, Ore.....	5.00
32	Thomas Balkwill, Port Huron, Mich.....	5.00
33	A. F. Griswold, Meriden, Conn.....	5.00	5.00
34	A Lady Friend from Maine.....	5.00	5.00
35	R. Wade, Troy, N. Y.....	5.00
36	H. P. Marsh, Palmyra, N. Y.....	5.00
37	Peter Clark, Paoli, Wis.....	5.00	5.00
38	G. W. Watson, Washington, D. C.....	5.00
39	W. B. Clark, Worcester, Mass.....	5.00	5.00
40	Agnosticus, New York City.....	5.00	5.00
41	Isaac Ray, Phelps, N. Y.....	5.00
42	James Parsons, San Jose, Cal.....	5.00	5.00
43	Otto Wettstein, Rochelle, Ill.....	5.00	5.00
44	Frank Larabee, Eddyville, N. Y.....	5.00
45	John Ahlers, Port Townsend, Washington.....	5.00
46	Alex. Cochran, Franklin, Pa.....	5.00
47	Dr. S. W. Wetmore, Buffalo, N. Y.....	5.00
48	George Jacob Holyoake, England.....	5.00
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51	Thomas Dugan, Albany, N. Y.....	5.00
52	William C. Sturoc, Sunapee, N. H.....	5.00
53	A Valuable Contributor to this Magazine.....	5.00
54	William Smith, Geneva, N. Y.....	25.00 in full.
55	Charles H. Smith, Providence, R. I.....	5.00	5.00

ALL SORTS.

MANY of our readers have inquired as to the advertisement that appears in our columns, entitled, "Six Solid Silver Spoons given gratis." We have taken special pains to investigate the matter and find that Messrs. J. D. Larkin & Co. are honorable men and will do fairly and honorably all they promise in this advertisement.

WE learn that the Congregational Association has cited our friend Rev. Henry Frank, of Jamestown, to answer to a charge of heresy. But it is of little consequence, as they have no power to imprison him or burn him at the stake—merely turn him out of the church, where all honest people should be. It is much like turning a man out of state prison.

ANDREW D. WHITE takes "The Antiquity of Man and Egyptology," as the subject of a chapter in the "Warfare of Science" in the June *Popular Science Monthly*. His account of how Egyptian chronology was cramped and twisted to make it agree with the belief that the first man was created just 4,004 years before Christ, shows an intellectual servility in the past that can hardly be realized at the present day.

WE HAVE no objections to make to letters of this character:

HARRISBURG, Pa., June 6, 1890.

MR. M. L. GREEN:

Dear Sir—Inclosed find draft for \$6.00 to pay for the Magazine from and including No. 7, Vol. viii., to No. 7, Vol. ix.

Yours truly,

CHARLES J. RADER.

This letter is short but to the point:

GENEVA, N. Y., June 4, 1890.

H. L. GREEN:

Dear Sir—Inclosed please find twenty-five dollars to help make up the "One Hundred." Yours truly,

WM. SMITH.

A STORY-TELLING friend of the editor is very particular in instructing his chil-

dren to speak politely on all occasions. The result of his teachings is sometimes amusing. This was the case one day last week when he was putting the youngest of four through his preparatory course. The question was asked: "Who tempted Eve?"

The little fellow, after a moment's thought, with an air of confidence, replied: "It's the gentleman who lives in hell; I've forgotten his name."—*Lewiston Journal*.

WE abhor and detest some of the methods employed by Ezra H. Heywood and Moses Harmon to advance reform, but when we think of these two men in connection with their prosecutors, John Wanamaker and Anthony Comstock, our sympathies are strongly enlisted in behalf of the former, for in our opinion two more sincere, honest lovers of Humanity cannot be found than Heywood and Harmon; nor can there be found in this country two more heartless, hypocritical, unprincipled time-servers than Wanamaker and Comstock. We regret that Bros. Heywood and Harmon felt it their duty to give to such villains an opportunity to use the law against them and deprive them of their personal liberty. But then, after all, who knows but such martyrdom in behalf of free speech is still necessary. These persecutions, when we consider the *personal characters* of the respective parties, forcibly remind us of a story we once read in an ancient volume, in which the principal actors were Mr. Pontius Pilate and one Jesus of Nazareth.

The Advance (Congregationalist) some time ago said frankly: "That the denomination is in the midst of a serious conflict is obvious. . . . When will the restless, pushing, progressive—so called—minority be satisfied? . . . Might it not be well in our present conflict for a

multitude of wavering people to sit down and carefully consider how much they will have to surrender before they get through with a peace policy? The solemn question for us is how far shall we be compelled to go with them before we can have peace? How far into Unitarianism? How far into Universalism? How far into Rationalism? . . . Before we are through with it the one side will ask the liberty of believing whatever it wishes, and the other side will be asked to give up all responsibility for the views of those with whom they are in fellowship. But in such fellowship we do not believe."

This is putting it straight. And it shows that there is a demand for "revision" among the Congregationalists as well as among the Presbyterians. And why not? Both are equally scions of Calvinism; the same blood runs in the veins of both, and they are sick of the same disease. The type may be a little milder with the Congregationalists, for the state of their mental health has been more elastic and open to the influences of nineteenth century thought. But all Calvinism—which Emerson called "the billiousness of religion"—must now take some of that "blue" mass which it has been so fond of administering to others. There will be no real peace or relief, as the Quaker said of the swearer, "until that bad stuff is out of thee."—*Unity*.

SOME months since we requested our readers to aid Mr. R. M. Casey of Five Forks, S. C., who we learned was in very destitute circumstances. We are glad to learn from Brother Casey that a few have aided him a little. We hope many others will send him something. He writes:

"Inclosed you will find the names and amounts sent, of those who responded to your appeal. The amount is much larger than I expected and I have no language that will express my gratitude to you and those noble friends who have so promptly and liberally come to my relief in the hour of distress. I feel to-night that if any man on earth was ever infinitely grateful for favors and sympathy that *I am that*

man, and if I could take each of you by the hand and tell you just how I feel and just what my condition is, and was when I received these favors, I think I could make every one realize that I fully appreciate what has been done for me, and that their noble generosity has not been misapplied."

Below is a statement of the receipts that Mr. Casey desires us to publish: Dr. M. Bailey, Titusville, Pa., \$3.00; R. M. Stender, St. Louis, Mo., 20 cents; A Freethinker, Charlevoux, Mich., 50 cents; Anonymous, 20 cents, Providence, R. I.; Lydia R. Clare, Eden, Pa., 25 cents; J. C. Phelps, Pikeville, Ky., 10 cents—in all \$5.25. We are sure two or three hundred more would have done the same if they had not forgotten to do so. But there is time enough yet. *Do send our poor suffering friend something*, for he is *worthy and needy*. His address is "R. M. CASEY, Five Forks, South Carolina."

HUGH O. PENTECOST gives the following very sensible advice as to the best way to prepare for death:

"If you want to know how I think you should prepare for death I will tell you, and if any priest or minister knows a better way I have yet to hear it. Honestly and earnestly think out your beliefs; then they will stay by you in storm and sunshine. Do nothing that you are ashamed of *after* it is done. Live exactly as if this were the only life you will ever have. Live so that the last year of your life, be it this year or next or any other, will be the best. Do not injure your body, for you cannot be happy unless you are physically well. Do not wrong another, for your welfare is inseparably bound up with the welfare of every one else. Accustom yourself to face your own thoughts, and bear your own sorrows and burdens. Keep yourself clean. Earn every penny that you spend. Make people respect and love you, by being worthy of respect and love. Have no skeletons of regret in your closet. Get over all your fear of ghosts. Be sure that when you come to die you will not wish you had lived other than you have. Whatever goblins haunt you in your last hour, do not let there be any spectres of memory. If you live in this way, if you are careful to do only those things that make for your own welfare, you may not, indeed, die with hal-

lujals on your tongue, but you may be reasonably sure that your sun will go down irradiating the clouds that shadow the world you leave with a silent, soft, and many-colored light."

"THE UNIVERSALIST RECORD," under the title of "A Correction," says:

"THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE has a commendable word for *The Universalist Record*, for which we lift our hat, but falls into the very important error of denying to us the infinitely-prized belief in a personal God."

Well, we are glad that the *Record* discards a *personal* Devil if it must still hold to a belief in a *personal* God. But we would like to ask the *Record* where they find any better evidence of the existence of one of these *individuals* than for the other? We find quite a long article in the last number of the *Record* on "Some Universalist Beliefs." The writer in defense of the belief in God, says: "We can not understand that the universe came into existence accidentally." Who claims any such thing? The "Infidels" claim is that it was always in existence, as were the laws that sustain it. But if you insist that some *personal* God created it, we ask: "How did your God come into existence, and out of what did he create the universe?" Will you answer these two questions?

THE FOLLOWING is a very complimentary notice of this Magazine from *The Rostrum*. We fear Mr. Frank has done us more than justice, but we will earnestly labor to reach the beautiful ideal he has set before us:

"THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE is a typographically well gotten-up monthly published in Buffalo by H. L. Green at \$2.00 a year. Its name justly characterizes its object. It is devoted to extreme and radical phases of thought. Its contributors consist of all the great known Infidels or Freethinkers throughout the world; especially those of our own country and of England. It is, however, a thoroughly clean and honorable publication. There is nothing mean or nasty about it. It has no evil insinuations, blackmailing traduciugs or repulsive suggestiveness about it

at all. It is really high toned. Many of its articles possess a high literary quality, and while it is not a broad platform on which opposite views of the different thoughts of the age can be contestingly presented, nevertheless it is sufficiently broad in its scope to admit of several different phases of Liberal study. It did a very noble service at the time the Bruno monument was unveiled in Rome. It brought out several very fine issues devoted to Bruno literature that have since been put in pamphlet form and can be purchased at a small consideration. No one can doubt that the editor is an earnest and an honest man. He seems to be giving his life for the propagandism of such ideas as he thinks are for the good of the race. My sympathies are profoundly with him. It is not necessary that we must first agree with him before we can admire. As for that large host of broad-minded and noble-spirited men and women who associate with Mr. Green in the columns of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, we can only say, they command our respect and extort our admiration. To read the fascinating pages of this monthly is to be at once thrilled with an intellectual enthusiasm that bears us on in a hopeful effort to attain some final philosophy of life. Nobody can possibly be harmed by reading its pages; but everybody who reads therein will certainly be instructed, and I see not but how they can be bettered. I strongly recommend it to all who desire to think far enough ahead of the ancient landmarks to discern the forecast of truths that yet shall be written in bold relief for all the world. From a literary point of view THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, I believe, stands at the head of all the so-called Infidel literature of this country."

COL. BOB INGERSOLL was at the Arlington last week. He told the W. W. that the devil was a warm friend of his. We replied that we did not doubt it, for the old fellow had a chattel mortgage on him, and he was liable to foreclose his mortgage any day and he had better atone for the past. "Col. Bob" replied, "Perhaps you would like to do a little praying for me." "All right," we answered, and as it was Spy Wednesday we thought we would put in some solid prayers for the Infidel. So we started out with this object in view—praying for Infidels—and Infidel Bob Ingersoll in particular. The next morning we were late for our light repast at the breakfast table, when we again met the Colonel. He said: "Well,

how did you get along with your praying yesterday?" The W. W. replied: "We have done considerable praying in our time for humanity, but you are the worst subject we ever struck. We are almost dead. We had the headache and spine ache and—we are all aches and pains." "Well," he replied, "you are very fortunate, for I have known several persons who prayed for me personally and every one of them died; and you should feel very thankful."—*The Working Woman*.

ABOUT the only argument (2) that orthodox people advance is this, when talking to Freethinkers: "You will give up these views when you near the grave." But such letters as the following, which we often receive from very old people, is a full refutation of that "argument":

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 11, 1890.

MR GREEN:

Inclosed find \$2.00 for the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE for 290. It is one of the best publications printed. I am *eighty-eight years old* and take a great many papers, among them the *Truth Seeker*. Yours truly,

HORACE CHASE.

Many of our most enthusiastic subscribers are between eighty and ninety years of age. From many years experience among Freethinkers we have come to believe that, as a class, they live much longer lives than Christians. For this reason: They have no worry about their future destiny and are, therefore, a cheerful, happy set of people generally, who are not sad, pious and solemn in the contemplation of the "great mystery of Godliness" and the terrible fate of the "unconverted." The truth of the matter is no really good person can believe the orthodox creed and keep out of the madhouse. Some wretch who hates his fellow-man might. Many good people think they believe it but they do not.

THE orthodox church is moving very rapidly toward Universalism and Unitarianism, and the radical wings of these two Liberal Christian denominations, represented by *The Universalist Record* and *Unity*, are moving rapidly toward Free-thought pure and simple; but they have got to move pretty fast or some of the orthodox ministers will get there first. We recently read with interest a sermon by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, an orthodox Congregational preacher. His text was from the parable of the good Samari-

tan: "Which of these proved neighbor? He that showed mercy on him." (Luke x: 36, 37.) This was one of his illustrations:

"We have been in the habit of feeling pretty sure that we had in Robert G. Ingersoll, at least, a well-developed case of infidelity; that in him we had one sound Atheist. But in the light of recent utterances, both his own and of his religious reviewers, we are not sure but that even he is almost ready to join the Church of the Good Samaritan, could such be found; and we are quite sure that were Jesus here to-day, and challenged by a modern doctor of divinity as to 'who is my neighbor?' he would read him the old parable in some such way as this: 'A certain Agnostic went down to New York and there found a certain Presbyterian who had fallen among sharpers until he had lost all of his money and considerable of his reputation, and the church members disowned him and cast him out. Thereupon this Agnostic found him, protected him, provided for him and sent him back to his family a wiser if not a better man.' And the blessed teacher would add now, as then, 'Who was neighbor to this man?' And the modern doctor of divinity, without the circumlocution of the old doctor, would frankly confess that not only in this case was the Agnostic the truer neighbor but the better Christian."

We have taken the Parable of the Good Samaritan as our text at a number of funerals we have recently been called upon to attend, and in each instance said in substance: "All true Freethinkers strongly endorse the sentiments expressed in this parable, and when the church will take this parable as their only creed, Col. Ingersoll, we are sure, will willingly and gladly join the church, for that parable, which our Christian friends say was uttered by Jesus, inculcates the same views that Col. Ingersoll is constantly preaching, and, what is still better, *constantly* living."

The fact that Col. Ingersoll was once a soldier in the army will more fully explain the following reply of his. Some time since a friend told us that he overtook Col. "Bob" on the street in Washington and said to him, "How goes the fight, Colonel?" "My God! we have got them on the run. We have got them on the run," said the enthusiastic infidel. We have often thought of that reply when we have read of the revisions of Bibles and creeds that is going on in the church. Surely, "*We have got them on the run.*"

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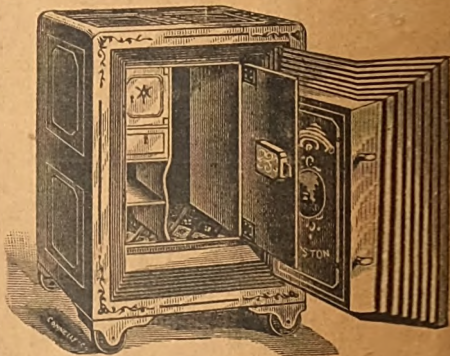
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