

# THE Freethinkers' MAGAZINE.

H. L. GREEN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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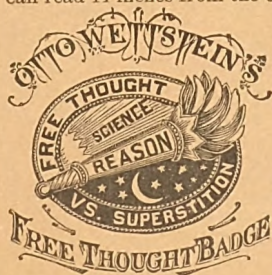
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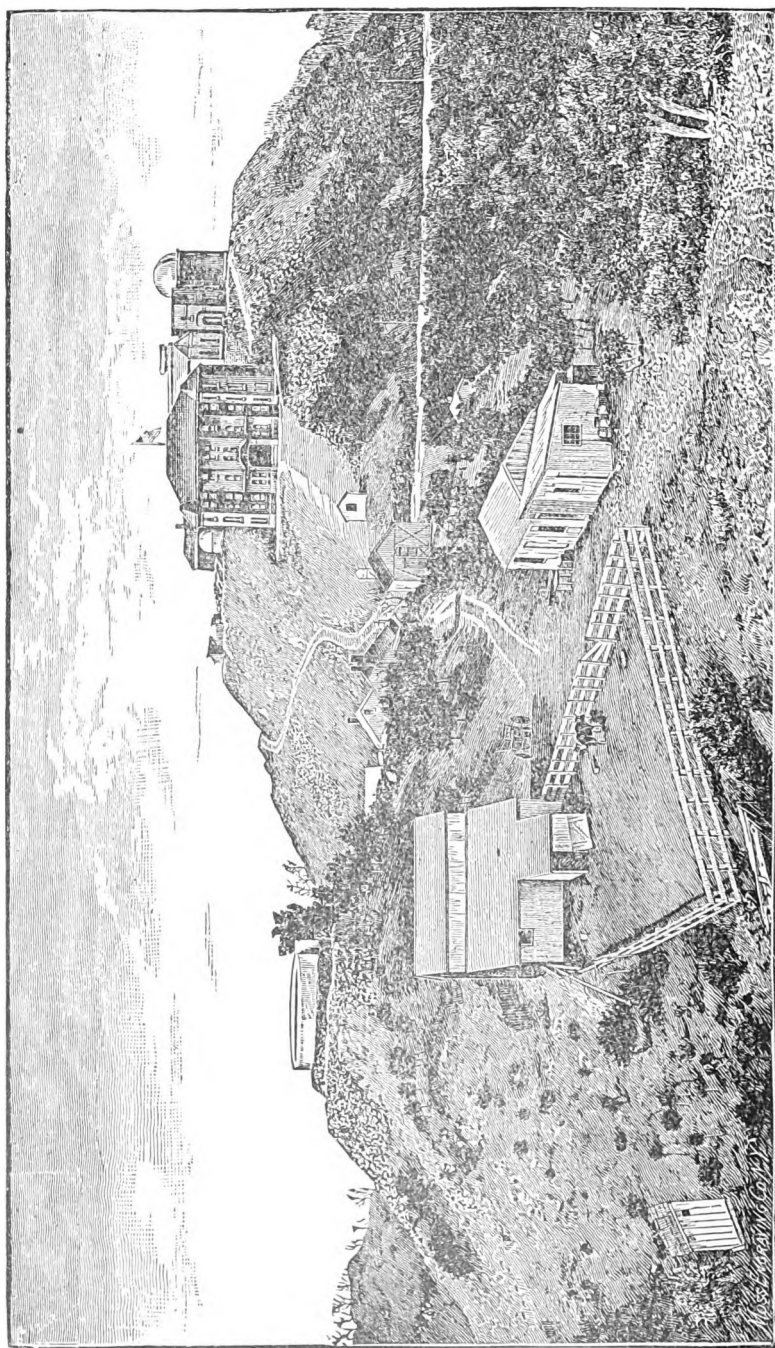
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# THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST (E. M.) 290.

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## TRANSMIGRATION THE LAW OF JUSTICE.

BY HERBERT E. CROSSWELL.

BECAUSE I think, I am. In other words, I am conscious, therefore I think. What is it that thinks or exists as a consciousness? Is it the matter that constitutes the body that is identified as me, that separates it from all other personalities, that thinks? Or is the body but an expression or thought of the existing substance that is called me—a demonstration of the truth that I exist? We must hold *I* to be the real substance, and the cause for a material manifestation of body, which is also an absolute proof that an *I* exists. We assign this manifestation of body as demonstrating the reality of *I*, because we cannot give matter but a secondary place, while we are cognizant of a higher reality in the thinking quality we call *I*. Hence we must acknowledge the power that thinks to be superior to that which is unable to think, we call matter. *I*, then, is the reality or noumenon behind the phenomenon we call matter, whether it be person or thing, which forces us to recognize matter as a form or effect of thought, vested in the reality *I*. Thought, destitute of sensible objects, may be, if governed by its laws, an intuition; that is, mind can transcend or move beyond the phenomena of sense to a purely intellectual state, where principle is seen to be as much a fact as objects of sense. The value of this relation of thought to principle, would enable us to discover the method of



action, if we possessed absolute control over the mind ; but as mind thinks spontaneously, and the *I* has but a limited power over thought—yet, nevertheless, it is thought—the manifestations of which, though contrary to desire, are ever presenting themselves for recognition.

Thought is the parent that gives birth to all appearances, of whatever nature, which are acts of consciousness, whether expressed as matter, or abstract ideas. This we call unity of, or transcendental condition of all phenomena into forms of thought, as a necessary postulate of all reasoning of the deductive quality.

The logical sequence drawn from this synthesis gives ample grounds to formulate a theory in support of transmigration, not at all inconsistent with a recognized law of immutable Right, held by some philosophers ; or the existence of God—as Infinite Mind—the belief of various religious sects.

When the thought dawns upon man of the terrible reality that he is alive, caught in this common net of woe we call the world, furnished with innumerable delicate nerves, in total ignorance of their almost infinite power to torture him, without a hint of how to escape, it is wonderful he does not sink into despair, or become hopelessly insane ; and so it would be if, with this thought, there did not come also an intuitive impression that there is a way of escape,—that at the heart of all things throbs the pulse of omnipotent Good ; that there is a law of justice, of right, of truth, which, when understood and obeyed, is found to be the parent of every harmonious condition, of whatever character, either of body, mind, or thing. There is not a material law of health, another of agriculture, and yet another of spiritual equipoise ; there is at the center of the universe but one eternal cause,—the absolute reality behind *all* phenomena,—a universal law of love, from which emanates every form of concordant sensation of which man is conscious. The evil of which he is conscious is not wholly the effect of disobeying any material law so called, but rather his total ignorance respecting the source of life, which must be also the source of happiness. In each instance it is the of power behind the phenomenon, not the manifestation itself, that holds the law ; the *a priori* is not alone material, but first mental, as cause, then material, as effect. Perfect thought is the origin of perfect expression, and opposite thought must surely produce discordant effects.



In every man—the pessimist excluded—dwells the belief that sometime, and somewhere, harmony will reign supreme. This is the universal spark of love everywhere present, but crowded out of sight by the erroneous law called self-preservation, the parent of selfishness, the power of might, which in myriad forms assumes the title of right. This seeming power is illustrated by the influence of money, fame, ancestry, position in politics and in society; but these must all wither away. Every prop, of whatever nature, by which man is poised above his neighbor, if it rest not upon Truth and Love, will crumble, for he shall weigh himself by his character, in the balance adjusted by Truth, and scaled by Love, the eternal qualities of the perfect law, that reigns supreme.

“It seeth everywhere and marketh all:  
Do right—it recompenseth! do no wrong—  
The equal retribution must be made,  
Though Dharma tarry long.

“It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter true  
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;  
Times are as nought, to-morrow it will judge,  
Or after many days.

“By this the slayer’s knife did stab himself;  
The unjust judge hath lost his own defender;  
The false tongue dooms its lie; the creeping thief  
And spoiler rob, to render.

“Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,  
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;  
The heart of it is Love, the end of it  
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!”

From the fruit of action amongst men, it would seem that might is held as the highest law; but ease and health must be supported by the law of Truth, to insure their permanence, or the existence of the universe is a terrible mistake.

The main postulates which underlie the transmigration theory contain, first, the necessity for justice; second, a reason for the suffering of apparently innocent persons, as especially illustrated in children. We cannot bring ourselves to seriously think that the universe exists by chance, nor is run by luck, nor by the power of money and evil influences; but it surely has this aspect, viewed from our present limited knowledge of man, and the true

reality behind all phenomena. To the serious thinker, however, justice, not pardon, is, or should be, the outcome of man on the universe; that the evil in the world should be paid for by its author, and not by another. If our sense of justice reaches into a future life, debts can be liquidated there as well as here, while the pains of this life are balancing the account of a past existence. How else? Moreover, it is as reasonable to conceive of any number of universes on a metaphysical basis, as to believe in the existence of one only, and that material, with our utter impotence to understand how a universe of matter can be created from nothing. But it is not equally as difficult to conceive mind to be the only reality, and matter but a conception of mind. By this thought we get something of an explanation of things. Mind, as the unconditioned and supreme reality, must be conceded as the last antecedent in every series of events played in the theatre of life. This is the last step that reason takes, when it pushes thought to the limit of our present understanding. We must dispense with any idea of a Supreme Being of an arbitrary type as a creator, for all argument in support of such a being terminates in a reaction, and we perceive our own thought only. "Such a presupposition is too evident to allow reason for a moment to persuade itself into a belief of the objective existence of a mere creation of its own thought."

Ecclesiastical dogmas and stereotyped opinions, which circumscribe the Infinite and stamp Him with a character below that of man, are anchors which hold us from moving with the enlightened current of advanced thought. But coming out of the meshes of religious orthodoxy will not release us from obligations; for to one who sufficiently understands the law of Good to teach its tenets, will find no easy path by leaving the old for the new. Enlightened humanity, that is, progressive thought towards the ideal, has dropped the poisonous doctrine of pardon as pernicious, and carved anew in bold relief the frieze: "That which ye sow ye shall also reap," and there is no escape. This is justice,—the sure turning of the wheel of Truth. This law applies to conditions respecting all connection with the world, accidents included. Though the perfect law works in secret, yet it lets no tittle drop. A ceaseless surging of the waves of life, is the mind of man! beginning nor end it does not know!



“ Fresh

Issues upon the Universe that sum  
Which is the lattermost of lives. It makes  
Its habitation as the worm spins silk,  
And dwells therein. It takes

“ Function and substance as the snake's egg hatched  
Takes scale and fang ; as feathered reed-seeds fly  
O'er rock and loam and sand, until they find  
Their marsh and multiply.”

This philosophy is not adapted for those who doubt whether there is such a thing as Truth, nor for those who do not wish to swell the number now devoting their time in solving the secret of the awful curse whose presence is everywhere. Yea, to the uttermost corners of the universe one may seek a staying-place, but alas! the foul breath of decay is there, also. Because man pays out the line of thought far into the silence and it comes back empty, must he still cry out, there is no Truth? Perhaps he does not use the right kind of bait, *i. g.*, gold, honor, fame, pride, selfishness: try love.

Good is here, in fragments at least, or man could not exist a moment. Though his sins are many, yet the ceaseless desire to heal the woes of life weds him to the law of Good, which shall teach him that he is the offspring of eternal life. If man ever had a beginning, he would surely have an ending. But man is mind, that which has neither birth nor decay. Jesus believed that he always existed. Gautama voiced the same thought. Pythagoras propagated this philosophy, and gathered no small number of followers, and throughout the East ancient thought held this belief to be the true solution of the great mystery of death.

The positive fact that mind exists, and the surety of its immortality, upon the analogy of the indestructibility of matter, gives a rather unique hypothesis for the belief in the promotion or degeneracy of human lives, in accord with merit or demerit, won from their preceding existence. Evidence accumulates in support of this philosophy, because it is in harmony with perfect justice, and recognizes an immutable law of right. Advance the tenets of this philosophy amongst men,—which call for a change of base concerning the lusts and passions that are so universally worshipped by the will,—and see how they instantly bring up

the forces of argument and reason (?) to hedge them in, for fear that some indulgence will crumble and fall away. See the logic displayed to fortify a fancy! Behold the man of wealth who triumphs over an injury done to his poor but upright neighbor, till the hour is struck that severs them from life! Does any one suppose that evil has conquered? Be not mocked, the wheel of life and death turns upon the nave of Truth!

"Who toiled a slave may come anew a prince  
For gentle worthiness and merit won;  
Who ruled a king may wander earth in rags  
For things done and undone."

It were better to be a door-keeper in the temple of Truth, than to be satiated with mammon. He that is allowed to enter the temple, is he who is released from the prison of the senses, and journeys in the path of love, that transcends every material manifestation.

We are continually seeking for the secret of life; but each of us would lay siege to it through the avenues of sense, but this way has been explored to the very edge of death, not life. Every teacher who has come upon the stage of life to show the way,—to solve for man the supreme question of the hour, What is Truth?—has invariably put the emphasis upon love. By the power of love alone all things give place; this is supreme; this is the *a priori* of all harmony in the universe: by it the woes of life will begin to disappear. Of this we are sure, that all other methods have failed. In Good is the consummation of the law. He who pushes thought into the realm of Truth that light may break, must do so with love. But be careful how you tell man that love is king, and that by this key alone he can unlock the gates of Life; that to feed the priests and give tithes are the ways of darkness and ignorance; for history informs us that he rarely allows his benefactor to escape the scaffold, but still adds woe to his misery, and like Œdipus, in Sophocles' Tragedy of Œdipus Tyrannus, would

" \* \* \* smite his eye-balls to the root,  
Saying, Henceforth they should not see the evil  
Suffered or done by him in the past time."

When the thievish years filch man's youth and strength away; when he cries, "Ah, the pain!" amazed that thus cometh forth tor-

ments which draw the joints, and tie the muscles into knots, if so the gods are pleased, then is pleasure nursed on pain a crime! But the gods are within. From neither heights nor depths, cometh forth the faintest sound of hope. When through the curtained edges of the sky, by day with pitying eyes we look, and far beyond into the deep blue stillness, where the heart of silence answers not the throb of thought; when the searching gaze of mind sweeps past the stars of night, far into the dark void, and farther yet into unthinkable space, beyond the utmost limit where thought is lost, melting into the vast solitude; no pitying voice is heard, no soft whisper comes to soothe away the many aches from quivering limbs of pain, grown weaker with unspent agonies.

Perchance we strain too much the strings of life in our attempts to reach the supreme truth so essential in solving the origin and destiny of man; perchance it hovers near, though unrevealed, covered by the sin of "self," the fruit of seed sown in past life; for that which ye sow ye shall surely reap; there is none can stay the ceaseless turning of the wheel.

"Who mounts will fall, who falls may mount; the spokes  
Go round unceasingly."

Nearly three thousand years ago, in the soft quiet of India's summer clime, lived that noble teacher, Prince Gautama; he who taught the way of wisdom and of life. As the twilight deepened and evening came on apace, came also a throng of people to catch the words of hope that hung upon his royal lips; "and this the gáthá was wherewith he closed:

"Evil swells the debts to pay,  
Good delivers and acquits;  
Shun evil, follow good; hold sway  
Over thyself. This is the Way."

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"THE GODS," recently published in this Magazine, has been put into a beautiful paper-bound pamphlet of forty pages and is for sale at this office. Price 20 cents each; eight for \$1.00.—PUBLISHER.



WHAT WOULD FOLLOW ON THE EFFACEMENT  
OF CHRISTIANITY?

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

*(Concluded.)*III.--CHRISTIANITY CONSIDERED AS A LEGALIZED FORCE  
AGAINST PROGRESS.

LAW in every Christian country prevents the bequests of the generous from being appropriated to the establishment of any institution, however beneficial they may otherwise be, if they are conceivably antagonistic to Christianity. At this day no lawyer is able to draw any will by which property can be devised for any use which may be challenged as contrary to Christianity; and donors of money for such uses are constantly intimidated and discouraged from making bequests. The world has thus been deprived of gifts of millions in amount, which would have been devoted to public uses under skeptical direction. Such gifts have been forbidden and are still forbidden by Christian law, and Christians have taken advantage of their own prohibition of independent secular charity, to charge persons who reject Christianity as wanting in generosity. Christians continually ask, "Where are the institutions which skeptics have established which compare in extent or quality with those established by Christianity?" Had it not been for Christian prohibition of skeptical charities, so many of them would have been in existence that the world would long ago have seen that morality and progress would be well provided for if Christianity were effaced.

It is true that many Christian men and women have given in every age money to found institutions in favor of their faith. But it has been done under the belief that such gifts would be credited to their account in the Books of Heaven. It is true that the majority of Christians are influenced to charity by the conviction that it contributes to their eternal security. Doubtless many with means to spare would make no gifts at all, were they not assured that what they give to the poor is simply "lent to the Lord," who will repay them at a higher rate of interest than is to be had by any other investment. It is clear, therefore, that Skepticism is at a disadvantage as a money-collecting power,

compared with Christianity. More money can be obtained under Christian influences and Christian expectations, than can be obtained from philosophers or from the generality of the less informed portion of the community who dissent from Christianity. At the same time it has to be taken into account that nothing is given or can be obtained from Christian persons, unless in expectation that their spiritual interests are promoted by it. Still the number of persons is continually increasing who dedicate their lives and their property and show the most self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of humanity without any expectation of eternal reward. Surely such beneficence is far more honorable, more praiseworthy, better entitled to recognition and respect and bespeaks a higher quality of human nature, than Christian gifts with heavenly rewards in view.

The "social and moral effects of the discontinuance of Christian teaching and the abolition of its institutions" would soon be seen to be advantageous to society. Tenets of Christianity clearly subversive of progress being withdrawn, it must follow that the natural forces of humanity would be set free and have fuller scope. For instance, the tenet of the inherent depravity of all human beings, and the teaching that this hereditary corruption can only be counteracted by "saving grace," is a direct discouragement of improvement by education. No mother can believe in her heart in the inherent badness of her child. How could she contemplate with pleasure or kiss the "depraved" little thing which the holiest instinct of her nature teaches her to love and trust? This doctrine, if fully and intelligently believed, would discourage all education of a secular description. This is known to be so. The greatest opposition and the strongest endeavors are continually made to prevent any education from being attempted which is not based on the doctrine of inherent baseness. The effacement of this tenet of depravity would be a new impetus to all kinds of educational effort and inspire it with confidence. Therefore, this tenet alone being effaced, the forces of intelligence and morality would be enormously increased.

Again, the tenets of the Bible being taken as the standard to which all experiences of truth and science must conform has been in every age, since Christianity was propagated, a formidable impediment to progress. It is impossible to estimate what improvement the world would have seen, had Freethought not

been thus coerced and intimidated. Were the repressive tenet of Biblical infallibility effaced in the millions of minds over which it still dominates, the resources of intellect and morality, founded on nature and experience, would soon be sufficient to run the world.

Were the tenets and institutions of Christianity, with the ethically deterrent influence they exercise, once withdrawn from society, the instinct of self-preservation, the passion for progress, the natural love of morality, the necessity of honor and justice and truth, would not only be still in force, but would become more active and energetic than heretofore. Then the sense of secular responsibility, which is now obscured by Christian tenets and discouraged by Christian agencies, and defamed by all Christian preachers, who more or less teach the distrust of natural morality and deride its efficacy or persistent force, would have full effect. The case of the world will not be so bad as is supposed were the effects of Christianity to cease. Already and for years past, natural and scientific influences have done much to advance and sustain society. But Christianity is very egotistical and claims to have done and to do everything, the credit of which belongs to other forces and other principles.

It does not follow, nor is it pretended in these pages, that because Christianity might now be dispensed with, that it has not been in many ways a force for good in the world. Paganism, with all its moral deficiency, was doubtless a nobler religion than the superstitions it effaced. In like manner Christianity has been an influence for good in earlier, dark and ignorant ages. Even now over minds brutish, untaught and suffering, and over whom nobler secular forces are prevented from operating, Christianity often exercises a beneficial influence. So far as its wiser and advanced preachers keep alive a sentiment of reverence for ideals of Love and Truth for their own sake, their work is to be valued. Many Christian ministers and Christian believers make noble sacrifices for duty—as they understand it—and may be rightly honored by those who deem their cardinal doctrines erroneous. Were the thousand pulpits of Great Britain silenced suddenly and altogether the public sentiment in favor of humanity, purity of life and justice, would for a time be lowered. At the same time it is conceivable that if the same tongues proclaimed, with the same earnestness and eloquence, the moralities of life accord-



ing to nature, and proclaim them without the dogmas and tenets of Christian theology, public sentiment in favor of truth and progress would be far higher than it is.

It may be admitted that Christianity, by superseding superstitions grosser than its own, has paved the way, in some respects, to the present ascendancy of science, though it has in so many other ways retarded its growth. But now that Science has established itself in spite of Christianity—has attained an authority of its own, and occupies ground independently of Christianity, owing nothing to it, nor yielding it allegiance, the world is better enabled to do without Christianity than otherwise would be the case. Science has disclosed the true grounds of morality, resting on ethical laws and not on Biblical dogmas. The moralities of science are universal in their nature and in their general acceptance. A nobler morality prevails now which gives laws to Religion, instead of Religion, as formerly, giving laws to morality. "The secret of genius," said one distinguished by its possession,\* "is to suffer no fiction to exist. To demand in all things good faith, reality, and a purpose; and first, last, midst, and without end, to honor every truth by use." Therefore morality would continue, social improvement would progress, notwithstanding that the tenets and institutions of Christianity should be effaced. We are not without singular historic proof that this will be so.

Voltaire who personated the Skepticism of the last century; Paine, who according to all priests, personated the Infidelity of England at the beginning of this century; William Lloyd Garrison, denounced by every orthodox pulpit in America, openly rejected every Christian tenet which interfered with human liberty. Yet these men did more for morality and humanity than all the preachers of Christianity in their day. Voltaire, at the peril of his liberty and life, rescued a friendless family from the fire and the wheel, when the priests were murdering them, and delivered the intellect of France forever from the rack of the Church. The pen of Paine accomplished more for the independence of America than the sword of Washington, for he inspired the patriots who gave their lives for it; and Garrison gave liberty to the Slaves whose bondage the Clergy defended. The Christianity of three nations produced no three men in their

\* Goethe.

day who did anything comparable to the achievement of these three Skeptics, who wrought this splendid good not only without Christianity, but in opposition to it. Had Christian tenets and institutions been effaced in their day, they had accomplished still greater good without the peril they had to brave.

Thus the complacent saying, "Christ or Chaos," is a mistake contrary to history and experience. Were Christianity effaced the liberated forces of Science and morality would take its place. The world is tired of the cry of the Saints, "We are the salt of the earth, after us putrefaction." It is the salt of Science and morality which has permeated Christianity, which has of late years preserved *it* from putrefaction.

Besides, attention is necessary to the remarkable alacrity with which Christian preachers are themselves effacing Christianity. It has been said that priests, like wild beasts, retreat before the approach of civilization. Certainly they efface their own tenets in the presence of Science and ethical criticism. The days of creation have been expanded into millions of years—Hell has become Sheol, and the old cardinal doctrines are receiving new interpretations which explain them away. Men who a few years ago were denounced as "Infidels," for not believing the accepted tenets of that time, are now described as ignorant and as caricaturing Christianity if they cite the same tenets as representing Biblical faith. Christianity is effacing itself by incapacity, or policy.

The two most influential ideas which in every age, since it arose, have given Christianity currency among the ignorant and the credulous have been the ideas of Hell and Prayer. Hell has been the *Terror*, and Prayer the *Bribe*, which have won the allegiance of the timid and the needy. These two master passions of Terror and Despair have brought the ignorant, the shrinking and the unfortunate portions of mankind, to the foot of the Cross. Even these are being effaced by new and better teaching of the Priests and by the silent forces of Humanity and Fact.

The vice, fraud, injustice and disease which exist in the world after eighteen centuries of Christianity, show that it is time it gave place to something else. Society is parched by the arid tenets of deterrent faith and futile prayer. There can be little misgiving at the removal of an obstruction which prevents the

influx of the refreshing and irrigating waters of reason and truth.

The salutary forces of the world are secular. Christianity is receding, Science is advancing; Christianity is being explained away, Science is being explained into potent existence. Truth supersedes ancient error—

Enough to know, that through the Winter's frost  
And Summer's heat, no word of Truth is lost,  
And every duty pays at last its cost.

It only remains again to remind the reader that these pages deal only with militant Christianity. I avoid with a feeling of scorn that sentimental view of it, which its apologists now habitually present, without candor as to facts which it lacks the sense to see, or the honesty to own, or the justice to denounce. I, who have known and confronted Christianity in the dock, have no illusions about it. There is good in Christianity as there was in Paganism, which also refined the times and manners in which it prevailed. If those who trade now, consciously or unconsciously, on the genial precepts of the Bible, will get them made legal, and incorporated in the constitution of the country, and take care that they supersede the arrogant, imperious and intolerant supremacy hitherto established, the tone of the argument maintained in these pages will be materially changed in the future.

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## PRESBYTERIAN REVISION—HOW RECEIVED IN HEAVEN.

By NELLY BOOTH-SIMMONS.

"THIS constant revising of creeds makes me tired," remarked Jehovah, as he sank into his throne and pushed back his crown, that he might enjoy the cool breeze from a neighboring grove of palms. "Mortals are the most restless creatures in the universe, anyhow. Never satisfied, always changing. They fix up a code of religious laws, and then, by the time we've arranged things up here in accordance with it, they smash it to smithereens and go to work at another. If they'd attend to their own business and leave these spiritual matters to me it would be much better for all concerned."



It was up in the New Jerusalem, and the pleasant streets, generally so quiet and well ordered, were in a state of the wildest confusion. Messages were constantly coming in from Chicago, where a number of clergymen sat in deliberation upon the Presbyterian "Confession of Faith," and every fresh bit of news was eagerly caught up and discussed by the saints. The City Hall was a regular bee-hive. The Recording Angel flew distractedly about, with his spectacles all awry, a pen behind his ear, and a score of ink-spots adorning his usually immaculate white wings. His secretaries and clerks were scribbling for dear life, overhauling account-books, making new entries, and filing away telegrams and papers by the hundred. Every half-hour a bulletin-board was hung out, giving the latest dispatches from Chicago; and this was always the signal for a regular stampede of saints and seraphs anxious to learn what was going on below. In the office of the *Celestial Times*, across the street, the presses were busily grinding out an extra afternoon edition, warranted to contain full particulars of the proceedings of the Chicago presbytery. .

It was plain, too, that discipline was relaxed. Instead of being drawn up in symmetrical lines, waving green boughs and singing psalm-tunes, the angels were scattered about, doing their own sweet will. One mischievous little cherub had surreptitiously carried Gabriel's trumpet to a secluded nook, and was ornamenting it with World's Fair posters, arranged in the most artistic crosses and stars. Two or three of his companions cheered his labors by performing the lively air of "Down Went McGinty" on their harps. A wide-awake angel from Chicago and a gouty old party just arrived from St. Louis, per an attack of melancholia, were arguing about the location of the international exposition, the latter maintaining that the Windy City was no place to hold it in, while the other offered to bet his harp—a brand new one—that it would go there, all the same.

Down on the shady side of one of the gold-paved streets a lot of sour-faced saints were having an indignation meeting over the prospect of getting their toes trodden on by the disreputable heathen and unregenerate babes who would get in under the new dispensation. The very match-factory at the other end of town had closed down for the day, and the hands were loafing around the street corners, discussing the dispatches as they came in. But the center of interest, next to the City Hall, was up

around Jehovah's throne, where Gabriel and the rest of the big wings of the New Jerusalem had formed themselves into a sort of a committee of ways and means.

"It's enough to provoke the patience of that old chestnut, Job," continued Jehovah, as he borrowed a palm-leaf fan of an obliging saint who stood near by. "Here I had things nicely fixed up for the next thousand years and thought we'd get along without any fresh disturbances. Under the old doctrines of election and reprobation, I had nothing to do but to go over the books once in a while, and instruct my agents to mark nine-tenths of the world's inhabitants for eternal damnation and to give the remainder tickets for the New Jerusalem. But now these Chicago Presbyterians, by a majority vote, have turned everything upside down and changed the whole plan of salvation in the twinkling of an eye. There's nothing in the Bible to justify it, of course. Don't St. Paul say that I make one vessel to honor and another to dishonor? But no matter. These mortals know more than I do, and we've got to act according to instructions. Not a bit of use grumbling and fretting about it, don't you know."

"It's no end of a nuisance, though," put in the deep voice of Gabriel, made hoarse by many blowings of his trump. "It'll give us lots of extra work."

"Work!" said Jehovah, with a disgusted look. "We'll be worn to skin and bone, all of us, in the course of a few million decades. Not to speak of building new mansions for all the blest, we shall have to keep tab on every blasted mortal—attend all the death-bed scenes, find out their private beliefs, and decide whether their faith is the simon-pure article and entitles them to a reward. Then when the fortunate ones get up here they'll have to be received and taken care of—and there!" said Jehovah, breaking off as a fresh difficulty occurred to him. "How am I to dispose of all the infants that'll come up here if the Presbytery does away with the damnation of unbaptized babes? I shall have to provide nurses for 'em; there's no other way. A nice fix I'll be in with a lot of squalling children on my hands, and the New Jerusalem turned into a nursery. But there's one thing I can do by way of revenging myself on those troublesome mortals. I can neglect some duties which have been well attended to always. I shall count no more hairs, and when sparrows fall to the ground they'll have to lie there for all me. I will have no time to pick them up, with all this work to look after."

"The whole affair is to be laid to the ministers," remarked St. Peter, morosely. St. Peter had left the gates in charge of the first assistant gate-keeper, and had come up to take part in the conference. "It's all the fault of the ministers," he repeated. "They have such a fat thing on earth that they think every plan ought to be made easy and comfortable, and so they are smoothing the road to the New Jerusalem. But it's a shame for them to give us all this extra work."

"Ah! but the work isn't the worst of it, Peter," remarked Jehovah. "There's another question that bothers me even more. How are we going to provide amusement for all these angels here? For the New Jerusalem is about the dullest city in the universe—awfully dull—now, isn't it, Peter?"

"I haven't found it so," observed St. Peter emphatically. "Come down to the gates and you'll see enough going on, most any hour in the day. I have plenty of exciting episodes, I assure you. So many queer people want to get in. What with turning off applicants who come up minus the proper credentials and arguing the matter with folks who think they have a right in here, when they have not, and driving away schemers who say they just want to come in for a few minutes to see the sights, and pulling down individuals who try to crawl over the fence and climb through it—what with all this I have a lively time—an exceedingly lively time in fact."

"Yes, but you are very fortunate, Peter," returned Jehovah. "Most of the angels don't have such distractions, and they are nearly consumed with *ennui*. Playing on a harp, and singing, may be very pleasant, but it gets monotonous after a while. Heretofore, when the angels wanted a little recreation they would just take a run down to the north end of town. There's a fine view of Hell from that point, you know, and it's wonderfully entertaining to look over the parapets and see babies roasting on the turn-spits, and heathen squirming and dancing and wriggling over the coals. Bless me! it's as fine a spectacular drama as one could wish to behold. I had that long balcony built down there for the especial convenience of saints who wish to sit in easy, comfortable positions while they watch the sinners writhing in the tortures of eternal punishment."

"But all that is over now," remarked Gabriel. "If Hell is to be depopulated, there's no more fun in that direction, and you've got

to provide some new means of amusement. If you don't the angels will grow restive, and perhaps rebel, as they did when Lucifer was thrown over the battlements of Heaven, don't you know?"

"Well, I'll do my best," said Jehovah, heaving a prodigious sigh. "It's a hard blow, but I'll bear up under it. We've been a pleasant company, a very nice, select, exclusive little company; but if the Presbytery rules that we must let in a lot of unwashed heathen and troublesome babies, we'll receive 'em kindly and do well by them. Just send a message to the fore-angel at the match-factory, will you, Gabriel, and tell him to shut down for a few days and put his employees to work on some mansions for the blest. People on earth can make their own matches, but the souls up here must be housed."

"And I," remarked the Recording Angel, "I wish you'd just increase my force of helpers, if you don't mind." The Recording Angel had strolled down from his office for a little rest, and he looked worried and perplexed as he added:

"My clerks up there are dreadfully overworked, and they say if they don't get relief they'll strike. I wish you'd send up two or three type-writer angels, and be sure they're pretty, too, with large, soulful blue eyes. I want you to be particular about that."

"And I," interrupted St. Peter, "I've got to have some help, too. I'm tired opening that great heavy gate for all the saints who want to get in, and if sinners are to be added to the list of applicants it's more than my arms can bear. I suggest that you put in a couple of elevators; and, besides that, you might have several balloons constantly plying between the earth and the New Jerusalem, and then—"

But just at this point a messenger-angel came running up to report that a New York drummer, who had tried to spring a La Grippe joke in Chicago, and got killed in the attempt, was endeavoring to break through the gate. Whereupon St. Peter hustled off with blood in his eye, and the conference broke up.

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"WHAT WOULD FOLLOW ON THE EFFACEMENT OF CHRISTIANITY," by George Jacob Holyoake, in three parts, has been put into a paper-covered pamphlet of sixteen pages and is for sale at this office. Price ten cents each; twelve copies for \$1.00.  
—PUBLISHER,



## REMINISCENCES.

BY LUCY N. COLMAN.

*(Continued.)*

WHEN Mr. Lincoln was elected President, Sojourner determined to make the journey to Washington to see him—the first Antislavery President—and so her friends sent her with her grandson, a boy of fourteen years, to me. Somehow if anything was to be done for any special colored person, everybody, far and near, knew I was the one to be called upon to do it, and I am glad to remember that however difficult the work to be done I somehow accomplished it.

When Sojourner reached Washington she supposed she could walk right into the White House, have a good chat with the President, and be asked to call again, perhaps; but it took some weeks to get an appointment for her. This I finally accomplished by the aid of Mrs. Kaightly, Mrs. Lincoln's dressmaker, a colored woman who, because of her business, was in almost daily communication with the President's family. At last the appointment was made for one Saturday morning at eight o'clock, and promptly at the hour we were there. The war was in progress at that time, and much business occupied even the morning hours of Mr. Lincoln. The receiving-room was well filled before nine o'clock, and still no call came for us. At last, at half-past eleven, the call came for Mrs. Colman and her friend. While we were waiting, there had come into the room a colored woman, whom I asked if she had an appointment with the President, or any one to take her into his presence, to which she answered, "No, but I must see him." I said, "You may go in with me," and so I went into the room with two of the blackest women I ever saw, not as my escort, but I as theirs.

We were obliged to wait long enough for the President to tell one of his funny stories to a deputation of merchant tailors from Baltimore, who had come to ask Mr. Lincoln to pardon or release one of their brother merchants, charged with trading with the rebels. I do not know whether or not the merchant was released, the deputation departed with no answer save the story, and that I have forgotten; I wrote it out at the time and it was published in the New York *Tribune*. When the President was ready I

said, "I am very happy, sir, to say to you that I have not come to ask any favor; my business is simply to present to you my friend, Sojourner Truth, a woman widely known, not only in our country, but abroad; she will say to you what she wishes without further help from me." To the other woman I said, "As soon as Sojourner is through with the President present your business."

Mr. Lincoln was not himself with this colored woman; he had no funny story for her, he called her aunty, as he would his washer-woman, and when she complimented him as the first Antislavery President, he said, "I'm not an Abolitionist; I wouldn't free the slaves if I could save the Union in any other way—I'm obliged to do it." I said to my friend, "We must not detain the President—are you ready?" and saying good-bye, I had just reached the door, when Mr. Lincoln said very earnestly, "Mrs. Colman, won't you come back? Walk in here and take a seat," opening the gate of the railing that separated him from his callers. I went back, took the seat, and by Mr. Lincoln's request read the letter which the colored woman who had gone into the room with me had presented to him. As I read, Mr. Lincoln said, "'Tis a hard case, but what can I do? I have no more money than she has. Can't you take her off my hands?" "Mr. President," I said, "when I came in I told you I had no personal favor to ask of you, but I shall be very happy to grant you one, and if you will put upon this envelope the words you have just repeated to me, 'I think this a hard case, but what can I do? I have no more money than she has,' signing your name as the President of the United States, I will gladly relieve you of this woman." He saw his inconsistency, but taking the letter, wrote upon the envelope, "I think this a worthy object.—Abe Lincoln." When we had done talking, which was some minutes, I knew he was not glad that the war had made him the emancipator of four million slaves. Perhaps he came to rejoice over it, when he realized that by the logic of events his name would be immortal through that act, but at that time he did not see it. He believed in the white race, not in the colored, and did not want them put on an equality.

The letter was from the wife of a colored soldier then at the front. She was hopelessly sick and to be turned out of house for non-payment of rent. The husband had been eleven months in service, but had never been paid for even one month, as no

colored soldier had been at that time. When they were paid they only received *seven* dollars per month. Comment is needless.

After the death of Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Johnson was inaugurated, Sojourner was again interested to see another President. The usher at the White House—a *colored* man, though much whiter than myself—easily made the way, and Mr. Johnson sent me an invitation to come one Sunday afternoon, and so we went. Mr. Johnson was quite at home with his colored guest, asking her—Mrs. Truth, he called her—to be seated, and refusing to be seated himself while she should stand. At last Sojourner said, “Sit down yourself, President Johnson, Ise used to standing, Ise been a lecturer most fifty years; ‘deed I don’t know what these United States would have come to if it hadn’t been for my lecturing.” The President kept on his dignity, invited the old lady to stay longer and to call again.

My work continued with the freed people through the year, though I often visited the hospitals and did what I could to help to while the time away with the poor, maimed and homesick soldiers. A woman’s presence was always a joy to them. There was a volunteer nurse, a Mrs. Mary Parker, with whom I was intimate, whose name should be printed in letters of gold in enduring marble. Without pay—as she did not please the woman who had charge of the nurses’ department, and was therefore summarily dismissed from further employment—she worked on, giving herself very little rest either day or night, sleeping for an hour or two wherever night overtook her. She slept in the warehouse where the soldiers’ supplies were stored, when she could get to the building, and she visited all the hospitals as often as possible in the whole District of Columbia, but more especially in Alexandria. The soldiers told her all their grievances, and she never once failed to get them removed, when they were found to be real and not the effect of a morbid condition.

After the first year of work she had become so well known to President Lincoln, that he said to those whom it concerned, “When Mrs. Parker asks for an ambulance, give her the best pair of horses and the most trusty driver; there’s no need of questioning her, she is on some mission of mercy which everybody else has forgotten.” The Surgeon-General became her powerful friend, and more than one incompetent and cruel surgeon lost his place by being represented in his true colors to him

(the Surgeon-General) by Mary Parker. She received no pay, she shared the soldiers' rations and the soldiers shared with her whatever friends sent to her for her comfort.

One day she came to my room, with her feet literally on the ground. She did not seem to know it, though it was in March and wet and cold. She was full of enthusiasm about a young soldier whom she had in her tent (some of the western soldiers had given her a tent and pitched it for her, and now she had a home). He was very young, had fallen away on his march and reported drunk or a deserter. She had found him, knew that he was sick, had ordered the ambulance and brought him to her home. After getting him comfortably into bed she had been to the President and he had said yes, yes, to whatever she had desired, and now on her way she had called to tell me and to ask me to come and see "her dear, sick boy."

I looked down at her feet; her toes protruding from the holes in her shoes, and said, "Mary Parker! you haven't been into the White House in such a plight?" She said, "I didn't once think of my feet, and I don't believe the President saw them; I was in such haste to get the pardon, before my poor boy soldier dies, so that he could see it." I took five dollars from my purse, and said, "Swear to me you will buy yourself a pair of shoes on your way home, and I will give you this money to pay for them; I can't afford to give it to you for any other purpose." She said, "I will," but a week after, when she came to tell me her young soldier was dead and buried, her feet were in the same ragged shoes, I said, "Your feet! what does it mean?" "I could not help it," she answered; "I know if you had been with me and seen the soldier that I used the money for you would have forgotten bare feet."

Such was Mary Parker, a woman who for all the years of the war gave herself to the welfare of the soldier. She never received one dollar from the government for her services, but I hope some of the soldiers for whom she worked so faithfully remembered her and helped to make her some remuneration.

Jane Grey Swisshelm, one of the earliest Woman's Rights women—a lineal descendant of the family of Lady Jane Grey—did valiant service in the hospitals. She had the same power, perhaps in a less degree, that the late Leroy Sunderland possessed—her hands holding the limb which was being amputated, or rather



from which a part was being removed, soothed the patient and overcame the suffering. But, like my friend Mrs. Parker, she could not come under rules. She knew what and how to do, and when to do it, and so as a soldier she would have been a sharp-shooter or a scout, never a subordinate. It was my privilege to know her well, and, knowing, to appreciate her.

I used to think, as, in my visits to my various schools, I saw the ambulances filled with maimed and bleeding men, and often dying men, how great must have been the wrong of chattel slavery, that required such a sacrifice of life to abolish; and wondered if woman were only an active power in the government, if she would not have found a way to remove the wrong without the dreadful war. But the thing that most distressed me was to meet young boys handcuffed together, in charge of an officer, charged with deserting, or some lesser offense. These young boys—they were not old enough for men—had been in many cases hired by some man as substitute. Having no idea what a soldier's life meant, charmed by the martial music, they had enlisted, and the life was more than their physical or moral nature could endure, and so they had fallen and were prisoners.

At last came the end, and Richmond was taken. But one morning, less than two weeks from the taking of Richmond, came the shock—the President is dead! What need to write it out? Is not every one familiar with the story?

One thing you are not familiar with, unless you were in Washington or Alexandria, Freedman's Village and Mason Island; that is, the grief of the poor colored people. They looked upon the President as their saviour and they loved him as such, and, added to their grief, they feared that now they would be returned to bondage. It was touching to hear their wailing; every hut whose occupant possessed a rag of black cloth, or not possessing could obtain it, found it a delight to hang it over the door; and when the day came, when for the time being, *all*, without regard to the color of the skin, were allowed to enter the White House, not one failed to look upon the face of their dead friend. And now came the trial of the assassins, all of which you will find in the chronicles of the day. I only make this record, that, so far as I could judge from the evidence, and I attended the trial, Mrs. Surratt had no more to do with the murder of President Lincoln than any other *rebel woman*. She no doubt desired it, as did all

the other rebels, but that she in any way aided it or even knew anything of it, until it occurred, was not, in my opinion, proven even by circumstantial evidence. But men seemed mad. I was present in the court when Mrs. Surratt's daughter entered, looking wild with grief. She was not allowed to look one moment upon her mother, but an officer took hold of the poor girl's shoulders, turned her around and put her out of court. Mrs. Surratt was not allowed speech with *woman* after her arrest. *Man* made the law, *man* arrested her, *man* tried her, and by *man* she was pronounced guilty, and by *man* she was hung by the neck until she was dead. I do not find anything to say about "Woman's Rights"—it is all woman's wrongs. My good cousin need not have warned me that I would make my reminiscences unpopular by writing of the rights of woman; I find so much of *wrongs* that I have no space for *rights*.

There were some persons of the other sex that, it seemed to me then and so I still think, were far from guilty of aiding or abetting murder, who were found guilty in a greater or less degree; but the people were mad with fear, and the military commission, as well as the civil authority that tried the prisoners, only carried out the will of the community at large. Had they seen their errors or become less bloodthirsty, that such particular care was taken not to hurt the feelings of that arch traitor, Jefferson Davis? I was on board one of the government gunboats, on my way to Richmond, and saw them putting this man (through whom so many men had lost their lives—oh! so many by starvation)—saw him being put in Fortress Monroe, a prisoner. I little thought then that the guard would be ordered to wear slippers because army shoes, by their noise, disturbed the nerves of the important man!

After the excitement of the death and funeral of the President, the trial of the assassins and the hanging of the condemned, the people breathed quietly, and then came the word that some people, in particular some of the teachers of the schools, would be given a pass and return ticket to Richmond, by paying their fare one way; this favor was to hold good a certain number of days.

I thought I would like to go, but my salary did not admit of much superfluous traveling. I think the fare was \$7.00—am not sure. But there was another reason in the way—we were to go

to Secretary Dana for passes, and I knew that he was prejudiced against me for the part I had taken in getting the teacher of the orphan asylum removed. Unlike Secretary Stanton, he was an eastern man, and the Massachusetts people were all in favor of the teacher because of her name. I never like to ask favors of prejudice, and so, as one after another of the lady teachers came to me urging me to go, I said, "No, I will not ask the Secretary for a pass." They said, "Then you can not go, and we shall not have half as good time as if you were with us." But they could not induce me. I said, "Go, and depend upon yourselves."

The same day Mrs. Parker, the nurse with the ragged shoes, called for some favor. I said, "Don't you want to go to Richmond? Can't you get a pass for two? If you can I will pay your expenses in Richmond." She answered, "Yes, I do, but I have some soldiers I am at work for now, to get them honorably discharged, so I cannot possibly leave now, but I have a pass for two just given me by the Surgeon-General. I will give you this, but a certain woman will have to go with you, as I have promised her." "No," I said, "I cannot go that way." She went out, and in an hour returned with a *pass and transportation* both ways for Mrs. Colman. I accordingly went, surprising the ladies very much, as I would not tell them where I obtained the pass or the transportation, only that Secretary Dana did not give it. I arrived in Richmond about seven o'clock in the evening, having left Washington at three in the afternoon of the previous day. The boat-ride was very pleasant. We were out of sight of land some hours. I have too sound a stomach to be sea-sick, and so enjoy the water, or did then—I do not wish to try the water now. Alas! that we must grow old or die, and at my age, it is according to scripture, that "the grasshopper becomes a burden," much more the sea.

I found a colored boy who showed me the way to the Teachers' Home, expecting to find my friends there, but the matron said they came but she refused to take them; she had all she could accommodate. I said, "This home is given by the government, with rations for the time being; by what authority do you take possession of this immense house, take in whom you please and reject others at this time in the evening—a stranger and alone. You say you have no bed; you have a floor unoccupied, and an easy chair, which I have possession of, and shall remain in it till

morning. In daylight I will report myself to the commandant and find what it means." I had struck the nail on the head. The madam immediately changed her style, prepared me a very comfortable supper; gave me a bed by myself in a room by myself, with comfortable things for the toilet. This woman, with the teachers, one a reverend, were from one Christian society, and I, with my teachers, were from another, and as they came first into possession, they determined to hold it. It was nice to have extra accommodations for any friends who should visit the famous place.

There was but one hotel open at that time, the Ballard House, and its charges were very high. In the morning I found the hotel. Most of my friends were preparing to go back, as the length of their purses were not sufficient to pay five, or even three, dollars a day.

"How did you get here, and where did you stay?"

"I came by the boat, and stayed at the Home, where I expected to find you all."

"Well, but they would not allow us to stay."

"Well, they allowed me to stay; why not know your rights, and then maintain them?" I said. "We will look about and we shall probably find a home with some nice colored family; if not, we will stay at the Home."

We soon found a colored woman who, before the war, had kept a large boarding-house. She took us, though she was in comparatively small quarters; but she was exquisitely clean and gave us excellent food. I wish I could paint for my readers with my pen the graphic picture which this very black woman gave of the taking of Richmond. She said, "We had almost despaired, as we would hear of one city after another being taken, and we feared that in some way, we could not tell how, we had offended God, and so he was going to pass by Richmond, and leave us in our slavery. We humbled ourselves in the very dirt, and, with our faces on the ground, begged God to forgive the sin, whatever it might be, and send us the Yankee soldiers to free us." And on the Monday morning after Jefferson Davis thought it best to leave Richmond, she said, while going to her kitchen to cook her breakfast, she saw coming over the hills a company of soldiers, holding the flag with the stars and stripes. "Oh, how my heart leaped for joy; I ran into the street and with all our people in

this part fell upon my knees and shouted glory. And then, when President Lincoln came some days after, I was standing in my door to look upon him. He passed so near me that I could have put my hand upon him, and he turned and looked, and he certainly bowed to me. Thank the Lord, I saw our deliverer."

This woman was a free woman and owned her house—earned it by keeping boarders. She had buried her husband and only child the last year of the war, and she mourned greatly that not a piece of *black goods* could be found in all that city, with which she could robe herself as a mourner. Like many another, bereaved of husband and child, she felt that sable garments would give her comfort. Grief is its own comforter, I know right well; nothing else soothes us; finally it wears itself out. I was clad in crape myself at that time, and when I saw how much this poor woman wanted such a costume, I gave her my bonnet and shawl and took from her a gingham sun-bonnet, which seemed rather out of place, as you will see, on my way back to Washington.

(To be concluded.)

## THE CHURCH AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

DR. M'GLYNN asserts that the Roman Church threatens the republic, especially referring to the efforts of its clergy against the common school system, "things happening which but a generation ago would have stirred the country to a white heat of anger." But the efforts of the Protestant clergy are no less dangerous. It is the Protestant priesthood now inciting the bills before Congress to make religious teaching obligatory in common schools. Cardinal Gibbons thinks religious and secular education should not be divorced, but no less does Protestant Rev. Dr. Hill, in the *Forum*, also warmly vindicate the right of the State to compel religious teaching in the public schools. Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, a short time before his death, published an article to which the press referred at time of its publication as very similar to those presented by the Roman Catholic clergy. Dr. Hodge declared Catholics had maintained a sounder and more consistent position as to education than Protestants had had the courage to assume. Bishop Littlejohn characterized Dr. Hodge's paper as an expression of the views entertained by many thoughtful men—"a deep and serious dissatisfaction with the drift of the public schools." Prof. Seeley, a foremost representative of New England Congregationalism, has expressed like opinions, while other Protestant bodies are showing increasing opposition to a form of purely secular education. And yet the history of the world shows that wherever ecclesiastical schools have been tried—wherever the Church has secured influence above that of the State, the standard of education has been universally lowered.—MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE.



# LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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## THE LIBERAL NINE.

BY R. E. FLECTION, M. D.

ALL liberal minds should strive to proclaim  
The phantoms and myths of biblical fame,  
The faithful cosmographer stems the tide,  
And buffets the billows of *fraud*; beside  
He holds out the banner of freedom's truth,  
Baffling the clergy from teaching the youth  
The nonsense of Moses,—inspiration,  
Vicarious atonement,—revelation;  
And Freethinkers work for what they demand,  
While ethical thought prevails o'er the land.

Pseudo-religion should pay its own tax,  
Give army and navy "Common Sense" facts,  
Sow broadcast the volume, "Age of Reason"—  
Thomas Paine's bible teaches no treason.  
Chaplains in congress, asylums, and state,  
Lock up your bibles and sermons, and wait;  
Agnostics and Entheists, Freethinking  
Started your glasses and goblets clinking,  
But e'er you have quaffed of the sacred wine,  
And ate of the bread you call divine,  
Your transcendental and thanksgiving prayer  
Will be lost in the past, none will know where.

Why should we swear on and kiss a Bible?  
Microbes without, and within the *Diable*.  
Micrococci, bacilli,—even death  
Are daily conveyed through a morbid breath;  
Expunge then the Bible from public schools,  
And the judicial bench,—custom makes fools  
Kiss the foul book, and deposit the germ  
Imbided by the next succeeding in turn.

This story is loathsome,—pregnant with sin,  
But can it compare with stories within?

Evolution, says Blare, "is slow of growth,"  
 In society and religion, both  
 Seem sleeping a sleep that Morpheus knew,  
 A semi-coma, though *pari passu*  
 They're waking to join that Entheism,  
 That blends our moral Positivism.  
 Strange soporific,—a noumenon ;—  
 Like Doctor Paul Carus' phenomenon,  
 A puerile thought for thousands of years  
 Kept the world sleeping,—the dawn reappears,  
 A joyous light will soon open its eyes,  
 All nature will laugh with regal surprise.

Brave men, like our Ingersoll, Watts and Green,  
 Macdonald, McCabe, Clodd, Eccles and Dean,  
 Whitford and Pillsbury, Skilton and Cope,  
 Wakeman, Keeler, Savage, Thompson and Pope,  
 Ah! yes, Helen G——, and bright Dr. Janes ;  
 With thousands of other distinguished names  
 Should succeed with these numbers, yes, *one* more,  
 Make Ten New Commandments, better than yore—  
 The tenth should proclaim the folly of prayer,  
 And make it a *crime* to *pray* or to *swear*.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

### INGERSOLL ON VIVISECTION.

PHILIP G. PEABODY, ESQ.:

*My Dear Friend*—Vivisection is the Inquisition—the Hell, of Science. All the cruelty which the human— or rather the inhuman—heart is capable of inflicting, is in this one word. Below this there is no depth. This word lies like a coiled serpent at the bottom of the abyss.

We can excuse, in part, the crimes of passion. We take into consideration the fact that man is liable to be caught by the whirlwind, and that from a brain on fire the soul rushes to a crime. But what excuse can ingenuity form for a man who deliberately—with an unaccelerated pulse—with the calmness of John Calvin at the murder of Servetus—seeks, with curious and cunning knives, in the living, quivering flesh of a dog, for all the throbbing nerves of pain? The wretches who commit these infamous crimes pretend that they are working for the good of man; that they are actuated by philanthropy; and that their pity for the sufferings of the human race drives out all pity for the animals they slowly torture to death. But those who are incapable of pitying animals are, as a matter of fact, incapable of pitying men. A physician who would cut a living rabbit in pieces—laying bare the nerves, denuding them with knives, pulling them out with forceps—would not hesitate to try experiments with men and women for the gratification of his curiosity.

To settle some theory, he would trifle with the life of any patient in his power. By the same reasoning he will justify the vivisection of animals and patients. He will say that it is better that a few animals should suffer than that one human being should die; and that it is far better that one patient should die, if through the sacrifice of that one, several may be saved.

Brain without heart is far more dangerous than heart without brain.

Have these scientific assassins discovered anything of value? They may have settled some disputes as to the action of some organ, but have they added to the useful knowledge of the race?

It is not necessary for a man to be a specialist in order to have and express his opinion as to the right or wrong of vivisection. It is not necessary to be a scientist or a naturalist to detest cruelty and to love mercy. Above all the discoveries of the thinkers, above all the inventions of the ingenious, above all the victories won on fields of intellectual conflict, rise human sympathy and sense of justice.

I know that good for the human race can never be accomplished by torture. I also know that all that has been ascertained by vivisection could have been done by the dissection of the dead, or at least of animals completely and perfectly under the merciful influence of ether. I know that all the torture has been useless. All the agony inflicted has simply hardened the hearts of criminals, without enlightening their minds.

It may be that the human race might be physically improved if all the sickly and deformed babes were killed, and if all the paupers, liars, drunkards, thieves, villains, vivisectionists, were murdered. All this might, in a few ages, result in the production of a generation of physically perfect men and women, healthy and heartless, muscular and cruel—that is to say, intelligent wild beasts!

Never can I be the friend of one who vivisects his fellow-creatures. I do not wish to touch his hand.

When the angel of pity is driven from the heart; when the fountain of tears is dry—the soul becomes a serpent crawling in the dust of a desert.

Thanking you for the good you are doing, and wishing you the greatest success, I remain,

Yours always,

R. G. INGERSOLL.

#### THE "FRIZZLETOP" PAPERS.—No. 4.

##### THE ANANIASSES VICTIMS OF A CONSPIRACY.

"WAS Ananias such an awful big liar, pa?"

Thus queried a ten-year-old limb of the Frizzletop family tree, as he woke the head and shoulders of the house out of an after-dinner nap.

"Wh—what's that, son; who did you say was a liar?"

"Ananias, pa; our teacher says he was struck dead for lying, and you know you told us about Eli Perkins, and Joe Mulhatton, and Tom Ochiltree, what big liars they were, and they wern't struck by lightning, were they?"

"Ha, ha, my boy, I am glad to see you investigate what seems cloudy to you.

Always do that and you'll never be bamboozled. And when you get stuck, my son, come to me and I'll help you. Struck by lightning, did you say? I'll tell you, my dear boy, lightning would have no more business fooling around Perkins or Mulhatton or Ochiltree than would a zephyr playing on the extremities of a second-class mule. It couldn't faze 'em. But Ananias was not struck by lightning, my child."

"What did strike him, pa?"

"Well, I may as well tell you the whole story. You see Ananias was a worthy and highly respected citizen of Jerusalem, about eighteen hundred and forty years ago. He had a kind, loyal and industrious wife, and Mrs. Ananias tended the second-hand store, while the old gentleman corralled what hardware and old clothes happened to be around the neighborhood; so between them they accumulated a large family and considerable property. Well, they both belonged to the church, and by and by the church authorities got a socialistic-communistic idea into their heads, and an edict was passed requiring all the members to convert everything into cash and turn the cash into the treasury, to be dealt out by the high muck-a-muck as occasion required. This law was passed by a two-thirds vote of all members present, and the poverty-stricken members were all present, you bet! Nobody kicked on the ordinance except a few property owners; but the theological lash was sharp and cutting in those days, and eventually all were brought to Limerick. Ananias didn't want to lose his standing in the church, but he was afraid to turn in all his boodle on account of a little dispute he and an assessor had concerning his income-tax and the value of a little junk-shop down in the Seventh ward.

"So he and his wife put up a job, and put into the religious fund only a portion of their hard-earned savings, reserving a nest-egg for a rainy day.

"When Ananias counted out his dollars and cents Peter, the treasurer of the concern, watched him like a hawk. Not a movement escaped his notice. When he tried to smuggle in a trade dollar and a Mexican half, this shrewd financier (he had previously run a fish-market) immediately shouted: 'Fifteen per cent. discount on foreign coin!' When he had settled, Peter asked him if that was all he was worth, and Ananias mentally said, 'I've turned the balance over to my wife.' Aloud he said: 'Auf course it vas; did you dook me for a millionaire?' Peter then shouted, 'Ananias, you're a liar!' and the fabricator fell a corpse. Peter didn't want to run any chances of his coming to life, so he had Ananias buried immediately.

"A couple of hours later the wife of the stricken man waltzed around to the big tent, and Peter asked her about the money. The brave woman said: 'I'll stake my life upon my husband's honor!' and she hadn't more than staked it until she lost. And as the cholera was bad that year, she, too, was hustled under ground without delay."

"Were they killed for just that one little lie?"

"Yes, oh, yes; they had told many a bigger one before, in little transactions down at the store, but this lie seemed to stir up the wrath of God, and they perished. But they left a large family—yes, a large family."

"What became of the money, pa?"

"Oh, Peter got that. But they don't get money for the church that way now. They don't ask a man to bring it around; they go and take it."

NEW CASTLE, PA.

J. EDD LESLIE.

## AMY POST.

A PAPER READ BY LUCY N. COLMAN BEFORE THE WOMAN'S  
POLITICAL CLUB OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**L**ADIES: You ask of me a short biographical sketch of your late honored friend and member, Mrs. Amy Post. If love and the most sacred friendship are the requisites for success in such an undertaking then I feel that

you could not have chosen better. Notwithstanding, I must say I cannot hope to satisfy you all. I belong to a generation that left woman out from the educational privileges which most, if not all, of you who are to-day in middle life enjoy. I trust, however, that the matter that I shall bring to you will atone for any lack in the manner of its presentation.



Mrs. Amy Kirby Post was born in 1802 to Jacob and Mary Kirby of Jericho, Long Island, who were honorable members of the Society of Friends; she was of cheerful temperament, enjoying intensely the pleasures of out-door life, so that the

restraints which the good mother felt called upon to put upon her child, lest she should be unfaithful to the customs and traditions of her people, were sometimes irksome and hard to bear; for this daughter of a quiet Quaker home would have liked to have danced and sung, for merry she must be; her spirits refused to droop, she loved flowers and would so imitate their form and color on canvas. She appreciated beauty everywhere, and I am sure she felt that her own charming presence would have lost nothing if only she were permitted to choose her own style of dress rather than be confined to the quaint fashion of the long ago. But none of these things, had they been allowed, would have been essential to her happiness very long, for, with a nature like hers, the more serious duties of life soon claimed attention to the exclusion of lighter fancies.

I think Mrs. Post inherited from her parents an active hatred of oppression and persecution. The Friends publications, though not many in the beginning of this century, must have recorded the infamous treatment which these simple and harmless people received, from magistrate and minister alike. Tied to a wagon, not only men but women were whipped naked through the streets of Boston, and admonished that if they returned their lives would be forfeited. They did return and paid the penalty. Amy Post was a descendant of these martyrs and surely knew it. She never evaded a duty through fear of consequences and always presented a brave front against all oppressions.

Our friend was the beloved wife of the late Isaac Post, born into, and



member with her, of the Society of Friends. It is great praise, but justly merited, to say that Isaac Post was worthy to be the husband of our lamented friend, and that they walked together to the end of his long and useful life, each leaning upon and helping the other. When the Antislavery agitation put on renewed earnestness in 1842, or thereabouts, they became most earnest workers for the freedom of the blacks. Mrs. Post, in company with "the world's people," left her home for the purpose of holding bazars or fairs to raise funds to carry on the Antislavery work. This was a violation of the Friends discipline. A committee was appointed to reason with Amy, and one of the objects of this visitation was to advise her in regard to her duty towards her family; also her attitude as working with the "world's people." According to their testimony it was not possible that she could have attended to all her family duties, which led our friend to exhibit the contents of her stocking-bag—the store on hand being sixty-four pairs. Mrs. Post rarely sat idle at social gatherings or public lectures. The only effect these proceedings had was renewed effort in behalf of the down-trodden and oppressed, and finally Isaac and Amy Post withdrew from the Society of Friends.

Mrs. Post had no need to discipline herself for her prejudice against color, she had not one bit in her nature, and when at last the infamous Fugitive Slave Law was passed by Congress, and President Fillmore signed it, the more serious work begun for the Abolitionists. At one time I went to Canada with Mrs. Post to see how those poor fugitive creatures were faring who had sought refuge there—it was said to the number of forty thousand—and I doubt, if in all that number, there were one thousand who were unacquainted with the name of Amy Post; and from how many of those once manacled hands, now freed, did this brave woman help strike off the chains none will ever know, as her home, the "central depot" of the underground railroad, was shelter and comforter to the African race for many years.

On one ever memorable Sabbath, when ministers of the city were preaching of a Saviour who nearly nineteen hundred years before was a hated, hunted fugitive from the Judea Church, Isaac and Amy Post, believing deeds not words were fittest sermons to His memory, took beneath their roof twelve hunted fugitives, hopefully watching for the curtains of night to close on Monday evening, to speed to freedom these children of the same Father.

And when we remember, friends, that even to give a cup of cold water to one of these meant imprisonment for not less than one year, and a fine of one thousand dollars, we can better understand how necessary it then was that all must be done in the darkness and silence of the night, if our friends, Isaac and Amy Post, were to be helpful to the slave to the end, and dawn of freedom's morning. Are you not glad, my sisters of the Political Club, that no woman helped to make that law? O, remember, when you shall help to enact the laws by which you shall govern and be governed, that tyranny and cruelty be excluded from the law books. I cannot dwell longer here upon the Antislavery work of our beloved friend. She was known in all reforms. "Woman's Rights" was a cause she advocated in its earliest stages. She believed with all her heart in the equality of the sexes and was willing to spend and be spent for that cause. It was not easy to bear all the opprobrium

that was cast upon these early workers. Not every woman whose heart was in the work had the loving sympathy which dear, good Isaac Post gave to his wife. Our friend tried, also, to bring about a better condition for domestic help in our cities. When she first became a resident of Rochester she was visited by women whose business it was to ask her not to give her "help" too many privileges, as it made the girls discontented. "Why?" asked our friend. "I have been thinking to-day," said she, "what I could do to improve their condition, as it seems to me the workers should fare better than the idlers." The women found themselves discomfited and did not continue their work.

Mrs. Post felt that it was not well to prepare a more elaborate table than could be well afforded because of guests. A circumstance, in which I was interested, I think I will relate, as in it there is a lesson which has often been useful on similar occasions. I had not had an hour alone with my friend for a long time, and she had sent me word that a strange thing had occurred at her home (36 Sophia street) and she would like to see me and tell me about it. The strange happening was that only the immediate family of Mr. and Mrs. Post had slept under their roof the previous night (the first night for fifteen years), and we anticipated a quiet afternoon together. We went to Mrs. Post's room, but were hardly seated when the bell rung. I felt mischievous and pushed her into a large closet, going in and closing the door after me. The girl failed to find us and so reported. The visitors gave their names, saying they would leave their wraps and go shopping and would be back to supper and spend the night. "What shall I get for supper?" said the cook. "Thee must get a very nice supper, for these are not our best friends. We have not a hearty welcome for them, so must treat them as well as we can." I have always remembered from that time that true friends need not be feted.

Some years since, some of the women of the churches of the city decided to try to close the houses of prostitution and to persuade their poor deluded inmates to lead a different life. A meeting was called in one of the churches to consider the matter. The first important subject which came up was to know where these "fallen women could go." Few of these evangelical women could open their homes and say, "Neither do I condemn thee; come with me and sin no more." But our friend spoke up and said, "I will take one, and if there is no second place for the other, I will take her, too."

My friends, you have just laid this noble woman into the silent grave, but do you not remember of whom it was said, "being dead, yet speaketh!" Let us listen, my sisters, possibly we may find echo in our own hearts.

Mrs. Post was hospitable in an eminent degree. She turned none from her door. The pleasant, "Won't thee come in," was the greeting, but it is of a higher hospitality I wish now to speak. She was hospitable, yea, reverent to one's ideas, not always adopting them, but gave them audience. She never prejudged, knowing that every step in the world's progress, as few of us can know, had bruised the feet of those who first broke the path, and was, therefore, careful to entertain those stranger thoughts, knowing that she might, by so doing, entertain diviner wisdom.

My pen almost refuses to stop until I write of her friendship. You who have enjoyed it know what it was. To me it was sacred; only in Spiritualism

were we not agreed. But I loved her none the less, *that to her conscious life was unending*. 'Tis not needful, my friends, that we think alike of the Infinite, or of infinite power, only let us use with all diligence what power we have for the good of Humanity to a higher evolution with the same persistence as opportunity offers, as did our friend, Amy Post.

With one or two incidents which give much insight into the gentle methods of our friend, and I have done. For some years a little beggar girl came to 36 Sophia street, not being turned away; oftener coming, became familiar, even to drumming on the piano, some of the family remonstrated, eliciting this reply: "She enjoys it so; perhaps this is the only pleasant time in her daily life, I do not want her checked."

Another; when years ago an Indian came to borrow an ax, to chop out bows and arrows, when the woods were nearer Cornhill than at present, where he went daily for three weeks, borrowing and returning all this time the ax, until the Indian became a familiar visitor, too; and when sometime after his eyes became diseased, Isaac Post and Friend Frost procured medical treatment, trying to prevent, but in vain, his misfortune of coming blindness. This poor old blind Indian did not cease his yearly visits to our friend. When too dirty and objections became too strong for resistance, for entertaining him in the house, he was still made comfortable in the stable, and though not being able to look upon the face of his friend for nearly forty years, it is to be hoped when he reaches the "Happy Hunting Ground" blind John may be able to see once more the kind faces of his friends, Isaac and Amy Post, who for so many, many years ministered to his wants so faithfully on earth.

#### THE REV. JOHN G. HALL JUSTLY REBUKED.

WE wonder what the Rev. John G. Hall, D. D., would think of us if we printed an article about him under the title "Jack Hall," and persisted all the way through in calling him Jack? Yet he publishes an article in the *Magazine of Christian Literature* headed "Tom Paine," and proceeds throughout the article to call the author of "The Crisis," and "The Age of Reason," "Tom."

And the worst of it is that in this ungentlemanly way of speaking he is simply following the practice of Orthodox preachers and writers generally. Why does such a practice prevail? Do our Orthodox friends think they help their cause by calling an opponent nicknames? They wish of course to heap opprobrium upon a man whom they dislike, and take this means of doing it. The reason why they dislike Paine is because he wrote "The Age of Reason," a very powerful arraignment of the doctrine of Bible infallibility. But would not arguments be more convincing, as well as more gentlemanly, and more becoming to a writer who professes to be a Christian, than disparaging names? Thomas Paine is by no means an ideal character, but there is every reason to believe that he was an honest and sincere man, as he was certainly a very able man, and a man to whom this country owes a debt of gratitude greater than she can ever pay. But if he had never done anything for his country, he

would still have a right to be treated with common civility. In the dark days of the Revolution, when Thomas Paine's voice rose above every other in its advocacy of the American cause, when his "Crisis" was read by the command of Washington at the head of every regiment of the Continental army, and when "the pen of Paine" was named everywhere in the same breath with "the sword of Washington," as the hope of the struggling colonies, little likely did it seem that in a few years' time religious bigotry would have taught the American people to forget that splendid service, and to treat the man who rendered it with an indignity which one calling himself a gentleman and a Christian should put upon no man.

If Thomas Paine were alive, Dr. Hall would owe him a most humble apology; as it is he owes such an apology to the American people. Wrote Paine:—"Any system of theology that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system." Is it not about time for some one else to write:—"Any system of theology that prompts its adherents to be unfair and disrespectful to opponents cannot be a true system?"—*The Unitarian*.

#### FORWARD YOUNG WIDOW RUTH.

IN the Bible, sandwiched between the Book of Judges and Samuel, is a short but not uninteresting romance in four chapters, which might very well be called "Ruth the Reckless, or the Bold Young Widow of Moab." It would be interesting to know how many persons who profess the Christian faith have read this story, and further, how this and the Book of Esther came to be incorporated in the Holy Bible. Perhaps, however, they were included on the principle that spicy stories are always acceptable, however remote their connection with the other portions of the book. The novelist, we know, delights in giving light and shade to his work by the introduction of quaint characters that have no necessary connection with the story; and the skillful dramatist seldom hesitates to delay the action of his play to allow the low comedy merchant a chance of giving off a certain number of well-worn wheezes for the delectation of the "gods." But we have to go to the pages of Holy Writ to find stories introduced, which have little or no relation to that which has gone before, or indeed to what follows, and which appear to have been "preserved" mainly on account of the "bluish" character of their contents.

Briefly told, the story of the gay young widow Ruth is this: A famine being in the land, a certain man of Bethlehem-Judah, named Elimelech, went to sojourn in the country of Moab with his wife and two sons. Elimelech soon dies, leaving his wife Naomi and two sons to struggle on alone. The sons marry, but in a short time they also are smitten down and die; and the mother and her two daughters-in-law remain. A short time after Naomi returns to Judah, accompanied by only one of her daughters-in-law—in short, Widow Ruth, of Moab.

Desiring to earn her own living this forward young widow goes into the fields to glean, meets a wealthy cousin named Boaz, and, having successfully repelled the advances of some young mashers, steals slyly to bed with her

cousin, who blesses her for her unselfish kindness, and ultimately rewards her by making her his wife. A very pretty story indeed! Quite a model for Hollywell Street story-tellers—especially if Ruth herself supplied the “copy.” And this pretty tale is a part of God’s revelation to man. No wonder the elder Weller admonished Sam to “beware of widders!” What good lesson does this Bible story teach?

The confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau reveal the weaknesses and failures of a great moral reformer in his struggles to live a noble and pure life; and the story of his failings carries with it many a useful lesson. “Ruth’s Romance,” on the other hand, has no moral. What its spiritual meaning may be passes my comprehension; but I dare say some fourth-rate divine can tell you what God’s intention was in inspiring Ruth to record her youthful peccadilloes. The same divine might also inform you why God considered it wise to inspire Moses to write the disgusting story of Lot and his daughters, or why such indecencies as those recorded in the Book of Kings are still preserved for the edification of the young of both sexes in Christian Sunday-schools. But to the ordinary secular and unsophisticated mind, such things furnishes the strongest possible proof of the human origin of the Bible, and the base ideas of human life entertained by some of these early writers.—ARTHUR B. MOSS, in *The* (London) *Freethinker*.

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### THE WINDS.

THE old Egyptian astronomers believed this earth to be flat and anchored with chains upon some rock below! They evidently did not trouble their minds to inquire what this rock rested upon. The entire astronomical system of Ptolomæus was founded upon this theory.

Instinctively he had an idea that Boreas was the strongest god of winds, because he blew from the north. The hyperboreen were all the peoples living in the bleak climes from where Boreas blew his fierce, cold winds. The other gods of winds were the pleasant Zephyr, and the companionable Æolus and Vertumnus. But the sensible Sirocco from the Nubian desert, was dreaded even more than the icy north winds. If this planet had the flat shape the ancient Egyptians and Grecians ascribed to it, there would be only north winds blowing the breath of our planet from the North Pole to the equator, and south winds blowing from the South Pole to the same central region of our terrestrial abode.

As the sun’s fiery rays pour down upon our equator, the great accumulated heat rarifies the atmosphere, and withdraws the same from the earth, causing the tides in our atmosphere several miles in height. This leaves a vacuum in the air, and to fill this up, the cold winds from the far north rush forward, caused by the perpendicular hot rays of the sun at the equator. And from the much colder South Pole the same constant movement in our atmosphere takes place, to restore the equilibrium, just as the waters of our oceans, at ebb-tide, rush forward to flood the shores of our continent.

The earth turning around its axis at the tremendous rate of speed of 1,000

miles an hour, from west to east, and moving forward in its orbit around the sun at the wonderful rate of 1,000 miles a minute in the same direction, causes these northerly and southerly winds to swerve towards the east, and creating thereby the Trade-winds, which blow almost all the year round from the Gulf of Mexico towards the western coast of Africa.

The southwestern and due western winds also blow in the Pacific Ocean near the Samoan Islands eastward, coming all the way from the far distant India.

Thus we see that the strength of the winds depends upon the amount of heat the sun's rays impart to the atmosphere of our planet; and as this is not always equal, neither are the currents of wind, rushing towards the equator from the North Pole, as well as from the South, always equal in strength. Wherever winds of equal strength meet, then a *cyclone* will be formed, and therefore this cyclone always advances from west to east, on account of the rapid diurnal motion of the earth.

All strong winds, especially our northwest storms, come in strong puffs and die away to a calm; and so continue at intervals, until the cause of greater solar heat at the equator, or stronger *respiration* of our sun, gives place to a more moderate process of respiration, or less radiation of heat, and then our earth pacifies herself, and her own breathing becomes more even and less noticeable; just as it is in a man, after being excited and breathing hard and fast, he calms down, and then he is himself hardly conscious of continuous respiration. As the weather depends in a great measure upon the point of compass from which direction the winds blow, and the quantity of heat exhaled by the sun, occasioning the strength of these winds, we are depending entirely upon our *solar center of respiration* for our atmospherical changes.

As we have proven by a prior essay on respiration,\* that in analogy to the respiration of our earth, which respire twice in twenty-four hours, this interval is in conformity with our globe's diurnal motion and our tide's recurrence of every twelve hours. A full process of respiration of the sun is completed in twelve days and twenty-one hours, thus limiting each process of inhalation to six days ten and one-half hours, which would correspond with the frequent changes in our winds, blowing at this time strongest from the two poles towards the equator, on account of the greater amount of heat at the latter place, rarifying our atmosphere to a greater extent.

At the time of exhalation of our sun, during the following six days and ten and one-half hours, the sun-spots are enlarging and accumulating, as the ashes over the partly extinct fires of the sun, and the rays burn less fiercely upon the center surface of our planet. The tide in our atmosphere is less extended, occasioning a gentler movement from the poles to the equator in our atmosphere, thereby influencing our weather.

Although the rays of our sun fall slanting in our latitude on the 21st December, he is one and one-half million miles nearer to our planet on that day, than he is on the 21st of June; therefore the blazing out of his inhalation process causes the *warmer changes* at this ordinarily much colder period of the year; as, also, the exhalation process of our sun causes, even in summer, a decline of the mercury, the sun giving out much less heat during this period of its respiration;

\* Vol. VII., page 143.



although its rays are almost perpendicular, it is one and one-half million miles further away from our planet than it was in winter.

On all our sister planets and their moons, the winds and the consequent weather are determined by the volume of heat they receive from our solar center of respiration, our common sun.

The east winds in these regions are formed by the inhaling of the sun, drawing the water-laden clouds after the same, westward in his *apparent* circular motion around the earth. But this can only happen when no great disturbance at the equator occurs in our atmosphere, thereby causing no extraordinary rush of winds from the poles to the equator. Thus an easterly wind always begins in a calm, and only gradually, though a current created in this way in our atmosphere results in storm. An easterly storm, or a great atmospheric disturbance from this quarter, in these regions, is much rarer than a westerly wind.

On a perfectly calm day, without the least movement in the atmosphere, you will often see a solid bank of clouds move from the eastern horizon to the zenith, and gradually and noiselessly descend to our western horizon, and this movement sometimes continues for several days, until the greater disturbance in our atmosphere at the equator causes the current to rush from the poles, and the diurnal motion of our globe causes these winds to swerve from the southerly direction to the eastward, and in consequence pushing back the rain-laden clouds, and westerly winds will prevail again, and old Father Sol will smile kindly again upon our thankful races of men. The air being freed of the accumulated carbon, which could not rise on account of the water-charged atmosphere, our poor suffering humanity breathes easier once more, and gives peans of thanks in its renewed work and activity.

HERMAN OHLSEN.

## THE DECLINE OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY J. M. WHEELER.

A CENTURY ago the hearts of lovers of freedom and progress beat high with the hope that a new era was dawning on humankind. The days of superstition, bigotry and oppression it was thought were numbered. The rising tide of liberty and rationalism would carry all before it, and the great question was what should take the place of the old and doomed institutions. Looking back we can see how largely the hopes of the enthusiasts were illusive. Much, nay immense progress has been made, but they did not sufficiently consider the dead weight of the past, the tendency of human thoughts and affairs, however roughly shaken, to settle down again into the old and well-worn grooves. They thought the enemy's territory was conquered, because a few daring leaders had scoured the country and seized the prominent fortresses. They forgot that the masses of the people were as little affected by the wit and arguments of men like Voltaire and Paine, as sheep are disturbed when their companions are carried off to the slaughter.

It is an old proverb that creaking doors hang long upon their hinges. Threatened men and threatened institutions are apt to last out their time. The extinction of a

religion, or even its transformation, is not the work of a day. Paganism is not extinct even yet in Christian lands. But though the too sanguine anticipations of past reformers have been disappointed, there is no cause for despondency. Progress is slow but it is sure, and all the surer for being slow. Freethought is winning. This may be seen by any one who observes the whole set of the winding stream of human thought, which, looked at from any isolated position, may seem to flow in one direction, while, regarded from another standpoint, it appears to flow in a directly opposite course.

But take some distance of time. Compare the present day with the ages of Faith. The whole aspect is changed. The belief in miracles, the agency of devils, and the whole supernatural atmosphere in which our ancestors lived has gone or is fast vanishing into thin air. Prayer is defended only for its subjective value. Who now expects daily bread because he prays for it? The belief in the superiority of faith over conduct is reversed. Character is considered more than creed. To doubt is no longer a sign of guilt. It is this life, and not any problematical future one, which arouses attention and sympathy. Supernaturalism has climbed down, relinquishing piece by piece its most cherished possessions and now rests only on "the narrow ledge of Theism." A genuine Christian, one who really believes that God was born of a virgin in Palestine, and that he died to save us after we are dead from eternal damnation for sins committed before we were born; one who accepts and attempts to follow out the literal injunctions of his Savior—is almost as rare as the dodo, and as fitted for a museum of curiosities. And yet with accommodations, hypocrisies, and much pretence at believing that they believe, Christians can absolutely yet say, "Our religion was never more flourishing," and point to actual income and expenditure in proof of their assertion.

Man, defined as "a rational animal," should rather be characterized as an animal capable of being rational. The Age of Reason which dawned in the eighteenth century has to expand a deal ere it reaches its perfect day. Freethought yet needs much work and energy, and those who bestow this cannot expect to see the full result in their lifetime. The conclusions of science and criticism are gradually spreading to the masses, but there remains a vast body of indifferents always more accessible on the side of inherited superstitious instincts than on that of reason.

Some "Agnostics" talk as though Christianity had given notice of its own funeral. We invite them to consider the fact that in England alone some hundred thousand clergy, ministers, missionaries and Salvation Army officers are directly interested in its maintenance and propagation. True, their influence, like that of their creeds, is declining. People are learning that every inch of progress has been done despite the interested antagonism of the black-coated tribe. But backed up by powerful and wealthy organizations, and the prestige of the past, they cannot be underestimated with impunity. There will be a prolonged and severe struggle ere the national church endowments are devoted to the cause of education.

Men *are* beginning to think for themselves. When they once apply the same independent judgment to religion which they bring to business, a great step has been gained. But until women are also taught to think for themselves the work of Freethought will have to be repeated in each generation. As an esteemed veteran lady of the Freethought cause, Mrs. Ernestine Rose, says, "The churches have been built on the necks of women, and the priests can smile as long as they have the devotion of the mothers of the next generation." The clergy are getting used to seeing their churches mainly filled by women. On the whole, the "intermediate sex" as priests have been well called, probably prefer bonnets which criticise each other to hats which

criticise them, especially if the absent husbands, sons and brothers can be depended on for subscriptions. There are signs, however, that the long dominion of priestcraft over women is weakening. When women do perceive how much they have been kept in bondage by religion and the church, none are more enthusiastic in their Freethought than they. Our work of leavening the masses with Freethought is not a light one, but it is one which is becoming far easier than it was. Looking back with gratitude to those who have fought and suffered in the past we can look forward to the future with encouragement and confidence.—*The (London) Freethinker*.

## WHAT HAVE UNBELIEVERS DONE FOR THE WORLD?

BY EMILY ADAMS.

CHRISTIANS are very apt to claim all the good things of the world as results of their religion, but sometimes we are compelled to prove to them that there were good things before the days of Jesus of Nazareth. This matter of hospitals is certainly one in which they must stand aside and allow "them of old time" to bear the palm.

Hospitals are evidently the outgrowth of dispensaries, and we are told that as far back as the eleventh century B. C. the Egyptians had medical officers who were paid by the State and who attended in some public place to prescribe for the sick who came there. These were qualified men, for at this early date there was a College of Physicians, and only those who were licensed by this college were allowed to practice. Some of these were specialists for the eyes, the teeth and the brain.

In Athens, in the fifth century B. C., we have the first mention of the word hospital, though dispensaries were common before that time into which patients were received, and in which doctors paid by the State sought to relieve the sufferings of humanity.

The Romans had public physicians at an early date, though for a long time they prided themselves on not having copied the Greeks in this particular. In the early days, every house was thrown open in times of sickness or accident.

"For the Romans were like brothers,  
In the brave days of old,"

and hospitals were not needed where such free hospitality was exercised.

We may suppose, from a remark in the Bible, that the Jews had one hospital for incurables; for Uzziah retired to a "several house" when he was pronounced to be afflicted with leprosy.

The Mexicans had hospitals in all their principal cities, which were well supplied with every necessary food and medicine, and even with surgical appliances, the study of anatomy being a necessary part of the curriculum of the men and women doctors who attended these institutions.

But to those who know anything of the life of Buddah, and who have heard anything of the precepts of self-sacrifice and benevolence that he taught, it will be no surprise to find that India is the home of the hospital, as the aim of this great teacher was the endeavor to solve the way of saving men from disease and death. About 325 B. C., King Asoka commanded his people to build hospitals for the poor, the sick and distressed, at each of the four gates of Patua and throughout his dominions. Of these, Fa Hian, a Chinese pilgrim, writing about 400 A. D., speaks as follows: "The nobles and landowners of this country have founded hospitals in the city to which the poor of all countries, the destitute, the cripples, the diseased, may repair for shelter.

They receive every kind of help gratuitously. Physicians inspect their diseases, and according to their cases order them food and drink, decoctions and medicines, everything in fact which may contribute to their ease. When cured they depart at their own convenience." Another Chinese pilgrim, writing in 648 A. D., mentions a multitude of these establishments. This open-handed generosity to the "poor of all countries" is a contrast to the deeds of the Teacher of Galilee, who announced that he had not come "save to the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and seemed to grudge the cure of those of other nations, though (according to the story) it cost him but a word to effect such cure.

The first Christian hospital was built by a Roman lady named Fabiola, in the fourth century A. D., so that it took some time for Christianity to begin to develop this good fruit, though Egyptians, Greeks and Hindus had long before shown the value of it.

Respecting insane asylums the record is as little in favor of Christianity. The Egyptians and Greeks cared for the insane in the precincts of some of their temples; the Mohammedans in the seventh century built asylums for the insane at Fez, while the first Christian asylum we hear of was built at Valencia in Spain in 1409. These pagans and unbelievers treated their insane patients with kindness and sought to relieve them by diversions. It was left for Christianity to devise the mediæval modes of cure—the prison, the chain, the rack, the stake, combined with every form of abuse that ingenuity could devise. This was in the palmy days of the Church, when she had full sway. Now, reason and science once more assert themselves, and the modern followers of Hippocrates and Galen, having no belief in demonical possession, have no need to resort to the violent and abusive measures devised by ignorant priests for driving the demon out of his supposed quarters.

These items are sufficient to prove that, in the care of the sick and insane, Christians have no right to ask, "What have unbelievers done for the world?"—*New Ideal*.

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## A FREE COUNTRY.

THE outrages committed against personal liberty in the interest of a dead theology are sufficient to justify the taking up of arms and the indiscriminate slaughter of the pious hypocrites and time-serving politicians who cause them. The destruction, utter and total, of the scoundrels who are trying to rob the busy world of one day in the week in the interests of their trade of falsehood and robbery is the crying need of the hour. Their persecutions are sufficient to justify the taking up of arms for their redress and the glutting of vengeance. Men calling themselves Christians are mean enough to go in disguise and get their pictures taken on Sunday, bribing the artists and acting with every deceptive show of good faith, and then go on Monday morning and file complaints against the artists. This has been done on several occasions in this city, and honest, needy men who have hard work to pay their rents and support their families have been thus robbed of large sums of hard-earned money in fines and costs! All this for God and the canting, lazy hypocrites who want to enforce the hearing of such played-out rot as prayers and sermons on Sunday and to persecute and punish people who refuse to listen.—*Iron Clad Age*.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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## THE CONFESSION OF FAITH.

SOME months since we promised to publish in these pages the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. But after reading this orthodox document we concluded that our space was too valuable to devote to that object, even for the purpose of exposing its false, absurd and cruel doctrines. But below we give a few quotations from it, with such comments as suggest themselves to us. We would advise each one of our readers to procure a copy and read it carefully. It is one of the worst documents that was ever written or printed.

This is what it says of

### THE ORTHODOX GOD.

There is but one only living and true God, who is infinite in being and perfection, a most pure spirit, invisible, without body, parts or passions, immutable, immense, eternal, incomprehensible, almighty, most wise, most holy, most free, most absolute, working all things according to the counsel of his own immutable and most righteous will for his own glory.—(Chap. II., Sec. 1.)

This God, the reader will see, is incomprehensible and yet the writer tells us all about him. He is "without body, parts or passions," and is working all things for *his own glory*.

To him is due from angels and men, and every other creature, whatsoever worship or obedience he is pleased to require of them.—(Sec. 2.)

Why is this worship and obedience, we would most reverently ask, due to God when the creed declares that all he does is *for his own glory*?

### THE TRINITY.

In the unity of the Godhead there be three persons of one substance, power and eternity: God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. The Father is of none, neither begotten or proceeding; the Son is eternally begotten of the Father; the Holy Ghost eternally proceeding from the Father and the Son.—(Sec. 3.)

We think Talmage came nearer telling the whole truth than he ever did before, when he said to a *World* reporter the other day when asked to explain the Trinity: "It simply cannot be

explained, and no one ever engaged in a persistent attempt to explain it without making himself an absurd spectacle, a man hopelessly entangled in the convocations of his own logic." And yet Talmage will insist that you must believe it or be eternally damned, as will every other consistent orthodox minister. Really, the virtue there is in believing it consists in the fact that you can not understand it. The Christian theory is this: That the more unreasonable a dogma is the more one is entitled to a heavenly reward for believing it. They say, for instance, that any unregenerated person can readily believe that three times one are three, but it required a regenerated saint to assert, as gospel truth, that three times three are only one. To gain a heavenly crown you must be willing to violate the dictates of your reason for Christ's sake.

#### GOD'S ETERNAL DECREES.

God from all eternity did by the most wise and holy counsel of his own will freely and unchangeably ordain whatsoever comes to pass.—(Chap. III., Sec. 1.)

By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others fore-ordained to everlasting death. These angels and men, thus predestinated and fore-ordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished. Those of mankind that are predestinated unto life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to his eternal and immutable purpose, and the secret counsel and good pleasure of his will, hath chosen in Christ unto everlasting glory out of his free grace and love, without any foresight of faith or good works, or perseverance in either of them, or any other thing in the creature, and all to the praise of his glorious grace.—(Secs. 3, 4 and 5.)

This, you will perceive, was all done out of his "free grace and love." That is, out of his *love* he decreed that a large majority of his own children should be tortured in hell forever. What kind of Love is that? About the same kind, we should judge, that the Church has cherished towards her enemies. But some may say that this is Calvinism and will not apply to Arminian churches, like the Methodist and some others who do not believe in fore-ordination. Let us see. The Arminian will tell us unhesitatingly that God from all eternity knew whatever comes to pass. If that be so, he knew in every instance when he created a human soul the eternal destiny of that soul. Volumes—yes, whole libraries—have been written to prove that there is a difference between fore-ordination and fore-knowledge, but it can never be so proved, as there is no difference, at least in the result. If God



fore-ordained that a soul shall be eternally tortured, hell *must be* its portion. If God knew before he created a soul that it would inevitably go to hell, then *it must go there*. What difference can it make to the poor soul?

#### INFANT DAMNATION.

Elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, who worketh when and where and how he pleaseth.—(Chap. X., Sec. 3.)


The founders of this creed, even in the dark ages, had not the "cheek" to say in so many words that non-elect infants would be damned, and so some of our orthodox friends try to crawl out of this very small loop-hole, and declare that their Confession of Faith does not teach the damnation of infants. Then why state the destiny of *elect* infants? Why talk of elect infants if there are no non-elect ones? The truth is, all orthodox creeds teach the damnation of infants. The creeds all teach that old Bible doctrine that by the sin of Adam the whole human family became subjects of the wrath of God, and that only those who accept of the atonement can be saved. Now, how can an infant, before it arrives at the years of understanding, accept of the atonement? So that, really, the Calvinistic creed is the only orthodox creed that will save any infants. But then we could never understand why it is so much more terrible to eternally burn an infant than an adult person.

We have no more space or time to devote to this abominable, cruel, unreasonable relic of the dark ages. It is a disgrace to the intelligence of the people of the last years of the nineteenth century that a large number of educated and seemingly intelligent people, on other subjects, should seriously consider the feasibility of trying to improve this creed by revision. It ought to be blotted out of existence, with all other similar creeds that have for ages held the human mind in abject slavery. The truth is, very few really believe the orthodox creed, and that is why it is so very pernicious. Every one who pretends to believe it and does not is a hypocrite, and is a public teacher of hypocrisy to the rising generation. It is no wonder that so many Christian people are fleeing to Canada to avoid being arrested for defalcations and other crimes. They have been living a lie in their religious professions all their lives. Our orthodox friends should burn up all these old creeds and hereafter base their religious views on science and not on superstition. Then will they truly build on the rock of ages, and no skepticism will be able to prevail against them, and there never will be any necessity to revise their creeds.

## THE ONE HUNDRED SECURITY LIST.

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 Send in your names.

## EXCOMMUNICATED.

THIS is the way that the followers of the "meek and lowly Jesus," the people who "love their enemies" and who hold themselves up as "the light of the world," dispose of one of their number when he refuses to pronounce their orthodox shibboleth. It is well for humanity that the free thought of this age has shorn the Church of the power it once possessed—the power to burn and otherwise torture heretics; for who can read the account of this farce called a trial without being convinced that if this ecclesiastical tribunal had possessed the power it would have placed Mr. Frank on the rack and have torn his limbs from his body, with the same holy unction that the Church exhibited in the burning of Bruno, or Calvin in the burning of Servetus? The same spirit was exhibited at Ellington as at Rome and Geneva; in fact, Bruno and Servetus were granted a much fairer trial than was Mr. Frank.

Below we give an account of the trial and excommunication from the *Buffalo Courier*, with the reporter's comments:

ELLINGTON, June 26.—[*Special*.]—One of the most interesting bits of church history ever made in Western New York was that of the trial of the Rev. Henry Frank for heresy before the Western New York Association of Congregational Churches, held here yesterday afternoon. The Association committee in charge of the case had prepared a series of resolutions charging Mr. Frank with "lack of faith in a personal God, the Deity of Jesus Christ, and the inspiration of the Bible; also with holding up to derision doctrines and views dear to the hearts of the Evangelical Christians."

When the resolutions were read their adoption was immediately moved and would at once have been rushed through without inviting Mr. Frank to say a word. But as they were about to be put to vote the accused arose and in substance spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen—I am so amazed and horrified at the summary and peremptory procedure which you are here instituting that I can scarcely express myself. Are you aware of the madness of your action? I was invited to come here and defend myself; but I am not given the decent opportunity of a trial—not so much even as the semblance of one—and still you so accuse the Jews who at least procured a mock trial for Jesus. I came here simply to ask for a postponement of the case, not suffering myself to believe you could be so inhuman as to insist upon my undertaking my defense at this juncture when you know you have given me but a week's notice of this proposed action, though you had resolved upon it six months ago. If you proceed at once in the manner in which your committee request, I can assure you your course will not only be unwarranted and unprecedented, but beyond even the clearest scriptural injunction. Let me remind you that this whole procedure is of the 'dark lantern' nature of

the star-chamber kind, resorted to only by the basest politicians in our day and by the malodorous ecclesiastics of the days of shameless tyranny. Your course can be equaled only by the usages of Torquemada and Jeffreys. You are preferring no set charges against me; you do not even give me an opportunity to hear the nature of the supposed evidence on which you rest your actions; you utterly ignore my position in society and treat me like a common bully or a coarse rowdy. Even the meanest felon in the land has more rights which the public weal is compelled to respect than you are willing to grant me here. Now let me remind you that your own scripture, of which you claim to be the especial custodians, enjoins upon you not to proceed in the summary fashion which you are now indulging. It enjoins upon you not to cast one out of your fellowship until you have first endeavored with every possible means to bring him back to the rule of your authority. But which one of you has ever visited me and spoken one kind word, striving with me to retrace my steps, if you believe, as you seem to, that I have gone astray? Not one of you. You have only listened to cowardly rumors and have nerved yourselves with all manner of revengeful feelings, watching the hour when you might leap upon me and crush me to the earth. Gentlemen, I am here not to defend myself—I am afforded no opportunity for that; but I am here to appeal to your sense of right and justice, to your common decency, and to ask you to postpone this case until I can be given a fair chance to explain myself."

The Rev. E. B. Burrows, who succeeded the Rev. Henry Frank in the Orthodox Congregational Church of this city, arose and said he hoped the Association would not for an instant listen to "that person" (meaning Mr. Frank) whose course against religion was notorious and scandalous throughout this entire region. He then proceeded to read from Mr. Frank's published discourses and from the advertised subjects of his discourses many sentences, giving his own interpretation. Mr. Frank arose and demanded that Mr. Burrows be silenced in this course of abuse, as he (Mr. Frank) was not on trial, and yet he was here being publicly accused without a just opportunity to contradict the prejudicial testimony. He said this course is exactly identical with that of so-called infidels who pick out special Bible texts for the sake of condemning the whole Bible. He rebuked the pickaxe and shovel process and demanded justice. Mr. Frank succeeded in getting a motion to postpone consideration of his case seconded, and in speaking upon it he said substantially:

"You have brought me here without an opportunity to get counsel to defend me, utterly defenseless, even without my published sermons or sufficient matter to contradict the insinuations to which you have just listened. You have voted me, out of the extreme generosity of your heart, just ten minutes in which to explain myself. You do not ask me to defend myself, for you have already, through your committee, pronounced judgment upon me. You do not know the man you are dealing with, if you think I will so degrade the cause I represent as even to attempt a defense under these dishonorable and disgraceful conditions. How can I defend the object and purpose of my life-work in ten minutes, especially where it is to no purpose, for I am already prejudged? But you have heard from the gentleman (Mr. Burrows)—I will not insult him as he did me by referring to him as "that person"—that my course is notorious and scandalous. But if so, gentlemen, what do you fear in the issues of a fair trial? If my course is beyond any defense, why do you fear to allow me the opportunity of a defense? Let me remind you, the same charge was once made against Horace Bushnell, the great heretic of Hartford, who was said by Congregational ministers to

be scandalizing the church, but they gave him a fair trial, and when they heard his defense they were only too glad to honor themselves by his continued association. Do you not all remember how Henry Ward Beecher but a few years ago was everywhere charged among bigoted Congregationalists as notoriously overturning the foundations of Christian belief, but when they heard him before the Association, even the most conservative changed their opinion? Look at Lyman Abbott, the most radical preacher in the Congregational Church to-day; there were some who actually frothed at the mouth, because of his audacious and scandalous antagonism to certain well-established doctrines of the faith. But when he appeared before the council and explained himself, how glad they were to receive and honor him, and exonerate him from all prejudicial rumors. Are you afraid that something like this possibly might come to pass in my case? It is very evident you are. You are afraid to give me a trial, and you will write yourselves down as inquisitors and persecutors worthy of the age of Jeffreys. This action of yours will rebound upon you and belittle your influence and disgrace your cause. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll with all his eloquence could not in a century so prejudicially affect the popular cause of Christianity as this outrageous, unwarranted, unscriptural, and tyrannous procedure of yours. If that Jesus whom you pretend to worship were here to-day he would pronounce upon you all the judgments which he did on the scribes and pharisees of old. But I pity your ignorance, and I forgive your barbarity. You know not what you do. Let me only say, as I leave you, I still have faith in the paramount power of love, and I believe the day will yet dawn whose resplendent rays of justice will pierce the murky mists of earth's darkness, and so mingle the fair and the foul, the true and the false, the just and unjust, in the one white ray of purity and love, as to teach us all how to be brothers and walk in that heavenly light in the fellowship of freedom, and by the dictates of truth. Forgiving you, because of your ignorance, I bid you all farewell."

Mr. Frank then left the church and the resolutions were unanimously adopted. The matter is creating a great deal of interest in church circles throughout this part of the State.

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## ALL SORTS.

T. B. WAKEMAN will furnish the leading article for September, entitled: "The Latest about Protoplasm."

R. M. STENDER, of St. Louis, Mo., sent R. M. Casey \$1.20, not 20 cents only, as was stated in last Magazine.

A SOMEWHAT startling announcement for the next number of *The Popular Science Monthly* is an article on "Ancient and Modern Ideas of Hell," by Frederick A. Fernald. It will doubtless prove very seasonable just now when the air is full of the proposed revision of certain Presbyterian doctrines.

HELEN H. GARDENER, in a private letter, writes of Mrs. Gage: "I like Mrs. Gage's speech that she delivered at the Woman's National Liberal Convention very much, as I do her chapter in the 'History of Woman Suffrage.' It is the finest thing in the History, I think, by all odds, and ought to be, together with the rest in her possession, put into book form. She is a very strong historian, both as to style and matter."

E. C. MORRIS & Co., of Boston, Mass., who claim to manufacture the best fire and burglar-proof safes in the world, are not afraid to advertise in this "Infidel"

Magazine, as are many business men. Therefore we earnestly ask our readers to peruse carefully their advertisement on the fourth page of the cover of this number. These safes have withstood the great Chicago, Boston, Haverhill and Marblehead fires, the greatest ever known in this world. How long they would withstand orthodox hell-fire we are not prepared to say.

I saw her at the show on Friday night,

The hat she wore was large and spoiled my view;

I swore she was a fiend in human form,

And of fearful cuss-words uttered not a few.

I saw her next at church on Sunday morn,

And called down blessings on her pretty head;

The hat concealed me from the preacher's view,

I slept secure as though at home in bed.

—*New York Herald.*

HERE are few words from a young man and a recent convert to Liberalism:

RENSELAER FALLS, N. Y.,

June 25, 1890.

H. L. GREEN:

*Dear Sir*—The copies of the *FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE* received. They are the first I ever saw, and from a hasty perusal I can say I am highly pleased with them. Inclosed find subscription price for this year's numbers. I am thirty-five years of age and a Liberal of one year's standing only, and I consider the teachings of Liberalism as much superior to Christianity as fact is superior to myth, or a truth to a falsehood.

Yours truly,

C. C. VAN WATERS, M. D.

"THE GODS," by Ingersoll, that has been running through the last seven numbers of the Magazine, has been put into a pamphlet of forty pages. The price is 20 cents a copy, eight copies to one address for one dollar. "WHAT WOULD FOLLOW ON THE EFFACEMENT OF CHRISTIANITY," by Holyoake, has also been put into a pamphlet of sixteen pages that we sell for ten cents a copy, twelve copies

to one address for one dollar. Both pamphlets are printed in beautiful style in large, clear print, and the title page of each is adorned with a likeness of the author. These are most valuable missionary documents and ought to be circulated among the people by the ten thousand copies. Friends, do all you can afford to spread the light. The great majority of Humanity is still wandering in the labyrinths of superstition.

HERE is another confirmation of what we said last month, that Freethinkers, as a class, live much longer than Christians, and also proves the falsity of the oft-reiterated statement, that Freethinkers renounce their opinions as they near the grave:

"LOS ANGELES, CAL., June 23, 1890.

H. L. GREEN:

*Dear Sir*—I inclose five dollars to pay second annual contribution to the "One Hundred" safety fund. Whenever my yearly subscription expires apprise me immediately, otherwise I might forget it, having entered my eighty-first year.

Fraternally yours,

JOHN RIGGIN."

This good brother is bound to be faithful to the cause of Truth and Humanity to the last. We pray old Mother Nature to extend his valuable life to the age of one hundred years.

It seems from the following, which we copy from *Freethought*, that our old friend, W. S. Bell, has been severely caned:

"The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society last Sunday night was a most pleasant affair, including an address and a presentation. The hall was filled with an intelligent audience; Prof. W. S. Bell was the orator of the evening, and "Popular Objections to Freethought" was the theme of his discourse.

During the lecture Mr. Schou occupied a front seat. He was loaded with a handsome cane, which he desired to present to Professor Bell, and with a speech for the audience. As soon as opportunity was offered he delivered both. Taking the floor Mr. Schou held up the cane and



proceeded to describe it. The wood, he said, came from Palestine, and was therefore holy. The head of the cane was of horn, and, having a hole through it, could be similarly described. As for the band covering the joint of the stick and the horn, that was of coin silver, one of the gods of the American people, and therefore holy. On behalf of the Freethought Society and of the Liberals of San Francisco, Mr. Schou would present this cane to Prof. Bell as a token of their esteem and a pledge of their admiration and good will.

There was great enthusiasm. Mr. Bell accepted the gift with thanks, but failed to show sufficient emotion to justify the customary statement that he was deeply moved. On the contrary, he was quite cheerful. He looked at the cane a moment reflectively, and then remarked that it was Cain who killed Abel. History repeated itself, and here we had once more the conjunction of cane and a Bell, though without fatal results. Mr. Bell made other jokes of equal atrocity, and then, speaking more sanely, thanked the donors for this evidence of their kindly

remembrance, and retired amid a salvo of applause. As previously stated, it was a most pleasant affair."

HERE is another letter from an honest, brave friend of humanity, who has no fear of the great orthodox bugaboo, death, that is used so skillfully by clergy and priests to scare people into the Church and draw the money out of their pockets:

WAUKESHA, WIS., June 26, 1890.

FRIEND GREEN:

Inclosed find another \$5.00 to aid the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE. Most likely this may be my last, as I am wearing out fast. I am now eighty-four years old and I am having more pain than pleasure and the sooner I go the better it will be for me. I wish to retire to my everlasting sleep like all the rest of the human race, to be dissolved into the elements of Nature to be used by her in making up other bodies again, and leave the orthodox heaven and hell on the left hand to the priests and their dupes.

Yours truly, R. W. JONES.

## BOOK REVIEW.

WOMAN'S NATIONAL LIBERAL UNION.  
REPORT OF THE CONVENTION FOR  
ORGANIZATION. By MATILDA JOSLYN  
GAGE. Fayetteville, N. Y. Pp. 92.  
Price 50 cents. For sale by Mrs. Gage.

This is an admirable report of the Washington Woman's Liberal Convention. Mrs. Gage has done herself great credit by bringing out so valuable a production. It is a small cyclopedia of facts bearing on the question of the Church and Woman, and also of the question of the connection of Church and State in this country. It ought to be circulated by the ten thousand copies. We earnestly request every reader of this Magazine to send Mrs. Gage 50 cents for one copy at least. Her address is Fayetteville, N. Y. It is one of the most valuable Freethought missionary documents that has been published for a long time. This is what that well known, highly esteemed and worthy friend of the Freethought

cause, Miss Helen H. Gardener, says of it:

*My Dear Mr. Green:*

If you have not read the Report of the Woman's National Liberal Union, held last February in Washington, I think that you will enjoy doing so. Mrs. Gage's speech is strong and timely, and shows the clear vision and fearless Liberalism of its author.

Mrs. Gage is always at her best as an historian. She sees beneath the surface of the past in its relations to the present and the future, and no one, so far as I know, has ever written a stronger, or braver, or truer chapter of the world's history than has Mrs. Gage. Her chapter on "Woman in Church and State" in the first volume of the "History of Woman Suffrage" is an indictment, the equal of which I have not seen in its clear and vivid portrayal of what the Church has done to degrade womanhood and therefore to degrade and retard the progress of the human race. It is worthy the pen of either Buckle or Lecky.

However, it is but an epitome of the work she has had in hand, a farther

glimpse of which we get in her speech at the Washington Convention which is contained in this report. I wish that all liberals might read it. She calls it "The Dangers of the Hour," and while Mrs. Gage is never an alarmist she sees clearly and points out without favor these very real and immediate dangers. That the God-in-the-Constitution party, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the various Sunday Observance Societies are very surely undermining the liberties of the people, are self-evident facts. It is also self-evident to any one who watches carefully the legislation of our godly statesmen that the Protestant and Catholic Churches are becoming more and more friendly in their effort to overthrow freedom of thought and liberty of speech and press; but few, indeed, are able to collect the evidence and arrange it into such effective form as Mrs. Gage has done in her speech on "The Dangers of the Hour."

I am writing this from a sick-bed, but I want to add a word about Susan Wixon's poem which is also in the report named. "When Womanhood Awakes," is well conceived and well executed, and it tells a story that both men and women need sadly to learn. There will be no real freedom of thought and no solid progress only as womanhood awakes. Thank fortune, she is beginning to rouse up a little all along the line.

Sincerely,  
HELEN H. GARDENER.

A THOUGHTLESS YES. By HELEN H. GARDENER. Belford Company, New York. Pp. 231. Price 50 cents. For sale at this office.

This beautiful volume, gotten up in the latest and most attractive style of romance literature, consists of nine intensely interesting, suggestive and instructive stories, written recently by Miss Gardener for popular magazines. The titles of the stories are as follows: "A Splendid Judge of Woman," "The Lady of the Club," "Under Protest," "For the Prosecution," "A Rusty Link in the Chain," "The Buler House Mystery," "The Time-Lock of Our Ancestors," "Florence Campbell's Fate," and "My Patient's Story." Col. Ingersoll thus endorsed the volume: "The downcast eyes of timid

acquiescence have paid to impudent authority the tribute of 'A Thoughtless Yes.'"—R. G. INGERSOLL. As might be expected, the book is having a very large sale. The whole of the first edition of 1,000 copies was sold in eight days after publication. The second was sold very soon thereafter, and a third is now out. Radical, Liberal fiction seems to be the most popular just now. We are glad to know there is very little call for the orthodox kind. "The old, old story" of "salvation by faith," and making our "calling and election sure before it is everlastingly to late," has got to be a very stale chestnut in the literary market. Such Liberal stories as Miss Gardener's, we are glad to know, meet with the present popular literary demand. This looks as if Progress and Freethought was in the mental atmosphere. It is no wonder the churches are revising their creeds.

ARTICLES AND DISCUSSIONS ON THE LABOR QUESTION. WITH PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR. By WHEELBARROW. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. Pp. 303. Price \$1.00.

This book, a reprint from the *Open Court*, is a most valuable collection of articles on the Labor Question. The book is tastefully gotten up, well printed on the best of book paper and put into attractive binding, so that it is an ornament to any center-table. The publisher in his preface says of the writer, "Wheelbarrow":

The articles of this book were written by a man who worked for years and years, his early childhood not excluded, as an unskilled laborer. With pickaxe, shovel, and wheelbarrow he helped to lay the first foundations of several railroads in this country. So he knows from experience the sufferings and hardships workingmen have to endure. His buoyant genius struggled against the odds, the restrictions, the impediments of his position; and by wisely applied exertion he grew in importance as a man, he came to the front as a character who dared to stand up for his ideals of freedom and

equal right. Honors were then bestowed upon him; he was elected to represent his fellow-citizens in the legislature of his State, and in the late war he rose to the rank of General. He thereafter worked no longer with the wheelbarrow, but with his brains; he was powerful as an orator and wielded his pen with ability and vigor. But greater than his genius is the honesty of his aspirations, the nobility of his ideals, the broadness of his views. While aspiring to more intellectual and higher work, his sympathies with the laboring classes never waned.

This book is full of thought for reflection on the Labor Question, is written in a style that makes it as interesting as the most popular romance, and ought to have a very large sale. Copies can be ordered from this office.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL VS. CIVIL AUTHORITY.

GOD IN THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION: MAN AND WOMAN OUT. A DISCOURSE BY PARKER PILLSBURY, Concord, N. H. Pp. 24. Price 20 cents; eight copies for \$1.00.

No better presentation of this, in our opinion the most important question now before the American people—the question of Church and State, or the attempt now being made by the Church to swallow up the State, and have nothing but the Church, nothing but ecclesiastical rule everywhere—has ever before been published than this pamphlet, written by that well-known apostle of anti-slavery and of Humanity generally, Parker Pillsbury. We wish the American Secular Union and the Woman's National Liberal Union were each prepared to invest five hundred dollars—yes, ten times that sum—in spreading this little herald of Truth all over this country. But as the treasures of those organizations probably will not permit such action, we urge each and every one of our readers to purchase of Mr. Pillsbury as many copies as they can afford to and put them where they will do the most good. Parker Pillsbury has, in this instance, as he has been doing for many years, rendered the cause of civil and religious Liberty great service. We

regret that our limited space will not permit of our making many quotations from this most valuable address.

"A FEW PLAIN WORDS REGARDING CHURCH TAXATION," by DR. RICHARD B. WESTBROOK, President of the American Secular Union, is a tract of ten pages that ably and fully presents the enormity of the injustice of Church Exemption from Taxation. We wish every honest man and woman in this country could read it. The price is ten cents.

"THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS." BY FELIX PYAT. Pp. 325. Price, \$1.00 cloth; 50 cents paper. For sale by Benjamin R. Tucker, Box 3366, Boston, Mass. The cloth edition contains as a frontispiece a fine portrait of the author.

Benjamin R. Tucker published on Saturday, July 12, Felix Pyat's novel, "The Rag-Picker of Paris." Originally written as a play, this masterpiece achieved the greatest success known to the French stage. Recently, and just before his death, the author elaborated his play into a novel, in which form it presents a complete panorama of the Paris of the present century. This is what great critics think of it:

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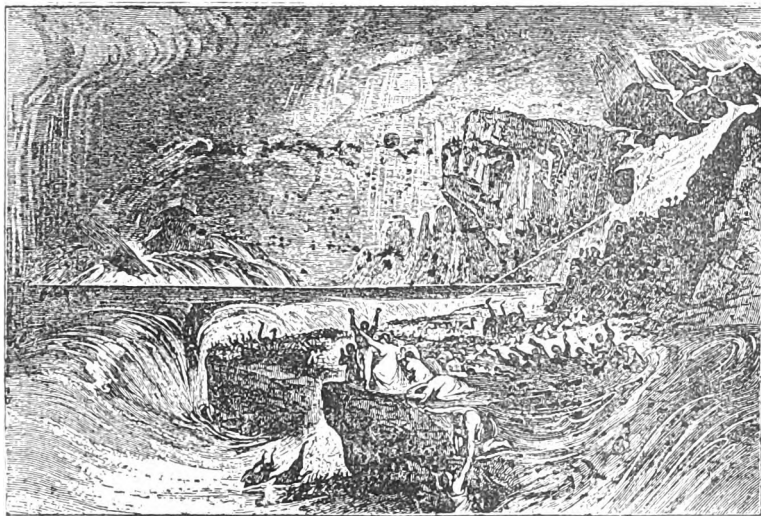
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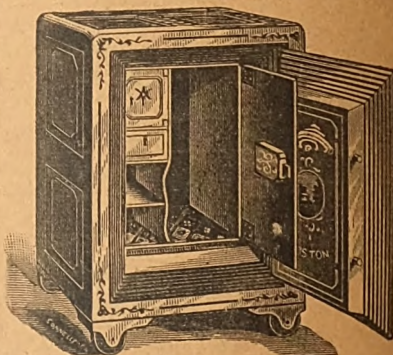
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