

THE  
FREETHINKERS'  
MAGAZINE.

H. L. GREEN,  
*EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.*

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VOLUME VIII. (E. M.) 290.  
JANUARY TO DECEMBER.

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"The world is my Country,  
To do good is my Religion."—*Thomas Paine.*

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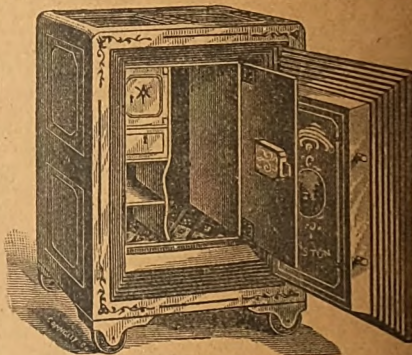
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VOL. IX.      FEBRUARY (E. M.) 291.      No. 2.

THE  
**Freethinkers'**  
MAGAZINE.

H. L. GREEN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

CONTENTS:

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE (Portrait), . . . . .	Frontispiece.
ANOTHER CHURCH PROP GONE. By Prof. A. L. Rawson, . . . . .	65
PROBING NATURE. By Herbert E. Crosswell, . . . . .	68
AN "INFIDEL" INTERVIEWS MOODY. By Susan H. Wixon, . . . . .	78
BUTCHERY. By Mary Cline, . . . . .	83
CHANGING CREEDS. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, . . . . .	86
THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN. By Arthur B. Moss, . . . . .	90
RELIEF FUND, . . . . .	93

LITERARY DEPARTMENT:

When I Remember. By Nelly Booth Simmons, . . . . .	94
With or Without Christianity. By Agnostic, . . . . .	97
The Church and Slavery. By W. W. Walker, . . . . .	104
"Reminiscences" No. III—Crimes against Witnesses. By Lucy N. Colman, . . . . .	105
Letter from China—A Convert from Catholicism. By F. M. P. Hyndman, . . . . .	108
Letter from a Brave, Noble Woman. By Mary C. Bishop, . . . . .	109
Christmas. By Robert G. Ingersoll, . . . . .	110
Extracts from Letters, . . . . .	111

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT:

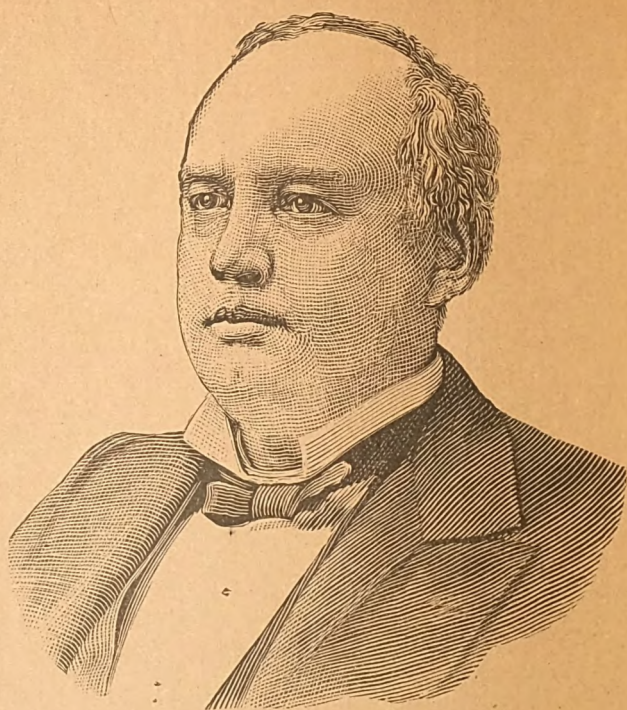
Emma Rood Tuttle, . . . . .	114
The One Hundred Security List, . . . . .	118
All Sorts, . . . . .	119

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THE COURIER COMPANY, PRINTERS.



Every Liberal in  
this country ought to have  
the Free Thinker's Magazine  
and I hope that they  
will. Yours always  
R. G. Ingersoll





EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.





# THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

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FEBRUARY (E. M.) 291.

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## ANOTHER CHURCH PROP GONE.

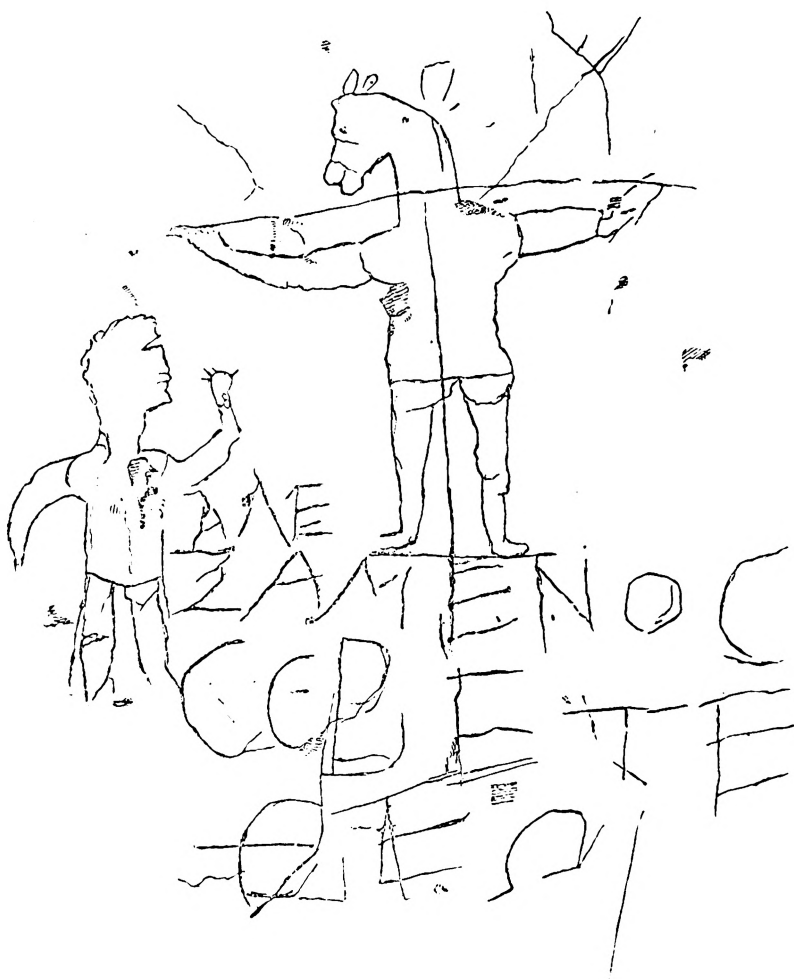
By PROF. A. L. RAWSON.

THE sacred canon—the Holy Scriptures—are venerated by every orthodox Christian, and a part contains an account of the pretended crucifixion of Jesus, called the Christ, but in no part is there any description of the person or countenance of the Messiah. The faithful in every age of the Church have longed for a likeness of the “crucified one,” and have accepted many pretended images, such as the famous handkerchief of Saint Veronica, the so-called Emerald of Tiberius, the crude figures from Roman catacombs, and any and every ideal of artists in every age, in the vain hope that divine inspiration would somehow or in some way restore what it is believed has been lost, the form and features of “Him who was offered up for our salvation.”

Many handkerchief portraits of Jesus are exhibited to the faithful in various churches and cathedrals in Europe, the Emerald of Tiberius has been proven a copy from Raphael's cartoon of the “Miraculous Draught of Fishes,” and of the catacomb pictures, it must be said they are in many cases weak imitations of pictures of Apollo, or Orpheus, or of no particular character except as to the style of parting the hair in the middle.

How disappointing and tormenting this lack of a portrait of the divine teacher must be, and how exasperating it was to find that the Romans made a caricature of a person on the cross who is given in derision the head of an ass. But however offensive

such a picture must be in the eyes of a truly faithful worshiper of "the man Christ Jesus," it must of necessity be accepted gladly by all Christians, for it is the only evidence ever given by



the Romans, or any other ancient people of the age referred to, that such a crucifixion ever happened or such a person as Jesus ever lived.

But does the caricature here engraved bear such witness? Yes, say the churchmen, and they print it by the hundred thousand and scatter it far and wide, although they denounce it as blasphemous.

The ancients were as prone to scratch on plaster or marble, or any surface in or about buildings, as are the big and little boys of to-day. Many thousand such sketches, called in Italian *graffiti*, have been found during the last fifty years in ancient ruins in Pompeii and in Rome. Out of nearly seven thousand this is the only one that seems to afford a grain of comfort to the churchman, that is, in its supposed confirmation of the story of the crucifixion and of its antiquity.

This was found in 1857 in that part of the Palace of the Cæsars at Rome, called the house of Gelotius (which the Emperor Caligula bought of him). After the murder of Caligula the Domus Gelotiana was turned into a residence and training school for boys who were intended to serve as pages at the imperial court. These boys amused themselves by scratching pictures on the walls, one of which is engraved here. The original is preserved in the Museum Kircher in Rome.

In our opinion it is merely a sarcasm aimed at some bad Roman soldier, or other malefactor, who had been or was about to be crucified, and who had suddenly turned pious, as such persons do in our day, where sympathy and flowers are abundant.

The principal figure is like that of the ordinary Roman citizen, or soldier in undress, of the age of the Cæsars. The dress gives no hint of an Oriental, and certainly not of a Palestinian Jew, and the person said to be worshiping is clad in the same style of garments, a close-fitting tunic and trousers.

The head of an ass very likely was given in derision to the person held up to ridicule. One might, without very much risk, suppose it referred to the popular god Silenus who was usually represented as riding on an ass, and so be a hit at some drunkard in the class, or among the teachers.

The custom of crucifying malefactors by the ancient Romans is a historical fact, and in no wise peculiar to Palestine, but was practiced in all parts of the empire.

The inscription is in Greek, and shows that the boys were drilled in the classic language, as so many others in Rome were in that age. It is in Roman letters:

ALEXAMENOS SEBETE THEO (N?)

and is translated, Alexamenos worships God. If there ever was a letter N at the end, as grammar requires, it has been obliterated.

Another picture, of a donkey working in a mill, was found on the walls of the same house, with this inscription in Latin: "Work, little donkey, as I have worked, and thou shalt be rewarded."

The little donkeys who have worked to have this crucified man with the head of an ass accepted as if intended to make history of the cruci-*fiction*, will have their reward, sure enough. But very few will envy them their reward.

Verily "straws show which way the wind blows."

## PROBING NATURE.

BY HERBERT E. CROSSWELL.

UPON the front cover of a magazine devoted to speculative philosophy appears these words:

"Philosophy can bake no bread; but she can procure for us God, Freedom, and Immortality."—*Novalis*.

Of what value, we may ask, is so much thinking in the philosophical field? Of what intrinsic worth are the numerous volumes whose contents are an exposition of metaphysical logic, whose premise is the one all-absorbing idea of thought? What of Berkeley, Kant, Fichte, Jacobi, Schelling, and the rest, if the practical element is wanting?

A work of no slight importance upon the subject of metaphysical reasoning which forms a basis for pure thought is Berkeley's volume on "Principles of Human Knowledge." This treatise contains theories inseparable from truth; for they are based upon a critical analysis of sense testimony, resulting in a complete victory in behalf of mind. Mind alone is found to be the actual, while all forms of sense phenomena are but conceptions of mind, or, as later terminology has it, of thought. Not a few names, however, can be mentioned in connection with this subject whose keen thinking carried them beyond the mere negation of matter into the realm of mind itself. Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" deals in an exhaustive manner with the mental faculties, taking up abstract ideas and carrying them to their utmost limit of normal action. Others, or many of them at least, labor in the direction of spiritualizing things into thought; and much in this line by the noted metaphysicians of the past, which had become sort of

obsolete, has, recently, in the light of science, taken on a more modern dress, and we now see practical truths in the systems that appeared to us not many decades ago in varying phases of a theoretical, or abstract nature only.

Abstract ideas, notions, infinite space and time, followed along abstruse lines of logic, are terms that soon weary the mind; and to follow Locke into his forest of mental theories, wandering 'round in the hope of finding or not finding "innate ideas" expressed by the new-born babe is, even to the close thinker, fatiguing. Of course metaphysics at best requires an undivided attention of the student, while many branches of the science are not only interesting to pursue, but in some directions, when results are pleasing, exhilarate the mental faculties to a high degree.

The essential relations and exact truths which bear with each other in this field of thought are, when viewed in their true meaning, prolific of much fruit; and demonstrates that all knowledge, whether special or general, is relative, placing the seat of the understanding in mind and giving to the senses a subjective state of existence depending wholly upon mind; while they further show that congruous results derived from the soul of things through metaphysics are in character infinite.

Natural as it is for a child to ask questions, so also it is natural for a healthy mind of riper years to make inquiries concerning its relation to the principle of life. The question arises, can we, by investigation along this line of thought, procure for humanity better conditions, or diminish and alleviate its sufferings, or receive information concerning the immortality of the soul? for all this, if anything, is the crowning result of the study of philosophy. Indeed, so vital is this subject that all others melt away into the void of obscurity. Christianity has been on the throne for nearly nineteen centuries, yet good and honest men are asking for the demonstration of truth over error. As it is popularly understood, Christianity removes not one layer of darkness that clouds the mental vision of mankind, and is absolutely silent when asked to explain the simplest form of existence. Neither does science still the voice of inquiry as to *how* and *where* in regard to human life. Prof. Morley has given ten years of work analyzing water to find the ratio of hydrogen to oxygen; but of what value is all this labor while man is battling with dis-

case and death? Erudition, with its classics; science, with its material forces and mathematics, are so many spokes in the wheel of mortality. What do we know about Soul? Neither science nor Christianity has given us the slightest hold upon the actual relation of man to the world, or to the source of his existence. In short, in the words of Pascal: "Man is to himself the mightiest prodigy of nature; for he is unable to conceive what is body, still less what is mind, but least of all is he able to conceive how a body can be united to mind; yet this is his proper being." If man is left to the play of physical forces his case is hopeless, and no logic is necessary to convince him that sooner or later he will be their victim.

In its true meaning philosophy should lead the mind into absolute truth, and give reasons for the intuitive conceptions of immortality. It should also find means for healing a diseased world, and frame conditions whereby demonstration will convince, for every truth has its proof. Leibnitz well says, that truth must be proved to be truth. If the proof is wanting the proposition may be rejected. What cannot be demonstrated may not be true. Nothing is sacred but Truth; if it will stand the test it is truth, if not it must fall. Philosophy is wisdom, true religion is also wisdom, but they must rest upon the understanding and give reasons for their occupancy in the mind. Beliefs are not final, and popular religions are destitute of pure living qualities; but exist because all mysteries are not yet fathomed. They do not assuage the sorrows nor lighten the loads of life. Loss, grief and physical woe are marking their victims with the stamp of mortality, while religions flourish and superstitions are taught in our universities. If man would find truth he must examine for himself, search out with the subtle element of thought the cause of things. But we shall not find truth by turning over the stones in the meadow, nor by the retort in the laboratory, nor in the decaying forms of false life. The pious Jacobi was right when he said we cannot find God anywhere in the material universe. "Working without will," he says, "she takes counsel neither of the good nor of the beautiful; creating nothing, she casts up from her dark abyss only eternal transformation of herself unconsciously and without an end; furthering, with the same ceaseless industry, decline and increase, death and life—never producing what alone is of God and what supposes liberty—the virtuous.

the immortal." And Kant, thinking on the woes of life, says: "Our lot is so cast that there is nothing enduring for us but pain; some, indeed, have less, others more, but all, at all times, have their share; and our enjoyments at best are only slight alleviations of pain."

The one universal principle for an hypothesis in speculative philosophy, when the search is for absolute good, must hold a positive relation with what is actual, and deductions should follow in harmony with the premises, as, if good is positive, evil is negative; hence evil can have no place in the logic which proceeds from good as a premise. Thus we are able to theorize and show, if possible, why good is real, and evil unreal. Though the scientist habitually cuts into and dissects the organic construction to find causes, then tries to adjust the balance, yet disappointments ever follow and leaves him in the dark. Not through the avenue of physics will absolute good be found; not till Mind yields its secrets to the probe of thought does truth look us in the face. All the skill and power there is, exists in mind. Evidence accumulates with every new unfolding of its operation, that mind is the source, the originator, the sustainer of all phenomena in the universe.

"Truth prints goodness," says Bacon, "and they be clouds of error that descend in storms of passion and perturbations." That good is the fruit of good, and ill of evil, and life of immortality, is a fixed law of mind, and is as sure as the law of numbers. It is folly to deny because we do not understand; Wisdom investigates, and by slow unraveling of the threads of thought has found that the intellect or the mind is a vast country, the shore of which is, at yet, but in sight.

Hamilton, after giving this subject much thoughtful study, in speaking of the possibilities of our mental faculties in relation to some phases of the mind, illustrates in a striking manner its power for good or evil if one but reflects upon the facts and learns what true liberty or freedom means. In speaking of latency as a quality of mind, he says: "The evidence on this point shows that the mind frequently contains whole systems of knowledge, which, though in our normal state they have faded into absolute oblivion, may, in certain abnormal states, as madness, febrile delusions, somnambulism, catalepsy, etc., flash out into luminous consciousness, and even throw into the shade of

unconsciousness those other systems by which they had, for a long period, been eclipsed, and even extinguished. For example, there are cases in which the extinct memory of whole languages was suddenly restored, and, what is even still more remarkable, in which the faculty was exhibited of accurately repeating, in known or unknown tongues, passages which were never within the grasp of conscious memory in the normal state."

Similar testimony comes from more recent investigation into the relation of mind to memory, which demonstrates an existing character, quality or mental state, capable of calling up to consciousness acts committed long ago, so far in the past as utterly beyond recall. The conditions that are necessary for this class of phenomena are somewhat speculative in their nature, but this fact remains that it can and does do so, and is well established among scientific men. These statements infer that the mind is a sort of silent phonograph; whatever is imprinted there, remains, so long as mind exists. What a penalty to be visited upon a hardened criminal, when repentance has carried him along a half century of a moral life, and the fading remembrance of his crime was supposed to be passing into oblivion, to have it again all spread out before him with the freshness of a deed of yesterday in the all-analyzing sanctuary of a condemning conscience.

The principle of life giveth evil for evil, good for good; and pardon is no more admissible than would be a power to rob man of his morality. Good is the friend of man, evil can never be.

It is the office of all acts to produce effects; this is a universal law, and from it there is no appeal. The eternal law of good never fails to work; in proportion as we possess and live by this law woes will lessen; indeed why should we fear different results as the fruit of love? If pain follows good, and love is an effect of evil, there is neither a moral law nor justice; every truth of science, from the law of gravitation to the centrifugal force of the planets, is a phantasy of diseased imagination for which there is no cure. Knowledge and understanding without law have no reality, and without its permanence wisdom is folly. Thus we are compelled to see law everywhere. The conscience is ever on guard with its moral law as sovereign and is felt in some degree by every human soul. "Any distrust of the permanence of laws," says Emerson, "would paralyze the faculties of man."

Though we possess an instinctive recognition that good is

positive, yet it brings with it to the practical thinker no more nor no less fruit than he has actually earned. By the law of Right, no man can hold what he has not labored for. You can draw on your account of goodness, mercy, love and truth to enhance your happiness, but you cannot overdraw; beyond your rightful ownership in this property you cannot be served. "Whoso knows or sees truth, *becomes* truth." There is an earnestness and aspiration in this assertion that carries sufficiency with it past all controversy. Falsities are the pitfalls of discord, and what are discords but pains and loss? But if truth be true, they must melt before the supreme necessity that precludes bondage of any sort, whether of pain or mortality. Unity of thought and truth brings action, which results in harmony, and the soul of things—man and the universe is immortal. Indestructible is the harmony sealed by the essence of reality.

Thus the true meaning of Nature in its essential co-operation or relation with man is to fashion the beautiful, the creating power being in man as nature, producing happiness while its force is in operation, and pain when cessation or stagnation clogs the faculties of action. Any hinderance or force used by man to compel Nature to work injustice, any persistent protest he may carry against its law of right, will characterize him as an appendage; he is no longer a part of the whole—he begins to decay. But only as he is united with Nature, has he any guarantee for individual existence. In the divine order of things, good is the essence and power of all reality. A perfect man is a part of the actual—a fraction of the Infinite. In this belief dwells the lofty perception of an immutable right, the aspiring faith that sees a final destruction of error.

All evil is mental, whether or not we name some phases of it physical. In hypnotism material forces become obsolete, and through the potency of its action, the laws of chemistry are swept away forever. Nothing is sure but *thought* and its manifestation. We are constantly in the presence of law—a quality of mind, and every expression of mind is either good or evil, based upon principle or its absence; good being eternal, evil mortal; the death process, associated with pain, being the penalty for what is called sin or a broken law. Matter itself is but the crystallized state of mortal mind, and contains the seeds of death, because it is the parent of evil. The gilt-edge of wealth is a

concentrated force based upon a stability of physical laws, and its potency for evil is in line with its ancestry. True wealth is in a knowledge of Soul which gives a freedom unknown to the money-king; for the power of Mind can change physical conditions which dollars can never do. Hypnotism we know does effect changes in chemical action, but this power is an evil, does not emanate from or associate with the Highest Law. Truth can never produce error, but hypnotism can, which demonstrates its opposition to the Divine Mind, the origin of good. Hence, a true knowledge of Soul gives a power not vested in hypnotism. This is one phrase of the power of might, the top round of the ladder of evil—error distilled, the very essence of sin! All weaker oppositions, pale before its mandate, are reduced to bondage. Hypnotism is a mighty power of mind over mind, compelling obedience, though its fiat brings one to the very dregs of iniquity. If this is the highest power we are lost. If man has no refuge from evil, if with knowledge comes slavery, if hope is vain and life a cheat, then truth is error, sin is right and good is base.

Buddha said we gain life and liberty by the knowledge of good; and Christ implied that with truth comes freedom. To all this responds the intellect, as well as the heart; and the saving element of our being is not a power that bends the knee, but that *life* which gives strength that man may stand erect. It is certain that the ancient Egyptians were familiar with hypnotism and its control over the physical organs of man. And there is little doubt that Christ was also aware of its potency for evil. To Jesus this was a subtle enemy to good—the essence of, or highest attenuation of matter, hence its agency in the works of evil. There is no question but what Jesus held that Truth or Divine Mind was man's refuge from evil, if understood, practiced, and moulded into individual character; and that discords of life were results of disobedience to the perfect law—the principle that governs the right of a thing. That he taught eternal punishment was merely a suggestion that one might forever reject truth, in which case, he divined the verity that sowing error meant for a surety a harvest of evil. Buddha also believed that physical pain or mental sorrow would never cease while sin remained. The Karmâ of Buddha corresponds to the Satan of Christ. Karmâ meant sense-life. Satan, to Jesus, implied the world—physical

life which he called a lie. Buddha's Karmâ or Christ's Satan, like the Orphic Eras, "is primal impulse to creation," the external world in contradistinction to the spiritual. Thus we see that when the spiritual in man has the ascendancy he becomes a seer, feels the divine influx of the imperative; and all forms and all creeds are spontaneously outgrown, and he stands alone with a new idea. Then follows a truth of all time—he cannot keep it, he needs must let man know. What is this but the symbol of unity of life, a whole in fragments, pointing to the magnetic pole of Deity, a recognition of God in man? If man is out side of God, if in his loftiest moments he is an external thing, an appendage, he is nothing. But man is something; he has rights; he is a creator; forms his own ideals; subject to his own creation and lives therein. Only by so much of truth as he owns, will he live. If he would change the world he must first work transformation in himself; as he is and thinks, so is his reality. This is immutable, the cogency of what is, because things are so. Poverty of intellect, fogs of egotism and apathy are barriers that he can clear away if he will. But he would follow society's method, an institution that measures a man by his estates, not that he is man. We know, of course, that many in the life of fashion have seen the school and college, but they are like the iron that passed through the fire: it has cooled. Society shows its standard and its worth by its followers; each in the solitude of the chamber must feel a shrinking, a shriveling process going on that cramps and crowds individuality out of sight, impoverishing the mind and stifling the aspirations for higher ends. The cultus of society is capricious, its whims are degrading; it gives applause, but consolation never. The wise shun these fossils of the king's court, which crumble when they come into the air of the great soul, as the mariner in a storm shuns the rocky coast.

Beware of the pickpocket, beware also of him who would rob you of your birthright, that transcends the petty conformities of society. Measure truth by truth, and though a man be never so bad, he will see that the broad end of perspective in truth's picture is yours. Mark the lights of the world! When Seneca speaks, creeds vanish; with Parmenides freedom is born anew; Xenophane sees unity as the All. And as with every reflective and passive mind looking for fresh emanations of truth, feeling its infinite character, he sees not only the poetry of the soul, but

the symbol of nature that provokes the beauty in man, for harmony is a quality of soul, not of matter.

All is youth and beauty to innocence, for innocence is the unchecked flow of virtue from the very source of life. The play of soft light and shade, amidst the rustling leaves which smile and dance to the wind song, are nature's symbols of innocence. Pure thoughts are intuitions, and seek to harmonize man with Deity; this also is innocence. When man is innocent, says the poet, he will pass out of material existence as gently as waking from a dream. But the face of humanity is flushed with the emulsion of the false and cunning; either, as expediency demands, swims in the countenance as a gold fish in the aquarium glides from one corner to another in his prison; the purpose is for *now*, it could not be for eternity. When man learns that he is immortal: the rush, the hurry in life will pause somewhat, he will see more beauty in the landscape, and less dollars in the mountain-side that hides the gold mine. But these are the lesser side of evils, the twigs and leaves of the tree which grows in the soil of popular opinion; its fruit is bitter, it cannot feed the soul: trade, the school, the college, the church, all are twisted into abnormal shapes in the surging whirlpool of opinion and custom. If man faints for the pure air of freedom he must needs run the gauntlet of fixed rules; he is not even suffered to have a noble thought, an ideal. If he comes out of the meshes of conformity for what he feels to be truth and would speak, lo! the press, the pulpit, cry out against him. This is the common method of suppression, a somewhat milder type than formerly when Savonarola, Spinoza, Bruno and the rest suffered for principle and right. It is a moral impossibility to shut up the soul in forms and rituals. We have as yet barely entered the vast unexplored region of Law—which means Love—which means God. When a new truth is felt, when light breaks, let it not be stifled by credulity and superstition. Though they wear the badge of authority, it is an empty title of an ancient dynasty, and the king is deceased. "I also am a man," says the philosopher, and if Christian nations would demean life by their mutilations of human creatures in war; by setting the standard of morality at a low ebb; by indulging passion, envies, hates, malice, revenge, then it must needs be that the intellect is diseased, and grown over with weeds of selfishness and lust of power.

Is the world then so bad? Is it possible that the church, the government, the individual, society, are without God in their world? Much there is to praise, much to eulogize, because their excuse for being is a sort of prudence, a semblance to sincerity, to right, to the best interest of the whole.

The charms of life, those things which make life worth living, what are they but the observance of manifold expressions of that essence of unity which makes form beautiful; and words, those messengers of thought, that fascinate the mind, floating the soul over the discords of experience into the very truth of Being?

Troubles begin when desires are born; and the birth of desire devolves upon the fulfillment of desire, a round of false delights, the child of illusions; and he who lives wholly in the senses is plying the shuttle that weaves his own pall. Says an ancient poet, and truly: "Cast off thy desire as the serpent its slough; break but this bondage of the heart, thou art immortal here." Everything opposed to the Highest Law is an enemy of immortal soul, and shuts out intuition as arid lands do the rich harvest of a fertile soil.

We are lulled to dream away the hours when the lap of luxury is full, and poverty of life seems afar off. So the sweet breath of youth makes slow and tardy the bended form of ancient days with its feeble voice that cries, Alas for the life that is not life! the senses vanish and the man is gone. Then begins anew the soul to tread again the false ways of might; it sows the wind and yet again drinks woe. Thus is man bound upon the wheel of fate; thus he sees that the smile of life is a frown in disguise.

The soul of the universe and man is in harmony with truth; to know this, and all men must yet know, is wisdom, and with wisdom comes light, which makes for justice, virtue and innocence, which last alone is man's refuge from evil. The omnipotent, supreme Power, the court of last appeal, correctly defined, means the *law of right*, there is no other. Pain and fear are man's because he would rob Justice of her gown, and Beauty of her form, and gather unto himself the blind forces of a material world that leave him faint and famished. But the hope of his destiny is never to evade the fixedness of *law*, for law sustains the very essence of his true being, for he is heir to the per-

fect, a life that embodies the imperishable—the expression of Infinite Mind.

When deception dies; when egotism, hate, malice, revenge, envies, passions, lust, let go their hold—when the dross is spent, then is freedom born and MAN is king.

## AN "INFIDEL" INTERVIEWS MOODY.

BY SUSAN H. WIXON.

IN the November number of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, on page 606, there is an allusion to the "great evangelist" as one believing in the old story—"once upon a time there was a deluge that swallowed up everything on the face of the earth except," etc. There is also an incidental reference to my notice of the McCann pamphlet on the Deluge tale in which I said—"If any one living to-day, (any intelligent person of ordinary good sense, I should have said,) that believes from the bottom of his heart, that there was once a great deluge that destroyed everything off the face of the earth but one family, and that rather poor stock, I am sorry for him." And so I am.

But Moody does not actually believe that foolish lie. He may preach that he does, yet, when he engages in any serious and truthful conversation with himself, very likely he refers to the story as "that same old chestnut."

The fact is Moody is in business—a business that pays. The creation of the world in just six days, the formation of man out of dust, and woman from the rib of this famous mud man, the Fall from Grace, the drowning of everybody but the drunkard Noah and his family, the re-peopling of the earth, the lapse again, the vicarious atonement, the Holy Trinity, etc., are Moody's stock in trade. It's a part of the apparatus. There could be no show without it.

Moody is evidently a shrewd, enterprising business man. He makes a good living. If he didn't he wouldn't stay in the business.

I had once an interview of some length with the wonderful(?) revivalist. If you would like I will tell you about it.

Some ten years ago, I was staying in Saratoga, and while there Moody came to town to conduct a series of meetings and

pick up a few dollars for himself from the plethoric pockets of the Saratoga sinners. The meetings were held in a large church, and Moody's hooks were well baited to catch the sinful fish who hovered about the delightful watering-place.

At the hotel where I stopped was a Mrs. R., who hailed from Boston. This lady invited me to accompany her to Mr. M.'s meeting. On the way thither she queried whether I would talk with the great "saver of souls" at the close of the service.

"Yes," I said, "if he would talk with me, I would be glad of the opportunity."

At the close of the service, which consisted of song-singing, story-telling about lost souls, and victims of God's wrath, and the like, those who would like to remain a few moments for conversation were told they could do so. Quite a large number took advantage of the invitation and staid, Mrs. R. and myself among them. There was some praying by different persons, and then Mr. Moody, who was, of course, the central figure, suggested a period of *silent* supplication, as he termed it, and said that if each person, without Christ in his heart, should pray that he (Christ) would enter the heart, without doubt he would do so, then and there. Here was a test. I whispered to myself, "Now, if Christ will come to me, I will bid him welcome. I pray thee, Christ, if thou art anywhere within hearing distance to come to me."

He did not come. The gas was turned down. It was very still.

The evangelist prayed, and then, by his direction, there was some singing, in a low, soft tone—

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
With all they quickening powers,  
Kindle a flame of precious love  
In these cold hearts of ours."

Then another verse of the same hymn was rendered in a yet lower tone. It was like a melodious whisper.

I looked around upon the curious sight. The gas was turned low, which made the people on their knees appear shadowy and weird-like. There was Moody, the ruling spirit of the hour, engaged in supplicating—what?—that Christ, the Invisible would become visible—that he would descend for the express purpose of snatching some few souls from an everlasting punishment that had been

prepared by the Maker of a Universe. He, an all-wise, all-knowing, all-comprehending being had caused a "lake of fire and brimstone" to exist for the torment and destruction of the many and entertainment and delight of the few!

The preparatory act being ended, Mr. M. invited all who wished to a little conversation with himself. I was quick to avail myself of this opportunity. I said, "Mr. Moody, you have talked this evening a good deal about being *saved*—what do you mean by the term?"

"Why! to be redeemed from the wrath to come—from everlasting pain—from the worm that dieth not," was his reply.

"Here or hereafter?"

He gazed at me, and I shall always remember the quizzical look, as if he was undecided whether I was orthodoxically ignorant or not, as he answered:

"Hereafter, of course!"

"But, tell me *how* we are to be saved."

"How? By belief in Jesus who died for our sins."

"But I do not understand how simple *belief* can do the business," said I. "Explain, please."

A sudden light flashed into his eyes, as he quickly remarked:

"Ah! you're an Infidel. I thought as much. You've been reading Infidel books. Here, Miss ——, come and talk with this Infidel."

"I beg pardon, Mr. Moody, I would prefer to talk with you," and I moved my seat nearer the evangelist.

"What did you read the Infidel books for?" he inquired sternly.

"For information—I wanted to know both sides of the question."

"You did, hey! If a man should write you a villainous letter about your mother, would you read it?" he asked.

"Well, how would I know it to be villainous until I did read it?"

"Do you believe in the Bible as the word of God?" he asked abruptly.

"I cannot imagine how a God could possibly write, or cause to be written, so much that is malicious, profane, licentious, obscene and unreliable," I calmly answered.

"Oh, that was simply written to show how the people lived in the old times. But Christ brought peace and purity in the world."

"Ah!" I said, "Did He not declare that he would cause divisions in families. Did—"

Here I was interrupted by the evangelist. "That is all right. If your mother is a Christian and you an Infidel, you ought to be separated at once!"

"Is this Christianity?"

"Yes. If you were a daughter of mine and read Infidel works, I would not have you in my house a minute! I would have nothing to do with such a daughter!"

I simply said I felt very thankful that I had a better father.

The evangelist continued in a somewhat vehement manner, and contended that I was a dangerous person. "Why," he said, "you would create a rebellion in heaven in half an hour!"

This amused me, and I told him I guessed he was about right, and it wouldn't be the first rebellion in that much-talked-of place, either.

"You would be cast out," he went on, "as Lucifer was. You know too much—you would be telling the Almighty what to do."

"I shouldn't wonder," I remarked, laughing, "I think I would be apt to nudge his Lordship occasionally, and I would suggest keeping a quick eye upon wicked shepherds, who delude the people, the whited sepulchres, the platters full of dead men's bones, the scribes, Pharisees and hypocrites, the generation of vipers that Jesus mentioned, who used to live on the earth and who left their descendants behind when they died."

My little speech was interrupted by a groan, and the great sinner-saver said, "O, you've lost your soul! you've lost your soul!" and he seemed glad of it, I thought.

Here followed quite a tirade against our best and noblest benefactors, who, if not Christians, according to his idea, were all vile and corrupt. He thought Rousseau was a demon, Paine the worst man that ever lived, Jefferson and Franklin nobodies, but Abraham Lincoln, he said, was a Christian, and had requested his prayers before entering the White House at Washington!!

Think of it.

Well, we talked and talked, and the people listened till a late hour, and I never heard so much vituperation, so many false

statements, so much bold bigotry, hatred, ill-concealed superstitious fancy, ignorance and delusion in all my life before. I cannot say how long the conversation would have been prolonged had not somebody turned out the lights. I had no wish to remain there in the dark, so I bade the evangelist good night, to which he did not respond, and hastened out of the church.

Before this I had given Mr. M. credit for sincerity and some sagacity and native benevolence. He is doubtless shrewd, but lacks self-control. He lets his temper fly away with him. Now, I did not scoff at his views, but I met him fairly in a real spirit of inquiry, and he replied arrogantly and with insolence.

He condemns and denounces without knowing what he is condemning or denouncing. To his mind an Infidel is the worst of all creations, but who believes as he believes is all right. He is certainly very insincere and misjudging. Here was one presenting herself for information—for instruction. How was she received? Kindly, gently, and carefully shown the right way? Quite the reverse.

Thinking me at fault and indulging in wrong ideas, would not a kind, conscientious, wise teacher taken pains to set me right? Would he not eagerly have sought to pluck me as a brand from the burning? Instead of that, he disdained to offer one little prayer in my behalf, and, with his own right hand he, figuratively speaking, hurls me into "the lake of fire and brimstone," and intimates, that is good enough for me. He declares that the saints in heaven rejoice in my agony, as I helplessly lie there amid the weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth. He sees me going away into, as he believes, "outer darkness" without speaking one kind, hopeful and encouraging word. And this is the Evangelist, who, seeing the world in a sinking condition, says: "We will gather up a few, scuttle the ship and let her go!"

I made up my mind, then and there, that the man did not believe the things he preached. I have had no occasion to change my mind since. He is, as I said in the beginning, in business—making money. He loves power. He panders to ignorance.

It is a pity, too.

The world is full of beauty. Man is growing out of the swaddling clothes of his infancy. He is standing on his feet, looking upward. Moody would keep him on his hands and knees

crawling in the mire forever, looking down into an imaginary abyss of despair and misery, where human beings agonize forever.

Can he not see that evil is only imperfection? that right generation hath no need of regeneration, and that heaven is just as much here as anywhere, that hell is not a locality, but simply a condition, into which he himself is as likely to pitch head foremost as anybody, especially when he condemns a fellow-being to its dismal surroundings without cause or provocation?

When this man learns the art of teaching people to do right, because it *is* right so to do, not because he fears punishment or hopes for reward, he will have taken then a step forward in the right direction.

## BUTCHERY.

By MARY CLINE.

THERE is no subject so relevant to the period as that of Butchery. There *is* a time of the year actually called Butchering Day, when people go out to catch meat. Let us picture the affair. Observe yonder four or five men, so called, but who are brute-men in the profoundest aspect. How they circumvent that pig as it tries to protect its body! There is an animal soul inside of the brute trying to maintain its equilibrium in relation to the body. Evidently it needs that body which covered it from birth, or it had not been born systematically developed in a body. Nature is all a great open-leaved Bible. Let him who has eyes, see. So says the Testament. But men are blind, or they would know that when Nature demurs from interruption in its development—that to break the nature, or God's method, is a crime. When the hog demurs from being broken brutally open—crushing out the growth—you may know, as though it had been said by God, that it is murder to destroy the vitality of the body and suspend the action which Law put in motion. Further than this, it is unmitigated arrogance.

Picture to yourself the image of the farmer and his friends. It is not butchery at this moment they have in their minds, but rather the agreeableness of beholding a good fat swine. They look over in the pens and the farmer points with pride to his fine-shaped creatures and, throwing each an ear of corn, observes with congratulation the satisfaction and curious eccentricities of

the pleased brutes. He is good to his pigs. He feeds them three times a day. They know him, wait for him, get attached to him and grunt for favors at *his* hands. Finally killing-day comes. He hates killing day. He doesn't know why. He would like to run off. It is a bad job. But he hires two or three other men who never fed those pigs, and the bad job, that job that he thinks *has* to be done, because he never knew such a thing as *no* killing-day, *is* done. And a bad job it is. Open the throat flies and the pig gets his first ungenerous treatment. Nature is indignant, and all the sensitive inhabitants of the land are aroused, hurt and annoyed. For out there is a brute crying for life—as it is crying in my ears at this moment and causing me to write this paper. I, for one, am a crank, may be, but I speak from experience. I hate to hear the death-squeal of a pig. I know that my hatred for it is founded on natural causes. To understand that *all* material bodily life is but symbolic of the living spirit within—spirit which *cannot* die—no matter if in a brute or man. (It is more than automatic vitality. The plant has that.) I say, to realize, beyond a peradventure, that all material symbols are for the sake of spirit—growth—individuality—*only*—it is hard to know that man, in his absolute ignorance, is taking away that symbol of body from the spirit of the brute, when that brute cries out for its house of development by which means alone its spirit may grow.

There may be many intricacies in this philosophy which people in general may not realize as yet, but the time will come when, rather than butcher, people will rely on vegetables and milk for their food. A finer fibered generation is on the stage. It is a well known fact that the better nerves and the closer muscles are clogged by meat-eating. Yet, in this age, where men are allied to the beast, it is only natural, in their perversions, that they devour each other, and impress their influence on the negative minds of the lower creation, for, be it known, the whole business is controlled by man. His word is over all. His spirit imbues the world. Be he great and good, then will the world act harmoniously and the fangs of the carnivora, which is in its essence combative, will drop out. He rules the very atmosphere and even the electricities. There is no end to man-rule.

Among old essays is one written by Charles Lamb, that gave to my mind a good likeness of the man who invented roast meat.

A father had several children one of whom was an idiot. One day, by some chance, a pig-pen burnt to the ground. Idiot thrust in his hands among the ashes and saw a dead pig roasted brown. He picked it up and let it go again, and sucked off his fingers. Ah! what a revelation! Roast pig! He dipped in his fingers till he could eat no more; then, not being content, but perhaps thinking what a pity it was for so much roast corpse to be lying around, he invited his father to partake. The poor man was disgusted with his son. But he, too, by an after-thought chanced to dip his fingers in the mess and licked off the grease. Humanity in its ebb was satisfied! It had reached a climax. Roast pig! Oh! what sweetness a small wee corpse of a young pig. But not content, when *he* could eat no more, he invited all the other children in, and they dabbled *their* little fingers in the fat. There were plenty of burnt pig-pens after that, and men would fall to and build them over again so they could have the privilege of burning them down again when the pigs were in. But a more economical way prevails now—with less shame. Woe was man, because an idiot was playing in the ashes of a graveyard of pigs.

You will see from this, that Charles Lamb thought that only an idiot could have instituted this craze for meat; and when one sees the filthy wallowings of the animals, we can guess why he thought so. But, although it is not supposable that he, whom we should denominate an idiot, ever started this affair, yet it was only a moral idiot—he who was deaf to the voice and law of nature, who commenced all this butchery and meat-eating. But, apart from the judicious wisdom of not killing, there is another question. The habit of the nation is so deeply set, that to cease to take meat would be injurious, though much meat is equally dangerous to the nerve power and to the growth of intellect. This habit should be gradually uprooted. The age is not ripe. It is still murderous. It is still perverse. It is only when negative to the finer issues of life that personal selfishness will be thrown out. Fancy the selfishness. The man mentally says to the pig, "I want your meat," and the pig, in its intuition of justice, says: "This body is mine, not yours," and cries out brokenly in its indignation—righteous indignation—against selfishness of the supposed superior creature—man—before it will give up the ghost. Only one bit of advice would I give. Pig-

squealing in this season of pig-squeals is annoying, distracting and disgusting. It fetches all the murder out of a man. One pig that I knew of was obliged to take a quarter of an hour to die. This is cruelty to animals. If men *do* undertake this system of butchery, let them do it right and know their business. A farmer or butcher should know just where to strike a pig. Personally, I don't object to other people being happy behind their sausage, but I never take it myself and feel the better for it. People mostly live to eat, and don't eat to live. In reality, very little is required. Those who use up their muscular heat need more than others. But when animals are used in their proper sphere, to serve as servants, instead of men being used so, then there will be no need of J. L. Sullivans. How is it the horse is about as strong as ten men and never eats any meat. No! it is not the discontinuing to eat meat that makes an habitual meat eater miserable, but the breaking of the habit. Habit is diabolic. There is no such thing as a good habit, no matter what it may be. A habit puts a man in a box of certain dimensions, and he is intended to be independent, absolute.

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## CHANGING CREEDS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE experiences we have had in common lead us to talk over the theological questions which at this time are constantly presenting themselves to the public, not only in the books and papers expressly devoted to that class of subjects, but in many of the newspapers and popular periodicals, from the weeklies to the quarterlies. The pulpit used to lay down the law to the pews; at the present time it is of more consequence what the pews think than what the minister does, for the obvious reason that the pews can change their minister, and often do, whereas the minister cannot change the pews, or can do so only to some limited extent. The preacher's garment is cut according to the pattern of that of his hearers, for the most part. Thirty years ago, when I was writing in this magazine, I came in for a very pretty share of abuse, such as it was the fashion of that day, at least in certain quarters, to bestow upon those who were outside of the high-walled inclosures in which many persons, not naturally

unamiable or exclusive, found themselves imprisoned. Since that time what changes have taken place! Who will believe that a well-behaved and reputable citizen could have been denounced as a "moral parricide," because he attacked some of the doctrines in which he was supposed to have been brought up? A single thought should have prevented the masked theologian who abused his incognito from using such libelous language.

Much, and in many families most, of the religious teaching of children is committed to the mother. The experience of William Cullen Bryant, which I have related in his own words, is that of many New England children. Now, the sternest dogmas that ever came from a soul cramped and palsied by an obsolete creed become wonderfully softened in passing between the lips of a mother. The cruel doctrine at which all but case-hardened "professionals" shudder, comes out, as she teaches and illustrates it, as unlike its original, as the milk which a peasant mother gives her babe is unlike the coarse food which furnishes her nourishment. The virus of a cursing creed is rendered perfectly harmless by the time it reaches the young sinner in the nursery. Its effects fall as far short of what might have been expected from its virulence as the pearly vaccine vesicle falls short of the terrors of the confluent small-pox. Controversialists should therefore be careful (for their own sakes, for they hurt nobody so much as themselves) how they use such terms as "parricide" as characterizing those who do not agree in all points with the fathers whom or whose memory they honor and venerate. They might with as much propriety call them matricides, if they did not agree with the milder teachings of their mothers. I can imagine Jonathan Edwards in the nursery with his three-year-old child upon his knee. The child looks up to his face and says to him:

"Papa, nurse tells me that you say God hates me worse than he hates one of those horrid ugly snakes that crawl all round. Does God hate me so?"

"Alas! my child, it is but too true. So long as you are out of Christ you are as a viper, and worse than a viper, in his sight."

By and by, Mrs. Edwards, one of the loveliest of women and sweetest of mothers, comes into the nursery. The child is crying.

"What is the matter, my darling?"

"Papa has been telling me that God hates me worse than a snake."

Poor, gentle, poetical, sensitive, spiritual, almost celestial Mrs. Jonathan Edwards. On the one hand the terrible sentence conceived, written down, given to the press, by the child's father; on the other side the trusting child looking up at her, and all the mother pleading in her heart against the frightful dogma of her reverend husband. Do you suppose she left that poison to rankle in the tender soul of her darling? Would it have been moral parricide for a son of the great divine to have repudiated the doctrine which degraded his blameless infancy to the condition and below the condition of the reptile? *Was* it parricide in the second or third degree when his descendant struck out that venomous sentence from the page in which it stood as a monument to what depth Christian heathenism could sink under the teaching of the great master of logic and spiritual inhumanity? It is too late to be angry about the abuse a well-meaning writer received thirty years ago. The whole atmosphere has changed since then. It is mere childishness to expect men to believe as their fathers did; that is, if they have any minds of their own. The world is a generation older and wiser than when the father was of his son's age. . . .

In more intelligent circles of American society one may question anything and everything, if he will only do it civilly. We may talk about eschatology,—the science of the last things—or, if you will, the natural history of the undiscovered country, without offense before anybody except young children and very old people of both sexes. In our New England, the great Andover discussion and the heretical missionary question have benumbed sensibility on the subject as entirely, as completely as the new local anæsthetic, cocaine, deadens the sensibility of the part to which it is applied, so that the eye may have its mote or beam plucked out without feeling it, as the novels of Zola and Maupassant have hardened the delicate nerve-centers of the women who have fed their imaginations on the food they have furnished.

The generally-professed belief of the Protestant world, as embodied in their published creeds, is that the great mass of mankind are destined to an eternity of suffering. That this eternity is to be one of bodily pain—of bodily "torment"—is the literal teaching of scripture, which has been literally interpreted by the

theologians, the poets, and the artists of many long ages, which followed the acceptance of the recorded legends of the church as infallible. The doctrine has always been recognized, as it is now, as a very terrible one. It has found a support in the story of the fall of man, and the view taken of the relation of man to his maker since that event. The hatred of God to mankind in virtue of their "first disobedience" and inherited depravity is at the bottom of it. The extent to which that idea was carried is well shown in the expressions I have borrowed from Jonathan Edwards. According to his teaching,—and he was a reasoner who knew what he was talking about, what was involved in the promises of the faith he accepted,—man inherits the curse of God as his principal birthright.

What shall we say to the doctrine of the fall of man, as the ground of inflicting endless misery on the human race? A man to be *punished* for what he could not help! He was expected to be called to account for Adam's sin. It is singular to notice that the reasoning of the wolf with the lamb should be transferred to the dealing of the creator with his creatures. "You stirred the brook up and made my drinking-place muddy." "But, please your wolfship, I couldn't do that, for I stirred the water far down the stream—below your drinking-place." "Well, anyhow, your father troubled it a year or two ago, and that is the same thing." So the wolf falls upon the lamb and makes a meal of him. That is wolf logic—and theological reasoning.

How shall we characterize the doctrine of endless torture as the destiny of most of those who have lived, and are living, on this planet? I prefer to let another writer speak of it. Mr. John Morley uses the following words: "The horrors of what is perhaps the most frightful idea that has corroded human character—the idea of eternal punishment." Sismondi, the great historian, heard a sermon on eternal punishment, and vowed never again to enter another church holding the same creed. Romanism he considered a religion of mercy and peace by the side of what the English call the reformation. I mention these protests because I happen to find them among my notes, but it would be easy to accumulate examples of the same kind. When Cowper, at about the end of the last century, said satirically of the minister he was attacking,

"He never mentioned hell to ears polite,"

he was giving unconscious evidence that the sense of the barbarism of the idea was finding its way into the pulpit. When Burns, in the midst of the sulphurous orthodoxy of Scotland, dared to say,

"The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip  
To haud the wretch in order,"

he was only appealing to the common sense and common humanity of his fellow-countrymen.

All the reasoning in the world, all the proof-texts in old manuscripts, cannot reconcile this supposition of a world of sleepless and endless torment with the declaration that "God is love."

Where did this "frightful idea" come from? We are surprised, as we grow older, to find that the legendary hell of the church is nothing more nor less than the Tartarus or the old heathen world. It has every mark of coming from the cruel heart of a barbarous despot. Some malignant and vindictive sheik, some brutal Mezentius, must have sat for many pictures of the divinity. It was not enough to kill his captive enemy, after torturing him as much as ingenuity could contrive to do it. He escaped at last by death, but his conqueror could not give him up so easily, and so his vengeance followed him into the unseen and unknown world. How the doctrine got in among the legends of the church we are no more bound to show than we are to account for the intercalation of the "three witnesses" text, or the false insertion, or false omission, whichever it may be, of the last fourteen verses of the Gospel of St. Mark. We do not hang our grandmothers now, as our ancestors did theirs, on the strength of the positive command, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." —*Atlantic Monthly*.

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## THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

BY ARTHUR B. MOSS.

LET us now consider in the light of the evidence afforded by a study of Palæontology the great antiquity of man. And here we find that one science corroborates in every particular the testimony of the other, strengthening and supporting its teachings at every turn; for while Geology demonstrates the great age of the rock formations, Palæontology testifies as strongly of the

vast antiquity of the fossil remains of animals and man found embedded in various strata of the earth.

It is sometimes asserted that Hugh Miller, who was an eminent scientist, believed that the "six days" mentioned in the Bible were only ordinary days. In the earlier portion of his career it is true that he did entertain this belief, but in later years this practical geologist saw reason to alter his opinion, as many eminent Christians have done since his day.

Samuel Laing, in his admirable work "Modern Science and Modern Thought," gives the following interesting account of the collapse of the Biblical view of man's brief existence on the earth. He says, "It happened thus: A retired French physician, Monsieur Boucher de Perthes, residing at Abbeville, in the valley of Somme, had a hobby for antiquarianism as decided as that of Monkbarns himself. Abbeville afforded him a capital collecting-ground for the indulgence of his tastes, as the sluggish Somme flows through a series of peat mosses which are extensively worked for fuel and afford many remains of the Gallo-Roman and pre-Roman or Celtic period. Higher up, on the slopes of the low hills which bound the wide valley, are numerous beds of gravel, sand, and brick-earth, which are also extensively worked for road and building materials. In these pits remains of the mammoth, rhinoceros and other extinct animals are frequently found, and the workmen had noticed occasionally certain curiously-shaped flints, to which they gave the name of "*langues du chat*," or cats' tongues. Some of these were taken to Monsieur Boucher de Perthes as curiosities for his museum, and he at once recognized them as showing marks of human workmanship. This put him on the trace, and in the year 1841 he himself discovered, in situ, in a seam of sand containing remains of the mammoth, a flint rudely but unmistakably fashioned by human hands into a cutting instrument. During the next few years a large quantity of gravel was removed to form the Champ de Mars at Abbeville, and many of these celts or hatchets were found. In 1847 M. Boucher de Perthes published his "*Antiquites Celtiques et Antediluviennes*," giving an account of these discoveries, but no one would listen to him. The united authority of scientists and geologists opposed an infallible veto on the reception of such ideas, and it must be admitted that M. Boucher de Perthes himself did his best to dis-

credit his own discoveries by associating them with visionary speculations about successive deluges and creations or pre-Adamite men. At length Dr. Falconer, the well-known Palæontologist, who had brought to light so many wonderful fossil remains from the Sewalik hills in India, happened to be passing through Abbeville and visited M. Boucher de Perthes' collection. He was so much struck by what he saw that on arriving in London he spoke to Mr. Prestwich, the first living authority on the tertiary and quaternary strata, and to Mr. Evans, whose authority was equally great on everything relating to the stone implements found in such numbers in the more recent or Neolithic period. He urged them to go to Abbeville and examine for themselves whether there was anything in these alleged discoveries. They did so, and the result was that on their return to England Mr. Prestwich read a paper to the Royal Society on the 19th of May 1859, which conclusively and for ever established the fact that flint implements of unmistakable human workmanship had been found, associated with the remains of extinct species, in beds of the quaternary period deposited at a time when the Somme ran at a level more than 100 feet higher than at present and was only beginning to excavate its valley." (*"Modern Science and Modern Thought,"* page 107 to 109.)

In September, 1869, Karl Vogt read a paper before the German Scientific and Medical Society at Innsbruck, in which he declared that there was no longer any doubt that man existed in Europe—probably the latest peopled part of the world—at a time when the great southern animals, the elephant, mammoth, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, were found there, which are now extinct. He further declared that when no human remains or tools had been found, that through the remarkable researches of Streenstrup traces of man had been discovered through distinguishing the bones which had been gnawed by animals and split in a peculiar way for the sake of the marrow. Sir John Lubbock, corroborating this view, said that the calculations made by M. Morlot and Professor Gillieron as to the age of the lake habitation at Pont de Miele, near the Lake of Neufchatel, indicate that 6,000 or 7,000 years ago Switzerland was already inhabited by men who used polished stones implements; but how long they had been there, or how many centuries had elapsed before the discovery of metal, we have no evidence to show."

.Quatrefages, the eminent French scientist, supports this view in a long passage, in which he goes over the whole ground and maintains, first, that there is ample evidence to prove that man existed in the quaternary epoch, and during the transition age to which the gravels of Saint-Prest and the deposits of the Victoria cave belong; secondly, that there is ground for believing that he may have existed in the Niocene and certainly in the whole of the Pliocene epoch; and for this reason: man was a mammal, and wherever and under whatever conditions the mammal could live so could man; and lastly, that he was contemporary with species of mammalia which have not even seen the commencement of the present epoch. Here for the present we may pause; in our next we will marshal further facts to demonstrate the great antiquity of man.—*Secular Thought*.

## RELIEF FUND.

MR. R. W. BARCROFT, of Hornitos, California, who has for a number of years been paying \$4.00 per year for the Magazine, writes as follows:

H. L. GREEN: *Dear Sir*—Inclosed please find money order for my annual \$4.00; \$2.00 for Volume IX of the Magazine, and \$2.00 for the Relief Fund.

This short but telling letter suggested an idea. It is this: There are many of the friends of the Magazine who desire to do something more for it than to pay their annual subscription, but who do not feel able to join the "One Hundred Safety Committee," and to accommodate that numerous class, we have started a "Relief Fund" for small subscriptions for the benefit of the Magazine, and we cordially invite all to contribute to that fund who feel it to be their duty to do so. This list will appear in each issue of the Magazine. Who will be first to add their names?

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R. W. Barcroft, Hornitos, California.....	\$2.00
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# LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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## WHEN I REMEMBER.

BY NELLY BOOTH SIMMONS.

OH, sweet, sad mem'ries of the Long Ago!—  
How strangely and how swiftly are they stirr'd  
By little things,—by music, soft and low,  
By sudden glances, or some whisper'd word.  
And, oftentimes, the perfume of a flower,—  
As by the turning of some magic key,—  
Will set me thinking of some vanish'd hour,  
And bring forgotten pleasures back to me.  
And then I put aside the hurtling strife,  
The sharp vexations of these after days,  
And thoughts and visions of my youthful life  
Come floating up the old familiar ways.

### I.

Like streams of gold and liquid amber  
The morning sunbeams fall and fleet  
Until they pierce the vines that clamber  
All round the quaint old window-seat;  
And just within, half rous'd from sleeping—  
Once more a child—I raise my head,  
And watch the lights and shadows creeping  
About the small, white, curtain'd bed.

### II.

Soft winds caress each low brown rafter,  
And toss the maples 'round the eaves,  
Till faint, sweet sounds, like elfin laughter,  
Just ripple from the dancing leaves.  
And thro' the cluster'd morning-glories  
The vagrant breezes blithely stray,  
And fill the room with hints and stories  
And tidings of the new-born day.

## III.

They sing to me of woodlands feather'd  
With cool, deep clumps of moss and fern,—  
Of grassy slopes where kids are tether'd,  
And blossom'd paths that twist and turn,—  
Of cowslip-balls my eager fingers  
Shall fashion by the dimpling stream,—  
Of depths in which the daisy lingers,  
And lanes where perfum'd lilies gleam.

## IV.

But still I rest among the pillows,  
Content to let these wonders keep,  
And look across the line of willows  
That guard the casement, broad and deep,—  
For, just beyond, in pale green vestures,  
Two stately poplars bend and shake,  
And whisper low, with courtly gestures,  
As if to greet me, when I wake.

## V.

And thro' the wayward, drifting shadows  
Of large, white clouds that softly pass,  
I catch a glimpse of dappled meadows  
Where cows are feeding in the grass,—  
Of distant glades and valleys bounded  
By checker'd bluffs that dip and rise  
Until their tops are faintly rounded  
Against the calm, blue, summer skies.

## VI.

Far off, 'mid fields of blooming clover,  
I see the cat-birds, here and there,  
Go circling in, and out, and over,  
Thro' glad, free depths of balmy air.  
And ev'ry merle, and thrush, and linnet  
Is warbling in its joyous flight,  
And robins fill each golden minute  
With madrigals of pure delight.

## VII.

And now, above the lark's loud singing,—  
 But still more thrilling and divine,—  
 My mother's voice comes softly ringing  
 In broken strains of "Auld Lang Syne."  
 For, as she moves, in dainty fashion,  
 About her simple household ways,  
 She sings, with sweet, unconscious passion,  
 Brief snatches of the old-time lays.

## VIII.

I hear the liquid accents ranging  
 Thro' "Home, Sweet Home," and "Bonnie Doon,"  
 And now from "Annie Laurie" changing  
 To fragments of some jocund tune,—  
 Till, half in dreams, I scarce can single  
 These lyrics from the tranquil sound  
 Of whisp'ring winds that meet and mingle,  
 And leaves that murmur softly round.

## IX.

But now the song seems louder growing,—  
 My mother's foot is on the stair,  
 And, in her pale white vesture glowing,  
 She stands within the doorway there.  
 And 'mid her greetings, low and tender,  
 I feel her lips upon my face,  
 And all the June-day light and splendor  
 Are melted in that fond embrace.

The picture fades—Oh, sweet and sad and strange  
 To sit alone with mem'ries of the past,  
 And then to wake, and know and feel the change!—  
 For dreams of by-gone pleasures will not last.  
 They come, and make my drooping lashes wet,  
 And fill my wistful eyes with happy tears,—  
 Then go and leave behind some vague regret  
 That deepens when the vision disappears.  
 And still I love them. Not for all the gain,  
 The treasured wealth of which the world has store,  
 Would I give up the tender, hallow'd pain  
 Of dwelling on the times that are no more.

BRODHEAD, WISCONSIN.

## WITH OR WITHOUT CHRISTIANITY.

I HAVE been asked the question: "Would the world be better off with or without Christianity." My answer was "without," and was made advisedly; after bestowing a great deal of thought upon, and many years of study of, the subject.

It is but historical truth that Christianity has discouraged learning, antagonized science and retarded civilization; that it has instigated fear, incited persecution and encouraged war; that it has stirred up jealousy, enmity and strife; that it has been the prop of thrones, the friend of despotism, the enemy of liberty; that it substitutes faith for reason, legend for fact, tradition for history, fable for truth; that it would punish honest thought with never ending torture, and reward dishonest belief with eternal bliss; that it has shown itself to be ignorant, credulous, superstitious, bigoted, arrogant, irrational, unjust, tyrannical, pharisaical, cruel and immoral; that it falsely assumes to possess the only true system by which uprightness of character and moral conduct are inculcated and attained; and that it erroneously claims to have established the only institutions of a beneficent character that have existed.

I propose to call as witnesses, in proof of what I say, those whose character, ability and truthfulness cannot be gainsaid.

There is no doubt of the fact that from the fourth century—when Christianity first became a power in the world, under the leadership of one of the most blood-thirsty monarchs who ever ruled in Rome, the great *Christian* Emperor Constantine—down to the fourteenth century, a period of a thousand years, known as the dark and the middle ages; the light of intelligence became almost extinct.

It is but historical truth that this "light of intelligence" was not revived except under the auspices of a *rival* religion.

Let Lecky be my first witness. He says: "Not till *Mohammedan* science and classical *free thought* and industrial independence broke the sceptre of the (Christian) Church did the intellectual revival of Europe begin. . . . Decadence of theological influence has been one of the most invariable signs and measures of our progress. . . . The Church has uniformly betrayed and trampled on the liberties of the people. She has invariably cast her lot into the scale of tyranny."

Rev. James Freeman Clarke speaks of "that prodigious development of art, science and literature which followed the conquests of the Saracens."

In "Rees. Cyclopaedia" we read: "It was in a great measure owing to the light of learning and science which shone in Arabia that the whole earth was not at this time (about the year 1000) overwhelmed with intellectual darkness."

Canon Isaac Taylor said recently that "Islamism has done *more* for civilization than Christianity has done or can do."

Buckle says: "In the sixth century the Christians succeeded in cutting off the last ray of knowledge and shutting up the schools of Greece. Then followed a long period of theology, ignorance and vice. . . . To assert that Christianity communicated to man moral truths, previously unknown, argues gross ignorance or willful fraud."

Prof. Draper says: "The history of science is the narrative of two contending powers; the expansive force of the human intellect on the one side and the compression arising from traditionary faith on the other. . . . In 1,200 years when Christianity dominated the civilized world, the Church had not made a single discovery that advanced the cause of humanity or ameliorated the condition of mankind."

Guizot says: "When any step was taken to establish a system of permanent institutions which might effectually protect liberty from the invasions of power in general, the Church always ranged herself on the side of despotism."

Macaulay says: "The Church of England continued for 150 years to be the servile hand maid of monarchy; the steady enemy of public liberty."

M. Richard, M. P., said: "Almost always the voice of the Church has been for war."

Rev. John W. Chadwick says: "War has been the favorite trade of Christians from the time of Jesus until now."

"Priests, pale with vigils, in Christ's name have blessed  
The unsheathed sword."—(Whittier.)

"I come not to bring peace, but a sword," is the authority.

John Bright has said that "the bishops of the Church of England have seldom aided legislation in the interest of humanity.

William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., says: "Human progress has always been advanced by the few laborers outside the Church, than by the many professors within it."

Mrs. Besant says: "Christianity set itself against all popular advancement; all civil and social progress; all improvement in the condition of the masses. While it reigned supreme, Europe lay in chains; and even into the new world it carried the fetters of the old."

Prof. Felix L. Oswald says: "The history of Christian dogmatism is the history of over 1,800 years of war against nature and truth."

Robert C. Adams says: "Almost every scientific advance or social reform has been opposed by Christians."

The author of "Supernatural Religion" says: "It is an undoubted fact that wherever . . . dogmatic theology has been dominant, civilization has declined."

In the sixteenth century the Bishop of London said: "We must in some way destroy this infernal art (printing) or it will some day destroy us!"

John Stewart Mill says: "Who can estimate what the world loses in the bright intellects who cower before popular prejudice."

Condercet says: "The triumph of Christianity was the first signal of the decline of sciences and of philosophy."

Fuerbach says: "The decline of culture was identical with the victory of Christianity."

Lange says: "Education and enlightenment, as a rule, go hand in hand with the decrease of the clergy."

Winwood Reade (nephew of Charles Reade and author of the "Martyrdom of Man") says: "I am firmly persuaded that whatever is injurious to the

intellect is also injurious to moral life; and on this conviction I base my conduct with respect to Christianity; that religion is pernicious to the intellect. . . . The destruction of Christianity is essential to the interests of civilization."

The murder of Hypathia is a specimen estimate of how both woman and learning were held in the eyes of Christians in the fifth century.

The leaders of the Reformation likewise displayed great animosity to philosophy and science. And even to-day in both Roman Catholic and Protestant churches science is treated as heretical.

Rev. Dr. Roylance (Protestant Episcopal) is frank enough to admit that "the attitude of our Church authorities toward modern science is far from friendly."

Protestants are usually apt to speak as though it is the Romish Church alone which has been and is a hindrance to scientific study. Lyell, in his "Principle of Geology," says that "the theological war upon the true scientific method in geology was waged more fiercely in Protestant than in Catholic countries."

Hon. Andrew D. White says: "The warfare of religion against science is to be guarded against in Protestant countries not less than in Catholic." He tells us that while it is true that the Copernican theory was not permitted to be taught by the authorities at Rome until the early part of this century, and that while the Church universities of every great Catholic country of Europe concealed the discovery of spots on the sun, and excluded the Newtonian demonstrations, it is also true that "the two great universities of Protestant England, and nearly all her intermediate colleges, under clerical supervision, have excluded the natural and physical sciences as far as possible. . . . From probably *nine-tenths* of the universities and colleges of the United States, the students are graduated with either no knowledge, or with *clerically emasculated* knowledge, of the most careful modern thought on the most important problems in the various sciences, in history and in criticism."

The Church has successfully taught that the earth was flat; that it was the center of our solar system; that it was but a few thousand years old; that the astronomy, geology and biology of to-day were unscriptural and therefore untrue. But scientific truth is forcing its penetrating light into the dark and cheerless abodes of theology and commanding the respect of, at least, some of the clergy.

"In the *Popular Science Monthly* for October, 1880, we read: "Archbishop Whately used to say that the attitude of the clergy to new scientific doctrines was marked by three definite stages. At first they say it is 'ridiculous,' then that it is contradicted by the Bible, lastly 'we always believed it.'"

The *Truth Seeker* of Sept. 13, 1890, says: "The Church has been the greatest drag upon the world, keeping it back as long as she was able and then when anything has been accomplished in spite of her, she has claimed the credit."

Rev. John W. Chadwick says: "The sun of truth was well up towards its meridian splendor ere theology gathered her courtiers about her, and in her most impressive manner said: 'Now rise.'"

The persecutions and murders for opinion's sake have no parallel in the history of any other than the Christian religion.

Think of just this single fact: that the Calvinistic Church is founded upon the tenets of one who instigated the torture and death of the Martyr Servetus for the crime (!) of transposing two words, viz., that the victim of this barbarism had spoken of Christ as the "son of the living God," instead of "the living son of God." Truly has Archdeacon Farrar characterized Calvinism as having "exhibited an intolerance which has doomed its dogmas to the abhorrence of mankind."

Did the flames which wrapt the tortured bodies of the victims of Christian cruelty at Rome, at Seville, at Smithfield, at Geneva and at Salem, exemplify the religion of kindness, of compassion and of love?"

A recent writer says: "History shows that religion has been more relentless under the auspices of the Christian theology than under those of all the other theologies of the world combined. . . . It is the only fiend in the universe cruel enough to burn a man to death, by slow fire, for merely holding an opinion."

It is estimated that nine millions of people suffered martyrdom because of the one verse in the Bible, "Thou shalt not permit a witch to live."

The Christians put to death nearly twenty millions of their fellow-beings in the fanatical days of the Crusades, and probably, from that day to this, not less than fifty millions more have been sacrificed in answer to the requirements of another Bible text: "Those mine enemies who will not that I shall rule over them, bring hither and slay before me." (Luke xix., 27.)

How encouraging to the patriots of our revolution, and to those in other lands who have struggled against oppression, to read that "the powers that be are ordained of God: whoever resisteth the power shall receive to themselves damnation."

The Church was almost a unit in sustaining slavery. The return of the fugitive Onesimus by Paul to Philomon was regarded as sufficient authority among Christians for the enactment of the "Fugitive Slave Law."

Is it conducive to the spread of truth that in every Sunday school, Bible class and church it is taught that to Christianity we are indebted for the spread of civilization, learning, science and ethics; when impartial history is most emphatic in proclaiming the falsity of such teachings.

Is the incentive to do right more noble when stimulated by hope of reward and fear of punishment, as taught by Christianity; or by the principle of doing right because it is right to do right?

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has said: "The religion of my mother is good enough for me."

Think of so brilliant an intellect positively refusing to entertain a thought on theology beyond that he learned on his mother's knee. Is such a forced condition of mental inertia conducive to intellectual progress? Had Luther said that the religion of his (Roman Catholic) mother was good enough for him, where would have been the Reformation? Had Christ contented himself with the religion of his (Jewish) mother, there would have been no Christianity!

How cheering to the home circle, the admonition, "Woe unto you that laugh."

Various texts from the Bible have ever been the justification of the Christian Church for the inculcation of its lessons of woman's inferiority, for demanding her uncomplaining subjection to man. "He shall rule over thee," is the lesson to every wife from all Orthodox pulpits.

Think of the severing of family ties in the name of the Christian religion, for voluntary incarceration in nunneries and monasteries ; for some idea of the immoralities practiced in which, see Robertson's "Charles V."

How encouraging to morality the saying of Luther, that "men can commit adultery and murder a thousand times a day without imperiling their salvation, if they only believe enough on Christ."

Have the morals of the people been improved by Bible reading ?

Rev. T. C. Williams says : "I need not remind you of the moral enormities which have been defended by the supposed authority of the Bible."

Rev. John W. Chadwick says : "What shall I say of the morals of the Penteteuch ; of its God who bids men steal and kill ; of Deborah's thrilling song, exulting over falsehood and treachery ; of the gross lasciviousness of the Song of Songs ?"

Rev. J. S. Richardson (a Church of England Bishop), alluding to the Old Testament, says : "It is no longer honest to deny that it was somewhat mistaken in its science, inaccurate in its history, and *accommodating* in its morality."

Frederick May Holland says : "Voltaire was much less shocked by the absurdities in the Bible than by the immoralities."

Is it elevating to character to listen to pulpit instructions about the God of the Bible, who is there represented as a being capricious and unstable ; as now hating and again loving ; as now chastening and again indulging ; as now permitting ill and again punishing it ; as foreseeing guilt and acquiescing in it ; as issuing edicts and reversing them ; as giving favors and revoking them, and as being appeased by servility ? (See "Volney's Ruins," p. 84.)

Beecher said : "The God of the Bible is a moral monstrosity."

"The God men make for men —

A God impossible to common sense."

Is the world made better for belief in the Bible with its incredible stories ; its teachings with regard to polygamy, slavery, intemperance and deception ; its obscene recitals ; its records of wars on unoffending neighbors ; of the destruction of the lives of men, married women and children, and of the capture (for the soldiery) of the maidens ?

What shall be thought of a religion which invades the sanctity of home, and says that it has "come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother ;" that demands that "the brother shall betray the brother to death and the father the son ;" that makes imperative the *hating* of father, mother, brother and sister ?

How many thousands of emotional beings have become demented in their

anxiety about their "soul's salvation," by reason of the fearful pictures of unending torment which the clergy present in such glowing colors?

Rev. John W. Chadwick says: "Ignorance and superstition are the principal ingredients of revivals of religion. . . . The average revival of religion must reckon hundreds of thousands of shattered intellects."

Day after day we read of the deaths of fanatics who refuse the customary methods of healing the sick because of the Christian injunction, "If any is sick among you let him call for the elders of the church, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick."

What virtuous principle is encouraged by the text: "The Lord has put a lying spirit in the mouth of these thy servants"?

"Be not wise above that which is written," is the advice which Christianity offered to Copernicus, to Columbus, to Newton, to Fulton, to Morse, and to Darwin.

Is it promotive of civilization, of humanity, of justice, or of truth, that is inculcated when nearly every murderer, under the sanctifying processes administered by their attending priests and ministers, goes direct from the scaffold to "Abraham's bosom," while the *victim* in nearly every instance goes equally direct to the embrace of the eternally damned?

The fanning mill, the census, life insurance, railways, telegraphy, biology, geography, agriculture, medicine, surgery, all have been denounced by the Christian Church as "heralds of anti-Christ," or as "shameful theories." (See *Truth Seeker*, Sept. 13, '90.)

The Church has claimed superiority for what they call "Christian Ethics." There is abundant testimony in refutation of such claim. I will content myself by referring the reader to but one and that to thoroughly Orthodox authority, viz.: to Rev E. H. Burr, D. D., in his "Universal Beliefs," pp. 243 and 249.

The Christian Church claims that *it alone* has made provision for those whose physical and mental infirmities have rendered them a care on the more favored.

Is this true?

R. Bosworth Smith, M. A., of Trinity College, Oxford, says: "Hospitals are the direct outcome of Buddhism and lunatic asylums are the result of Mohammedan influence."

Emily Adams, in the *New Ideal*, informs us that dispensaries were in existence in the eleventh century, B. C., in Egypt; that hospitals existed in the fourth century, B. C., in India, and in the fifth century, B. C., in Athens. That the Egyptians and Greeks—prior to the Christian era—provided for the insane. That the Mohammedans built insane asylums in the seventh century; while the first Christian asylum for the insane was built in 1409.

Lecky says: "The Mohammedans preceded the Christians in the establishment of lunatic asylums."

Judge Richard B. Westbrook, of Philadelphia, says: "Four hundred years, B. C., an emperor of India established hospitals throughout his empire. Ancient Greece had many charitable institutions. Even hospitals for the lower animals existed among the pagans."

Hon. Andrew D. White says: "In the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries the Arabs and Turks made a large and merciful provision for lunatics. . . . The Moslem treatment of the insane has been infinitely more merciful than the system universal throughout Christendom."

In view of the facts here presented, and of many more of a similar character which could be added, if space permitted, am I not justified in assuming that the world would have been better off without—than with—Christianity?

I have not a word to utter against the many truly estimable *individuals*, who are component parts of the Christian Church; but, as a *system*, I regard it as most pernicious.

When I speak of Christianity, it is not with any disrespect for the character of Christ; for I yield to no one in admiration of the lofty purposes which were the guiding principle of his pure and gentle and altruistic life.

The Christianity of the Church is just what its priests and ministers have made it.

The religion of Augustine, of Thomas Aquinas, of Calvin, of Jonathan Edwards, of Spurgeon, and of T. Dewitt Talmage, is by no means the religion of Christ.

The former has no more resemblance to the latter than ostentation, arrogance, bigotry, hypocrisy, fear and hate have to simplicity, meekness, charitableness, ingenuousness, confidence and love.

Greg, in his "Creed of Christendom," says: "Popular Christianity is not the religion of Jesus."

In the *Arena* for July last, is an article by Rev. Carlos Martyn, D. D., called *Church-ianity vs. Christ-ianity*, in which he says of the former: "It is like counterfeit coin; current, but false. . . . It puts the emphasis on belief, when it should put it on conduct. . . . It builds cathedrals, not men. . . . Religion is transformed from a principle into an institution. . . . We look for Christ and find a church. . . . Phariseism is resurrected and baptized with a Christian name. . . . Christianity has been the resolute opposer of every single forward step."

The religion of Christ is that simple, "pure religion and undefiled" (described in the Epistle of James); the only two characteristics or requirements of which are the doing of beneficent deeds and the living of an "unspotted" life.

AGNOSTICUS.

MRS. M. A. FREEMAN, the editor of the *Chicago Liberal*, one of the ablest and most enthusiastic Liberal workers in the west, will be duly noticed in the next number of this Magazine. Not only her "Battle for Bread" will be the leading article, but we shall publish a fine portrait of her as a frontispiece and a good biographical sketch. We shall print many extra numbers for the benefit of her numerous friends. Ten copies for one dollar. Send in your orders.—ED.

## THE CHURCH AND SLAVERY.

*Editor Freethinkers' Magazine:*

Your kind letter, with a copy of your truly excellent Magazine, is received. Many thanks: I am glad Mrs. Colman intends to continue her *Reminiscences*. I have read her former letters with much pleasure. They vividly recall to mind my own experiences of those dark and stormy days. I, too, am one of the old abolitionists, and well remember the time she so well and truthfully describes. It is difficult to convince young Christians of to-day that their fathers were the determined enemies of the antislavery movement fifty years ago, many of them, in imitation of such honored leaders as the Rev. George Junkin, D. D., defending the cursed institution of slavery from the Bible. The large popular churches, all practically as well as theoretically, indorsing the institutions as divine. Now the churches would gladly blot out the damning record, but it has gone into history, and is irrevocable because it is true. The United Presbyterian Church claims a clean antislavery record, but I well remember, just fifty years ago, when an antislavery lecture was announced to be given in a "Seceder" church building (the "Seceder" was the one leading of the several churches, out of which the United Presbyterian church was formed), that some of the leading members of said church obtained the keys, and locked the doors and nailed down the windows, and when the lecturer and audience arrived, one of the men, who had closed the house, stood upon the steps of the church, and, in the midst of a snow-storm harangued the people, telling them they could not enter that holy building—that an antislavery lecture in it would "rend the holy sanctuary from top to bottom." Then the people quietly adjourned to an old tumbled-down hewed log Presbyterian church, commonly called the "Lord's Barn," and heard an excellent lecture. This was the era of pro-slavery mobs. Abolitionists then were more intensely hated by a majority of the church people than the Mormons are to-day. The most brutal outrages were in order, and when Rev. E. P. Lovejoy was shot down and murdered by the pro-slavery mob, the *Christian Herald* of Pittsburg, one of the leading organs of the Presbyterian church, censured him and apologized for his murderers. In this era the Underground Railroad did a lively business. The Presbyterian Synod of Kentucky, many of its members being slaveholders, was pleased to say, speaking of the slave, "they suffer all that can be inflicted by wanton caprice, by grasping avarice, by brutal lust, by malignant spite, and by insane anger," and of course they ran away. They generally had an idea of north and that freedom lay in that direction. Thousands of them settled in our northern cities, and twenty-five or thirty thousand fled to Canada. Many were followed by their masters or their agents, and retaken, when they were generally sold to the more southern slave-states. To assist them to escape was a hazardous business, as the person so doing was liable to a fine of \$500 and six months' imprisonment, and, therefore, only the most determined abolitionists would do it. These, however, were found in nearly every community, and when fugitive slaves found themselves in the care of one of these men or women they felt quite safe, and were sure to be conveyed

to the next station, and so on to their destination, which was generally Canada. And this was called the "Underground Railroad." My father's house was a Union Depot on this road for many years, and I was a conductor. We generally traveled on horseback, and in the dark and silent hours that lie on either side of midnight. The "round trip" was, generally, about twenty-five miles. I have thus traveled hundreds of miles on that road, and though we had to hide our passengers away through the day and were sometimes waylaid and pursued by the slaveholders' emissaries, with a view of bringing us to grief, they never succeeded in either wrecking our train or causing us to lose a passenger. I remember one of those pursuers became an active abolitionist in war times, and the son of another, when in the lecture hall the speaker stated that his father kept a station on the U. G. R. R., was the first and loudest in cheering the remark, and I thought "the world moves." Our godly Presbyterian minister at New Bedford, Pa., preached us into a very hot hell for doing this "wickedness," as he called it, and taught that it was vastly more wicked, "in the sight of God," than to steal horses! To illustrate the motives that sometimes actuate the human animal, I will state that once a young man, who I knew had no heart in the antislavery movement, brought some slaves to my father's house. On being asked why he was engaged in that business he said, the only reason why he engaged in it was, "it looked so much like devilment!"

W. W. WALKER.

MAKANDA, ILL.

## LUCY N. COLMAN'S REMINISCENCES—NEW SERIES.

### NO. III.—CRIMES AGAINST WITNESSES.

ONE of the best things, among the multiplicity of good things which Col. Ingersoll has published, is his "Crimes Against Criminals," and I hope sometime he may be moved to write an essay upon "Crimes Against Witnesses." Meanwhile, Mr. Editor, with your permission, I will give your readers a brief description of the treatment a person is likely to receive if unfortunately he or she may be subpoenaed as a witness, and obliged, as such, to appear in a Court of Law, either for or against a criminal, or in a civil suit where there are important questions at issue, to be adjusted by the court, according to the rules of law rather than by the parties themselves, in accordance with reason and common sense.

It has been my misfortune to be obliged to appear as a witness in several cases in different courts, from the United States Supreme Court down to a common Justice Court, including the Supreme Court of the State of New York. I was also once required to attend as a witness before a Military Court in the District of Columbia, during the late war, and I have no hesitancy in saying that, next to the prisoner's box, the witness box is the least desirable, if not the most uncomfortable, place in the entire court room.

Let me give you a specimen of the questions which are put to a witness, and which he is required to answer, after first being requested to swear (in some states you may affirm) that he will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, subject to everlasting punishment (if sworn), or to the pains and perils of perjury if he has affirmed. The lawyer will tell you that on no account are you to tell anything you have heard from another, all that you testify to must be from your own personal knowledge. You must have seen or heard with your own senses all that you affirm, and then the first question asked is: "What is your name?" And the second like unto it, "How old are you?" neither of which you can answer of your own knowledge. Then the third question may be, "Do you believe in God?" And woe to your credibility if you answer thus: "*What God?*" And if you answer this question by making this most pertinent inquiry, really the only consistent reply that can be given, you will pretty likely hear the lawyer for the opposite party declare in a very loud whisper, "*An infidel.*" This was my experience at one time. On another similar occasion a certain lawyer asked me with a great display of egotism, evidently thinking the question a crusher: "Are you an Agnostic?" I mildly replied: "Well, sir, if you will tell me what you mean by the term Agnostic, I can then answer your question more intelligently!" Then a long consultation took place between the questioner and his associate lawyer, and neither of them, seemingly being able to define the word, the questioner attempted to escape from the dilemma by insisting that the witness had no right to ask him such a question, that she was there solely to answer *his* questions. Then he again asked with increased emphasis and with assumed authority: "*Are you an Agnostic?*" The witness declined to answer unless instructed by the court as to the meaning of the word. At last the court generously (?) decided that the witness be permitted to define the word as *she* understands it, and then affirm or deny that she is one. The witness having given her definition of the word as one who does not assume to know what is beyond the limit of the senses, freely acknowledged that she was one. Then, after this "preliminary struggle," began the questioning bearing on the case before the court.

Take a young woman, or even a young man, who is a stranger to all the rules and practices of the courts, who is naturally timid and decently modest, and the whole bent and determination of the opposite counsel being to intimidate the witness, confuse him by misrepresenting on the cross-examination that he has said thus and so, something as remote as possible from what he really did say on his direct examination, and what probability, or even possibility, is there of arriving at the truth, and yet the witness may be the impersonation of truth?

Now take a case of trouble between the sexes—bastardy or divorce, or any other case where the witness feels that to tell all she knows would be a burning shame and disgrace to her for life, and who cannot see that to represent such a person as an "unwilling witness," then to abuse her by asking indecent questions that you, Mr. Editor, would refuse to print, is a great crime against a witness.

As to myself, I have been too long before the public to be frightened by the impudent questions of a vulgar lawyer, though he may have been by some political "hocus pocus" elected County Attorney; but what would be the feeling of a young woman in a court-room crowded with such men and boys as usually hang about a court house, not one woman in the room, if she was asked, as I was once at a Circuit Court in Cortland Village, N. Y., if I was in the habit of sleeping with gentlemen who sometimes visited me. I asked for the protection of the court against such insult, but the court replied that I was proving myself able to protect myself.\* I replied to the question as it deserved.

Witnesses are not always willing to attend court. I had in this case kept out of the reach of a subpoena for many months, and only allowed it possible for them to compel my attendance when I learned that innocent women were under arrest for speaking the truth as witnesses.

Is it not a *crime* to compel a person to tell what he or she knows, and then for the court to allow the lawyer who is dissatisfied with the evidence to abuse the witness for telling the truth? I have a friend who once, when in the witness chair, was so insulted and maligned by a lawyer, that, aroused to indignation, he caught up an inkstand and threw it with great force at the lawyer's head. Fortunately, the lawyer was not maimed, only bruised a little and bespattered both in person and linen with the contents of the inkstand. Of course my friend was arrested, but the insult was so great that he was only imprisoned for two hours. The lawyer was more careful of his words thereafter.

I have never attended a court where any of the officers were women. But we now have a few women lawyers and I hope none of them will imitate their brothers in the profession by scurrility and abuse. I do not believe we get at the truth by making it almost an impossibility for the witness to tell the truth, or treating the witness as though he or she were a criminal. I think so long as the courts are conducted as at present, and my own sex are found in the criminal list and in the witness box, that it is the duty of respectable women to attend the sessions of our courts and thus give countenance and support to those women whose attendance the law compels.

While living in Rochester, N. Y., a number of years ago, a young woman was shut up in jail two or three months—being held as a witness, as she unfortunately was present at the scene of a shameful outrage committed upon another young woman by the sons of some gentlemen, who finally succeeded in settling the matter with money. The imprisoned young woman pined away, her hair fell off and she was indeed sick. She could not rid herself of the feeling that it was a disgrace to be shut up in jail, and it surely was a disgrace, not to the young woman, but to the makers of the law that compelled the imprisonment.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

\* We judge in this instance that the Judge's opinion was correct, and though not present, we have no doubt the insulting lawyer just then most needed protection. We have long known Mrs. Colman.—ED.

## A GOOD LETTER FROM CHINA—A CONVERT FROM CATHOLICISM.

VICTORIA BUILDINGS, HONG KONG, Nov. 18, 1890.

MR. H. L. GREEN :

*Dear Sir*—The perusal of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE and some books of Freethought literature, lent by Dr. L. P. Marques, produced on me such a vivid sensation that encouraged me to throw off the yoke of Catholicism, which faithfully and doggedly I embraced for nineteen years.

Being a rigid Roman Catholic I used to admire the *sublimities* of the Bible—the standard of science, the word of God—which I read with great humility and respect, in spite of its barbarities, and always thought that only the iniquitous could ever attempt to criticise this infallible work. With this impression I had not the least scruple of reading some heretical writings, when presented to me by the good and eminent Dr. Marques, with the view of refuting them.

While my faith stood on firm rock, or, in other words, while I was still cast in the abyss of darkness, I felt proud of my fortitude and laughed at the *per- versity* of the Infidels. But the "Myth of the Great Deluge," and other interesting articles of your worthy paper, and especially Greg's "Creed of Christendom," startled me a little. The shock of doubt was, however, only momentary, as I recognized my weakness to be a fiendish work. But the shock left in my mind an indelible vestige—a vestige which later on induced me to examine the Holy Scriptures as a student would examine History, notwithstanding my frequent prayers to the crucified Son of the God of Israel and to the blessed Virgin Mary. The result of my examination you will foreknow, for it is almost a sure thing that faith, once shaken, however slightly, will, with continuous study, especially of the Bible itself—which might be said to be the foundation-stone of heresy—fade away.

I am young still—twenty years old—surrounded by Christians (the number of Liberals here does not exceed twelve) who, being more illustrated than their ancestors, have not snapped the ties of friendship which unite us. I believe we are approaching the time in which men will grasp each other's hands, notwithstanding the divergence of opinion, and I hope that, with strained nerves, I may in the near future propagate the faith professed by the leaders of thought—the only reason of my not doing so at present is the fear of affecting the health of my dear grandmother, who lives at Macao.

Though unable, or rather unwilling, to publicly declare that I love Free-thought, I bring forth almost always, in my private friendly conversations, theological topics which no one present was ever able to combat or to come out victoriously, and these conversations, together with my absolute absence from the church, help the spread of my religious views.

Please receive through the London postoffice a small money order for six shillings. In exchange I shall be exceedingly obliged by your posting me the

following: Portrait of Bruno, Bruno Monument, "What Constitutes a Free-thinker," "The Myth of the Great Deluge," etc. As a constant reader of your invaluable paper, for the subscription of which a further remittance will be made early next year, I entreat you to let me have one number of the *Twentieth Century*, and the by-laws of any secular society.

Hoping you will excuse the trouble I am giving you, and wishing you and your paper every prosperity, I remain, Dear Sir,

Obediently yours,

F. M. P. HYNDMAN, A. A. Oxon.

## A GOOD LETTER FROM A BRAVE, NOBLE WOMAN.

*Editor Freethinkers' Magazine :*

I received the Magazine from March until the present month a short time since, and as I have an opportunity to send this to the office, I hastily pen a few lines to express to you my sincere gratitude. I never in my life received a present that did me so much good. By my extreme poverty and destitution I am often forced to go hungry and cold to bed, but I read from the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, by firelight, something upon which to ponder after I retire, that will divert my thoughts from my troubles. I try to look at the bright side of life's picture and hope for better times. I think, perhaps, I may have a chance, between this and spring, to sell my land for something near its value. If I do, I shall remember you and the good work in which you are engaged, and will aid you with some of the substantial. I think I am the only Liberal in this part of the country, but I have just bundled up six of the Magazines to send to an old gentleman at Howard (Mr. M. W. Alexander) who is not so orthodox but what he will read most anything, and when he is through with them I shall lend them to someone else. I think too much of them to give them away. I will, when I get able, have them bound. Any pamphlets or anything of the kind you may see fit to send me, will be gratefully received, and when I have read them I will let some one else have them. I hope to be able before long, to secure all of R. G. Ingersoll's works as well as those of Helen Gardener, Mrs. Gage and Dr. Buchanan, and many others.

I will be glad to see the name of the Magazine changed to "Freethought." Wishing you all the happiness and prosperity that this life can afford, I subscribe myself faithfully yours in the cause of freedom and truth.

MARY C. BISHOP.

HOWARD, FREMONT COUNTY, COLORADO.

## INGERSOLL ON CHRISTMAS.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

I BELIEVE in holidays—that is to say, in holy days, and by holy days I mean happy days—days when the tired may rest, when the workingman may have the company of his family; days in which to cultivate friendship and the amenities of civilized life.

I believe in what is called Christmas, not because of its supposed religious origin, but because I think it well to have a time when families can come together and the ordinary business of life may be suspended, and when we can think about something besides trade and barter.

As a matter of fact, the holiday known as Christmas is far older than Christianity, and far older, I presume, than any existing religion. It was, in all probability, born of sun worship, the most natural of all religions. Just before Christmas is the shortest day of the year, and the day when our savage ancestors thought that the sun had been overpowered or conquered by the host of darkness. Then, in spite of the power of the shadow, the days begin to lengthen and the sun is victorious over the Herod of the night, and this festival is as old at least as history, and probably thousands of years older.

When we think that our ancestors lived in caves and dens—or at least many of them—when we imagine the winters through which they passed the cloud and darkness and hunger, we can easily see how they rejoiced when the days began to lengthen, and with what feeling of gladness they greeted the rising sun. How their eyes gleamed; how their hearts throbbed! Christmas was then associated with the return of life. It was the promise of another spring, of plenty of sunshine and joy. This day has been associated for countless generations with the best sentiments, with the best feeling of the human heart, and no matter whether it has been appropriated by some peculiar form of superstition or not, there is the same reason in nature for its celebration that there was before man ever heard what is known as the scheme of salvation.

I believe in every day that brings families together; in every day and every institution that adds to the better feelings, to the higher nature and to the charitable instincts of the race.

I believe, also, that the world can now keep another Christmas, or a Christmas with a still higher significance. The old Christmas was kept because the reign of darkness was about to cease; because the light had again conquered. Let us hope that in the history of the human mind the light is at last the victor, that the darkness of ignorance is passing away, and that the real friends of humanity, the real friends of freedom of thought, may now, at the close of the nineteenth century, celebrate the victory of Intellectual Light.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio :

Every Freethinker ought to be proud of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE. I do not see why you should change its expressive name. Never before has Freethought been represented by such a model in thought, style and typography.

Mrs. Jacob Sendal, Mountain, North Dakota :

Find twenty cents for the January number to fill the place of one that got spoiled, as I would not lose a number of this Magazine for anything. I have taken the Magazine three years and like it better than any other publication I ever took.

Granville Fernald, Washington, D. C. :

I am very glad to see the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, having been for many years a thinker on many of the subjects treated therein, and an admirer of the great leaders of Free Thought in our own and other countries. I am for the utmost freedom of thought, word and action of human beings, consistent with truth and virtue, and hold in utter hatred the spirit of bigotry and intolerance of liberal opinion which characterize the old creed-mongers of the past.

A. J. Moser, Latham, Mo. :

I have been out of the dark cave of superstition long enough to be able to bear all the light your most valuable Magazine sheds on the great questions of life. But I have numerous acquaintances who shut their eyes in holy horror whenever they catch a glimpse of the star of Free Thought. But the star is rising all the same. On account of light crops and hard times in general, I am going to strike a number of papers from my list in '91, but the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE would remain there if all else had to go.

Mrs. A. L. Corwin, East Randolph, N. Y. :

Inclosed find P. O. order for seven dollars, two dollars for my subscription for '91 and five dollars for payment of the one hundred safety fund for '90. It is with great pleasure I receive and read the Magazine. I am entirely alone in the world and the Magazine is a great comfort to me. The reading of it brings me real happiness. I hope to be able to take it so long as I live. [Mrs. Corwin is a very generous supporter of the Magazine and we are pleased to learn it gives her so much satisfaction.—ED.]

P. H. Foster, Babylon, N. Y. :

Yours of the 17th inst. received. I do not want advertising when I get no notice from it—never one letter so far. Have made up my mind not to patronize any infidel papers longer that keep in the old rut of long-winded articles of no interest to me. Unless you and other editors of kindred journals can look into the great necessity of organization for mutual benefit, even so far as secret societies are concerned, I shall patronize no more of them. This is dictatorial. N. B.—I wish you to publish this entire. [So it seems one of our subscribers is dissatisfied with our course. We are doing the best we can, but cannot expect to please all. We are sorry it is so.—ED.]

----- of ----- :

I have been getting your Magazine for a while. Thought I would write and tell you you need not send any more, for we do not read them and will not pay for them. Please send them some other way, as we do not believe in Freethinkers. [Possibly if this Christian lady would read them she might, when a little more enlightened, "believe in Freethinkers." As to paying for the Magazine we will here inform her that some good friend of hers paid for the Magazine, for one year, to be sent to her as a missionary document, and the time is not yet out. But the "good seed," in this instance, seems to have been sown, in Bible parlance, on very "stony ground," where there is no intellectual nourishment.—ED.

John Peck, Naples, N. Y.:

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE is a gem of neatness in point of mechanical execution and is entirely free of any offensive matter. Its articles are not only well written, but well calculated to lift the masses out of the old ruts and inspire them with new thoughts. I am delighted with the high tone of the Magazine and the manner in which it is conducted. It is destined to do a grand work in spreading consternation in the ranks of orthodoxy, and it is doing it with clean hands. Every soldier among the contributors is a true knight. [We must admit it gratifies us much when the Magazine is so highly indorsed by so able a writer and so good a man as John Peck, the well-known and powerful expounder of Freethought.—ED.

L. R. Titus, San Jose, Cal.:

We have not forgotten you. How could we, and be a patron of your splendid Magazine? To turn and read its sparkling leaves, is to appreciate it, to admire it, and to learn. The misguided believers in ghosts will never know how much they have missed until they unfold and scan the instructive pages of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE. But we think we hear you say: "Hold on there, the slaves of superstition do not keep their priests so fat and sleek on compliments." True, friend Green, nor can Liberals expect their fearless leaders in the cause of mental liberty to grow stout on wind. Therefore we inclose two dollars for another year's subscription, with the best wishes for you and all of yours. [Brother Titus seems to understand the situation.—ED.

Samuel Parsons, San Jose, California:

You will see that for this year I have extended the list of my special favors. The donations or "mites" are small, of course, but they foot up all that I can spare. I rather sprinkle around what I give than to give it all to one person. The work goes on slowly, but we are evolving a little. The light is breaking. The nightmare of superstition is passing gradually away. People are coming to their senses a little. Go ahead, Brother Green! Give old priestcraft Hail Columbia! I am with you, and will help what I can. [This old veteran of Freethought again sends out his liberal donations. The list this time is increased to twenty-six. We heartily thank our noble friend for our portion, and also for his contributions to others. It would be well for the cause of Freethought if there were more Samuel Parsons.—ED.

N. Bery Coffman, Chehalis, Washington:

I am highly pleased with the Magazine. A better magazine of whole-soul thought I have not found (and I read much). Hope that many others will appreciate the efforts you are making in giving your many readers the care and labor of publishing a

good magazine filled with entertaining and useful matter for the elevation of its readers. I am a subscriber to *The Freethinker*, *Truth Seeker*, *Independent Pulpit*, *Twentieth Century* and *Arena*, etc., and I look upon yours as equally as entertaining as any one of them. Hope that many others will realize substantially their appreciation of the same. You are engaged in a noble, grand and glorious cause—the emancipation of mankind from the debasing belief of superstition and idolatry to the grand and glorious doctrine of individuality, love, equality, fraternity, etc.

Emma R. Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio :

I was glad to see Mr. Harmon's face in the January Magazine. We met him at Lawrence, Kan., a few years ago. He is an honest, well-meaning man, and although I never had a taste for *skunk hunting*, I respect the man or woman who have the nerve to engage in it! I think he and Helen H. Gardener "take the bakery." That is *sub rosa*. I don't say it to sneer. There is, as I clearly see, great need of *skunk hunting*. I spent last evening reading your Magazine. It is a good meal for me, intellectually, always. I turned first to the poetry. I saw the title "Betrayed," and thought, "Oh dear! harping on the old string," but I read it, and before I was through was convinced that it was a strong piece of writing, highly dramatic, and that I should like to impersonate it and make the composite hair of an audience stand on end by its thrilling utterances and positions.

John Leitch, Mazo Manie, Wis. :

I think that the make-up of the Magazine is very excellent. The leading articles showing up the absurdities of the Bible and its gods and orthodox religion is highly interesting, especially to persons who are not perfectly clear on such subjects. I hope that the 100 security list will be filled up before the next number will be issued. Every Liberal that can possibly afford it, should think it an especial privilege to have a chance to help fill up the list of names. If the Magazine could be enlarged, so that we could have a regular department for letters from friends and items of Freethought news, and also news of the progress of Freethought in other countries it would add much to the interest of the Magazine, especially for those that are perfectly clear on religion and the Bible. [As to the enlargement of the Magazine, the reader's attention is called to what we say in this number on another page.—ED.]

Annie M. Coyle, Cresson, Pa. :

I am the only Liberal in this neighborhood. I know of no one else who would care for Freethought literature. This is a Catholic community. All of my own people are strict Romanists. I myself was brought up in that faith and educated in a convent school. My apostasy is, of course, a source of much sorrow and annoyance to my people, and by many in the community. I am shunned because of my views. I am often intellectually lonely, and reading is my one great pleasure. I never read a Liberal publication (except Paine's *Age of Reason*) until less than two years ago, and had no idea that there were so many Liberals and so many Liberal journals in this country. I came to my present conclusions almost wholly by observation and reflection, being greatly assisted by a slight knowledge of astronomy acquired at the convent. [We hope some of our Freethought lady readers will open a correspondence with Miss Coyle and prove to her she will find many good friends in the Liberal ranks. She is evidently a woman of much thought and independence of mind to have been able to extricate herself all alone from the thralldom of superstition. We welcome her as a subscriber and, we hope, a contributor to this Magazine.—ED.]

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

THE ancestors of Emma Rood Tuttle, whose portrait appears as the frontispiece of this number, were of French and Welch stock, and among the earliest pioneers of Connecticut, settling in the town of Canaan, where the many descendants still remain. Her father, John Rood, was a close and fearless thinker, and her mother of refined and sensitive temperament. She was born in Bruceville, Ohio, and studied at the Western Reserve Seminary at Farmington, Ohio, and afterwards at the College at Hiram, of which Garfield was then president. Even from her early school-days her thoughts fashioned themselves in verse, and she could present them in more condensed and acceptable form in that way than in prose. Her contributions to the papers always found ready acceptance and many admirers.

It was sometime after her marriage with Hudson Tuttle that she began the exercise of her dramatic powers, which is second only to that of her gift of song. A part of her repertoire was her own lyrical compositions. Her earliest publication was "Blossoms of our Spring," followed by "Gazelle," a tale of the great rebellion, "Stories for our Children," and a joint work with others, "The Lyceum Guide."

With a strong sense of justice, which is at the very root of conscientiousness, Mrs. Tuttle has a charity wide and deep for the weak and erring. Her most passionate utterances are against wrong and cruelty, not only in high places but against the dependent, unprotected animals. She says: "I do not wish to take the hand of any man or woman who will not be tender to children or animals, and I should want a moderate purgatory made for such sinners, where they may be subject to exactly such treatment as they have dealt." Her creed is to do well the little things of every-day life, to shrink from no duty or burden. As the grandest work of art is composed of insignificant parts of themselves scarcely discernable, yet on the perfection of which the value of

the whole depends, so a noble character is the result of doing little acts with honesty, fidelity and magnanimous self-forgetfulness.

This purpose is emphasized in the dedication of her last volume, "From Soul to Soul," "To the faithful doers of little things which form so large a part of happy and perfect lives." This book of itself is a biography to those who are able to read between the lines, and its poems might be arranged so as to give a heart history of the author. They were written under the pressure of passing events, and pulsate with that vital power which appeals to the sympathy of her readers, when she says:

When earth is desolate I would not call you  
 Down to these lowlands from mansions of rest ;  
 Never a storm for my sake shall befall you.  
 Never a sorrow sweep over your breast.  
 I will not beckon when hot tears are showering,  
 I will not call when the dark storms are lowering,  
 Time was when you had your measure of weeping,  
 Dear soul, whose body lies silent and sleeping.  
     Sail down the airy sea whitely and silently ;  
     Sail down the airy sea, beautiful Claribel !  
     Dearer than words can tell  
 Thou art to me.

Tell me if love is a passionless splendor  
 Up on the amethyst mountains of time ;  
 Or, is the old love eternal and tender,  
 Life folding life in a sweetness sublime?  
 You float at will over measureless spaces,  
 I cannot climb up to God-lighted places ;  
 Come down to me from your lily-starred meadows,  
 I will come up by and by from the shadows.  
     Sail down the airy sea whitely and silently ;  
     Sail down the airy sea, beautiful Claribel !  
     Dearer than words can tell  
 Thou art to me.

We know she has had the sweet experience of a true mother with all its tortures when she sings :

#### DON'T FORGET THE OLD HOME.

How soon the little ones grow up  
 And leave our loving care !  
 We nurtured them in weariness,  
 But it was sweet to bear.

Now I can fold my hands and dream ;  
 No children waken me,  
 For mine are grown and all at work  
 Shaping their destiny.

What would I give, some lonesome hour,  
 To care for them once more;  
 To soothe their troubles as I did  
 In the departed yore.  
 O, just to wash a smutted face,  
 Or brush a frowzy head,  
 Would yield more happiness to me  
 Than rhyme has ever said !

The little hands which used to steal  
 So gently into mine  
 Are doing battle with the world  
 Where Greed and Vice combine;  
 I know they droop and ache sometimes  
 When I would be so glad  
 To aid and strengthen as I used  
 My lassies and my lad.

I think they long for me as much  
 As I for them, although  
 The utterest unselfishness  
 Would wish it were not so,  
 But that their lives are so complete,  
 They miss not even me  
 Their mother, who, at least may pray,  
 " Children, remember, me ! "

They used to kiss me every night,  
 And every morning too,  
 And, oh, such sweetness as it put  
 In all I had to do !  
 Now days and weeks drag slowly by  
 And no child's kiss have I ;  
 Sometimes I long for them so much  
 It seems that I must die.

I know it is the mother-heart  
 Moaning to keep her own,  
 Fearing her younglings are not strong  
 Enough to run alone ;  
 But willing for their greatest good  
 To bear her biting fears,  
 Sending her voice far out to them.  
 " Be strong and true, my dears !

Oh, children, don't forget the home !  
 Its memories are sweet,  
 And it is lonesome now without  
 The chiming of your feet :  
 Send love thoughts back—I know you do !  
 And letters warm and true ;  
 They are exquisite comforters  
 To help " the old folks " through.

But the poems of affection are a small part of her writings. The majority appeal to the thoughtful, with some central idea. This is never ostentatiously presented, but forms the background, and motive as it were, and is unconsciously accepted by the reader.

Our readers are already acquainted with the strength of her interesting and telling juvenile satire on orthodox " Omnipresence " that appeared in Volume VIII. of this Magazine.

In an hour of retrospective sadness she gives us :

#### INFELICIA.

I know it is waste and folly to mourn for the changeless past ;  
 I know it is wise and healthy to look to the future vast ;  
 To bravely work in the present, to do the grandest can be  
 For the every needy living. But futile is theory.

It can not hold, nor turn me from the foolish unto the wise,  
 I creep back into the shadows in the land of agonies ;  
 I die with the ones who perish, am racked by all torture dire  
 Which a human frame has suffered, even to death by fire.

I would I could turn me sunward, away from the blood-stained night,  
 Forget what the records tell me, and strengthen the growing Right !  
 Be blind to my own sore blunders, and the pain which came thereby,  
 Leave the " Might-have-been " unpainted, sketch the " Maybe " bright and high.

But ah ! I am ill and morbid, and the old pain hurts me so,  
 I think of the roses blooming in the ways I did not go,  
 Of the thorns, I should have blighted, grown strong to pierce and rend ;  
 I hear to-night all the past moans of husband and child and friend.

I choose from my books the choicest, I place it before my eyes ;  
 Alas for the poet's music and his pictured reveries !  
 Between my eyes and the pages comes a shimmer of soft, light hair,  
 And our beautiful waxen darling lies dead in her promise there.

So what can I do but think how we laid her away to rest  
 With the wild hepatica blossoms fading upon her breast ?  
 To-night I weep, and wonder what it was I failed to know  
 That might have saved her to us, who longed to keep her so.

So blind, so fond, so erring ! So hurt by a bruise or wound !  
 We love the air, the sunshine, the whirl of the earth around !  
 Yet sensitive states of being seem gates to the hell of pain ;  
 If life be a bane of blessing is a problem not yet plain.

In another mood the answer comes in the jubilant utterance :

#### IS LIFE WORTH LIVING ?

Yes ! and yes a thousand times,  
 If we face it calm and brave,  
 Working to decrease all crimes,  
 Glad to educate and save.

\* \* \* \* \*

If our small lives make the earth  
 Less one grain of wickedness,  
 Then we were not baned by birth  
 Life *is* worth the living. Yes !

When we gain the longed-for Heaven,  
 Dreamed in dreams, and sung in rhymes,  
 Then the answer shall be given,  
 Yes ! and yes a million times !

Her writings are needed. They teach the necessity of discipline, labor, self-control, and the dignity and responsibility of the individual. A prominent writer has well said : " Many are the workers needed in this field." Such an one, possessing the best graces of wife, mother and friend, in addition to her superior poetical intellectual and spiritual qualifications, is Emma Rood Tuttle.

## THE ONE HUNDRED SECURITY LIST.

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## ALL SORTS.

—The circulation of this Magazine *must* be greatly increased.

—Is not this number of the Magazine worth a half-year's subscription?

—One good way to help this Magazine is to order Liberal books of the publisher.

—Our "Book Review" is crowded out of this number, but will appear in our next issue.

—"The Battle for Bread," by Mrs. M. A. Freeman, will be the leading article for the March Magazine.

—"Is this your Son, my Lord?" though being severely criticised, is, we are glad to know, having a large sale.

—The *Truth Seeker* Annual for 1891 will soon be out, and will be for sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

—Lyman C. Howe will furnish an article for our next number entitled "Spiritualism—New Series No. 1."

—All true scientists are Freethinkers, but Freethinkers are not all sufficiently learned to be known as scientists.

—There is much talk about Home Rule in Ireland. The great trouble in that country is too much Priest rule.

—Have you, reader, noticed that this Magazine was, with the January number, increased in size to sixty-four pages?

—The *Popular Science Monthly* and the *Arena*, of all the great monthlies, most deserve the patronage of the Liberal public.

—If any of our readers desire anything in the jewelry line they should not fail to examine Mr. Wettstein's advertisement in this Magazine.

—Our editorial drawer is full of good communications and articles that we have no room for. We need sixteen more pages very much.

—Reader, if you can suggest anything that would improve this Magazine (excepting changing its editor), please let us know what it is.

—We have left word with our family to have our remains cremated after death. We think that much the best way to dispose of the dead.

—A club of six will be accepted hereafter, for this year's Magazine, at \$1.25 a number. Who cannot send us a club of six on these terms?

—Psalmist—"Why do the heathen rage?" Cynic—"Probably because so little of the money subscribed for their conversion ever reaches them."

—Ida C. Craddock, Secretary of the American Secular Union, seems to be just the person for that position. No better could have been selected.

—Do not fail to read "An Infidel's Interview with Moody," by Susan H. Wixon, on another page. It must have been a trying time for the "great Evangelist."

—"Mamma, can I wear my silk dress in heaven?" "No, child; dresses will not be worn there." "Well, ma, how will the Lord know I belonged to the best society?"

—We desire to hear from our friends often, especially those who are in the habit of inclosing money orders in their letters. *Long* letters, without remittances are not so desirable.

—There are many intelligent, good-looking women in the Freethought ranks. The portrait of one of them appears as the frontispiece of this number. Others will appear soon.

—For the sake of introducing this Magazine to new readers, we will allow any one of our regular subscribers to send us two trial subscribers for one year, at the low price of \$1.25 each.

—Reader, if you have anything that you desire to introduce to the public, send an advertisement to this Magazine and you can be sure that it will reach an intelligent class of people.

—*Fair Play*, after a few weeks' non-appearance, comes out as a twenty-four page monthly. The subscription price is one dollar per year. Mr. Walker is sure to make it a live journal.

—A number of our subscribers have, as yet, failed to send in their subscriptions for this year. Reader, are you among that number? If so, we desire to hear from you "by return mail."

—T. Theodore Colwick, an earnest and enthusiastic Liberal of Norse, Texas, writes that Samuel P. Putnam, the noted Liberal lecturer and editor, is doing a grand work in the Lone Star State.

—We are always pleased to be permitted to present our readers with anything from the pen of our young contributor Nelly Booth-Simmons. She is one of the born poets, and a most worthy *vice* thinker.

—"The Freethinkers' Pictorial Text Book," published by the *Truth Seeker* Company, is having a large sale. We would like to receive orders for it from many of our subscribers. The price is \$2.00.

—Susan H. Wixon's "Children's Corner" in the *Truth Seeker* is not only interesting to children but to adults as well. It adds very much to the value of that large, popular, well-known Freethought journal.

—Moody says: "When I become so skeptical that I doubt the Scriptures, I shall give up the ministry." And if there should come a time when there was no money in the ministry, would not that have the same effect?

—If our friends will each go to work and do all in their power to aid the Magazine, next year we will increase the size of the Magazine to *eighty pages*, and make the regular subscription price \$3.00. That is what we propose to do.

—Charles Watts, through *Secular Thought* and the lecture platform, is religiously revolutionizing the Dominion of Canada. Who would have thought that one man could have done so much? Watts is a man of great powers.

—*The Popular Science Monthly* for February contains the conclusion of Dr. Andrew D. White's paper, "From Babel to Comparative Philology," also that of Prof. Huxley's discussion of "The Aryan Question and Prehistoric Man."

—"Agnosticus" always fortifies his position with an abundance of proofs. You will find his article, "With or Without Christianity," in this number, as have been all his previous ones, very valuable. Do not fail to read it with care.

—One of the North American Christianized Indians had a great partiality for the Blessed Sacrament, and took every opportunity of partaking. Being spoken to on the subject he said, "Yes, I love my Jesus, but"—with a leer—"rum is better."

—Heavy snow-storms have been experienced recently in countries heretofore very warm. Who knows but what these storms may be extending to the orthodox

hell. We often hear the expression on the street: "Cold enough to freeze hell over."

—Guest—"I'm glad there's a rope here in case of fire, but what is the idea of putting a Bible in the room in such a prominent position?" Bell Boy—"Dat am intended foh use, sah, in case the fire am too fah advanced foh you to make yoh escape, sah."

—Prose Poems, by Robert G. Ingersoll, is, in our opinion, all that Mr. Farrell claims for it, "the most eloquent volume in Liberal literature." No expense has been spared to make it the thing of beauty that it is. Every Freethinker should have a copy.

—"Observations," by Editor MacDonald in *Freethought* is very interesting reading. It is no wonder the author has been recently offered a large salary to write exclusively for one of the large Secular journals. To use a "classic" expression, evidently "George is a brick."

—The Christian missionaries have been teaching the poor Indians that a "Messiah" would soon appear and they took it for granted that the missionaries believed what they taught. That is what brought on the war. Good bread and meat, and fewer missionaries and Indian agents, is what the Indians need.

—If the orthodox churches are fair samples of what the society of Heaven will be, we must conclude that it will be made up largely of women and ministers. The ministers will probably be well satisfied with that arrangement. They can there make their pastoral visits without interruption from the man of the house.

—"Aunt Elmina," we notice, has been installed editor of a "Children's Corner" in *Lucifer*. If orthodoxy be true she may hold that position in *Lucifer's* dominions "in the sweet bye and

bye." She will be needed there, for we read that

"Hell is crammed,  
With infants damned."

—"I am so troubled about my husband," said Mrs. Badman, seeking sympathy from the pastor's wife. "He goes from bad to worse; he is an infidel and an atheist, and now he says he is an agnostic, doesn't know anything." "My dear sister," replied the pastor's wife, "you don't know what trouble is. My husband thinks he knows everything—knows how to cook.—  
*Bob Burdette*

—It would seem by a letter in the *Truth Seeker* that Prof. W. S. Bell came very near being a Jonah. If the passengers on board the *Goos Bay* had known that he was an infidel lecturer he would probably have been cast into the sea to have appeased the God of the Storm. If he had been thrown overboard and the whale that they saw at a distance had swallowed him and spewed him on shore the parallel would have been perfect.

—Mr. J. P. Mendum, the veteran editor of the *Boston Investigator*, died at his home in Boston, January 11th, at the age of seventy-nine years. The reader will find a very good likeness and life sketch of him on page 40 of Vol. VI. of this Magazine. We shall have more to say of him in the March Magazine. We are glad to know that the old *Investigator*, built up by him as his life-long associate, is left in good hands.

—Can't we have all of the shares of "The One Hundred Security Fund," taken before the next Magazine is issued? It is a valuable investment, worth more than "mansions in the skies." That reminds us that the other day we met an ex-Christian who desired to exchange a Mansion in the Sky for a small village residence on this globe, but without success. He had the title from Brother Moody, who deals extensively in that kind of property, who is in fact a real estate agent for the Heavenly Kingdom.

—TOPEKA, KAS., Nov. 16.—Mrs. John Swinson, on Friday night, murdered her four-year-old child Annie, by giving her a dose of laudanum. Mrs. Swinson has been morbidly insane ever since last winter, when she had an attack of *la grippe*. She is now in the last stages of consumption; she confessed to the crime yesterday. She said she knew she was about to die, and could not bear to leave her favorite child behind. She determined to send it before her to heaven, where it would meet her when her own death occurred.

—We define a Freethinker as one not bound by any kind of a creed. A person whose mind is perfectly free to investigate all questions, and accept whatever commends itself to his or her reason. Such persons are found among Materialists, Free Religionists, Spiritualists and Liberal Christians, and also outside of all those schools of thought. There can be no *free* thinking by a consistent orthodox Christian, only as he violates his obligations to the Church. An orthodox Christian, to be consistent, can "know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified," as they often truthfully declare.

—Mr. Pentecost says he would no sooner join a Liberal League, or Secular Society, than he would a church. The sole object of these societies is to separate Church and State. If the editor of the *Twentieth Century* approves of the object, we can't understand why he should refuse to *join* with others to carry it out. If the house of one of his neighbors was on fire, would he object to *join* with other persons in an attempt to put out the fire? When a boy we requested an old farmer to sign a petition against capital punishment. His reply was: "I am opposed to capital punishment, but I will not sign your petition." When asked for his reason for refusing to sign, he replied: "I once lost most of my property by signing a note, and I then said I would never sign my name to another paper."

—We are doing all in our power to increase the circulation of this Magazine, and, reader, if you are an out-spoken Freethinker, we desire your aid. But you may reply "I would like to comply with your request, but do not know how to proceed to meet with success." Please try this method: Send to this office \$1.00 for sample copies and we will mail you free of postage *twelve* numbers. Hand each one of these to some Liberal neighbor and request him, or her, to examine it carefully. Then in two or three days visit each and ask them to take it, on trial, for one year, at the low price of one dollar and twenty-five cents. If any decline to subscribe, then take their copy and hand it to some one else. We know that this is asking much of our friends, but the fact is Liberals, everywhere, have got to go to work in earnest to cope with the well organized cohorts of superstition.

—This is what Bill Nye says of one of the visitors at a summer resort in the Catskills:

"We had a nice old man that come out here to attend church, he said. He belonged to a big church in town, where it cost him so much that he could hardly look his maker in the face, he said. Last winter, he said, they sold the pews at auction, and he had an affection for one, 'specially 'cause he and his wife had set in it all their lives, and now that she was dead he wanted it, as he wanted the roof that had been over them all their married lives. So he went down when they auctioned 'em off, as it seems they do in those big churches, and the bidding started moderate, but run up until they put a premium on his'n that froze him out, and he had to take a cheap one where he couldn't hear very well, and it made him sort of bitter. Then in May, he says, the Palestine rash broke out among the preachers in New York, and most of 'em had to go to the Holy Land to get over it, because that is the only thing you can do with the Palestine rash when it gets a hold of a pastor. He says to me, 'I come out here mostly to see if I could get any late information from the Throne of Grace.' He was a rattlin' fine old feller, and told me a good deal about one thing and another. He said he'd seen it stated in the papers that salvation was free, but in New York he said it was pretty well protected for an old-established industry."

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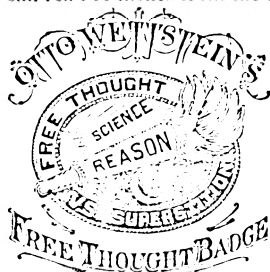
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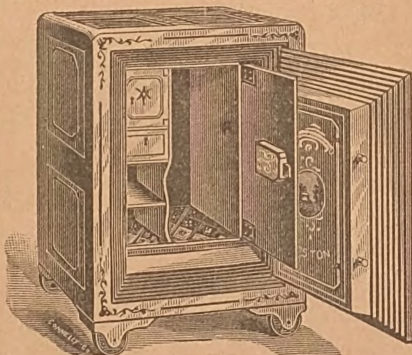
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# ASTHMA

Its Cause and Cure

Must interest every one afflicted with this terrible disease. To describe this disease to one that has suffered for years the untold agonies of suffocation and distress night after night and who (in many extreme cases) would only gladly welcome death in order to be relieved from such suffering with no prospects of ever being any better is not pleasant to contemplate. All the boasted remedies heretofore claimed to cure Asthma have failed or only given temporary relief. The smoking of leaves and barks, saturated paper and pastilles has been resorted to as the last means for only a temporary relief anything being considered a blessing that will release the grasp of the fingers of death (even for a short time), which seems to betightening every moment more and more; the sufferer knows that this is Asthma.

To-day suffocating, in a few days relieved, and no good reason can be given as to the cause of these sudden changes and return of suffering, only by the poisonous blood acting on the nerves producing the disease. In Asthma there is a

**SPECIFIC POISON** In the Blood that must be **DESTROYED**  
before Asthma can be

# CURED

This poison is oft-times inherited and passed through many generations, like Scrofula, never losing its power to produce Asthma and oft-times affecting the lungs and bringing the sufferer down to a Consumptive grave. Location, with surrounding causes will arouse and set to work this poison in the blood, so that in some sections of the country an Asthmatic cannot live, even in one part of a city their suffering is intense, move to another part and they are entirely free from Asthma. Thus you learn that there exists a certain poison in the system, that when certain influences are brought to bear that exist in the Atmosphere in many localities will develop this poison in an unusual degree thereby affecting the NERVES, producing spasms and difficult breathing, which every Asthmatic has had such sad experience with, suffering, and no hope of being cured; for having tried every known remedy exhausted the skill of the physicians, have given up in despair.

After years of study and patient research and watching this disease in all its various phases under various circumstances we present a cure for Asthma known as **DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE**, which will entirely destroy this poison in the blood and restore the nerves to a healthy condition and when this is done the spasms will cease, the choking will subside, and the injury done to the lungs will begin at once to be repaired and the nerves restored to perfect health. **ASTHMALENE** is unlike all other so called Asthma cures, as it **CONTAINS NO OPIUM**. Morphine, Ipecac, Squills, Lobelia, Ether, Chloroform or any other Anodyne or Narcotics, but its combination is of such a nature that it will destroy every particle of this poison in the blood and eliminate it from the system, effect a cure and give a night's sweet sleep. We have received thousands of testimonials from every State in the Union of the marvelous cures from the use of the **ASTHMALENE**. We have never published them, for testimonials have been manufactured so extensively and sold so cheap that people have no confidence in them.

**WE DO NOT WANT YOU TO SEND US MONEY**

We do not make out a long list of prying, personal and impertinent questions, nor do we resort to any clap trap or any nonsense of any kind in order to make monthly or permanent patients; we only ask any one suffering from Asthma to **TRY A FEW DOSES** of Asthmaleene. We make **NO CHARGE FOR** a trial bottle to sufferers from this terrible malady. ~~Do~~ Send us your name on a postal card and we will mail

# FREE

enough of Dr. Taft's Asthmaleene to show its power over the disease, stop the spasms and give a good night's rest, and **prove to you** (no matter how bad your case) that **ASTHMALENE CAN CURE ASTHMA**, and you need no longer neglect your business or sit in a chair all night gasping for breath for fear of suffocation. Send us your full name and post office address on a postal card. **THE DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.**